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FRONTISPIECE MASSEY'S MAGAZINE, APRIL, 1896.

DRAWN BY J. D. KELLY.

THE EASTER CAROL.

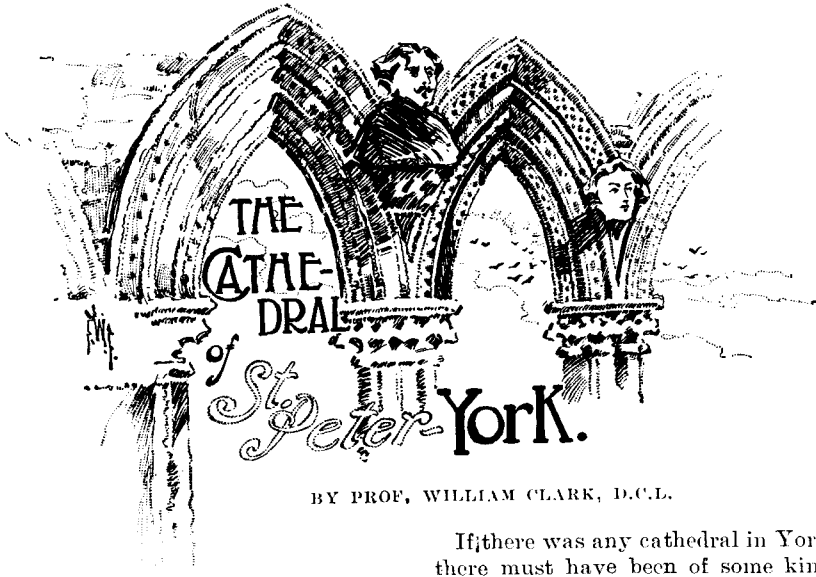
MASSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. I.

APRIL, 1896.

No. 4.

ENGLISH CATHEDRALS.—II. YORK.

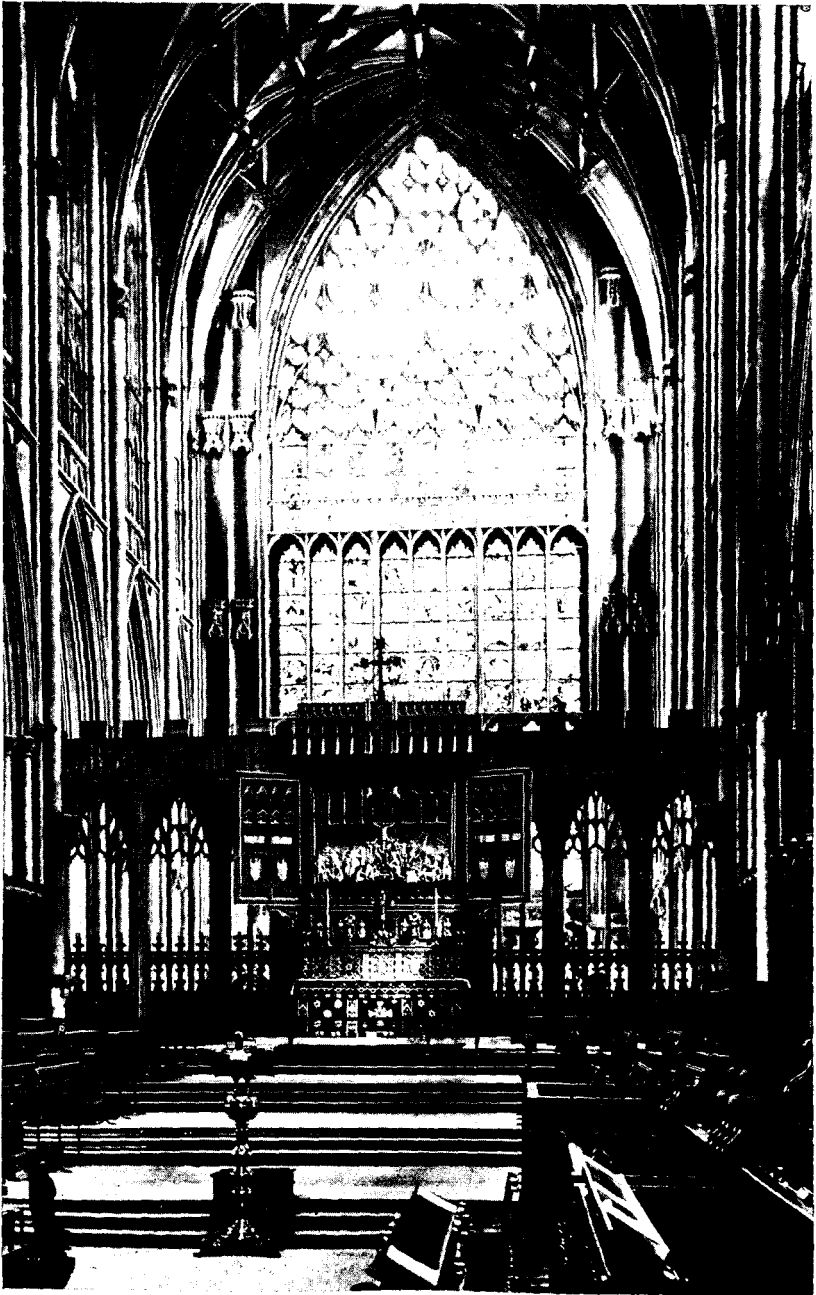


BY PROF. WILLIAM CLARK, D.C.L.

YORK is one of the most ancient cities in Great Britain, and its early history is lost in legend. We know, however, that it was the capital of Roman Britain, and that, like most of the Roman cities in that country, it had come under the influence of Christianity. Its influence on the propagation of Christianity was destined to be considerable. There was a Bishop of York at the Council of Arley, in Gaul, held A. D. 314, summoned by the Emperor, Constantine the Great. This Emperor, according to some authorities, was born in York; but it seems now agreed that his birthplace was Naïssa (Nissa), in Upper Mosia, February, 272. It is undoubted, however, that York was the birthplace (A. D. 735) of Alcuin, the celebrated scholar, and tutor in the family of Charles the Great.

If there was any cathedral in York, as there must have been of some kind, it was, like Christianity itself, swept away by the great heathen invasion in the fifth century; it was not until the reign of the celebrated Edwin, King of Northumberland (627) that the religion of Christ was again acknowledged in those parts. The manner in which this was brought about was remarkable and very similar to the course taken in the Kingdom of Kent. Just as Ethelbert had married a Christian princess, Bertha, daughter of the Frankish King, Charibut, and through her influence Christianity was introduced into Kent (597), in like manner, through the marriage of Edwin and Ethelberga, the daughter of the Kentish King (625), Paulinus, her chaplain, was allowed to preach the gospel to the inhabitants of Northumbria.

The manner in which Christianity was received by the Angles of Northumberland, as related by the church historian Bede, is remarkable and



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

CHANCEL AND EAST WINDOW, YORK MINSTER.

worthy of being recorded. Edwin had, in a most wonderful way, escaped the dagger of an assassin, and was implored by Paulinus to show his gratitude to heaven by listening to the word of divine revelation (A. D. 627). The King expressed his readiness, but preferred first to confer with his principal counsellors, so that, if they came to the same opinion, "they might all together be cleansed in Christ the Fountain of life." (Bede ii. 13.)

Among the incidents of the conference then held, a speech of one of the King's chief men is worthy of notice. "The present life of man, O King," he said "seems to me, in comparison of that time which is unknown to us, like to the swift flight of a sparrow through the room wherein you sit at supper in winter, with your commanders and ministers, and a good fire in the midst, whilst the storms of rain and hail prevail abroad; the sparrow, I say, flying in at one door and immediately out at another, whilst he is within, is safe from the wintry storm; but after a short space of fair weather he immediately vanishes out of your sight into the dark winter from which he had emerged. So this life of man appears for a short space, but of what went before, or what is to follow, we are utterly ignorant. If, therefore, this new doctrine contains something more certain, it seems justly to deserve to be followed."

These and certain other arguments of a more commercial character prevailed with the assembly. Paulinus was allowed to preach openly, and soon an onslaught was made on the heathen alters and temples, the chief priest taking the lead, and, in the words of Bede, "King Edwin, with all the nobility of the nation, and a large number of the common sort, received the faith, and the washing of regeneration, in the eleventh year of his reign (627). He was baptized at York, on the holy day of Easter, being the 12th of April, in the Church of St. Peter the Apostle, which he himself had built of timber, during his time of preparation for baptism."

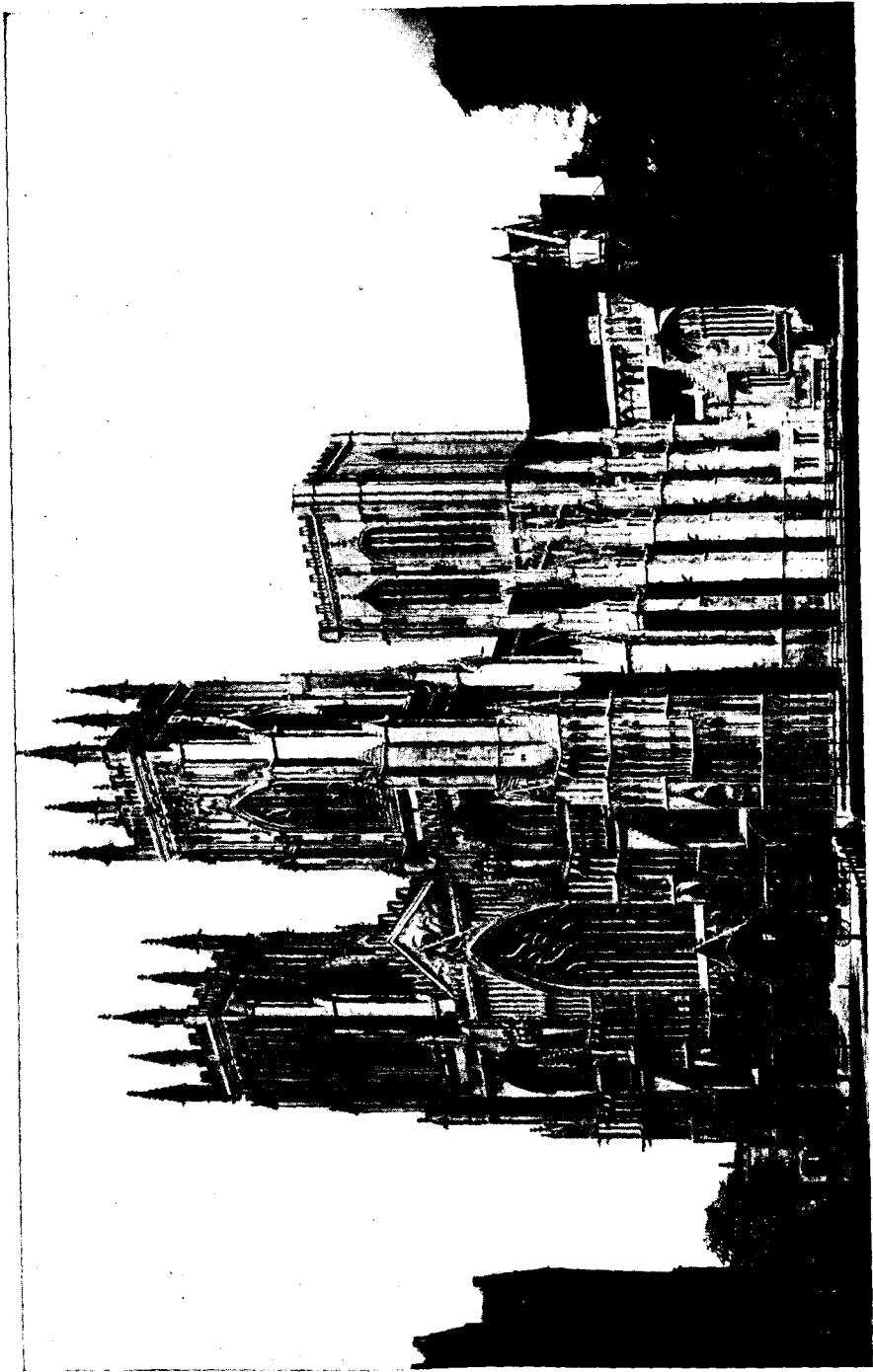
Soon afterwards King Edwin built "a larger and nobler church of stone," in the midst of which was enclosed the

oratory first erected. Both the wooden and the stone buildings of Edgar have vanished, although the name of St. Peter still belongs to the minster of York, which stands upon the foundation of the old church, and upon that of a heathen temple which formerly occupied the same site. The completion of Edwin's church was effected by his successor, King Oswald.

Wilfrid, Bishop of York, repaired and enlarged the church about A. D. 720, but in 741 it was destroyed by fire, and no part of his work remains, although specimens of it may be seen in some fragments of another of his churches at Hexham. The church was rebuilt by Bishop Egbert, but destroyed by the Danes. Archbishop Thomas, a chaplain to William the Conqueror, rebuilt the cathedral in the Norman style; but of this nothing remains. We may judge of the style of this church by that of Durham, which was built about the same time. The Norman church at York was burnt down accidentally in A. D. 1137. Fire has, more than once, been fatal to the great churches of York.

It is necessary here to note that, as a rule, all the old churches of England were built from east to west, the eastern portion of the building, containing the sanctuary, presbytery, and choir, being the most necessary for worship. The reason why, in so many cases, the choir is the latest built, arose simply from the desire of the chapter, as it increased in wealth, to enlarge and beautify the choir. They seldom had any scruple in pulling down the old building and putting up another in the style of their own period, judging it better—which was not always the case. This will explain the fact of our describing these buildings in what may seem an irregular manner, not beginning at the east or the west, and working from end to end, but taking the different parts in their chronological order.

The oldest part of the existing cathedral or minster of York is part of the crypt in the Norman style, the only remaining portion of the structure raised Archbishop Rogers who, in 1171, began to rebuild, and finished the choir with its crypt before his death. Next comes



YORK MINSTER--THE WEST FRONT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

the Southern transept, began A. D. 1227 by Archbishop Grey, and next the Northern transept, completed A. D. 1260, in the reign of Henry III., by John, treasurer of the chapter, and afterwards Archbishop of York. Both of these are beautiful examples of early English, with its narrow, lancet windows, without mullions, and its beautiful decorations. In the Southern transept we note particularly the beautiful rose window in the gable; and in the Northern transept the slender clustered shafts with the polished capitals, and the profusion of dogtoothed ornaments in the mouldings of the arches—a special characteristic of this period and style, as the ball-flower is of the next period, the Decorated.

In this transept are fourteen Five Sister's windows.

It will be remembered that the three great periods of pointed architecture in England compared generally with the three successive centuries, the thirteenth, the fourteenth, and the fifteenth. About the end of the thirteenth, we find the earliest form of the Decorated, frequently called the Geometrical, because the upper part of the windows is filled with stone tracery made like trefoils, quatrefoils, and other geometrical forms. To this period belongs the beautiful chapter house. This edifice has been ascribed to Archbishop Grey, the builder of the Southern transept, but it certainly belongs to a somewhat later period, and was probably built in the reign of Edward I. It belongs decidedly to that we generally call the transition from the early English to the Decorated.

The nave was begun A. D. 1291 and finished in 1340, and is probably one of the most striking examples of the earlier decorated in England. Rickman's remarks on this type of architecture, and on the nave of York in particular, are so good that they may properly be here reproduced.

"The general appearance of decorated buildings is at once simple and magnificent; simple from the small number of parts, and magnificent from the size of the windows, and the easy flow of the lines of tracery. In the interior of large buildings we find great breadth, and an enlargement of the clearstory windows,

with a corresponding diminution of the triforium, which is now rather a part of the clearstory, opening thus a distinct member of the division. The roofing, from the increased richness of the graining, becomes an object of more attention. On the whole the nave of York, from the uncommon grandeur and simplicity of the design, is certainly the finest example; ornament is nowhere spared, yet there is a simplicity which is peculiarly pleasing."

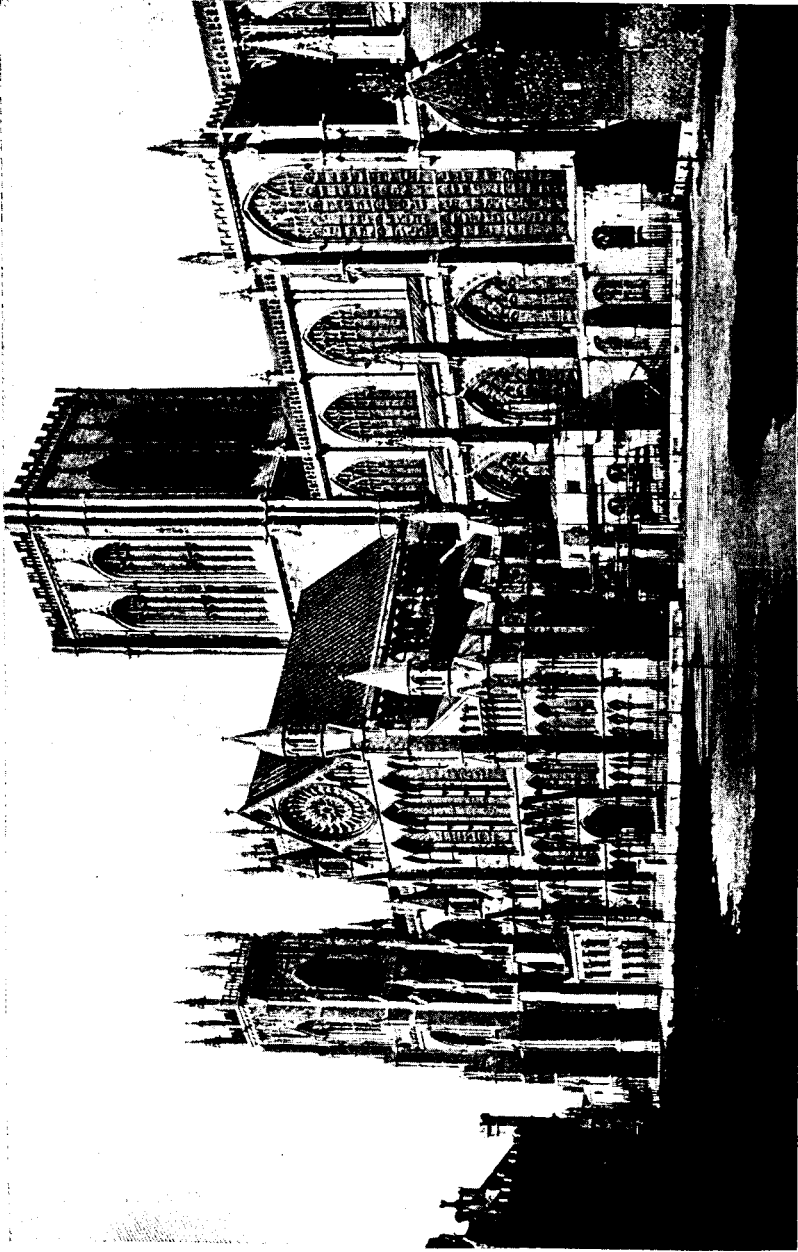
The western front, a little later in time and in style, has been much admired. It is still Decorated, but shows the influence of the French Flamboyant style, which was contemporaneous with the later English Decorated and the Perpendicular. This front is "divided into three great parts by massive graduated buttresses enriched with tabernacle-work on every face. The elevated gable, concealing the roof of the church, is covered with ornamental tracery of the most florid character, having the ridge beautifully terminated with a perforated battlement, the successive gradations of which are created with a central pinnacle in exquisite taste." The great western window is divided by stone mullions with eight lights, over which there is very beautiful flamboyant tracery, seldom seen in England, but now and then here, and often in Scotland, under French influence. This beautiful façade has been compared to the peerless west front of Reims; but, in the judgment of many, must take an inferior place to those of Peterborough and Reims. The towers of the western front, at the north and south corners, rise to a height of 202 feet.

The latest part of the present building is the choir, erected by Archbishop John de Thuesby, principally in the perpendicular style, in the reign of Edward III. It is one of the earliest specimens of the third period of the pointed architecture. It is said that New College Chapel, in Oxford, is probably the first entirely perpendicular building, begun 1380, and dedicated 1386. The choir of York was earlier in its commencement, since it was begun 1361 and completed 1408. Its general character is perpendicular, but with a good deal of admixture of the ear-



DRAWN BY FREDERIC W. FALLS AFTER PHOTOGRAPH.

THE CHAPTER-HOUSE FROM THE NORTH.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

SOUTH SIDE AND CENTRAL TOWER FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

lier style. In its general effect, so spacious and lofty, with great windows characteristic of the period, it is a magnificent building. We have referred to the fires from which the minster has suffered. The roof of the choir was burnt in 1829, that of the nave in 1840; but both have been carefully restored.

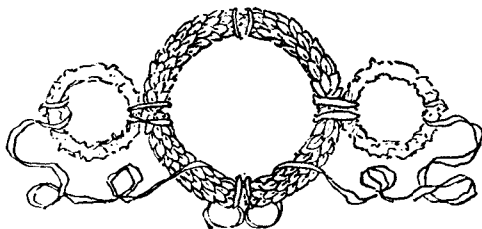
There is much more to say of this glorious pile, but a few words must be accorded to the splendid screen at the entrance of the choir, which contains fifteen statues of the Kings of England, all of them ancient, with one exception. The statue of King Henry VI. was taken down and room made for that of Edward IV; but the niche was never filled until the reign of James I. But again Henry has taken the place of James.

Reference has been made to several of the Archbishops of York, and some others may be mentioned. Scrope or

Scoop, of Shakespeare's Henry IV., was executed near York, A.D. 1405, for high treason, and is buried at the eastern end of the Lady Chapel. It was difficult, in those days, for any one to live long without being guilty of high treason against some one.

Among the greatest of the occupants of the See of York we cannot fail to place Wolsey, the great Minister of Henry VIII., who for a time held Durham, and afterwards Winchester, along with York. He is buried at Leicester. The late Archbishop of York, Dr. William Thomson, was an eminent scholar, writer, and preacher; and the present Archbishop, D. W. Maclogan, who for a time administered the diocese of Lichfield with eminent ability and success, now worthily and prosperously occupies the chair of Paulinus.

William Clark.



