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FALLS OF THE OPEMECAN, IN THE UPPER OTTAWA REGION.

The Dominion Illustrated.

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28th NOVEMBER, 1891.



A Growing U. S. Industry.

Those of our friends who ardently admire the growth of institutions south of line 45, will no doubt be interested in the rapid gain of the United States Pension List. In that country everything quickly assumes large proportions; and this item of the public expenditure has certainly shown remarkable vitality. In the fiscal year ended 30th June, 1889, the outlay for pensions amounted to \$87,000,000; in the following year the figures had crept up to \$119,000,000, while for the twelvemonth ended 30th June last \$124,000,000 was the very tidy little sum allotted to veterans or the relatives of veterans of the late unpleasantness. Their vitality appears most remarkable, and their numbers to grow, as the years go by, in direct opposition to the usual course of things. It is a pleasant little tax of about two dollars per head on every man, woman and child in the Republic. The gifted apostles of continental unity should bring this fact prominently before their audiences when advocating annexation; for their purposes, it would be about as valuable as most of their arguments.

The Annexation Bogey.

To several of our *confreres* November is evidently a dull month. The Great Powers in Europe have had the uncommon bad taste to postpone flying at each other, and their despatches, and the actions of their Sovereigns, have even assumed a more pacific turn than seemed likely a short time ago. All this is extremely annoying to many journalists on this side of the Atlantic, and, to fill their columns they are despairingly clutching at any wild-cat scheme, the discussion of which can be spun out over a number of days or weeks. Several Canadian editors have seen fit—in conjunction, no doubt, with the appearance of the new Solomon in the west—to pitch on the subject of the annexation of Canada to the United States

as one which will bear the greatest amount of threshing out. They all know that it is not a live issue; that it is just as probable that Canadians would surrender their nationality and independence to Russia as to the United States; and that there never was a period—short of actual war—when the Americans acted toward us in such a hostile, jealous and even petty way, as at present. But a prominent topic is wanted for leading articles; and annexation and political union are long words and help to fill columns. On the other hand, life is short; and although British peoples—to whom, as a race, the dollar is everything—do not fire up at the mention of treason, the constant recurrence of the topic might lead outsiders to question the loyalty of journals who daily erect the annexation bogey, triumphantly demolish it, but resurrect it during the night to go through the same process in the next issue. The subject is getting drearily monotonous; and in the utter absence of any respectable annexationist element in the country, the people do not get the worth of their money when the same wild animal is exhibited every day. Mr. SOLOMON WHITE and his fellow-idiot are getting too much free advertising.

The Maisonneuve Celebration.

It is not soon to commence taking active measures for the holding of a large and representative military review here on the Queen's birthday next year, in view of the proximity of that day to the 250th anniversary of the settlement of Montreal. It will give a dignity and an impressiveness to the occasion that a mere civic pageant cannot alone supply—no matter how great the number of knights in zinc armour and tin swords who maybe posed on allegorical cars. With the great mass of the Canadian people, the love of seeing a good military display and of hearing good military music has never been stronger than it is at present; and if any city wishes to draw a crowd on a national holiday, let there be a great review and cheap railway fares; the people will be there. The decision of the question has undoubtedly to come first from the military authorities, but, the co-operation of a committee of citizens could easily be obtained; the larger and more representative, the better for the success of the project. In view of the importance of the event to be commemorated, it would add greatly to the effect of the display if regiments from the more distant cities were invited, as well as friendly corps nearer home. The attendance of such battalions as the 90th of Winnipeg, the 66th of Halifax, the new Highland corps—the 48th—of Toronto, with others, would give a wide-spread interest to the celebration, and endow it with that *eclat* which it deserves. If a display is held, let it be a brilliant and noteworthy one in every particular.

Notice.

Our CHRISTMAS NUMBER will be on sale all over Canada on and after Saturday, 6th December.

Our Christmas Number.

To avoid any misunderstanding we beg to notify our subscribers that the Christmas number is an extra one, and is sent only when specially ordered. The price is fifty cents, and we would recommend that early orders be placed.

A Pean to War.

Agnes Repplier, writing about Scott as a poet of battles, in a paper in the December *Atlantic* called "The Praises of War," says:—

When the old warlike spirit was dying out of English verse, when poets had begun to meditate and moralize, to interpret nature and to counsel man, the good gods gave to England, as a link with the days that were dead, Sir Walter Scott, who sang, as no Briton before or since has ever sung, of battlefields and the hoarse clashing of arms, of brave deeds and midnight perils, of the outlaw riding by Brignall banks and trooper shaking his silken bridle reins upon the river shore:—

"Adieu for evermore,
My love!
And adieu for evermore."

These are not precisely the themes which enjoy unshaken popularity to-day,—“the poet of battles fares ill in modern England,” says Sir Francis Doyle,—and as a consequence there are many people who speak slightly of Scott's poetry, and who appear to claim for themselves some inscrutable superiority by so doing. They give you to understand, without putting it too coarsely into words, that they are beyond that sort of thing, but that they liked it very well as children, and are pleased if you enjoy it still. There is even a class of unfortunates who, through no apparent fault of their own, have ceased to take delight in Scott's novels, and who manifest a curious indignation because the characters in them go ahead and do things, instead of thinking and talking about them, which is the present approved fashion of evolving fiction. Why, what time have the good people in Quentin Durward for speculation and chatter? The rush of events carries them irresistibly into action. They plot, and fight, and run away, and scour the country, and meet with so many adventures and perform so many brave and cruel deeds that they have no chance for introspection and joys of analysis. Naturally, those writers who pride themselves upon making a story out of nothing, and who are more concerned with excluding material than with telling their tales, have scant liking for Sir Walter, who thought little, and prated not at all, about the “art of fiction,” but used the subjects which came to hand with the instinctive and unhesitating skill of a great artist. The battles in Quentin Durward and Old Mortality are, I think, as fine in their way as the battle of Flodden; and Flodden, says Andrew Lang, is the finest fight on record,—“better even than the stand of Aias by the ships in the *Illiad*, better than the slaying of the Wooers in the *Odyssey*.”

The ability to carry us whither he would, to show us whatever he pleased, and to stir our hearts' blood with the story

“old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.”

was the especial gift of Scott,—of the man whose sympathies were as deep as life itself, whose outlook was as wide as the broadbosom of the earth he trod on. He believed in action, and he delighted in describing it. “The thinker's voluntary death in life” was not, for him, the power that moves the world, but rather deeds,—deeds that make history and that sing themselves forever. He honestly felt himself to be a much smaller man than Wellington. He stood abashed in the presence of the soldier who had led large issues and controlled the fate of nations. He would have been sincerely amused to learn from Robert Elsmere—what a delicious thing it is to contemplate Sir Walter reading Robert Elsmere!—that “the decisive events of the world take place in the intellect.” The decisive events of the world, Scott held, take place in the field of action; on the plains of Marathon and Waterloo, rather than in the brain tissues of William Godwin. He knew what befel Athens when she could put forward no surer defense against Philip of Macedon than the most brilliant orations ever written in praise of freedom. It was better, he probably thought, to argue as the English did “in platoons.”

William McLennan, a well known lawyer in Montreal, whose short stories and sketches of the French Canadian *habitant* have made him a prophet even in his own country, will contribute a Christmas legend entitled “La Messe de Minuit” to the December number of *Harper's Magazine*. The story is written in the peculiar dialect of the *habitants*, and will be handsomely illustrated. Mr. William D. Howells believes Mr. McLennan will do for the French Canadian what Mr. Cable did for the French American of Louisiana.—*Quebec Chronicle*.



ST. ANDREW'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, ST. JOHN, N.B.



ST. JAMES'S CLUB.

The St. James's Club, of whose handsome building, situated at the corner of Dorchester and University streets and opposite the Fraser Institute, a view is elsewhere given, is one of the notable institutions of Montreal, and one of the most charming resorts of its kind to be found in Canada. Among the members of this club are many gentlemen widely known in the political, judicial, professional and commercial life of Canada. Such names as Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Hon. Honore Mercier, Chief Justice Lacoste, Justices Baby and Davidson, Hon. G. A. Drummond, Messrs. Andrew Allan, W. W. Ogilvie, Sir Donald A. Smith, Sir Joseph Hickson, Sir A. T. Galt and a host of others widely known are found on the list of membership. This club was founded in 1857, and of the original members about 21 are still either active members or in some other way connected with the organization. The membership is limited to one thousand. There are at present 452 members made up as follows:—Ordinary members, 325; non-resident members, 35; privileged members, 46; supernumerary members, 56. Act II. of the constitution

says; "Politics and religious questions of every description shall be absolutely excluded from the objects of the club." The complexion of the club, as indicated by the few names quoted proves that the constitution is adhered to in this respect. The club can only be termed exclusive in the sense that its dignity is steadfastly maintained. The handsome club house is luxuriously furnished and all its appointments are of the fastidious character that might be expected on glancing at the membership roll. To be a member of St. James's Club is an honour that must be paid for, but it is worth having. A kind of cosmopolitan fraternity is established by exchanging courtesies with such organizations as the Toronto Club, Toronto; the Garrison Club and the Union Club, Quebec; the Hamilton Club, of Hamilton; the London Club, of London; the Rideau Club, of Ottawa; the Halifax Club, of Halifax; the Union Club, of St. John; the Manitoba Club, of Winnipeg and the Union Club, of Victoria, B.C. The Constitution and Regulations of the St. James's Club are such as to ensure the complete comfort of its members and the maintenance of its dignity as an organization. When the present club house was built its location was considered to be "almost out of town," but the rapid expansion of the city westward has long since bounded it on all sides by close built masses of brick and stone. The following is a list of the original members whose names appear on the list of members published in the Constitution for 1891: Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, J. C. Baker, S.

Bethune, Q. C., H. A. Budden, Sir A. T. Galt, W. H. Hingston. M.D., J. H. Joseph, Jesse Joseph, A. Molson, Geo. Macrae, Q.C., John Ogilvy, W. M. Ramsay, Hon. H. Starnes, Alex. Urquhart, H. Chapman, E. H. King, G. Moffat, Robt. Muir, H. L. MacDougall, Peter Redpath and Hugh Taylor. The Committee of Management consists of nine members, of whom the Chairman for 1891 is Mr. John Cassils, and the treasurer Mr. Hugh Paton. The efficient secretary and manager of the club is Mr. Geo. E. Small.

THE LATE HON. SAMUEL CHIPMAN.

There is reproduced on another page a portrait of the late Hon. Samuel Chipman, who, at the time of his death, Nov. 9th, last, was not only a centenarian (being in the 102nd year of his age) but was also the oldest living Freemason. He received the master's degree in Virgin Lodge F. & A. M., Halifax, on December 23rd, 1813. He was a leading figure in Nova Scotia politics for over half a century. Succeeding his father in 1827 as representative of Kings Co. in the Legislature, he sat continuously, with the exception of two terms, either in the Assembly or Legislative Council until 1870, when he was appointed registrar of deeds for Kings County, an office he held almost till the centenary anniversary of his birth. He sat in the Legislative Council from 1863 to 1870. A supporter of the Hon. Joseph Howe, he joined the Liberal-Conservative party after confederation. He was a member of the Baptist denomination, but was past ninety years of age before receiving the rite of immersion. He retained his wonderful vitality almost to the last. A link with the stirring past of the seaside province has been dropped, but many will remember with the warmest feelings of regard the sturdy old man who so long outlived the men and measures of his earlier time. The Hon. Mr. Chipman was buried at Kentville, N.S., with Masonic honours.

FALLS ON THE OPEMECAN.

These falls in high water are very beautiful, and form one of the grandest features of the lake scenery. They are about 190 feet in length, falling into a deep gorge, with almost perpendicular banks. The stream abounds with speckled trout.



WELL WON.

A bright and cheery little novel by Mrs. Alexander bears the above title. It is a story of London life—the *dramatis personae* never leaving the great city. A glimpse of school life is given the reader in the first chapter, but the chief interest will be found in the home of a well-to-do couple, around whom the characters and their doings are grouped. The development of Mrs. Thorpe from a state of practical bondage to her fiery husband to a condition of things where he has to sue for her forgiveness is well told. The book is well printed, and on good paper. New York; John A. Taylor & Co.

OUT AT TWINNETT'S.

This novel is an early issue of a very readable series called "The Broadway," published semi-monthly by Messrs. Taylor. It is written by John Habberton, the author of that charming little work everyone read a few years ago, called "Helen's Babies." While not by any means as amusing as that record of infantile terror, "Out at Twinnett's" is a well-written and readable story, with an excellent plot. The secret of the identity of old Twinnett with the heroine's father is well-guarded, although some readers will guess the *denouement*. The characters are natural, and the interest is well-sustained. New York; John A. Taylor & Co.

PRETTY KITTY HERRICK.

We have here an interesting story of English country life, with the accompaniments of horses and hounds, whose wild doings are always followed with such interest. Mrs. Edward Kennard, the writer of the story, is not a novice in the trade of authorship, and is clear and forcible in presentation of character and conversation. The plot is very slight, and runs almost entirely in a county which many readers will identify with Lincolnshire. The heroine—pretty Miss Kitty—is disappointing in some respects, and bears far more from her worthless lover and his mother than would probably be the case in real life. She atones, however, later on for her folly and dismisses him with an amount of energy quite worthy of her position. Altogether the book is well worth reading. New York; John A. Taylor & Co.

ONE DAY IN SHANGHAI.



SHANGHAI is come and passed—that is to say we have come and passed. What a magnificent town, the Venice of the East it seemed to me, with its long procession of stately buildings in the Venetian Palace style on its Bund, recalling the Grand Canal and its procession of palaces, now unhappily recalling Browning's death. A little before midnight of the 17th, we anchored in the river of China, the fourth river of the world, the Yangt-si-kiang, in one of the southernmost mouths of its seventy-mile delta, and at daylight steamed up to Woo Sung, whence, at about 9 a.m., the agent's launch carried us up the Wang Po a two hours' trip to Shanghai. The five wise virgins, who had come over to assume the native dress (for which their feet were unsuitable), in connection with the Hudson-Taylor Mission in North China, waited to observe, and the first English words which saluted us were "Empire Brewery." I was more interested in a Chinese tea-house, and Chinese buildings with clusters of queer little turn-up-toed roofs. But we were all alike soon lost in contemplation of Shanghai, which burst upon us with a turn of the river, right in the corner being the bungalow house of Jardins, Matherson & Co., who, to use the expressive words of our captain, used to run "the whole show" in the East; and beyond, in quick succession came the great banks. Out in the stream lay big two funnelled P. & O. and Messageries boats and the British gun-boat Wanderer, a much handsomer craft than the little midget gun-boat, anchored a mile or two below, built in England for the Chinese Government and, though no bigger than a good-sized junk, carrying a huge 32-ton gun, which, however, has the serious handicap of only moving vertically; to train it horizontally one must turn the vessel. A hideous little wretch she was, with projecting chin, not to be compared in good looks even with the six war junks we had seen at Woosung. The Chinese call them ty-mungs, and in spite of their ungainliness they look rather picturesque with their scarlet mizens, and the scarlet boards they carry at stern and stair, ornamented, the former with eyes to see the way, and the latter with green and white stripes.

The mouth of the Yangt-si was full of Foo Choo junks with brown rattaned sails, and their rather elegant bodies obscured by the huge loads of poles they were carrying slung across them like the paniers of a donkey. These, too, all of them had goggling eyes painted on their brows, as had the pretty little sampans, with white Gondola hoods edged with blue, and scarlet bows, and sterns propelled by a single big scull at the back. The passenger boats are very queer things, with their tall, lanky, rattaned sails, ridiculously out of proportion to their size, as tall as the masts of a large steamer, worked by a whole wave of strings, like the stretchers of a Japanese kite; the masts themselves with nary a shroud or a stay, in spite of their ridiculous height, and yet the captain says that they are so firmly stepped that they are hardly ever carried away, and that they are the handiest boats imaginable for river work. Occasionally we passed a lorcha, looking, except for the rattan run across the sails horizontally at intervals, something like a *chassé nave*. These boats are generally sailed under the English flag to avoid the periodical squeezes to which the native craft are subjected by the mandarins.

The sampans are delightfully quaint and picturesque little things, quite gondolesque in their appearance, though anything but gondolesque in the motion imparted to them by the scull in their stern, which waggles them much as the tail would wag the dog if *vice versa* came in.

But to get up to Shanghai. The most noteworthy European building in the place is, of course, the handsome Anglican Cathedral, built, by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, of red and black brick—looking under the clear Chinese sky like one of the great brick churches of mediæval Italy. It was the first spot we visited in Shanghai, the first place I have ever visited in the mainland of Asia. A singer with a magnificent tenor voice was rehearsing an anthem solo. Except where the sunlight glimmered through the stained glass windows, there was a dim, religious light. One

might have been back in England. Truly the Island Queen is great, where subjects under alien stars the width of the world away, and in the teeth of the nation most stubborn in opposition, have built up a bit of England such as they build broadcast in her magnificent Indian Empire. Then we went off to lunch with a gentleman who made his delightful house our home while we were in Shanghai, for no stronger reason than that, like myself, he was an Oxford man. In the afternoon the first thing I did was to go off and take some photographs of some of the queer wheelbarrows used by the native population in place of jinerikishas, adopted from Japan, for the Europeans. They are a cross between a huge wheelbarrow and a jaunting car, and sometimes one will see a whole family of Chinamen on the two sides. More often one side is given up to luggage and the other to passengers. These wheelbarrows are about the size of a costermonger's barrow. There is a continuation of the Bund almost at right angles with it connected by a hog backed bridge, hog-backed because the Tai-Tai, a sort of native governor, both objected to a draw-bridge and objected to a bridge that boats could not pass under at the highest tide. Formerly a large revenue was derived from charging two cash (about 3.20 of a cent) for every barrow driven over it. The economical soul of John Chinaman writhed at this expense, and they used to get out of it in this way. There was no charge for foot passengers or burdens carried, so each barrow carried a pole, and when they came to the bridge the barrow man and the man in the barrow, unless he preferred paying the two cash, unshipped the wheel of the barrow, slung it on one end of the pole and the barrow at the other, and carried them over the bridge. The weight was nothing to a Chinaman. Twice yesterday we saw pianos in heavy packing cases carried slung on poles by only four coolies apiece. The jinerikishas are not so good as in Japan. They are commoner, and, in spite of their bright scarlet linings, dirtier and drawn by a much lower class of coolie, who does not understand anything; but they are cheap, only 38 American cents for a whole day's hire, and only 2½ cents for a short ride.

While we were photographing who should come by but the Chinese Governor, the Tai-Tai, followed by a tag-rag and bobtail in turkey red wrappers and with two long pheasant feathers in their caps, except the High Executioner, who had a high steeple-crowned hat all of red, and a sword sown up in red flannel. The Tai-Tai had a swell green palanquin. I couldn't make out what it all meant, and while I was gazing at them the Tai-Tai and his official got out of their chairs and disappeared into the public, his ragamuffins outside, except the man who carried the scarlet umbrella (a canister-lid shaped affair like the umbrella of the American toy called the Mikado), who acts as a sort of standard-bearer to show where his high and mightiness is. Opposite me I saw the gates of the English Consulate almost closed and the porter grimly on the watch. The Tai-Tai's followers were crowding round but I dispersed them by photographing them—of which they have a superstitious fear,—and asked the porter who they were, "anyhow." He explained that the Tai-Tai had executed a brilliant stroke of economy by not keeping servants, but only servants' clothes, loose wrappers of turkey red that will fit anybody. Then whenever he wished to go in state, as, for instance, to call on the British consul, he goes out into the highway and hedges, hiring the cheapest class of coolies, and dresses them up. He usually gets hold of an awful pack of thieves, so everybody has to be on what Madame Janzay calls the quivy (*qui vive*) when the Tai-Tai comes round. He advised me to go into the gardens and look at him, and to take my photographs as unobtrusively as possible, as they would consider it offensive.

I found the Tai-Tai by looking for the red canister-top umbrella, and only could see his back, a highly embroidered one of purple satin. He was down by the water's edge, seemingly playing counts, which was not a bad shot of mine, for I afterwards found out that, having promised the British settlement an extension of their gardens, he was considering the possibility of fulfilling his promise by reclaiming the land from the water.

In the midst of the whole crowd of the Tai-Tai and his officials, and the Consul-General, and the canister-top umbrella, and the Chinese nursery maids, I saw the familiar form of Robert, named after his creator, Sir Robert Peel, in spite of poor old Charles Mackay's, with the characteristic (shall we call it) eagerness of the Celt claiming a Celtic origin for "Bobbie." Robert, a tall young Robert of the lamp-post pattern, even in this far clime, was surrounded by nursery maids (Chinese). They have at least five kinds of police in Shanghai. Firstly, the orthodox and authentic Robert Snuffer, helmet and all; secondly, magnificent sikhs with the dignity of princes and the stature of giants, enhanced by high crimson silk turbans; thirdly, the plump Chinaman in English employ, and looking like Sir Roger Tichborne, in his Dartmoor dress; fourthly, the scraggy and ill-conditioned Chinaman out of English employ, who sits by the gate-house with an armoury of pole-axes behind him, and, fifthly, the red-legged French partridge, I mean gendarme.

Then we drove to the Chinamen town, as the coolies called it, passing on the way an evidence of Chinese cheap labour in a heavy road-roller drawn by at least a hundred coolies.

To reach the Chinese city one has to pass the French concession. Like all other Chinese cities, it is walled, and we had to pass through the gate-house first mentioned, with its row of pole-axes outside. We were beset by a guide, who at first asked 25 cents a head, but finally came down to 30 cents for the whole party, to be increased to 40 cents if we were pleased. The French partridge outside said that he was a reliable man. The moment we were inside the city we felt that we had done wisely in securing him, for, in addition to being full of the most villainous looking people, it is a labyrinth in which the stranger couldn't have found his own way. The streets are so narrow and the houses so overhanging that, except in the open spaces one can hardly see the sky, and one street looks exactly like another, and no one can understand a word you say. The Grand Bazaar at Constantinople is nothing to a Chinese city, it is not so oriental, so unsanitary, so unsafe, so vast, so seething with life. During our whole two months in Japan we had not seen so much of the East as in two hours of the China town at Shanghai. There is something rather alarming about a Chinese city, the ill-conditioned, scowling, innumerable people, the awful intricacy and shut-in-ness of the streets contribute to this. If one were set on, escape by one's own effort would be impossible. He who has only seen the sleek, orderly Chinaman of Anglo-Saxon communities has no conception of the dangerous look of the mandarin-squeezed Chinaman at home. Perhaps a few weeks' residence in China might convert me to a trade-unionist on the Chinese question. The moment we were inside Chinatown we got a taste of its quality, for human cess pits, with faces eaten away by disease and limbs withered or elephantised by ulcers are in your way and expose their horrors to excite your compassion.

