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THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF

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EDITED BY J. GORDON MOWAT.

VOL. II.

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Announcement.

(From Vol. 1, No. 1.)

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

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

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

Fiction, chiefly in the form of short stories touching Canadian life, will receive, with other contributions to light and wholesome entertainment, a considerable amount of attention. In short, the MAGAZINE will embrace a wide range of subjects, and appeal to a wide variety of individual tastes.

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

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

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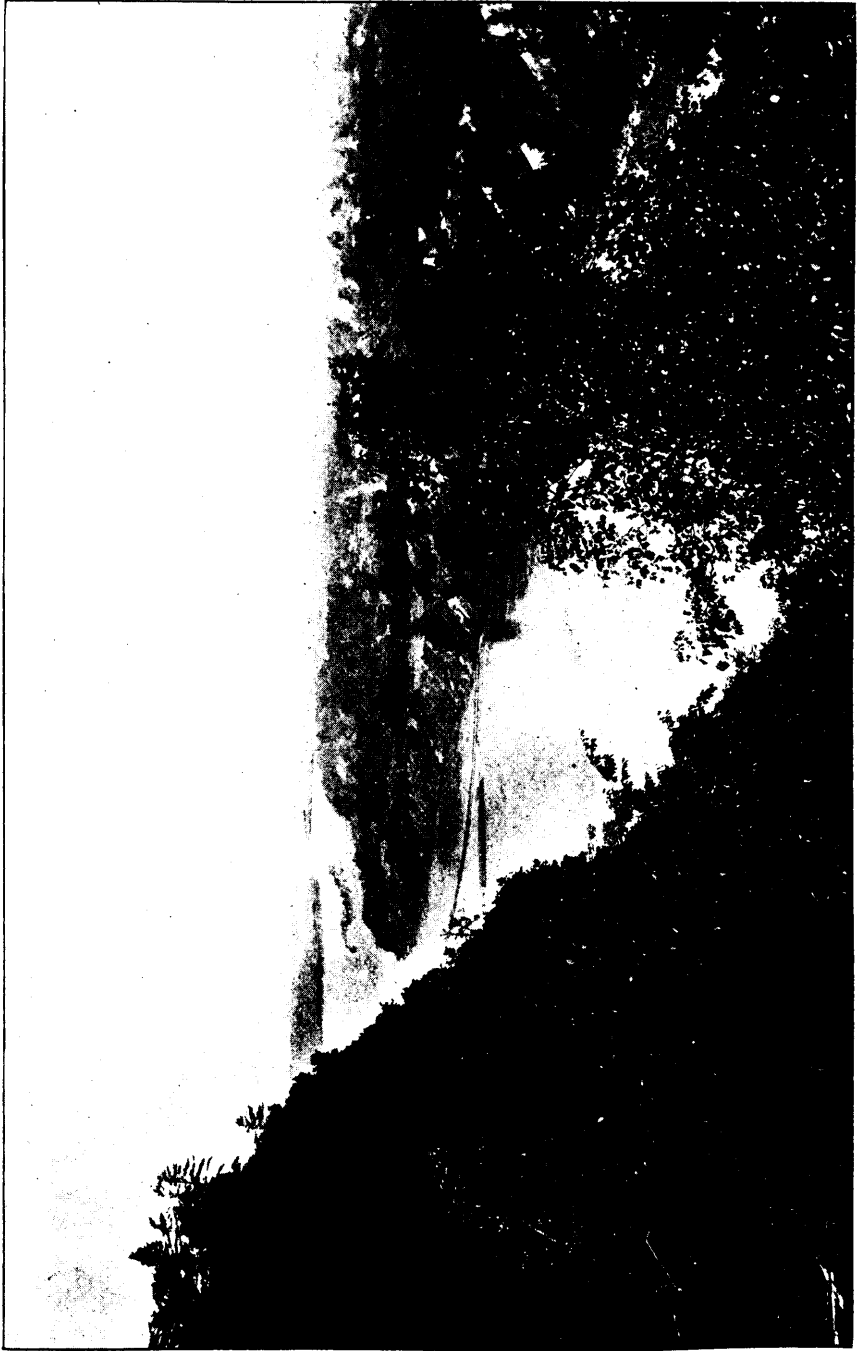
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No. 1.

STATE EDUCATION AND "ISMS."

BY W. D. LE SUEUR.

PROFESSOR BRYCE has done well in replying from his own point of view to the "readable and erudite article," as he styles it, of Mr. Ewart, entitled "'Isms' in the Schools," which appeared in the July number of this magazine. Seldom, in my opinion, has a more erroneous position been taken up on the subject of public education than that invented for himself by Mr. Ewart, and were it not that the question at issue is one which calls a great deal of passion into play, the common sense of the community might safely be left to do justice to that gentleman's paradoxes. As it is, it hardly seems to me superfluous, even after what Professor Bryce has written, to attempt a further brief exposure of the fallacies which Mr. Ewart has offered as his contribution to the Manitoba School Question.

The first part of the article is that which has won commendation for it as erudite, and consists of a passably long array of instances in which various authorities of more or less weight in the intellectual world had held and expressed erroneous views on a certain subject—to wit, toleration. After citing their several opinions, the writer asserts that Plato was wrong, that Pagan emperors and Christian ecclesiastics were wrong, that Hobbes and

Locke and Warburton were wrong, that Rousseau and Blackstone and Burke were wrong, that Paley was wrong; and then, turning round on the reader, asks him whether, like a kind good man, he will not admit that *he* also may be wrong. It seems to me that most of us would have been prepared to make the admission without the pressure of such a preamble; nor do I see how the preamble facilitates the admission in any degree, unless the catalogue of errors is intended to suggest that nothing but error is possible for mankind; in which case the admission demanded should have been not that we *may* be wrong, but that we *must* be wrong. It would have been just as easy, we may assume, for Mr. Ewart to have given us a list of right opinions held by Plato, Hobbes and the rest, and then, following a parallel course, he might have looked pleadingly into our eyes and asked us to admit that perhaps we too may be in the right. Why, indeed, we should be asked to affiliate our opinions upon all the errors of the past ages rather than on the true conclusions arrived at is not very apparent. As the case stands, we admit frankly, fully, and beyond recall, that we may be in error—that we may be just as wrong in our day as Plato ever

was in his or Burke in his, but we go no further. If we are asked whether, because we admit our fallibility, we are going to shun the responsibility of putting any of our opinions into practice, we answer decidedly "No." Better some line of action than none; the business of the world must be carried on.

Mr. Ewart reminds us that opinions are often inherited. So they are, and an inherited opinion, let me add, is better than no opinion. There never was a time in the history of the world in which men carried about with them only such opinions as they had made for themselves by observation, experience and reasoning; and if the future is destined to bring such a condition of things it will probably be a very distant future indeed. But what are we going to do about it? The only thing we can do is to use all the means in our power to vanquish prejudice in ourselves and others, and to perfect both our own knowledge and the general intelligence of the community, and then go ahead with some definite line of action.

The conclusion which Mr. Ewart draws from his preamble is one for which few of his readers not previously acquainted with his views can have been prepared. It may be expressed thus: Seeing that Plato and Locke and Burke and Paley all fell into more or less serious error, and that, like those illustrious men, we are all liable to blunder, it would be advisable to dispense with any general and uniform system of education and let each local group throughout the country wield the taxing power conferred by the school law for any purpose that may seem good to a decisive majority of them. The only proviso he throws in is that children must not "be allowed to grow up entirely illiterate." *Hoc salvo* he would have "every issue you can think of" taught in the schools provided that "the parents of all the children should be willing to have them there." In

stipulating thus for local unanimity he means, as he explains, "practical unanimity—not such as would make it necessary to include all mere eccentric or isolated opinion, of every ordinary or extraordinary sort."

Well, now let us get back to the fundamental theory of public school education. Imagine that in a given community there is no system of state education and that the disadvantages of such a condition of things are making themselves painfully felt. It is proposed to establish public schools and to support them by taxation. What all are agreed upon is that the children of the country should have better means of acquiring the elements of education as ordinarily understood. One would suppose, therefore, that there would be no difficulty in arranging a system of education to meet this special object; nor would there be if certain sections or elements of the population did not seek to take advantage of the new machinery for purposes entirely different from those primarily in view. But all at once come demands which virtually imply the capturing of the machinery of education for the advancement of various interests with which education in the general sense has nothing to do. All the "isms" clamor at once for recognition, and it becomes quite evident that education is going to be made a cloak under which a great many different secondary projects are going to seek sustentation and advancement. Upon reading, writing, arithmetic and geography, etc., as elements of education *all* are agreed; in regard to other matters there is no general agreement. Mr. Ewart's advice to the community under the circumstances is: "Well, start the taxing machinery anyway, and go and fight it out in your several localities. Choose your 'isms' by a majority vote, and let those who want education 'straight' and who cannot get it in the local schools, do the best they can. They may be very sensible peo-

ple in their way, more sensible, perhaps, than those who go in for the 'isms,' but if they are a minority they must suffer." That this is really Mr. Ewart's view there is no possibility of doubting. He speaks of "practical unanimity," but he must and does know perfectly well that if the legitimacy of "isms" as he understands the expression is once recognized no "practical unanimity" would be required for their introduction into a school. What power does he look to to check a school district which, dispensing with "practical unanimity," wants to introduce some fad into the school by a majority vote? If there is a power that should and could interfere in such a case might not that power equally pronounce a fad a fad, and forbid its introduction altogether?

But it is not for the fads or the "isms," as he himself calls them, that the writer in question is arguing. He has constructed an argument which requires him to champion the fads, but they are not his chief care. His chief care is the claim of an influential section of the community to use the public school system for the furtherance of the power and influence of their church. Plato was wrong and Hobbes was wrong and so were Blackstone and Burke, *ergo*, the Roman Catholics may possibly, or quite probably, be right in demanding that the taxing power should be given to them for a purpose altogether apart from education in the commonly understood sense of the word. It is hard to see why the argument should take this exact shape. Why might not Mr. Ewart's allocution, with its erudite preamble, have been addressed to the Roman Catholics, inviting them to recognize that, whereas the mighty dead had erred, *they* might be in error also? Alas, that would not have worked; for, while there is no difficulty in getting an admission of fallibility from *nous autres*, fallibility is precisely what the opposite side will not

acknowledge. Supposing now that on that simple ground we were to withdraw our acknowledgment of fallibility, saying to those who demand the taxing power for ecclesiastical purposes: "You are infallible, you say, or infallibly directed, which comes to the same thing. Well, we are going to be infallible too, *pro hac vice*. We don't believe in our infallibility one bit, but we can't afford not to be infallible when you are." I fail to see wherein it would be in the least unjust or unreasonable if the opponents of the Catholic claims took up this position, but fortunately there is no need for them to do so. It is sufficient to take their stand on the broad ground that the power of the state should not be used to advance religious opinions peculiar to one section of the population.

We may be met here by the argument that the power claimed is a limited power, that taxes are only to be taken from those who are willing to pay them and have them applied in the specific manner proposed. To this the reply is, that though the scope of the power is limited, the power itself is the power that belongs to the State as a whole, while the purpose to which it is to be applied is not one in which the State as a whole has any interest. Let us get back to the question. Is or is not ignorance in relation to the ordinary branches of secular knowledge an evil which the power of the State should be used to combat? Upon this point I am myself a bit of a heretic, not believing as devoutly in the need for State interference as is the almost universal fashion to-day. But that is neither here nor there: the verdict of the country on the point is a powerful and practically unanimous affirmative. Catholics as well as Protestants say "Yes, the power of the State is required for that purpose." The State may therefore be said to get a mandate to establish secular schools. Does the State get any similar mandate to teach

theology in the schools, or to place the schools in the hands of those who will teach theology? Most unquestionably it does not. It gets from a part of the community a demand to have their own theology taught in the schools; but the answer to that, and a sufficient answer as it seems to me, is that there is no *national demand* for the teaching of theology, nor is there any one theology that could be taught, and that, therefore, so far as the State schools are concerned, theology shall not be taught in them, nor any "ism" not approved by the people at large. How impossible it would be to obtain the passage of any general law specifically providing for the teaching of different kinds of theology in different sections of the country it is needless to point out; but if so, why should that be done *indirectly* which could not be done directly—which would not even be proposed or hinted at as a desirable policy? Surely the State has a right to say: "Teach all the theology you like, and all the 'isms' you have a fancy for, but do not ask that the schools which have been established for the great national purpose of teaching branches of knowledge which *all* agree are not only useful but necessary, shall be made subservient to the propagation of your peculiar ideas in these matters.

This seems to be the proper place to remark that Mr. Ewart's idea of handing over local minorities to local majorities without any check from the general law of the land would, if carried into effect, simply mean political disintegration and local tyranny of the most odious kind. A recent writer, Mr. Wordsworth Donisthorpe, has treated this subject of local legislation very instructively. "If local authorities," he says, "are to be permitted to legislate independently, it is clear we are brought back to the original position of local anarchy."* Under such a condition of things the indi-

vidual citizen, instead of enjoying the full measure of rights which his position as a free member of the whole community, whether province or nation, entitles him to, has these rights cut and trimmed according to the good pleasure of his neighbours. He wants his children taught to read, write and cipher; but his neighbors say that his children shall not be taught these things unless he is willing to have them indoctrinated at the same time in some "ism" or fad. Mr. Donisthorpe neatly exposes the fallacy of those who hold that local majorities ought to rule in matters of this kind. "The right of a majority in a locality," he observes, "is not based on the superior force of the majority in that locality, but on the superior force of the effective majority in the country of which it is a part, which force is *delegated* to the numerical majority or other portion of the inhabitants of the said district. . . . Thus the local majority has no more right to act on its own initiative than the local minority, or than the policeman who carries out the will of the State." Should the State think fit, he adds, to enact that the will of a majority in a given district shall *in all things* prevail, "the process, to whatever extent it is carried, is one of political disintegration." It is also a process fatal to any broad conception or full enjoyment of individual liberty. Imagine for one moment, if we can, a country given over to "isms" or fads, not held as matters of private speculation or individual practice, but enforced by multitudinous local laws! Mr. Ewart invokes a reign of "isms" in the name of liberty: he should have done it in the name of tyranny. Liberty consists in being as little governed as possible, and in having the largest possible scope left for private initiative; whereas the policy suggested implies an intolerable quantity of government to a mere pennyworth of individual freedom. Liberty consists not in the power to make

* "Individualism: A System of Politics." Page 25.

other persons do your will, but in being able to prevent other people imposing their will on you. When Mr. Ewart pleads, therefore, for power to local majorities to introduce any variations they like into public school education he is pleading for tyranny, not for liberty. The minorities in the case supposed are not seeking to impose their will on the majorities because *what the minorities want the majorities want also*, nor is the majority in the country at large agreed upon anything else than just what the local minorities are conceived as wanting—the simple elements of secular education. The local minorities, therefore, those who do not want the fads, stand—as Mr. Ewart places the case before us—for liberty, and the local majorities (supposing them to want the fads) for tyranny.

The public school system, we cannot too frequently remind ourselves, derives its authority from an assumed national admission that popular education should be the care of the State. It is possible that if the Government of Manitoba stands firm in not consenting to have theology mixed up with State education, a portion of the community may withdraw their assent from the proposition and say: "No; education, we now find, is not a matter with which the State should meddle, because it cannot be satisfactorily given under State auspices—at least, not to *our* satisfaction. We therefore no longer join in the demand for State education." What course should the State take in such a contingency? My own opinion, in which I know many who will have followed me thus far with approval will not concur, is that in such a case those who with-

drew their adhesion to the demand for State education, if at all a considerable body, should be allowed to count themselves out, and should be both exempted from taxation for school purposes and excluded from the benefits accruing therefrom. School laws are passed because the people demand them, and a legislature has no warrant for passing them apart from a popular demand. If, then, the demand ceases throughout a large section of the community, should schools, and taxation for schools, still be forced on that section? I cannot see that they should. At least, the only case in which they should, would, in my humble opinion, be when the resulting ignorance—if ignorance resulted in the section concerned—became a clear and specific source of danger to the rest of the community. It would not be right, however, to presume that ignorance would result, nor should any rash theorizing be indulged in as to the effects of an ignorance not yet a developed fact. I plead for liberty, not the liberty to seek out "isms" and get them imposed by rough-shod majorities upon prostrate minorities, for I am too much impressed by Mr. Ewart's preamble for that; but I plead for liberty in the sense of the lightest and simplest and least intrusive form of government consistent with social order, and the largest possible exemption for all of us from legalized fads and "isms" and theologies. We can make or choose all these things for ourselves, and enjoy them privately to the top of our bent; but why in the name of common sense and common justice should we seek to impose them by force upon others?



PLEBISCITE.

BY EDWARD MEEK.

IN the August number of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE, the Hon. Mr. Ross argues in favor of the plebiscite. He thinks such questions as "The Confederation of the Canadian Provinces," "The Abolition of Negro Slavery in the United States," and "The Settlement of Home Rule for Ireland," might have been advantageously submitted to popular vote, and that the results would have been more satisfactory than those now arrived at.

In his opinion, if Confederation had been referred to the people, "unity of feeling would have had an earlier and more vigorous growth." Few people, acquainted with Canadian history during the past quarter of a century, will agree with Mr. Ross in this view.