A SONG.

BE glad that morning air is bright,
That morning sky is clear.
Ask not thou aught of larger light,
Of deeper cheer.

Be glad if at the golden noon
The strong, reluctant sun
Still shines above, ere yet the boon
Of day is run.

Be glad, though far hill-ranges blend
In lines of driven rain;
It is not all of joy to wend,
And naught of pain.

Be glad, though fall o'er land and sea
Blind night, and rest seems far;
God sets, to mark thy way for thee,
His evening star!

A. B. d. Mille.

HORSE SHOWS IN CANADA AND ELSEWHERE.

BY STEWART HOUSTON.

IT is related that the last member of the English House of Commons to wear breeches and top boots in Parliament was a Mr. Patterson, member for the city of London, described by an old

neath was the inscription, *Multum in parvo*—"Patterson in smalls." Those were the days when railways were new and riding or coaching was still the customary method of travelling long and



DRAWN BY J. M. PLASKETT.

A STUDY OF A HUNTER.

writer as a "Dear fat, God-fearing old Radical, not one of your foaming democrats of to-day." *Punch* immortalized him in the forties by a clever sketch, showing him in the breeches, and under-

short distances. The horse was a necessity of every-day life, and so great was his influence that everyone wore horsey apparel, and early in the present century the acme of exquisiteness with a

dandy was a pair of boots with deep tops reaching a little below the knee to the ankle, showing an interregnum of silk stocking.

Parliament may now no longer adjourn over the Derby; breeches and top boots as every day costume may have yielded to golf stockings and bicycle knickers': the coming of a horseless age may be definitely foretold, but this much is certain, the love of man for horse is coeval with the centuries of time. It seems an elementary principle in human nature. It has stood the test of the ages, and in these latter days, though the bicycle may glide smooth-tired over our busy city streets and our quiet country roads, though the motor cycle, in all its ugliness, may carry us in its train; for purposes of recreation and exercise, if not for utility, the horse will still hold his place.

In the United States no other circumstance has so marked the social progress and refinement of the present generation as the cultivation of the horse. To attain distinction in American society one must now be able to ride cross-country and drive a coach and four. Among the Four Hundred, as New York society is absurdly called, riding is a necessary part of a woman's education. The effect of these healthful pursuits shows itself in the physical improvement of the latter day American young men and women. They are a strong-limbed, tall and lusty race, and the thin, weazened stunted growth familiar in the post bellum days is passing away under the most excellent influence of athletic sports. When the social history of the last ten years in America comes to be written, the decade just past will doubtless be called the "horse age."

No one event has had such an effect in the direction of encouraging the equine passion than the horse show. This is an age of shows. There are dog shows, cat shows, sheep shows, bicycle shows and motorcycle shows, but the greatest of these is the horse show. The horse show, as it is now established in the United States, is *sui generis*. It is a product of modern American life, where much is done for effect—where people make a fashionable cult the medium of showing

themselves. It is the modern apotype of the tournament of the middle ages and the gladiatorial contest of old Roman days. Around the arena beauty is on parade, frills and feathers flutter frivolously, the world of fashion is showing itself along with the horses, and while the proceedings in the ring are the cause of the gathering, there are many other results. "Horse Show" or "Clothes-horse Show"—whichever it may be called—in New York and other large American cities it is now the greatest social event of the year. It is a product of rapid growth. The first National Horse Show in America was held in New York in the autumn of 1885. In the first year the attendance was small and the enthusiasm slight; but once fairly started, it sprang into popularity, until now there is no other occasion or event of annual recurrence in the United States which brings together so notable and fashionable a gathering. Held in Madison Square Gardens, a magnificent building constructed for the purpose, in an amphitheatre capable of seating 10,000 people, some 50,000 spectators pass in and out of the structure during the week. The profits are large, sometimes, it is said, reaching \$100,000, and it is out of these receipts that the immense building of recent construction is maintained. The American newspapers, which cannot refrain from reducing everything to dollars and cents, and judging importance by that standard, estimate that the show causes the expenditure of \$2,000,000 yearly in horses, carriages, clothes, seats, dinners and other necessities or luxuries. The exhibition of horses is such as is seen nowhere else in the world. The old country shows at Islington or Dublin may surpass New York in the breeding classes and in hunters, but in harness horses and roadsters the American show now probably leads the universe. The elements of furbelows and fashion and the gaping throngs who stare at the beauties in the boxes instead of those in the tanbark ring, are all distasteful to the true horseman, but he observes these things not without some satisfaction, as he knows the Horse Show will lead possibly to the education of these unen-



DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

EXERCISING A FAVORITE HACKNEY.

Max F. Klepper

lightened barbarians from a horse point of view. Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore and San Francisco have followed the lead of New York, and horse shows of similar character and approximate importance are now held in these cities every year.

Of course the inspiration for these shows was drawn from Great Britain, where the horse shows at Agricultural Hall and that of the Royal Dublin Society in the Irish capital attract large gatherings. At these events, "the horse is the thing," and the main thing, although in addition to the horses at Dublin, especially beauty and purple and fine linen have always held a prominent place. In fact the Panhippic festival, which takes place at the end of every August, is the most crowded week of the year at Dublin, and hotel accommodation is difficult to obtain.

The horse show had its rise in the horse fair, which has been so long known to history, where farmers, dealers and gentlemen would meet every year, and where the chief business was the barter and sale of horses. The old style of horse fair has been immortalized on canvas by Rosa Bonheur's famous picture. It was held in the market place, and the horses were exhibited and paraded along the streets, which were given up for the purpose. Horncastle in Lincolnshire, was, in the old days, the largest horse fair in the United Kingdom, and dates from early times. In fact I believe it existed at the time of Henry VIII., when legislation was enacted to improve "the generation and breed of good and strong horses within this realm, which have extended not only to a great help and defence, but also as a great commodity and profit to the inhabitants thereof." At any rate, the trade in horses had evidently assumed considerable proportions at that period, for another act made it a felony "to sell, exchange or deliver within Scotland or to the use of any Scottishman any horse." The reason of this legislation does not appear, and one may be at a loss to know whether it was to prevent Scotland from improving its cavalry or because in a horse deal the canny Scot always got the better of his English brother. Naturally, James I. repealed the Act.

Upper Canada has, thanks to its British ties, always been a horse-loving and a horse-producing country. Our northern climate is one excellently adapted to the rearing of sound horses, being cold enough to give them hardness and soundness, and warm enough to foster and develop their growth. The Canadian bred saddle and harness horse has always had the advantage of the United States product, for the reason that our farmers and breeders have used thoroughbred blood while the Yankee was wasting his time in trying to produce a trotter that would draw a light vehicle at something less than a mile in three minutes, but which for drawing heavy vehicles or carrying a man on his back over the road, was useless. The presence of the regular regiments did much in founding the Canadian line of good saddle horses, for when the officers returned home they left behind them well bred hunters and steeplechasers, and from that day to this Canada has ever been prominent in American steeplechasing. The agricultural exhibitions and fall fairs were of early growth in this country, and at these a leading place has always been given to the showing of horses. The equine race came into especial prominence with the Provincial Exhibition and the Industrial Fair, inaugurated in 1878, and up to half a dozen years ago the best display in America of harness, saddle and hunting horses, and of many other breeds, was that seen at the Toronto Fair. In carriage, Clydesdale and draught horses no other exhibition in America can approach the Canadian Shows.

Incidental to the discontinuance of the Provincial Exhibition, the Agriculture and Arts Association of Ontario inaugurated the Spring Stallion Show in 1887. This exhibition, confined to stallions kept for breeding purposes, was held in the old Drill Shed at Toronto. The desire to hold a horse show for all classes was keen among many horsemen in Canada, who contemplated with eagerness the success of the annual event at New York, where the Canadian entries generally carried off the winning ribbons, but the lack of any suitable building was a great obstacle to the accomplishment of the



DRAWN BY J. M. PASKETT.

PARADING CLYDESDALES BEFORE THE JUDGES.

wish. Mr. W. D. Grand, who has since been appointed to preside over the American Horse Exchange at New York, the central market of the continent, and who by his activity and enterprise has done more than anyone else to show the American purchaser what excellent horses Canada could produce, held a horse show on the old Upper Canada College grounds in April, 1892. It was an exhibition of the horses which he had gathered to sell in the American market, and it was the greatest private horse show known to history. The readiness with which the public turned out to see this show under the large circus tent, in uncomfortable weather, clearly indicated how popular a success a regular horse show, open to everyone, would be. Last year the new Armouries were completed, and the horse-men could be no longer restrained. The Agriculture and Arts Association, with whose Secretary, Mr. Henry Wade, the horse show idea had long been formed, and the Country and Hunt Club of Toronto, whose active forces were determined to hold a horse show of some kind or another, joined hands. After some difficulty, the use of the new Armouries, which were just finished, was obtained, and the first Canadian horse show was held on April 18th, 19th and 20th, 1895. The success of the event was instantaneous, and pleasant recollections of it exist among the many thousands who saw it. The Agriculture and Arts Association assumed control of the breeding classes, and the Ontario Government grant to the old spring stallion show supplied the prizes in these classes. The Country and Hunt Club of Toronto took charge of the harness, saddle, hunting and special classes, for which a sum in excess of two thousand dollars for prizes had to be provided. Thanks to the energy of the Committee and the liberality of many public spirited citizens, the money was found. The success of the show exceeded anticipations. While, owing to the short notice, the owners and dealers had not time to scour the country and pick up all the best horses, and though the constant drain of the American market had carried off many of the best, the entries numbered close upon 500, and there was excellent competition in every class.

For a first attempt, the arrangements were remarkable, and aroused the admiration of the large party of American visitors and judges who came up to attend the show, and who said they could give no higher eulogium than to say that the Toronto show on its first attempt had attained a point to reach which it took New York several years' experience. The Chairman of the Committee was Mr. Robert Davies, of Toronto, and the Secretaries, Henry Wade and Stewart Houston; the Superintendent, Mr. Fred L. Fellows, C.E. The members of the Joint Committee were:

Breeding Classes.—N. Awrey, M.P.P., Hamilton; J. C. Snell, Edmonton; Major R. McEwen, Byron; J. Sissons, Barrie; Joshua Legge, Gananoque; A. Rawlings, Forest; Robert Davies, Toronto, representing Clydesdale Horse Association; John Gardhouse, Highfield, representing Shire Horse Association; H. N. Crossley, Rosseau and Toronto, representing Hackney Horse Society.

Harness and Saddle Classes.—D'Alton McCarthy, Q.C., M.P.; George W. Beardmore, M. F. H.; Lieut. Colonel Otter, D.A.G.; John D. Hay; Andrew Smith, F.R.C.V.S.; J. Kerr Osborne; Edmund Bristol; C. W. Clinch; John Kittson Macdonald, representing the Country and Hunt Club.

This year the second Annual Canadian Horse Show will be held on April 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th, the time having been extended from three days to four. Last year the Agriculture and Arts Association passed out of existence by Act of Parliament, but the Canadian Horse Breeders' Association has been formed to take its place, and in the direction of this year's Horse Show, that organization and the Country and Hunt Club of Toronto are again associated. Advances have been made in every possible way. The premium list has been increased by nearly \$2,000, and a total of \$6,000 given in prizes. Many additional classes have been added, and a largely increased entry is expected. In fact, on April 4th, when the entries close, it is expected that they will approach seven or eight hundred in number.

The Committee in charge of this year's show has the same chief executive offi-



DRAWN BY A. H. RIDER.

A PRELIMINARY CENTER ON THE TAN-BARK.



DRAWN BY J. M. PLASKETT.

SADDLE HORSES IN THE RING.

cers as last year. The Committee is composed as follows:

Chairman. — Robert Davies. *Joint Secretaries*—Henry Wade, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, for entries and as Treasurer; Stewart Houston, 18 Toronto Street, Toronto, for correspondence and general business.

Representing the Canadian Horse Breeders' Association.—Andrew Smith, F.R.C.V.S., Nicholas Awrey, William Hendrie, Jr., H. N. Crossley, Robert Beith, M.P.

Representing the Country and Hunt Club of Toronto.—George W. Beardmore, M.F.H., Lieut.-Colonel Otter, D.A.G., John D. Hay, John Macdonald, James Carruthers, Edmund Bristol, R. O. McCulloch, F. L. Fellowes, C.E.

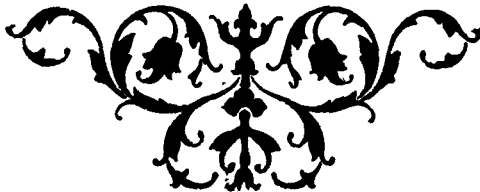
The New Armouries, where the horse show will be held, probably afford the largest open space contained within four walls in Canada. Even so the Committee find itself cramped for room. A ring 220 x 72 feet will be laid out. This ring is longer than that of Madison Square by four feet, but is twelve feet narrower. A promenade ten feet wide will go around the ring, and on the south side of the building a grand stand capable of seating 2,500 people is to be erected. The show will begin on Wednesday, April 15th, and when it is borne in mind that by arrangement the building is not to be handed over by the military authorities to the Committee until Saturday morn-

ing, April 11th, it will be seen that very considerable activity will be necessary to erect the stand, lay out the ring and complete all the necessary preparations in time.

This year the spectacular will have its place in the horse show, and while, of course, the noble animals on parade furnish a spectacle than which nothing finer can meet the eye of the horse lover, the high jumping competitions, the driving of coach and four, and the exhibition of police, military and fire brigade horses are all new and attractive additions.

The race course and the horse show are the two powerful elements in the encouragement and improvement of the breeding of horses. The contests on the turf are necessary to secure the stamina and speed requisite for the production of good horses. The horse show encourages the fruits of sound production. The one completes the work of the other. Comparisons are odious always, but to many good people the associations which cause them to look askance at the race-course are all lacking in the horse show, and they can see the horse in his most attractive phases without any objections which prejudice or scruple may interpose. It is admitted that there is a future before the Canadian Horse Show, and that it is destined to become an event of utmost importance to Canada in encouraging an industry which can be made of immense value to the country.

Stewart Houston.



THE MYSTERY OF THE RED DEEPS.

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

CHAPTER I.

THE THIN EDGE OF THE WEDGE.

WELL, if you want me to tell you a story out of my own experience, I will tell you of the first case I was ever engaged upon. In some respects, as you will be able to judge by the sequel, it was the most remarkable case I ever had on my hands, and I think fully the most interesting. I had gone into a private Detective Bureau because I loved a mystery, and the solution of one, and I had taken the step against the wishes of my family, particularly of my uncle the Bishop, who fancied that I should have taken holy orders. I had been about as idle for the first three months as it is possible for a fellow to be, and then I suddenly found myself in harness. It was a morning in July, and I was looking over the paper with slack interest, when my chief, who was similarly employed, brought his open hand down on his desk with a bang that made me jump. "At last," he exclaimed. I sat up, expecting to hear something, but he rose, went to a cabinet, and brought out a file of papers. He turned them over for so long that I lost interest, and began to dawdle with the news again. A moment after he spoke: "Arahill, look here." I read the advertisement which he pointed out to me. "Wanted, a Tutor for a Young Girl, clergyman preferred. Apply, stating terms, to Mrs. Margherita Skene, Red Deeps, Denham." "Well," I said, "we don't supply clergymen as tutors." "We do for cases of this kind," he said, meaningly. "Twenty years or so ago," he continued, "I haunted that little village, and was much interested in Mrs. Skene, but I could make nothing out of the case, so that if you are anxious to win your spurs this is your chance." I was eager for a chance, as he knew, and I waited for him to explain. "About twenty

years ago," he said, "but no.... here are all the papers; they will tell you as well as I can everything that there is to know, and as you will have to read them you may do so now. If you decide to take up the case, go ahead."

I read and studied those documents all morning; I was oblivious of everything, and I found myself at two o'clock with luncheon missed, but with a full command of all the facts in the case, which I have called, "The Mystery of the Red Deeps." These facts were briefly as follows:

Mr. Alexander Skene was a retired officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, who had spent thirty years of his life in Canada. He retired when he was forty-eight, with his life somewhat broken by exposure and hardship. He had collected a considerable fortune, and considering the life he had led he was a man of culture and taste. He did not find his leisure much to his liking, and he was restless, moving about hither and thither, first in Scotland, then in Sweden, then in Hungary. He was unmarried, and although he had relatives in Scotland he had no ties. In the spring of 1848 he went to Italy, and for a year there was no record of his movements, but in the next year he landed in New York and went on to Canada. He was accompanied by his wife and child, his wife's sister, and a little lad, who was a sort of attendant. During his sojourn in Italy he had married an Italian girl, Margherita Corramboni. He may have spent a day or two in Montreal, but he did not visit any of his former acquaintances, and, after a short time, went to a house he owned in the village of Denham, in Mississiquoi County, called The Red Deeps. The party arrived on the evening of September 16th, 1848. The house had been opened, and a little set to rights by a former servant of Skene's, Alberta Westwick.

The same night Skene was taken vio-

lently ill, and died before the doctor could reach him. When he came he pronounced death to be due to a sudden collapse of the heart. He was buried in the village churchyard. Everything was done decently and in order. He was not well known in the village, but there was much sympathy expressed for the young wife in her great trial, a trial which she bore with becoming resignation. She settled her husband's estate, and decided to remain in Denham, although she had an ample fortune, and could have returned to her home if she had been so minded. From that day to the day I read the documents in the case, the life at Red Deeps seemed to have gone on without variation. Only once had that life attracted any attention from the world, and this was quite unknown to the inmates of the Denham mansion. They would have been unpleasantly surprised to know that their history was being compiled in a Detective Bureau, and that for more than a year one of the cleverest men in the profession had endeavoured in vain to penetrate the circle of their family life. About a year after Mr. Skene's death our bureau had received a letter from a gentleman in Scotland, a cousin of the deceased, Nicholas Thompson by name, which set forth that on the morning of September 17th, 1884, he had been visited by a vision of such distinctness in some particulars that he had been constrained, when he heard of his cousin's death, to take more serious notice of it than he would otherwise. When it was repeated in all its main features three times in as many months he could not fail to consider the warning.

He had been for some time confined to his bed from an attack of sciatica, and on the morning in question he had fallen into a light doze, when he heard some one call him twice. He seemed to recognize the voice as that of his favorite cousin, Alexander Skene, but it was so changed that he could not arrive at a certain conclusion. After a moment's pause, and the dream always unfolded itself in this sequence, he heard a confusion of talk in the voices of women, nothing of which could he comprehend. Then he saw the picture of a room, half

illuminated by a flickering night light and the rays of the moon. On a low pallet in the middle of the floor lay his cousin Alexander Skene. He endeavoured to raise himself, and fell back again and again. At the foot of the bed sat a lad with the proportions of a dwarf, who seemed to preside over the scene, and who never made a movement to assist the sufferer. But at last, when his exhaustion seemed to be complete, and he only had strength for a moan and a weak fling of the hand, the lad called, "Alberta!" There was a hurried footstep at the door, and the woman entered; in a moment she was down at the bedside; with a struggle, and with her assistance, he raised himself on his elbow. He had the strength to say, "Ugo. Call my wife, Margherita." The lad left the room. There was a silence. Skene supported himself, clinging to the kneeling woman for a moment.

Then his hand relaxed and slipped on her shoulder, and slipped further, and fell nerveless on the coverlet. His shoulder gave with his weight; his head fell, and the strong arm around him laid him back—dead. His hand, as it slipped from its hold on the woman's shoulder, had left a slip of paper there, which fell over her breast, and lay on the bed beside the hand which had held it. The woman Alberta picked it up, and slipped it between the buttons of her waist. There was a pause, then the sound of swift feet in the hall, and a terrible cry, "Alexander, Alexander!" it rang; and then, as a figure with a wild movement, flung itself along the floor by the bed, and took the dead in its arms, again the cry, "Alexander, Alexander! My God, have pity, . . . they have murdered my husband!" Then there was a confusion of lights and sounds, without form, that broke in upon the vision. But after a while the dreamer saw the room again, very clearly. The pallet bed was there, empty; the walls were hung with bundles that looked like dresses covered with linen bags; the night light was still on the mantel-shelf; beside it was a blue cup. A small rocking chair was at the foot of the bed, where the lad had been. Beside the bed lay a slip of paper which had fallen from the woman's dress.

There was not a soul in the room. Then the woman who had answered to the name Alberta came in hurriedly, hid the paper in her bosom, and went away.

This was the vision which had occurred with such persistency, and although in many particulars it was as clear cut as a cameo, in others it was confused and obscure. For instance, while the figures of his cousin and the boy were perfectly clear, those of the women were shadowy and indistinct. He was fully convinced that his cousin had been murdered, but after a careful investigation there seemed to be no foundation for such a belief. It may have been that our officer had a half-hearted interest in his case, but he never succeeded in penetrating the house. In fact very little seemed to have been known of the family life in the village of that day. It may have been that Nicholas Thompson's infrequent and somewhat unwilling remittances tended to dampen our faith in his perfect belief in the vision. However it might have been, nothing came of the investigation. But, granted that there was a reason for failure, and that it had been the impossibility of reaching the inner recesses of the family life of the Skenes, here at last was an opportunity of overcoming that difficulty. Disguised as a young curate, I could have perfect knowledge of everything that went on in the house.

It was a quixotic enterprise to set about uncovering a murder upon the wild dream of a Scotchman, dead twenty years; but there was something about the dream which stirred me, and there was just sufficient mystery over the whole affair to make me even eager to see the interior of the Red Deeps. I had resolved. The next step was to gain the appointment. I bethought myself of my uncle, the Bishop; a word from him would surely be powerful. But I found it easier to imagine his aid secured than to get it. I laid the case before him, but he stormed: that having chosen my calling against his wishes he was not going to assist me, . . . was not going to put a mock cassock on my back when I had refused a real one. But at last, by proving to him that he was probably retarding justice he gave

me a reluctant recommendation. Reluctant or not, it was efficacious. The Bishop certifying to the character of his nephew was all powerful. The word curate was not mentioned, but I presented the letter in person, and my meek face, and my clerical garb pronounced it aloud. After a half-hour's interview with Mrs. Skene I obtained the appointment. I had no great preparations to make, and in four days, accompanied by my professional wardrobe and a few books, devotional and otherwise, I found myself the single passenger in the stage for Denham. The driver had been over the road for twenty years, and knew the whole country side, but he knew nothing of the Skenes. I plied him with questions vigorously. "The're almighty well off, I guess, but there's no mixing with them, . . . the furrin blood, maybe. They have a hired boy there knows a thing or two about horses. Are you agoing there?"