The Chinatown streets are mere passages, with their sky still further curtailed by the overhanging upper stories and the innumerable signboards, mostly black, seven feet long, and with huge gilt characters on them, hanging down like the squashed salmon in a Japanese fish shop. All their sign-boards are written and hung vertically. Chinese shops are much larger than Japanese, many of them as lofty as Broadway stores, and they have no raised floors or dainty matting, because, unlike the Japanese, they do not take off their shoes. Ivory shops, and fur shops, and silk shops, abound, and there is a general evidence of wealth in the shops in fearful contrast to the squalor and disease without among the people who deal in cash, for a cash in China isn't worth much more than a dam, which is, I believe, a small Chinese coin, worth about the fifteenth part of a cent, so that when a man says he does not care a — it is easy to judge how little he cares. Our guide was very much astonished at our not wanting to buy anything at any of the shops with which he has squeezing arrangements. He did not know how blasé one is in shopping when one has lived a couple of months in Japan, nor how much he knew of prices in the East. On the other hand, he was very unwilling that we should look at any of the jugglers or acrobats. "By and by want money." Evidently there was no squeeze there. As he went along he made purchases. He spent altogether I think, at one time and another, three cash (3.13 part of a cent) in candies, and he received one narcissus bud from a boxful which a man was stringing into one of the flower tiaras which we saw the

lower Chinese women wearing. They look bad, these women. They are forward and luring. A Japanese prostitute would look like one of Hudson-Taylor's costume missionaries beside them. This narcissus bud afforded our guide, who was ragged and filthy, intense pleasure. He sniffed it between his finger and thumb in a correct snuff attitude all the afternoon. I think he was astonished at us. We would not even buy gold fish. Gold, silver, black and blue, you could get them with anything up to six taels apiece, from ten cents to ten dollars a pair, according to size. They were sold in odd glass bowls. He took us into a sort of piazza where they were being raised in huge earthenware baths, which he assured us had their water changed every day, though they looked like cesspools.

Then he took us past a big crowd staring at two women who were turning somersaults on a raised platform, to one of the marvellous clusters of tea houses, where Oriental fancy has run riot. Conceive a large pond of grotesque shape, with balustraded banks, crossed by bridges that wriggled like dragons, surrounded on all sides by tea houses, with tier upon tier of turn-up-toed roofs, and walls half windowed, half wattled, all as uneven as the pavement of San Marco, and looking as if the whole fabric would tumble down before you had time to take a good look at it; in the centre of the pond, connecting with all the bridges, an island, containing the queerest and tumble-down tea house of them all. "Poor man go below," says the guide, "rich man and Englishman go upstairs, you like go up now?" Says Madame Janzay, "we do not wish to be stilted or poisoned, and though doubtless these places are perfectly safe under the shadow of a British settlement, it is altogether too much like Ratcliff highway; pass on." Ah! you see Joss house. This is more to our taste, and we are taken to the Temple of the Hundred Josses, where Chinamen go to tell their fortunes. Madame Janzay was delighted with the smell of incense sticks which women were burning in handfuls, it reminded her of her eternal Parree, where, I presume, she played at being a Catholic; and with the clusters of red wax tapers which they were lighting in front of this or that Joss, though it offended her sense of propriety, as well as her nose, that people should be smoking pipes, and a yard long, too, right in the temple. Now Madame, in spite of the ebon dye of her bang, was on the shady side of sixty, but the guide was evidently a student of human weakness, for it was Madame Janzay, and not either of the younger ladies, whom he appropriated with, "You want to have baby how muchee? You want to marry how muchee? Every Chinaman comes tell fortune. This one Mother Joss. Mrs. Joss long with baby boy, baby girl." Seeing that, although she put on the new moon simper, she did not buy incense or candles, he ran through a list of other desirable Josses. One Schoolmaster Joss, this one Kill Tiger Joss, this one Dragon Joss, this one Snake Joss, this one Rabbit Joss.

In this fortune-telling each number up to one hundred has some animal or device attached to it, which is borne by the corresponding Joss, and each has certain attributes, but it was perfectly impossible to gain any distinct ideas from the pigeon English of the guide, when he entered into lengthy explanations. The poor Chinese are evidently profoundly superstitious, for the Joss House was full of them, lighting tapers, and burning incense-sticks. "This one not good Joss house," proclaimed the guide, after we had been humbly investigating it. "Typhoon Joss House more better," and he took us through a crowd of coolies, in the bright blue pajamahs, which this class wear in China, to a Joss house, at the entrance of which, ceremoniously enthroned, was a mandarin Joss with three beards, the central stream of the latter being the largest. This was the entrance to the Typhoon Joss house, of which he thought so much. As we went in there was a hum of voices and a hoarse, but not unmelodious, chant of flutes. Evidently something of note was going on, for opposite the entrance were sitting a couple of swell mandarins. The guide pointed with pride to the gold buttons on their fur capes, with their stillness and imperturbable faces, looking like staffed figures belonging to the place. It was for them that the entertainment was going on. In front of the Typhoon Joss himself, said to be the luckiest, probably because they were afraid of him, was a dinner of twenty-four courses, arranged in saucers, with four more saucers containing little figures, and nearer still to the god were great dishes containing a large fish, a chicken and a joint of pork. These had been presented with an offering of

three or four dollars apiece. Evidently the priests fare well. They are said to be able to squeeze about anything out of the superstitious Chinaman in times of danger or importance. The high priest was an amusing old beggar, and he could talk a little English. He offered to insure me good luck for myself and my party for 30 cents (about 23 cents American), so I graciously and generously consented. All he did was to turn about two dozen little silver crysts in what looked like the ash-hole of a laundry boiler, and to say that Joss would put a good heart into us. But he promised Miss Aroostook a husband shortly. Oh foolish priest of Baal! if you had paid the nice little compliment to Madame Janzay instead, she would probably have paid for the repetition of the process, whereas Miss Aroostook was a scoffer without any even of the Chinese cash in her pocket. I said to the priest, "This isn't very interesting; show us something." He replied, with a snigger, that the guide could do it just as well. As we went out we noticed suspended near the door a couple of models of old-fashioned junks, about eight feet long. These, the guide said, were "two hundred year more," referring to their age—they were probably offerings to avert, or in gratitude for a rescue from the dreaded typhoon. The four figures sitting underneath them, looking like shabby mandarins, he pronounced marine Josses. At all the Joss houses there was much vending of silver paper, incense sticks and red wax tapers.

Outside the Joss house were a succession of courts, in which the usual sort of fair was going on, and, rather incongruously, an English mission, in which sturdy missionary and untidy women, who hustled round, played the harmonium, started singing, etc., had got together a fair congregation of Chinese, who joined in the singing heartily.

A little further on was a French one, which delighted Madame Janzay's heart, or at any rate her affections. She was beginning to go into it very much in detail, but the practical guide dragged her off. "Little boy make school; bimeby want money." Going out we passed a picture of the Saviour, and she asked him if he knew who it was. "That man best man top side," he replied, and led us to the court of office of a mandarin, easily distinguished by a large cage outside it, containing half a dozen prisoners, some chained to the wall by the neck by a heavy chain about six feet long, one end padlocked to a ring in the wall, the other padlocked round the delinquent's neck. Others were secured by heavy cuffs riveted round their neck and ankle, and chained together. None of them were manacled. They were exposed in this cage to elicit charity of passers by, but the guide said they were awful villains inside. Inside there was one of the wooden collars used for containing malefactors, and, the guide said, used for decapitating them in, but this I am sure was a mistake, as the Chinese stoop for decapitation. This had not the usual holes for the wrists, besides the large hole for the neck. There were also two or three larger cases for malefactors not particularly secure-looking. But then the Chinese are as ingenious at fettering their prisoners as the ancient Egyptians seem to have been from their pictures. Inside the building itself there were some horribly diseased people waiting to be touched by the mandarin (as the people used to be touched in England by the Sovereign for king's evil), or to be ordered to the hospital if he should consider that more efficacious. The *tour-de-force* of the whole day was the mandarin's tea garden. How Oriental! enough to fill an acre squeezed into a fraction of a rood; everything marvellously grotesque, a Chinese puzzle of angles! a garden of stone! it was well worth coming to China to see this alone, with its dragons leering out of caverns, its ponds full of many-tailed goldfish in the hollows of the rocks; its many petrifications, a couple of planks worn by the action of the water, and fifteen to twenty feet high, and great chunks of tide trimmed timbers. Here hard white stone trees were petrified in every nook in the rocks, some of them like the bamboos and loquats, evergreens giving one an idea of what the beauty of the gardens must be when superb shrubs like the bananas are in their full glory. I pointed a withered banana to Madame Janzay, and the guide said, "Soon turn willie hot." We couldn't make out from his copious explanation whether this garden belonged to a mandarin or was called a mandarin tea garden because it was frequented by visitors of this class. He said it was built by a "willie good mandolin," and pointed out sundry tablets as commemorating this gentleman creator, but I have lost my confidence in memorial tablets since I found one in a

church ascribing every virtue under the sun to the man who murdered poor Amy Robsart. "This one garden good mandoline make small mandoline—quarter-master mandoline keepee watch. The small mandoline quarter master mandoline keepee watch." The small mandoline quarter-master mandoline wanted me to pay 30 cents (25 cents American) for seeing the garden, but the guide said, "No, twenty cents," and frightened the small mandoline by saying that I was going to "lisee books." He showed us a fine tea house, very handsomely fitted up, which he pronounced "Mandoline's wife dancing place," and a much smaller one at a different elevation. These gardens have many elevations, as a Bastinear's summer chalet, which he said was the mandarin's dancing house. From this last, which commanded a view of the whole place, we took a long look at the extraordinary but exquisite farrago of little antique lakes and rivers, little artificial caverns, with lurking dragons, wonderful petrifications, gorgeously carved tea houses, with pagodaish roofs and roof tiers panelled with carvings as minute though not so delicate as the gables of the Ballestro or the pulpit in Santa Croche at Florence, bamboo clumps, cysriader, loquat trees, a theatre, tall lanterns, and I don't know what not, packed in as incongruously as the curios in an old maid's cabinet, into a space that would be covered by many a house, and withal exquisitely picturesque.

Just as we were leaving, while our guide was arranging what the only Charles calls the come-ashore, a mandarin's wife was assisted in on her little lamb's feet, not at all shy, attended by two swell maids, and a big junk of a coolie woman leading her child. She was very handsomely dressed, but not so gorgeously as some of the common women we had seen. She was evidently not of the first rank, for she left her chair outside, and for great swells there are large folding doors, which open and allow them to be carried in on their chairs. The beauty of the garden had been enhanced by the red light of the low evening sun, but this warned us that it was time to get home for afternoon tea, so we retraced our steps along these quaint narrow streets, passing now a mandoline shooting round a corner in the chair, at a pace which takes no account of less important people's safety, now a singing beggar, and their name is legion, with his little piles of earnings in brass cash wedged in his ear (perhaps to keep out his own music), now a blind man striking a little gorg, now a shop with a weaver weaving silk with the hand, now a pink theatre bill, now a couple of Coreans in their quaint steeple hats of black gauze, now a bamboo litter maker, now a gol-fish stall, now a conjuror, now an acrobat, and all the time endless beggars in every stage of putrefaction, endless coolies in the brightest of marine pijamahs, endless chairs and endless shops with quite young boys, as in Japan, trusted to do delicate work with expensive materials. The guide stopped us at one silk shop to show us a magnificent silk costume, which he invited us to examine. "Suppose theatre man wear that, all right; suppose me wear it, some man make a lobby." And then we took leave of Chinatown and took leave of guide No 32, Ah Mer, who spoke such intelligent English and took such burly interest in making us see everything and protecting us from extortion that, instead of debating as to whether he should have 30 cents or 40 cents, I was munificent, and gave him 50 cents.

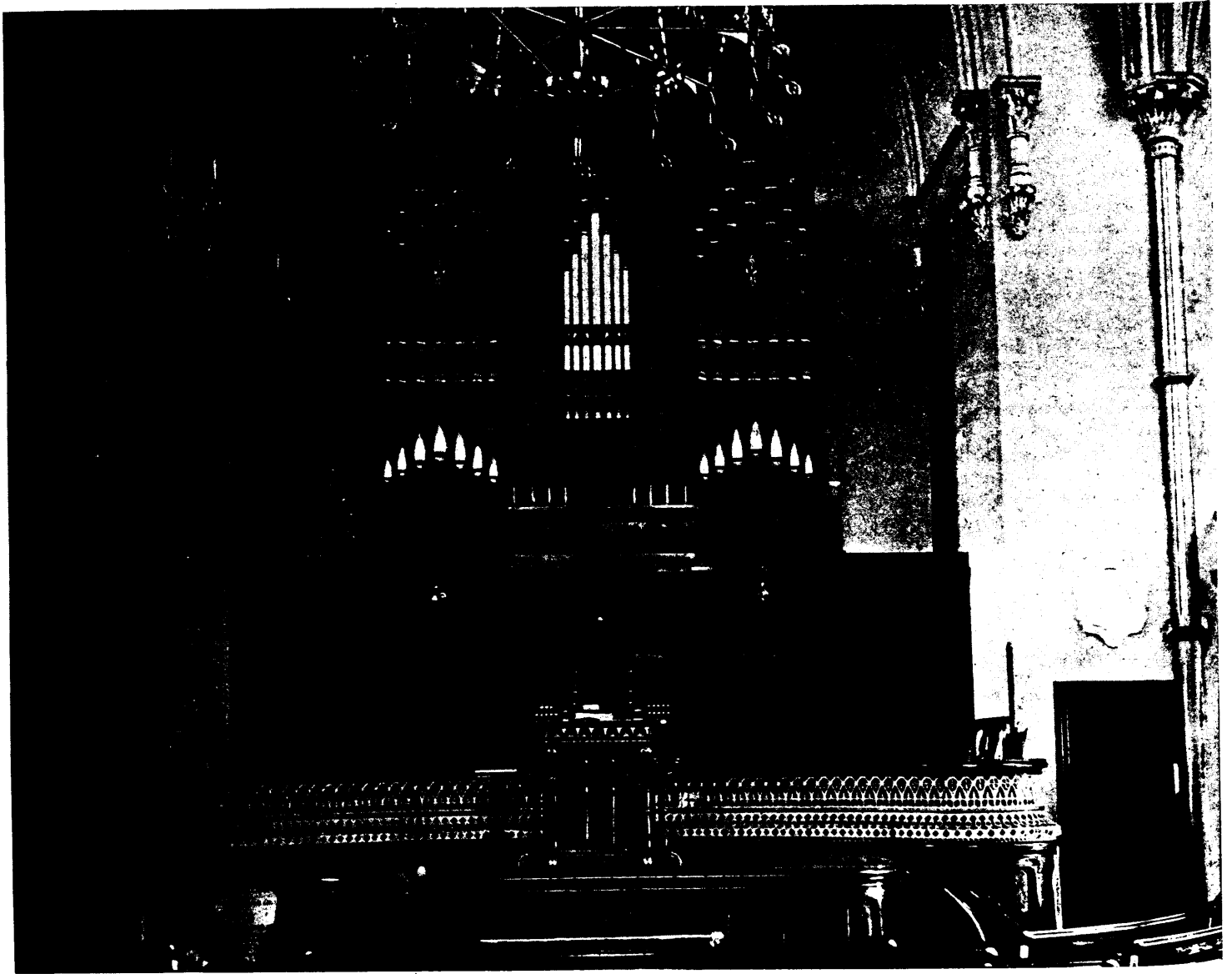
Our pukishas men received us with shouts of delight. Probably they thought we had given them the slip. We went to the English and French post office, which we discovered, to our chagrin, shut at four o'clock. We had another drive on the Bund, now full of overdressed and bold Chinese women driving about in open hacks, and then we went back and enjoyed the society of our host until dinner was over and it was time to go down to the launch which was to take us back to the Parthia at Woosung, after one of the most interesting days we had ever spent.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

A Considerate Employer of Labour.

Guest (to the host): "Count, how is it you have your old servant Jacob still wait at table? Why, he has the palsy terribly."

Count:—"Oh, you see I only use him for scattering sugar over the strawberries."—*Fliegende Blatter*.



CHOIR AND ORGAN.

ST. ANDREW'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, ST. JOHN, N.B.

(See a so. page 507.)

St. Andrew's Church, St. John, N.B.

We present our readers with views of St. Andrew's Church, St. John, one of the most imposing, beautiful and complete structures in the Maritime Provinces. It was completed in March, 1879, having been built from plans prepared by Messrs. Langley, Langley & Burke, of Toronto. Its entire cost was in the neighbourhood of \$70,000. The main portion of the church is of pressed brick, but its splendid front and steeple facing Germain street are of cut sandstone. The interior resembles somewhat that of Crescent street church, Montreal. It is possessed of a magnificent organ and elaborate stained windows. The church is lit by electricity, and both for preacher and congregation affords one of the most delightful audience chambers in the country. The present pastor is the Rev. L. G. Macneill, M. A., who was inducted about five years ago. Mr. Macneill's previous pastorates were Maitland, N.S., where he was settled from 1872 to 1878; and St. Andrew's church, St. Johns, Nfld., which he occupied from 1878 to 1886. He is a graduate of Edinburgh University, and studied theology in Princeton, N. J. The congregation to which Mr. Macneill ministers is the oldest Presbyterian congregation in the Province of New Brunswick. On the church front are the figures 1784,

carved in the stone of the gable; they remind the observer of the founding of St. John by the United Empire Loyalists in the previous year. Some of these Loyalists were Presbyterians, who secured a church site from the Crown. The foundation of a church was laid, but owing to scarcity of funds was never completed. The land has always yielded a rental which forms part of the church's income at present. Thirty years later a new site was purchased, and in 1814 old St. Andrew's, the first Presbyterian church in New Brunswick, was opened for public worship. It occupied the site of the present church, and, down to the time of the great St. John fire, in 1877, was one of the landmarks of the city. Mr. Macneill has had among his predecessors some honored names. The pioneer of New Brunswick Presbyterianism, or rather the first settled New Brunswick pastor, was Dr. George Burns, uncle of the present gifted pastor of Fort Massey, Halifax, and of one of the most distinguished of Scottish Presbyterian families. He was a man of warm heart, burning zeal and eloquent tongue, and labored with great success from 1817 to 1831. The Rev. Robert Wilson succeeded him and remained in the pastorate until 1842. The next four years found the kirk in charge of Rev. Andrew Halkett, after whose retirement

to Scotland, in 1849, there came from that country the well known Dr. William Donald, who ministered to a loyal and loving congregation for twenty years. His assistant, the Rev. Robert Cameron, became his successor. On his resignation at the end of five years, Rev. William Mitchell was called from St. Matthew's, Montreal. It was during his pastorate that the old church was burned and the present edifice constructed. His five years' ministry was followed by a three years' pastorate of Dr. Thomas Smith, now Secretary of Queen's College, Kingston. On Dr. Smith's resignation in 1886, the present pastorate began. Thus, if we date from the procuring of the first church site, the congregation is in its 107th year; if from the erection of old St. Andrew's, in its 76th year. There is an old gentleman, Mr. John Wishart, now in his 92nd year, a member of the kirk session, who has been a member of the church for 72 years, has sat under the ministry of all its pastors, and is still a regular attendant on the services of the church. During the period referred to, this old historic church has become the mother of most of the other Presbyterian churches in the city. It does not show any signs of decay. Never indeed was it more prosperous than to day. It is growing vigorously among the churches, and while it looks back with much satisfaction over its long and useful career, it has also a keen eye and ready hand for the work that is yet future. The present pastor, besides being an able and fearless preacher, is a vigorous writer, and has at different times contributed interesting articles to various periodicals.

NEW BRUNSWICK AUTHORSHIP.

PART IV.



WELL known on Newspaper Row, St. John, is its oldest member, Mr. Spencer. Here his tall figure and flowing locks have for nearly four decades drawn the attention of the passer-by, who at once picks him out as a poet. Every part of him tells this; his long, curling hair, his slight stoop, the expression of his eyes and face, his very gait.

Though now a thorough New Brunswicker, with as strong a veneration for provincial institutions as any blue-nose, he is a native of the green hills of Vermont. His birthplace was Castleton, in that state, where he first saw the light in 1829. After some years of connection with the public schools, both as pupil and teacher, he came to St. John in 1857, and he has since been employed almost continuously upon the daily press of this city. He now holds the position of associate editor upon the *Evening Gazette*. For a period, however, he engaged in the drug business, and for a time edited the *Maritime Monthly*, a leading literary magazine of the time, which was contributed to by all the leading pens in Canada.

Mr. Spencer was a frequent contributor, both in prose and poetry, to all the leading journals of the Maritime Provinces. Their columns—editorial and general—were enriched by many of his articles—historical, descriptive and philosophical. His prose style is very fine, full of lively humour, feeling and pathos, brilliant fancy or sound reasoning, as the case may require. His poems have appeared in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* (then under the supervision of Lewis Gaylord Clarke), *Sartain's, New York Tribune, Graham's Magazine, Rose Belford's Magazine, Godey's Ladies' Book, Magazine of Art* (London), *Woman's Magazine, International Magazine, Toronto Week, Stewart's Quarterly and Canada*. In 1850 Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, issued a volume of his poems, and in 1850 "Summer Saunterings away down East" was put out by a Portland (Maine) house. In 1889 J. & A. McMillan, of St. John, published "A Song of the Years, and a Memory of Acadia," containing some of his best efforts.

Mr. Spencer's poems are all of a lyrical nature, he never having attempted any long flight, anything in the way of epic or dramatic. The longer forms of poetry are suggestive of laboriousness; they are considered by some to be simply short poems knit together by verse, not poetry. These links of verse joining the poems, say they, are the result of mere mental effort, and may be compared with the poems as brute force would be compared with scientific skill. And so, like Poe, Spencer confines himself to the lyric, and breathes into them all the fire of his inspiration; his lines are bursting with the poetic breath. He believes in Nature more than in Art, in letting the Muse have full swing, in not bounding her flight; and he can afford to, for she is very graceful and beautiful and has no blemishes to be concealed by Art. And thus there is more of natural melody in his poems than of polish. He preferred to dash off a short lyric when the inspiration seized him than to write and re-write and polish.

One of his best poems is "A Hundred Years Ago," written when a youth, and read at the commencement exercises of the village academy which he attended. This poem has had a very wide newspaper circulation, appearing every year almost in some journal or other, frequently not credited to its author and frequently changed from the original text. Here is a stanza:

A hundred years ago! the graves
That mourners wet with weeping
The plough hath furrowed: with their dead
All those who wept are sleeping:

Are sleeping as we soon shall sleep,
No more to laugh, no more to weep,
No more to hope, no more to fear,
No more to ask, Why are we here
A-weary and a-sighing.

The rhythm and melody in "The River" reminds us very much of "The Brook;" but it is more of a sad sweetness,

"The Brook's," more of a glad sweetness:

By cliffs grown gray, as men grow gray,
With weariness and sorrow,
A while I pause, and then away,
And in the wild and restless Bay
I lose myself to-morrow.

I turn the wheels of many mills,
By many islands dally;
I gossip with the daffodils,
And to my bosom take the rills
That from the woodlands sally.

I love the songs that childhood sings—
Its smiles and roguish glances,—
A picture paint of many things
That o'er the mind a halo flings
As onward time advances.