If the simple question of Union had been submitted to the people, they would probably have rejected it, not knowing the terms and conditions of the proposed Union; but if it had carried, the vote would have meant nothing. The details of the Confederation Act, like those of many other laws, are more important than the principle of Union. The draft agreement could not have been submitted and voted on intelligently as a whole. The mass of the voters would not have comprehended, and could not, by any practical educative method, be made to comprehend its numerous provisions. Those electors capable of intelligently considering and understanding the clauses, could not eliminate the objectionable parts, from the parts meeting their approval. Each elector would be obliged to vote for or against the measure as presented. It is therefore probable that if the question of Canadian Confederation, in any form, had been submitted to the popular vote, it would not have carried, and the Union

of the provinces would have been indefinitely postponed or entirely defeated.

Again, if an amendment to the Federal Constitution, abolishing negro slavery, had been submitted to the people of the United States—the solid south and the northern democrats combined would most undoubtedly have defeated it. Any such proposition would have been completely snowed under; even the negroes themselves would have been influenced to vote against it. But any one acquainted with the political condition of the United States, at the commencement of the secession contest, knows that it was not possible to have any such question submitted. Had it not been for the war, the emancipation of the colored race would not have taken place in our century, and slavery would probably have continued to root itself more deeply in American soil.

Mr. Ross thinks the House of Commons could have said, "We will have a direct vote on the question of Home Rule," and had this course been adopted, "many a weary hour spent in acrimonious debate" could have been devoted to other business.

All that can be said against the application of the plebiscitary method to the settlement of Canadian Confederation, applies with greater force to the question of Home Rule for Ireland. The majority of the British people would most certainly have voted against the principle; and even the Irish electorate would not have voted in its favor, leaving it to the British Parliament to arrange and settle the details. How could so radical and intricate a constitutional measure, which occupied eighty six days of parliamentary time in the consideration of only a

few of its clauses, have been placed before the people in such a manner that its provisions would be understood by them, and so as to enable them to give an intelligent vote upon it? Even if it were possible to remove from the popular mind long-standing and deep-rooted prejudices, and to educate it to a reasonable comprehension of so great a constitutional change, how could voters have signified their approval of some of the clauses, and their disapproval of others? How could each individual make known what alterations, additions and amendments he desired? But assuming all these difficulties surmounted, and the popular views obtained, such views would be so numerous, so varied, and so antagonistic, that no useful legislation could be based upon them.

If it is said there are no party considerations to influence the voters, it is replied that there is no party antagonism to create discussion.

It is not objected to the plebiscite that it is un-British; the objection is that it is unparliamentary, and subversive of the parliamentary system. Popular legislation is not necessarily progressive legislation. It is quite likely to be the reverse.

Mr. Ross compares the plebiscitary method to a jury trial. "Instead of a jury of twelve, it is a jury of the nation," he says, but the cases are not parallel. The jury of twelve hear all the facts of the case; they hear all the evidence; they are instructed by the addresses of trained counsel. Finally, they hear the charge of an impartial and experienced judge. They then deliberate and decide. And who compose the jury? Not men taken at random from the mass—the interested, the prejudiced, the unfit are made to stand aside.

The plebiscite removes the responsibility from the representatives, but it does not make the individual electors responsible to any one. Parliament is responsible to the nation—but the masses—who are they responsible to?

The plebiscite is not educative in the highest degree. In the nature of things, it cannot produce as much discussion or as valuable educational results as the debates by experienced statesmen in parliament.

Scarcity of argument will, perhaps, excuse the grave citation of the settlement of a site for a country school-house and the adoption of a local improvement by popular vote, as reasons in favor of a resort to the plebiscite. In any view of the case, the resort to the plebiscite cannot elevate the standing of the government in the estimation of right-thinking people.

Our constitution makes no provision for legislation by popular vote. Whatever legislative powers we are clothed with, as a provincial corporation, are vested in the legislative assembly. Hence it comes to this,—either the legislature had power to pass a prohibitory liquor law, or it had not. If, under our constitution, it possesses such power, then the matter should have been dealt with by the government and legislature; and a resort to the plebiscite was not only unparliamentary, but unnecessary.

It was a timid shrinking from responsibility. It evinced an unworthy desire to escape from the possible consequences of legislating upon a question which might endanger the existence of the government.

If, on the other hand, the provincial legislature had no power to deal with the question, then it had no power to submit it to popular vote, and the electorate have no power to deal with it, when submitted to them by the provincial government. No legislation can be based upon the vote after it has been taken. In the nature of things, the Dominion Parliament cannot pay any heed to it. The taking of the vote will, therefore, in any view of the case, be worse than useless.

If the legislature possesses no constitutional power, it should not have meddled with the question at all. If, on the other hand, it possesses

powers to take a plebiscitary vote it possesses power to legislate upon it, and its failure to do so is a failure to perform the trusts and duties committed to it by the constitution and people of this province.

The plebiscite is not only unknown to the British constitution; it is subversive of parliamentary government. It is, however, a device resorted to for correcting the errors and overcoming the difficulties occasioned by written constitutions. Its consideration involves a consideration of the fundamental principles of existing modes of government. On the one hand we must inquire, What is parliamentary government? On the other, What is republican government? We must necessarily compare the two systems, as exemplified in their practical operations, and ascertain, as far as we can, which best serves the political purposes of a stable, yet progressive, civilized society.

In a short article, it is impossible to do more than outline the direction such inquiry should take, and the salient points of such comparison.

The terms "Referendum" and "Plebiscite" mean the adoption by the electorate of constitutional principles of government and legislation. The words, as well as the methods they represent, are unknown to the British constitution, and have not been in use in any of the British Colonies.

Referendum originated in Switzerland, and is confined to that country. *Plebiscitum* is of more ancient origin, having been applied during the Roman Commonwealth to laws passed by the *plebs*—the common people. Its derivative, "Plebiscite," has heretofore been only used in France. There is no essential distinction between these terms. They are practically synonymous. They mean the submission of a principle of government, a constitutional limitation, or a proposed law, to the electorate for sanction or ratification. The proposed law, principle, or limitation, may have originated in an

existing legislative body, or the demand for its adoption may have come by petition from the people. The methods of submission in different countries vary. The result is the same. The approval or disapproval by the electorate of the proposed law, limitation, or principle is obtained.

There are broad and radical differences between parliamentary government, as it is carried on in England and the British Colonies, and republican government, as it exists in France, Switzerland, and the United States. Republican governments must have a foundation to build upon. A *constitution* of some kind must be established as a starting point. Such a constitution is usually prepared by representatives elected to a constituent assembly, and afterwards submitted to the people for ratification. The government derives its force and authority from the constitution. The legislative, judicial, and executive machinery works according to the rules and within the limits prescribed by it. Any amendment must be sanctioned by the electorate. A constitution is, therefore, a necessary part of the political organization of a republic. Mr. Justice Story says: "A constitution may be defined to be a fundamental law or basis of government." The American and English Encyclopedia of Law defines it: "An agreement of the people in their individual capacities, reduced to writing, establishing and fixing certain principles for the government of themselves."

As applied to the United States of America, constitution is defined: "The written instrument agreed upon by the people of the Union, or of any one of the States, as the absolute rule of action and decision for all departments and officers of the government, in respect of all points covered by it, which must control until it shall be changed by the authority which established it, and in opposition to which, any act or regulation of any such department or officer, or even of the people

themselves, will be altogether void."

It is clear, from the above definitions, that a constitution is something which is settled and fixed; defining, limiting and circumscribing every department and every power of the government. Legislation, as well as administration, is confined within certain limits. Congress can only make laws within the boundaries erected by the constitution. The executive can only administer on the lines marked out by the constitution. Such constitutions have no elasticity, they are inert and rigid—they are dead from their birth. It is manifest that none of these constitutional definitions can apply to or describe the parliamentary organization and government of Great Britain or of the British Colonies. Where the parliamentary system of government prevails, there never has been, and cannot be, a constitution in the above sense. It would not be in harmony with the nature of parliamentary institutions. A written constitution would be anomalous. Parliamentary government is peculiarly Anglo-Saxon. In its modern development it is peculiarly British. The parliamentary government of England is unique. The three elements of which it is composed—King, Lords and Commons—combine both the legislative and executive functions of government. The parliament exercises both together.

The fusion of the legislative and executive powers in a parliamentary government is effected by means of a committee called the "Cabinet" or "Ministry." The cabinet is a committee of the legislative body, selected to be an executive body. A cabinet may be described as a board of control, chosen by the legislature from persons whom it knows and trusts—to rule the nation. The head of the cabinet—the Prime Minister—is an elective first magistrate, as truly as the President of a republic is an elective first magistrate.

Mr. Walter Bagehot, in his "Eng-

lish Constitution," compares the two systems, thus:—"Parliamentary government may be called *Cabinet Government*, and republican government, *Presidential Government*. The fusion and combination of the legislative and executive powers is the specific quality of cabinet government. The independence of the legislative and executive powers is the specific quality of presidential government. The powers of the cabinet, for the time being, are dictatorial and supreme. It makes the laws it wants, and it enforces the laws which it makes. Presidential government can only enforce laws enacted by another power. The persons who have to do the work are not the same as those who make the laws. The executive is crippled by not getting the laws it needs, and the legislature is spoiled by having to act without responsibility. Cabinet government educates the nation. Presidential government does not educate it, and may corrupt it. Under cabinet government, criticism of the administration is as much a part of the policy as the legislation itself. The great scene of debate,—the great engine of popular instruction and political controversy, is the legislature. The speeches in the legislature by eminent statesmen, on questions of legislation and administration, are the best means yet known for arousing, enlivening and teaching the people. The cabinet system insures such debates. It makes them a means by which statesmen advertise themselves for future, and confirm themselves in present governments. It brings forward men eager to speak, and gives them occasions to say. Everything which is worth saying, everything which ought to be said, most certainly will be said. The nation is forced to hear two sides of those matters which most concern it. It takes an interest in the combat—it likes to hear and is eager to know. Human nature dislikes long arguments which come to nothing, heavy speech-

es not followed by a motion, abstract disquisitions which leave things where they were. But all men heed great results, and a change of government is a great result. Debates which have momentous consequences at the end of them, are sure to be listened to, and sure to sink deep into the national mind. Whether the government will go out or remain in, is determined by the debate and by the division in parliament, and public opinion has a great influence on that division. The nation feels that its judgment is important, and it strives to judge.

"Under a presidential government, a nation has, except at the electing moment, no influence. It has not the ballot boxes before it. The government has been elected for a definite period—the nation must wait till its instant of despotism again returns. It is not incited to form an opinion, like a nation under a cabinet government, nor is it instructed like such a nation. The debates may be eloquent, but there is nothing of catastrophe about them. You cannot turn out the government. The prize of power is not in the gift of the legislature, and no one cares for the legislature. The executive—the great centre of power and place, sticks there immovable. You cannot change it in any event. The same difficulty oppresses the press, which oppresses the legislature. It can do nothing—it cannot change the administration. The executive was elected for a certain number of years, and for such years it must last. At a political crisis, when the fate of an administration is unfixed—when it depends upon a few votes yet unsettled—upon wavering opinion—effective articles in great journals become of essential moment. A division of the legislative and executive in presidential governments, weakens both. The division enfeebles the whole aggregate force of government—the entire Imperial power. In a parliamentary government, a strong cabinet can obtain a concurrence of the legislature in all acts which facilitate

its administration. It is, itself, in a sense the legislature. But the President may be hampered, and is likely to be hampered by the legislature. In the presidential system, the executive power has an antagonist in the legislative power. The legislature seeks to enforce its will, and the executive seeks to enforce its will."

The governing will of the nation is a double will, and the two are antagonistic.

Under the parliamentary system, the cabinet is elected by the legislature. The members of the legislature are mostly elected because they will vote for a particular ministry, rather than for purely legislative reasons. In a republic, the electoral college ballots for a President, and then dissolves. It is *functus officio*. In a parliamentary government, the legislature does not separate like the electoral college of a republic. After it has elected its Prime Minister, it watches, legislates, seats and unseats ministers from day to day. It is therefore a real electoral body. A good parliament is also a capital choosing body. Its majority represents the general average intelligence of the country. Such a body is the best selector of executives that can be imagined. It is full of political activity, it is close to political life. It feels the responsibility of affairs which are brought, as it were, to its threshold.

The supreme power resides in the people—not in the numerical majority, but in a chosen people—a picked and selected people. At a sudden emergency, this people can choose a Premier or a ruler, for the occasion, possessing the great qualities, the rapid energy, the eager nature, fit for such an emergency.

But under the Presidential government you can do nothing of the kind. At a quick crisis, the time when sovereign power is most needed, you have a President, elected for a fixed period, and a congress, elected for a fixed period—and immovable during that period.

These are arrangements for stated times. There is no elastic element, everything is rigid; come what may, you can quicken nothing, you can retard nothing. You have bespoken your government in advance, and whether it works well or ill, and whether it is what is wanted or not, you must keep it.

Parliament is a living, changing organism. It is the wisdom and force of the nation concentrated, and the representative or apex of that wisdom and force is the cabinet or ministry. It is supreme and omnipotent. It is the constitution—a living constitution. It is a law unto itself as well as the lawmaker and governor of the nation. It can change its own constitution. It has done it. King, Lords and Commons are none of them the same powers they were a century ago. If George III. returned to the throne, he would be as unfamiliar with the present parliamentary system, as the pioneer of a century ago, would be with Toronto to-day.

Sir Edward Coke said,—“The power and jurisdiction of the parliament is so transcendent and absolute that it cannot be confined either for causes or persons, within any bounds.”

Mr. Broom says,—“Parliament can do anything that is not naturally impossible. It can change and create afresh, even the constitution of the kingdom and of parliaments themselves.”

And the cabinet wields and directs all the powers of parliament. But I do not agree with many of Mr. Broom's laudations. The old theoretical classification of government into three kinds,—Monarchy, Oligarchy, and Democracy,—has no meaning in modern times. The British Constitution (so called) is not a combination of these three. The three kinds of government do not represent power, wisdom and virtue, and never did; neither do King, Lords and Commons. It is not the happy fusion of these three, or the supposed equilibrium

produced by such fusion, that constitutes the glory and strength of our parliamentary system. All such statements are misleading. The centre of governmental power has shifted and changed from point to point, and from one class to another. It has not been “slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent.” The changes have been sudden and the intervals great.

The glory of the parliamentary system is,—that it does not possess, does not require, and cannot be limited by, a written constitution. A constitution is the iron shoe which produces the adult cripple. It is a straight jacket, restraining the motions of sane people.

Mr. Bryce, in his *American Commonwealth*, says,—“The difficulties and defects of legislating by a constitution are obvious enough. The people cannot be expected to distinguish carefully what is, and what is not proper for a fundamental instrument—there arises an inconvenient as well as an unscientific mixture and confusion of private law and administrative regulation, with the frame of government and the general doctrines of public law. The practice of placing in the constitution, directions to the legislature to legislate in a certain sense or for certain purposes,—embarrasses a legislature in its working, by raising at every turn, questions of its competence to legislate, and of the agreement between its acts and the directions contained in the constitution.”

“When matters for ordinary statutes are put into a constitution the difficulty of correcting mistakes and supplying omissions is increased. *The process of amending a constitution, even in one particular, is slow, and neither the legislature nor the people willingly resort to it. Hence blunders remain and are tolerated which a country possessing a sovereign legislature would correct the next session.* In some states it requires a majority of all the qualified voters to

change or amend the constitution. It often happens that the requisite majority cannot be obtained, owing to the small number of those who vote. Even grave evils sometimes and in some States become practically irremovable, because the most of the people cannot be induced to care enough about the matter even to come to the polls. *The tendency is more and more to remove legislation from the legislatures and entrust it to the people.*"

Written constitutions are obstructive in their character. They are out of harmony with the every-day political wants of society, especially a growing, changing society. As soon as adopted, they begin to become a thing of the past. They begin to grow old from birth. A constitution can only be useful in the future to the extent to which its framers could foresee and provide for future wants and future exigencies.

There seems no valid reason why the electorate in republics could not elect and constitute a representative assembly, clothed with all the legislative and executive powers possessed by a parliament. There is no reason why this cannot be done. Then why have constitutions been framed? Why has the legislative been separated from the executive power? There are several causes. 1. Most of the people constituting republics are descendants of those who, at some period of their history, experienced the tyranny of absolute centralized power. They are jealous and suspicious of all governments, and their constitutions have been established as safeguards against the encroachments of absolutism. The underlying idea is that those placed in authority shall be limited and restrained. 2. The constitutions of the old Greek and Roman City Commonwealths have, to some extent, been taken as models. In these, the laws were adopted by the votes of the free citizens in their assemblies. Socrates says, "That is law which the people

agree upon in their public assemblies and afterwards cause to be promulgated in a proper manner, ordaining what ought and what ought not to be done."

3. The nature of the mass of mankind has changed little from the rude times of our Teutonic and Celtic ancestors. In those barbarous tribal times the people elected rulers and adopted laws in their tumultuous assemblies.

The representative parliamentary system is the result of the scientific evolution of government. Plebiscitary legislation is a reversion to the simple methods—the ancestral type of by-gone ages.