To an affirmative he remarked inconsequently, "He's about the strongest boy I ever clapped eyes on."

The boy seemed to oppress his mind. Certainly he seemed to me a strong "boy," for he threw my trunk, heavy with books, across his broad shoulders, and walked with it upstairs as if it had been a bundle of hay. He dropped it lightly, too, and stood grinning before me, a squat, square figure, with arms too short even for his short body, with a round rugged looking head, shaggy with a fell of hair. But in that head there rolled two eyes that I thought then and still think were lit with a devilish and malevolent cunning.

CHAPTER II.

A DREAM OUT OF THE IVORY GATE.

As I lay in bed the first morning of my stay in Denham, after a refreshing slumber, I revolved the matter in my mind. Ostensibly I was a curate with the clergyman's sore throat, who was willing to act as tutor to a young girl while he was awaiting his voice; really I harboured the dark suspicion that in this house was a mysterious room in which, years ago, one Alexander Skene

was murdered. And upon what were my suspicions founded? Upon the dream of a man I had never seen, and who had long ago ceased to dream dreams, which coincided in some particulars with facts. There was the name of the attendant, Alberta, there was the boy Ugo. That was all I had that was tangible. What else had I? I had the slip of paper which might be somewhere in existence: I had the description of the room which I might discover; I had those terrible words, "My God, have pity, they have murdered my husband!" which had been heard by at least two persons. This was supposing the dream to be a true revelation. It was not much to go upon, and if events did not help me out, I could soon cut short my career as tutor.

I was assigned a room in one corner of the spacious old house. It looked into the broad yard or drive-way at the side, and out upon the main road. The land fell away into a miniature valley, and beyond that a maple grove rose on the ridge. It was a charming landscape. The house was ample, and was furnished in a comfortable, though homely, style; deep chairs, ancient-looking sofas, which seemed, after years of practice, to have mastered the art of accommodating themselves to every curve of the figure. There was much native Indian work, which Skene had had ample opportunity to collect, and this was accompanied by Italian ware from Naples, and curious pottery from Cairo and the far East. Altogether the apartments with their furnishings gave an impression of comfort, with a touch of strangeness in decoration which was distinctive.

There was also a strangeness in the domestic life which I remarked before I had spent one day in the house, but which may have arisen in great part from the peculiarities of the members of the family. Mrs. Skene would have been a study for any painter, and a subject for any novelist. A master in either art would have delighted in the splendid vigour of her face and form, and the inflexible courage which looked from her eyes. Her hair was as black as night, and her color was yet as fresh as a young girl's. She had a will of

iron; if there was any current coin of metaphor to describe a harder, a more inflexible thing I would use it. That house was ruled by her with absolute command; there was no escaping from her decision.

Her sister was her complete and perfect opposite. She seemed as willless as an infant; her every movement shewed her perfect subservience to the strong nature of Mrs. Skene. Hypnotism was not a fashion in those days. If it had been, I would have said that she was hypnotized. Miss Skene, whose guide and preceptor I had engaged to be, was a brown-eyed, sweet-faced girl without much character, I at first thought. I changed this opinion later on, but I should not overleap events.

Ugo I have already partially described. He seemed to be at once the menial and the factotum of Mrs. Skene. He appeared to be omnipresent; wherever I went, in the house or out of it, he was there. I soon came to the conclusion that he was carefully watching me. There was only one servant in the house, Sarah Westwick. She was a half-witted creature of enormous size, with a moustache like a man, and a voice of great power. Still there was something human about her, and she was open to be touched by kindness, as I soon found out. Ugo spent a great deal of his time in teasing her; by striking and pinching he had reduced her to a state of extreme terror.

One morning about a week after my arrival, I was coming from the garden through the back hall when I saw Ugo steal behind Sarah, who was leaving the dairy with a pan of cream. He caught both her arms and pinched them, but she still held the cream. Then he darted about, snatched the dish from her, and began to drink from it. I had entered the hall unnoticed by either, and as I passed Ugo, whose face was in the pan, I gave it a tilt with my elbow, and sent the contents streaming over his neck and shoulders. The poor girl could hardly believe her eyes when she saw her enemy covered with the cream, but she soon broke into her hoarse, roaring laugh, and after that she would have suffered for me, as her every action shewed,

The morning was usually occupied by lessons, and I found my pupil so intelligent that I had difficulty in keeping pace with her. I had a call very early in my stay from the rector, who gave me an uncomfortable quarter of an hour by insisting that I should preach for him the next Sunday, but my chronic sore throat was a sufficient excuse for my refusal.

I was constantly on the watch for a chance to trap Master Ugo, for without some power over him I could not go about unobserved. He watched me incessantly, and, I thought, sometimes came to my door at night. He had been hanging about more than usual one afternoon, and, to my great relief, he disappeared after dinner. As it was a fine evening I took my stick and hat and went for a stroll through the fields. Denham consisted of only one street, so that the garden at the rear of the house adjoined the field.

As I was returning home by starlight, intending to reach the house by this rear garden, I saw a curious wavering light upon the leaves of a rose tree that grew upon the banks of the ravine, through which a brook ran in spring, but which was then quite dry. I made my way as cautiously as possible to the edge of the little gorge, and looked down. There was a brilliant fire, evidently made of hardwood chips, and a little kettle over it. I could see no one in the circle of the fire, but by some intuition I thought of Ugo. If he had built the fire he was not far off, whatever he might be doing. It was mere curiosity which made me wish to know what was in the pot. I threw myself face downward, and reaching with my walking-stick, I found that I could hook it into the handle, and I carefully pulled it up. I had hardly landed it when I heard some one coming up the ravine, and peeping through the trees I saw Ugo. I did not wait to see what he did or said. I snatched my prize and ran to the house.

When I reached my room I found that I had caught my man. He had been melting the silver spoons. Here was a whip that I could hold over his shoulders, which would force him to play the spy less eagerly, for he feared

his mistress only, and I had caught him deliberately robbing her. I put the pot in my trunk and locked it securely. Then I found that in my hurry I had dropped my cane.

It may have been about midnight when I was awakened by a tapping at my window. I leaped out of bed. There was Master Ugo hanging by his fingers. Under his arm he held my cane.

"Something of yours," he said.

I took it from him.

"I have something of yours," I said, "which I will not give up, . . . unless I give it to Mrs. Skene."

To my perfect surprise he let go his hold, and dropped into the garden, which must have been twenty feet below, and slipped around the corner of the house. I went back to bed with curious thoughts.

So soon as I had become acquainted with the house I had made a plan of it, and as I found out the uses to which each room was put, I carefully plotted it on the drawing. I had gradually accounted for all the room in the main body of the house. There was a wing, however, and to the rooms in the second story of this wing I could not gain access. There was only one main stairway, and the entrance to this wing in the second story would have been to the left of the landing. I examined the wall carefully one day, and came to the conclusion that it had been built long after the main house was erected. A beam appeared in the hall below, which could have been needed for no other purpose than to support the extra weight of this wall. How then was entrance had to this new wing? If it was used at all there must be some way to reach it.

My fair pupil and I had formed the habit of a little polite conversation outside the range of our studies, which was all the more agreeable to me as I found her an entertaining companion. So one day, turning the talk upon the subject of the house, and expressing a great liking for it and its arrangement, I asked her, as innocently as I could, how access was obtained to the rooms over the wing.

"I do not know," she answered, simply, "I am never allowed to go there."

Now a child will ramble over a house from cellar to attic, and know every nook and corner, and it was strange that this girl had never discovered how to reach these rooms. I passed her answer without remark, but I set myself assiduously to solve the mystery.

The main part of the house was much higher than the wing, and the attic was built with dormer windows. Mrs. Skene had dropped the remark one day that there were some old maps and charts in this attic, and on the pretext that I was interested in such things, I obtained access to it. It covered the whole extent of the main part of the house; from the dormer windows I could look down on the flat roof of the wing. I saw that this roof was pierced by a man-hole covered in the usual way. One of the windows was directly over the roof, and to reach the man-hole I would have to creep out on the eave from the dormer and drop to the roof of the wing. I formed a plan of action, and only waited a favourable opportunity to carry it out.

At length, one dark, still night, when rain threatened, I left my room at midnight and crept up to the attic. I had provided myself with a stout rope, and a heavy steel poker which I found in the attic, which took the place of a crow-bar; I also had my revolver and my dark lantern. Fixing the rope securely to a beam of the roofing I let myself down cautiously. To my surprise and relief I found that the cap on the man-hole could be partly raised, and with a good, steady pull the hook which held it gave way. By feeling about I found that the eye of the other hook was missing. A ladder led down into the darkness. I followed it rung by rung. When I reached the floor I paused a moment for breath. Then I slipped the slide of my lantern. I was in the low attic over the wing. The head of the stair was at my hand. I carefully went down, and I found myself in a long hall, with rooms on one side only. The passage terminated at the blank wall which separated the wing from the main body of the house.

Now for the rooms. The first one was empty. The door of the second had been removed; there was nothing in it. The

last one remained. The door was ajar; I pushed it open and entered. There was a low pallet bed in the centre; hanging upon the walls were bundles that looked like dresses protected by linen coverings; at the foot of the bed was a small rocking-chair; on the mantel was a blue cup and a night light. I made my way back as quickly as I could, but not too quickly to notice the stair that came from the flat below. I replaced the cap, hand over hand climbed the rope, and soon found myself in my own room.

I went to bed and reflected upon my discovery, checking it against the vision of the Scotchman, and recalling all the particulars with a vividness almost unbearable in my excited condition. If I was to have success, certainly I had taken the first step.

CHAPTER III.

THE GHOST OF MEMORY.

I HAD been at the Red Deeps for a month, and my researches had perhaps been comparatively fruitless, but I had established the existence of the mysterious room described by Nicholas Thompson, and this to me was a matter of first importance. It gave me added faith in the dream, and the dream was the most substantial evidence I had. Now, I had something positive to confirm and enforce it. In the meantime I had spent a most enjoyable month, for I did not allow my secret suspicion to interfere with either my duties or my pleasure. My pupil, Janet Skene, had a very pretty voice, and a Scotch way of singing Scotch songs, and I know of nothing so charming as that. I could manage in those days to make a tolerable accompaniment, and frequently of an evening we got together and made music, which seemed to be acceptable to the girl's mother and her aunt. They enjoyed it, each in her own way, Mrs. Skene sitting bolt upright in her chair, with her glittering eyes fixed upon us, and giving no sign of pleasure, and her sister hidden somewhere in the shadow, effacing herself as usual, and sometimes,

I believed, weeping a little over "Auld Robin Grey"; although it was oftener the stirring songs we sang, "There was a lad was born in Kyle," or "The Rover of Loch Ryan."

The more I saw of the relationship of these sisters the more I was puzzled, and the feeling culminated one night when Mrs. Skene offered to sing a Neapolitan song for us, which was surprising enough in itself, but the result of which was still more so. She had a hard voice, and I had to force praise of her performance, but the effort was cut short by a strange noise from the corner where Miss Vittoria sat. We found she had fainted dead away, and she had to be carried to her room. She made a remark to me the next day to excuse herself, but I got it into my head that the singing of that song had more to do with her faint than the closeness of the room.

Two or three nights after that something occurred that gave me food for reflection. I remember that night well; it was wild with wind and alive with lightning, but the storms were aloof, and no rain had fallen in the village. I had gone to bed, and had fallen into my first slumber when I was awakened by a thunderous hammering on some door, followed by a shriek, and words yelled out in a most agonized voice. I leaped out of bed and went to the window. The shrieks continued, growing in fury, and were mixed with indescribable sounds which seemed like the maledictions of some distressed fiend. I lifted my window and opened the blind. It was so dark that I could see nothing, but I found that the noise was coming from the yard, and the hammering was upon the side door. Suddenly a flash of lightning gave me sight of the figure of a woman standing there. She was clothed in a motley of rags, and when the flash came she had raised a club for another assault on the door. The darkness came back, and the club fell on the panels with a force which would have broken them had they not been of solid oak.

She had hardly time for another blow when the door was thrown open, and Ugo appeared with the lantern. He roared and swore, and there was a high war of words; then, as the woman tried

to strike him, he parried her stroke, and made a thrust at her with a red-hot iron that some one seemed to hand him from behind. There was a horrid screech of pain, and the lightning shewed me the woman retreating from the doorstep. But she was back again in a moment, only to be burned once more with the iron. Then Ugo made an advance from the door, and the woman gave way before him. I noticed that some one was holding the lantern, and a moment later, as the light advanced with Ugo, I saw that it was Miss Vittoria. She looked like a ghost as the light from the lantern, which she held high above her head, fell over her features. I never before saw a face of such abject terror. Ugo was driving the intruder from the yard, and she finally withdrew down the road, cursing and screaming. I shut the blind softly and the window, but even then I could hear those terrible sounds.

The next morning Mrs. Skene asked me if I had been disturbed during the night, but I assured her I had slept soundly, "despite the storm," I added. Later in the morning, when Janet and I were at our work, she looked up at me with frightened eyes, and asked, "Did you really not hear any noise in the night? It was that crazy woman, Alberta Westwick, Sarah's mother, you know. She used to be a servant of Mamma's, and she is sometimes very violent. Once or twice she has had to go to the Asylum, and I am afraid that Mamma will have to send her there again." I asked where she lived. "In a little house behind the sugar-bush." This was all I wanted to know, so I proceeded with the lesson. But I made up my mind to see Alberta Westwick before Mrs. Skene had had a chance to send her to the Asylum.

The next afternoon a favorable opportunity offered, and I set out to find the unfortunate creature. Ugo had driven his mistress over the hills to take the air, so I was sure that he would not trouble me. I walked through the fields and into the sugar-bush, a pleasant place in the summer, with its well separated trees, and the cleanness of the spaces covered with dead leaves. There was a gradual rise of the ground on which the bush

grew, and I was surprised to find that instead of descending similarly on the other side it fell away abruptly, and I had to search for a safe path. I soon found one. When I had reached the level ground the whole aspect of nature was so changed that a less acute observer could hardly have passed it over. The ground was lumpy, uneven, and destitute of trees; before I had gone fifty feet I noticed water between the hummocks. It was evidently the beginning of the swamp where the tamaracks, which I could see some distance off, grew. I had to be careful of my footing, and I skirted close to the miniature precipice down which I had clambered. I had not gone very far before I came to a little hut built beside a detached rock. There was an iron spring not far off, and the red oxidation had spread along the course of the stream, leaving a grewsome stain on the grassy hummock.

I knocked at the door of the shanty, and a moment later it was thrown open. The figure which stood in the light was the same I had last seen by the flash of lightning. The face was haggard with pain; one hand was bound up in a dirty cloth. Her dress was indescribable; she seemed to be a bunch of clothes, of varied colors. She stood a moment looking at me. I called her by name. She would not let me within the door, but came out and sat upon a stone. I asked her how she had hurt her hand, but she at once became sulky, and a reference to Mrs. Skene made her more so. Then, without more ado, I pronounced words which, if there was to be a continuation of truth in the vision, would have a strange power over her. "My God, have pity, they have murdered my husband."

I have since seen the change wrought by many a momentous sentence, on many a face, but that was the strangest of all. She looked at me as if I was one of the demons that had haunted her madness. Then a cunning look overspread her face; then she made a low sound of fear, and covered her face with her hands.

"She said it," she cried, "she said it."

"Who said it?" I asked.

"I don't know now. She said it—my mistress. But now everything is changed."

"Tell me, Alberta. I am your friend, and Sarah's friend."

"He was sick—sick—and he died, and that's what she said—but I would not give it up—Alberta would not—for she could read once—then Sarah came, and I was dead for years, and they killed me, but I would not give it up."

"You mean the little slip of paper; it was on your shoulder, and it slipped to the bed, and you put it in your dress, and when you found you had lost it you came back and picked it up."

She looked at me vaguely. "Were you there?" she said.

"No, but I have heard about it. Tell me more."

"I have forgotten only what you tell me."

"Well, there was the little blue cup, what was in it?"

"The cup,—yes—it had the medicine."

"And Ugo had a little chair by the bed—little Ugo, not big Ugo."

"You were there—you tell me, who gave him the medicine."

I was surprised at her question, "You must show me the paper first," I said. I had obtained complete control over her, She went into the hovel, and I followed. There she dug in the earth, and uncovered a little jar. In this was an old leather purse, and from the purse she produced a slip of paper. My hand trembled as I unfolded it. The words written there were faint, and scrawled with a failing hand.

"It was Vittoria who gave him the poison," I said quickly. She shook her head. "Well, it was Ugo?"

"Everything is changed," she said, "I could read once, but not now."

I read her the words written on the paper: "Ugo—the blue cup—Vittoria—poisoned."

"That is it," she said, "that is what it says, I remember. But who is Vittoria?"

"Why you know, Alberta, Mrs. Skene's sister. You know Miss Vittoria?"

"No," she cried out, confusedly. "Everything is dark because I went mad; but you were there, although I did not see you."

She went on raving for a while, but she would not let me take the paper from her. As I knew she had guarded it for

twenty years, and that it would be safe, I contented myself with taking a careful copy of it.

On my way home I noticed that the field on the other side of the bush was full of blue violets, and I picked a handful to present to Miss Janet.

That night I sat in the room with those two women, listening to Miss Janet sing, and I had strange thoughts. One of them was a murderess. Of that I was now convinced; and the other, for some strange reason known only to herself,

had aided in concealing the crime. "I will solve this mystery," I said to myself, but I had hardly formed the resolve when I thought of Janet—the shame and disgrace my success would bring upon her, and I shuddered. For a moment I faltered, but instead of resolving to go away and never see the Red Deeps again, I commenced to dream of how I could aid her if she had to face a trouble of my bringing.

Duncan Campbell Scott.

(To be concluded in May.)



THE RETURN OF SERGIUS CATUS.

A Legend of Ancient Rome.

BY FIDELE H. HOLLAND.

Prologue.—Sergius Catus, a vallant and successful military commander, returning to Rome, B.C. 200, after ten years' service, discovers that during his enforced absence, his young wife, Petronella, has been unfaithful to him, having bestowed her affections upon a slave. The following depicts the jealousy and revenge of the brave Roman, and accounts for a "whispering wall," sometimes shown to strangers by guides in Rome.

ALL Rome was in a ferment, excitement ruled the day,
 'Twas said that Sergius Catus would tread the Appian way,
 With war-worn men of combat, with captives in his train,
 With gold, and spoils, and glory, would reach his home again;
 Men talked in groups, men praised him, as loitering on their way
 They paused to speak each other on the hap'nings of the day;
 The baths were nigh deserted, in vain the perfume spent
 Its breath in vapping sweetness; its soft aroma lent
 To marble-fountained basin where limpid water dripped
 From marble-chiseled Venus, and dolphin open-lipped.
 The music played its sweetest, the dancers posed in vain,
 Was not Sergius Catus to come to Rome again?
 Sergius, the warrior, the great, the just, the brave
 Who left his Roman birthplace, her honor fair to save;
 What mattered soft, sweet music, odors like incense, when
 He came with sounds of triumph, this lion among men?
 Away with dancing maidens, with couches soft and low,
 Rome's curled youth, all eager, to Appius' way must go;

'Twas not at every noontime a stir like this in Rome,—
 Not every day a hero brought spoils and captives home.
 Hark! 'tis the sound of horses, the chariots' clanking wheels,
 From every Roman trumpet a shout of welcome peals.
 In clouds of dust advancing, along the Appian way;
 He comes, the conquering hero, who went Rome's foes to slay.
 Raise high your laurel chaplets; your welcome shout, Oh, Rome!
 Leading a thousand captives your hero has come home.
 A man of princely bearing, with eyes of eagle ken,
 Is Sergius the warrior, a ruling power with men;
 In love as soft as maiden, in war a bloody foe,
 Of whose undying vengeance others than Romans know;
 A man to whom his honor is more than life, who'd serve
 His country, and in serving from duty never swerve;
 Such was Sergius Catus, whom all Rome went to meet
 This day in month of Maius; crowding the narrow street.
 Shout welcome, O! ye Romans! Ye gods with sunshine smile,
 For on Claudius Appius' via comes past in steady file
 The chariots, the soldiers, the spoils, and captives led,
 By men who have for Romans and Roman glory bled.
 "All hail the valiant Sergius, fresh from thy noble fight.
 All hail thee, lusty soldiers, the gods uphold the right!"

* * * * *

There was one to whom the coming of Sergius was not joy,
 One who in guilty terror strove with her fears to toy—
 As smiling, with her maidens, in gala costume dressed,
 Toward the coming hero with lagging feet she press'd,
 Men looked askance as she pass'd by. Significant the look
 That women gave, when she sought out a dim sequestered nook
 Beside the staunch, gray wall of Rome, and waited in the shade;
 They shrugged their shoulders, laughed, and said, "Why, Petronel's afraid
 To meet her lord. See, see her cringe, afraid to show her face—
 Shame on the jade that brings her lord, our Sergius, such disgrace."

* * * * *

At last the day was over, and Sergius Catus free
 From the praise and adulation of his countrymen. Could see
 His home again in quiet; could rest his weary frame,
 And commune with her he lov'd, whom he'd fain embrace again—
 His young wife, Petronella, a high-born Roman maid,
 Whom he had lov'd, as ne'er man loved (so Roman gossips said),
 In truth like love of lion for his wild untam'd mate,
 A passion hardly human, overpowering, insensate,
 Like love of god for goddess, like a flowing torrent's tide,
 Was his love for Petronella, whom he had left a bride—
 To mourn his swift departure to warfare far from Rome,
 To dread his sure returning, his honored coming home.
 Alas! for human faith, and trust, for love inviolate;
 Alas! for human passions, for sins that extirpate
 Love's gentle growth within the heart of man, and in its stead
 Plant but the seeds of awful hate where love itself is dead.
 'Twas but a whisper from a friend, his mother's pitying eye.
 Even his minions looked askance when Petronel drew nigh;
 Wrecked was his honor; could it be? Ye gods! Could ye not save?
 His wife—her virtue she had cast before a low-born slave.