I listen to the tender chime
Of city bells a-swaying:
O dower of youth! O wealth of time!
O pleasant dreams! O hopes sublime!
When all the world's a-Maying.



HIRAM LADD SPENCER. (ENYLLA ALLYNE).

By cliffs grown gray, as men grow gray
With weariness and sorrow,
A while I pause, and turn away,
Like you who loiter here to-day,
And lose myself to-morrow.

The "Land of Dreams" was contributed by him to C. G. Leland's (Hans Breitman's) book entitled "The Poetry and Mystery of Dreams." A stanza:

Farewell, farewell, thou land of Dreams!
The dreamer sighs his last adieu;
Mountains and vales and whispering streams,
Skies that are always bright and blue.
Can time or fortune e'er efface
The imprint of those blissful hours,
When this heart was Hope's dwelling place,
And every path was strewn with flowers!

It is, however, of his sonnets that we would speak chiefly. The sonnet is essentially the organ of the heart's expression. Other forms of poetry are more the expression of heart and mind together. But when the poet's heart is full to overflowing with sorrow or joy, and it alone must speak, it usually speaks through the sonnet:

What is a sonnet? 'Tis the pearly shell
That murmurs of the far-off, murmuring sea;
A precious jewel carved most curiously;
It is a little picture painted well.

What is a sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell
From a great poet's hidden ecstasy;
A two-edged sword, a star, a song—ah, me!
Sometimes a heavy tolling funeral bell.—*Gilder.*

Spencer's sonnets are tears of sorrow for the departed. He does not employ the elegy to sing the praises of the dead, to give expression to his mental feelings; but he employs the sonnet to tell his heart-feelings for the loved and lost. His sonnets are of sorrow, a sorrow that is deep and immediately in touch with the seat of inspiration. They have a genuine pathos that pleases the sensibility of the reader and a thread of true philosophy runs through them that uplifts. Of them the *Toronto Nation* has this to say: They "are never marred by extravagant imagery or ambitious faults of taste" * * * they have "a sweet, harmonious music and a pensive charm, appealing to all true poetic sympathy" * * * they are "the unaffected utterances of a feeling heart and a seeing eye, a something of grace and melody in the versification not unbefitting the immortal muse." We select some of the finest from among the many sonnets which he wrote:

I.

A quaint inscription of the oiden time
In letters rudely carved and choked with moss—
"Our feares are pueryle, our truste sublime,
Lyfe ys not gayne, and death, yt ys not losse."
Above the sleeper bloomed the fern and rose,
As if kind Nature would such trust repay,
And there at morn, at noon, at evening's close,
The birds sang many a sweet and soothing lay,
And there we fondly thought the orb of day,
The moon, the stars, looked down with kindest ray.
Ah, heart at rest, beyond the reach of ill!
Ah, slumber blest, and peace without annoy!
Not vain thy quest to reach the Heavenly Hill,
The Sunlit Land, the Emerald Fields of Joy.

II.

When Enow died, I cried, "O heart, for thee
Nor sun shall shine, nor flower e'er bloom again!"
When Enow died, I cried, "As falls the rain
Shall fall my tears through all the years to be!"
But as he faded in men's thoughts, in mine
The recollections of the past grew gray:—
Doth it disturb that long, long sleep of thine
That thou art thus forgotten? Enow, say!
I see the white sailed ships go down the Bay,
Of warning lights I catch the ruddy gleam:
Upon my pillow wearily I lay
My aching head, and through the night I learn
Of ships dismasted, that the ocean plough,
Lost and forgotten, Enow, as art thou.

III.

So you and I, with all our joys and sorrows,
Will never meet in this wide world again!
We can anticipate no glad to-morrows,
And no to-morrow's mingled grief and pain.
'Tis true, alas! I know how vain, how vain
Our aspirations are! how vain our fears!
In life's stern battle see the maimed and slain,
And who for such have time for sighs or tears?
Well, it is well! The world goes over and over,
And we who smile to-day, to-morrow sigh;—
A marble monument, or a bit of clover,
No matter which, when 'neath at rest we lie.
At rest, at rest! and echo answers "blest!"
Blessed are we, for we at last find rest.

IV.

It may be thought my life hath been of sorrow
Full to the brim! Of joy I've had my share;
Of grief I borrow, and of joy I borrow,
O' hope I borrow, and of blank despair!
To me the sunshine is a cure for care,—
To me the storm brings darkness and distress;
The garb that Nature wears I always wear,
Give love for love, for hate no tithe the less.
I, with the happy-hearted have been glad,
And with the sorrowing I have sorrowed too:
They dream who say that I am always sad,
Or that my joys are overpoised by woe!
But somehow we forget our joys while sorrows cling,
And through the years we writhe beneath their sting.

V.

In years ago did glint about her hair
The sunshine sweet, and in her tender eye
The violet blossomed; does it blossom there,
And with her cheek do envious roses vie?
I do not know! 'Twas once a thought of mine
That when she spoke the birds did gallier sing—
That when she smiled the sun did brighter smile—
That when she laughed all seasons were like spring.
Ah me! To me no season e'er can bring
The purple glories of the days of old—
The birds that sang as they no more can sing—
The morning's crimson, or the evening's gold!
The ear is deaf except to discord sore,
And beauty charms the eye no more, no more!

VI.

A quiet valley with green hills surrounded—
Our friends, the brooks, with willows overhung;

By these green hills and blue sky was bounded
Our little world when you and I were young.
What tales were told us and what songs were sung
What dreams we dreamed, and what wild hopes we nursed.
On the far slopes to sight what castles sprung,
And through the clouds what glorious visions burst!
As time rolled on our world grew wider, wider,
And you lay down and died, long years ago;
I railed at Fortune then,—but can I chide her?
For you, oh friend, no doubt 'twere better so,—
For what have I met since, but pain and sorrow,
Grief for the past, and doubt about the morrow.

VII.

The leaves grow green on every shrub and tree,
And weak-eyed flowers are seen among the freshening grass,
The fields are furrowed, as with waves the sea,—
The world grows young, but I, alas, alas,
Grow older, older as the seasons pass
Oh, palsied heart, and hand that's lost its cunning!
Eyes that grow dim, and dimmer day by day!
Oh stream of life through cheerless deserts running!
Oh sunshine sweet that's shut from me away!
But such the common lot! So hath fate decreed it!
The staff we lean on breaks when most we need it,
And all our golden idols turn to clay;
They turn to clay, and mock our child-like trust,
While glittering phantoms, grasped, resolve to dust.

VIII.

The dove returns unto its parent nest,
And love burns bright where once its embers paled;
The breezes whispered where the tempests wailed,
And wintry fields I see with verdure drest!
Mayhap the soul, that here is sore distressed,
Will find surcease of sorrow in the land
That lies beyond the sea! Our brows are fanned
At times by airs that murmur: "There is rest!"
Rest for the weary heart and weary brain—
And life for hope, by fate untoward slain.
Oh, questioning heart! the fields that stretch away
From the white beaches of the silent sea
Are lit by Spring-tide suns from day to day,
And age to age, through all eternity.

IX.

Watched by the stars, the sleeping Mayflower lies
On craggy mountain slope, in bushy dell,
Beneath the red and yellow leaves that fell
Ere Autumn yielded to bleak Winter's reign;
But when at Spring's approach the Winter flies,
Our Mayflower wakes, and buds, and blows again.
Queen of the forest; flower of flowers most sweet,
Delight and wonder of a thousand eyes—
Thou dost recall a day that flew too fleet—
A hope that perished in a sea of sighs.
We all have hoped for that which might not be;
But thou, sweet flower, forbiddest that we despair;
After the Winter, Spring doth welcome thee,
And, ever hoping, we may conquer care.

X.

The twilight shadows creep along the wall,
Without, the sobbing of the wind I hear,
And from the vine-clad elm that marks the mere
The ivy leaves in crimson eddies fall.
Deeper and deeper grow the shades of night,
And, gazing in the fire, to me appears
The form of one departed with the years—
The buried years of hope, and faith and light.
"Oh, that those lips had language"—would they tell
The old, old story of the by-gone days—
Ere on our heart the blighting shadow fell,
And we henceforward followed parted ways?
I ask, but as I ask the embers die—
The vision fades—and answer none have I.

XI.

In the dim distance, lo, the moon declines—
Astarte brightens in the purple sky;
The south winds woo in whipers soft the pines,
The slumberous pines in murmurs weird reply.
Thou from afar, perchance, doth watch with me
The full-orbed moon descending in the sea—
Thou, from afar, may count the stars that beam
Alike on this blue Bay and Jordan's stream,
And thou, perchance, in some half waking dream
Dost hear these whispering winds—these murmuring
pines dost see.
Nor time nor space is to kind Nature known—
Nor Past, nor Future,—Now embraces all;
Her hand doth clasp all men have overthrown
And all that men hereafter shall befall.

XII.

A stately castle in my dreams I planned,
Which, in a night, reality became;
The clouds were fretted by its turrets grand,
Its flashing windows put the sun to shame.
Its walls I hung with pictures quaint and rare,
Its floors with carpets from the East I laid.
Here curious books to quell the plaint of care,
And mail-clad statues peering from the shade;
There fawns surrounded, a cool fountain played,
That lulled the senses with the sound it made;
And thou wert queen of all the wide domain—
Thou of the laughing eyes and golden hair;
And Death was dead, and dead the goblin, Pain,—
Life, Love and Joy thy faithful vassals were.

XIII.

Again I dreamed. The night was starless, cold—
Through devious ways with cautious feet I stept;
I breathed the odor of some charnel old,
The rain fell down; I thought the heavens wept;
But on and on in weariness I crept,—
My hair grew gray with anguish, and how bled
My heart within thy grip, oh, fiend Despair!
For to a tomb by Fate my feet were led,
And on its brazen door thy name I read—
Thou of the laughing eyes and golden hair!
Oh, God, that I had died, my darling, in thy stead,
For I am weary and of little worth!
Then, sweetest pillow for this aching head
Had been thy bosom, oh my mother, Earth.

XIV.

I dream no more of castle or of tomb,
And thou art sad no longer, billowy Sea!
Upon the hills the Mayflowers bud and bloom,
And birds make vocal every hedge and tree.
And I rejoice with Nature, unto me
The throbbing pulse of youth doth Spring restore;
It is enough, oh heart of mine, to be,
And feel as I had thought to feel no more.
The sunshine falls, where shadows lately fell;
I hear the merry music of thy voice,
And oft and oft I whisper, it is well,
And in the fulness of my heart rejoice
That thou my pilgrimage shouldst longer share,
Thou of the laughing eyes and golden hair.

XV.

[William Cullen Bryant.]

With eyes suffused and heart dissolved with sorrow,
How often have I fled the realms of sleep,
And sought, not vainly, from thy page to borrow
That which forbids or eye or heart to weep!
Thy Thanatopsis! fraught with tenderest feeling,
Is like a June breeze to the ice-bound heart;
To us, thy humble followers, revealing
The sage, the seer, the poet that thou art,
Still roll "The Ages," still "Green River" flows,
And odorous blossoms load the "Apple Tree,"—
Into "The Lake" still fall the fleecy snows,
And Nature everywhere doth speak of thee.
Oh, for a poet's tongue to name thy name!
But does it matter? Thine is deathless fame.

Among eminent critics who have expressed their opinion upon Mr. Spencer's writings, Goldwin Smith says that he "ranks among the first Canadian poets;" Edgar L. Wakeman believes that "songs like his will be sung through all the centuries;" and William Cullen Bryant wrote that his poems "are full of individual character and suggestiveness."

St. John, Oct., 1891.

W. G. MACFARLANE.

A Fitting Tribute.

Guardsmen will be interested to hear of a generous act which has just been performed in America. During the War of Independence a force of two thousand six hundred men under General Tyron, with the flank companies of the Guards, sailed on 3rd July, 1779, for New Haven, Connecticut, and disembarked on 5th July. The first division of these troops under Brigadier-General Garth, 1st Foot Guards, met with considerable opposition; and during a skirmish near West Haven Green the village clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Williston, in climbing over a stone fence to escape the enemy, fell and broke his leg. Some Hessians rushed upon him with drawn bayonets, when Ensign William Campbell, the new adjutant of the 3rd Guards, who was promoted from sergeant two years before, interfered and saved the clergyman's life, and ordered the surgeon of the regiment to set the limb. Shortly after this young Campbell saw a man lying apparently helpless under a wall. He turned aside, and went towards the wounded man, who quickly raised his musket and shot the approaching officer, afterwards jumping over the wall and making his escape. Poor Campbell died the same afternoon, and was buried by the edge of the woods, close to the spot where he fell; where a stone marked his grave until destroyed recently. Two American antiquarians have raised a new monument to Campbell's memory, and it was unveiled on 4th July last, under the auspices of the New Haven Colony Historical Society. It was veiled with the British and American flags, which were hoisted side by side, and saluted. On hearing of this the Queen, through the Foreign Office, expressed her deep appreciation of the generous sentiments which prompted the New Haven citizens to offer this honourable tribute to Adjutant Campbell's memory.—*Broad Arrow.*

The Montreal Street Railway.

"Don't kick any more about our street railway," said a well-known Toronto citizen to *The Empire*. "Just go down to Montreal and see the service there, and then you'll imagine ours is perfect. I was there last week for a couple of days, and had occasion to use the tramway, whenever I could catch a car, which was mighty seldom. The cars run so slowly, and there is such a length of time between cars, that if you happen to just miss one, you can walk to your destination if it is not more than a mile and a half or two miles away before another will overtake you. There doesn't seem to be much of a system at all. The cars commenced running shortly before 7 in the morning, and you would be lucky indeed to catch sight of one after 11 at night. There are no transfers except on one or two streets, and the fare to everybody is 5 cents." The reporter asked if there were no tickets, and the answer was, "Yes; but—" And that "but" evidently meant a good deal. "The ticket system," the citizen went on to say, "is the funniest thing in the world; it's just awful. How many tickets do you think you get for \$1! Why, only 20—exactly 5 cents a piece—so you see there is nothing gained in buying them. But that is not the funniest fact of it. Suppose you have a ticket; you don't put it in the conductor's box. You hand it to the conductor, who gives you a 5 cent piece in exchange, and then you put the coin in his box. Fancy that? And how do the people stand it? Goodness only knows. They must be a patient and long-suffering people. But I suppose any crowd that could stand Mercier and his gang could easily bear the infliction of such a travesty on cheap and rapid street transit. Montreal, you know, has a population of about a quarter of a million; its street car service is unworthy towns like Belleville or Berlin, which really are much better than the big cities. No; a Toronto man can come home from a visit to Montreal and feel a little proud over the superiority of its street car system. There is some talk of an electric system being inaugurated down there, but probably the boodle element prevents it, but if the Montrealers could only form an idea of how vastly inferior their service is to that of other cities, and especially where the electric system is in operation, I believe they would tear up the one-horse tracks, on which they are now carried along at a small pace. Yes, for an execrable service Montreal captures the confectionery."—*Toronto Empire.*

Lines.

When he was here,
All nature teemed with glad delight;
The wintry day shone warm and bright;
Less dark and drear the wintry night—
When he was here.

Since he has gone,
The summer winds are fraught with chill;
A mock'ry is each gay bird's trill;
While sadly curls each silv'ry rill—
Since he has gone.

When he was here,
The happy hours sped quick away,
And shorter seemed each joyous day—
The precious moments would not stay—
When he was here.

Since he has gone,
How slow doth old Time wing his flight!
The day lags on and ne'er shines bright;
And tears rain through the long, long night—
Since he has gone.

St. John, N.B.

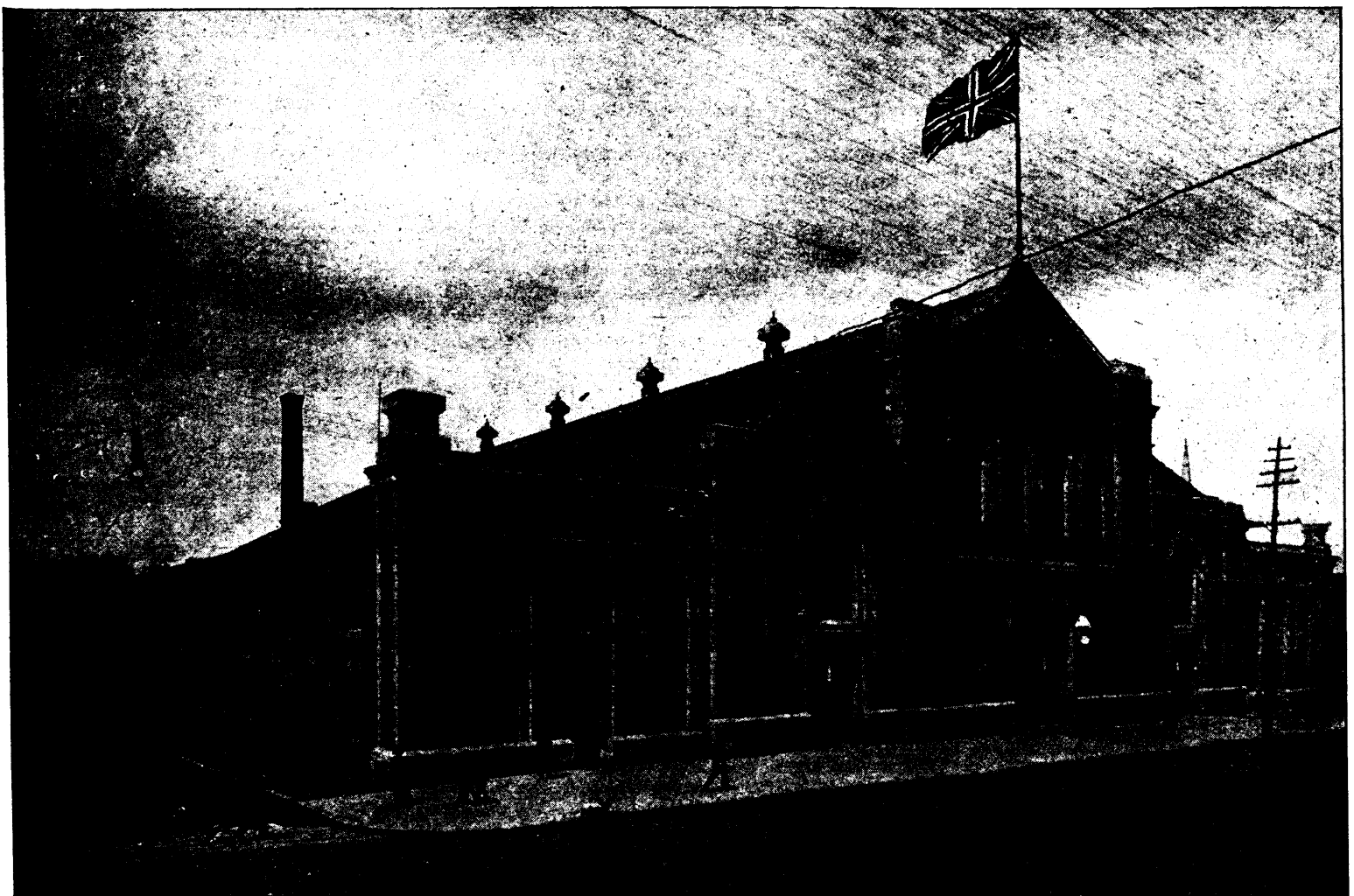
KIMBALL CHASE TAPLEY.

Tantramar.

Here, from this sun-drenched slope, my vantage
ground,
Out-roll the meadow lands of Tantramar;
Level they stretch, mile upon mile afar,
Dim in the distance, by the sky-line bound—
Only the sinuous river-bed, where wound
The turbid tides late spent, twines its red scar
About the sunset's mellow glow, to mar
This emerald scene with brooding harvest crowned.
Over my rapturous sense a murmur low,
And ominous, steals with sure augury
To warn the invading night-flood imminent—
Onward it comes with headlong rush and flow,
Thro' these old, storied fields of Acadie,
By dykes sure-walled and drowsy with content.
H. H. PITTMAN.



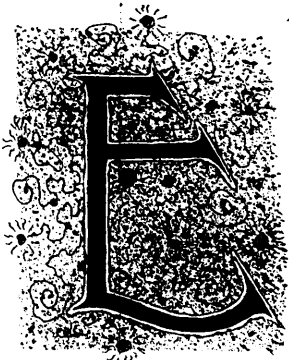
INTERIOR.



EXTERIOR.

DRILL HALL, OPPOSITE THE CHAMP DE MARS, MONTREAL.

A GALLANT RESCUE.



EARLY one bright morning in the spring, when our northern hemisphere was again turning its cold surface to the enlivening sun, three boys of my acquaintance,—Ben, Jack and Tom,—brave young fellows, just emerging into manhood, started on a fishing trip, walking on the ice down to Sterling's Creek, three miles below town.

"Do you think the ice is perfectly safe?" queried the cautious Tom, as they walked down Waterman's wharf, and approached the river.

"Oh yes!" replied Jack. "There is an opening along shore where it has become detached as the river rose, but the main body is strong enough. I saw a horse and sled going down on it yesterday."

The boys now crossed a plank spanning a narrow space of open water left by the ice, which was thrust every spring by the force of the current, when the river rose, into the concave shore opposite. The frost of the preceding night had covered this air-hole with a thin coating of ice, and had frozen the slush on the main body of ice so solidly that our fishermen could walk firmly on the crust.

After a successful day the boys started for home at four o'clock. The day had been very warm, and the slush on the ice had undergone its diurnal melting, and was now very deep. However, on the travelled ice-road the walking was not very bad, and, it being the shortest, the boys chose it in preference to the one on shore. It was five o'clock when they came in sight of Waterman's wharf, where a number of women and children were enjoying the fresh air.

"Boys!" exclaimed Jack, suddenly, "there is a quarrel going on at the wharf. The women appear to be holding a girl who is trying to get away. Let us run?"

Just then a slight figure broke out of the crowd and hurried down the slip to the narrow plank which spanned the air-hole, and the boys, yet some four hundred yards away, heard, borne down to them on the breeze, the passionate exclamation, "Oh, I must go over! I must! Poor mamma is hungry and will want the parcels!"

"If she can cross the plank safely, she is all right," said Tom, but while he spoke the poor girl was seen to totter from side to side, and then she sank down into the water. The ice had been so much wasted during the hot day that the end of the plank, which covered the treacherous edge a few inches only, broke under the weight of the girl.

The boys were now racing for dear life toward the spot, but they had to leave the beaten road, and they sank deeply in the slush at every step. They threw away their baskets and coats as they ran. The long boots which they wore were very heavy, and Tom slipped and fell prone in the watery snow, and was out of the race. Jack was too heavy to run very quickly. Ben was the fleetest of foot, and he was fast approaching the poor girl, who was frantically endeavouring to secure a firm hold of the crumbling edge of the ice, when suddenly the floe beneath him began to move. The ice above the bend had started, and was now setting with irresistible force into the concave shore opposite, pressing the portion on which the boys were running back again to the wharf. The crowd of women raised an agonized cry of terror. The air-hole was becoming narrower every instant, and the helpless girl would be crushed to death against the wharf. And now some men came rushing down the bank, attracted by the cries of the women, but they were too far away to help. Ben was the nearest, but even he would be too late. The ice-floe, gathering headway every instant, was not two feet from the wharf, and Ben was twenty yards away. The poor girl was too terrified now to cry out. Nearer and nearer drew the field of ice, and, sympathetically suffering for the doomed girl, many women fell fainting on the wharf. Then, when the dark wings of the Death Angel seemed to shadow the spot, Ben's voice was heard, cutting the air like the clear notes of a bugle, "Go under! Go under, and I will save you!"