These reasons, and the cramping effects and necessarily defective nature of all written constitutions, have caused modern republics to resort to the referendum or plebiscite. Their short-sighted, defective constitutions require alterations and amendments—such alterations and amendments must be made by the people. The plebiscite or referendum in the United States differs from the Swiss form in the fact that it is resorted to not for the sake of confirming an act of the legislature but of deciding whether a particular principle of government or species of legislation shall be adopted, or a specific amendment or change made in the existing constitution. But the principle is the same. It is a transference of legislative authority from a representative body chosen and selected for the purpose of performing the work of government and legislation to the voters at the polls.

Mr. Bryce says, "As the republic went on working out in theory and practice these conceptions of popular sovereignty and of democracy, the faith of the average man grew stronger; his desire, not only to rule but to rule directly in his own proper person, more constant. Even in state affairs they made it an article of faith that no constitution could be enacted save by the direct vote of the citizens.

"Concurrently with the growth of

these tendencies there has been a decline in the quality of state legislatures and in the legislation which they turned out. The legislatures were regarded with less respect; they inspired less confidence. The people had the further excuse for superseding the legislature for fear it would neglect or spoil the work they desired to see done. *The state legislatures fell in with the tendency, and promoted their own supersession. They are extremely timid, easily swayed by any active section of opinion, and afraid to stir when placed between the opposite fires of two such sections as, for instance, the prohibitionists and the liquor sellers. They have begun to refer to the popular vote matters clearly within their own proper competence, such as the question of the liquor traffic, the creation of free schools, etc.* New York has referred the question of whether the products of prison labor shall be allowed to come in competition with the products of free labor."

The demerits of this plan of legislation are stated by Mr. Bryce as follows: "*It tends to lower the authority and sense of responsibility in the legislature.*"

"It refers matters needing much elucidation by debate to the determination of THOSE WHO CANNOT, ON ACCOUNT OF THEIR NUMBERS, MEET TOGETHER FOR DISCUSSION, AND MANY OF WHOM MAY HAVE NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT THE MATTER."

"These considerations will, to most Europeans, appear decisive against it. The proper course is to improve the legislatures. The less you trust them, the worse they will be. **THEY MAY BE IGNORANT, YET THEY ARE NOT SO IGNORANT AS THE MASSES.**"

Thus, we see the plebiscite is yearly causing the state legislatures to sink more and more into insignificance. The people are losing all interest in them. The feeling of suspicion with which they were regarded is changing into one of contempt. Indifference and

neglect are growing stronger every year. More and more the legislation is being done by direct popular vote. The people are interested only in the administration. The people and the executive are more and more engrossing the whole of the public attention. It is the condition of the Roman Commonwealth during the last century of its existence—minus the army. Anarchy and despotism—twin principles—always associated—are developing side by side; the outcome in this case will be the same as it has always been, and must necessarily be. An increase in the army will become necessary, and despotism will come out on top. The tyranny of the mob will be replaced by the milder tyranny of a single individual. The two institutions which are working towards such a result are the constitution and the plebiscite. The constitution made the plebiscite popular. The plebiscite has paralysed the legislatures, and is undermining every principle of responsible representative government. Individual independence and self-government have grown excessive. The idea of government responsibility is being blunted and destroyed.

Guizot says: "Civilization, in its most general idea, is an improved condition of man, resulting from the establishment of social order, in place of the individual independence and lawlessness of the primitive or barbarous life.

"AUTHORITY SHOULD BE PLACED IN THE HANDS OF THE MOST CAPABLE AND THE MOST WORTHY, AND SHOULD REMAIN THERE."

The political organization should be such as to allow of the transmission, from age to age, of the political and governmental experience already gained. Thus the common stock will grow, and be augmented at every epoch.

The great mass of the people have not the time, the means, nor the education to become accurately informed as to what kinds of legislation are most beneficial for, and most required by, the

nation at large. The majority of the electors are more or less influenced by selfish motives, local ideas, and narrow prejudices. Individually they are not, and cannot be, the best judges of national matters and requirements.

On the other hand, the men selected for members of parliament are usually above the average mass in intelligence, education, and political experience. In parliament they necessarily acquire broader and more comprehensive views on political questions. Coming together from different parts of a country, they lose their localism, and consider and discuss matters in a national spirit.

The people who vote on questions submitted to them under plebiscitary methods are not responsible to any one for their votes. Whether the vote is taken openly or by ballot, no one can question the right of each individual to vote as he likes.

On the other hand, the parliamentary body represents the nation; it is created for the special purpose of legislating and governing. It is responsible to the nation for the trust reposed in it. The mass of the people cannot express their views on the different parts and provisions of a measure. They may be in favor of some parts, and opposed to other parts, yet they cannot add to, alter, or amend; they can only vote for or against a bill as a whole.

Legislation may be classed as a science, to master which training is necessary. The same may be said of government. Under a representative system, the people know this; they select from their respective parties the most trained men available; authorizing them to legislate and govern on the broad principles of their enunciated policy. The representatives of the respective parties in parliament make the most strenuous efforts to obtain or maintain control. Every question brought forward is subjected to the most searching scrutiny—to the fiery ordeal of party debate. Defects which would not be discovered under ordinary circumstances, are brought to light.

Parts are rejected or changed; amendments, additions, and modifications are adopted. The bill assumes a more definite and perfect form than when first introduced. It is the glory of the parliamentary system that it subjects all questions to such a test. Nothing of this kind can happen under the plebiscite. There is no party contest, no keen discussion, no criticism;—no clauses eliminated—nothing added.

It requires an architect to plan and oversee the construction of a building. It requires an engineer to design and superintend the construction of an engine. Skilled work can only be performed by trained workmen.

Proper legislation and efficient government are the most particular and difficult kinds of work;—requiring the most consummate skill, experience and training. How can such work be properly performed by the inexperienced, the untrained, the ignorant?

The adoption of the plebiscite is a step in the wrong direction. Our parliamentary system of government is the freest, the most progressive, and at the same time, the most stable of any existing. The plebiscitary system failed in ancient times, it failed in medieval times, and it will fail in modern times. It lacks the elements of stability and responsibility.

Under our parliamentary system, the most efficient men are employed to do the legislative work; and they are made responsible to the representatives of the people in parliament.

Erskine May says,—“The theory of ministerial responsibility was rapidly reduced to practice; the government was conducted throughout all its departments by ministers responsible to parliament for every act of their administration; without whose advice no act could be done; who could be dismissed for incompetency or failure, and impeached for political crimes; who resigned when their advice was disregarded by the crown, or their policy disapproved of by parliament. They are responsible in theory to the

crown, in reality to parliament. They must act upon principles, and propose measures, which they must justify to parliament. The crown must recognize their responsibility as the public servants of parliament."

Macaulay says, on the question of stability—"Let us contemplate Europe at the commencement of the eighteenth century. Every free constitution, save one, had gone down. That of England had weathered the danger, and was riding in full security. In Denmark and Sweden, the kings had availed themselves of the disputes which raged between the nobles and the commons, to unite all the powers of government in their own hands. In France, the constitution of the states was only mentioned by lawyers, as a part of the ancient theory of their government. "It slept a deep sleep; destined to be broken by a tremendous waking. No person remembered the sitting of the three orders, or expected ever to see them renewed. Louis XIV. had imposed on his parliament a patient silence of sixty years. His grandson extinguished the last feeble remains

of liberty in the Peninsula. In England, on the other hand, the parliament was infinitely more powerful than it ever had been. Not only was its legislative authority fully established, but its right to interfere by advice, almost equivalent to command, in every department of the executive, was recognized. The appointment of ministers—the relations of foreign powers—the conduct of a war, or negotiations—depended less on the pleasure of the crown than on that of the two houses of parliament."

Gneist, Professor of Law in the Berlin University, says of our parliamentary constitution:

"While it may be inevitable that for their well-being, the life of nations, as of individuals, should undergo trials, the whole past history of England, contemplated as the creation of the moral and legal consciousness of the nation in its thousand years of development, justifies the confidence that she will weather the pending storms, discovering in her own past the materials for the reconstruction of her free political constitution."

MUSIC.

Oh take thy stringéd wonder tenderly,
 Thy throbbing strings, thy magic bow that cries ;
 The hidden voice that in this hour lies
 Untroubled to the restlessness in me ;
 And speak a tale from aught of passion free—
 A tale of holy calm devoid of strife—
 Drawn for the soul from those deep wells of life
 Whose waters God doth fill eternally :
 A tale of strength to suffer and be still,
 With one strong purpose, though the world may change ;
 Patient to wait the varying time, until
 The soul, grown great, shall break its narrow range,
 And from the thing I am forever free,
 I rise to all that I have longed to be.

—STUART LIVINGSTON.

PROBLEMS OF HOME-WINNING.

BY J. L. PAYNE.

A SHREWD and widely-known millionaire declared not long ago that any young man possessing health and intelligence might acquire riches. By many this was, no doubt, regarded as a wildly extravagant statement, and yet it rested upon a perfectly sound foundation. It would be irrelevant to discuss the reasons then given, or argue out that matter, just now. I merely wish to say that, in the same sense and subject to like conditions, every young married couple may win a home of their own. In making this assertion, it is assumed that I am addressing a constituency composed for the most part of young people belonging to what would conveniently be termed in the old country, "the great middle class," and I must, in supporting it, necessarily say a great many commonplace things in a very unpretentious way. My excuse is valid in that I shall discuss what concerns a very large and a constantly changing circle of readers, ambitious to make their way in the world, and entirely dependent upon what they can earn.

Words would be all but wasted in an effort to prove how desirable a thing it is for each family to have some spot they can call "home," and which they can also call their own. That point is generally conceded. The difficulty with the majority seems to be that the concession is wholly a mental operation, a mere abstract acknowledgment, and never takes definite shape. Lot-buying and house-building are talked over at the fireside on many a long evening, and happy heart-flutterings are indulged in as pictures of worldly advancement and comfort are painted; but further than this a great many never get. They either exaggerate the difficulties be-

yond all reason, or permit other ambitions to intervene and absorb energy and means. In most instances it is the array of obstacles, magnified by timidity, defective information, and mistaken notions of prudence, which does the mischief. I am surprised that the young wife should be a party to this abortive scheming, when I think of her vital interest in the matter, and realize how much she could do in stimulating positive action. It would, in fact, be hard to set bounds to a wife's influence in this matter, when once she had fully appreciated all that was involved in her husband also becoming her landlord. By a little of that marvellous diplomacy at the command of every sensible woman, she could clear the way for all those preparatory steps which form so important a part of the undertaking. I am bound, therefore, to address myself as much to young married women as to their husbands.

What are the prime essentials? First in importance must be the settled conviction that rent-paying, as it now obtains, is very often a wasteful drain; that, at least, it practically represents the paying of interest upon so much borrowed capital. I hold this to be necessary, for unless one is satisfied that in the long run it is better and cheaper to own a house than to rent it he cannot have a very strong incentive in making the start. Second, there must be a settled disposition on the part of both husband and wife to adopt such a scale of living as will leave a considerable margin between income and outgo. This relates to the means. Third, there must be enthusiasm and courage. Thus, having a clear reason for action, both real and sentimental, then the resolution to be frugal, and lastly, a joyous deter-

mination to go ahead and win, there are present all the conditions which make for a hopeful beginning. The rest is largely a matter of method; yet the method is of quite as much importance as are the conditions just indicated. To have the will, the means in sight, and the disposition to act, is not enough. There must be an intelligent plan of action. The new home must be begun long before a foot of earth has been purchased, or a stick of timber prepared, and this suggests the question of capital and a carefully arranged plan for using it.

Many a home has been lost by a feeble or defective understanding of how the cost was to be provided for. It is, therefore, considered a safe thing to aim at first possessing an eligible site, and the saving that is practised in doing this will be excellent discipline for the greater effort to follow. The location of the new home is important. It should be seen to that the neighborhood gives reasonable promise of growth, and the development of those conveniences which make for the comfort of domestic life—such as a good water supply, adequate drainage, pavements, schools within easy reach, and police and fire protection. Having all this in mind, it is taken for granted that in due time the site will be paid for. When this is done, the means are at hand for the borrowing of the necessary capital with which to erect and finish the house. But our young friends will do well if they wait until they have provided a margin of at least \$150 or \$200 beyond the cost of the lot, which they should hold as a reserve for contingent and unforeseen expenses, extras arising out of altered plans, or the many incidentals which inevitably crop up. The usual rent must, for example, be paid while the new house is being built, and there will be expenditure for moving and getting the old belongings adapted to their new environments. I have passed through the ordeal, and can feelingly say that it

very seriously mars the joy of home-building to be cramped for the want of this reserve fund. It would be all but impossible to estimate the exact cost of any such undertaking, the details of which are subject to alterations as the work progresses and plans assume fixed shape. Leaving that aside, however, it may be said that money for the building may be had from loan societies or private individuals at about six per cent. interest to the extent of twice the market value of the site. That is to say, if the lot be worth \$1,000, money for the house may be borrowed to the extent of at least \$2,000, for which a mortgage on the whole property is given as security.

A simple calculation reveals the exact extent of the obligation which our young friends now assume. They must provide for \$120 per annum as interest on the \$2,000 borrowed, and having taken upon themselves the responsibilities of freeholders, they must also pay municipal taxes on say \$2,500 to the extent of about \$45. To this must be added fire insurance and special taxes, amounting to perhaps \$15 a year; so that a total sum of \$180 must be paid out to meet the annual burden arising out of a property costing \$3,000. There must be laid aside \$15 a month to cover this liability, and whatever more can be saved will be applicable to principal. On the basis of a \$3,000 property, \$2,000 of which stands as a debt, at six per cent., I have made a close calculation for the purposes of this article. Provided \$30 a month were saved—which is not much more than many young families pay as rent—the debt would be wiped out in the following manner:

	Interest.	Principal.	Balance.
1st year. . . .	\$ 180 00	\$ 180 00	\$1820 00
2nd "	169 20	190 80	1629 20
3rd "	157 75	202 25	1426 95
4th "	145 61	214 39	1212 56
5th "	132 75	227 25	985 31
6th "	119 11	240 89	744 42
7th "	104 66	255 34	489 08
8th "	89 34	270 66	218 42
9th "	73 10	218 42	

If, however, only \$25 a month could be directly applied to the enterprise, it would require twelve years for the discharge of the debt; or if \$1,800 were borrowed on a property worth \$2,500, calculations would show that \$20 per month would complete the repayment in 15 years.

If the tables which I have prepared were extended, and made prominent in this connection, they would teach no lesson more plainly than the folly of paying high rents. It is one of the conspicuous weaknesses of modern social life that so large a proportion of the income of young married people is consumed in paying for the accommodations of fashionable flats, or alleged comforts in popular residential localities. Scores of my friends have confessed the extravagance of their methods in this regard, and deplored the other wastes which go linked with it; but they have, at the same time, called upon me to witness their utter inability to make a change. "Unless we take a cheaper house for a time," they say, "and cut off some of our social engagements, we cannot save what is necessary in making the start towards acquiring our own home. What would people think if we reduced our scale of living." Just so. What people may think and say robs them of the courage to be prudent. I shall not enlarge upon this matter just now, tempting as the opportunity may be. I wish merely to say, that unless the young women of this great country realize the alarming effects of this prevailing extravagance, and resolve to be content with a simpler and more prudent scale of living, they must continue to be the sufferers from a declining marriage rate. The two are directly related, since thousands of young men—who are themselves carried on this current of wastefulness—shrink from undertaking marital obligations on a moderate income. They feel compelled to go with and live like the crowd. The remedy must come from our young women, who control

young men in this respect, and when a few in each community have had the good sense to start out in domestic life on a rational basis, I look for a better state of affairs to follow. And one of the first manifestations of this new and brighter era will be the general disposition among young married people to make the acquirement of a home a part of their settled plan at the outset. That is the best time to begin. It has often represented the basis of a fortune.

Not a word has thus far been said about the kind of house that may be built. The topic is inexhaustible. Only those who have passed through the experience of settling upon a suitable plan can understand the perplexity and worry, the ups and downs of expectation and disappointment, in this regard. No matter how it is looked at, however, all questions in the end turn upon considerations of taste and cost. A brown stone front, with plate glass windows and many architectural embellishments, cannot be had for \$2,000. To save heartache and distress, therefore, it is well to disregard other people's houses, and think only about your own, and how much you have to build it with. All the pangs I have ever known or felt in house-building came from wanting an edifice like that of some friend of more means and greater needs—just as half of all the other sorrows I know anything about have come from trying to be or do like somebody else, in some way or another. Draw up such a plan as will give the accommodation needed, and if a margin can be provided for decorations, by all means have them.

It is a mistake to build a very plain house, unless you prefer it and are prepared to sacrifice it in the event of a sale. Let the design be tasty, not showy; then put the work of building in the hands of a conscientious contractor, and give yourself up to the indescribable joy of seeing the new home grow into form. It will compensate

for all the anxiety, and planning and sacrifice it has cost. Let the wife have her own way about some portion of the plan at least. She knows that it is better to cut a little off the parlor, than to have the kitchen and dining-room too small; for while one is used very seldom, the other two are in constant use. More satisfaction is sure to come from conveniences in connection with the working part of the house, than from some wonderfully designed verandah. If possible, too, have that room in which you usually sit—call it sitting-room, living-room, library, or whatever you like—command a pleasant view both winter and summer, and do not err on the side of making your new home unnecessarily large. I have a score of friends, who have regretted building houses that were too large, and entailed unlooked-for cost in being kept up; I can only recall two instances in which the dwellings were found to be too small.