One swift sword cut, and at his feet the slave lay dead—but she?
 "Build, build a wall," cried Sergius, "of solid masonry,
 There shalt thou stay, there with this thing, I spurn it as I stand;
 Built in a wall of solid stone at my own lip's command.
 I loved thee once, ye gods, now hate is only in my breast,
 False heart, I rue the day thou wert unto my bosom press'd."

* * * * *

Unheeding of her tears and prayers, repentance; sternly cold
 Sergius stood with drawn face, eyes fearful to behold,
 As stone on stone with trembling hands his slaves the prison built,
 The living girl, the cold, dead corpse—the partner of her guilt;
 She standing upright in the niche, he fest'ring at her feet,
 Sergius gloating on the sight. Revenge was now complete;
 One long last glimpse of Roman sky, blue as the open sea,
 Then darkness—horror, death—for her, hopeless eternity.

* * * * *

'Twas said that near a certain wall, a relic of old Rome,
 That hides beneath the shadow of St. Peter's stately dome,
 A voice is heard at twilight pleading to see the sky,
 A voice that moans and whispers, start'ling passers by.
 Some say 'tis but a marmur of the wind, but others say
 The voice of Petronella pleads sadly day by day,
 For mercy and forgiveness, since the day in ancient Rome
 When the warrior, Sergius Catus, came marching proudly home,
 To find all Rome awaiting to greet him on his way—
 To find the wife he worshipped had but a heart of clay.

* * * * *

Time, like a mighty torrent, sweeps on its way along
 Toward the end of all things; an echo of a song,
 A legend, or a story, it carries on its tide,
 Borne down from long gone ages, oblivion defied;
 'Tis by these cherished milestones that mark time's mighty way,
 We find that human nature is just the same to-day;
 That Love and Hate and Passion still rule the hearts of men,
 That the ways of some fair women are beyond a mortal's ken,
 The legend Roman maiden, in the present era wife,
 We often find reflected in a mirror true to life.

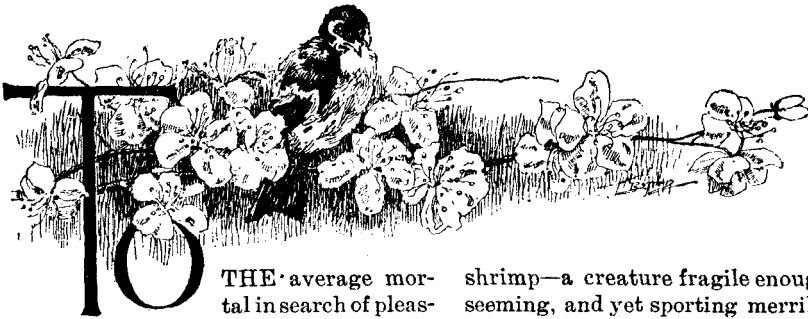
Fidele H. Holland.



THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

BY ROBERT ELLIOTT.

Illustrations by F. H. Brigden.



TO THE average mortal in search of pleasure, an invitation to join a bird-lover in a walk through our February woods, is likely enough to appear a doubtful, if not an altogether embarrassing honor.

Snow, knee-deep or over-tangled thickets—treacherous pools—stark, lonely trees, “bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang”—a dim, dead world—and what *per contra*? Should he be induced to go, an analysis of his feelings on his return might place him in the same category with the man who had lost a sovereign and found a sixpence.

And yet had his pulses ever stirred with the May-day in his blood; had he ever lingered in an early April mist beside the young *Erigenia*—that exquisite harbinger of spring, or heard from over the running waters the blue-bird's warble dropping airily in his ears, he might have wrung from sullen winter's hand, at least some scant acknowledgment that even in those February days, the spring had been quietly striving to leave for her worshippers, however slight, still reassuring signs of her caressing touch.

Careful search in some sheltered nook might have shown him that the brown fur cap that hides the moosewood's golden locks, had lifted, even if ever so slightly, under the influence of the warming sun; among the pools on the wood's southern edge, peering long, he might have seen the graceful form of the fairy

shrimp—a creature fragile enough to all seeming, and yet sporting merrily in the ice-cold water; from far up the ravine, the plaintive yet inexpressibly sweet spring-call of the chickadee might have greeted his ears; on his way home, brushing past the balm-o' Gilead growing on the slope, he might have carried along with him the subtle aroma of its glutinous buds! and encouraged with all, even in the frown of the bitter north, he might have repeated Emerson's hopeful lines:

“The earth rolls round, mistrust it not,
Befalls again what once befell;
All things return, both sphere and mote,
And I shall hear my blue-bird's note,
And dream the dream of Auburn dell.”

The varying days wear on, now milder-featured, now sterner-faced. Many-tongued rumor, at first speaking vaguely, then more clearly, at length decisively, reaches the local editor's sanctum, and he duly chronicles the report that a robin has been seen or (as more rarely happens) has been merely heard. Although, like Thoreau, a self-appointed inspector of signs and seasons for my township, I have never yet been early enough to furnish that report.

Then wild March rings the changes between hopes and fears. Suddenly some rainy morning, (it may be the middle of the month) sounding as if falling from a low dipping cloud, the challenging cry of the killdeer gladdens one's ears; a blue-bird, sky-tinted above, earth-marked below, hovers for an instant in the misty

air, then with an ecstatic flutter, settles on the fence right before you; the catkins are creeping out on the willows; the warm south wind caresses your cheek! Is it spring?—"It is the first mild day of March, each minute sweeter than before," and I have seen snow falling on the self-same spot as late as the last day of May!

A bright-eyed lad comes running to relate that he has just seen at the river, a robin!—yes, he is sure! and near it he saw two or three black birds with red shoulders! It is easy to see the joy he expresses at the sight he has seen, and the pleasure he feels at imparting the information, are drawn, not from the mere facts alone, interesting as these may be, but from that inner chamber of his throbbing heart, where the beneficent influence of the vernal equinox, the subtle forces of spring are at work, and he, too, possessed by some dim, dumb longing, feels a change stealing over him, making him think it high time to migrate somewhere himself.

Yes! the birds—the vivacious, self-reliant, stoical, cheerful birds come back! Amid manifold dangers, impelled by an irresistible longing, they press on to their true home—the nesting place. Whether that be beside the ivy-clad porch of some quiet country house, or swung far out among the drooping twigs of a giant tree in the forest's deepest recesses, a dark dungeon in a rocky bank, or a certain stretch of shingle along the bleak shores of Hudson's Bay—each to its own hurries, as their several natures imperatively call, to enjoy as best they may the short and fleeting season of love and song. In all the cycle of the changing seasons there is no more striking phenomenon than this annual return of the birds.

The plant, surrendering its stalk as a hostage to winter, keeps the thin, poor life surviving in the root under the blanket of the snow; the bat, spending the cold season in the all but deadly lethargy of hibernation, sleeps half his years away. With such, life is kept going by the smallest minimum expenditure of energy. With the birds, how different! Leading high-pressure lives, requiring at all times the maximum supply of energy to keep the vital mechanism

in operation, they learn in necessity's hard school the most comprehensive definition of the endless struggle for existence,

The fastidious nibbler at nature's feast, after sauntering on a June evening along some aromatic vale, writes in rapturous, if somewhat stilted, phrase of the happy birds, nesting, carolling, sky-larking. Thrilled with their joyous ariettas, he envies their happy lot, and happy no doubt they are, at the time he ventures out to meet them. Dwelling in their ideal Eden, almost free from care, "fleeting the time carelessly as they did in the golden world," they drink deep from the wells of felicity. Does the dilettante observer think of them when the north wind's keen sword, long threatening, finally strikes? Does he follow them in thought after their expulsion as they fly along the devious and dangerous windings of their banished days? If so, he would surely watch with intensest interest and sympathy day after day, looking through the breaking, closing, opening, rifts of winter for the half-beatific, half-tragic, wholly inspiring hour of their return.

Ten hundred and sixty-eight kinds of birds are now known to occur on this continent, north of the northern boundary of Mexico. Of these, in the neighborhood of three hundred and twenty-five species and sub-species are fairly entitled to recognition as "birds of Ontario." Among the latter we have representatives of every grade of migration from species nearly stationary to those making almost incredible journeys to and from their breeding grounds.

The following species may be taken to illustrate the different phases and degrees of the migratory habit:—Ruffed Grouse, Blue Jay, Snowflake, Chickadee, Meadowlark, White-Crowned Sparrow, Grey Cheeked Thrush, Black Poll Warbler and Golden Plover.

It should be premised that these birds are in this connection viewed from the standpoint of Plover Mills, in Middlesex county, which, falling in the Transition Zone—a narrow strip of debatable ground between the Boreal and Sonoran regions—answers in the main for the whole southern edge of the Province.

I. THE RUFFED GROUSE IS ALMOST COMPLETELY SEDENTARY IN ITS HABITS.

In the same beechen copse or tangled underwood, where, on some green morning of May, as a pert and fluffy chick it ran for the first time after a scurrying beetle, or paused on the liliated knoll to test the merits of the reddest, ripest partridgeberry it ever beheld, it usually remains year in, year out, living a wholesome, innocent, sylvan life until, as too often happens, the stealthy fox or still more stealthy pot-hunter, terrifies the pretty brown dryad of the woods with the sudden darkness of the "inevitable hour."

Occasionally, during some unusual stress of weather, such as an ice-storm, which thickly coating the trees, prevents this fine bird from reaching its main resource as a winter food—the buds—it comes to the orchard seeking frozen apples or other fruits in order to eke out a precarious existence. But in the main its migrations are scarcely more extensive than those of the amiable Dr. Primrose, who, in his happier years, found sufficient exhilaration and variety in leisurely moving from the blue bed-room to the brown.

II. THE BLUE-JAY IS A ROVING RESIDENT.

The nesting season over, this bird leads a wandering, filibustering life, unaffected by either the threatenings or assurances of the weather prophets. Of such low moral dignity that his picturesque costume can never quite save him from the suspicion of double-dealing, he is the gypsy of the feathered world, roving incessantly—a gay commoner of the air.

Always cautious amid his apparent carelessness, cynical, insincere, at times he is given to boisterous mirth—a company meeting by chance among the oaks in the nutting season, often play very well the part of the "Jolly Beggars."

The fertility of his resources, although wonderful, is the less surprising when we understand his close relationship to those highly differentiated groups—the crows and the magpies. His intelligence excites our interest; his loquacity is forever challenging our attention. The fact that a family reared in the warm seclusion of our summer forests, scream

daunting defiance to old Boreas as he, to his own rage and their delight, tosses them among the moaning tree-tops on a wild January morning, wrings from us finally an ungrudging word of admiration.

III. THE SNOWFLAKE IS A WINTER VISITOR.

Mingling with the snow-storm, of which, by reason of the whiteness of their plumage and the fantastic irregularity of their whirling flight, they seem almost the living embodiment, large flocks of these sprightly birds come to us at a time when our wintry fields seem least likely to afford them either sustenance or shelter. That they do find—perhaps to-day where around the haystack the fodder is spread on the snow, and to-morrow where the dead erigerous and asters (dull relics of a vanished summer's splendour) disperse their precious seed along the glittering crust—that they do find food enough to keep life's flame still burning, is a pleasant thing to contemplate.

On the other hand, the fact that they greet the shrill clarion of our blasts with a lightsome, cheery twitter gives one a clearer idea of the rigor and desolation reigning in those dim boreal regions from which they have been driven to spend with us the period of their exile.

"Brave bird art thou to court the storm,
While other birds have fled in fear
To where the tropic zephyrs warm,
Caress the listless year;
At this bleak hour within thy breast
Love's quick'ning thrill must stir the flame
Of life, that frost can not molest,
Nor winter's tempest tame"

IV. THE CHICKADEE IS REPRESENTED BY DIFFERENT INDIVIDUALS IN SUMMER AND WINTER.

A search in our woods almost any day in the year would be pretty certain to bring to the intelligent observer pleasant glimpses of this deservedly well-loved bird. In winter small troops come close to the woodman as he swings his axe in the ringing "slashing." By their confident manner and cheerful disposition they invariably present a passport to his heart which he, unless inordinately dull or churlish, delights to honor and ap-

prove by scattering for them the remnants of his mid-day meal. In early May the alert school-boy, short-cutting across the dewy fields, may see where the weed-fringed fence marks the forest's bounds, a pair of these gentle creatures patiently excavating in some decaying stump or rotten rail the cozy retreat where soon the mother-bird in utter peace will brood lovingly over her precious treasures.

No difference can be detected in the personal appearances of these birds, and yet from the fact that in the Fall they desert their northern habitat, and are scarcely more numerous here in winter than summer, it is reasonable to infer that our summer residents have retreated south to give place in winter to those individuals which in summer find the home of their heart in the regions far north of us.

V. THE MEADOWLARK MIGRATES IN FALL FROM THE NORTHERN HALF OF ITS BREEDING RANGE TO THE SOUTHERN HALF, THERE TO SPEND THE WINTER WITH ITS CONGENERS WHICH ARE PERMANENT RESIDENTS.

This bird may be taken as an illustration of those species of which some individuals are migratory while others are not. Coming to us in small and gradually increasing parties from the first to the end of April, before another month is past every meadow has a pair of these striking birds—tenants-at-will of our clover fields—the males filling the calm airs of morning and evening with the liquid music of those idyllic strains which, sweet to us, are no doubt doubly-sweet to the brown mate waiting in her grass-twined home for the full fruition of her yearning hopes.

In the fall, flocking early, they remain late. However, by the first of November the great majority have passed to the south, where in the milder vales of Kentucky, or even in sheltered nooks of Pennsylvania, they mingle with others of their race which find it convenient to remain throughout the sunshine and shadow of the revolving year.

Some few remain even here during winter, dragging out a desperate existence around some remote straw-stack.

VI. THE WHITE-CROWNED SPARROW MIGRATES IN SPRING TO THE EXTREME NORTHERN PART OF ONTARIO, RETURNING IN FALL TO THE SOUTHERN STATES.

This elegant representative of the numerous family of Finches is with us a migrant pure and simple.

Arriving about the 7th of May they adorn our weedy fences and waste places with their fine presence until about the middle of the month, when they pass in the night to their far fastnesses in the northern portion of the Province. Once as late as the 19th of May I had the pleasure of hearing a selection from their comprehensive musical score. In an angle of wood which seemed to act as a sounding board, a small company met to render a farewell serenade. Bathed in the fast-fading evening sunlight, one after another took up the eloquent and prolonged refrain, the sweetness of which should surely entitle this accomplished vocalist to rank as the nightingale of the north.

VII. THE GREY-CHEEKED THRUSH MIGRATES IN SPRING FROM MEXICO TO THE HUDSON'S BAY REGION.

Our thrushes are all of a retiring disposition and the gray-cheek seems to be the shyest of the group. Often confounded with its close ally, the olive-back, it passes and re-passes through our darkest woods, "the world forgetting and (in the main) by the world forgot."

Belonging to an eminently musical family, some members of which, as the wood thrush and the veery, make our June woods seem almost holy ground, so religiously pure are their matins and vespers chanted, the gray-cheek, silent here, no doubt fills the dim cloisters of the north with anthem after anthem of thanksgiving for dangers safely passed, and songs of praise for joys thick-flocking around that shrine of their hearts, their own idyllic home.

VIII. THE BLACK POLL WARBLER SPENDS THE WINTER IN EQUATORIAL REGIONS AND THE SUMMER WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

The wood-warblers, of which the above species may be taken as a typical ex-

ample, constitute a fascinating family group. Small in size and not noted for their vocal abilities, they are, nevertheless, so numerous in species, so variegated in plumage, so pleasing in their manners, so exclusively American, that they inspire our ornithologists with an enthusiasm analogous to that shown by our botanists in the pursuit of our orchids.

The black poll is one of our latest arrivals in spring, passing through

Birds—possess in a high degree a disposition to wander far over the face of the earth. Endowed with almost unrivalled powers of flight, the golden plover, giving full vent to his desire to see the world, marks for us the *ne plus ultra* of the migratory habit.

Wintering in South America, at times even as far south as the forbidding plains of Patagonia, it is only on the "barren grounds" of the Arctic regions, amid the lichens and dwarf willows which mark



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

"THE BLUE-JAY IS A ROVING RESIDENT."

southern Ontario during the last week in May. Returning in September, they keep incessantly in motion until their southern retreat is reached.

IX. THE GOLDEN PLOVER MIGRATES FROM SOUTHERN SOUTH AMERICA TO THE BARREN GROUNDS AND ISLANDS OF THE ARCTIC OCEAN.

The plovers, like most members of their large and interesting order—the Shore

the northern limits of vegetation, that they whistle their soft and sweetly-clear love-notes around their lowly nests.

Passing us in the spring they have no time to spare and consequently we see little of them.

In the autumn, however, when the genial Indian Summer, flinging her net of golden gauze, catches and holds the dreaming hours for an all too brief a space, the sharp-pinioned plovers circle

and settle for a few days on our low-lying pastures and fallow uplands. Sad it is to think, that even that short stint of rest is often denied them. Many a bird at such a time, fluttering a shattered wing in the furrow, feels death tugging at his heart-strings; while others of the flock, perhaps with a cruel pellet in their breast, painfully rise in the hazy air and setting their course southward and ever south-

ble to give the approximate comparative speed of several species. For instance, the Baltimore oriole, *treated as a species*, was found to have travelled 1,298 miles in 48 days, thus giving it an average speed of 27 miles a day. The records of fifty-eight species give an average speed of 23 miles a day for an average distance of 420 miles. It has also been found that in spring, birds migrate more



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

CHICKADEES.

ward, stoically strive to reach a land

“Where they shall see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.”

The rate at which migratory birds travel is one of great interest to the naturalist. Considerable light has been thrown on the subject by the migration committee of the American Ornithologists' Union. With the aid of numerous observers a foundation for future work has been laid. At present it is only possi-

rapidly in the northern portion of their routes than in the southern. As to be expected, the average rate for April is greater than that for March, and is exceeded by that for May. In regard to the relative speed at which the different species travel, all that can be said is that those which migrate later have, as a rule, the highest rate. Thus the average speed of the robin, cow-bird and yellow-shafted flicker is only 12 miles a day, while the average of the Balti-



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN

"THE BLUEBIRD . . . SETTLES ON THE FENCE BEFORE YOU."

more oriole, humming-bird and night-hawk is 28 miles.

Most diurnal birds migrate at night, while, on the other hand, nocturnal or crepuscular species, such as the night-hawk, travel during daylight. They follow fairly definite routes, guided by prominent land-marks, such as rivers, ranges of hills and coast-lines. No doubt memory, partly personal and partly the result of the experience of their ancestors,

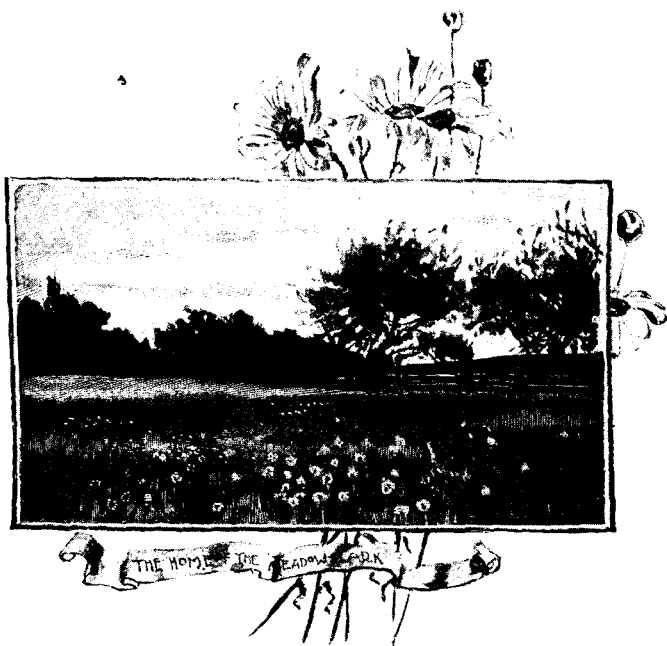
is a very considerable help in their tortuous journey.

While some few species migrate singly, many travel in small, scattered parties, while others move in immense flocks. Most of the large wading-birds and water-fowl, such as cranes, herons, swans and geese fly at a great height and make lengthy passages (sometimes exceeding 500 miles) at a single flight. Others again, as notably the warblers, proceed



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

THE FLIGHT NORTHWARD.



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

THE HOME OF THE MEADOW-LARK.

leisurely, morning and evening, from tree to tree, making but a few miles in a day. In the autumnal movement, the young birds are usually the first to leave; in the spring advance the *avant couriers* are the adult males.

The birds of prey are paired on their first arrival; this seems to be true in the case of a few others, as the blue bird, phoebe, and mourning dove.

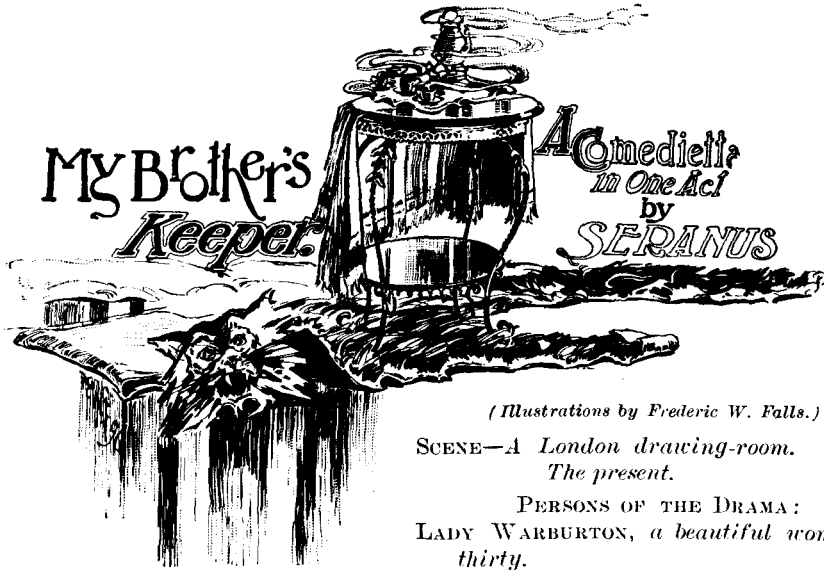
The food-habits of birds have an intimate bearing on the time of migration. Species strictly insectivorous as the swallows and swifts, are, in the nature of the case, among the latest to arrive and the earliest to depart. Those which are partly insectivorous and partly frugivorous as the vireos, tanagers and grosbeaks, spend a little more time with us. The thrushes and wrens remain still longer, while the hardier seed-eaters remain quite late in the Fall.