The doomed girl turned her head in wonder. How could she be saved if she went under? But, again, she knew that she would surely be killed if the ice caught her. She could

not see how she could be saved, but she trusted vaguely, and, placing her hands against the wharf, she pushed frantically to overcome the buoyancy of her clothes, scarcely yet wet through, and disappeared under the water. At that instant the ice-floe crushed against the wharf, making the huge structure tremble to its deepest foundations by the tremendous force of the impact.

The ice had no sooner jammed against the wharf than Ben sprang up the sloping slip-way.

"Oh, how can you save her? Can you help her?" chorused the terrified women.

But Ben did not reply; time and breath were too precious. "A rope! A rope!" he shouted to the men who were hurrying on to the wharf; and then, darting to a part of the wharf near where the girl had disappeared, he lifted up two of the flooring-planks, and, kicking off his heavy boots, he leaped down into the darkness of a hollow portion of the crib-work. A dull splash was heard in the water below, and then all was quiet.

"What can he do? He will be lost!" shouted the women, as Ben disappeared.

"The lad knows a hole in the wharf, I think," said a labourer who came rushing up, "and, pray God, he will bring her through all right!"

And now, Tom and Jack reached the spot. They were ignorant of the existence of any hole in the wharf, but they accepted the labourer's theory, and, having heard Ben's call for a rope, they ran to the shed on the bank and brought out a stout raft-line. "Now, men, stand by to help on this rope," said Jack, hastily making slip-loops on each end of it, and placing himself, with Tom, over the dark opening.

The labourer had conjectured rightly; Ben knew a hole in the outer wall of the wharf, close to where the girl went down. Some ten years before he had been one of a jolly set of young school-boys who used to swim in the evenings off rafts tied to the wharf, behind the shelter of its high outer face. Here, one evening, during a very dry season, when the water was at its lowest ebb, they had espied an open space between two rough logs of the lower crib-work, beneath the squared, closely-joined timbers of the more finished upper part of the wall; and, after examining the locality carefully, they had found that they could dive through the opening and come up inside the wharf, which, just here, presented a deep, narrow space, surrounded by stone-filled compartments, or cribs. In those days, a few planks in the flooring, covering this vacant crib, had been left loose to give access in case of repairs being needed. Like a flash, all these memories came back to Ben, and when he shouted, "Go under, I will save you!" his chief fear was that the loose planks might have been since spiked down. He knew that when the water was as high as it now was—some twenty-five feet deep—there was an eddy at that point, caused by the water swirling around the upper corner of the wharf, and this eddy would press the girl against the wall, and keep her from being carried down stream. As Ben plunged under the dark, cold water, another thought crossed his mind—"what if the hole were now buried by accumulations of mud inside the crib?" But, no; the hole was open. A few powerful strokes under water brought him to the spot, and, with an inward prayer for help, he darted through the logs and emerged into the dusky, yellow, half-light of the swollen river, under the grinding ice.

By this time the crowd on the wharf had grown to hundreds. And now arose another cry of despair, and the multitude groaned and wrung their hands, for a large cake of ice, broken from the main floe, was being forced downward just on the spot where the girl had sunk. It might crush both the girl and her rescuer to the bottom, or it might bar his return through the hole. But the brave Ben was in luck, for just as he emerged through the hole he saw a dark figure descending before him. Grasping it, he found that his conjecture was right—it was the unconscious form of the girl sinking to the bottom. To turn and dart back through the logs, dragging the girl with him, was the work of but a moment, but he was none too soon, for immediately the descending cake of ice crushed down over the hole, and buried its jagged edge in the mud and ooze at the bottom.

When Ben, with his precious burden, reached the surface inside the wharf, he was terribly exhausted. "Rope!" he

panted out to the men above. Jack peered down, and, holding the rope by the middle, threw the looped ends to Ben.

"He's got her, boys!" he said, softly, rising up. Then arose from the crowd such a cheer as had never before been heard on Waterman's wharf, not even when the Prince of Wales had landed there, and thousands, instead of hundreds as now, had raised their voices in acclamations of greeting. When the noise had subsided, a physician stepped out of the crowd and approached the opening. "Softly, good people, softly!" he said, "there will yet be work to do."

Again Ben's voice was heard: "Now—Jack—pull up, please. This one—first."

Gently Jack and Tom drew up the rope, and the unconscious girl was raised through the opening. They then drew Ben up, and again a cheer rose from the crowd as they caught sight of the daring fellow. But Ben was so exhausted he could only lie on his back and gasp for breath.

The physician, rapidly selecting four women to accompany him, now carried the unconscious girl to the shed on the bank, and Tom ran to the nearest house to get what restoratives he could for Ben, who, so tenderly cared for, was soon again on his feet, and started for home, supported by Jack and Tom, and followed for a portion of the way by an admiring, cheering crowd.

Within a short time the physician succeeded in resuscitating the girl, whose first exclamation was, "Oh, I must go! Mamma is so hungry!" Then, glancing at the kindly faces around her, she said, "Oh, I remember now! The ice—the awful ice—and the man—he saved me! Oh, tell me all about it!"

The doctor related all the circumstances to the wondering girl, adding, "And now you need not worry about your mother. I have some friends over the river, and I shall telephone to them to provide for her, and these kind ladies will take care of you until the river is clear and you can go home."

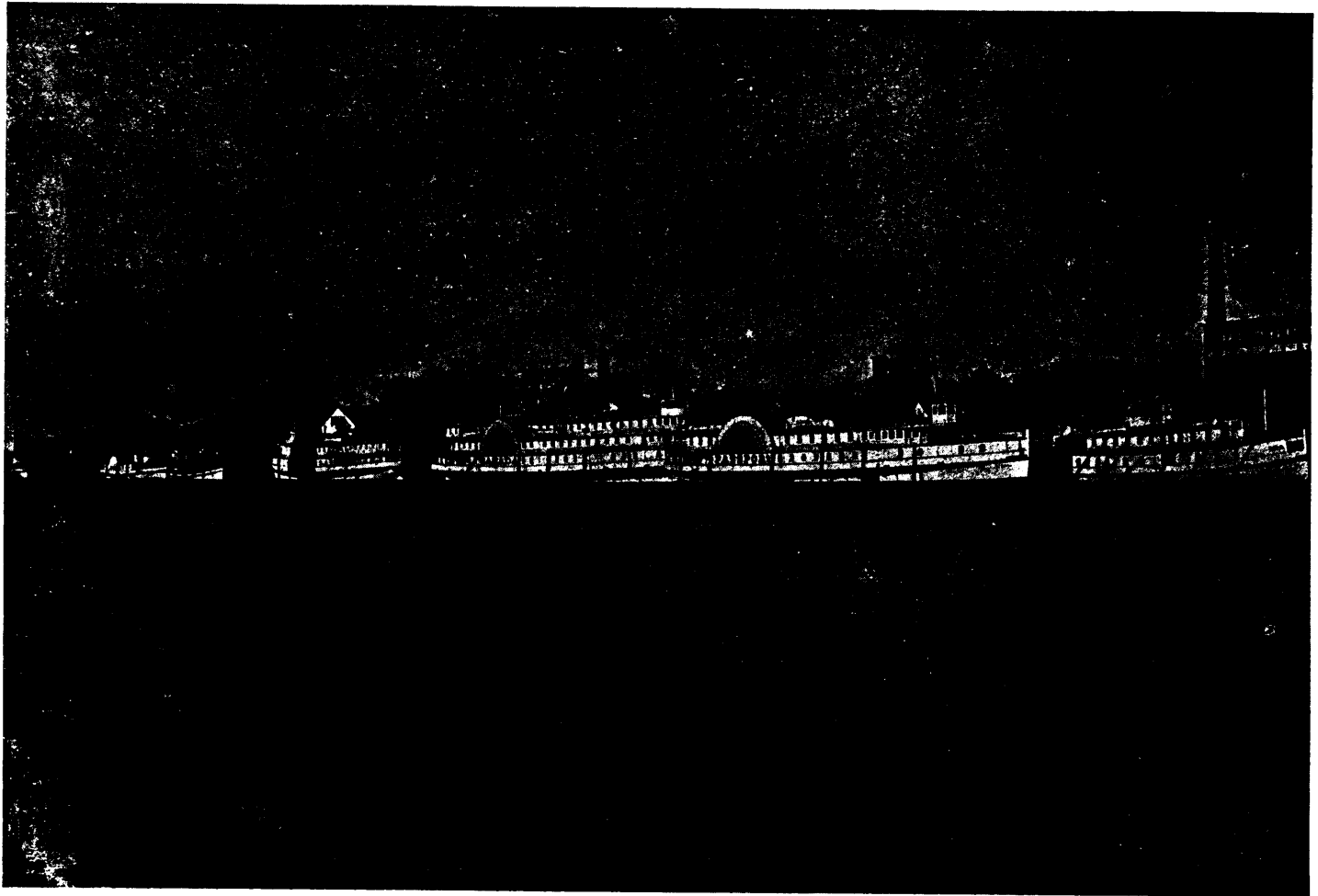
Three days later the Aldermen of the ward in which Ben lived called at his home, and requested him to accompany them to the Town Hall. Ben disliked all public display, but he could not refuse. When they reached the Hall they found it crowded with people, and on the platform sat the young lady, whom Ben had rescued, surrounded by the Town Council. The Mayor arose and read an address from the Council, expressing their high estimation of Ben's conduct, after which, amid the deafening cheers of the assemblage, the young lady advanced and handed him a beautiful golden cup, the gift of his fellow-citizens, having engraved on it,—"'BEN.' For Valour, April 15th, 18—'Greater love hath no man, than that he give his life for another.'"

BARRY STRATON.

Early American Pottery.

Primitive potteries for the production of earthenware on a small scale were operated in the provinces at an early period, but as only the coarser grades of ware were needed by the simple inhabitants of a new country, no extended accounts of them appear to have been written by the older historians. As early as the year 1649, however, there were a number of small potteries in Virginia which carried on a thriving business in the communities in which they existed; and the first Dutch settlers in New York brought with them a practical knowledge of potting, and are said to have made a ware equal in quality to that produced in the ancient town of Delft. Professor Isaac Broome, of the Beaver Falls Art Tile Works, informs me that the remains of an old kiln fire-hole, saved from the ravages of time by being thoroughly vitrified, still exist a mile or so below South Amboy, N.J. This is a relic of the earlier pottery-ware made on this continent, and was most probably established by the Dutch to make stew-pans and pots.

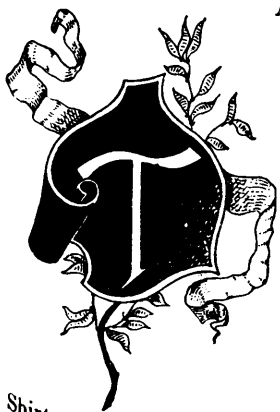
Dr. Daniel Coxe, of London, proprietor, and afterward Governor, of West Jersey, was undoubtedly the first to make white ware on this side of the Atlantic. While he did not come to America himself, he caused a pottery to be erected at Burlington, N.J., previous to the year 1690, through his agent, John Tatham, who, with Daniel Coxe, his son, looked after his large interests here. It is recorded that in 1691 Dr. Coxe sold to the "West New Jersey Society" of London, consisting of forty-eight persons, his entire interests in the province, including a dwelling-house and "pottery-house" with all the tools, for a sum of £9,000 sterling.—From *The Rise of the Pottery Industry*, by Edwin A. Barber, in *The Popular Science Monthly* for December.



STEAMERS IN WINTER QUARTERS ON THE RICHELIEU, NEAR SOREL, P.Q.

= OUT WEST =

V.



ABLETS of adamant! Books of stone! Is it possible that savage men could make enduring records upon material so hard, or that facts or fancies belonged to uncultured races of such importance as to cause the bards of the wigwams to write in characters indelible the story of bygone ages? It is night, and the camp fires are burning,—so let us seek out the lodge of Cal-

when, sitting alone by a favourite mound on the prairie we were aroused from our meditations by the voice of Péta. He was accompanied by a friend whom we had known in earlier years. Alighting from their horses, they took out their pipes and began to smoke. The conversation turned upon the pictured rocks of the Missouri, which, said my friend, were wonderful.

"Many years ago, more than any of us can tell, the spirits held a secret meeting relating to matters affecting the welfare of the tribes. One of their number was delegated to make known the message of the assembly of the spirits, one of the wisest and truest ever gathered. Scattered far and wide were the tribes over the Canadian North-West, and the land of the Big Knives, but distance was as nothing to a god. The wise men of the tribes would, however, die, and there might come a time when the story of the meeting of the gods would be forgotten, and darkness then would settle upon the red men. A more enduring record must be left to guide the children of the wilderness, such a record as unfaithful hands could not destroy, so, far aloft upon the rocks of the Missouri, beyond the reach of mortals, the wisest of the gods wrote out the divine message to all the tribes. I have gone there and gazed upon that stone book, but could not understand it; only a few of the wisest men, at most, one or two in each tribe, can interpret this wonderful record. They treasure its truths carefully, as it must not be told to unwilling or immoral ears. Whenever a wise man has received the secret of this tablet of stone, he becomes grave, and rises quickly in the estimation of his tribe through the wisdom of his counsels." Péta finished his tale, and his friend acquiesced in its truthfulness by an interjection, of frequent occurrence among the natives. The silence having been

broken by this exclamation of assent upon the part of our friend, he told us the tale of his wanderings; how when a youth among the Ojibways on Lake Superior, he had travelled westward on a hunting expedition with a few companions, but being suddenly cut off by a hostile band he had fled for safety to the bush and became separated from his companions, whom he never saw again. Several days he journeyed, living upon roots and berries, but becoming exhausted he determined to enter the first camp of Indians he could find. As he wandered along the banks of one of the rivers he came upon an Indian trail, which he followed until he reached a camp of western Indians, who treated him kindly and with whom he remained until he found a home among the Blackfeet, near the Rocky Mountains. Said he: "I remember well when I was a boy the old men of the tribe telling the same story of the stone book on the great lake." We parted, musing upon the fears and fancies of the red men. Gleams of fancy shot across our path as we wandered toward the western hills, fragments of song and story to which we had listened in the early days among the lodges, and as in a vision we saw again the Writing Stones of the south, which stand upon the prairie. Strange stories have the red men told of these stones. The wonderful writing is there also, the record of the gods, and woe to that man who goes near them unable to interpret the language. Never again shall horse and rider return to dwell in the land of the living. Young men and middle-aged men have gone there through idle curiosity, but never has one returned to tell the secret he had discovered, or to relate his story of a visit to the land of mystery. Wonderful! It is a land of mystery! Man of the earth, mortal not conversant with the things of the spiritual world, unable to penetrate the shadows which hide from us the invisible, beware of treading the soil of the gods, for it is an enchanted land, and if thou utterest an impure word or conceivest a carnal thought, thou shalt inevitably die!

JOHN MCLEAN.

Moosejaw, Assiniboia.

Shirt, where we may listen to the story of the rocks and the wondrous scenes of the past. A merry company is seated around the blazing fire listening to the stories of valour, and as the aged warriors are reciting their brave deeds, the young men encourage the narrator, and as the tale is finished shout applause. Old Medicine Sun was finishing a story to which we had often listened, as we entered, and we gave our quota of praise to our old friend for his loyalty and courage. "Tell us the story of the 'Stones of Writing,'" said we to the principal speaker around the camp fire, and every eye was turned upon him, but he made no answer. Silently he sat, and while some of the members of the party held their hands upon their mouths, he said: "The Gods! The Gods!" The question had evidently dampened the spirits of some of the party, for a few of them quietly dropped out one by one. Unable to gain the object of our visit, we retired, determined to be more discreet, and glean more carefully in other lodges the secrets of the old days. A few uneventful days passed by



TORONTO, 20th November 1891.

HE

ERE is a November ditty of old days that has not lost its youth :

What tho' the Skyes be graye,
And dark the air,
Sul'en the Daye,
So that my Love be fayre ?

What tho' the Daye be brief
And long the Night,
Withered the leaf,
So that my Love be bryghte ?

What tho' the Wind be loud,
And rough the sea,
Threat'ning the cloud,
So that my Love love me ?

What tho' the Sunne be fayre,
And soft the Wind,
Buxom the air,
So that my Love's unkind ?

What tho' the Daye be long
And brief the Night,
Nature a song,
So that my Love be light ?

What tho' the Breeze bot sigh,
And still the shore,
Cloudless the Skye,
So that my Love's no more ?

And who is there has never laid himself open to Lewis Morris's rebuke ?

"Time flies too fast, too fast our life decays."
Ah, faithless ! in the present lies our being ;
And not in lingering love for vanished days !

"Come, happy future, when my soul shall live."
Ah, fool ! thy life is now, and not again ;
The future holds not joy nor pain to give !

"Live for what is : future and past are naught."
Ah, blind ; a flash, and what shall be, has been.
Where, then, is that for which thou takest thought ?

Not in what has been, is, or is to be,
The wise soul lives, but in a wider time,
Which is not any, but contains the three !

The very name of "Beverley" awakes romantic thoughts, and to see it on a newspaper touches one's memories of the unhappy Constance as a sort of work-a-day-world profanity. But like a good many other of our pet sentimental notions, justice gives this one a severe snub when it calls our attention to an excellent paper, *The Beverley Recorder and General Advertiser*, and points us to a poem by one of our Canadian poets, E. Pauline Johnson, in one of its columns.

Those were wild, if strong, days, when Marmion braved "the Douglas in his hall," and the Englishman has taken long strides forward since then ; so we feel that honestly we have as much to be proud of in a good newspaper published in the historic Yorkshire town of Beverley, as in the romantic story that once echoed the name in our enchanted ears. But we read with an added charm our sweet Indian lady's poem of "Star Lake," as it is reproduced here from *The Young Canadian*, and signed in full, Brantford, Ontario.

It has made a romantic journey, that beautiful poem. Born in Muskoka, as the English paper puts it, it travelled thence to Brantford and on to Montreal, where it was adopted by the cultivated editor of *The Young Canadian*. From Montreal it found itself in Orillia, in a certain centre of culture called *The Packet* office ; thence it was sent with a kind introduction to C. M., the cultivated writer of *The Packet's* English letter—we have not leave to give the full name—and reached him at Hull, his Yorkshire home ; having been affectionately received and admired there, the little poem was given another kind letter of introduction to the Beverley editor, who, appreciating her western wildwood beauty, gave her at once an honoured place among his welcome guests.

Quite a little romance of a modest sort, is it not ?

"Beyond a wilderness unsought, unknown,
'Star Lake' lies fettered with a belt of stone.
Set like a dew-drop on the rugged skirt
Of forests rock-environed, fir begirt ;
Her regal shores untarnished by the craft

Of cunning man. The north-wind never laughed
Through pines more royal than her edges touch,
That sneer at even Vulcan's hungry clutch."

The cloud-born hurricane bows low to these
Immovable storm-scorning cedar-trees,
Whose aromatic branches sing whene'er
A strolling zephyr treads the virgin air.

Within her northern fastnesses deep set
'Star Lake' lies as a matchless cameo,
Cut by God's chisel centuries ago.

Surely Canadian poesy may hold up her head, even in the very centre of poetic art, having lines like these in her hand.

Having been to Hamilton, on the kind invitation of the Wentworth Historical Society, to read a paper before them, I was present during the impressive ceremonies attending the funeral of the late Dean Geddes, who, after a short illness, has gone to his grave full of years and honour. Had anything been needed to confirm the warm expressions as to the late Dean's worth and usefulness, and the affection with which he was regarded by the whole city, it would have been found in the character of the people that, for five hours, streamed rapidly through the Cathedral of Christ Church to take a last look at the loved and revered face of their life-long friend. Men and women, some poor indeed, some rich, as old as himself, passed slowly up the aisle and round the chancel where the body lay ; others of whom it was said that he had christened, confirmed, and married them ; others, and they were many, who had shared his bounty, and been lifted by his helping hand. Again, others, poor, dirty, perhaps not a very good, but to whom he had given kindly counsel and a fatherly word, came to take a last look at one they could not forget ; young ladies and gentlemen, men of high position in the city, and ladies who had worked with him many a year in those gentle charities in which he had distinguished himself ; members of other denominations, — Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Salvation Army men, — came to pay their last respects to one whom they felt had been a co-worker in God's kingdom, and from whom they had never received snub or neglect, but rather the right hand of fellowship. It was a touching sight.

And by the time the triumphant hymn of St. Paul, beginning, "But now is Christ risen from the dead and is become the first fruits of them that slept," echoed through the cathedral, in the sonorous voice of the Bishop, there was not a heart in all the great assemblage into which it must not have entered, bearing its message of fear, or hope ; hope to the Christian, fear to the careless ; indifference to the solemn message was conspicuously absent.

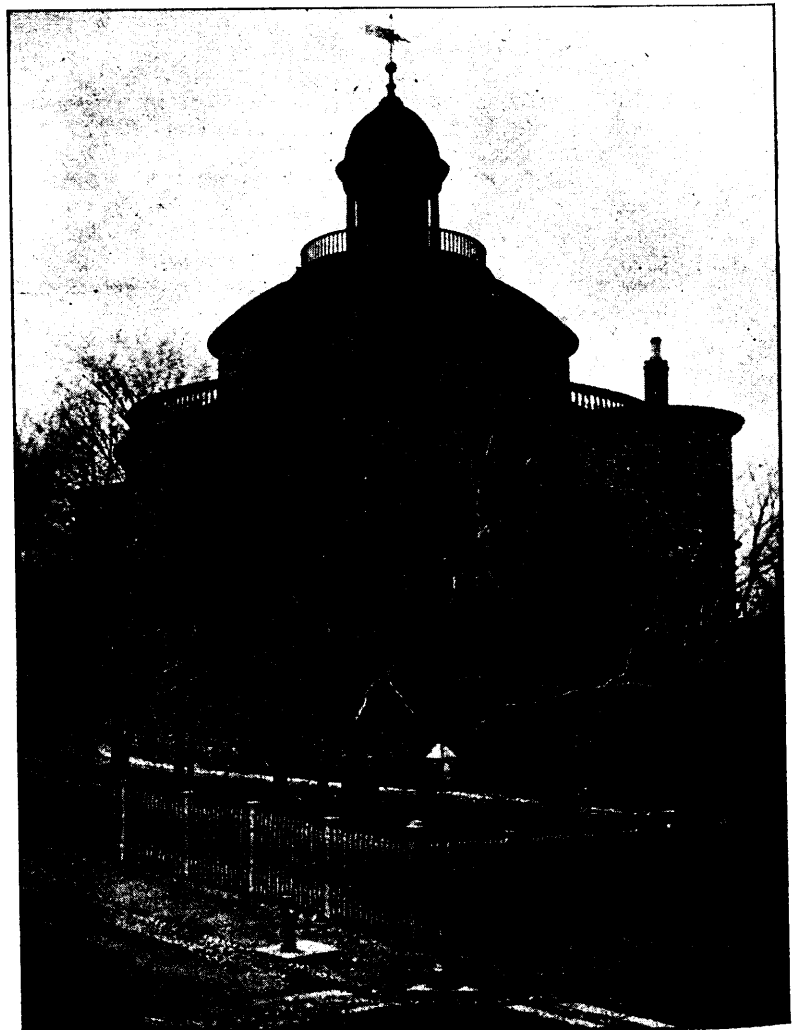
The burial service was concluded at the cemetery at the northwest of the city. Another historic burying-ground is this, the earthworks that General Vincent threw up to defend himself, when Dearborn forced him to retreat to Burlington, lying right across the centre of it. They are to-day pierced by several mausoleums belonging to Hamilton families.