The house, however, is not all. If land is not costly, no home should be without a plot of grass. If possible, it should be large enough to be spoken of as "a lawn,"—a family play-ground at least—on which tennis, or some other health-giving exercise, may be indulged. Shrubs and flowering plants are comparatively inexpensive nowadays, and they should be generously used in giving beauty to the space at the front or side. There is something unselfish about a home with well trimmed grass, and flower beds and shrubs about it: it cheers those who pass by, as well as those who own it. More than that, it provides recreative work in the open air, and improves the sanitary conditions of the neighborhood. The sunshine has full play. By all means, therefore, have flowers, and neatly kept grass

about your house. It will repay you all that it may cost in money and labor.

If space would permit, and there were good reasons for doing so, it would be instructive and inspiring to present some of the triumphs I have witnessed in the winning of homes. Some of my friends have indentified themselves with co-operative schemes, and have succeeded very well. All over the continent, there are thousands of attractive and cozy homes, which would never have been built, but for the aid and stimulation given by these co-operative building societies, the chief advantage of this plan lying in monthly payments, as against annual or long time payments in the case of ordinary loans. I have been a member of one of these societies for some years, and heartily approve of them, but for reasons which need not be given, I preferred to build and pay for my home by another plan. The plan, let me repeat, is of no more importance than the courage which sustains a young household in small sacrifices and systematic saving. Let any one look around, and see how many a thrifty young mechanic has provided a permanent home for his family out of a gross income of from \$500 to \$800 a year, and then estimate the easy possibilities upon an income of \$1000 and upwards. It should always be remembered that a slight addition to the monthly rental, fortified by altogether improved though perhaps simpler methods of living, will provide any ordinary family with a home—the requirement of which ought to be a very strong incentive to effort. Making the start is the greatest difficulty that will arise in nine cases out of ten. And by the same process, riches in great or small volume are accumulated.

THE CANADIAN CLUB MOVEMENT.

BY W. SANFORD EVANS.

NOTHING merits more careful attention from thoughtful men and women than those stirrings of new life, those beginnings of new forces, or conversions of old energies, which are familiarly designated "the signs of the times." The incipency of national and world-wide movements is marked by a strange unconsciousness. No one works deliberately for an end, no one tries to conform his thinking to that of his fellows, and yet it is soon evident that a change has taken place, and that new beliefs and new sentiments are almost universal. The public does not recognize this change in itself, perhaps, until there has been a spontaneous and simultaneous springing into existence of many movements with a common object, or until some great soul has voiced these universal feelings so truly or so grandly that it has roused the world into consciousness.

What we must regard as at least a partial illustration of these truths with regard to Canada is the fact that we are realizing, probably for the first time definitely, that there is among us a strong and constantly growing spirit of Canadianism. This spirit has doubtless always existed, but it has, for the most part, been fostered unconsciously. To-day we, as a people, are becoming self-conscious, in the highest sense of the word, and national spirit is becoming a power which must be taken into account in all Canadian questions. We are recognizing that the traditions of our past, and the conditions of climate and geographical position, are gradually differentiating us from every other people; that as the result of natural laws a Canadian is different and distinguishable from the men of every other nation; that Canada is becoming

the home of a nation of Canadians. With these facts before us, and with the knowledge of the wonderful resources of our country, we would be unworthy of the races from which we spring, and the chances of greatness for Canada would be small indeed, if we did not feel stirring within us those generous and ennobling sentiments which are embraced under the name of patriotism.

To be effective, every belief must have some form of organization. Every spirit should have its body; incarnation is the law of earth. In the same way it is necessary that our national spirit and our belief in our country should be organized, if that spirit and that faith are to accomplish their noblest purposes. The form of organization in which we should find these embodied should ultimately be our system of government, and take shape in all our national institutions; but, in the meantime, some preparatory form of organization is required.

What those interested in it regard as the best practical form of organization for our national spirit, and what may be considered as one of the "the signs of the times" in Canada, is what I will call "The Canadian Club Movement."

In the month of December last, there were in process of organization in Montreal, Toronto, and Hamilton, three clubs with slightly different names, but with almost identically the same objects. It was unknown to any one of these clubs that a similar organization was even contemplated by any one else. Each felt the necessity, or at least the desirability, of such a club, and it was with the greatest pleasure the discovery was made that others had independently felt the same

need, and were working towards the same end. Of these clubs, "The Canadian National League" of Montreal, and "The Canadian Club" of Hamilton, are firmly established, and have entered upon an energetic career. Of these two, "The Canadian Club" of Hamilton was the first to decide upon, and adopt, a constitution, and has at present the larger membership. Partly for these reasons, but principally because of my acquaintance with the work in Hamilton, I shall speak of the work from the stand-point of the Hamilton Club.

The objects of the club, as stated in the constitution, are "the encouragement of the study of the History, Literature, Art, Music, and Natural Resources, of Canada, the recognition of native worth and talent, and the fostering of a patriotic Canadian sentiment." "The membership shall be open to any man of eighteen years or over who is a Canadian by birth or adoption, and who is in sympathy with the objects of the club." The movement originated among the young men, and will probably appeal most strongly to them. The advantages of such an organization, and the good that could be accomplished by it will readily appear upon even the most casual consideration, but I may be pardoned for enlarging a little upon some of the general principles and general aspects of the work, as these are seen by those at present most interested in it.

In the first place, the movement cannot accomplish all the good possible to it until there is a similar club in every place of importance in Canada, and until all are in some way affiliated into one great Canadian brotherhood. The greatest liberty could be given to individual clubs with regard to form of organization, and perhaps, the only bond would be the right to send delegates to an annual meeting, although a somewhat closer union would be advisable. Such a union would make the organization a great power in

Canada, and would give stability to each separate club.

Another thing that seems essential to the success of the club is that it should not only be a debating or mutual improvement society, but should also have social features. These social features need not necessarily consist in anything more than permanent club rooms, which would be made so attractive that the young men would gather there in leisure hours.

Social clubs have been found necessary to the existence of organizations whose bond is public spirit. It is not enough for men to meet occasionally to exchange views in the formal manner of a debate; it is not enough that men should be called upon to express their opinions on public questions only by the ballot; there should be the opportunity, not only of expressing opinion, but of *forming* opinion, and that in the only rational way—by meeting freely with earnest men of all shades of opinion, and discussing conversationally the concerns that affect all alike. This opportunity can be found only in a social club. Properly managed, the social club is a good thing in itself, and will always exist; and wherever it exists its influence will be felt, for a man's views are moulded by his club-life very much as they are by his home-life. A social club, formed upon the basis of unpartisan patriotic public spirit, would be a power for good, the effects of which could not easily be estimated.

As stated in the Constitution, one of the principle objects of the club is the "encouragement of the study of the History, Literature, Art, Music, and Natural Resources, of Canada." It was felt that Canadians as a whole are woefully and culpably ignorant of the actualities and possibilities of their country. Before we can act intelligently it is absolutely necessary that we know the resources of our country, and what Canadians have already done. From the very nature of the case it is difficult to form a just

estimate of ourselves as compared with our contemporaries ; but in history we see ourselves in perspective, and, removed for a time from the prejudicing effect of personal participation, we can sit in judgment on ourselves ; we can determine what are national weaknesses and trace them to their sources ; we can draw inspiration from what are evidently elements of strength. A nation without self-knowledge is as little likely to reach its full development as an unreflecting individual ; and self-knowledge cannot be attained without a knowledge of what has already been attempted and achieved. The desire for a competent knowledge of these things is growing among Canadians ; and a union with the definite object of acquiring this knowledge can accomplish far more than desultory individual effort.

Another way in which this club may do good, is by the "recognition of native worth and talent." Considering the youth of this country, the number of its talented men and women, in proportion to its population, is really very great. This fact speaks well for Canada, but the unfortunate aspect of it is that most of these men and women are forced to look abroad for appreciation, and for the reward of their work. One cannot blame them for leaving Canada, because it is a duty they owe to their gifts to go where those gifts can be best developed ; but Canada cannot afford to lose them. If there were some organization one of whose objects it was to show, even though in a simple way, the appreciation which young Canada feels for Canadian talent, it would cause these men and women to look for recognition at home as well as, or before they look, abroad ; it would strengthen the tie that binds them to their country, and would tend to enlist their talents in this country's service : and, besides, such an organization would hasten the day when Canada will afford a sufficient market and a congenial home for genius.

While we cannot over-estimate the value of such a preparation as a thorough knowledge of what we have done, and of what we are doing, would give us, we must not forget that these things are but a preparation for duty. Emerson says somewhere : "I have no expectation that any man will read history aright, who thinks that what was done in a remote age, by men whose names have resounded far, has any deeper sense than what he is doing to-day." And Macaulay says : "No past event has any intrinsic importance. The knowledge of it is valuable only as it leads us to form just calculations as to the future." It is a fine thing to write history, it is useful to study it, but it is incomparably nobler and grander to make it. In one sense we cannot help making history, but the history which is a record of indifference and not of conscious effort is unworthy of any people. The duty of Canadians is to make a history worthy of our ancestors, and of the resources which nature has lavished upon us. We are a young country ; but the youngest country is in the one sense the fullest-grown, because it is free from the dwarfing effect of the deep-seated prejudices of caste and creed ; it is really the oldest, because it has all the experience of the world to start with. The pages of the world's history are full of mistakes in government, and that system has yet to be tried under which all men can develop, as reason seems to demand that they should. If such a system is possible, there is no country in so good a position to adopt it as Canada. All the influences of heredity and environment are in our favor. What is necessary is that the people appreciate the work Canada may do for herself, and for the world, and that they rouse themselves to work with the definite purpose of making the foundations of our nation so broad and so strong that we can build up forever.

We must not leave these questions to the politicians. The general trend

of any party may be progress, and the party may be actuated by a sincere desire to serve their country's highest interests, but as long as parties exist in politics, there will be certain compromises and expedients necessary to obtain, or retain, party supremacy, and these will retard, or divert, advancement. A nation to-day should be the voluntary union of men whose interests are alike, because they believe that such union is essential to the conservation and promotion of these interests and to individual development. The form of union that best serves these interests, is the best form of government.

These questions are of vital importance to every individual, and should be studied and discussed by the people, and not left to the exigencies of party strife. The politicians are said to represent the people, but it could more truthfully be said that the people represent the politicians. A policy is announced from headquarters, and we accept it, chiefly because our fathers accepted a policy from the same source. We inherit our party politics with our patronymics. Our schoolboys are ardent party politicians, although they can have no intelligent understanding of the grounds of party division. Are these things true? Are we, in this age of the division of labor, leaving to the politicians the keeping of the public intellect? Is it true that in Canada to-day, a man who considers himself a Canadian before he is a Conservative or a Liberal has no place where he can meet with others equally high-minded? Is it true that a man must profess himself a Grit or a Tory before he can belong to the only regular organizations where men meet to discuss the affairs of our country, and that in these places he meets only those who profess the same belief as himself? Is it true that our judgments are largely determined by enthusiasms or antipathies for party leaders or hereditary policy? Then we are neglecting our greatest

means of education; we are neglecting that which will bring us into touch with all the world; we are neglecting greater opportunities than are to-day open to any other nation.

What is needed is that we realize fully the nature of national life, and the importance of that life to the development of every individual. We must realize that intense and intelligent national life is a necessary condition of greatness in a people. We should feel a more personal interest in all public questions, an interest deeper and higher than anything that can centre in party struggle; and this interest should lead us to demand some place where party distinctions are not recognized, but where all men, solely by virtue of their devotion to their country's welfare, could meet to learn from one another, to express honest opinions, and to discuss, not with recrimination, not with jealousies and suspicions, but with logic.

To expect the Canadian Club Movement to accomplish all that one conceives as highest in public life, is, probably, to expect more than is possible to any one practicable organization; but it is in the line of progress. Its rise has been marked by earnestness and healthy sentiment. There is no attempt, and no wish, to establish an independent party; men of all parties meet in perfect good fellowship, and separate to support whatever policy each one judges best. Its great work will be the training of individuals into fitness for the duties and privileges of their citizenship, and the forming of policies by the forming of public opinion. That no such thing exists in other countries is no argument against its practicability; many new things must be tried before the best is found. It is an evidence and an embodiment of a spirit that is rousing itself into activity, that sees great things in the future, and is eager for their accomplishment; and, as such, it is commended to all who call themselves Canadians.

THE BATTLE OF THE ECLIPSE.

BY E. B. BIGGAR.

THE Zulu war had been determined on. The supposed menace to the peace of South Africa, which existed in the Zulu king and his people, was to be ended by the subjugation of the savage nation, and the deposition of their ruler. That king had always shown himself to be an ally of British power in South Africa, and it must now be said that the arm lifted to deal the blow that struck him from his throne was raised with hesitation and sorrow, as far as the Imperial will was concerned. But those responsible for the native policy of South Africa decided that the Zulu kingdom should have an end, and gathered troops to "roll back the tide of barbarism," as expressed in a phrase current at the time.

And so it was, that early in January, 1879, the roads leading over the undulations of sunny Natal towards the land of the Zulus resounded with the clatter of commissariat carts, and glistened with the bayonets of British troops. For the first time in my life I saw the quays of Table Bay and Simon's Bay dotted with red-coats loading their stores and munitions on the transport ships to ascend the coast on the dread mission of real war. Already the 24th had moved up to the front; and little did I think, as I witnessed the alacrity of these cheery fellows in their preparations for the field, that not a man of that detachment would ever return to this quiet garrison.

Cetywayo (pronounced Ketch-wy-o) saw that "evil was determined against him," and what could a savage ruler, with a love of independence, do but defend himself, as he did, after protesting his innocence of any conscious act of unfaithfulness to the British

Government. The British army advanced in three divisions by the three roads leading from Natal (pronounced Na-tal') to Zululand, all three roads converging upon Ulundi, the capital. General Thesiger (Lord Chelmsford), who was the general commanding the invasion, was in person at the head of the upper division, which entered Zululand by way of Rorke's Drift, a ford over the Buffalo River, called after one Jim Rorke, whose old stone house was to be the scene of one of the bravest fights made in modern warfare against overwhelming odds. Cetywayo, when he heard of the approach of the upper column, addressed his army with Cæsar-like brevity, as follows: "I am sending you out against the whites, who have invaded Zululand, and driven away our cattle. You are to go against the column at Rorke's Drift, and drive it back into Natal, and if the state of the river will allow, follow it up through Natal, right up to the Drakensberg. You will attack by daylight, as there are enough of you to eat it up." The force sent out on this mission consisted of over 20,000, selected out of the 25,000 which made up the total effective strength of the Zulu army. They were told to advance by easy marches, and thus, taking a few days' provision, consisting of mealies (Indian corn), and a herd of cattle, which were driven with them, the army of naked warriors moved forward leisurely at the rate of nine or ten miles a day.

The common arm of the Zulu is an assegai, or spear, and a large shield made of native ox or buffalo hide, cut in an oval shape, three or four feet long, and so thick and tough when dried that a bullet will scarcely pierce it. The regiments of married men

were distinguished by white shields, and by heads that are shaved except a circle of short hair, in which is embedded a ring of gum, hardened, and black, and polished. Their only dress is a strip of the skin of some wild beast, such as the leopard, around the hips, or a strip of fur dangling, as an ornament, from the knees. While the assegai was the common weapon of the Zulu, a large proportion were armed with breech-loading and other rifles, bought, as the reward of labor, on the diamond fields of Griqualand West, or smuggled, through the Portuguese, at



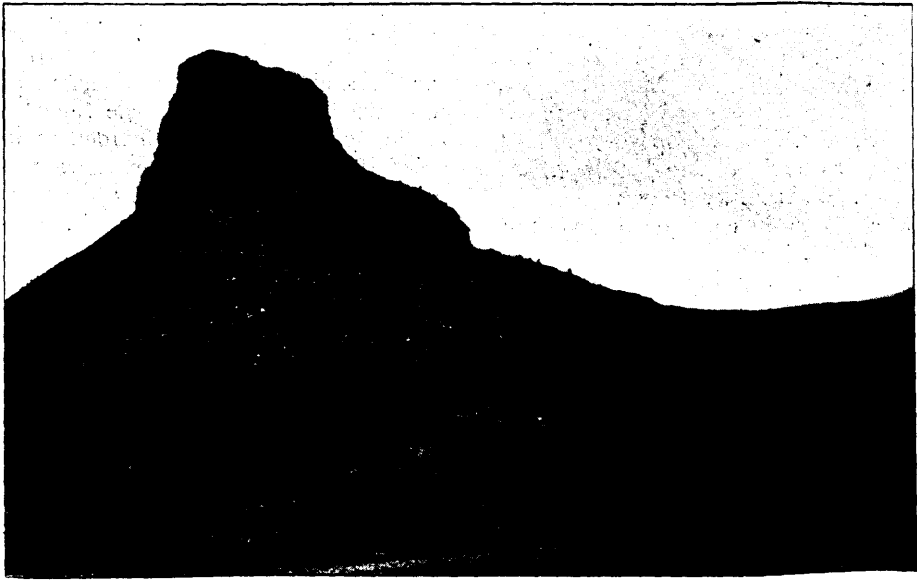
LORD CHELMSFORD.