The causes which have resulted in the habit of migration, although undoubtedly obscure, are less obscure than the earlier naturalists have led us to believe. It is no longer necessary to invoke the aid of an "instinct," independent of

experience, or a strange "sense of direction," which prompts the birds to come and go at the proper time. If we translate "instinct" into "inherited experience," and further explain "inherited experience," as a habit, untaught, it is true, but a habit engrained by degrees on the nervous system of successive generations of those birds, which, by moving north in the spring, at first ever so short a distance, found an ampler field for development, and retreating from the cold found shelter in the south, again to press a little farther north in spring, we can see a ray of light thrown on the most fascinating, because most mysterious, phenomenon in the whole range of ornithology.

What a succession of pleasant sights and sounds have the birds given us from that windy morning in March, when with raucous cry, the wild geese harked northward, until that June evening, when once more the gracious rose-breasted grosbeak thrilled the underwoods with the long cadence of his rolling song!

Robert Elliott



My Brother's
Keeper.

A Comedietta
in One Act
by
SERANUS

(Illustrations by Frederic W. Falls.)

SCENE—A London drawing-room. TIME—
The present.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA:

LADY WARBURTON, a beautiful woman of
thirty.

ADELAIDE STIRLING, her friend, about thirty-
five.

MISS STIRLING is discovered turning over books
and photographs on Lady Clara's table. Clock
strikes five.

MISS STIRLING.—Surely she will be home soon
now! She is the kind of woman who cannot live
without her cup of tea every afternoon, I know. A
very comfortable interior, this! No wonder the
men find it attractive. Look at the photographs—
one—two—three—four! Here's her husband in a
corner and Guy—poor boy—staring at me from the
mantel! That alone speaks volumes. Then look
at the flowers; hyacinths, lilies-of-the-valley, tube-
roses—Warburton never bought all those. But
here she is.

(Lady Warburton enters, hurriedly at first,
then pauses at sight of her visitor.)

LADY WARBURTON.—Dear Miss Stirling! So
glad to see you! Have you been waiting long? Did
I ask you to come? I have such a wretched mem-
ory. Do sit down. You'll have some tea, of course.
No? Oh—but you must. (Rings.) Now—did I ask
you to come? What is it about? The Repository,
the Hospital, or the Entertainment? Never mind,
we'll talk it over when the tea comes.

MISS STIRLING.—Don't have tea on my account,
Lady Warburton, pray! I am not devoted to tea.
Although I have been waiting, by the way, since
four. (Severely.)

LADY WARBURTON.—Have you? So good of
you to wait. Then you shall have tea—and muffins.



“GUY—POOR BOY—

Do you like muffins? No? You are not a bit comfortable. But here they come. I hope they are nice and *buttery*. I always have them *very* buttery when the men drop in.

(*Man-servant enters with tray.*)

MISS STIRLING (*frowning*).—When the—

LADY WARBURTON (*blandly*).—Men drop in, I said. I'm afraid you're shocked. No? So good of you not to be shocked. Well, what is it about—the Hospital, the Repository or the Entertainment? I'll make a screen for the first, paint a tea-set for the second, and get up a farce for the third, if you—

MISS STIRLING (*rising and putting her cup down. She has not touched her tea, and looks agitated*).—Lady Warburton, I—I—wish to speak seriously to you for a few moments on a subject very near my heart. I am sure you can guess—easily—what that subject is.

LADY WARBURTON (*risés and drops a letter out of a cloak pocket, unnoticed by her. It lies on the floor*).—Nearer than the Hospital? Oh! Impossible!

MISS STIRLING.—Lady Warburton, your levity is misplaced. You know what subject I allude to—my—my—brother, Lady Warburton.

LADY WARBURTON.—Is he a subject? I thought he was an object—of pity, in more ways than one. A subject? Oh! I see. Of *mine*. I thank you.



DRAWN BY FREDERIC W. FALLS.

"WHEN THE MEN DROP IN."

MISS STIRLING (*indignantly*).—I did not think—I could not have believed—that you would make it so hard for me to speak.

LADY WARBURTON (*with nonchalance*).—Then why speak? Why not have—written? You express yourself very neatly. Your—ah—Secretary's Report is always immensely interesting—so nicely worded. (*A pause.*)

MISS STIRLING (*suddenly, with a kind of fierce sob*).—You don't know what my brother has been to me, Lady Warburton, you can't know! For years he has been everything to me, and now—I am nothing to him! It is very hard—very cruel. And it is more—it is very *bad*. You have a husband. * * * I have often taken your part when I have heard people speaking about you, but I cannot defend you any longer.

LADY WARBURTON (*looking straight in front of her*).—What have I done?

MISS STIRLING.—Lady Warburton, you know best.

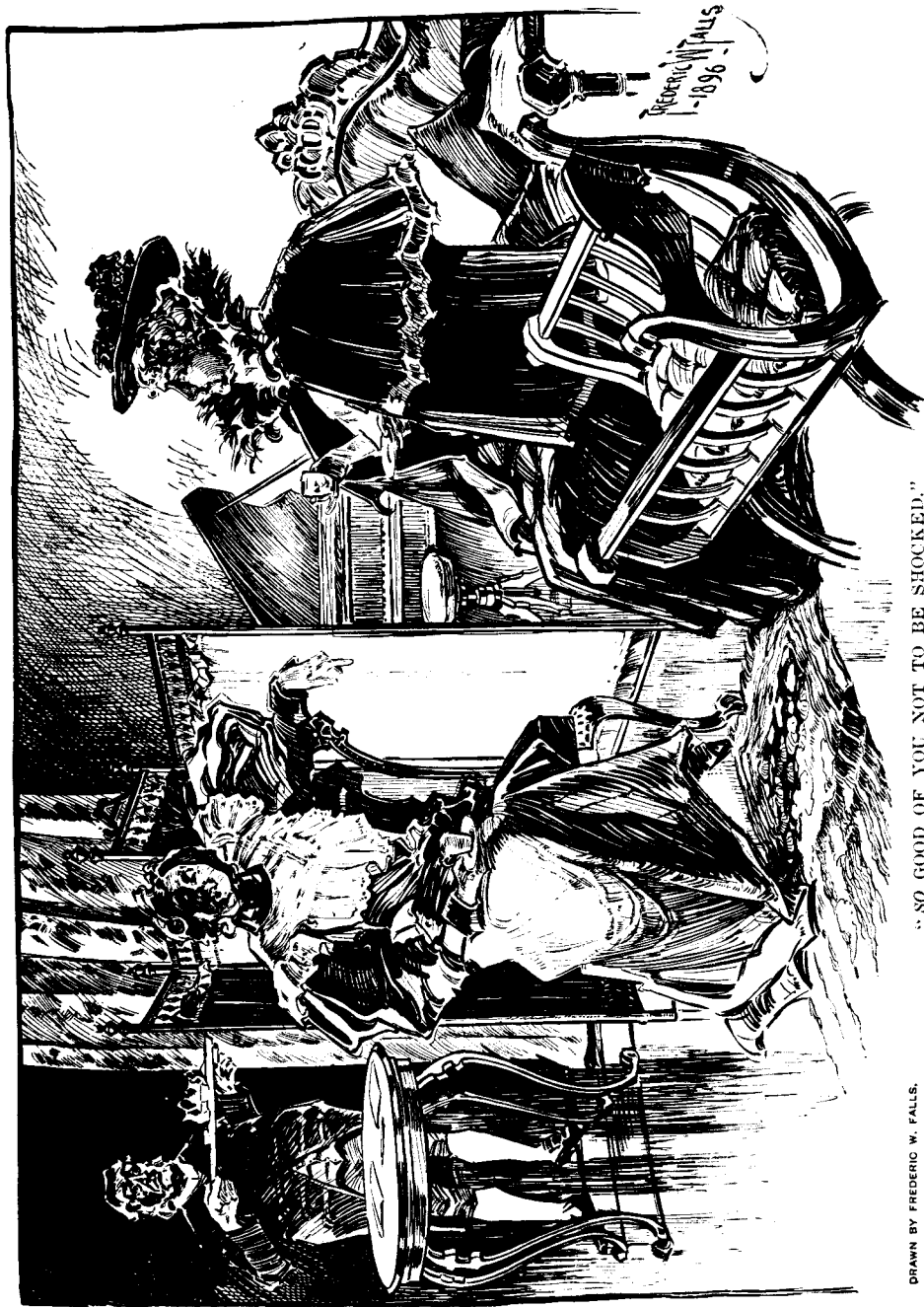
LADY WARBURTON.—But I prefer to have you tell me.

MISS STIRLING.—It is what I cannot put into words.

LADY WARBURTON.—That is ridiculous! You come here, under pretence of friendship—

MISS STIRLING.—Lady Warburton—

LADY WARBURTON.—Under pretence, I say, of friendship, and make an anony-



DRAWN BY FREDERIC W. FALLS.

“SO GOOD OF YOU NOT TO BE SHOCKED.”

mous, veiled charge or allegation which I cannot refute, because you will not state it in language I can understand. (*Turning and looking full in Miss Stirling's face.*) Tell me at once what it is I have done.

MISS STIRLING (*slowly and with effort*).—You know too well. You have caused my brother—Guy—to fall in—love—with you.

LADY WARBURTON (*with a long sigh*).—Ah!! * * * Thank you. Now I understand. Well, do you wonder very much at that? I don't, myself. Is that all?

MISS STIRLING.—All? You have come between him and a girl he ought to marry—who adores him, his cousin Marion. You have come between him—and me. And this is *nothing* to you—of no importance in your estimation! Lady Warburton, I pity, while I fear you.

LADY WARBURTON (*softly*).—Thank you again—for the pity and the fear.

MISS STIRLING (*fiercely*).—You society women are so merciless! You care nothing about individuals; you think only of winning the general admiration, of gaining a reputation for charm. A broken heart does not concern you. My brother, for example—my dear, dear brother Guy—is nothing to you!

LADY WARBURTON (*still softly*).—There you make a mistake.

MISS STIRLING.—What?

LADY WARBURTON.—I repeat that there you make a mistake.

MISS STIRLING.—What do you mean?

LADY WARBURTON.—That your brother is far from being nothing to me. That he is a great deal to me. In fact—just at present—he is *everything* to me. I see a good deal of him by day, as you doubtless know; I think of him, even dream of him, by night. Yes, he is constantly in my thoughts.

MISS STIRLING.—This is dreadful! Lady Warburton, it is some infatuation, some fascination—you cannot mean what you are saying. Why, if there were no other barrier—you are ten years older than Guy!

LADY WARBURTON (*laconically*).—Six. Don't make it more than it is. But I'm pretty well preserved, don't you think? (*Turns to a mirror. Miss Stirling, perceiving the letter on the floor, picks it up. She is about to put it on a table when she recognizes her brother's writing, and slips it into her pocket instead.*)

MISS STIRLING (*crossing the room*).—Lady Warburton, there is nothing more for me to say. I have interfered, it seems, too late. But you have seen your last of Guy. To-morrow, he and I will leave England for a time. He must be removed at once.

LADY WARBURTON.—Do you *really* think that will answer? "Absence," you know—I wouldn't go to-morrow, if I were you. Let him stay for the Driscoll's dance. Won't next week do?

MISS STIRLING.—Lady Warburton, you are insulting!

LADY WARBURTON.—You should not say that (*with a change of manner; she is bitter, but determined*). Listen to me, if you please, Adelaide Stirling. It seems the truth had better be told. This is the truth, then—make what you like of it. I have said already—it is no secret to me that your brother is one of my dearest friends; my admirers, if the word suits you. But he is nothing else. And what is one admirer more than another to such a woman as I? Yet, listen. Some years ago, when I was younger and fairer, though married, a man I knew, several years my senior—shall we say six, for the sake of the parallel?—very well, six, to make the case complete—met me, made himself necessary to me, and—did not spare me. Society never fathomed the matter; it is now forgotten. In time I recovered my equilibrium and my looks, for I had suffered in both, and then I began to enjoy life. I found, which rather astonished me at first, that I retained considerable powers of attraction, and I did not disdain to use them. I will not say that I deliberately flirted. To a certain point I went, and no further, and I must candidly admit, even if it hurt my vanity, that among my many admirers, there was not *one* who would have died for me. Men, after all, are not often in earnest when the

object of their affections is a married woman. As for Warburton—it is absurd to drag his name in. You must see what Warburton is; it is always kind to ignore him. But when I met your brother, I saw at once that I had met the *one* man, the man who *might* become earnest, which would be very sad, and inconvenient, and shocking—and all that.

MISS STIRLING.—Surely——

LADY WARBURTON.—Miss Stirling, I found myself in the position of the—the man I have mentioned. The question was, should I follow his example, or not? He had been older, wiser than I was, and—God forgive him—he had loved before. Nevertheless, he did not spare me. In my turn, I was older, wiser than your brother, and I had—Heaven forgive me—loved before. Yet I resolved to spare him.

MISS STIRLING (*stiffly*).—I don't understand.

LADY WARBURTON.—I didn't suppose you would. You see, there are *two* courses to be followed when a hopeless passion is in the way; you can either avoid the persons, and in time forget them—if you can—or you may cultivate them—him—her—assiduously and most *commonplacely*, and so turn the love into another channel. I tried the first—you may remember my absence from town last year, in the height of the season, too—but it didn't answer. I tried the second—it has answered. Your brother and I have been together almost every day for three months; he comes and goes as he pleases; no obstacle is placed in his way. From admiration and reverence (save the mark!) he has proceeded to chaff and brotherly admonition. He tells me all my faults; he knows that I—make up—a little; he gives me credit for much sense and not a little temper. I have gently led him from love to friendship. I have lost a lover, but gained a friend. Dear Guy! (*lightly*). Now you have the whole story. Shall I pour you some more tea?

MISS STIRLING (*struggling with her emotions*).—But you take it so coolly—so cruelly—it has cost you nothing! Even if I could believe it——



DRAWN BY FREDERIC W. FALLS.

“PRAY READ IT. YOU HAVE EVERY RIGHT.”

LADY WARBURTON.—Then you don't?

MISS STIRLING.—Appearances are so against you, and then your own words! You said a moment ago that Guy was *everything* to you.

LADY WARBURTON (*sternly*).—So he is. All my faculties have been concentrated on your brother for a long time past, a single false step on my part and he would have divined my purpose. Cost me nothing! Ah! Miss Stirling, if you ever saw Love—fresh, young and ardent, with wistful eye and eloquent mouth—at your side, within reach of your hand, ready to give you back all you had lost—even your youth—you would not find it easy to repel him! But (*passionately*) Love never so came to you, and Love never will. What can such a woman as *you* know of *my* inner life? What of my falls, my triumphs, my errors, my conquests? Yet, even I—with all my faults and weaknesses—recognized that I, as well as yourself, was *your brother's keeper*. (*A pause.*) Respect my confidence and go in peace. I have not harmed Guy.

MISS STIRLING (*wildly*).—But what proof have I of all this?

LADY WARBURTON.—Proof? (*with a shrug.*) Ah! I forgot that. (*Pauses.*) The word of Clara Warburton?

MISS STIRLING (*is silent and confused*).

LADY WARBURTON.—Oh! The very thing! I had forgotten all about it. (*Takes up her cloak and searches for the letter.*) I certainly put that letter into this pocket! (*Still shaking the cloak, stops short as she sees Miss Stirling's face grow crimson and her hand seek her pocket.*)

LADY WARBURTON (*blandly*).—Pray *read* it. You have every right. (*Turns and sweeps out of the room.*)

MISS STIRLING (*slowly drawing forth the letter and reading it aloud*).

“DEAR LADY CLARA:

“I cannot come to you, as I think I half promised to do, this afternoon, for a cup of tea and a chat, because Marion and I (*Marion and I*) are going to *look at houses!!!* There's a great step taken! I must really hasten to inform my sister “of our engagement. Marion and I both dread to tell her, knowing her jealous “temperament.” (*Miss Stirling stops, crumples up the letter, then opens it and continues.*) “I hope to run in soon and tell you our plans for the wedding. Perhaps “Warburton would give away the bride.

“Ever, dear Lady Clara,

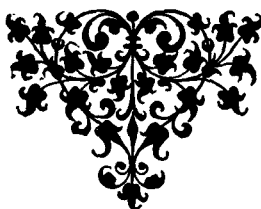
“Your devoted friend,

“GUY.”

Miss Stirling lets the note fall to the ground. A footman appears at the back to show her out.

SLOW CURTAIN.

Seranus.



THE WORLD OF ARTS

A MASTER OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL.

BY J. W. L. FORSTER.

(First Paper.)



WILLIAM ADOLPHE BOUGUEREAU.

THE personality of a great man does not always impress itself upon strangers; but in the case of William Adolphe Bouguereau it is suffi-

ciently pronounced to lead them to turn and look.

His well-knit, rotund frame and fair complexion would seem to belong to

Regent Street or Piccadilly rather than to the Boulevard Montparnasse; and his

name has a suggestion of English antecedence also, but of this I cannot speak with certainty.

He is a man of few words; but his manner is refined, courteous and generous. Generous he is indeed, and yet, curiously enough, he is probably the best cursed man in the world of art to-day. The same thing could be said of him ten years ago, and twenty, for the matter of that. Why it is so would be difficult to answer; but illustrations of this fact are at hand in abundance, and it only remains for the philosopher to reveal to us the moods of human nature that make such the case.

Viewed or measured by the standards of other men he is not a Napoleon of audacity, nor a Julius Cæsar in his conquest of many realms. No one will say he is a star of genius that rose in brightness and dazzled as it grew in splendor. He is, on the other hand, an exemplification of the triumph of intelligent patience and persistence. As a lad of eleven in La Rochelle (1836), he recognized the genius of work. That genius carried him to Paris, or, if you take his word for it, he carried it with him all the way to his winning the Prix de Rome in 1850. Nor did he rest with this achievement, for a steady improvement can be seen in his subsequent work, visible especially in the direction of finer thought and richer color, which contribute so much to the excellence of what he has given us.

His career has been marked by no great changes in style. There is nothing of the fickle weather vane about M. Bouguereau. In fact, there seems wanting entirely that Bohemian readiness to fall in with any new influence that might seek the fellowship or following



FROM THE PAINTING BY W. A. BOUGUEREAU.

PANEL FROM "BIRTH OF VENUS."



FROM THE PAINTING BY W. A. BOUGUEREAU.

“THE ELDER SISTER.”



FROM THE PAINTING BY W. A. BOUGUEREAU.

"THE GLEANER."



FROM THE PAINTING BY W. A. BOUGUEREAU.

"PIETÀ."

of such a man. This may account for the lack of that splendor of genius such as bursts in occasional *tours de force*, or as yields itself to a catchy, applause-winning cleverness. But there is no lack of courage or of strength.

In following his career as indicated in the examples before us, it is a pleasure to note his first important work after his return from Italy. "The Triumph of Martyrdom" is a truly devout inspiration. And although the years of the Last Empire marked, in France, a moral decadence that found swift echo in its art—a decadence from which, by the way, France seems slow to recover—he gave us during those years many charming thoughts, full of domestic felicity. The purity of his spirit refused to defile itself with the wanton against which it had to contend. One can indeed fancy the pain it gave to a spirit like his, the keenness of which impelled him to paint "Orestes pursued by the Furies," as a jeremiad against the spirit of the times, or a prophecy of inevitable doom.

The end of the Empire found him a volunteer on the ramparts of Paris. And the bitterness of that "baptism of fire," followed by the still more sad and sickening year of the Commune, were not without influence upon the artist. In this relation his "Madonna of Consolation" has always seemed a fitting expression in every way of the soul that sought through suffering the consolation it would here proclaim.

Historically, Monsieur Bouguereau is a product of the First Empire. The undertone of the wave of romanticism, which had rolled forward and spent itself earlier in the century, was partially caught in the advancing wave of classicism that marked the movement of Louis Philippian art and literature. We are not surprised, therefore, when he gives rein to his true impulses, to find him roving in the realm of classic romance. In this field he is in his element.

Bouguereau's method and style are his own. He is no imitator, though many have paid a tribute to his influence as a painter by trying to imitate him. Every theme that has been evolved into picture form under his brush is always invested with free and graceful lines. Within

these lines, and in the delicate modelling of his figures, a whole orchestra of color harmonies play without the blare of brass. It is difficult to leave the question of his coloring without a word with those who fancy it the weak spot in the rampart that must ultimately yield to their tireless bombardment. The texture is smooth, but the coloring is without the stain of the material that is metaphorically thrown at him; and it is more refined and ripe than much of the color-work which receives the praise that falls short of reaching him.

His drawing is inimitable. The forms he draws are marvels of knowledge and of beauty. Detail is not trifled with, but is reverently painted in its relation to the whole. His muscles are flexible, articulations free, and in the gentle, as well as the brisk and breezy, movements of eye and limb, a higher power exercises lordship over every vassal charm. Thought is evident, whether you follow his luring pencil away into the semi-real mythology, the dream realm that gave form to every impulse, emotion and aspiration of human consciousness; where the elder spiritualism peopled the groves of the mind with busy beings, whose kinship with the fully human was a never-ceasing influence upon his virtue and his song; and it is not less evident, if you follow his limning of subjects gleaned from the bustling and sordid Nineteenth Century. But the former seems to hold him by the fascination of a quaint simplicity of thought, through which, though he illustrates his theme and story in pure and perfect forms borrowed from highest modern types, the mystic suggestiveness of the long ago pervades every situation.

He is a daring searcher after truth in form; for his pencil seems to probe the secret of every play of expression. It is here where his strength lies. This supremacy over the possibilities of the human figure in every conscious or unconscious mood is the secret of his greatness in art.