This work-a-day world stands not still ; we may bury whom we will, but the world must still go on living, and so, on the day succeeding the funeral, an inspection of the Thirteenth Battalion, Col. Gibson commanding, took place. The Provincial D.A.G., Col. Otter, attended by Major Vidal and Captain McDougall, made a very thorough inspection of the armories and accoutrements during the morning, and in the afternoon put the regiment through as rigorous a course as it was possible even for him, one of the ablest and most exacting officers in the service, to do. Suffice it to say the battalion came out well ; it is an able rival of the Toronto Grens. and the Montreal Vics., and we may well be proud of it.

The march to and from the cricket ground was splendidly done, and on their return to the drill shed the regiment received an ovation of cheering from the citizens. Rev. Mr. Forneret, rector of All Saints Church of England, is chaplain to the Thirteenth, and marched with them.

The Rev. J. Laycock, in the *Hamilton Spectator*, begins a "Life Sermon,"

"Preach not to me life is lornful,"
and we make up our minds instanter that we won't.
But why do poets (?) use such funny words ?



ST. GEORGE'S (ROUND) CHURCH, HALIFAX.



THE ST. JAMES CLUB, MONTREAL.

The handsome Free Library building is an ornament of which Hamilton may be proud, and the vigorous little city is well supplied with handsome public buildings, among which may be mentioned the Court House, the Post Office, the Central Public School, the Canada Life, the Bank of Hamilton—not yet finished,—the Y. M. C. A., and many of the churches.

* * *

An excellent museum occupies one room in the Free Library, and is used for meetings such as the Historical Society holds.

* * *

Miss Nora Clench gives a farewell concert to her Hamilton friends in a few days before leaving for a course of study in Europe.

This young lady is as much esteemed in private life as she is as a violinist. She says, and rightly too, that no musician can reach the height of his art without the inspiration afforded by the truths of Christianity.

* * *

In Miss Emma S. Dymond's article on "Musical Instruments," concluded in the latest (November) issue of *Trinity University Review*, we are told "Another harpsichord (in the Baddington collection), made by Andrew Ruckees, of Antwerp, came from near Bath, and although it is not claimed to have been Handel's property, the great composer is known to have often played upon it. Like many Italian and Dutch harpsichords, it has a painting inside the top or cover, the interior being decorated with vermilion and gold, the sound-board ornamented with flowers." Handel's favourite harpsichord, made by Hans Rucher, is now in the South Kensington Museum.

* * *

It has been decided that the second floor of the Toronto Public Library building shall be turned into the Provincial Museum. Here all the treasures that the Canadian Institute, the York Pioneers, the Ontario Government and others have gathered together, amounting to some thousands of dollars in money value only, will be gathered together and placed conveniently at the service of the public.

* * *

Dr. Geikie, Dean of Trinity Medical School, takes strong objection to Toronto Medical School receiving Government support as a part of Toronto University, while the five other

medical schools have to depend on themselves. He says the University duty is to teach Arts, and that the Government has no right to divert any of the grant, which is not adequate to the demands of Arts upon it, to the "teaching a doctor his trade," and it looks as if the Dean was right. He protested at the time of the change and was not listened to, but he may make the authorities listen yet.

* * *

Sir Edwin Arnold, who is described in the advertisement as "author, poet and editor," is coming to read for us at

the Auditorium next week. But the prices set are high, and numbers of "poor but" intellectual folk will thereby be debarred from hearing him.

* * *

Messrs. Matthews Bros., & Co. announce a special exhibition of new work by the artists G. A. Reid, R.C.A., and Mary Hiestor Reid, to continue from November 21st to December 3rd.

S. A. CURZON.



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, HALIFAX.



DOMINION SQUARE, MONTREAL, SHOWING THE NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING AND ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL.



OLD BRIDGE AT BYTOWN, UPPER CANADA.

(From a print of 1835.)

Cricket Curios.

BY AN UMPIRE.

The doings of umpires furnish many a humorous page to cricket lore. I remember at a country match, at which I umpired, the other umpire was a young fellow with fun and good humour in every line of his face. But the counting of the balls to the over seemed to be a great trouble to him, as he sometimes gave five and six, and on two or three occasions seven balls to the over. This was in former years, when four balls made an over. It happened that one of these extra balls bowled a wicket, and the angry batter, on passing the umpire on his way to the pavilion, exclaimed: "Confound you, H——! you have given seven balls that over." "My dear fellow," answered the other, "indeed I did not; I only gave *six*!" It was the same umpire who, suddenly appealed to while he was not looking, took a coin from his pocket, tossed it in the air, and, having examined it, gave his decision, "Out." Being afterwards told that he should have given the batter the benefit of the doubt, he replied that he would have done so if he *had* entertained any doubt; as he was *sure* that he knew nothing whatever about the matter, he had *no* doubt, and so left it to chance to decide. I heard an umpire (and at an important match, too) suddenly cry "Out" without being appealed to. He explained his uncalled-for decision by saying that the batter was so palpably leg before wicket that the cry escaped him quite mechanically. However, that evening, under the effects of a few glasses of Irish, he became idiotically confidential, and informed me gleefully that he "had a bet of two pounds that the batter in question would not make twenty runs," he being seventeen when the umpire finished his career. The player, I afterwards saw, was entered on the score sheet as "umpired out."

Of a similar brand was the umpire of a formerly famous Yorkshire club. This club was not very strong either in bowling or batting, and yet it was generally successful. They used to say this was due to good fielding and the way they played *together*. But it was soon evident that a great deal of their success was due to their umpire. They never would play a match if their umpire was ill or absent. At last the cause of their success was so evident that the reports of their matches used to appear headed "Blank Club and Umpire v. So-and-So."

Of a different stamp was the umpire in the following incident. A ball had been thrown in hard from leg, and ap-

peared to strike the wicket and knock off the bails while the batter was yet yards away. He, feeling sure he was out, walked towards the pavilion without appealing. The umpire from his position saw that the ball did *not* strike the wicket, but that a neat wiggle of the wicket-keeper's toe had displaced the bails. Umpire spoke not, not having been appealed to. However, a friend of the displaced batsman, being behind the umpire, saw just what had happened, and, running after him, whispered him a word. The batsman returned to his wicket, and there appealed, "Umpire?"

"Not eaout," promptly answered the latter. "Then why the mischief didn't you say so before?" roughly exclaimed the wicket-keeper.

"'Cause you didn't ask me, sir," retorted the umpire. He told me afterwards that he had often suspected this wicket-keeper of practising this trick—knocking off the bails with his toe while the ball was passing, so that it would seem as if it was the ball that knocked them off.

I remember a very precise umpire who, on being appealed to on a very close run, gave it "out," adding that the batter had his bat just a sixteenth of an inch outside the crease when the wicket was put down. This must have been own brother to the Australian umpire W. G. Grace tells of, who, being appealed to on a case of stumping, decided "not out," adding, "Ah, Mr. Wicket-keeper, I had my eye on you that time; you had the tip of your nose just over the wicket!"

That was an odd case where a batter won the match for his side by a very curious device. He was last man, his side wanted one run to tie and two to win, time was just up, and it was the last over. The three first balls were out of his reach to leg, but not wide; the fourth was just the same, but he made a terrific "swipe" at the ball, and pretending to have lost hold of his bat, launched it full at longstop's head! The poor longstop, seeing the bat coming hurtling at him, thought of his own safety first, and of course the ball he should have stopped bounded gaily past him, the batters ran three byes, and won the match by two runs and a wicket.

He Sees Millions in It.

American Burglar—"Got a good lay for the winter, Bill?"

Second ditto—"Best on the continent, me boy."

First ditto—"Wot er you gonto do?"

Second ditto—"Go to Canada and go into politics."

Canadians.

Not many years ago, in a village school in the Province of Ontario, the teacher one day questioned her pupils on the subject of their nationality. Number one was Scotch, number two was English, number three Irish, and so on, each one claiming one of these nationalities. The question passed down to the last pupil, and when asked what nationality he claimed, he replied, "please Miss, I'm a Canadian." Out of thirty-seven scholars in a Canadian school room, the majority of them the children of native born men and women, only one called himself a "Canadian." Those children have since grown to manhood and womanhood, and probably still call themselves English, Scotch or Irish, as the case may be, and their children will, of course, be of the same nationality. The boy who made the confession that he was a Canadian, has crossed the boundary and become a naturalized American citizen. Where are the Canadians?

Ask our fellow citizens who speak the French tongue what their nationality is, and they tell you they are Canadians. True it is that they have dwelt longer in this fair land than their Saxon or Celtic neighbours, but if they had clung as persistently to the name of their mother country as these same neighbours have done, they would still be French and not Canadians.

Why should our people not wish to be called Canadians? There is no reproach connected with the name. Canada is a country possessed of great natural advantages, and will yet become politically great, if her children are true to her.

Love for the land from whence our parents came is certainly a beautiful sentiment, but our warmest, most living love should be for our own land. Let us be Canadians first, and then, if we must, English, Irish, Scotch or French Canadians, but Canada will never be great until her children call themselves above every other name Canadians.

L.L.

Beneficent Brewers.

Mr. R. G. Dunville, who has just given a public park to Belfast, at a cost of \$100,000, only makes one more addition to the long list of Irish distillers and brewers who have been public benefactors on a princely scale. Lords Ardilan and Iveagh, Sir Benjamin Guinness, Mr. Roe and Mr. Crawford, of Cork, are amongst those princes of what the *Morning Advertiser* calls "the Trade," who have set the excellent example which Mr. R. G. Dunville has lately followed.



"In this neglected spot is laid
A heart once pregrant with celestial fire
—Gray's "Elegy."



HEN last I was here we were together. It was on a Sabbath afternoon like to this we visited the graves of our kindred, and afterwards tenderly, familiarly conversing we went down the steep footpath through the alders to the brookside. We were not only of kindred blood, but of like temper and spirit; and so we lingered, forgetful of the sinking sun, listening to the faint trickle of the rill, that mingled its tone with the low minor of our voices. He was sensitive to every influence that sways the poet-heart; the sound of a brook could enchain him, a sunset sky melt him to tears; he would pore over a book of song till roused by some brisk rallying voice to shame at the indulgence of feelings not common to the multitude; and so this hour apart was one he would wish prolonged.

To-day I came to the same place alone, after three years, and mounted the summit of rest and of vision. It is the hill of my boyish wandering and musing, and the subject of some of my earliest verses:

"I came to the hill at morning,
I stood and looked below,
And saw the silver-winding stream
Along the valley flow;
I saw the village windows fire
With flames of the ruddy sun,—
Through a golden future, coming nigher,
And a glorious life begun."

It is the burial yard of my native village, a retired place—a nook quiet as secluded, at some distance from the public way. It is

"a gentle hill,
Green, and of mild declivity,"

terminating abruptly in a slate-pit on one side; beyond which a brook, now dwindled to a rill, goes purling along its bed of gravel. Skirting the edge of this descent, forming the eastern boundary of the yard, are some fine beech and maple trees, intermingled with evergreens, against the dark of which the "mournful marbles" are seen distinctly from the road below. I found the intervening field, and the place itself, much clogged with undergrowth, and the rambling picket fence broken here and there. We came often here in the old time.

"A favourite boundary to our lengthened walks
This church yard was;"

and it saddened me to see its unkept condition. But where is he who came hither with me last? He lies awaiting my visit on the brow of the hill; not stretched upon the grass; musing poet-wise, looking out amid the dark spires of the firs to the sheeny white Basin, so fair to-day; but, "deep in his narrow cell forever laid." A mound of red earth I find, on which the grass has not yet grown, and where some faded flowers are lying. Never mind, I have some fresh ones to scatter. A monument of red granite is at his head, and on the shaft appears in gilded letters his name and age—only 21,—and this appropriate sentiment:

"A happier lot than ours, and larger ght
Surrounds thee there."

Beside his is the mound of an infant brother, marked by the white figure of a lamb,—emblem of him whose life was pure as his mind was beautiful. While I thought of how I last saw him, and reflected whither he had gone, his own words came to my mind with cheer and comfort.

"I watch as Nature breaks and builds again,
And mark destruction mocked before my eyes;
For e'en the remnants of decay retain
'The germs from which some forms of life arise.'

"That which is once begun no end shall know,—
No link is severed from life's welded chain;
But, in the realm of Him who formed it so,
The life and death were not ordained as twain.

* * * * *

"In nature see
'The signature and stamp of power divine;
Nor weigh the Swayer of Immensity
Upon those human balances of thine.

"Can ye not see a Deity in all?
'His presence is the sweetest charm they bear;
From naught they sprang, obedient to His call,
And ever live, memorials of His care.

"'Tis true they fade,—yet naught in nature dies;
The leaves that fall in Autumn to the earth,
When Spring, revived from Winter's death, shall rise,
Will mingle with the buds that gave them birth.

* * * * *

For naught is lost of what God e'er hath done;
His shortest Time is great Eternity,
And *mors et vita* in His works are one."

In the Faith of Christ, and the belief of man's immortality, he calmly died. As I smoothed the grave and arranged on it some mosses, ferns and flowers, from the brush-fires burning farther over on the hill came a grey wreath of smoke and wrapt me with its cloud of incense, shutting me in from every outlying figure—swathing me as with the memory of the dead. Had he lived, I cannot doubt that earth would have been the better for his living—as, indeed, it was while he was yet here,—and that he would have woven his thoughts worthily into memorable verse; but, alas! now,

"The world, that credits what is done,
Is cold to all that might have been."

* * *

LINES

Written on a number of graves found in a pasture now owned by M. Solomon Lawrence, at Horton Bluff.

'Twas here that the rustics found their rest,
In this shady dell where the wild flowers spring,
Where the golden beams that come from the west,
Oft smile through the trees where the wild birds sing:
No marble slab is erected here,
And over their couch the shy hares tread;
And naught save a mound that rises near,
Points out the place of the resting dead.

But these were the scenes they loved in life;
'Twas here they played in their childish glee,
Apart from the world and its busy strife,
In these wooded vales near the bounding sea.
The church from their door was miles away,
So they laid them not 'neath the churchyard sod;
In their own little lot they placed their clay,
And their spirits returned to their father's God.

What sweeter rest 'neath the heap of stones
In the Abbey grand where the great dead rest?
Though honoured be their royal bones,
Methinks this bed is likewise blest;
For nature honours the lowly grave,
The moss bespeaks its tender grief,
And sighing faintly the blossoms wave,
And minstrel's borne on the sleeping leaf.

'Tis here the zephyr softly sings
At midnight to the fir trees nigh,—
Plays harp-like on their drooping strings,
The wild woods' soothing lullaby;
And notes of wild bird sweet and rare
That gladness brings to other dells,
Seem changed to tones of sadness here,
Though borne on silvery syllables.

Here let them rest, till the wakening day,
Where a common bar doth mankind await;
When we stand devoid of dust and decay,
Where the poor are rich and the lowly great;
Let them rest in the spot that they loved so dear,
Beneath the shades that the wild woods spread;
'Tis such haunts as these where God is near,
And He, too, honours the humble dead.

W. M. LOCKHART.

Lockhartville.

* * *

MONODY,

on the death of Wm. Mortimer Lockhart, who died at Mt. Allison, N.B., Dec. 7th, 1889.

Was *thy* life brief? Then so, dear soul is *ours*.
Who draw the breath, which thou did'st soon forego
For purer, sweeter. Thou forsak'st these bowers
For the unfading,—this shade for the glow
That the eternal morn doth round thee throw;
These russet fields for the unwithering flowers.

Was *thy* life *brief*? 'Twas long enough for love,
For tears, for virtue, and for beauty, too;
To feel th' poetic heart within thee move;
Too brief, for ills and sorrows, not a few,
Which they must bear who linger 'yond the dew
To greet the frost, here in Grief's wintry grove.

Was *thy* *life* brief? Thou livest,—did'st but pass
From Learning's porch to her supreme degree,—
From out "life's dome of many coloured glass,"
To "the white radiance of eternity;"
Our lives are brief; but long *thy* life shall be,
Where Song dies not, nor Misery cries "alas!"

Was *thy* life brief? 'Tis well, since it was true,
Here, brief our portion, as the wise have sung;
Thou dwellest constant in the memory's view,—
We look upon thee ever, bright and young;
The lay of Hope dies not from off thy tongue,
Fraught with Love's generous fire. Dear Soul, adieu

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART]

A friend writes: "You do not see much of my verse now, say you? Nor do I. But I mean to try my hand again, when the spirit moves. I will not coax or goad the muse. It does not pay. Your brother struck the nail on the head when he said there should be the indication of inevitableness in every poetical composition. If a man plod and plod, and tug and tug, his poem will say that he did so, as a rule." There is a notable exception in Gray's 'Elegy.' It has always seemed to me that Burns opened his mouth and the song came forth like a singing bird from its cage. Burns seems to have made songs as a hen lays eggs—because he could not help it." True, it is useless and disappointing to vex the muse with goading. In a sense the poem must make itself, as I believe even Gray's did; though by his fastidiousness it was kept a long time, and it is a wonder it ever got quit of him. The poem aggregates itself in the mind like butter after long churning; but there may be much art and labor in stamping it out, at last. But think how "Tam O' Shanter" came—at a heat, and before a pen. I wonder who could polish that into better form? Indeed his song was burning necessity. Plenty of "inevitableness" there; nothing there was born of pure vanity; never anything more native or spontaneous. We have not "crumpled of frost" in his lyrics, but living things quivering with emotion."

* * *

More beautiful days were surely never had in any November than these latest. So mild was it this morning we could comfortably sit with open windows; and at midnight I write in a room without fire. The sky beyond the dark shoulder of the hill westward was an amber gleam long after sunset; and through the dusky boles of trees now almost leafless the river shone with a wonderfully witching light, much like that from the eyes turned up to me from a certain little white face full of mirth and gladness at my recognition. We do not always get our strongest, most moving effects of light and color amid the flush and bloom of summer; but, rather, out of the bareness and austerity of this later season; even as beauty and tenderness are rarely so strikingly manifested by any poet as amid the musical glooms, the repressions, repulsions and austerities of Dante. There is an eloquence in these leafless trees, a language in the gleam of this river amid the russet hills, a pathos in these evening skies in November that effects me as natural objects rarely can.

* * *

We always delight to call attention to a worthy sentiment, or a truth uniquely and adequately expressed; and such are the following sentences forming the close of Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin's "forcible article" on "The Reorganization of the Cabinet," in the *Week*, of November 6th—a worthy companion piece with that of Principal Grant on the Franchise: "To have the opportunity and capacity for serving one's country will be more highly prized by a statesman worth his salt than portfolios or political honors, or the distribution of patronage. There is no service to one's country in distributing patronage, or having 'honorable' before your name, or drawing eight or nine thousand a year; but there is in devising wise measures, in redressing grievances, in allaying perilous passions, in sweeping away prejudices, in seeing as far as in you lies that the poor shall not be squeezed and plundered by the rich and powerful. If these things can be done even though the gorge may rise, as Shakespeare's did, so that even death seemed happiness before—

'The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,

and, as he sighs in his sixty-sixth Sonnet, the thought of suicide again recurring when he beheld

"Gilded honor shamefully misplaced,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill."

What matter? The creatures of fortune who were unworthy to black his boots—verily they had their reward. He had his own glorious thoughts, and stands forever the greatest of mankind. So with Edmund Burke in politics. He did more for the three kingdoms, for America, for mankind than any statesman of his time or since, and he had little of the "good things." His essay on the French Revolution was worth a hundred armies in rolling back the tide of anarchy. The Shakespeare of politics, he too had his reward in the reverence of mankind."

* Now I've a notion if a poet
Beat up his themes his verse will show it,
I wait for subjects that hunt me, etc.
—Lowell; "Familiar Epistle to a Friend."

ENGLAND'S GRAND OLD POET.

We purpose—unless negated by the editor—to give readers of THE ILLUSTRATED some rhymed sketches of rural character, such as we have seen, and the local poets have hit off cleverly. As the first of these, we give a rough-drawn sketch of one who, for aught we know, may have been an emigre from Canadian soil. It was written by David Barker, whose verses hit off to the life the manners of the country folk in Maine :

TOM PLUMADORE.

What, never saw Tom Plumadore—
Him of the Frenchman nation
Who runs the tank at Clinton Gore,
At the old Burnham Station?

You know Judge Rice, who sleeps on down—
Our learned legal brother?
Him of the highest type of man ;
Tom Plumadore—the other.

Rice is the famed Maine Central boss—
Runs that machine of "hisen";
Tom runs the tank—a kind of cross
Twixt hell and Libby Prison.

For years within that tank, 'tis said,
That Bull-Run-scarred old fellow,
Has slept with pea-straw for his bed
And beech-log for his pillow.

I tried Tom's bed, and thought, perhaps
My poor scarred Bull Run brother,
May find some sweeter pea-straw naps
Than down may yield the other.

* * *

Now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove.
—Thomson.

The flame of the forest burns low ; a few embers, and all the rest—ashes. The "carmine glare" and golden haze that seemed neighbours to the sunset, linger no longer. Little birds in their green tents sing no more to us now ; they have said to one another, "Let us go," and the poet is alone with his singing. Our regret is audible in his verse :

"In the southward sky the late swallows fly ;
The low, red willows in the river quiver ;
From the beeches nigh russet leaves sail by ;
The tawny billows in the chill wind shiver ;
The beech-burs burst and the nuts down-patter ;
The red squirrels chatter o'er the wealth disperst.

"In the keen late air is an impulse rare,
A thing like fire, a desire past naming ;
But the crisp mists rise, and my heart falls a-sighing,
Sighing, sighing that the sweet time dies!"*

Sweet, though sad, to the soul of the singer were those calm days, "ere the last red leaf was whirled away by the bitter blasts of November." Lowell loved them for the sake of those "visionary tints the year puts on," painting "the swamp-oak with his royal purple," and "the chestnuts lavish of their long-hid gold"; and showing how

"The tangled blackberry, crossed and recrossed, weaves
A prickly network of ensanguined leaves."