Delagoa Bay. On the night of the 21st January, the Zulu army had encamped in a valley, under the spurs of the Ngutu hills, about 14 miles from the boundary. About four miles beyond them, towards the borders, rose the weird head of Isandhlwana—a grim, bald crag of mysterious aspect, resembling from some points of view a crouching lion, and from others the sphinx-head, which, strange to say, was the emblem of the 24th regiment, the fated detachment of which encamped the next day under its lofty brow and around its bleak neck.

On the 22nd, the Zulu regiments moved forward to the dull rumble of their resounding shields; but it was not their intention to attack that day, for in their superstition, "the moon was wrong,"—just at the change. Cetywayo himself had remained at his chief kraal, and the army here was under four leaders, two of whom were sons of Sihayo, whose action in chasing a runaway wife into Natal had been the immediate cause of the war. It had been intended that one of these chiefs, Matyana, should be in supreme command in the attack, but he being a Natal Kafir, the others were jealous of the glory, and contrived a plan by which he was to go forward to the Upindo to reconnoitre, and they were to follow.

Instead of doing so, they took another road, and so, without designing it, either as to time or place, came upon the British at Isandhlwana. They intended resting a day in the valley where they were camped, the moon being unfavorable for a battle, but during the afternoon firing was heard over the hill, and drew one or two of the Zulu regiments to the top to see what was going on. At first it was said that Matyana's men were engaged, but on reaching the hill-tops they saw a body of British horse coming up the hill from the Isandhlwana side, endeavoring to cut off a herd of cattle which were being driven in by Zulu scouts for security. This led one of the regiments out to drive back the British skirmishers, and so other regiments were drawn in.

The Zulu style of attack is to throw out a horn on either side of the enemy, with the object of closing them in and cutting off their retreat; and in this form closed in the Zulu host upon the British force, which consisted of only about 700 men, 500 belonging to the 24th Regiment, and the balance made up of Natal native mounted infantry and a few of the Natal Carbineers, a colonial volunteer corps. This handful of men had been



ISANDHLWANA, FOUR MONTHS AFTER THE BATTLE.

left by the general to guard a valuable convoy of stores, arms, and ammunition. In South African war tactics, a camp is protected by a "laager," or fort, formed of the bullock wagons locked end to end into each other, and although there were over a hundred wagons available for such a laager, instructions had been given not to form one. Thus, on the exposed camp the Zulus swarmed, pouring over the "neck" of the hill and up the slopes with their booming war-shout, "Islulu," piling battalion on battalion, and reckless of the hundreds that were being cut down by the artillery or dropped by the sharp-shooting of the infantry.

The British had moved out of their cantonment at the opening of the contest, and they fought every inch of ground in the face of the overwhelming host, as they retired again to the camp to make their final stand. The mounted natives of Natal had left their horses in a donga (a natural ditch formed by the freshets of the rainy season), and fought on foot with the regulars.

One party formed about the commissariat wagons and maintained their ground till their ammunition failed, and then they stood there to be stabbed one by one, by assegais hurled at close distance, but out of bayonet reach. A small remnant of this party reached the main body, which now formed in a solid square in the "neck." And here, with their backs to their comrades and faces to their foes, they fought out the hopeless fight. From every side pressed the dark mass of Zulus, in no regular formation, but with a perfect thicket of weapons, and with wild visages that had no feature of either mercy or fear. When again the thundering shout of "Islulu" (literally "the Heavens!") went up, the very heavens themselves that were addressed heard, but seemed to avoid the spectacle of carnage, for a veil of darkness overspread the face of the sun in the midst of a cloudless sky. It was a total eclipse, and the period of greatest obscuration corresponded with the most awful phases of the conflict!

The battle could have but one result. A band of soldiers, seeing that all hope was gone, essayed a retreat towards Rorke's Drift, but—bootless flight—they were overtaken and shot or assegaied by twos and threes, and bodies afterwards found two miles from the camp, showed the limit reached by the last fugitive. A half-dozen or so, had indeed, by some means reached the river, and among them Lieuts. Melville and Coghill, who met their fate in the river in their desperate attempt to save the colors of the regiment. When ammunition was gone, the soldiers took to their revolvers, and even when these could no longer be used, their ranks could not be broken. The heroic remnant were, for the most part, picked off one by one with assegai thrusts, till the little band were simply exterminated, for the Zulus take no prisoners, and neither give nor expect quarter in a fight.

All these details were unknown then, and for months afterwards; in fact, the fullest and most trustworthy accounts we have received—saving for the melancholy story told in the position of the bodies and the wreckage of this rueful field—have been from the lips of the Zulus themselves. Lord Chelmsford camped the very next night on the battle field, and men of the 24th slept among their dead comrades, yet he left next day without burying them. The Zulus had looted the stores, carrying off the arms and every trophy they fancied, and thousands of them then dispersed to their homes, for the double purpose of purifying themselves, according to their custom, after shedding blood, and of securing their plunder. Many of these warriors returned no more to the field. Some had got helplessly drunk on the liquor found in the commissariat wagons, and when the British came up next day, were first supposed to be dead, but when they began to stir were shot or bayoneted where they lay.

Archibald Forbes, visiting the bat-

tlefield some months after, gives a vivid picture of the scene "On the sky-line of the neck of high ground were visible the abandoned wagons of the destroyed column. The line of the retreat towards Fugitives' Drift, along which, through a gap in the Zulu environment, our unfortunate comrades, who thus far survived, tried to escape, lay athwart a rocky slope to our right front, and a precipitous ravine at its base. In this ravine dead men lay thick. All the way up the slope could be traced the fitful line of flight—single bodies and groups, where they seemed to have made a hopeless, gallant stand to die. On the edge of the gully, a gun-limber was jammed, the horses hanging there in their harness down the steep face of the ravine. A little further on was a broken ambulance wagon, with its train of mules dead in their harness, and around were the dead bodies of the poor fellows who had been dragged from their intercepted vehicle. On the crest the dead lay thick, many in

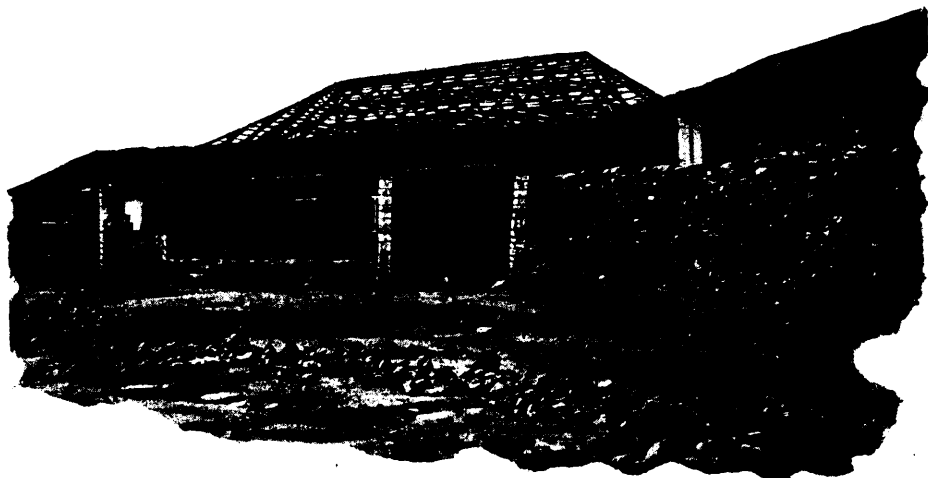


OHAM, CETYWAYO'S BROTHER.

the uniform of the Natal Mounted Police. On the slope beyond, the scene was sadder and more full of weird desolation than any I had yet gazed

upon. There was none of the horror of a recent battlefield; nothing of all that makes the scene of yesterday's battle so rampantly ghastly. A strange, dead calm reigned in this solitude; grain had grown luxuriantly round the wagons, sprouting from the seed that dropped from the loads, falling on soil fertilized by the life-blood of gallant men. So long in most cases had grown the grass, that it mercifully shrouded the dead. * * * In a patch of long grass near the right flank of the camp lay Col. Durnford's body, a central figure of a knot of brave men who had fought it out around their chief to the bitter end.

though interrupted and awful characters, by the remains found resting near the neck. Could it have been guessed that while human recollection failed so utterly to convey to the world a history of the events of that too memorable day, Nature herself would have taken the matter in hand, and told us such a story as no one who hears will ever forget? Four months, all but a day, had elapsed since the defenders of the field stood facing the Zulu myriads,—four months of rain and sun, of the hovering of slow-sailing birds of prey, and of predatory visits of unregarding enemies. Four months! and during all



RORKE'S HOUSE.

A stalwart Zulu, covered by his shield, lay at the Colonel's feet. Around him lay fourteen Natal Carbineers and their officer, Lieut. Scott, with a few mounted police. Clearly they had rallied around Col. Durnford in a last despairing attempt to cover the flank of the camp, when they might have essayed to fly for their horses, close by their side at the piquet line."

At last, after four months, the 24th got permission to go up and bury their dead comrades, on which occasion a correspondent of the *Natal Witness* made these eloquent reflections:—

"Turn to the story of the field of Isandhlwana as now told in plain,

that time, while the world was ringing from one end to the other with the news of a terrible disaster * * the dead slept quietly on, waiting, almost consciously one might think, for the revelation which was to establish their fame, and, where necessary, relieve their unjustly sullied reputation. * * A sleep unbroken by the noise of war that rolled to the south and north. The defeat of Indhlobane had been suffered; the victory of Kambulu had been gained; the defenders of Rorke's Drift had been rewarded with a nation's praise; the imprisoned column had been relieved from Etshowe; all the roads in Natal had rung to the

tread of men and the rolling of wagon wheels as the force which was to wipe out Isandhlwana moved up to the front * * Only the grasses that waved around them whispered of the coming resurrection ; only the stars that looked down when the night winds had ceased, and the hills looked black and silent, bade them be patient and wait. * * At last the moment arrived when they were to be identified by their comrades. If the features of the dead were past identification, there was the letter from a sister, the ornament so well known to companions, the marks of rank or the insignia of office. * * A black cloud has by these revelations been lifted from the rocks of Isandhlwana and many we deemed dead are living again—living as examples, never to be forgotten, of the honor which tradition has so fondly attached to a British soldier's fame."

The traveller to the field of Isandhlwana will find even yet numbers of relics of this dreadful day, but the memories of the conflict are now softened by time. An English missionary station—the best and most fitting monument ever built on a battle-field—now stands on the site of the camp, and there, in a language unexcelled for melody, the voices of Zulu worshippers or of Zulu school children may now be heard, with the laughter of Zulu women and girls as they return from their cornfields, or bring home their calabashes of water.

When the Zulus had surrounded the British camp, a division broke off to pursue the fugitives towards the boundary river ford, which henceforth was to be known as Fugitives' Drift, while two regiments, the Undi and Udhloko, made their way more leisurely down to plunder the fort. Rorke's Drift was held on this day by a company of the 24th with some casuals, numbering in all 139. The fort was on the Natal side of the Buffalo River and in command of Lieuts. Chard and Bromhead. It consisted of two build-

ings, close together, one of which was used as a hospital, and the other as a commissariat store. On the afternoon of the 22nd, Lieut. Adendorff, of the Natal Native Contingent, and a carbineer, came galloping up to the river from Zululand, bringing tidings of Isandhlwana and of the advance of the Zulus towards Rorke's Drift. Chard at once gave orders to secure the stores and prepare for the defence of the fort, which he had been instructed to hold at all hazards. Working like beavers, the men secured everything outside, building a passage between the store building and the hospital with bags of mealies, and then commenced an inner defence which they built up of biscuit boxes. While these preparations were going on, an officer with 100 of Durnford's Horse came up and were asked to check the enemy at the drift, retiring when they advanced ; but these men, when their leader was lost, became dispirited and left the scene and retired to Helpmakaar, some miles away. A number of the native contingent also deserted, and the little garrison were left to themselves. The biscuit box defence had not yet been finished when, about half-past four, 600 Zulus appeared over the slope, and soon were dashing with impetuous speed against the south wall. They were met by a steady fire, but, in spite of their loss, came within 50 yards when they were checked by a cross fire from the front of the storehouse. They then swung round to the hospital and made a rush at the mealie bags ; but after a desperate fight they were driven back with heavy loss to seek the shelter of a bush near by. And now the hills were black with the main body of the Zulus, who, swarming up, lined the ledges of rock which overlooked the fort 400 yards away, and occupied the neighboring garden and bush in great numbers. From this bush they rushed out time after time in rapid and reckless assaults, each onset being met with a telling fire and repelled at

the point of the bayonet. The Zulu light on the Zulus sufficient to enable the garrison to mark them out and fire from the rocks took the garrison at a disadvantage, however, and it was so galling that towards sunset they were obliged to retire behind their biscuit boxes. Meantime the Zulus, all the while to the assaults and fire repeatedly storming the hospital, man- of the enemy. The story of this night



ON GUARD AT BORKE'S DRIFT.

aged to set the roof on fire. All the sick that could be brought out were rescued, and the defenders held the door with the bayonet when their ammunition gave out. The building was burnt, but its destruction had this compensation, that it shed a glare of was a repetition of wild assaults, repelled with a determination that never flagged. Though the defenders were all forced into the inner defences, they still held on, and by daylight next morning the Zulu army had retired beaten. At seven o'clock they were

again seen swarming over the hills, but wounded; while the Zulus had 350 when they beheld a British column men killed, besides an unknown number of wounded. And thus were the advancing from Helpmakaar they disappeared. Through all this heroic Zulus first taught of what material fight the garrison had only fifteen British soldiers were made. officers and men killed and twelve

A NOVEMBER EVENING.

(In the Woods and Fields.)

How sad, how still, seem these lone woods !
 No stir is in the air :
 Save for the rustling of the leaves,
 There's silence everywhere.
 The glory is departing fast
 From grove and forest now,
 But beauty lingers, loth to leave,
 On every leafless bough.

The cattle, stragglng slowly by,
 A ghostly aspect wear.
 Like spectres tall, the poplars rise :
 The elms, all black and bare,
 Stand grim, with giant arm outstretched,
 Against the western sky :
 That spirit world, eye ne'er hath seen,
 In this weird light, seems nigh.

The wizard gloom of eventide,
 Tinged by the sun's last ray,
 Over the fading landscape casts
 Its mantle dark and grey.
 Down where the brown reeds fringe the stream,
 Dim, dusky forms appear ;
 But, through the shades of gathering night,
 The light of home shines clear.

Dunnville, Ont.

—THOS. L. M. TIPTON.

MIRAGE IN WESTERN CANADA.

BY MRS. JOHN FLESHER.

A VAST expanse of prairie deserves the often repeated reproach of monotony and dreariness. Yet here, as elsewhere, is the law of compensation, for summer and winter the tricks of atmosphere are curious and wonderful; and here most frequently, out of "baseless fabric," mirage constructs some of her loveliest visions. Here, too, are the old trails, about perfect for riding or driving, so level, elastic and smooth.

As we drove along one of these on a clear afternoon in early summer, something on the north recalled to one of us a line of Jean Ingelow's about a "Fringe of Phantom Palms," but there was a purpose in avoiding calling any attention to it. However, the Eastern Relative caught the unspoken thought, and said:

"I have hoped to see a mirage, but so far there has been no exhibition. Excuse me, but didn't you say you had no trees in this neighborhood? There is a fine belt along there," pointing to the north.

"What would you take those trees to be?"

"Beech and maple—perhaps a few elms. What a protection they must be to the farms along there!"

"That is north, isn't it?"

The attention of the party was just then called to the square mound made by surveyors to mark the boundary of a section, and near it were many buffalo bones. We were still talking of them a mile or two farther, when on the north-east, a mile, or a mile and a half from us, appeared a village. There was one main street with two-story brick buildings on each side, and at one end of the village, an elevator.

The Eastern Relative asked what place it might be. None of us knew.

"Why," he said, "I should think you would know all the places within fifty miles of you."

"Yes," one said, "but that isn't a place; you've come to a mirage."

"That a mirage? Why, you can see the gates and fences at the back yards, and the blinds on the windows. Are you in earnest?"

We seemed to be looking down at this place from an elevation of thirty or forty feet; for we could see over the tops of the buildings on the side of the main street nearest to us, to the windows on the second story of the houses on the opposite side.

This place did not correspond with any other within fifty miles of us in any direction, there being no place within that distance with only one elevator.

This little hamlet possessed the quality which always accompanies these fugitive towns—that is, silence, and never is seen a man or horse or any movement whatever.

Our way turned southward, and it was nearly three hours before, returning, we came in sight again of the boundary with its pile of bones. West and north the view was unimpeded. Tiny houses here and there at great distances dotted the prairie, which stretched away to meet the sky.

The Eastern Relative had to be assured by the pile of bones that we were really returning by the same road, for were there not trees—quite a forest of them—on the north?

"You can say now that you have seen more than one mirage."