The wish is often felt that he would leave to our imagination a part of the task of guessing at meanings—the allurements of mystery that fascinates in that it half satisfies. But what can you say to a man who will tell you, "it is a trick

of the coward that leaves in suggestion only the lower beginnings of an idea, which with courage and power might be uttered in higher and grander measure?" And when he says, "A theme given merely in suggestive effect is the subterfuge of incompetence, whereas knowledge and skill are capable of saying truths that are deeper and more sublime," what answer can you make him? We are compelled to recognize in sentiments

like these the heart of the hero, and in deference uncover the head. He used to say to us, "You leave unpainted what you cannot see; it is ignorance that makes you blind; it is inattention makes you ignorant; inattention is imbecile." What wonder we blessed him through tightened lips when his back was turned, or that we blessed him with a grateful heart, a little time later, when his motive and meaning were better understood?

J. W. L. Forster.

(To be concluded in May.)

EASTER LILIES.

EASTER lilies fair are they,
 My lady in her gown of grey,
 Looks fair and sweet as maiden may.
 Snow-drops brave the winter's frown
 And on her bosom nestle down.

In the lights that flush her face
 The keenest critic may not trace
 A thought that he would fain efface.
 No taint of art
 Has its abiding place
 In her pure heart.

Her eyes sweet harbor for a dream,
 The calm still lights that in them beam,
 Are like the tender rays that gleam
 From some far star;
 For she sees things as they seem
 And fairest are.

Tall Easter lilies, pure and pale,
 Gleam white against the altar rail,
 And pink arbutus blossoms trail.

To me more fair
 My lady, whose eyelids veil
 Pure wells of prayer.

Holy Father, be her guide,
 Sweet peace of this pure Easter tide,
 Still in my lady's heart abide.
 Throw Thy light along the way
 Wherein her tender feet shall stray.

Wyndom Browne

PECULIAR TECHNICALITIES OF THE LAW.

BY ALFRED HOSKIN, Q.C.

THERE are many things in the law which are very difficult for the mind of the ordinary layman to grasp, and which are equally hard for the lawyer to make him understand, and in many cases I expect the lawyer takes them for granted rather than expend labour in fathoming their origin. They are not exactly anomalies, but rather subtle distinctions in the meaning of words when placed in different positions and situations. Law is said to be founded upon common sense, and we are expected, therefore, to submit to apparent inconsistencies. Common sense is a wide term. It depends upon whose common sense it is. A few examples of decisions which have been given and upon which a certain condition or state of law has grown up will explain, to some extent, what is meant.

In the 29th year of the reign of King Charles the 2nd (1678), the legislators of that day came to the conclusion that it was time to try to put a stop to verbal promises and agreements, and the perjuries arising thereout, in many of the dealings among men, and I suppose they thought then, as we sometimes, even in our own enlightened day, imagine, that they had provided for every contingency, little imagining what the ingenuity of lawyers, and the acuteness or obtuseness of judges, would evolve from the wording of the act.

Among other things, it was provided that any agreement made "upon any special promise to answer for the debt, default or miscarriage of another person" should be void unless in writing. The quoted language appears to be plain and easily understood, and yet I daresay thousands of cases have been tried testing the liability of the guarantor, and with very varying success.

In the year 1700, one Darnell met one Burkmire upon the street, and said, "My friend Lightfinger wants a horse; will you lend him yours?" "Yes," replied

Burkmire, "if you will be responsible for his letting me have it safe again." "Certainly I will," replied Darnell, emphatically. Accordingly the horse was lent, but was not returned. Burkmire sued Darnell upon his promise, but failed because the promise was not in writing. In this case the judges drew a distinction as to what should be in writing and what need not. "If two come to a shop and one buys, and the other to gain him credit promises the seller, 'If he does not pay you I will,' this is a collateral undertaking and void because it is not in writing. But if he says, 'Let him have the goods, I will be your paymaster,' or 'I will see you paid,' this is an undertaking for himself," and need not be in writing.

I venture to say that the ordinary lay mind will fail to see much distinction between the two promises. The difference is that in the first case the goods are sold upon the credit of the buyer, and his companion is only to become liable in case he fails to pay. In the second case the goods are sold upon the credit and undertaking of the guarantor. The distinction is evident when the language is thrashed out, but ordinary business people are not, in business transactions, quick to grasp the difference.

In 1797, one Lieutenant Temple, of His Majesty's ship, the *Boyne*, being at Portsmouth, asked some one to recommend him to a slopseller who might supply the crew with new clothes, saying, "He will run no risk, I will see him paid." One Keate was recommended to him, and Temple called on him, and, in the course of the bargain, said, "I will see you paid at the pay table; are you satisfied?" Keate answered, "Perfectly." Keate supplied the clothing; some of the sailors refused to pay, and some time after the crew was disbanded. Keate sued Temple, and obtained a verdict, but the Court ordered a new trial, doubting Temple's liability; the words

"at the pay table" bore an important part in the case.

Every person is supposed to know the law, and he cannot plead his ignorance as an excuse. This has given rise to an anomalous condition of affairs and much injustice. If a man pays money under a mistake of facts he can recover it back. One would naturally assume that if he paid it knowing the facts but under a mistake of law he should also recover it back; but he cannot, nor can he if he pays it in consequence of being sued and subsequently discovering that he was not responsible.

In 1797, Mr. Hampton sold goods to Mr. Marriott, who paid for them and got a receipt. Probably Mr. Marriott was a careless man, and Hampton knew this, or Hampton had failed to credit the payment in his books. For some reason Hampton claimed payment again and, of course, Marriott indignantly refused, and in consequence an action was brought. Marriott could not find his receipt, and could not otherwise prove payment, and was, therefore, compelled to pay again. I cannot express what happened afterwards better than in the language of Mr. Shirley, M.P., in his humorous work: "But after a while the missing receipt turned up, and Marriott now went to law with Hampton to force him to repay the money. The student will be grieved to hear that his efforts were not crowned with the success they deserved. Lawyers must live, of course; but *interest reipublice ut sit finis litium* (there must be an end to all things, even a law suit), and there would be no end to fat contentions and flowing fees if everybody could have their cases tried over again when fresh evidence came to light."

Messrs. Townsend and Crowdy were in partnership, and Mr. Crowdy desired to retire, and offered to sell out his interest in the business to Mr. Townsend, who was willing to buy. Mr. Townsend made a partial investigation into the affairs of the firm and submitted an offer to Mr. Crowdy, which the latter accepted. Afterwards Mr. Townsend found out that the profits of the firm had not been so large as he supposed, and that he had paid too much for Mr. Crowdy's share.

Mr. Townsend consulted his lawyer as to whether he could recover the excess in price, and in consequence brought an action against Mr. Crowdy. One would have thought that as Mr. Townsend had been a partner in the business, had an opportunity of fully investigating into the same, and did, in fact, make some investigation, he had been as careless as Mr. Marriott with his receipt. However, Mr. Townsend succeeded because he had paid his money away in mistake of fact, and, fortunately for him, not by the compulsion of a law suit. So, in future, if any of my readers who run accounts find that their tradesmen claim payment the second time, and have mislaid their receipts, they had better pay without suit, for if they can afterwards prove previous payment they can recover back, but if payment is made after action they will not be able to do so.

There has probably been more litigation over wills than any other documents. Persons often draw their own wills, and use language which they and their neighbors know the meaning of, but which the courts have said mean something else, and probably the contrary of what the testator intended. There is nothing more dangerous than for a layman (particularly if he is possessed of a law work upon "Wills" or "The Lawyer's Manual"), to undertake the drawing of a Will, especially if he makes use of legal technical language. There has been a great deal of money spent and many disappointments created by the use of the words "dying without issue," these three words look simple in themselves, and to most people would mean "A man dying without leaving any child." The Courts have over and over again, said that they may refer to a man's remote posterity, his very great grandchildren.

Nature is said to abhor a vacuum and law hates a perpetuity. As the law formerly stood it was said "that words referring to the death of a person without issue must be construed as importing *prima facie*, an indefinite failure of issue," that is, a failure or extinction of issue at any period. The will of General Kirk, dated 1st January, 1742, contained this provision: "Miss Dormer I make sole heir and executrix, if she dies with-

out issue then to go to Lord George Beauclerk, he to pay Lady Dianah Beauclerk £5,000, to Betty Gibbs and her granddaughter £100 each, and Miss Dormer to keep the old woman," ("old woman," as held by the Court, meaning Betty Gibbs), Lord George brought a suit against Miss Dormer, that she might be ordered to furnish an inventory of General Kirk's personal estate, and the question as to the effect of the words, "if she dies without issue" came up, Miss Dormer claiming that she was absolutely entitled to the real and personal estate of General Kirk, and the Court so held.

In another will the words were: "I leave to my brother my estate of T, and the residue of all I possess, and in case he has no heir, my estate and freehold to be given to the first heir-at-law." It was held under this will that the brother did not take the estate absolutely, but as he died childless the estate went to the first heirs-at-law." One Ashman Pettit, after giving his farm to his granddaughter, by his will, provided, "and I further direct, that in case of my granddaughter dying without lawful issue or heir, the whole of the farm now in my possession shall be sold by my executors, and from the avails of such sale, and also from such other of my property that may be then remaining in their hands" he gave certain legacies, the granddaughter claimed that "dying without issue or heir" meant an indefinite failure of issue as above explained, and that she was absolutely entitled to the farm, but the Court held that she was not so entitled unless she left issue, because of the provision in the will for the sale of the farm and the giving of the legacies. From these examples it will be seen that very little will change the devolution of an estate.

After a time it dawned even upon lawyers, that words should have in law the same meaning as in common parlance, so in 1837, an Act was passed which said "in any devise of real estate the words 'die without issue,' or 'die without leaving issue,' or 'have no issue,' shall be construed to mean a want or failure of issue in the lifetime, or at the death of such person and not an indefinite failure of his issue unless the

contrary intention shall appear by the will."

This would appear to be plain enough, and no future testator would be made to say or do what he never intended.

However, so late as August, 1894, it was contended that where a testator in his will had, after giving certain property to his son, Thomas William Edwards, used these words: "Provided always, that in case the said Thomas William Edwards shall die without leaving any male issue, then I direct that the property so given to him shall after his death go to the male issue of my son, Thomas Edwards." In a suit brought it was contended, that because the word "male" was inserted, it was not within the provisions of the Statute, and that therefore Thomas William became entitled to the property absolutely, as would have been the case under the old law, but after some hesitation the Judge decided that it was within the statute, even now one has to be careful in the choice of language to be used in a will.

The word "ambiguity," according to Webster, means doubtfulness or uncertainty. In law an ambiguity may be latent or patent. In the latter case it is apparent on the face of the instrument and in the former case it is not so apparent, but may be rendered so by extrinsic and collateral matter outside of the instrument.

One Culbert Summers, sometime about the year 1880 made his will, in which were the following gifts: "I give and bequeath to my nephew, John Summers, the east half, and to my nephew William Summers, the west half of lot number fourteen, in the tenth concession of the Township of Artemesia." It turned out that Culbert Summers did not, and never did own lot fourteen, but owned lot 21. On a contest arising John and William (the nephews) proposed to give in evidence that it was the intention of their uncle to give them the lot he owned (*i. e.* Lot 21) This was not allowed and they consequently lost the farm. This is the case of a patent ambiguity.

In November, 1834, one Charles Robert Blundell by his will gave certain estates to Trustees 'upon trust to permit and suffer the second son of Edward

Weld of Lulworth, to occupy and enjoy the same and to take to his own use the rents and profits for and during his natural life."

It appeared that Thomas Weld was the second son of Joseph Weld, of Lulworth, and he claimed the estate, asserting that "Edward" was inserted in the Will by mistake instead of "Joseph." Evidence was allowed to be given as to the Weld family and Mr. Blundell's associations with them, and Thomas was held to be

entitled to the benefit of the estates. This is an example of a latent ambiguity, though to most laymen the distinction between the two cases may be difficult to understand.

Many other examples might be cited which would go to show the technicalities that have grown up in the administration of the law, and which are difficult of understanding to the laymen, but the above will suffice and may prove of interest to the reader.

Alfred Hoskin.

THE HEPATICA.

HAIL, first of the spring,
 Pearly, sky-tinted thing,
 Touched with pencil of Him
 Who rollest the year!
 Lo! thy aureole rim
 No painter may limn—
 Vision thou hast, and no fear!

Fair child of the light,
 What fixes thy sight?
 Wide open thy roll
 From the seal of the clod,
 And thy heaven-writ scroll
 Glows, beautiful soul,
 With the shining of God!

Thou look'st into heaven
 As surely as Stephen,
 So steadfast thy will is!
 And from earth's ingle-nook
 Seest Christ of the lilies
 And daffadowndillies,
 And catchest His look.

And a portion is mine,
 Rapt gazer divine,
 From thy countenance given—
 Angel bliss in thy face!
 I've looked into heaven
 As surely as Stephen,
 From out of my place!

Theodore H. Rand.

THE SOUL AND THE SPRING.

(An Allegory.)

BY C. E. H.



SPRING welled from a cleft in a rock; a soul leaped from the womb of eternity and became incarnate, and this is their story :

Down the hillside trickled the spring and in the meadow below became a tiny brook. Tenderly was it guided by its sheltering banks; guardian grasses and sedges hid it from view and lovingly whispered to it the secrets of the great world above, all its glory and its brightness, all its promises and hopes. From many sources was fed the current of its life, daily growing stronger, more impetuous, more impatient of its restraining banks. Soon are left behind the whispering sedges and the grasses. Now it sees for itself the bright blue of heaven, even reflects in itself some of the glory above. Anon in shouting, exulting gladness, the stream hurls itself in foaming cascades down the rocks, proud of its sparkling beauty and its growing strength, and then on again through the smiling, verdure-clad valleys where life seems but a beautiful, glorified dream. Sometimes on its ever-widening banks, weeping willows grow, touching its rippling surface with their drooping leaves and throwing the shadows of sorrow into its clear depths; childish sorrow, keen in its anguish, but happily soon forgotten when the young life emerges again into the happy sunshine. Onward, yet onward it goes, still clear, still unsullied, learning beauty from the clustered maples in the fields near by, heavenly aspirations from the towering elms uplifting their graceful heads into a world above; and learning, too, of rugged strength from the sturdy monarch oaks, whose gnarled and knotted limbs are a very inspiration of proud defiance.

So far the soul and the river have but been expending the exuberant vitality of youth in play, gathering, nevertheless, something of strength, resolution and fortitude for the battle of life. Now work must be done.

An old mill is built against a hillside by the river bank. Its old gray stones are mossy with the damp of many years and overshadowed with blossoming haws which drop their petals in summer snow on the water in the mill race, from whose shady sides spring fronds of maiden hair, tremulously reflected in the gliding water.

All is beautiful, but 'neath the outward show a voice speaks of predetermined purpose successfully accomplished.

Across the impetuous river a dam has been stretched and all its broad-spread babbling stream is concentrated into a narrow, deep and forceful flow, mighty for good work if rightly guided, and mighty, too, perhaps, for evil.

Over the dam top the surplus energy escapes in a sparkling veil of spray, and ripples over water-soaked wood and glistening rocks to join the water from the tail-race of the mill.

From this time forward purposeful concentration is to take the place of the old care-free life. Energies wasted in glitter and display, in splashing rapids, rippling shallows, erratic wanderings or idle resting in deep and peaceful pools under shady flower-gemmed banks, must now be wisely restrained and guided. The river is deeper, too, in its flow, and many mills attest its growing power, while boats come and go on its broadening bosom. And so it might pass to the arms of the all-receiving lake, beauteous, bountiful, bearing many burdens, sympathetically sharing the joys and sorrows of mankind, and having reflected deep within its heart the imprint of the wide-spread firmament of heaven.

But the river bends towards the great city; the ardent young soul panting for greater conquests, turns towards the congregated crowd of fellow immortal atoms, hoping, aspiring, struggling, achieving, poisoned, dying in the mighty turmoil. Alas, for the river! Brightness and beauty have passed from its ken forever. The music of nature gives place to the noise and clang of busy man, and the fresh waters of many brooks are replaced by the poisonous filth of city sewers. Factories line its banks and pour their refuse and their filth into its depths. Here overlooking its now turbid stream, is a quiet city of the dead, its gleaming marble shafts impressing themselves on the water in tremulous lines of white. The soul's time garment alone lies here, but what suggestions of dead beliefs, dead hopes, dead aspirations, dead love and lost innocence, emanate from every grassy mound. Like the monuments in the stream, so these find a responsive echo in the depths of the sin-sullied soul.

I stood on the banks of the river as it flowed past the rotting wharves and water-side warehouses of the city, and gazed across its surface illuminated by fitful gleams from a cloud-encircled moon. Here the rush and glare of the

city came not, and desolation reigned supreme. The city had used the river and now threw it aside for other servants, and so it flowed on towards the end; energy gone, purity gone, its depths filled with foul accumulations, and its bank a battering ground for treacherous, fierce-eyed rats, or the outcast scourgings of humankind.

The soul and the river were very near the great end now, but oh! the pity of it, that the ruin of one soul should involve a trusting innocence in its own dark fate. The moon shone out for a moment on the black polluted waters, and briefly lit up a woman's ghastly face floating by on the turbid current with streaming water-soaked hair, and long-lashed eye lids closed for ever. Such horror came upon me that I turned hastily away, cursing the soul of man that had wrought so fearfully for evil. But the river flowed on to the sea, and the soul returned to the vast eternity from which it came and all was, as if they had not been. But as the water of the river is purified in the great fountain, from which it was taken, surely we may also hope that the soul in the æons of eternity will be purged from its foulness, and regain the fresh innocence of the time when first it entered mortal frame.

C. E. H.

THE HEIGHTS.

THE climbing, step by step, up pathway steep
 Had wearied me upon that summer day.
 'Till, by-and-by, a strong hand seemed to sweep
 All save the joyousness of life away;
 The heavens stretched their azure folds above.
 I stood, my feet upon the dizzy height
 Where I had stood so often in my dreams,
 The whirring of an eagle's wings in flight
 Toward rarer winds, and still more dazzling gleams
 Of the red sun, was every sound abroad,
 O, sweet the silence of the solemn place,
 Where Nature, radiant, drew so close to God,
 You saw His very kiss upon her face,
 And caught the murmur of His mighty Love.

Jean Blewett.

JOKOSERIO

BY
J. W. BINGOUGH.

TYPICAL HUMORISTS.



"BILL NYE" is no more. His remarkable career closed after a very short illness in the early part of last month. No name, perhaps, was more familiar to newspaper readers throughout America than that of the author of the regular column of humorous matter, furnished to journals in all parts of the country by the enterprising New York Syndicate. It

would be going too far to assert that this matter was always really humorous, but it was on the other hand never quite destitute of the quaintness and drollery which is characteristic of the American funny man. Considering that it was produced at regular intervals and in stipulated quantities, and that the machine had been kept in operation practically without cessation for years, it was on the whole wonderfully good stuff for those who like that sort of thing, as the Yankee public evidently do.

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"WE and our Neighbors" have many things in common, as visiting orators on both sides of the line never fail to say; and amongst the things specified, if the orator goes into particulars at all, is our language and literature. But, strangely enough, there are few things more dissimilar than the British and American ideas of wit and humor, and these, if not the essence, are at least a very important element of literature. "Bill Nye" was ranked as America's greatest humorist; perhaps W. S. Gilbert might fairly be named as the leading British exponent of fun. Here in the concrete, we have the

whole case as to the taste of the respective nations stated. The one sets the Republic on a roar by mentioning that somebody had "a maroon colored breath," and "came into town on business and a bicycle;" the other stirs the risibilities of the United Kingdom by making *Archibald Grosvenor* say to the rapturous maidens who are worshipping him—"Ladies, this has been going on since Monday, and now it's Saturday. I must ask you to permit me to close early; I should really be obliged for the usual half-holiday." Broadly speaking, these two specimens are as nationally characteristic as the Stars-and-Stripes and the Union Jack. As loyal colonists, Canadians will of course regard Gilbert's style of thing as vastly superior to Nye's.

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I SAY broadly speaking, because there are vast numbers of Americans who relish English wit and humor, and great crowds of people in the Old Country who think there is nothing equal to Yankee drollery. But both of these classes are "large minorities." This is, I suppose, why the American comic papers find they can still afford to refer to *Punch* as the epitome of all that is funereal, a jest which still does duty in company

with the mother-in-law, the bride's poor cake baking, and other venerable jokes that have long since earned their superannuation. Perhaps *Punch* really is dull in the opinion of some—who never read its pages. And there is probably no use in



arguing the question with any patriotic American who thinks so; at all events until the Venezuela dispute is settled. But the fact remains that the poorest number of *Punch* contains more real wit and clever writing than any issue of all the New York comic papers put together. (This, I forgot to say, is at least *my* opinion).

* * * * *

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE SPRING POET.

SIR: This being the vernal season, the thoughts of the thoughtful turn to you as naturally as

The young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love.

I am afraid that the adverb in the case of the general public would have to be written "viciously," or "savagely," however, for it must be confessed you are not a popular character. If I may believe what I see in print, it is a common experience with you to be thrown down stairs by irate editors, who believe that in subjecting you to this humiliation, they have the hearty approval of their readers. I know it frequently happens that authors who call on editors to submit contributions, either in prose or verse have their offerings declined. Sometimes they are dismissed in a manner which leaves much to be desired from a Chesterfieldian point of view, but I believe it is reserved for the Spring Poet to be always and everywhere ejected with personal violence. I do not know why you, sir, should be looked upon as an unmitigated affliction, and be ranked with spring diseases, but such seems to be your unhappy fate. Your annual coming (if, as before premised, I may believe what I see in print) is enough to discount all the beauties and blessing of the most delightful season of the year. I'm sure your heart must yearn for sympathy—something hitherto unknown to it, and that is, in fact, the reason why I write this letter. I want you to know that you



have at least one friend in the world. Sir, so far am I from sharing the ribald, not to say blood-thirsty, view which is taken of you in print, that I bracket you with the robin, and the gambolling lambkin, and the gentle breeze that stirs the trees (as you so beautifully say yourself), and the daisy, which latter, in my opinion, figuratively speaking, you are. Accordingly, sir, I welcome you with this genial month of April, and would say, with one of your brethren of the inspired quill,

"Hail, gentle spring Poet—ethereal rhymster, come!"