Longfellow loved them, for then he saw the prodigality of the golden harvest, "the revelations of light," when "the leaves fall, russet-golden and blood-red"; hearing "from far-off farms the sound of flails, beating the triumphal march of Ceres through the land." So Thomas Buchanan Read loved them, as we feel when we read his "Closing Scene"; so loved them the numerous choir of loving musical ones, whose sweet strains are slipping into memory.

*Charles G. D. Roberts.

PASTOR FELIX.

Sunday Observance in England.

It may be pointed out that at the present day there is no need for any movement on the part of the Church towards the relaxation of our observance of the day ; for the fashionable world, at least, is already going downhill fast enough, and the scenes in the London parks, the opening of private picture galleries to ticket-holders who certainly are not solely drawn from the working classes, and the growing habit of giving Sunday evening dinner parties, at homes, and concerts—all show that "society," so called, needs no stimulus to induce it to follow our versatile neighbours across the Channel. The best course for Churchmen to adopt is to act upon the advice of "Wykehamist," who has been writing in the *Times* in favour of the separation of the Sunday morning services, and to supplement them by introducing bright musical services in the afternoons.—*Banner*.



Of many Englishmen and others throughout the civilized world refer with pride and affection to Gladstone as "England's Grand Old Man," may we not with at least equal truth speak of Tennyson as "England's Grand Old Poet." Gladstone, with his acknowledged ability, with his splendid oratorical powers, with his great heart going out towards suffering humanity wherever found, is still but the exponent of a party, while Tennyson speaks for, and sings of all England. He is essentially an English poet ; his loveliest gems are descriptive of English scenery, amid which his long life has been peacefully spent, and of England's greatness, towards which he has contributed so materially.

For more than half a century he has sung "to one clear harp in divers tones" without scarcely a discord or jarring note. Is it not comforting in these degenerate times, in these days of spurious realism, Zolaism and Tolstoism, to be able to reflect that Tennyson, the greatest living poet, has never penned one immoral allusion, one suggestive line or one erotic stanza? When the time comes for him to lay down his laurel wreath—and may that time be long delayed—when the rider on the pale horse selects him as his illustrious victim, the Laureateship may be transferred to his successor with the lines Tennyson magnanimously used in accepting it :

"This laurel greener from the brows
Of him that uttered nothing base."

His life has been singularly pure and unallied, happy in his domestic relations, surrounded by loving friends and relatives ; his patriarchal figure and long, flowing locks are well known to the tenantry and neighbours, by whom he is universally revered as one of nature's noblemen.

His poetic offerings to Royalty are often misrepresented, and misrepresented by cheap penny-a-liners and literary hacks, on account of his official position, but an impartial critic could discover no trace of servility or sycophancy in them. Take the following lines from the dedication already alluded to—the reference, of course, being to our noble Sovereign :

Her court was pure ; her life serene ;
God gave her peace ; her land reposed,
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife and Queen ;
And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet,
By shaping some august decree
Which kept her throne unshaken still
Broad-based upon her people's will
And compassed by the inviolate sea.

Many warm admirers of Tennyson were saddened, not to say disappointed, when his sequel to "Locksley Hall" appeared some five or six years ago. The original "Locksley Hall" drew such a brilliant, roseate Golden Age, about to dawn, when the poet with prophetic eye

"Dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be ;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales ;

Till the war-drums throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

The most sanguine optimist and admirer could not fail to be tinged with sadness when the poet, half a century after, reviews in his sequel to "Locksley Hall" those bright "castles in Spain" his youthful imagination had constructed, and discovers none of them were real. Tennyson regretfully shows in this poem that bitter experience and advancing age have dispelled those youthful visions, and on every side are indications that the world is getting worse instead of better. The publication of this pessimistic view led to a rather spirited discussion throughout America and Europe, whilst Conada contributed her quota in the shape of a review poem entitled, if I remember correctly, "Then and Now," by Rev. E. E. Dewart, of Toronto, himself no mean poet. A lofty tone of hopefulness pervaded this review, and Tennyson's attention was drawn to the fact that as we recede from past events their grossness is often glossed over in our

imagination, and the present and future look correspondingly dismal. Dewart indignantly asked :

"Is it right because past evils do not thwart our present aims,
To make light of them, and cover cruel wrongs with pleasant names?"

As befitting a Christian minister, he put his faith in God ultimately bringing good out of the social, national and world-wide evils which loomed so darkly before the Poet-Laureate's vision, and he pinned his faith in this declaration : "Truth and Righteousness unconquered in this conflict shall prevail
This the God of Truth has promised, and His Word can never fail."

Dewart's criticism of Tennyson's poem led to another Canadian minister, Rev. W. F. Clarke, then stationed at St. Thomas, Ont., taking up his literary cudgels and slashing both Tennyson and Dewart. This gentleman, long known as a versatile writer in other departments, had never been suspected of possessing a poetic vein, but it must be confessed he put his own views in vigorous verse. I long since lost my copy of it—cut out of a newspaper at the time—but the opening stanzas always clung to me since :

"Poet-peer and poet-preacher, both are right and both are wrong ;

Each has truth and fact embodied in the texture of his song ;
One has wailed a minor cadence with a pathos all his own,
Whilst the other peals an anthem in a lofty major tone.
'Tis the old chameleon fable verified in stately verse,
In some things the world is better, whilst in others it is worse.

All depends on how you view it ; in the sunshine or the shade,
When the flowers are blooming brightly or the brilliant colours fade."

The discussion ended here ; but as contributions to a literary topic by Canadian authors, they certainly deserved permanent preservation.

It was Tennyson's misfortune, like many other eminent men, to pass his earlier years in comparative literary obscurity,—the world slowly and grudgingly admitted his genius. Taine says : "When Tennyson published his first poems, the critics found fault with them. He held his peace ; for ten years no one saw his name in a review—not even in a publisher's catalogue. But when he appeared again before the public, his books had made their way alone and under the surface, and he passed at once for the greatest poet of his country and his time."

This is one of the Poet Laureate's striking characteristics, that he scarcely ever deigns a reply to adverse critics, and in this respect he is a very apostle of silence. A story is current in London literary circles which, if authentic, shows that were the poet minded so he could equal Byron in bitter personalities. It is related that shortly after the poem "Maud" appeared, a London critic, distinguished more for his faultless attire and dandy airs than for brain power, wrote a cutting review of "Maud," which he styled "a sorry exhibition of mawkish sentimentality." Tennyson, it is said, thereupon published these lines :

"What profit now to unders'and
The merits of a spotless shirt,
A dapper boot, a little hand,
If half the little soul be dirt."

This instance, if true, is the only time that the poet broke his uniform reserve towards unfriendly criticism, of which he has had a generous share.

It is now almost universally admitted that "In Memoriam" is Tennyson's greatest work, and it is no disparagement to other authors to say that never before was such a tender tribute of love laid on the grave of a departed friend—never before was such a glorious funeral eulogy pronounced—never organ however grand, or played upon by master however renowned, peeled forth so mournful a chant as Tennyson over his friend Arthur Hallam, in "In Memoriam." The opening stanzas indicate a lofty theme set to noble music.

"I held it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones,
Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years,
And find in loss a gain to match,
Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest of tears."

In no other poem extant is sorrow subjected to as close an analysis—every phase and shade of grief is portrayed till the delighted reader is fairly lost in wonder that such an apparently simple theme can be so complex when sketched by a master hand. Perhaps no thought was ever more delicately hinted, not to say spoken, for words are too gross according to this beautiful poetic fancy to express the acute grief—

“ I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel,
For words like nature half reveal
And half conceal the soul within.

“ But for the unquiet-heart and brain
A use in measured language lies,
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

“ In words like weeds I'll wrap me o'er
Like coarsest clothes against the cold ;
But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline and no more.”

Many beautiful sayings are recorded—many eloquent sermons have been preached—on the most reckless man secret thoughts will often intrude themselves uninvited—on the uncertainty of human life with its many pitfalls ; but the poet speaks a language common to all and not to be misunderstood—

“ O father, wheresoc'er thou be,
Who pledgest now thy gallant son,
A shot, ere half thy draught be done,
Hath stilled the life that beat from thee.

“ O mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor—while thy head is bowed
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave.”

Tennyson is conservative in all his moods ; he loves to dwell on the dear old English customs—the May-pole dance, the Yule log, the holly and mistletoe—and he has little patience with those who would discard all such as foolish mummery. Indeed he is altogether out of joint with the new England—as they love to be called—a small and insignificant section, permeated with socialism, etc., who would, if they could, disregard the past with its hallowed associations. The Poet Laureate refers lovingly in many places to Christmas, but more especially in “ In Memoriam.”

“ The time draws near the birth of Christ ;
The moon is hid, the night is still,
A single church below the hill
Is pealing, folded in the mist.

“ A single peal of bells below
That wakens at this hour of rest
A single murmur in the breast ;
That those are not the bells I know.

“ To-night ungathered let us leave
This laurel—let this holly stand.
We live within the strangers' land
And strangely falls our Christmas eve.

“ Our father's dust is left alone
And silent under other snows ;
There in due time the wood-bine flows,
The violet comes but we are gone.

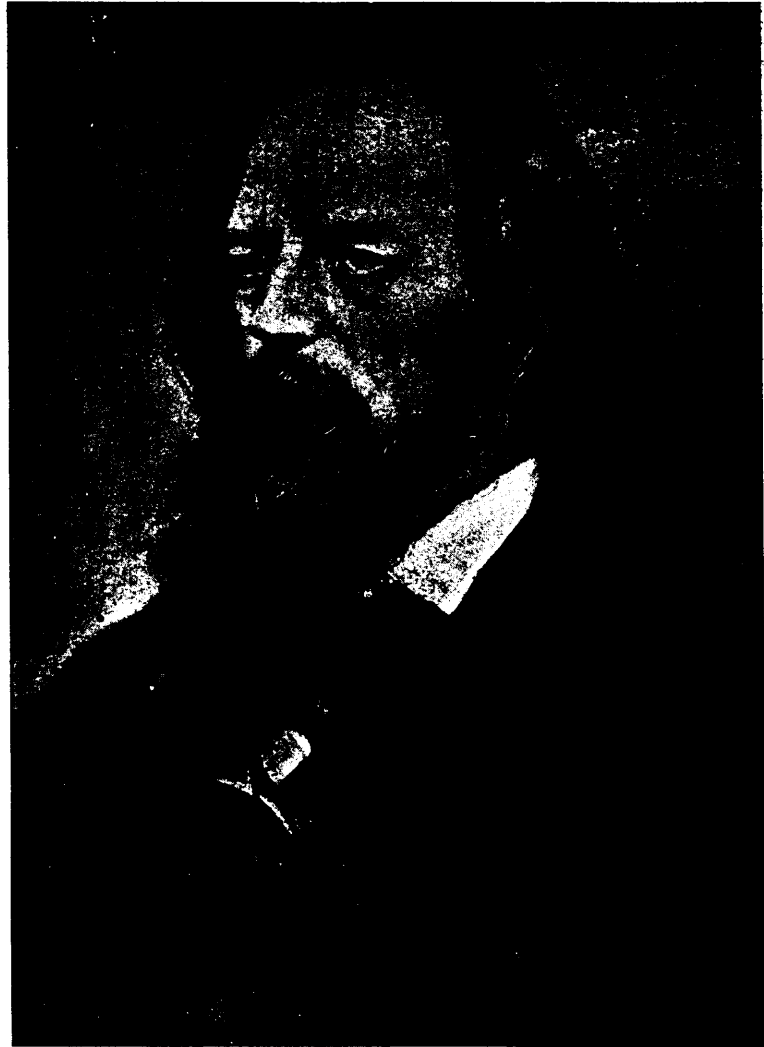
“ Of rising worlds by yonder woods,
Long sleeps the summer in the seed ;
Run out your measured arcs and lead
The closing cycle rich in good.

“ Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells across the snow,
The year is going—let him go—
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

“ Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more.
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

“ Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

There are many people in the world—estimable people in all respects—but ask their opinion on any poem, and instantly they will attempt to analyze it and find the copula, etc., of each sentence. I have a wholesome horror of those people—literary vultures—who never regard the beauty and sympathy of a poem as worthy of consideration, but always want to be picking at the dry bones—the empty formulas of grammar. It was my misfortune to be a classmate at



LORD ALFRED TENNYSON.

school with a student who seemed possessed with a very demon of analyzing, and when Tennyson's finest poems were up for discussion he insisted on dividing them up into sentences and picking out the subjects and predicates. For many years I have no trace of this man, but I presume he is still analyzing to the end of the chapter, and if married, I trust he has numerous young analyzers following in the parental footsteps.

Now though the beauty of any passage is marred by being wrenched from its context, and though Tennyson's poems are no exception to this rule, yet none of the great poets suffer less when this test is applied than does the Poet Laureate. Many isolated expressions of his stand out as models of poetic force and beauty. Take the passage in “ Enoch Arden,” where he is describing the sunset in the woods where Annie and Philip have taken the children nutting—

“ Beheld the *dead flame of the fallen day,*
Pass from the Danish barrow overhead.”

Or in “ Locksley Hall ”—

“ Many a night from yonder ivied casement ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.”

Or this floral gem from “ A Dirge ”—

“ The gold-eyed kingcups fine,
The frail bluebell peereth o'er
Rare broidry of the purple clover.”

But perhaps no finer descriptive passage can be produced than a sentence in which he fully pictured the Duke of Wellington. Students of historical characters, or those favored individuals who were personally acquainted with the Iron Duke—the sturdiest character that ever strode across the glorious field of British history—will recognize the old hero in these lines taken from the funeral ode—

“ O fallen at length that tower of strength
Which stood *four-square to all the winds that blew.*”

Sketched by a master-hand with a few bold strokes the portrait of “ England's greatest son ” stands out in relief on the canvas. To elaborate more would spoil the effect—to do less would not be justice.

Before concluding, gentle reader, allow the writer to file a disclaimer. The foregoing excerpts and comments do not claim the dignified titles of critical review or learned essay. They are simply a gossipy, chatty tribute of respect from a humble admirer of the Poet Laureate. If by their perusal one person takes a renewed interest in Tennyson's poems, and extracts as much genuine personal satisfaction and delight as the writer has during most of his life, I will feel amply repaid for the trouble. No doubt but little flaws of metre, etc., can be detected by a hypercritical reviewer in some of Tennyson's writings. To condemn them for these small errors would be as consistent as to destroy a beautiful cathedral because some of the minor architectural details were imperfect. The one act alone in Tennyson's life that he has been attacked for as being inconsistent, was his acceptance of a title of nobility after penning lines like these—

“ Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent,
The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good,
Kind hearts are more than coronets
And simple faith than Norman blood.”

To the writer his accession to the nobility of England—with their glorious history of truly noble deeds on many a hard-fought field—seems the crowning triumph of a well-spent life, and the recognition of his merit by our Queen one of the noblest acts in a long reign teeming with worthy deeds, for assuredly never a peer entered the House of Lords more deserving than England's grand old poet, Lord Alfred Tennyson.

C. M. SINCLAIR.



THE LATE HON SAMUEL CHIPMAN.

The First Fight with the Spanish Armada.



DIRECTLY off Ramhead, the two fleets were engaged. The air through the night had been light from the west. The water was smooth. At five o'clock on the Sunday morning, July 31st, eleven large vessels were seen from the San Martin, three miles to leeward, just off the Mewstone, manœuvring to recover the wind, which was beginning to freshen. Forty others were counted between the Armada and the land to the west of the Sound. The squadron first seen consisted of the Queen's ships under Lord Howard; the others were Drake and the privateers. The breeze rose rapidly. The Duke flew

the consecrated standard, and signalled to the whole fleet to brace round their yards and hold the wind between the two English divisions. Howard, however, with apparent ease, went on to windward and joined Drake; both of them then stood out to sea behind the whole Armada, firing heavily into Recalde and the rearward Spanish squadron as they passed. Recalde tried hard to close, but Sir John Hawkins had introduced new lines into the construction of the English ships. The high castles at poop and stem had been reduced, the length increased, the beam diminished. They could sail, perhaps, within five points of the wind. They showed powers, at any rate, entirely new to Recalde, for they seemed to be able to keep at any distance which they pleased from him. They did not try to break his line or capture detached vessels. With their heavy guns, which he found to his cost to be of weightier metal, and to carry farther than his own, they poured their broadsides into him at their leisure, and he could make no tolerable reply. Alonzo de Leyva and Oquendo, seeing that Recalde was suffering severely, went to his assistance, but only to experience themselves the effects of this novel method of naval combat and naval construction. To fight at a distance was contrary to Spanish custom, and was not held worthy of honourable men. But it was effective; it was perplexing; it was deadly. The engagement lasted on these conditions through the whole Sunday forenoon. The officers of the Armada did all that gallant men could achieve. They refused to recognize where the English superiority lay till it was forced upon them by torn rigging and shattered hulls. Recalde's own ship fired a hundred and twenty shot, and it was thought a great thing. But the English had fired five to the Spanish one, and the effect was the greater because, as in Rodney's action at Dominica, the galleons were crowded with troops, among whom shot and splinter had worked havoc. The Castilians and Biscayans were brave enough; there were no braver men in the world; but they were in a position where courage was no use to them. They were perplexed and disturbed; and an officer present who describes the scene observes that "este dia mostraronse de nuestra Armada algunos oficiales medrosos"—this day some of the authorities of our fleet showed cowardice. The allusion was perhaps to the Duke, who had looked on and done nothing.

No prizes were taken. Drake and Howard understood their business too well to waste life upon single captures. Their purpose was to harass, shatter, and weaken the entire Armada, as opportunity might offer, with the least damage to themselves, till shot and weather, and the casualties likely to occur under such conditions, had reduced the fleets to something nearer to an equality. Tactics so novel perplexed the Spaniards. They had looked for difficulties, but they had counted with certainty on success if they could force the English into a general engagement. No wonder that they were unpleasantly startled at the result of the first experiment.

The action, if such it could be called when the Armada

had been but a helpless target to the English guns, lasted till four in the afternoon. The south-west wind was blowing up, and the sea was rising. The two fleets had by that time driven past the opening into the Sound. The Duke could not have gone in if he had tried, nor could De Leyva himself, under such circumstances, have advised him to try; so, finding that he could do nothing, and was only throwing away life, he signalled from the San Martin to bear away up Channel. The misfortunes of the day, however, were not yet over. The Spanish squadrons endeavoured to resume their proper positions, De Leyva leading and Recalde covering the rear. The English followed leisurely two miles behind, and Recalde's vessel had suffered so much in the engagement that she was observed to be dropping back, and to be in danger of being left alone and overtaken. Pedro de Valdez, in the Capitana of the Andalusian squadron, one of the finest ships in the fleet, observing his old comrade in difficulties, bore up to help him. After such a day, the men, perhaps, were all of them disturbed, and likely to make mistakes in difficult manœuvres. In turning, the Capitana came into collision with the Santa Catalina and broke her bowsprit; the fore-topmast followed, and the ship became an unmanageable wreck. She had five hundred men on board, besides a considerable part of the money which had been sent for the use of the fleet. To desert such a vessel, and desert along with it one of the principal officers of the expedition, on the first disaster, would be an act of cowardice and dishonour not to be looked for in a Spanish nobleman. But night was coming on. To bear up was to risk a renewal of the fighting, for which the Duke had no stomach. He bore Don Pedro a grudge for having opposed him at Corunna, when he had desired to give up the expedition; Diego Florez, his adviser, had also his dislike for Don Pedro, and, to the astonishment of everyone, the signal was made that the fleet was not to stop, and that Don Pedro was to be left to his fate. De Leyva and Oquendo, unable to believe the order to be serious, hastened on board the San Martin to protest. The Duke hesitated; Diego Florez, however, said that to wait would be to risk the loss of the whole fleet, and by Diego Florez Philip had directed the Duke to be guided. Boats were sent back to bring off the treasure and the crew, but in the rising sea boats could do nothing. Don Pedro was deserted, overtaken, and of course captured, after a gallant resistance. The ship was carried into Dartmouth, and proved a valuable prize. Besides the money, there was found a precious store of powder, which the English sorely needed. Among other articles was a chest of swords, richly mounted, which the Duke was taking over to be presented to the English Catholic peers. Don Pedro himself was treated with the high courtesy which he deserved, to be ransomed at the end of a year, and was spared the ignominy of further service under his extraordinary commander-in-chief.—*J. A. Froude in Longman's Magazine.*

Willing to Omit Fifteen.

A man while fishing suddenly fell into the water, says *The St. Paul Pioneer Press*. A fellow-fisherman of benevolent aspect promptly helped him out, laid him on his back, and then began to scratch his head in a puzzled way.

"What's the matter?" asked the bystanders. "Why don't you revive him?"

"There are sixteen rules to revive drowned persons," said the benevolent man, "and I know 'em all; but I can't call to mind which comes first."

At this point the rescued man opened his eyes and said faintly: "Is there anything about giving brandy in the rules?"

"Yes."

"Then never mind the other fifteen."

His Gentle Hint.

"Passengers in this 'bus will do well to look after their pockets," said a London policeman, at the door of a crowded omnibus, "there are two swell thieves here."

"If that's the case," said a nervous-looking man in a choker, who looked like a clergyman, "I will get out. I cannot risk my reputation in such company."

"And I," said a respectable-looking old gentleman, with gold-headed cane and spectacles, "have too much money about me to stand the chances of being robbed."

And so they both alighted. Then the policeman said: "Drive on; they've both got out."



A Comfortable Tea-gown—The Newest Hats and Bonnets—Fashions—Trimmings—A New Idea for a Dinner Service.

A comfortable tea-gown for the gradually shortening afternoons is quite a desideratum. Whether you live in the country or town, and come in from a tramp through muddy lanes or slushy streets, it matters little; the comfort of donning a loose, comfortable costume, in which to sit by your little tea-table, is the same. Many people think that unless they have a very gorgeous tea-gown, they cannot have one at all. Now, this is quite a mistake, as very pretty ones can be made of really cheap materials. I give you a sketch of a *deshabille*, as it is called, which would be very pretty made of a soft, rather light shade of blue, known as "hussar blue." It is rather of a greyish shade, and neither light nor dark. This, in serge of a very fine make, drapes very grace-



fully. The inside might be of a figured or brocaded soft silk, one of those that are so cheap now, and also fall into pretty folds. The colour might be flame, or orange, or pale silk, and tied at the waist with a ribbon of the same colour. The serge should be made in long princess shape—quite plain—edged with some black, or very deep brown fur, from under which hangs a white lace edging that falls in pretty ruffles down from neck to feet. The sleeves are of the figured stuff, edged with fur, and a deep frill of lace. This, of course, could be varied in endless ways as to materials and colours, also the trimmings might be quite different. Stuffs for winter dresses, I hear, are very pretty, and all kinds of rough hairy fabrics are to be fashionable. They are described as having a powdered look through

which appear little dots or specks of colour. All these will be quite soft and uncreasable, and will take very pretty folds. There will be serges made with a woolly kind of face, on which will be seen stripes of still more raised woolliness.