There was great rubbing of eyes, and one lady declared that it was "positively uncanny."

A very common deception is that of a lake which seems to be a mile or

two in front of the traveller; but whilst he is wondering how he may compass it, it never interferes with his comfortable progress in the direction in which he wishes to go.

About six miles from this place is a lake some sixteen miles long and six broad. It is very much below the level of our horizon, but some days, for hours together, the lake, with its islands covered with short scrub, the farther shore, and miles of prairie beyond, are plainly visible.

Sometimes, but not frequently, there appears a town or village on the sky, the place inverted, chimneys and roofs pointing down towards us. One was remarkable in being unlike anything in our country. The travelled member of the community said that it was like a Siberian place. One building seemed to be a church with the cupola or round tower familiar to us in pictures of Russian towns.

One evening several of us were surprised to see a new barn or stable close to the house of our nearest neighbor, sixty yards or so from us—for we had not heard any sounds of hammering or handling of lumber. We had no suspicion that it had not materialized until next morning, when we found there was no building there whatever, present or prospective.

It is generally accepted that for such phenomena the atmosphere must be

bright and clear, but these qualities did not seem to be necessary on one very remarkable occasion.

Eastward were two houses, both about one hundred yards from us, and some sixty yards apart. They were two-storied buildings, finished and painted, but there had not yet been added any fences or outbuildings. Between them, away to the distant horizon, the view was unintercepted by any object. One evening about nine o'clock, after sunset, but while it was still light, a group of phantom buildings, but they did not appear at all phantom-like, appeared between and a little beyond these houses.

The nearest phantom structure was the gable end of a house painted slate-colored. A bay window was on the ground floor, and a small square one in the angle of the roof.

To the right of, and a little beyond this house was another phantom—a two story building of the dark grey color unpainted wood takes on with age. On the left of the slate-colored gable was still another—a house of fresh unpainted wood.

When evening closed in, these phantom buildings looked as substantial as those of our neighbors, and at midnight the black outlines were sharp and clear against the leaden sky.

MINNEDOSA, MANITOBA.

THE PRAIRIE WIND.

Sadly sighs the prairie breeze, as breaking
 Day drives darkness down the western skies,
 As a heart with restless sorrow aching
 Sadly sighs.

Sighs it aye as slow and sultry-wise
 Sails the sun, its summer circle making:
 Sighs it all the day, and never dies.

Still susurrous sobs it as, o'ertaking
 Light, the twilight on its swart wings hies:
 All the night the wind weird, wailing, waking,
 Sadly sighs.

Calgary.

—FRANCIS H. TURNOCK.

THE OLD BASTILLE OF PARIS.

BY H. S. HOWELL.



figure representing Liberty. And the artisan, passing along to and from his work, seldom, if ever, thinks of the grim battlements which once looked down in place of this gilded monument, erected to the memory of those who fell in the Revolution of July. Yet here, between these quiet-looking houses, once stood that most notorious of all prisons—the Bastille! Nothing now remains of the huge building; the great towers and bastions have all disappeared, the “ashlar stones” being built into bridges, or broken up into paving stones. “Vanished is the Bastille,” says Carlyle, in his *French Revolution*, “what we call vanished; the body or sandstones of it hanging in benign metamorphosis for centuries to come, over the Seine waters, as *Pont Louis Seize*, the soul of it living perhaps still longer in the memories of men.” In the year 1369-70 the Gate of St. Antoine was the *porte* in the city wall at the entrance to the street of the same name; it was a larger and more substantial gate-house than the others, and was often used as a guard-house as well. Charles V., deeming it advisable to enlarge these still more, sent for Hugues Aubriot, the Provost, and entrusted him with the care of seeing it done. In Millin’s *Antiquités Nationales* we find that: “Hugues Aubriot, a native of Dijon, Intendant

ABOUT a mile from the Hotel-de-Ville, near the Rue St. Antoine, in the city of Paris, is a large open place, or square, called the *Place de la Bastille*. Except that it is a spot from which many streets radiate, and that in the very centre there is a high monument, there is nothing particularly striking about the place; the houses are of modern style; there are no public buildings of any consequence, and the shaft itself is a plain-looking column, 154 feet in height, surmounted with a winged figure of Finance and Provost of Paris, under Charles V. (surnamed ‘the Wise’) showed the greatest zeal for the embellishment and security of the city. It was he who undertook the construction of the Bastille, and who laid the first stone. This ceremony took place on the 22nd of April, 1370: the works, although pushed on with great activity, were not terminated until 1382. Aubriot was the first victim shut in the Bastille. As he was prosecuted for being a Jew and a heretic, the consequence was that, in the first year of the reign of Charles VI., he was confined in the tower which he himself had constructed.” Such was the way of expressing gratitude in those early days; for it is said that the Provost had so much love for his master that he even spent part of his own income in making the new towers suitable as a prison and as an ornament to the city of which he was the chief magistrate. And the manners and customs of “ye olden dayes” have not changed so very much in the present day; for there is a saying which tells us that we must *look for true gratitude only in children!* How often, with heartfelt sincerity, do we go out of our way to do some little act of kindness, only to find ourselves, like poor Hugues Aubriot, *most effectually* “SHUT UP!” At first there were but two towers

by the gateway; and flanking walls were built on each side of these; but a few years later on two more towers were added, and finally, in the 17th century, there were eight strong towers, 70 feet high, connected with each other by walls 10 feet thick, which rose almost to the summit of the battlements; while the place was further protected by a deep moat with 25 feet of water, over which draw-bridges were hung. Perhaps, to Englishmen, one of the most important events in the eventful history of the Bastille was the occupation of that fortress by the brave, yet modest, Henry V.,—one of the noblest characters in the history of our country! Not long after the glorious battle of Agincourt—on the 1st of December, 1418—Henry entered Paris, amid great pomp and ceremony. "The people," says Martin, the historian, "were so demoralized through excess of misery, brought on by the continuous levies made by the two factions in France at that time, that they hailed a foreign king with cries of hope!" The officer who was placed in charge of the Bastille was none other than our famous Sir John Falstaff; and he seems to have been a very different man from the character described by Shakespeare. "This Falstaff," writes Balzac (instead of being the type of ridicule, whose name provokes laughter—the king of clowns, etc.), "was one of the most important personages of the century, a Knight of the Order of the Garter, entrusted with supreme command; the general who distinguished himself at the battle of Agincourt and took the Duc d' Alençon prisoner, captured Montereau in 1420, and who (under Henry VI.) beat 10,000 Frenchmen with 1,500 soldiers worn out with fatigue and dying of hunger!" When Charles VII. retook Paris, the English and their allies shut themselves up in the Bastille; but they were forced to capitulate in 1436. When the Duc de Guise defeated the Parisians he found the parliament had

retired to the Bastille, where, safe from harm, they could pass as many laws or by-laws as they pleased. This did not trouble the valiant Duke very much—as long as the "honorable members" were kept imprisoned within these towers; so he set himself to work to place a *cordon* of his followers round about, and to see that the bar of this extemporised House of Parliament was not "served with refreshments" to any extent whatsoever! How ridiculous it seems, to think that these dignified senators could do but little else than walk about on the leads, and peer over the parapet at the assembled "unemployed" down below; but, being entrusted with managing the affairs of State, they kept up the farce as long as possible. (Our present modern parliaments often do the same thing.) We can imagine the Minister of Finance (without any money in the treasury) asking the Minister of Agriculture (who was on the point of starvation) when the opportunity to smuggle another bag of corn over the walls would likely receive the attention of the House; and the Minister of the Interior (Several Interiors, for that matter!) would refer the honorable member for *Paté-de-Foie-Gras* to the Minister of War; and he would, as they still do in parliament,—refer the questioner to some one else, or give the subject a six month's hoist!

Those grey walls were the silent witnesses to many heart-rending scenes of anguish, of imprisonment, torture, and death; but never, from the day when the foundation stone was laid till the last day of their existence, did the Bastille towers look upon a scene so fraught with such diabolical cruelty as that which took place—or rather began to take place—on the night of the 24th of August, 1572, the festival of St. Bartholomew! Of all the atrocities perpetrated in the history of Christian Europe, this was the greatest! It is midnight; all Paris is (APPARENTLY) asleep; there is nothing unusual to be seen, to warn

the unfortunate victims of the dreadful fate in store for them; only a few had received the "white silk scarf;" but even *they* did not know the meaning of the decoration,—the "favor" which is to ensure their safety. One, two, three, four,—the strokes from the clock on the *Quai de l'Horloge* ring the hour of twelve. "Then," says the historian,* "as the harsh sound rang out through the air of that warm summer night, it was caught up and echoed from tower to tower, rousing all Paris from their slumbers. Immediately from every quarter of that ancient city up rose a tumult as of hell; the clanging bells, crashing doors, the musket-shots, the rush of armed men, the shrieks of their victims, and high over all, the yells of the mob, fiercer and more pitiless than hungry wolves,—made such an uproar, that the stoutest hearts shrank appalled, and the sanest appeared to have lost their reason. Women unsexed, men wanting everything but the strength of wild beasts, children without a single charm of youth or innocence, crowded the streets when the rising day still struggled with the glare of a thousand torches. They smelt the odor of blood, and, thirsting to indulge their passions for once with impunity, committed horrors that have become the marvel of history." Some, we are told, fled to the royal palace expecting the king would receive them, and protect them. Charles IX. received them—with a musket in his cowardly hand, which he fired at the fleeing Huguenots. Many of the unfortunates sought shelter at the Bastille, only to be slaughtered beneath its walls.

Most horrible deeds of cruelty were done in the Bastille during the reign of Louis XI.: that monarch made continual use of these dungeons, and when the place was torn down his "oubliettes" (iron cages), and "monstrous stone blocks, with padlock chains" were unearthed, and skeletons found walled-

up were brought to light. In one account of the Bastille, the author,* in speaking of it when the infamous L'Hermit was Governor, says.—"Human ingenuity, aided by fiends, never invented more terrible places for the torment of human beings * * * He caused the victims sent to him by the king, to be placed on a trap-door, through which they fell, striking on wheels armed with sharp points and cutting edges; others he stifled by closing up all air to their dungeons, or tied stones about their necks and made them walk into a deep and filthy pool he had provided for the purpose. * * * There were five ranks of chambers, only differing one from the others in its horrors. The most dreadful were those known as the 'iron cages,' six feet by eight, composed of strong wood, and lined with iron plates. These were invented by Louis XI., who had two built at Loches, in which Ludovico, Duke of Milan, was confined, and in which he ended his days. Louis XII., while Duke of Orleans, was also confined in these iron cages. The second rank of chambers, for cruelty, were at the top of the towers: in these rooms a man could not stand upright, and the windows admitting light and air were pierced through the ten feet walls, and were obstructed by several rows of grates. In many cases the outer window-grates were covered with cloth, and also darkened by window-shutters, fixed in a manner that all view was intercepted from the prisoner. These rooms in summer were insufferably hot, and in winter piercing cold. The dungeons under the towers were filled with mud, from which exhaled the most offensive odours, and which were over-run with toads, rats, newts, and spiders." We might imagine the luckless captive in these underground cells, thinking much in the same strain as Byron's *Prisoner of Chillon*:

* White.

* Bingham.

"With spiders I had friendship made,
 And watched them in their sullen trade;
 Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
 And why should I feel less than they?
 We were all inmates of one place,
 And I, the monarch of each race,
 Had power to kill—yet strange to tell!
 In quiet we had learned to dwell—
 My very chains and I grew friends;
 So much a long communion tends
 To make us what we are."

It was in these dark and loathsome places that the tyrant, Louis XI, imprisoned those whom he was desirous of destroying by protracted sufferings. Here, in dungeons, the bottoms of which were covered with sharp cones, that their feet might have no resting-place, nor their bodies any repose, were placed the Princes of Armagnac, who were taken out twice a week and scourged in the presence of the Governor of the Bastille. The eldest of the princes went mad under this treatment, and the younger was released by the death of Louis. "It was from the petition of the princes, published in 1483, that these dreadful truths were obtained, and could not have been believed or imagined with a less convincing proof." This same king had the Cardinal de la Ballue imprisoned in one of the iron cages for eleven years! The celebrated Cardinal Richelieu figures conspicuously in the history of the "Castle of St. Antoine;" and he was just such a man as would see that the grass did not grow about the place, nor that the warders idled the time away because of having nothing to do. During his long term of office, treason of one kind and another was continually cropping up; and, as Richelieu was always successful in nipping this sort of thing in the bud, the *Hotel-de-Bastille* had no lack of BOARDERS! There was one long succession of prisoners—commencing with Marie de Medicis, and ending with the Count Philip d'Aglié. That notable subject of controversy, and mystery of the Court of Paris, "the man in the iron mask," was incarcerated here after his imprisonment at the Ile St. Marguerite, in the

Mediterranean. Many writers have endeavored to solve the problem of his identity. Some assert that he was the Duke of Monmouth, nephew of James II.; others maintain that he was Count Matthioly; but the majority are of the opinion that he was the twin-brother of Louis XIV., "born two hours after the royal infant (his brother) had received the homage and acclamations of the courtiers." An heir to the throne of France was hailed with the greatest joy. It had been predicted, by two astrologers, several months before, that France would be torn by dissensions and by civil war, caused by the rivalry of two claimants to the throne. When the birth of the second twin-brother was announced, the prediction seemed to be in a fair way for being fulfilled, as the law of France recognized the *last* born twin-child as the *heir*. Here was a nice state of affairs; one of the children had already been publicly proclaimed as the Dauphin; and soon after "Number Two" appears on the scene. Gloom and dismay seized upon the king's mind, but Richelieu was, as ever, equal to the occasion, and lost no time in "suppressing the increased majority." He had the last-born child sent away immediately, and he was brought up far from the precincts of the court. After he grew out of boyhood's years, he was placed in the hands of Captain St. Mars, who took him to the Fort of Pignerol; the "iron mask" was fastened on his face, and he was condemned to wear it day and night, waking or sleeping, *for upwards of forty years!* "It is affirmed that his likeness to his mother—Anne of Austria—was so manifest that he would at once have been recognized." While at the Isle of St. Marguerite, he contrived to scratch something on one of the silver dishes, on which his meals were served, and threw it out of the window into the sea. Not long afterwards, a fisherman dredged it up in his net, and, in the blissfulness of his ignorance, he took

it to the governor of the prison; and, when interrogated, he declared he could not read or write, and knew nothing of the meaning of the words on the dish; nevertheless the plate disappeared—and so did the poor fisherman, for he was never allowed to leave the prison. The famous Madame de Staël occupied apartments in the Bastille once, and very much against her will, too; but she made the best of it, and passed the time away in reading “Cleopâtre,” and playing *baccarat* with her maid.

The details of Latude's escape from the Bastille in 1749 rival Monte Cristo's wonderful adventures at the Chateau D'If. He was confined in one of the upper cells, with a fellow-prisoner named Allégre; and the two of them planned to escape by way of the chimney and roof. They worked for nearly two years unravelling their shirts to get threads with which to construct a rope-ladder; the little rungs they made out of the firewood from their grate, and all had to be concealed in the daytime under a stone in the floor. In his “Memoirs” Latude says:—“When all the cords were ready we measured them; they measured 1,400 feet; afterwards we made 208 rungs for the wooden ladder, and the ladder of ropes; and to prevent the ladder of ropes from making a noise by swinging against the wall, we covered them with the linings of our dressing gowns, our coats, and our waistcoats. We worked night and day for over 18 months.” On the night of the 26th of February, 1756, they made their escape. They had worked six months in lifting, or “unsealing,” the iron bars from the top of the chimney; so, all being clear, they scaled up inside of it, and fastening their rope-ladder to the top by means of the irons they had taken from the grating, they let themselves down, and proceeded to drill a hole through the wall by the moat. This took them eight hours, they being many times disturbed at their work by the patrol with lighted torches,

who passed by every hour. At such times they would slip into the water, and stay under as long as possible. After scraping away till nearly day-break, they at last made an aperture sufficiently large to allow them to crawl through—and so they were free! We all know the saying about “whistling before you are out of the wood,” being somewhat of a premature pleasure; and these two worthies began to tune up, as it were, by writing letters to their friends, before they had reached a place of safety; the consequence was, that one of these mis-sives coming into the hands of the authorities, it was not very long before they were arrested and brought back to their old quarters. The officials, recognizing the truism that “two heads are better than one” (as far as the manufacture of rope-ladders, etc., is concerned), made them occupy separate rooms afterwards. Allégre went mad; but Latude was released in 1784; and he ended his days peacefully on a farm not far from Paris, at the age of eighty years.