Don't be discouraged by the jibes of an unfeeling press. Don't be snuffed out by the ignorant sneers of an unappreciative public. It always was and always will be the fate of genius to be misunderstood and persecuted. Never mind, come all the same! Let editors continue to kick you down stairs or throw you out of the window. Remember that these tribulations of yours do not go unnoted. Remember, too, that you may now and then get some of your poetry into print, notwithstanding these inconveniences; and above all remember that, though I may never have time to read any of your productions, I believe in, and sympathize with you on general principles.

Yours truly,
Etc., etc.

* * * * *

STRICTLY PERSONAL.

SPEAKING of poets, Mr. Thomas Hammond, writing in the *Columbian Magazine* for March (Chicago) deals with "Canadian Poets and their Poetry." He does me the honor to mention my name, and indeed speaks most favorably of certain efforts I have made in the poetic line. His words of praise have quite excited my conceit, so much so that I peremptorily challenge this preliminary deliverance of his:

"Mr. B. is not a born lyric singer, nor is he as closely in touch with nature as some of his contemporaries."



Has the gentleman ever heard me sing? certainly not; or, if so, he has no ear for music and does not understand what a *tenore robusto*, with a fine *timbre* and an extensive upper register is. As to not being so closely in touch with Nature as Lampman, Carman, Campbell, Roberts and other fellows, I hurl back the— but let me be calm,

and vindicate myself appropriately in a lovely sonnet:



Face downward on the ground I love to lie,
In touch with Nature, close as I can get,
(I mean when winter's snows have all gone by,
And when the grass is neither damp nor wet)
So close that I can sniff the earthy smell,
And have a sort of microscopic view
Of creatures otherwise invisible,
And witness all the wondrous things they do.
Beneath my nose a tiny little ant
Goes surrying off between the blades of grass,
To his mite-vision every blade's a giant
Whose trunk he makes a wide detour to pass;
And next I see a shiny bug so small
That I can only marvel in amaze,
And pigmy tribes that through the forest tall
In fright or ecstasy now take their ways;
An angle-worm near by, till now unseen,
(An inch of him protruded, that was all)
Makes signal of adieu, and then, serene,
Slips instantaneously into his hole.
I revel in this elfin under-world,
And easily could spend the live-long day
Beneath a shady tree in comfort curled,
Or lying flat, face downward, just this way;
While in my breast poetic fancies burn:
What Titan I must be in insect eyes!
And what still lesser insect in my turn,
I am when I look upward to the skies!
In touch with Nature? If that be a sign
Of the divine afflatus strange and sweet,
Then to no Bard-contemporary of mine
Will I consent, no, sir, to take back seat!

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A LOGICAL DARKEY.

Our colored brother, whatever may be his short-comings, is not destitute of the logical faculty, in proof of which I beg to enter the following exhibit:



Brer 'Rastus was driving along the road one hot summer day when his mule took a balky notion and stopped short. After using all the persuasive resources of

reins, voice and whip, without the slightest effect, 'Rastus got down from his wagon, and tried the experiment of kicking the animal and pounding him over the head. These methods proved equally ineffective, and then the irate colored person resorted to the extreme expedient of lighting a fire under the mule. The only noticeable result of this was a casual wagging of the ears, and an occasional switch of the tail on the part of the stolid beast. 'Rastus had spent an hour or more over his futile task and had just reached the point of despair, when the village doctor came along in his gig.

"What's up, 'Rastus?" asked the genial medico, "has your mule balked?"

"Dat's it, boss; you guessed it de fust time. I done tried everything I know, but de blame critter won't stir. I's in a hurry to an' can't 'ford to waste my time dis way wid de fool mule. Say, doctor, can't you do something to make him go?"

"I don't know 'Rastus, but I guess I can. I've got some medicine right here in my case that I fancy will do the job."

So saying, the doctor dismounted from his gig, and opening his case took out a little syringe, which he filled from a small vial. He then administered a hypodermic injection into the side of the mule. The effect was instantaneous. Before 'Rastus, who stood by to see the operation, had realized the doctor's action, the mule and wagon were disappearing in a cloud of dust over a

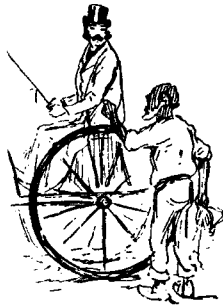
distant rise in the road. The astonished darkey lost no time in following the runaway at his own top speed, which, owing to age and infirmity, was not record breaking. The doctor leisurely resumed his seat in the gig and drove on. When he reached the brow of the

hill, he descried the mule on the verge of the distant horizon, accompanied by the cloud of dust, which indicated that he had not as yet slackened his speed, while in the middle distance he saw Brer 'Rastus standing mopping his brow with his red bandana.

"You didn't catch him yet, hey, 'Rastus?" said the doctor on coming up.

'Rastus was so utterly "blown" that he could only reply in gasps,

"Say—look-a—here, doctor—wh—wh—whad was datar—stuff—you—put into dat ar—muell? Is it expensul?"



"No, not very expensive, 'Rastus. I only put about ten cents worth into him," replied the doctor.

"Well—look a here, Doctor—" and 'Rastus produced a quarter which he reached up to the medical man, "I—want you to put twenty cents—worf into—me, right away, cos I got—to ketch—dat—ar muell, or bust!"

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THE FAMOUS PHRASE

"Say, aunty," cried our four-year-old, to the skittish maiden lady, Who on the subject of her age was always very shady.

"Well, dear?" said she:

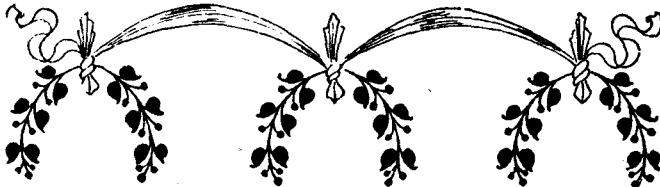
"Look here," said he,

"Are you'n oi' maid, I heard you were, but are you, tell me truly?"

"Well—er—my dear, that's rather frank, and presses me unduly; But you may tell enquiring friends who seek an explanation—

I'm a lady who enjoys—ahem—a splendid isolation."

J. W. Bengough





THE LITERARY KINGDOM

BY M. M. KILPATRICK.

EUGENE FIELD'S last work, "The Love-Affairs of a Bibliomaniac," has been eagerly awaited by all who have felt the charm of the author's lightest utterance. The book is given a kindly introduction by Mr. Roswell Martin Field, who says: "In his published writings are many evidences of my brother's appreciation of what he has somewhere characterized the 'soothing affliction of bibliomania.' Nothing of book-hunting love has been more happily expressed than 'The Bibliomaniac's Prayer,' in which the troubled petitioner fervently asserts:

'But if, O Lord, it pleaseth Thee
To keep me in temptation's way.
I humbly ask that I may be
Most notably beset to-day;
Let my temptation be a book,
Which I shall purchase, hold and keep,
Whereon, when other men shall look,
Thy 'll wail to know I got it cheap!'

"In 'Dear Old London' the poet wailed that 'a splendid Horace cheap for cash' laughed at his poverty, and in 'Dibdin's Ghost' he revelled in the delights that await the bibliomaniac in the future state, where there is no admission to the women folk who 'wanting victuals, make a fuss if we buy books instead'; while in 'Flail, Trash and Bisland,' is the very essence of bibliomania, the unquenchable thirst for possession."

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MR. FIELD'S very first love was "The New England Primer," which he discovered one spring day in his grandmother's book-case, while in company with Cap-

tivity Waite, "an exceptionally pretty girl, as girls go." Of this thrilling encounter he writes, "How lasting are the impressions made upon the youthful mind! Through the many busy years that have elapsed since first I tasted the sweets of that miniature Primer, I have not forgotten that 'young Obadiah, David, Josias, all were pious'; 'that 'Zaccheus he did climb the Tree our Lord to see'; and that 'Vashti for Pride was set aside'; and still with many a sympathetic shudder and tingle do I recall Captivity's overpowering sense of horror, and mine, as we lingered long over the portraits of Timothy flying from Sin, of Xerxes laid out in funeral garb, and of proud Korah's troop partly submerged.

'My book and heart
Must never part.'

So runs one of the couplets in this little Primer-book, and right truly can I say that from the springtime day sixty odd years ago, when first my heart went out in love to this little book, no change of scene or of custom, no allurements of fashion, no demand of mature years, has abated that love. And herein is exemplified the advantage which the love of books has over the other kinds of love. Women are by nature fickle, and so are men; their friendships are liable to dissipation at the merest provocation or the slightest pretext. Not so, however, with books, for books can not change. A thousand years hence they are what you find them to-day, speaking the same words, holding forth the same cheer, the same promise, the same comfort; always constant, laughing with those who laugh, and weeping with those who weep."

After this affair of the heart in the primary grade, we are next introduced to "Robinson Crusoe," and find Mr. Field fairly entered upon Love's curriculum which finds not completion in a lifetime.

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COMMENTING upon the circumstance of a friend having chanced upon a superb collection of Elzevirs in a quiet little home in the wilds of Texas, the author exclaims: "How far-reaching is thy grace, O bibliomania! How good and sweet it is that no distance, no environment, no poverty, no distress can appal or stay thee. Like that grim spectre we call death, thou knockest impartially at the palace portal and the cottage door. And it seemeth thy special delight to bring unto the lonely in the desert places the companionship that exalteth humanity! It makes me groan to think of the number of Elzevirs that are lost in the libraries of rich parvenus who know nothing of, and care nothing for, the treasures about them further than a certain vulgar vanity which is involved."

A curious incident is revealed in the fact that the one chapter which remained to be written was to have chronicled the death of the old bibliomaniac. The nineteenth chapter was finished on the afternoon of November 2nd. Two days later, in the early morning, the poet was found on his bed, one arm thrown across his breast, and a smile of tranquillity on his face.

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DISCIPLES of Browning will welcome Dr. Edward Berdoe's testimony to the poet's power as a religious teacher. In the preface of his new book, "Browning and the Christian Faith," Dr. Berdoe tells that after a long course of agnostic reading he lost all faith in the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. He was convinced that a scientific thinker could not find evidence which would allow him to accept the God of the Bible nor the Supreme Being of any religious system. Such fragments of Buddhism as he had been able to assimilate proved more acceptable than any other form of ethical or religious instruction. One day he heard Mr. Moncure D. Conway lecture on Browning's

"Sordello." On the following day he purchased a set of Browning's works, as until then he had read but little of the poet. He says: "The first poem I read was 'Saul.' I soon recognized that I was in the grasp of a strong hand, and as I continued to read 'Paracelsus,' 'Men and Women,' and 'A Death in the Desert,' the feeling came over me that in Browning I had found my religious teacher, one who could put me right on a hundred points which had troubled my mind for many years, and which had ultimately caused me to abandon the Christian religion. I joined the Browning Society, and in the discussions which followed the reading of the papers I found the opportunity of having my doubts resolved, not by theological arguments, but by those suggested by Browning as 'solving for me all questions in the earth and out of it.' By slow and painful steps I found my way back to the faith I had forsaken."

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In introducing a lecturer on Browning, Mr. Edmund Gosse recently spoke of his own personal friendship with the poet, and said: "I am bound to tell you that I saw a different Browning from the hero of all the handbooks and 'gospels' which are now in vogue. People are beginning to treat this vehement and honest poet as if he were a sort of Marcus Aurelius and John the Baptist rolled into one. I have just seen a book in which it is proposed that Browning should supersede the Bible, in which it is asserted that a set of his volumes will teach religion better than all the theologues of the world. Well, I did not know that holy monster. Perhaps I was not good enough to know him. But what I saw was an unostentatious, keen, active man of the world, one who never failed to give good, practical advice in matters of business and conduct, one who loved his friends, but certainly hated his enemies; a man alive in every eager, passionate nerve of him; a man who loved to discuss people and affairs, and a bit of a gossip, a bit of a partizan, too, and not without his humorous prejudices. He was simple to a high degree, simple in his scrupulous dress, his loud, happy voice, his insatiable curiosity."

It is always interesting to know a poet's thought of a poet. In *Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century*, one finds the following gracious eponium of Tennyson, Shelley, and Wordsworth, which was written in 1843, by no less a poet than Elizabeth Barrett, afterwards Mrs. Browning :

"But Tennyson and Shelley more particularly, walk in the common daylight in their singing clothes ; they are silver voiced when they ask for salt, and say 'good morrow' to you in a cadence. They each have a poetical dialect ; not such a one as Wordsworth deprecated when he overthrew a system ; not a conventional poetical idiom, but the very reverse of it—each poet fashioning his phrases upon his own individuality ; and speaking as if he were making a language thus, for the first time, under those 'purple eyes' of the muse, which tinted every syllable as it was uttered, with a separate benediction.

"Perhaps the first spell cast by Mr. Tennyson, the master of many spells, he cast upon the ear. His power as a versifier is remarkable. The measures flow softly or roll nobly to his pen ; as well one as the other. He can gather up his strength like a serpent in the silver coil of a line ; or dart it out straight and free. Nay, he will write you a poem with nothing in it except music, and as if music were everything, it shall fill your soul. Be this said, not in reproach ; but in honor of him and of the English language, for the learned sweetness of his numbers. The Italian poets may take counsel and envy 'where Claribel down-lieth,'" From the last line we gather that even Mrs. Browning could not safely quote from memory. The above paragraphs are quoted verbatim from Mrs. Browning's manuscript, but the editor was on the alert and "down-lieth," became "low-lieth" before falling into the printer's hands.

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THOSE who have visited the Poet's Corner in Westminster will readily recall the surprise felt upon learning that no bust or tablet had been erected to the memory of Mrs. Browning. Within these (supposedly) sacred pre-

cincts much graven marble celebrates the virtues of estimable nonentities who, avowedly, have not the remotest claim to distinction in the world of art or letters, but the woman poet who stands supreme, whose spirituality gives her full rank with the best that England offers, whose muse is always true, singing as the bird sings, has therein no mark that her memory still lives. Of a truth Addison builded better than he knew when describing the Poet's Corner, as that place of "poets that have no monuments and monuments that have no poets."—There is a magnificent monument erected to Mrs. Browning in the English cemetery at Florence. In the Casa Guidi, the house wherein she wrote and died, bears over its portal a tablet upon which "grateful Florence" stamps in letters of gold its tribute to her, who "with golden verse linked Italy to England." And finally it may be written that her own country people have awakened to their special privilege in this connection. The townfolks of Ledbury, Herefordshire, near which Mrs. Browning lived from infancy to womanhood, and whose neighborhood is celebrated in *Aurora Leigh*, have about completed a fitting tribute to her memory. A handsome stone building, suitable for a free library, is almost finished. The cost will be £2300. Of this sum £1550 have been raised by subscription, and £750 will be needed to free the memorial from debt. An earnest appeal for assistance is made to America and subscriptions may be sent to Mr. C. W. Stephens, Hon. Sec., The Cross, Ledbury, or to the National Provincial Bank, Limited, Liddbury, Herefordshire, England.

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LILIAN WHITING, a distinguished member of the Boston Press, writes most delightfully of the last new opera, "The Scarlet Letter." The book of that name has been frequently described as the foremost American novel, and the opera will doubtless find permanent place in the repertoire of the lyric stage. The score is written by Damrosch, and the libretto—in three acts—by George Parsons Lathrop, the son-in-law of Hawthorne. The entire action of the play is laid (following the romance) within the

radius of a dozen blocks in Boston. The old jail where Hawthorne has his heroine imprisoned, stood on Cornhill; the courthouse had a full view of the harbour, which forms the back-ground to the first and third scenes, the second scene being that where Hester meets Arthur Dimmesdale in the forest—"a wild, deep glade, with a glow of sunshine in the distance, and mossy rocks, and a fallen tree, and exquisite grouping and glancing lights"—As the subject of the opera though wide as humanity, is also so local to Boston, we are prepared to learn that the first night called out an uniquely representative audience, as well as witnessed a resplendent triumph for the composer, the librettist, and the artists. That the scenic artist would recognize the necessity of giving an adequate representation of the forest is a foregone conclusion to all who have read "The Scarlet Letter." Before reaching this point in the romance the sympathetic reader is all but prostrated by the ever-recurring anguish of tortured souls. But the breath of the forest brings respite from pain, and that Hawthorne lingered lovingly within its influence is shown in oft-repeated description of its charms.

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THOMAS HOOD's "Song of the Shirt," was one of *Punch's* great successes. The particular incident by which the poem was suggested was the arrest of a woman, with a half-starved infant at the breast, charged at the Lambeth police court with pawning her master's goods, for which she had to give £2 security. Her husband had died by an accident, and had left her with two children to support, and she obtained by her needle, for the maintenance of herself and fam-

ily, what her master called the "good living" of seven shillings a week.

Of this poem, Mr. M. H. Spielman says in his "History of *Punch*," "The effect of its publication was tremendous. The poem went through the land like wild-fire. Nearly every paper quoted it, headed by *The Times*: it was the talk of the hour—the talk of the country. It went straight to John Bull's kind *bourgeois*, sympathetic heart, just as Carlyle declared that John Ruskin's truths had pierced like arrows into his. The authorship, too, was vigorously canvassed with intense interest. Dickens, with that keen insight and critical faculty which had enabled him almost alone among literary experts, to detect the sex of George Eliot, then an unknown writer, . . . was one of the few who at once named the writer of the verses. And it was well for Hood that he had proof of the authorship, for one of the most curious things connected with the poem was the number of persons who had the incomprehensible audacity to claim it. . . .

And so this song, which, in spite of its defects, still thrills you as you read, achieved such a popularity that for sudden and enthusiastic applause its reception has been rarely equalled. It was soon translated into every language of Europe—(Hood used to laugh, as he wondered how they would render 'Seam and Gusset and Band' into Dutch); it was printed and sold as catch-pennies, printed on cotton pocket-handkerchiefs; it was illustrated in a thousand ways; and the greatest triumph of all, which brought tears of joy to Hood's eyes, before a week was out, a poor beggar-woman came singing it down the street, the words set to a simple air of her own."

M. M. Kilpatrick.





BY M. I. HOSKIN.

THERE is, I think, something particularly joyous and hopeful about the spring season. After those long, bleak months of winter, with what relief and satisfaction do we see once again the budding signs of life in nature around us, and feel the milder winds that go whispering softly to the listening earth, awakening the hidden green blades of grass and the sleeping crocuses, that presently come shyly up to greet the rejuvenated world. Everywhere nature speaks to us of the "sure and certain hope of a resurrection," bidding us no longer despair and mourn, for behold, how life springs up from out of death, and sunshine follows oft upon the dreariest day.

And truly our hearts do seem lighter, more hopeful and more content, as we realize that "the winter is past, and the time of the singing of the birds is come." The robin has winged his way back; the sparrows are chattering and building their nests under the eaves; the black-birds' clear note comes from the budding cherry tree, where he swings himself in joyful anticipation of those late June days and the nodding, scarlet fruit. In the gaunt oak trees the crows croak solemnly, and the azure plumaged jay darts in and out with harsh, unmusical cry, and "every bird is building his nest in bower and tree," for spring has come. Spring, that with us is often so tardy and reluctant, for old Winter is very loth to die and be succeeded by his buoyant, sprightly son, impatiently though we

linger by his deathbed. It is not so in Western Canada—in the Province on the Pacific coast. There, long before dewy April, the yellow violets and the trilliums have carpeted the mountain sides; the silvery streams are dancing and singing down the green slopes; the pretty red eyebie is drooping on the bushes; and in the gardens the brown earth is being delved and the seeds scattered over it. Then, with early April the willows have budded, and the shrubs put forth their tiny leaves, and towards the end, the whole landscape shows one emerald gleam, and the air is sweet with the wafted perfume of blossoming trees, whose whiteness looks like drifted snow against the dark mountain sides, where may be found, with some climbing, purple violets, blue larkspurs, richly scented, feathery Solomon's seal, curious, brown snake-lilies, and wee, pale orchids hiding in the long grass of those silent uplands. The tender, green fronds of the maiden hair now nod over the heedless brooks; dainty mauve, wild sweet-peas and honeysuckles clamber up the shaded banks, and from among the dark firs gleam out the large, white flowers of the dog-lily bushes. And before the dawning of May it is "a sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure." The windows stand wide open, the curtains fluttering in the soft air; and you take your work out on to the sunny verandah, or your book and rug down under the trees, for even then the sun is at times unpleasantly strong. And you feel as

you look out on the sparkling river, loiter along the green lanes, and watch the twilight "fall so mistily" over the blue, majestic mountains, as the April dusk creeps down, that it is indeed good to live, and little need have you to sigh, "Oh, to be in England, now that April's there," when nature here comes with such a lavish, open hand, garbed in such radiant beauty. And in your heart of hearts, from sheer joy of living, you bid dull care depart, and "Sing to the Lord a new song," because that spring is here once more, and you are still left to enjoy it. And your song is one of thankfulness and praise to Him who hath made all this loveliness, though no words may issue from your lips. Yet a smile of perfect content breaks across them, as you rest by the green cliffs' side, and dreamily watch the Indian canoes glide down over the turbid, yellow waves, which break foamingly over some hidden boulder, and murmur restlessly and unceasingly against the rocky shore below. While above the swallows circle and dart in the still, golden air, and from afar-off comes the drowsy clank, clank of cow bells, and,

"Oh, but the world is fair, is fair,
And oh, but the world is sweet;
Let us out to the gold of the blossoming mould,
And sit at the Saviour's feet."

No words, but verse, I think, can adequately describe nature, ; and so as I began, I end.

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AFTER we had gone to press last month I learned that a memorial to Elizabeth Barrett Browning had been consummated at Ledbury, in the form of an institute and clock tower; thanks chiefly, to the efforts of Mr. C. W. Stephens. A photograph of it discloses a very handsome building in the perpendicular style, with quaint, dormer windows, the whole in perfect accord with the antique aspect and age of the town. It contains a large reading room, library, and lecture rooms, for the benefit of the public. The Institute was opened by Mr. Rider Haggard, who read an interesting paper on the life and writings of Mrs. Browning, and was presented with a golden memorial key.

Ledbury seems indeed the most fitting place for the erection of such a memorial, in that, for many years prior to her marriage, Mrs. Browning's home was at Hope End, on the outskirts of Ledbury, and that within its ancient Church of St. Micheal lie buried both her parents.