The newest hats and bonnets are all smaller—particularly the latter. Yellow in all varieties of shade will be the early winter colour for one's head. The most fashionable is that called "Thermidor." Velvet hats, like the first in my sketch, will be the most used for paying calls and visits, and always look well with two or three good ostrich feathers on them. The little turban shape is useful when a small, close fitting headgear is required; and these may be bordered with a rich embroidery or galon, either in gold and imitation gems, or jet and gold—indeed, in any handsome device or trimming. Black velvet, red, and blue will be also much



employed for bonnets, and they will be made with soft crowns, and either a rolled or frilled front under some black lace. If in black a ruche of Thermidor satin encircles the crown, which is further adorned by a simple black and yellow aigrette. The little bonnet I give is of yellow velvet, with jet trimming round it. Of course felt will be fashionable; it is too comfortable and useful not to be pressed into the service of winter headgear. As an example I have selected a very simple and pretty felt hat in black. It is most plainly trimmed with only tufts or fan-shaped bunches of black Chantilly lace, and the favourite ruche of ether black satin or lace round the crown. The great feature of the new bonnets is that they all have strings, and that those strings are of satin ribbon, and tied in a small bow without ends. These are the earliest novelties, and I am told that there are plenty more to come.

Fashions must still monopolise my pen, for there is so very much to be said about them, and that not all that is pleasant. For instance, if what I hear about skirts is true they will be most inconvenient and disagreeable. The back breadths are to be made up on the cross, and to not only touch, but sweep, the ground. This is, I trust, a passing fancy, for what could be dirtier or worse than the tail of a skirt that has kindly acted the cleansing part of those invaluable scavenging implements known in our London streets as "a squeegee?" You know how frequently I have expressed my liking for "walking clean," so you can just imagine with what dismay I hear of the renewed lengthening of the skirts. Frenchwomen are so sensible, and generally of such utilitarian habits, that I can hardly think they will tolerate anything that is sure to condemn itself by degrees, when the inconvenience it brings increases with bad weather. This does not seem to promise any great change in the make of skirts, which will still remain plain in front and gored at the back. They are all lined now with silk or alpaca, which is far more comfortable than having the troublesome separate skirt or foundation, that, when one was compelled to raise one's skirt, was certain to be left behind and hang down in the most provoking way.

Trimmings for skirts are to be varied, but the most useful for everyday wear will be the wide band of velvet which can

be repeated in the simple trimmings of the bodice. Kid guipure will be amongst the pretty extravagances of decoration that we shall, sooner or later, see in England. You may remember, a year or so ago, how ladies' tailors used to trim the hems of the skirts with an openwork pattern of cloth which was well shown up by the velvet that was laid underneath. Well, this kid trimming follows much on the same lines and designs. It is also worked round its lace-like patterns with all shades of metal threads, which greatly enhance the richness of its appearance. The most fashionable of winter borderings will be those of feathers—smooth, close-lying feathers, and especially of birds that have brilliant metallic-looking plumage—such as the Indian, or Impeyman pheasant, the lophophore, or the peacock. Bands of such lovely trimmings will be laid on the hems of skirts beneath a heading of rich embroidery, either in coloured silks or beads. Passementerie will still be worn, but it does not stand so prominently in favour as these other very sumptuous adornments. Fur, of course, which is so useful, will not be neglected, as I have already stated in my recent letters, and the smooth kinds will be preferred for dresses, such as sealskin, beaver, and otter. Astrachan also has lost but little popularity, but it is vulgarised by so many common imitations, that I do not think it will be used quite so much this winter. I have heard that some of the long silky hair of the Thibet or Angola goat is to be used as a fringe trimming to out-of-door garments, and dyed to match the stuff on which it is laid. This I cannot think very pretty, for these sort of fluffy silky furs generally get matted together after a time, and look the worse for wear. Now that seal is so expensive, I read the other day of what is called an "excellent substitute" in a fur called "nutria." I have not seen it, but it is said to look as warm and rich, and to be only half as expensive.

A new idea for a dinner service was told me the other day which I thought rather nice for those people whose means enable them to go in for such pretty extravagances. It was neither more nor less than to have a differently designed set of plates for each course at dinner. In this case the soup plates were white, strewn over with pink flowers, and edged with gold. Those for fishes had fishes and seaweed on them. The meat plates resembled those for soup. The entree ones were bordered with brown and bore a design of cherubs on a blue ground. Flowers and fruits of all kinds of course were on dessert plates, and those for ices were of glass, beautifully engraved. The fancy might be even carried out with more appropriateness than the foregoing.

Beyond.

[By HARRY C. SYMONDS.]

The sunset's golden beams
Of orange and of purple tints partake;
The darkening cloudlets, fringed with radiant gleams,
New glories make.

Above yon southern hills,
In outline faint, the moon is on her way;
While all around a holy calmness fills
The parting day.

Through falling autumn leaves
Come soft, low tones of bells from distant spires—
Illumed, with city's panes and tintelled eaves,
By sunset fires.

The shadowed stream below
Is winding slowly onward into night,
With mirrored glintings of a ruddy glow
And amber light.

Beyond the last faint rays
I picture brighter scenes and fairer skies,
With grateful heart for bygone happy days
And memories.

As in a blissful dream,
I see the form of one in days of yore;
And even Nature in her moods doth seem
To want for more.

Awhile I view, alone,
Earth's dearest and most treasured spot to me—
By night and day, beneath the granite stone,
That form I see.

But, hark to that sweet strain
From yonder cot! It tells of years that were,
And reassures me we shall meet again
Sometime—somewhere.

London, Ont., October, 1891.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

BY WALTON S. SMITH.



CYRUS LAMB was a man of mysterious antecedents, who came to settle in Canada. He did not bring over much coin when he first appeared, but he brought a Yankee twang and an overwhelming assurance. Neither did he put up at a first-class hotel, as do most of his nation whose past is obscure. A genius he who could afford to wait, and in consequence a favourite

of fortune. He was a cool, hard-headed Yankee, whose deliberate drawl concealed an indomitable energy, whose sole object in life was the accumulation of dollars. He went into the lumber business, beginning at first with insignificant ventures. But as the years passed, and the never ending supply of square timber continued to float down the great rivers to be converted into gold at Quebec, he began to thrive,—slowly at first, but steadily withal, until at last he became one of the wealthy lumbermen of the country. Ultimately he made himself friends in Parliament, and obtained Government contracts, which, as all Canadians know, open the door to untold riches. He prospered exceedingly, did Cyrus, and built him a house near Quebec; he took to himself a wife, moreover, who, in due time, gave birth to a son. Then she died, leaving her husband to garner wealth as of yore, with a youthful heir to succeed to his hard earned shekels. Again the years passed, and time again saw the affairs of our shrewd merchant continue to prosper. But, in its course, there came a small doubt that gradually resolved itself into the force of a shocking conviction, in the mind of Cyrus Lamb. This was relative to Martin, his son and heir, and the mental trouble was put thus to the father, as the outcome of his own trained observation.

One was desperately dense, being a youth entirely without self-assertion; the other was simply desperate. She was a lover of freedom and folly, with the prospect of a three months' incarceration before her. A desperately dense youth is not necessarily very different from the rest of his kind in one particular; he is quite as susceptible as they to the charms of female beauty. When the lover of freedom and folly smiled, Martin, of course, cast down his eyes and blushed. He would not have been true to his character otherwise. But he knew that the maid was fair, withal; and it was not long before his eyes had rallied and gazed upon her again—and yet again! She was very pretty, and she seemed favourably impressed with our hero. But what would you? The latter was desperately dense! He experienced the most delicious agony during the course of that trip. He longed to speak to the attractive stranger, but he durst not. He was very much impressed with her, and his heart beat responsively whenever he mustered courage to meet her glance. Yet, as has been said, she was but a lover of folly; and she was amusing herself. Suddenly our hero was smitten by a brilliant idea that dazed him by the shock of its advent; it was simple, and it did not require overmuch courage.

He took out his pocket memoranda book, and wrote upon a blank page:—

"I would like to know you better; I am getting off at the next station, and fear I may never see you again. Will you let me have your address that I may write to you? My name is as under, and my address is 'Sheercliff,' Quebec, P.Q.

MARTIN LAMB

P.S.—Please do not think me impudent or anything—I am in earnest."

This composition took up much time, and no less than three pages of his book. When he had pencilled it out carefully, he folded the paper into a compact little square. Then, as the engine's whistle announced the fact that the train was approaching a station, he gathered his traps together and rose from his seat. As he passed the young lady, he lurched slightly, and dropped the missive into her lap.

The deed was done! Martin shambled into the passenger coach and fell upon the first seat that was handy. He felt very nervous, and very conscious of the fact that he had done a brave action.

He remained several days in Montreal, but when at length he reached his home he found an envelope addressed to him in a large characterless school-girl hand. On tearing it open, three pages of gush were disclosed, written in the same style of calligraphy, and signed Blanche Hebert.

The letter informed the delighted Martin that Mademoiselle Blanche had been favourably impressed by his appearance. She wished he had spoken to her, but he was evidently bashful. Then a sage admonition ament the folly of bashfulness, and, in conclusion,—

"If you are too backward you will never be lucky in love!"

"By gum!" said Martin, who never actually swore, "I will take her advice." And so he did, according to his lights; he consulted Henri Tremblay. The latter was a young French Canadian, who had been educated at the Seminary in Quebec, and graduated at Laval University in the same city. He was a lawyer, without much practice, and he was very ambitious. He had a talent for writing scathing editorials, and the columns of a small French newspaper, which was published in the interest of a certain clique of Provincial politicians, were open to his pen. As he was useful to this clique, he might be a great man some day, for we manage these things after an original fashion in Canada.

His eyes were dark and piercing; his black hair curled in picturesque style over his brow, and he had a hooked nose which a remote ancestral connection with the Huron tribe of Indians had bequeathed. He was thirty years of age and unmarried.

Martin loved to bask in the reflected light of a stronger intellect, and he admired physical beauty; in consequence Tremblay was his model. The latter was a handsome fellow, his frowning crest and eagle's beak notwithstanding. He had all the lithic strength, and much of the terrible beauty of a tiger. Ordinarily his manner was soft and very fascinating, but, if roused, his anger was fierce and quick.

Henri took the letter which Martin handed him, and read it over twice before committing himself to an opinion. As he did so, he conjured up an image of a fair frail little matron whom he had known too well some ten years before. Then he had been a wild young student at Laval, and she a small dame with blue eyes and a plump figure, who minced her words and was profoundly silly. He remembered her well, and dimly he recalled a miniature reflection of herself, who was called "*La Petite Baby*," and whose real name was Blanche.

But aloud he only said "Sacre!" and appeared to ponder deeply.

"Do you know her?" asked Lamb, curiously.

The other showed his strong white teeth.

"Know her? No! But I know the family!" he added, after a pause.

"She is of good family, then?" asked Martin, who, being of a rather plebeian stock himself, was inclined to set an undue value on such trifles.

Again the white teeth gleamed. "She is connected with the best French names in Canada!" said Henri.

"By gum!" said Martin, "I'll—!"

"*Tranquil!*" commanded the other, laughingly. "What you say may be used as evidence, *mon ami*. I shall wash my hands of the matter. Those convent girls,—bah! They are like fire,—they burn. She will make you love her!"

"By Gum!" said Martin, in a tone of conscious power. "You think she fancies me, eh?"

Henri flashed a keen look at his interrogator, and his brain reviewed the position with characteristic rapidity meanwhile. The summing up was much as follows:

I. Martin Lamb,—fool—rich—unmarried—well!

II. Blanche Hebert,—foolish and weak like her mother,—well!

III. Mr. and Mrs. Martin Lamb,—young, foolish and wealthy,—well!

IV. Henri Tremblay,—clever and experienced—friend of the family—fascinating with men, irresistible with women,—ambitious, but poor,—well!

He pondered over the matter a little, and said at length, "I dare say she would. You are a sly dog, Lamb,—and very insinuating with women!" Then he waved his hands. "I refuse to take any responsibility in the case!" he said, laughing, "but I can give you the address of a friend of mine in Montreal, who will help you to the death, if needs be."

As Tremblay gave Martin the address of his Montreal friend there was a peculiar expression in his fierce magnetic eyes.

On a high cliff, overhanging the St. Lawrence river, commanding a very picturesque view of that grand old stream, stands a large, white, clap-boarded mansion; it has wide verandahs and expansive French windows, shaded by green blinds. It is a very comfortable country house, and the grounds about it are also very comfortable. There are many tall trees—elms that stand majestically against the sky, and poplars with an ever moving foliage; maples, whose broad leaves change to a glorious red when the summers wane; and hardy fir trees that remain green throughout the length of the Canadian winter. In the hot summer months it is a restful place, where the birds sing blithely and the trim lawns please the eye. When the snow comes, drifts pile about the homestead, even invading the wide verandahs and barricading the expansive French windows, and the winds moan dolefully through the leafless tress that dot the storm swept lawn. But, withal, there is a grandeur in its wintry perspective, and a bracing tonic in the moaning blasts; whilst within the walls of the house, warmth and comfort reign.

This was "Sheercliff," the home of Martin Lamb, which Cyrus, his father, had built; and this the refuge wherein that shrewd old accumulator of dollars had spent the last idle years of a very busy life. Here it was, moreover, that Martin, his son, brought his fair young bride, with whom he had eloped. He had kept up the correspondence and had made arrangements for the marriage while the girl was visiting some Montreal friends during the short Christmas vacation.

She was very fair to look at, this convent girl,—very much given to shrugging her plump shoulders and to rolling her large blue eyes. She had beautiful golden hair, and her teeth were like pearls; they showed to perfection when she smiled. She smiled whenever the occasion offered, did this bride of Martin's, and she contrived to find that occasion very often.

Martin was exceedingly proud of his pretty wife, and much given to chuckle when he thought of how he had won her; he described the whole affair to Henri Tremblay shortly after

of fortune. He was a cool, hard-headed Yankee, whose deliberate drawl concealed an indomitable energy, whose sole object in life was the accumulation of dollars. He went into the lumber business, beginning at first with insignificant ventures. But as the years passed, and the never ending supply of square timber continued to float down the great rivers to be converted into gold at Quebec, he began to thrive,—slowly at first, but steadily withal, until at last he became one of the wealthy lumbermen of the country. Ultimately he made himself friends in Parliament, and obtained Government contracts, which, as all Canadians know, open the door to untold riches. He prospered exceedingly, did Cyrus, and built him a house near Quebec; he took to himself a wife, moreover, who, in due time, gave birth to a son. Then she died, leaving her husband to garner wealth as of yore, with a youthful heir to succeed to his hard earned shekels. Again the years passed, and time again saw the affairs of our shrewd merchant continue to prosper. But, in its course, there came a small doubt that gradually resolved itself into the force of a shocking conviction, in the mind of Cyrus Lamb. This was relative to Martin, his son and heir, and the mental trouble was put thus to the father, as the outcome of his own trained observation.

"That critter, Martin, is a damned fool!" said the trained observation blankly; and, of all crimes, that of being a damned fool was the most unpardonable in the eyes of Cyrus Lamb. But, withal, he loved the lad who was his own son—loved him even though his ruddy face expressed a vapid intellect, and his receding chin bespoke a want of self-assertion. Martin was not troubled with ambition of any sort; he had no energy,—"no sand!" to quote the mental summing up of Cyrus Lamb.

The latter had seen many wealthy firms go to the wall through mismanagement. Possibly he had often egged them on to their own undoing that he himself might profit thereby. He could not look forward to the time when Martin's would be the directing hand without misgivings; and so it was he sold out and retired from business. He settled in his comfortable country house, near Quebec, to spend his old age, with a goodly fortune safely invested.

So it was, moreover, that on his demise, a few years later, Martin Lamb, the damned fool, found himself the possessor of a large income, derived from the interest of a safely invested principal. Found himself free to roam the wide world, to get beyond the small boundary of his surroundings and to improve his mind. But, like other fools, he was a contented wight; he settled down in the house his father had built and thence he stirred not, beyond an occasional journey to Montreal or another neighbouring city.

Those who take the trouble to study the habits of the fool, who has both wealth and leisure, will have noticed that sooner or later the inevitable impulse offers, and the inevitable piece of unpardonable folly is committed.

Martin Lamb experienced the impulse when he was on his way from Ottawa to Montreal. He had been up at the first named city to see the opening of parliament, and was returning home. It so happened that Blanche Hebert likewise chanced to be returning from a bondage, which her soul detested, in a certain convent on the outskirts of Montreal city. Moreover, they were the only passengers in the drawing-room car.

their return from the honey-moon. Henri listened attentively, and Mrs. Lamb smiled prettily from behind the teapot meanwhile. The scene took place in the dining-room at "Sheercliff," and they had just finished eating. Martin was at the head of the table, with a life-sized oil-painting of Cyrus (his father) hanging on the wall behind him; the picture seemed to glare from beneath overhanging brows at the unconscious and complacent host.

Martin told his tale with great difficulty; he was precluded from speaking at intervals on account of a spasmodic seizure, which made him twist about in his seat and give utterance to a shrill burst of laughter.

Henri lay back in his chair and listened attentively. The subdued light from the lamps illumined his bold, swarthy features; and anon he would raise his eyes to glance keenly at his host, or to flash a swift half furtive look at the girlish figure that was at the other end of the table.

"I had a sleigh waiting," said Martin, "and I paced about impatiently until Blanche came. I thought she had gone back on me!"

"*Mais, mon Dieu!* it was my aunt," murmured Mrs. Lamb at this juncture. "She had a sewing girl in the house and wanted me to try on a new frock."

"Ehe! ehe! ehe!" gasped Martin, convulsively—"her trousseau; eh, Tremblay? Ehe! ehe! ehe!"

Henri pushed back his chair and looked at his watch. "I am desperately sorry, Mrs. Lamb," he said, with his most winning smile, "but there is a rather important debate in the House this evening which I must attend. You may thank fortune that Martin is not a newspaper man," he went on, "and"—with a low bow—"as your husband's friend, I am truly glad that he has chosen so well. Permit me to add that he has good taste!"

This was in French, a language that the host understood but imperfectly. Blanche lifted her blue eyes demurely and said in reply,—

"Monsieur Tremblay is known as a mocker,—he makes pretty speeches and then laughs!"

Henri made a gesture of dissent. "Ah, madame, you should never judge by what people say!" Then recollecting his friend, he said, in English, "Martin, *mon ami*, you must disabuse the mind of madame; she does not think well of me!"

"*Sacre Diable!*" muttered Henri, into the folds of his fur collar, as he was being driven rapidly citywards behind one of Martin's thoroughbreds, "she knows of me! I wonder if her mother—!" he pondered deeply a moment and looked up at the clear starlit sky,—looked into the mystery of space, into the vault that has been and will be—that is not of yesterday, but of eternity! And even as he looked, his quick, restless mind kept revolving in its groove,—kept to its narrow court-yard. He was a clever man, was Henri Tremblay, and his was the character of a ruler. He despised his fellows for their contentment. He would be satisfied with nothing but the best; his aim would be to reach the highest pinnacle,—and yet, and yet,—he looked up into the clear starlit sky, into the boundless distance of eternal space, with thoughts intent only on self, with his strong will directing his subtle wits to the planning of a base plot! Verily, the bent of human character is not to be classified. Some day Tremblay might be hailed as a genius. He had the faculty of working himself into a passion over any subject under discussion. Moreover, his own words and his reflected passion were backed by a keen intelligence that instinctively directed them to play upon the strings that touch the hearts of men. He could stir an audience bravely, could Henri Tremblay.

Martin Lamb was not particularly wise; but, so far, he had miraculously escaped the fate of most rich young men who are troubled with overmuch leisure and with a paucity of brains. He had not been startlingly foolish; but, with the advent of his wife, there came into his life a new influence. This the identical passion that exalts fools and sets wisdom to parade in the garb of folly! This the old, old story, that is both pleasure and pain, that is the cause of life. Martin had come to taste of the fullness of joy; he had taken into his heart a passion that is stronger than death. He loved a woman; and, alas for him that his was not the form to attract, nor his the nature to rule! He found himself launched into a whirl that pleased him because of its novelty, and delighted him unspeakably because of the joy it seemed to give the woman he loved.

It was the one object of the poor fellow's life to please his wife. He felt himself to be unworthy to mate with such as she. But great things may be achieved by the man who

tries with his whole heart. Martin resolved to try to be worthy of his wife, and his whole heart was in the essay.

"*Mon Dieu*, if I were a man I would be *comme les autres!*" said Mrs. Lamb one day to Tremblay, in her husband's presence. The remark was accompanied by a shrug of her rounded shoulders and a lenient smile at the person addressed.

Henri had been somewhat moody and sarcastic in his comment upon certain scandals, which were whispered about Quebec with regard to his own extravagances. The words were probably spoken to console her guest, but they sank deep into the mind of the listening Martin, and in due time bore fruit. He resolved that he, too, would be *comme les autres*; he was not a sporting character by nature; indeed, he had formerly been most circumspect. But, suddenly, he took to wearing his hat awry, and to dressing in a flashy style; he even swore full rounded oaths occasionally, and drank more than was good for him. Men remarked the change, and some of the more knowing ones gave the discredit to Henri Tremblay. It was usually in the latter's company that the would-be man about town was seen.

Alas, poor Martin! It was not all fun being *comme les autres*; it was not easy for the frog to rival the ox in stature. Still the deluded little man persisted, for his heart was concerned in the venture. His face grew thin and his eyes watery, but he was getting into the swing; he was hail fellow, well met, with all Henri Tremblay's boon companions. The only difference was that these stood to a greater or less extent in awe of the strong-limbed, quick-tempered Frenchman. They durst not take liberties with him; but they laughed at the poor Lambkin, as they soon grew to call the deluded Martin.

Time passed and the seasons came and went; and gradually the influence of Henri Tremblay grew more and more pronounced. He persuaded Martin to invest in a bankrupt newspaper, which was to be had cheap. God knows what argument he used, but the fact remained. Moreover, with Henri Tremblay to direct its policy, the rag came to exert a certain influence, and to bother the Government not a little. Martin had no return for his outlay, but presumably he had learned the lesson of patience.

Then Madame Lamb interested herself in politics; she entertained on a large scale, and was persuaded that she had become a power. This because a prominent member of the Government had urged her to come over to the ruling side, assuring her at the same time that she was a very dangerous opponent. Probably the great man was but giving indulgence to a facetious strain; howbeit Madame was immensely flattered. She invited innumerable hot-headed young aspirants to her receptions, and felt vaguely that she was grasping a lever in her pretty white hands wherewith she would electrify the province some day. Hot-headed young aspirants are not particularly different from other people; they are well pleased to be entertained luxuriously by a charming woman. It is rather an advantage when the hostess happens to be somewhat silly, for the hot-headed ones are prepared to furnish any amount of unemployed intellect.