The early customs of the Bastille continued down to its last days. Long after the necessity of cruelty and persecution had ceased (if it ever was necessary), they were in vogue, from force of habit, in this horrible state prison. “Necessity, the tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.” The occupation of the officials was mainly to interrogate and annoy the prisoners, to lay snares for them, and by the meanest artifices entrap them into confessions. They were continually insulted in the grossest manner, carressed and menaced; every infliction was put upon the poor, unfortunate creatures, until the once proud spirit became cowed and weak, and ready to snatch at any chance, to say or do that which might be the means of gaining its dear liberty. “This torment went on from day to day, frequently ending in insanity or death.” How terrible must have been the feelings of the accused courtier—called,

perhaps, from some state banquet, or from the midst of his dear ones—"by the order of the King," on alighting from the carriage, or chair, to find himself before the awful portals of the dread Bastille! Oh, the unspeakable despair; the crushing knowledge of all hope bereft! When the place was destroyed, state secrets and correspondence were discovered in the archives, and given to the winds; and many a letter reached the outside world for the first time. Here is one, dated at the Bastille, October 7th, 1752:—"If, for my consolation, Monseigneur would grant me, for the sake of God and the Most Blessed Trinity, that I could have news of my dear wife; were it only her name on a card, to show that she was alive, it were the greatest consolation I could receive, and I should forever bless the greatness of Monseigneur." Alas! poor writer, she has been dead this many a long year; and so wert thou—to all the world! How often has thy heart seemed to stand still at the sound of the gaoler's keys in the rusty lock? And the answer never came. Yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow—it was all the same. The early morning light struck through the barred window, only to chill the heart; the setting sunlight told only of the coming night; a tiny strip of blue between the stones and ironwork; the shadow of a swallow's wing flitting along the casement;—no more! Yes, many times the grating of the cruel keys have been listened to with a shuddering sense of some strange, impending horror, by the victims of brutal tyranny, buried alive, far from the sight of day, the sounds of life, to perish by inches—or by the hand of the midnight executioner!

On the 14th of July, 1789, a Parisian mob, numbering about a hundred thousand, and aided by the soldiers of the guard, stormed the Bastille. An anonymous writer gives the following account of the tragic scene:—"Between 3 and 4 p.m. the sound of drums

and the most terrible shouts were heard; then a flag was seen, escorted by an immense crowd of armed citizens. After some ineffectual attempts to negotiate, the mob once more attacked the second bridge, in spite of the cries of the troops, who called upon them not to advance any further, or else they would be fired upon. Seeing that they would listen to nothing, and that they were preparing to break down the second bridge, the Governor ordered his men to open fire. Several persons were killed, and the rest fled, and, as in the first case, kept up a fire on the sub-officers in the towers, from under shelter, pillaging the quarters. At 4.30 p.m., the people brought forward three carts laden with straw, which served to set fire to the guard house, the governor's house, kitchens, etc. The people then cried out: 'Let down the draw-bridge, and no evil shall befall you!' It was upon this promise that the governor gave the keys of the little draw-bridge, which he had in his pocket, to Corporal Gaillert, who opened the gate and let down the bridge. It is certain that if the garrison had been aware of the fate in store for them, they would not have surrendered. The gate was no sooner opened than the mob rushed in and fell upon the sub-officers, who had laid down their arms, with bayonet, sword, and stick. These gallant soldiers were despoiled and mutilated without being able to defend themselves. Then the mob acted with the utmost cruelty, dragging the prisoners through the streets to the Hotel-de-Ville, while the people shouted: 'Hang them!' 'Burn them!' 'Kill them!'" An Englishman, an eye-witness to the scene, relates: "We soon perceived an immense crowd proceeding toward the *Palais Royal*, and as it approached, we saw a flag carried aloft, some large keys, and two heads on spikes, from which blood was dripping down upon the hands and arms of those who carried them!"* Perhaps Carlyle's

* Bingham.

description of what took place when the Bastille fell is the most graphic:— "De Launey, discovered in a grey frock with poppy-colored riband, is for killing himself with the sword of his cane. He shall to the Hotel-de-Ville, . . . through roarings and cursings, hustlings, clutchings, and at last through strokes! Your escort is hustled aside, felled down—miserable De Launay. He shall never enter the Hotel-de-Ville; only his bloody 'hair-queue.' The bleeding trunk lies on the steps there; the head is off through the streets, ghastly, aloft on a pike. Rigorous De Launay has died, crying out: 'O, friends, kill me fast!' Merciful De Losme must die. . . . One other officer is massacred; one other invalid is hanged on the lamp-iron. Provost Flesselles, stricken long since with the paleness of death, must descend from his seat, 'to be judged at the Palais Royal;' alas, to be shot dead by an unknown hand, at the turning of the first street. . . . Along the streets of Paris circulate seven Bastille prisoners borne shoulder high; seven heads on pikes; the keys of the Bastille, and much else. . . . O, evening sun of July; how, at this hour, thy beams fall slant on reapers amid peaceful, woody fields; on old women spinning in cottages; on ships far out on the silent main; on balls at the Orangerie of Versailles, where high rouged Dames of the Palace are even now dancing with double-jacketed Hussar officers; and also on this roaring hell-porch of a Hotel-de-Ville!" That gallant regiment, the Swiss Guard, bore the brunt of the revolution and was finally completely annihilated in 1792. These noble soldiers defended the King and the royal family, in the Palace of the Tuilleries, against hordes of the maddened furies of Paris, "of the basest and most degrading wretches a great capital hides from the eyes of the better inhabitants, but nourishes in the darkness till some great convulsion exposes the hideous brood to the light of day." History records no more

striking example of loyalty, valor, and self-sacrifice. In the town of Lucerne, in Switzerland, one of the most interesting attractions is the "LION MONUMENT," an immense sculpture, carved out of the solid rock, 28 feet long, and 18 feet high. It represents a dying lion, pierced by a spear-head, protecting the shield of the Bourbons, and commemorates the heroism of the illustrious Swiss Guard:

A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame.

Of some of the scenes which were enacted in Paris soon after the fall of the Bastille, Dumas gives a sketch:—

"Every day twenty-two were regularly shot. By this time the fear of life rendered death sweet. Girls, men, children, prayed that they might be shot with their parents. Sometimes they permitted this, and little boys and girls were shot holding their fathers' hands. Women who were seen to shed tears at executions were shot. Mourning was prohibited under pain of death. One lad of fourteen says: 'Quick, quick! You have killed papa! I want to overtake him

"One De Rochefort was accompanied by a son to the butchering ground, whither he went with three relatives. The men fell—the boy, aged 15, remained standing. The executioner hesitated—the people murmured. 'God save the King!' cried De Rochefort. A moment—a report—he fell, shattered to death.

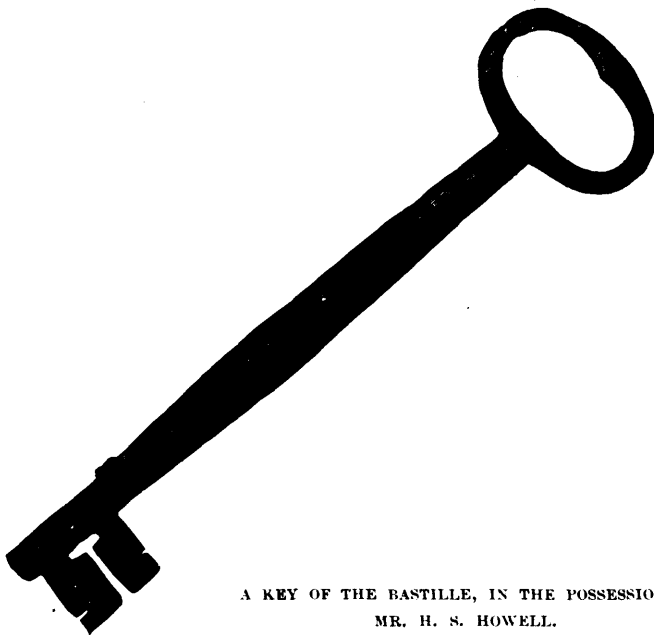
"A lovely girl, 14, is brought before the judge for refusing to wear the national cockade. 'Why do you refuse to wear it?' asks the judge. 'Because you do!' replied the child. Her beauty, rather than justice, pleading for her, a sign was made that a wreath should be put in her hair—the emblem of liberation. She cast it on the ground. She died!

"A man came to the Hall of Justice: 'You have killed my father, my brothers, my wife—kill me. My religion forbids me to destroy myself.

In mercy kill me!' In mercy—they killed him.

"A girl of 17, and much resembling Charlotte Corday, was accused of having served as an artillerist in the trenches of the forces opposed to the national forces. 'What is your name?' 'Mary—the name of the Mother of God, for whom I am about to die.' 'Your age?' 'Seventeen—the age of Charlotte Corday.' 'How!—at 17, fight against your country!' 'I fought to save it.'

cracy would congregate, and sun themselves in the presence of the *Grande Monarch*; while stupid plebeians craned their necks to catch a glimpse of royalty. To-day it is one of the fashionable resorts of the Parisians; gay crowds assemble here to listen to bands of music, and watch the flashing equipages whirling by; decorated officials strut around, and little children play about the splashing waters. At night the scene is even more brilliant; thousands of colored lamps il-



A KEY OF THE BASTILLE, IN THE POSSESSION OF
MR. H. S. HOWELL.

'Citizenship, we, your judges, admire your courage. What would you do with your life, if we gave it you?' 'Use it to kill you?' She ascended the scaffold, alarmed at the crowd of people—fearless of death. She refused the executioner's help—cried twice: 'God save the King!'—and lay down to die."

It was on that beautiful spot, the *Place de la Concorde*, where upwards of 2,800 persons perished in the "reign of terror!" Here, in the days of Louis XIV. the "Father of New France"), the nobility and aristo-

luminare the place—along the pathways, and in among the trees; the gas-lights ascending the *Champs Elysees* as far as the Triumphal Arch. form, apparently, an interterminal avenue. Two handsome fountains ornament the gardens; but Chateaubriand once remarked that "all the water in the world would not suffice to remove the blood-stains which sullied the place!"

It was fourteen years ago, (October, 1879.) when I noticed a paragraph in the *Toronto Mail*, stating that some of the keys of the old Bastille had been

traced to St. Louis, Mo.; they had been brought there by a descendant of one of those who took part in the storming of the Bastille, and had been retained in the family as a heirloom. I went to St. Louis in September, 1886, for the purpose of finding these relics, which I succeeded in doing after considerable trouble. They had changed hands once; and before I left the city they had been transferred to myself. They are five in number, the largest looking old enough to have been used by Hugues Aubriot himself; it is nearly twelve inches long and very heavy. The smallest is of fine workmanship; it is made of steel, and the socket is shaped like a *fleur-de-lis*. One of the keys has a heavy, bevelled head, and is six inches in length; the others are about ten inches long, and seem to have been at one time plated with brass. As the Bastille was an immense building, with innumerable cells, corridors and dungeons, there must have been a great number of keys in use; and very likely there are many in existence at the present time, though scattered and unknown. The authorities at Paris have already collected twenty-seven; they are deposited in the *Archives Nationales*. What strange traditions cluster round those old pieces of iron; and what weird thoughts are conjured up by the sight of them! They seem to speak to us; each telling the same sad story of the glories and the horrors of the past. Valuable as they are now as curiosities, they were priceless more than a hundred years ago; a king's ransom could not purchase them—for had they not the keeping of many a royal minister, whose knowledge of kingly doings was far too complete to be allowed to go unchecked? If certain inanimate objects could be endowed with the power of speech, what wondrous tales we should hear! And yet, if so, what could be found that could narrate a Life Story half so thrilling as the Keys of the old Bastille of Paris!

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

In the golden silence the crickets sing
 All day long in the sere, brown grass.
 I love the clear, discordant ring
 Of the sable choristers, chanting mass
 For dear, dead days the past months enfold,
 And the heart of summer, growing cold.

The maples burn through the hill-top's mist;
 The sumac's fires are alight below.
 In many a dry and tangled twist,
 Tall weeds in the marsh-lands, bending low
 Send tremulous pictures across the pool,
 As the air blows over, both warm and cool

Dear wraith of summer; as clearer yet
 Thy spirit-ropes grow day by day,
 I banish sadness and regret
 In the glorious beauty of thy decay;
 And with rapturous thrill, strong sense have I
 Of mine own immortality.

—L. O. S.

DOWN THE YUKON AND UP THE MAGKENZIE.*

3200 Miles by Foot and Paddle.

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

III.

OUR residence here in our winter camp lasted from the 14th of September to the 3rd of March—five and a half months. During this period, I was chiefly engaged in making astronomical and magnetic observations, and in plotting and tabulating my work to this point.

The days became shorter and shorter, until, on the 7th of December, the sun appeared for the last time above the horizon, when I made the prediction that it would not again be seen until the 5th of January. For this appalling statement I was promptly arrested and court-martialled by the party, and, with mock solemnity, the sentence of capital punishment was pronounced upon me, conditionally on the prediction failing to be fulfilled. When at last the 5th of January arrived, we were all eagerly on the lookout for the appearance of the long-lost luminary. At a few minutes before 10 a.m., the hour announced for the panorama to commence, clouds spread over the horizon, and I began to despair of the programme being carried out; when suddenly a rift fortunately occurred in the proper quarter, and shortly afterwards a beam of golden sunshine shot over the hills, illuminating the surrounding gloomy woods and the camp. This was hailed with delight by the members of the party; my sentence was at once cancelled; and the glad event was celebrated with all the enthusiasm of which our limited circumstances would permit. Had our camp been situated on the summit of one of the surrounding mountains, instead of in the valley of the river, the sun would not have totally disap-

peared, being visible from there for at least a few minutes on even the shortest day.

The average daily duration of actual darkness during the absence of the sun, was twenty hours; the remaining four being twilight. This period of darkness and gloom appeared interminable, as day after day and week after week dragged its slow and monotonous length along, during which the members of the party, with the exception of myself and the cook, had no regular occupation. Even upon the miners, who are more or less accustomed to the region, this long, dreary night has a most depressing influence, and there is a strong tendency among them to become despondent and mopish.

Frequent exchanges of visits with these men, and an ample supply of reading matter, which we had brought with us, together with cards, draughts, and other home amusements, lent their assistance in whiling away the long, dreary hours. My men also constructed a toboggan slide down the side of one of the hills, which was a source of considerable amusement, and of much needed recreation to both body and mind. It was a great novelty to the miners, who thoroughly enjoyed the sport, and whose boyish shouts of laughter and glee "set the wild echoes flying" through the lonely silence, as a half dozen of them at a time went down the chute and out over the river at the rate of one hundred miles an hour.

In spite, however, of all efforts to

* Owing to the defective development of the negatives of views taken in the country described in the present instalment of Mr. Ogilvie's article, no illustrations can be given of the remarkable scenery along the route between the Yukon and Fort McPherson on the Mackenzie River.

appear cheerful and contented, a desire for communication with the outside world, and especially with home and those near and dear to us, repeatedly overcame us, and brought on frequent fits of dejection and despondency so severe that, on several occasions, I was driven almost to desperation, and seriously considered the terminating of the expedition here, and packing up and retracing our steps to the coast.

The lowest temperature recorded during the winter was 55°.1 F. below zero. On seven days over 50° below zero was recorded, and on twenty-six days over 40°. The average minimum temperature for November was, —5°.1; for December, —33°.6; for January, —25°.3, and for February, —16°.8 F.

About one hundred miners wintered in this vicinity. Their principal occupations and amusements were playing cards and telling lies. Poker is the chief game, and is always played for gold dust; the play is strictly honest and fair—woe to the player who should attempt any tricks or sharp play. As for the other part of their pastime, it is always in order for an aspirant for the proud position of being the greatest liar, to hold forth. Many of the stories possess originality and humor, but, as a rule, they are childish extravagances and impossibilities of the Baron Munchausen order. About forty miles up the river from my quarters, thirty miners were encamped on an island, which was called, from this circumstance, "Liars' Island," and the residents were known as the "Thirty Liars." There was good reason for these designations.

None of the miners belong to the desperado type—the career of such being invariably cut short among them, —and the customary features, such as the bowie-knife, revolver, and rifle, which, in the minds of the general public, are associated with mining life, are here largely conspicuous by their absence. Property and person among the miners are held sacred, and the

neighboring Indians are not troublesome.

A generous spirit of communism prevails, and any one of their number, who, by accident or illness, is unable to provide for himself, is carefully looked after by his fellows. In all their dealings with each other, they are strictly honorable and true; but this appears to be the limit of their code of ethics.

The only traders in the district, Messrs. Harper & McQuestion, distribute the rations which they import to each miner alike, taking the chances of being paid in all cases in which the recipients have nothing to give in return at the time. Instances are very rare in which they fail to receive, sooner or later, from each miner the full amount of his account. One of the miners, named Missouri Frank, wanted more than his share of the butter which the firm had imported, and offered to pay in gold for the same. Although others were unable to pay for their shares, he was refused any further allowance, and that same night he stole what butter there was in the cellar. Upon the detection of the theft a few days afterwards, a meeting of the miners was called, and a committee of five appointed, who proceeded to Frank's cabin and demanded the stolen butter. The most frantic denials of the theft were useless; the butter was produced and placed on a sled, and Frank was compelled to draw it back to the post—a distance of eighteen miles. He was then ordered to immediately remove to a distance of not less than 150 miles, with which order he had the prudence to comply.