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THE existence in many of the English boarding schools for girls, of a most surprising disciplinary custom, namely, that of flogging, has recently been brought to light by an English journal. Letters therein, from both mistresses and pupils, testify to the truth of the statement. The girls bewail the indignity, the utter disregard to their feelings of modesty, and the gradual blunting of them, rather than the actual physical suffering. Some of the statements are sufficient to rouse one's warmest indignation. It seems almost incredible that big girls of sixteen should be whipped like, and in the manner of, little children, and that the parents should allow such a custom to exist. It is to be hoped that the disclosures given in that journal may be instrumental in exterminating effectually this shocking mode of punishment, all very well in moderation with little children, who can in no other way be controlled or taught to see their wrong doing, but not for older girls, I think we must all agree.

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TO MISS FRIEDA CASSIN belongs the honor of being the first editress of the West Indies. Besides editing the Antiquarian Magazine of Fiction, she has contributed to many of the English magazines, and has recently written a novel depicting life among the lepers of the West Indies. Concerning them, she writes in a late letter that till very recently there were leper barbers, milkmen and fruit sellers on the Islands, and that even now they roam about the country, spreading the disease, and thieving unmolested, as no one, as you may easily imagine, dares to interfere with them. Unfortunately, in the very midst of a bright career, Miss Cassin, now only 24, has fallen a victim to that insidious disease, consumption, which compels her, for the present at all events, to abandon all literary work.

QUITE a pretty story is told in connection with a Charity Bazaar, lately held in St. Petersburg, under the patronage of the Czarina. Among other things were some pictures for raffle, one being "Charity," by Berthier, the lucky drawer of which turned out to be a poor little girl. The Czar kindly offered, probably at the instigation of his sweet, young wife, to purchase it from her at its full value—an offer which was joyfully accepted. And now the little maid has a good round sum in her name in the bank, which, by the time she is grown up, will make her a fine dowry.

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THE coming Russian coronation promises to be a blaze of gorgeousness and wealth, with all barbaric and modern splendor of dress and appointments. The Czarina will be magnificently apparelled, and covered with costly jewels, among which is a necklet of huge diamonds with pendants of even larger size. The crown to be worn by the Czar is the one made for Catherine II., and is in the form of a mitre in silver, surmounted by a diamond cross in which is a priceless ruby, and is set round with pearls and diamonds. The sceptre belonged to that unhappy Paul, who was murdered by night by his ministers, and contains the famous Orloff diamond, so named after the favorite of that fickle and unprincipled Queen, Catherine II. The orb is of solid gold, and adorned with diamonds and brilliants, and a sapphire, worth alone a fortune. He will also wear the collar of St. Andrew's, valued at 100,000 roubles, in which are five pink diamonds. This last is worn only at coronations. In all probability his uncle and aunt, the Prince and Princess of Wales, will not be present, as their absence would materially affect the opening London season, and during that month the Princess is to hold a Drawing-room for the Queen. Besides, much of her time then will be taken up with preparations for the marriage of Princess Maud, which is to take place in June. The visit to Russia would necessitate nearly a month's absence, so that in all likelihood, all things considered, England will be represented by the Duke of Connaught.

AMONG the customs associated with Easter Day is that familiar one, popular in Russia, when, as the bells ring out their joyful clarion across the solemn midnight sky from every church and steeple, the assembled crowds turn and greet one another with a kiss and the salutation, "Christ is risen," to which comes the emphatic response, "He is risen, indeed." And so the glad tidings spread till the erstwhile silent, waiting city resounds with the exultant announcement that tells how "Death is swallowed up in victory." And the mind wanders back over some hundred years to that church of Damascus. We see through the dim glow the bowed heads of the waiting throng. Then, suddenly, one by one the lights spring up upon the altar. The Easter dawn has broken across the sky, and with a burst of ringing, triumphant melody, wells forth the noble strains, indited by their own patriarch, John, bidding

—"The heavens be joyful
And earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein."

Although without the walls gather the threatening, besieging hosts of Moslem, soon to sweep through their streets with uplifted, gleaming scimitars, and the dread, heart-chilling cry, "Allah Akbar," leaving death and wailing in their wake.

The custom, now dying out, as, alas! all good old customs are, of giving colored or "pasch" eggs, is observed by the Jewish Church at their Passover, and in England is recorded as far back as Edward I.'s reign. In Scotland, lads and lassies used to rise early and hunt for wild fowls' eggs, to find one of which was considered to bring good luck. Games were played with these gorgeously decorated eggs, which were looked upon as a type of the Resurrection.

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IN the North Counties, the men on Easter Day paraded the streets, claiming the privilege of lifting every woman they met three times from the ground, receiving in payment either a kiss or a silver sixpence, and, lastly, there existed once upon a time, a quaint superstition which solemnly declared that on this happy morn the sun danced in the sky, with

regard to which that charming versifier, Suckling, said in praise of some fair dame of long ago, that—

“Oh, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter Day
Is half so fine a sight.”

So, many a pagan custom, Christianized and adapted, may be found by a student of archeology, woven about this great festival of the Church, whose very name is itself a heathen adaptation and relic.

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THERE existed once, and not so very long ago, actually a female Guard of Honor. This strange and unique body-guard belonged to, and was formed by the Duchess de Berri, daughter-in-law to Louis Philippe. It consisted of the prettiest peasant girls obtainable, forty in number. They always accompanied the Duchess in her drives, the captain and lieutenant riding on either side of her carriage. When a halt was made they would dismount, and stand at their horses' heads, forming a very charming picture, these modern Amazons, in their uniforms of white cauchoise habits, chignons, and caps with lace lappets; in a background, like a scene from Watteau: of green meadows, far-off shadowy woods, and a gently, smiling landscape, basking in the clear, full sunshine, and gliding off toward white, beautiful Paris in the blue distance. A picture, that one of those frequent revolutions was soon to destroy, and with it the bright future and hopes of the unfortunate, young Duchess.

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It is refreshing in the midst of this work-a-day world, with its “needs and woes,” to learn that there still exist hearts that are “tender and true and tried.” That around some seeming commonplace life may be woven a sad, little romance, shrouded by the mist of years, but still fragrant and unfaded in the memory of him that loved, imbued with all the “tender grace of a day that is dead.” And to learn that one such gallant, faithful lover was to found in the late Prince Alexander of Prussia,

who recently died at the age of seventy-five. In early manhood he loved and wooed a beautiful maiden of low degree, but the head of the Royal House said “no,” it might not be. It was vain to plead, to argue, and too much did he love and honor her to seek to possess her in any other way, so he bowed his head to the stern decree, and bade her farewell forever. She eventually married, but he remained true to his life's end to this dream of his youth. With a slight difference his love-story was but a repetition of the life romance of a Royal ancestor. He too loved and was restrained. But this time the man wedded, the girl soon finding refuge in the grave where all alike are equal, and haunting memory is steeped in calm, unbroken sleep. Her favorite flower, the one she often wore, had been the common blue corn-flower that grows along the fields and hedges. And throughout his long life the heart-weary monarch loved and cherished it. To him it was ever associated with the only woman he had loved, who now lay hidden away under the mould, from all the bitterness and sorrow of this thing called life. You may see this flower woven in a screen that once was his. Truly “all heights are lonely!” He had wife and children, friends and councilors, and yet he dwelt forever alone in that great palace; she, that pale, young princess, was never there. The meanest subject with his sweetheart by his side, had truer happiness than these two Royal princes, envied as they were. But every heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a subtle irony lurks in that familiar saying, “as happy as a king.” Under the ermine and purple is hidden many a blighted hope and aching heart, for royalty is not exempted from those disappointments and baffled desires that chafe and fret their subjects. To them has been given the same power of loving and feeling as to commoner mortals, in that we all alike are sons of Adam, with his nature. Verily, it is often “better to be lowly born!”

M. I. Hoskin.

DOMINION OF AGRICULTURE

THE TEACHING OF AGRICULTURE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY EDWARD FARRER.

THE demand, which does not appear to have come from farmers, that in order to induce children to remain on the farm agriculture should be taught in the Public schools, has led the Minister of Education to introduce an elementary work on the subject as a school book. No harm can come from giving the farmer's child some idea of the why and wherefore of farm life and routine, although, to be frank, the curriculum is already elaborate enough, and there is danger that in attempting to teach too much we may teach nothing well. The Agricultural College, experimental farms, travelling dairy, farmers' institutes, etc., appear to be doing good work. Nevertheless, the agricultural population of the Province is at a standstill, for the simple reason that causes which cannot be overcome by increased knowledge have depressed prices and rendered agriculture unprofitable and unattractive as an occupation. The teaching of agriculture in the Public schools cannot, under the most favorable circumstances, carry the pupil very far, and when he leaves school he is just as like as not to turn to something else. The other day in England, a farm managed by two distinguished graduates of an agricultural college was sold by the sheriff. Farmers of the old school chuckled at their discomfiture, and repeated the joke about a farmer being a man who makes his farm support him, while the scientific farmer has usually to support his farm. Science, which is organized experience, is too precious a possession to be sneered at. No one can know too much about his calling. The accident to the graduates merely shows that agricultural colleges cannot banish low prices. The ailment of the Ontario farmer is low prices also, and till it disappears we can scarcely hope to induce children to remain on the farm by giving

them a homœopathic dose of science at the Public school.

When Congress gave several States and territories land scrip on condition that they should found colleges where, without excluding other scientific and classical studies, agriculture and the mechanic arts should be taught, President Eliot, of Harvard, President McCosh, and others took strong ground against the endowment by Government of institutions for superior or technical instruction. Their objections were set aside, and the State colleges, like our own at Guelph, have served the community well. There is now a department of agriculture at Washington, which, if it sometimes wastes money on "fads" and the dissemination of useless information, is, on the whole, of great use. Scotland, and there are no better farmers than the Scotch, has profited by the chair of agriculture at Edinburgh University and the lectures at Aberdeen. In England the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester was founded half a century ago, and the Government Board of Agriculture keeps a watchful eye on the farmer's interests. In France, Russia, Germany, Denmark and other parts of the continent there are agricultural schools and schools of forestry. But in all the agricultural schools and colleges, whether in America or Europe, the curriculum is of necessity far beyond the grasp of Public school children. How to dig and plough, sow and reap and perform the drudgery of the farm can only be learned by doing them. The professor cannot teach a practical farmer much about such matters. What he aims at, is to propagate scientific knowledge of subjects like stock-breeding, the nature of soils, the treatment of insect enemies, mechanics applied to agriculture, the chemistry of manures, the nutrition of plants, etc., with their numerous subdivisions; and

studies of this sort are too complicated and abstruse for a child. All the same, there is no harm in teaching a child something about the rudimentary principles of modern farming, provided it does not interfere with studies of more importance at that time of life.

A while ago I came across an elaborate "justification," as it was termed, written two hundred years ago, of the reproduction of the feudal tenure in Canada. The King wanted to fill the colony with settlers; what better way than to make grants to the seigniors and compel them to put settlers upon them at a nominal rent? To keep the settlers from disposing of their holdings and "induce them to assume the sedentary habits of the husbandman," it was wise to discourage sales by compelling them to pay the seigniors one-twelfth of the purchase money every time the farm changed hands. To inspire the settlers with respect for the King and his agents, the seigniors, the latter were appointed dispensers of justice; and as the settlers were too poor to erect grist mills it was an act of kindness to oblige the seigniors to erect them and empower them to take toll. The writer reasoned out the whole case quite ably. Only, being as unable as the rest of us to look into the future, he did not foresee the grave abuses to which the system ultimately gave birth. His notions of farming were, I suppose, those of his day and generation. Once the land was cleared, it was advisable to grow wheat year after year. There was a brewery at Quebec which used barley, but wheat paid best, and, in addition, "drew the bad humors from the soil, so that the longer one grows wheat the better the soil of this new country becomes, and consequently the larger the yield." The apple trees brought from France grew well in some parts, but it was not worth while trying to raise a garden, though, of course, potatoes should be grown. The cattle and sheep from France could not be improved upon. Small animals were best suited to the climate. Manure should be thrown in the river; it made the virgin soil "too high in temper," besides leaving a disagreeable odor. If the settler sowed a

little *sarrasin* (buckwheat) along the edge of the field it would prevent insects from attacking the wheat. If the crops failed he might be sure heaven was angry with him for something he had done or left undone. Representative institutions, such as existed in the English Colonies, were a source of danger. If the people at the extremities of the Empire were allowed to govern themselves, those in France would want to do so and there would be nothing but anarchy.

We have travelled a long way since then. In Quebec, thanks in part to the clergy, the farmer is beginning to know all about rotation of crops, silos and dairying. It will take time to educate the mass of the farmers out of their old methods, but a start has been made. Here in Ontario, there has been a marked improvement during the last twenty or thirty years in the farmer's knowledge as well as in his way of living. He reads more, meets his brother farmers more frequently to discuss points of farming, and is quick to lay hold of any sound idea emanating from the colleges. The great problem just now is cheaper production. The older provinces cannot compete in wheat with prairie soils, but they have saved themselves by taking to dairying, cattle-raising and fruit-growing. In these branches, however, prices have begun to fall and the struggle for the survival of the cheapest may soon become acute. We can hardly hope to instruct children how to produce cheese or fatten cattle at the minimum of cost, and, as already said, even if we could, we cannot stop them from deserting the farm for urban occupations so long as farming yields so meagre a return for the labor and capital employed in it.

With all respect for those better acquainted with the science of teaching, I venture to think that there is a tendency to teach too much in the Public school. The parent is put to considerable expense for books, but worst of all the child is overloaded and emerges from school a sort of jack of all subjects and master of none. This is not the fault of the Minister of Education, but rather the fault of a high-pressure age.

Edward Farrer.

EDITORIAL NOTES

AND COMMENTS.

IMPERIAL UNITY.

THE wave of imperialism which swept over England and the Empire recently, has revived the hopes and aims of those who a few years ago looked to a federation, at no distant date, of the colonies into one great Imperial Empire, with a federal parliament meeting at London.

Those who until recently were inclined to ridicule the Imperial idea, and to taunt its promoters with being sentimental dreamers who were carried away by a wild, fanciful chimera are, since the attention directed to the scheme by so practical a statesman as Mr. Chamberlain, now asking themselves whether the idea of an Imperial zollverein is as vapory as they at first supposed it to be.

There have been several practical suggestions offered by numerous parties embodying various plans of solidifying the Empire, among the most noted of which are those proposed by: first, the writer of a series of articles under the title, "One Queen, One Flag, One Fleet," in the London *Daily Graphic*, who signs himself "*Splendid Isolation*," which has now become quite a famous phrase; second, that proposed by Mr. McNeil in the Canadian House of Commons, advertising to the placing of a duty, by Great Britain and the colonies, of five per cent., over and above whatever tariffs may already exist, on all foreign importations from countries not within the empire; third, that advocated by Mr. Chamberlain, and looking to the abolition within the Empire of tariffs altogether, and the establishment of an absolute free trade between England and the colonies.

In regard to the first; the *Graphic's* correspondent, after computing the population of the British Empire at 402,000,000 souls, and alluding to the fact that this is over one-third of the human race of the globe, draws attention to the fact

that the burden of maintaining a navy sufficient to defend and protect this world-wide dominion of the seas, falls entirely at present upon the 40,000,000 of people residing in the United Kingdom, and asks the question whether it is not time the colonies were asked to take a hand in helping to keep up the defenses from which they receive so many advantages. He goes on to point out how the present system of recruiting the royal navy and army can be improved upon so that the privileges which are now enjoyed solely by the "Tommy Atkins," of the Imperial service, can be extended to "Tommy Atkins" wherever he is found within the Empire, and also how the service can be strengthened and improved, and the colonies given a voice in the control of it, so that it will become truly Imperial.

With a view to the financial consideration of the scheme, he suggests a means by which the colonies can be made to contribute to the common fund without adding a dollar of additional expense to their present liabilities. He calculates the present indebtedness of the various colonies at £470,000,000, the mean rate of interest on which is 3½ per cent., and the annual amount paid out in interest on the debt is, therefore, about £16,450,000. It seems, however, that England can borrow on more favorable terms than these—at 3 per cent., and even less. If, therefore, on the understanding that whatever amount was saved should go into the common defence fund, England should agree to assume the entire debt of the colonies, the sum raised in this way would be found quite sufficient to carry out the desired changes. The scheme of the *Graphic's* correspondent has received considerable attention in England, and a wide discussion followed the appearance of the articles.

The one weak point which will strike the people of this country is that commercial considerations are entirely lost sight of, or rather, that they have not apparently entered into the mind of the gentleman discussing the issue. To a commercial people like the inhabitants of the new world are of necessity, the business aspect is one which is apt to move the people of Canada more readily than any other.

Respecting Mr. Chamberlain's plan of an intercolonial free trade; it is altogether likely that the idea will not meet with much favor in Canada, where the people have become so pledged to the policy of protection as being peculiarly adapted to the needs of this country. Canadians can see no advantage in being allowed the freedom of a market that is already free to them; on the other hand they foresee the dangers with which their industries would be threatened if they were to allow the cheap labor of the old country to compete unrestrictedly with that of their own.

The plan of preferential trade enunciated by Mr. McNeil is one which is likely to obtain most favor in this country, because its adoption would affect beneficially, rather than otherwise, the trade of Canada. It is intended that the revenue forthcoming from the extra duty of five per cent. should be devoted to the establishment of defences in this country alone, each colony being allowed to retain the share of the revenue collected by it for its own needs and requirements of defence. As Mr. Chamberlain points out, however, this scheme is not likely to become popular in England, where the people are so enamored of free trade.

It would seem that if a compromise could be effected, the fruition of the scheme of closer relations between the mother country and the colonies were within reckoning distance.

The prominence which Mr. Chamberlain has given to the question of Imperial unity, and the notice which has been taken of it by the statesmen of Great Britain and of every portion of the Empire, stamps it as being worthy the serious consideration of every Canadian who has the interests of his country at heart.

THE ITALIAN
CRISIS.

The defeat of the Italian army operating in Abyssinia, and the consequent resignation of the Crispi ministry, have drawn the attention of the world to the real weakness of Italy as a fighting power, notwithstanding the grand military showing which that country can make on paper.

From all accounts, the ill-fated expedition against the Negus of Abyssinia was prompted by a desire on the part of Prime Minister Crispi to divert public attention from the mismanagement of the internal affairs of the nation by demonstrating the efficiency and the ability of the Italian army to perform such splendid achievements on the field of battle abroad as would offset, to a great extent, the shortcomings of the Ministry at home. It seems probable also that the Government was impelled additionally by that hunger for colonial expansion, which has become so general of late among most European nations. The successive defeats with which the army met have completely shattered all these hopes.

Before the last engagement, in which the Italians lost 5,000 men, 60 pieces of artillery and a large number of small-arms, the army had met with two severe defeats in the campaign, and the nations of Europe had begun to look with misgivings upon Italian arms, but the final engagement has had the effect of causing the powers of Europe to positively gaze with distrust at the army of Italy. It would seem as though that country's position as a party to the triple alliance were seriously imperilled. Germany and Austria are not inclined to view with favor the treating as an equal partner a power which can contribute little or nothing to the belligerent facilities of the coalition.

Italy's military system is at present on trial before the world; if she desires to regain her prestige and retain her place among European nations, she must fight until she has established her ability to win at least one important victory.

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It appears that the London *Times* has actually been accused of publishing "telegrams" from South Africa which had not been received at the office from which

"FAKE"
DESPATCHES.

they were dated. It is to the American press that we have been in the habit of looking for fake despatches in the past, but it is evident that the press of Great Britain do not intend to be outdone any longer by "Jefferson Brick" *et al.*

To those who are accustomed to taking the telegraphic despatches received from American sources *cum grano salis*, and to excuse their many inaccuracies with respectful admiration for the fertile imagination of the American editor, but who worship the *Times* to the same degree as the Persians adore the sun, it must be a rude awakening indeed, to find out that all their faith has been misplaced, and that even the great light of the journalistic planetary-system is fed occasionally with home-made despatches.

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DR. JAMESON'S
TRIAL.

THE reception by the British people accorded Dr. Jameson, who has been taken to England to stand his trial with others of his company, for participating in the Transvaal raid, has provoked an outburst of indignation and disapproval from the press of Great Britain and the continent. The Manchester *Guardian* says that Jameson and his men were received as if they were so many Havelocks and Gordons; it says: "The people should remember that these men have been brought to England to stand their trial for a crime." The Amsterdam *Hondesblad* gives vent to its feelings thus: "A large number of officers of the British army, with cannon and Maxim guns, invade a friendly state in time of perfect peace. Their life is given to them by a magnanimous enemy, they are sent to England to answer for their deed—and are received as heroes. May the British people harvest what they have sown when next a force of filibusters attack a peaceful people."

There are those in England, however, who, while deploring the raid and the

burst of enthusiasm shown by the mass of the English people, are, nevertheless, inclined to look upon the act of Jameson, as that, in a way, worthy of a Briton, whose offence is one more of a technical nature than otherwise. Among these is no less a personage than Mr. Stead.

The outside world does not believe that any serious punishment will be meted out to those who took part in the famous raid.

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ARCTIC
EXPLORATION.

DURING the last half of the month of February, the report which reached the civilized world, that Dr. Nansen, the sturdy Norwegian explorer, who left Christiania in 1893 in search of the North Pole, had accomplished his mission, and was then on his way back to Europe, caused considerable agitation in scientific circles. Although the report has not been confirmed, the interest in Arctic exploration has been kept warm by the discussion in the papers of the theories which various scientists have advanced concerning the possibility of the truth of the report, and by the visits with which we in Toronto have been favored by Lieut. Peary, of the U. S. Navy, who himself has commanded two expeditions to the North in search of the much sought pole. Concerning the likelihood of the Nansen report being correct, Lieut. Peary spoke with diffidence. In regard to the Swedish expedition, commanded by Andree, who hoped to reach the pole by means of a balloon, Lieut. Peary intimated that with the knowledge he had acquired from experience with the severity of the climate in a region where the thermometer often registered 60 degrees below zero, and the wind frequently blew a hundred miles an hour, he would not care to make the attempt in a balloon. The Jackson expedition, Lieut. Peary considers the most likely of the three to fulfil its purpose.