Accordingly great gaunt, hollow-eyed, long-haired young men button-holed small, nervous looking gentlemen at the Sheercliff receptions, and whispered mysterious words of weighty import. And very profound looking wights gazed into space with a world of unuttered eloquence germinating in their minds. Every second man had a carefully cultivated pose that was an exact reproduction of one used by the great Napoleon,—not one but was ready to deliver a magnificent oration, about nothing in particular, at a moment's notice.

Amongst these moved the hostess—very fair to gaze upon, all smiles and dimples; she did not often express an opinion, but she never failed to applaud when one was uttered in her hearing. Here also was Henri Tremblay, with his lithe, graceful form and magnetic smile,—and here, too, the master of the house, looking very like a fish out of water.

Small beginnings are proverbially fruitful, and ere long full fledged members of the Provincial House came to mingle with the hot-headed young aspirants. And, perchance, many a shrewd *coup d'état* had its inception at the "Sheercliff" receptions.

Was this the hand of Henri Tremblay,—this gathering together of politicians? Here in the house of his friend (which was to him as his own home) he met the men who were leaders and those who, like himself, aspired to lead.

So long as human nature remains unchanged, and the present state of society exists, questions will be asked which no man may truly answer. Wisdom nodded sagely and predicted a grand future for Henri Tremblay. Folly smiled flippantly and pitied Martin Lamb. Each looked upon the

game from a different point of view,—and it may be that each spoke the words of truth.

Howbeit, it does not require much foresight to prophecy the ultimate destiny of the ambitious Tremblay. Some day a political crisis will take place, and all French Canada will be in an uproar. Somebody will say or do something somewhere that somebody else will, rightly or wrongly, construe into a menace to the rights of the French Canadians. The somebody will probably be an influential Ontario politician, who is supposed to be an Orangeman; and, of course, the somebody else will be a would-be champion of his race in Quebec. Some influential Ontario man is continually making himself obnoxious to the French-speaking element. They give temperance dinners up in Ontario and make speeches, which are duly telegraphed to Quebec for the benefit of the would-be champion of his race. The latter can usually count on the enthusiastic support of all the budding politicians in his province.

Henri Tremblay is a budding politician; and Henri Tremblay will attach himself to the train of the would-be champion in consequence. The political crisis will not last; it never does. But ere it has gone into oblivion Tremblay will distinguish himself by making several patriotic speeches which will have been signally successful in stirring up the masses against *Les Sacre Anglais!* The would-be champion is possibly a leader of the Quebec Opposition, who will naturally be in need of just such a man on the floor of the Provincial House of Parliament. So, behold! Henri selected to contest a vacant constituency, which he secures for his party.

This the first decisive step, and the one that counts most. Tremblay knows his own worth; he has the gift of attracting men, and as yet has never encountered one whom he himself thinks his superior in mental attainments. He has but to wait for his chance. Political life in the Province of Quebec affords a never ending series of opportunities for such as he. So long as there are Orangemen in Ontario who make speeches against the Pope, and deplore the influence of the Church of Rome in the affairs of the sister province, just so long will there be a tide in the popular sentiment in Quebec that, taken at the flood, will carry Henri Tremblay and that ilk on to fortune.

Moreover, while popular prejudices prevail, and a watchful opposition hails the smallest false step on the part of an opponent with a joyful blare of semi-righteous indignation, be sure that the rising man will be outwardly circumspect. Nay, that rather than give his enemies a chance to pull him from the goal of his ambition, Henri Tremblay would, if necessary, sacrifice all else. That which threatens to be harmful to him in his career he will discard, and this in despite of any other consideration.

Supposing You and I Had Met.

Supposing you and I had met
A decade and a half ago,
When we were dreaming what we know
Before the sun of hope had set,
And shadowed all we must forget.

Supposing in the dear old time
We could have known what we know now
All life must miss and disavow
The prose in all its rippling rhyme,
Its chant of faith's funereal chime.

Its pure ideals float away,
The passion that its love imbues,
Diffused and spent, like sunset hues;
Supposing we had met, I say,
Would we be happier to-day?

Dear friend, I take you by the hand,
Our common sorrow makes akin,
By cause of all that "might have been."
We missed our goal, we understand,
We looked for gold, we found but sand.

'Tis scarce a thought for human speech,
When life has reached its gloaming—yet,
Supposing you and I had met,
Would life a sweeter lesson teach?
Would so much be beyond our reach?

EMMA P. SEABURY.

DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE RAPIDS BY SKIFF.



It was about half past three o'clock one afternoon when we stepped into our boat at Brockville. "We," means a companion and myself who are in the habit of going for a canoe cruise every summer, generally through some of the lakes and streams which lie between the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa. Having enjoyed the novelty and excitement of a trip down the rapids on a raft, I had suggested that we should vary our usual procedure by repeating the trip from which I had experienced so much delight, a suggestion which met with ready assent. But we were reminded that "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley," for when our outfit was all packed, and we were ready to step on board, a telegram brought the disappointing intelligence that the raft would not be ready to leave for some days. I knew too much of the uncertainty of rafts, as a means of transit, to be very much disappointed, and like the Scottish clan, one of whose members declared that it was not beholden to Noah for having preserved it from destruction in the flood, having "a boat o' our ain," we determined to have our trip down the rapids, raft or no raft.

Our boat was the ordinary St. Lawrence skiff, about 20 feet long, with two pairs of oars, a folding centre board, and a lateen sail of about 50 feet area. We had a somewhat bulky cargo, for though our culinary department was not extensive, nor our larder stocked with a great variety, we were well supplied with bedding and waterproofs; for the season was getting late and the weather uncertain, and we were determined not to suffer from cold or wet.

With a good breeze from the south-west the twelve miles between Brockville and Prescott was soon covered, and as the wind had freshened and I was responsible for the sailing of the craft, a feeling of relief came as we fairly flew into one of the slips and found ourselves in smooth water. A walk down the main street of this sleepy old town, a call at a book store for the daily papers, some inquiries as to a camping place and the rapids, and we were again off. We had intended to camp for the night on Chimney Island, a place of historical interest, not far from the old windmill which figured so prominently in the rebellion of 1837, and which, now utilized as a light-house, stands a prominent landmark on the river bank. We did not camp on Chimney Island, for we were warned that, as it was a favorite resort of Indians, we might find it too much inhabited with an undesirable kind of companion, so we sought a lodging place for the night on another island across the channel. It was utterly devoid of wood, but we managed to pick up chips enough to boil the kettle; and, after a hearty meal, for which our sail had given us good appetites, we turned in and enjoyed the sleep of the just.

Early the next morning we were awakened by the sun streaming into our tent, and the noise of saw and hammer plied at the new Northern New York asylum on Point Airy, not far off. It was a glorious day, with not a breath of wind; and, after breakfast, our camp was struck, and we were soon heading down the river and rapidly approaching the Galops—the first of the St. Lawrence rapids. Neither of us had ever run the rapids in a small boat, but I was pretty well acquainted with the currents and rough water from having observed them closely from raft and steamer, and we were furnished withal with the very accurate charts of the United States coast survey. A fisherman having advised us to keep about one-third of the distance from the northern bank, we boldly ventured in, I rowing, my companion at the rudder, and after an exciting but delightful run, found ourselves below the breakers, but still speeding along at a rapid rate; for the current is very strong all the way to the village of Iroquois, situated at the foot of the Junction canal, built to overcome the

Galops and now being enlarged like the rest of the St. Lawrence canals. By following the fisherman's advice we avoided the Scylla of the great breakers, which would have swamped us, and the Charybdis of the eddies below the points along the shore, which might have capsized us, and though we passed over some mighty swells, there is really no danger in running these rapids if ordinary care is observed. I cannot be regarded as rash in such matters, but the next time I go down I purpose taking a party of ladies.

Not far below Iroquois we reached the Rapide du Plat, a worse rapid in many respects than the Galops; but, by observing the same precautions, and keeping well clear of a bad eddy on the north side, we were soon at Morrisburg, a thriving village at the foot of the rapid and the Morrisburg canal. Here we stopped for dinner and spent a couple of hours under the hospitable roof of a mutual friend, so that the afternoon was well advanced when we moved on. But the current is strong all the way from Prescott to Cornwall, even where there are no rapids, and with one pair of oars we proceeded at times at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour. Towards evening we passed Farran's Point, where there is a swift rapid, overcome by a short canal with one lock. Below this rapid the river is full of eddies and cross currents, one of the former being, it is stated, strong enough to suck a boat under. It may be avoided by keeping well to the south.

In the reaches of the river our nerves were frequently startled by hearing a rush of water boiling up from below, directly under or close beside our boat. Though somewhat startling, there is no danger arising from these eddies.

We had passed Chrysler's farm and other points historic in the earlier history of Canada, and landed near the mouth of Hoople's Creek, where a decisive engagement took place in the war of 1812. After tea with a friend who has a farm fronting on the river, we crossed to Chrysler's Island, one of a series of considerable area which divide the waters into the north and south channels as far as the entrance to Lake St. Francis, nearly twenty miles farther down. Here we camped for the night.

The next rapid is the Long Sault, the north channel of which is known for its enormous swells, through which none but the large steamers attempt to pass. The south channel is used by the smaller steamers and rafts, and small boats sometimes run it, but its passage is risky, especially where the two channels unite, where there is rough, choppy water. We had thought of trying it, but acting on the advice tendered in answer to our inquiries, resolved to stick to the canal. As it was a wet morning we did not start till the rain was over, about 11 o'clock, and in an hour or so reached Dickinson's Landing, at the head of the Cornwall canal. This waterway is about twelve miles long, and is being enlarged to accommodate a larger and deeper class of vessel than heretofore. We found that after the first great pitch of the Long Sault, the water is not too rough under the canal bank—which does not, however, border on the main channel—for small boats, but there is a risk of striking on sunken rocks in the swift water and damaging the boat. We, therefore, kept to the canal as far as the second lock at Maple Grove, five miles from the entrance, and there portaged over the bank into the river—an easy task—and ran the remaining seven miles to Cornwall, through a strong current, and materially assisted by a favorable wind and our sail. I would advise anyone who makes a similar trip to do likewise, unless they have something larger than a skiff, in which case they may run the south channel.

We camped that night on a point just below Cornwall, it being our intention to return by an upward bound steamer, but a gentle north wind the next morning acted as a persuader to induce us to sail through Lake St. Francis, an expansion of the river some thirty miles long. Having break-

fasted and dried our things, which had been pretty well wet the previous afternoon while we were in the canal in one of the heaviest thunderstorms of the season, we set off, and raising our sail and lowering our centre board, we had a fine run through the lake. Lake St. Francis is pretty open in some places, and the wind freshened as the day wore on, but by keeping under shelter of the shore, though it lengthened our course some miles, we gained our point without feeling that we were running any undue risk of establishing a claim against any of the life insurance companies. Our only stop was made at the little island opposite the village of Lancaster, where stands the Glegg's cairn, a huge conical pile of stones built by Colonel Carmichael, to commemorate the rebellion of 1837-38, after the fashion of his country. The sun was still high when we landed on Isle Ronde in the swift water at the head of the Coteau rapid, and pitched our tent almost under the handsome iron bridge, just completed, of the Canada Atlantic Railway.

After a couple of days spent here, we embarked on board an upward bound steamer with our boat and so reached home.

The Coteau, Cedars and Cascades rapids which follow one another in close succession, can, we were told, be run by small boats, but a guide is indispensable, and the passage is at best attended with considerable risk. Below them is Lake St. Louis, another lake expansion, very open and without the shelter of islands, but only about twenty miles long. Then come the Lachine rapids, the last and most dangerous on the river, through which a skiff could not possibly pass in safety. At their foot lies Montreal—the head of ocean navigation. A passage around these two series of rapids can be effected by the Beauharnois and Lachine canals.

As a pleasant "outing," for those who enjoy such a form of spending a holiday, let me recommend a trip through the Thousand Islands and down the rapids as far, at least, as Cornwall in a skiff. Ladies as well as gentlemen can enjoy it. The scenery is charming, the excitement is pleasant; there are beautiful camping places where the waters rushing past may lull one to blissful repose, and if one has time to linger by the way, the fishing and the places of historical interest may well tempt you to do so. In no other way can the beauties of the grandest river in the world be seen to the same advantage.

J. JONES BELL.

Brockville, Canada.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

SIR,—In your last number you have given a view of the western transept of St. George's Church in this city, with the regimental colours of the Prince of Wales regiment.

As an officer of the Montreal Light Infantry, and cognizant of the history of these colours, allow me to state that they are the regimental colours of the Montreal Light Infantry, and were placed there by the late James Holmes, a Major in Her Majesty's Royal Canadian Rifles regiment.

When the rebellion of 1837 broke out the late Benjamin Holmes, an officer who had served with distinction and had suffered severely in the war of 1812, organized the Montreal Light Infantry. These colours were presented to the regiment by Lady Harcourt, and were always jealously guarded by Colonel Holmes, after he surrendered the command, although he did lend them for use to the regiment, that they should be carried to the front as they were at the time of the Fenian raid. They then passed into the possession of the late James Holmes, who gave them, after the disbandment of the regiment, to St. George's Church that they should be placed there, as may be learned by reference to the records of the church.

I remain, sir, yours truly,

W. B. LAMBE.

Montreal, 11th November, 1891.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES



THE football season, as far as Canada is concerned, is over, and it has been the liveliest in the history of the game that we have known for many years past. The all-important question of championship has been settled definitely, and is now held by the best football team in Canada. It was just another proof of the uselessness of reasoning by analogy. According to all known rules of cause and effect before the match, it should have been Montreal's victory; that is, when judgment is based on the fact that McGill's fifteen easily beat Toronto 'Varsity, who had held down the otherwise invincible Osgoode Hall men to a drawn game of ten points each. How such a fifteen as played on the M.A.A.A. grounds on Saturday could be anywhere near the level of the team that played McGill and was most ingloriously beaten on the previous Saturday, passeth football comprehension. The 'Varsity played a game which for its crudeness and general slowness would appear to pick them out as a sacrifice to any moderately good team. The Osgoode Hall boys played a game that was perfect in most aspects. What is troubling my mind now is not why Osgoode beat Montreal, (that was made very patent before the first fifteen minutes' play), but rather how it was that the 'Varsity were ever considered in the same class. The game the latter played with McGill was about as slow and uninteresting an exhibition as usually falls to the lot of football men to witness. The beating administered to them was a marked one, and the only matter for surprise was that they succeeded in scoring as much as seven points. On the other hand, the Osgoode men played a winning game from the start. They outplayed their opponents at every point and at all stages of the game, and they decidedly proved that with the present composition of the Quebec championship team that the latter have very much to learn, and somehow or other they seem a bit slow at learning. The style of play introduced this season by the Montreal club proved a very successful move; but there was one thing which seemed to be overlooked, and that was that there is no potent law which prevents another club from adopting the same kind of tactics. With Ottawa College, in the first match, this style worked to a charm; in the second match Ottawa College proved, by adopting the same tactics, that the scheme was a good one, and played a drawn match with the Province of Quebec champions. The Toronto men, with the usual legal instinct, argued that Montreal would be prepared for emergencies if they thought Osgoode Hall had "got onto" their own particular style, but still they calculated on human nature, and with the hope that Montreal would not abandon the game that served them so well during the fore part of the season, they started in to counteract its effects from a new and otherwise unthought of basis. It was well calculated, and it succeeded. It puts one in mind of the cold-blooded officer who one day found a dead soldier on the field of battle clothed in a cuirass that hitherto had been invulnerable. He studied the question and found just one vulnerable point in the armour. Then he kept his troopers up all night practising a new thrust, and next day that particular style of cuirass was of no earthly use. The weak spot had been discovered and that ended it. The Osgoode Hall men reasoned in very much the same way. They knew that Montreal placed a great deal of dependence on the dribbling game, but instead of becoming imitators they hunted round for some method to block that particular fancy, and they hit upon a most serviceable one. They put two men behind the scrimmage line instead of one, and trusted to Providence and the good work of the half-backs and wings to counteract anything the Montreal forwards could do in the scrimmage. In the first half it was all in favour of the Osgoode Hall men, but the Montrealers did not seem as if they had waked up yet. In the scrimmage line there was comparatively little difference, for the fact of boring through and making the quarter-backs' life a burden to him seemed a set purpose of two or three of the Montreal forwards.

Speaking about the game, there is not much to be said in favour of the Montreal club. They played a nice, hard

game, but the other people played a nicer and a harder game. Take, for instance, the scrimmage line. It was all very good in its way when it tackled Ottawa College, but when it had six men on and the Osgoode's had only five still the latter managed to break through and the leather was passed back in fine shape. This showed the weakness of the Montreal line and accentuated the loss of R. Campbell, who would have been invaluable in the tight scrimms that marked the match. From a playing point of view, there is only one way to look at this match, and the natural inference is—Who played the better game? There is not much difficulty in deciding a point like this. The best team won, and that is all there is to it. I don't at all agree with the decisions of the referee, but still I believe that leaving out the disputed points the Osgoode Hall men had the best of the bargain.

In the scrimmage Montreal was overmatched, although it read five to six. The wings were very nearly useless, or were slow enough to justify doubts of their existence. The half-backs did not work up into anything like their usual form, and a series of muffs, which were unexpected and disappointing, were accountable in a great measure for the score. Miller, at full-back, had his work cut out for him, and he took some narrow chances, that fortunately succeeded, and got the ball in front of the line time and again when less plucky players would have rouged. Football, like everything else these days, is improving, and the improvement principally takes the form of combination. It is team play now-a-days that wins football and lacrosse matches. Brilliant runs may serve their purpose once in a while, and look very nice from the stand, but they are next to useless when fast wings lap over from the sides and spoil calculations. A pass and a punt would be much more serviceable. It was the want of good judgment in this matter, assisted by the mistakes already referred to, that made the work of the Montreal halves non-resultant. They attempted runs when they had no chance of getting through and nearly always lost ground in consequence, while the few times that there was an opening the ball was religiously punted. There was one brilliant exception, and that was when Taylor succeeded in getting a try in the second half. It was really a brilliant run, and went a long way toward making up for some most disastrous muffs put down to that usually careful player. The play of Drummond was disappointing all through. It is true that it is the first championship match he had played in this season and was not accustomed to the new ideas. His attempts to run were all very well and last year would probably have succeeded, but Osgoode Hall's wings were too fast to admit of more than a very little individual play of this sort. At quarter-back Fairbanks did some really good work and nearly always succeeded in getting a yard or two when he charged with the line. His passing back, too, as far as he was concerned, was good, but there was comparatively little dependence to be placed on the men behind him, and that was discouraging. About Osgoode there is comparatively little to be said, for every one of the fifteen played a splendid game. The work of Smellie and Senkler at quarter was phenomenal, and they had the satisfaction of knowing that to them belongs most of the credit of doing away with Montreal's famous dribble. Why the Montrealers did not change their tactics after the first half is something that no football fellow has yet been able to find out. And then the captain of the team—Mr. Senkler—he is inimitable; a rattling good player and, like Richard, owning a tongue that could wheedle the devil.

There were more than two thousand people on the stand, and to judge from the way they applauded at the right moment most of them knew football. Following is a summary of the play, the officials for the day being:—Referee, Mr. H. Yates, McGill; goal umpires, Messrs. Coin and Smart; touch judges, Messrs. Arnton and Halliday. The teams lined up as under:—

Osgoode Hall goal.					
McKay,					
J. H. Senkler,	Kerr,	Cameron,			
Smellie,	E. C. Senkler,				
J. Moss,	Rykert,	Ballentyne,	Blake,	W. Moran,	
J. Farrell,	Copeland,	McGivern.	J. Cross.	(wings.)	
O					
Jamieson,	Black,	Higginson,	Bell,	Louson,	
Fry,	Jamieson,	Reford,	James,	Baird,	
(wings.)				(wings.)	

Taylor,	Fairbanks,	Campbell,
	Drummond,	[Miller,]
	Montreal goal.	
The scoring points give a good idea of the game:—		
FIRST HALF.		
Osgoode Hall.	Montreal.	
Rouge..... 1	Safety..... 2	
Try and goal..... 6	Touch in goal..... 1	
Try..... 4		
SECOND HALF.		
Touch in goal..... 1	Try in goal..... 6	
Rouge..... 1	Rouge..... 1	
Rouge..... 1		
Try and goal..... 6		
Totals..... 21		10

It might be imagined that all Canadian football interest centred in the match for the championship between Osgoode Hall and Montreal, but it did not. There was almost as much interest taken in the great match between Harvard and Yale, in which the Yalensians knocked several sorts of spots off the crimson escutcheon. Here again was another instance of team play, in which the Yales excelled and the Harvards were deficient. Brilliance and dash marked the play of the Blues from New Haven, while Harvard never seemed to be able to get all the good out of the material at her disposal. As usual there is some excuse for the defeated team. This time the blame is laid on the coaches. There is no doubt that Harvard has a magnificent team, but only one team can win at a time. The teams were:—

<i>Yale.</i>	<i>Positions.</i>	<i>Harvard.</i>
Hinckey.....	Left end.....	Emmons.
Winter.....	Left tackle.....	Waters.
Heffelfinger.....	Left guard.....	Dexter.
Sanford.....	Centre.....	Bangs.
Morrison.....	Right guard.....	Mackie.
Wallis.....	Right tackle.....	Newell.
Hartwell.....	Right end.....	Hallowell.
Barbour.....	Quarter back.....	Gage.
Bliss.....	Left half back.....	Corbett.
McClung.....	Right half back.....	Lake.
McCormick.....	Full back.....	Trafford.

Referee—Alexander Moffett of Princeton.
Umpire—Coffin of Wesleyan.

The result of the Yale-Princeton match was not a surprise to anybody who had studied the play of the Yale-Harvard contest, and it was to be expected that Yale would win. After the match with the Cornell boys, when Princeton had a very narrow squeeze, it was only to be expected that an eleven that could whitewash Harvard would be able to do up the tigers. And so the result proved, as evidenced by the score—Yale, 19; Princeton, 0.

The despatches recently received from London will be read with interest by Quebec province people generally, as relating to the Canadian strong man, Louis Cyr. The reports saying that he has surprised London at his first exhibition seem to a certain extent to have been manufactured for the American market, especially when it is considered that the philanthropic Mr. R. K. Fox is supposed to be his financial backer. There is hardly a doubt that in a back lift without harness Cyr has not an equal; but that is only one trial of strength. The very fact of being strong should carry with it by implication a certain degree of endurance. The great protonyms of our modern strong men at least suggest some endurance. Samson could not endure Philistines, and so he put on another sort of endurance and slew a few of them, and, if I remember right, he was tired after the job and was thirsty. Hercules had twelve little chores mapped out for him by Eurystheus that required some little endurance. It is not related that the Cyclopean attendants on Vulcan had a particularly easy time of it; and Ajax does not seem to have been particularly short-winded when he competed with another strong man of his day, one Ulysses. Se we might naturally expect so ne endurance among strong men. Cyr lays claim to no endurance whatever, he is simply a weight lifter, and that in a somewhat clumsy fashion, too. If his particular style of putting up dumb-bells is permitted in a competition in England it will be a surprise. That he is a great weight-lifter, no one doubts; that he should be considered a champion strong man everybody will be inclined to doubt.

R.O.X.