The gold-mining of the region is confined chiefly to the Stewart and Forty Mile Rivers, as on the Lewes and Pelly Rivers the necessary sluicing is impossible, except by pumping. The value of the metal found on these rivers up to 1887 may be estimated at \$250,000, although it is impossible to obtain from the miners themselves



any reliable information as to the amount they individually produce. They are, as a rule, inveterate jokers, and the higher the official or social position of the person with whom they are conversing, the greater the delight they take in hoaxing him. They do not even disclose to each other, much less to out-siders, the amount of their earnings. The highest amount reported as one man's earnings during the season was \$6,000, and in several cases \$100 a day was alleged to have been made. While, however, instances in which large amounts have been earned are comparatively few, nearly all the miners succeed in making what is called a "grub stake,"—that is, sufficient for the purchase of the necessaries of life for one year.

The mining on Stewart River was confined wholly to bars in the stream; the beach and bank bars were timbered, and at no great depth frozen, and to work them would necessitate a resort to hydraulic mining, for which there was no machinery in the district.

During the fall of 1886 several miners combined and secured the services of the engines of the supply steamer, "New Racket," with which to work pumps for sluicing. The boat was drawn up on a bar, her engines detached from the wheels, and made to drive a set of pumps manufactured on the ground, which supplied water for a set of sluicing boxes. In less than a month, the miners cleared \$1,000 each, and paid an equal amount for the use of the engines. Many of the miners who had spent the season of 1886 on Stewart River, and 1887 on Forty Mile River, seemed to prefer the former, as, according to them, there were no such failures on it as on the latter, each man being able to secure at least a "grub stake."

Forty Mile River is the only stream on which, up to the spring of 1888, coarse gold, the great *desideratum* of the miners, was found. The largest nugget was worth \$39. It was lost on the body of a miner who was drowned

at the Cañon. This stream is termed a "bed-rock" stream—that is, one in the bed of which there is little or no drift or detrital matter, the bottom being rock. In many places this rock has been scraped with knives to obtain the small amount of detritus, and its accompanying gold. Platinum is generally found associated with the gold, particularly on this river.

I venture to assert that rich finds will yet be made in this region, of both coarse gold and auriferous quartz. It is not probable that such a vast extent of country should have all its fine gold deposited as sediment, brought from a distance in past ages of the world's development. If this theory is correct, the matrix, from which all the gold on these streams is derived, must still exist, in part at least, and will in all probability be discovered, thus enriching this otherwise gloomy and desolate region.

The process of mining in the district is as follows:—When a miner "strikes" a bar he "prospects" it by washing a few panfuls of the gravel or sand of which it is composed. According to the number of "colors" he finds to the pan, that is, the number of specks of gold he can detect, after all the dirt has been washed out, he judges of its richness.

"Placer" mining is carried on by clearing all the coarse gravel and stone off a patch of ground, and lifting some of the finer gravel or sand in a pan. The pan is then filled with water, and a few rapid shakes and whirls, bring the gold to the bottom, on account of its greater specific gravity. The gravel and sand on the top is then carefully washed from the pan bearing the gold, with a quantity of heavy black sand, which invariably accompanies it. This sand is pulverized magnetic iron ore. Should the gold be fine, the contents of the pan are thrown into a barrel of water containing a few pounds of mercury, with which the gold forms an amalgam. When sufficient amalgam has been produced, it is "roasted" or

"fired," and is then squeezed through a buck-skin bag. The mercury that comes through the bag is again placed in the barrel of water, while the gold is heated in order to vaporize as much as possible of the mercury still in combination with it. This is called the "pan" or "hand" method, and on account of its laboriousness, is never employed when it is possible to procure a "rocker," or to use sluices.

A rocker is simply a box about three feet long by two wide, made in two parts. The upper part is shallow, with a heavy sheet-iron bottom, punched full of quarter-inch holes. The lower part is fitted with an inclined shelf, about midway in its depth, covered by a heavy woollen blanket. The whole is then mounted on two rockers resembling those of a child's cradle. It must be located near a supply of water. The upper box is filled with the sand just mentioned, and with one hand the miner rocks and the other ladles in water. The pure matter, with the gold, falls through the holes upon the blanket, which checks its progress, and holds the particles of gold. Across the bottom of the box are fixed a number of thin slats, behind which a small quantity of mercury is placed to arrest any particles of gold which may escape the blanket. The blanket is, at intervals, taken out and rinsed into a barrel; if the gold is fine, mercury is placed in the barrel, as already mentioned.

Sluicing is always employed when possible. It requires a good supply of water, with sufficient head or fall. A long box is made of planks, with slats across the bottom, or shallow holes placed in such order that a particle could not run along the bottom without entering one of them. Several of such boxes are fitted into one another to form one continuous box, and the whole is then set up with considerable slope. Gravel is shovelled into the highest part, into which is also directed a stream of water. The gravel and sand is washed downward by the cur-

rent, the gold being detained on the slats, or in the holes, by its weight. If the gold be fine, mercury is used as in the case of the rocker. By this method three times as much sand and gravel can be washed as by the rocker in the same time. In the end, the boxes are burned, and the ashes washed for the gold held in the wood.

The principal furs procured in the district are the silver-grey and black fox, which more than equal in value all the other skins. The red fox is also common, and a species called the blue is abundant near the coast. Marten, or sable, are numerous; also lynx, but otter are scarce, and beaver is almost unknown.

Game, too, is fast disappearing. The baneful effects of indiscriminate slaughter, by the Indians, of game and fur-bearing animals, are here, as elsewhere in this northern country, becoming sadly apparent. For the irresistible propensity on the part of the Indian to kill any animal he chances to see, there has, as yet, been discovered no remedy. Police surveillance, or any kindred preventive measure, throughout such a vast region is, of course, out of the question, and all attempts to persuade or influence them to observe discretion in the matter has proved unavailing. I have known them to break into a beaver house and kill all the inmates at a time of the year when the skins were worthless, and some of the young scarcely able to crawl about. On one occasion I was in company with an Indian when two cariboo passed us. Although we had plenty of fresh meat on hand, he insisted on having me shoot them, and was greatly displeased because I would neither do so, nor lend him my rifle for the purpose, indicating as best he could by signs and broken English that he wanted to kill every animal he saw.

Four species of bears are found in the district—the grizzly, brown, black, and a small kind, locally known as the "silver-tip," grey in color, with white

throat and beard, and said to be exceedingly fierce and aggressive. A few wolves and arctic rabbits were seen, and the surrounding mountains abound in goats and big-horn sheep.

Birds are scarce. A number of ravens were seen along the river, and four of them remained around the camp all the winter. They were unusually active and noisy in stormy weather, their hoarse croak having a weird and dismal sound amid the roar of the elements.

Fish are not found in large quantities in the district, with the exception of a small species locally known as the arctic trout, and called by Schwatka, the grayling. It differs, however, from the ordinary descriptions and drawings of the grayling. It seldom exceeds ten inches in length, has very large fins, which give it the appearance, when in motion, of having wings, and is of a brownish grey color on the back and sides.

No record of the appearance and brilliancy of the aurora was kept during the winter, with the exception of its appearance three times by daylight, when it was seen as a long, thin, streamer-like cloud, fluctuating in intensity, suddenly increasing and decreasing in extent, quick and shifting in its movements, and of about the brilliancy of pale aurora when seen at night. As to the aurora being audible, I may say that I frequently listened during an unusually brilliant display, and amid profound silence, but was never conscious of even the slightest sensation of sound. I have met individuals, however, who claim to hear a slight rustling when the aurora makes a sudden rush. A member of my exploring party, in 1882, in the Peace River district, was so confident of this that one night I took him beyond the reach of noise from the camp, blindfolded him, and then watched the play of the streamers. At each brilliant and sudden change of the aurora, he exclaimed, "Don't you hear it?"

The extraordinary spectacle of green

clouds was witnessed on the 19th and on the 29th of February, just before sunrise. On both occasions the sky was covered with downy white clouds, while there was a slight fall of minute ice crystals, accompanied by an unusually high temperature. The color was a brilliant emerald green, fringed on the lower side with yellow, which, as the sun gradually rose, encroached on the green until the clouds were all yellow. This color changed to orange and red after the sun had risen above the horizon. On the first occasion, the green color was seen for about fifteen minutes; on the second for about five. It is probable that the form of the snow crystals in the air produced abnormal refraction which made the green rays of the spectrum conspicuous.

In this region there are occasional falls of remarkably large *ærolites*. During the winter of 1885, an unusually large *ærolite* fell with terrific force and noise, illuminating as brightly as mid-day the ill-lighted huts of the miners. Some idea of its magnitude may be obtained from the fact that at places twenty-two miles apart, those who heard it had the same impression as to its direction and sound.

On the 17th of February, I was on the way from Forty-Mile River to my camp, accompanied by a miner who had witnessed the flash and heard the report of this *ærolite*. Nine miles above my destination we halted for dinner, and just as we were preparing to resume our journey, a tremendous explosion was heard, followed by a rending, crashing sound, as though the side had been torn out of a mountain, and had fallen from a great height. The ice on which I was standing appeared to shake, and had it not been for the snow, which was falling thickly at the time, I would have fancied that the catastrophe would be seen on the mountain side a mile or so distant. The miner, who was at the time arranging the harness on his dogs, exclaimed, "That's one of them things." The miners at Belle Isle, fifteen miles

from the spot where I was at the time, state that the sound and direction appeared to them as it did to me.

When the days became sufficiently long, I commenced preparations for my expedition towards the mouth of the Mackenzie River, a distance of over four hundred miles, by a route never before travelled by a white man. Two members of my party of six—Day and McNeill, on account of ill-health, did not attempt the journey, leaving Morrison, Gladman, Parker and Sparks to accompany me. The outfit was hauled to Belle Isle, a distance of twenty-four miles; and on the 17th of March we bade good-bye to the miners, with regret, and yet with a thrill of satisfaction that we were now started homeward on our long journey. More than 2,500 miles were still lying between us and the nearest railway station, nearly all of which had to be got over by foot or paddle.

Our supplies and canoes were packed on toboggans, and with the assistance of nine Indian teams of four dogs each, we began our march over the snow to the mouth of the Tat-on-duc River.

Up the bed of this river, now covered with ice, we proceeded for eleven miles, where a stream of warm water enters it, which melts the ice on the surface for some distance. Just above this point the river enters a cañon. This is one of the grandest sights I have ever beheld. It is forty or fifty feet wide; and the walls rise perpendicularly, on one side to a height of 700 feet, and on the other of 500 feet; then sloping off to the sides of high mountains. It is half a mile long, and although there is a slight bend in the middle, it can be seen through from end to end.

The camp of the Indians accompanying me was situated about seven miles above this point, and as we arrived there on Saturday, they desired us to remain with them until Monday. We complied with their wishes, and on

Sunday witnessed the religious services of these simple aborigines, which consisted of reading in their own language the service of the Episcopal Church, translated by Archdeacon Macdonald, a highly venerated missionary, and in singing a few hymns to old and simple tunes, in which, to their delight, we heartily joined.

The tents of these Indians are built differently from those of any other North American tribe which I have visited. Willows are fixed in the ground in an elliptical form, eighteen or twenty feet long, by ten or fourteen wide. They are bent into the proper curves and fastened together at the top. Over this framework are thrown deer skins, dressed with the hair on, the hair being inside. Although a large opening is left at the top for the smoke to escape, a small fire keeps the tent warm.

Their winter clothing is made of the same kind of skin, and is worn with the hair inside. The leggings and foot-covering are in one piece, and the coat is made after the manner of a shirt. In the case of young children, the ends of the sleeves are sewn up to prevent the hands from getting out.

Six miles above the camp, or twenty-five from the mouth of the river, there is a small cañon, the walls of which, though perpendicular, are not high. The water here is exceedingly rough, as is the case at nearly every point along the Tat-on-duc, which is really an unimportant mountain-stream sixty or seventy miles long, and falling about 2,800 feet in that distance.

Four miles further on, as we were passing a mountain, the Indians informed me that on the other side of it was a small lake, which never freezes, the water being constantly disturbed by a strong wind blowing into it. This wind, they said, was deadly, and any man or animal coming near the lake died on its banks, or was blown into the water and drowned, and for this reason they have a superstitious dread of approaching it. They also

stated that large numbers of sheep and goats are seen around it (accounted for, no doubt, by the fact that these are there undisturbed by hunters) and that many of their skeletons are strewn along the beach.

Upon asking the Indians to guide me to this wonderful lake they refused, saying that we would surely never return alive, nor could any offer induce them to either accompany me or direct me to it. They regarded me and my party as being in their special charge while in their territory, and dreaded the consequences should anything befall us. Such superstition on the part of the Indian is frequently a matter of serious annoyance to the explorer and the searcher after scientific information.

My curiosity, however, was not of long duration, as the key of the mystery was soon afterwards obtained. About seven miles further up there is, along the east bank, a low swamp, from which is emitted a strong odor of sulphuretted hydrogen gas. This gas, the Indians said, is the same kind of *wind* as that blowing into the lake. According to this, the disturbance of the water is caused by an immense escape of the gas, which is strong enough to overpower any animal that may come within its reach. There was nothing in the appearance of the surrounding rocks to indicate that the lake was the crater of an extinct volcano, which would be a simple explanation of the phenomenon.

A short distance further on is a cañon, which the Indians described as being the largest and worst on the river, and which, they said, contains a high waterfall. I did not see it, as we turned into a creek to avoid it. We ascended this creek about four and a half miles, when we turned to the left, going up a narrow valley lying between two high, bald mountains, on the bare sides of which many wild sheep were seen feeding. There are places along this creek where the ice remains all summer. The water runs on top of the ice, continually adding

to its thickness, until, in places, the valley has the appearance of a glacier. On the south side a curiously formed range skirts the edge of the valley for miles. It rises sharply from the bottom to upwards of two thousand feet to the west, ending in a table-land, which extends as far as the eye can reach. On the eastern edge of this table-land rises an immense wall, from seven hundred to one thousand feet high, and which appeared, from where I saw it, to be perpendicular on both sides,—its thickness about one-third of its height. It is weathered into peculiar shapes, resembling in places the ruins of ancient buildings. There are several holes in it, through one of which we could see the plateau beyond. In the bottom of the valley there are numerous mounds of gravel, indicating glacial action.

At the summit of the pass through the range separating this valley from that of the main river, the scenery is sublime. Here, on either side of the pass, are two lofty peaks, which I have named Mounts Deville and King. When I arrived in the latter part of the afternoon, the summits of these two mountains were enveloped in mist, while the background between them was a dense mass of clouds, of such fleecy whiteness, that it was impossible to distinguish the snow-covered horizon. This was in some respects the most memorable and inspiring scene I ever beheld. The fact that I was the first, and, in all probability would be for many years, the last, white man to visit this locality and witness this wondrous spectacle, made a peculiar and indescribable impression upon me. It seemed as though I was the first of mortals to whom it was permitted to gaze through the portals of time into eternity. Early next morning the clouds scattered, revealing a scene of transcendent splendour. In the fore-ground stood the colossal forms of Mounts Deville and King, in solemn and majestic loneliness, conveying to the mind an idea

of vastness such as I had never before conceived, while in every direction, as far as the eye could reach, appeared to brood the spirit of profound solitude, silence, and desolation.

Eight miles up from the point where we again entered the river, the stream turns sharply to the north, between two high mountains. As far as could be seen, the river, with its valley, was a field of ice of great thickness. In some places hillocks of ice were formed by the water bursting through and freezing as it overflowed. Much of this ice also remains through the summer.

Leaving the river, and ascending a mile up the valley of a small stream coming from the east, we reached the top of a low ridge which forms the watershed between the waters of the Tat-on-duc and those of a large river which the Indians assured me flowed into the Peel. I was much puzzled over this information, and it was only after they had repeatedly drawn in the snow, maps of the district, and after much argument and explanation by word and sign, that I gave credit to their statements. I then proposed to go down this river to the Peel and reach the Mackenzie by that route. At this the Indians were horrified, assuring me that there were most dangerous and impassible cañons on the river, and that we would certainly be lost if we attempted it, and they would be blamed for our disappearance. Their statements, coupled with the fact that the barometer stood at 26.65 inches,—showing an altitude of over three thousand feet, which would have to be descended before the Peel was reached, induced me not to try the route. Subsequent evidence which I procured corroborated the statements of the Indians concerning the direction and character of the stream. This river, which is not shown on any map of the district hitherto published, and which has never been referred to by any other explorer, has been named by Mr. J. Johnston, Geographer to the

Department of the Interior of Canada, "Ogilvie River."

Here the Indians turned back. No offer could induce them to accompany me with their dog teams any further; so, after paying them off, we bade farewell to our simple and kind-hearted escort, not without emotion on their part, which was fully reciprocated by us. The reason of their refusal to accompany me further was that they have a great dread of a tribe which they call Nahone, and which they suppose exists somewhere in the vicinity of these mountains. They speak of this tribe in a low tone of voice, looking suspiciously and timidly around, as though fearful of being overheard. They believe them to be cannibals, eating their food raw, and living outside without any covering for their bodies—like wild animals. They also seem to ascribe to them supernatural powers, for when, as I was trying to induce them to continue the journey with me, I pointed to my rifle and said I would shoot any Nahone who should attempt to molest me, they gave their heads an incredulous shake, as if they could not believe it. It appears that at one time an unusually fierce and warlike tribe inhabited the region around the head waters of the Liard and Pelly Rivers. Rumors of their aggressiveness probably reached these peaceful people, which would give rise, in time, to their needless feelings of alarm and dread. They admitted that none of them had ever seen a Nahone, or had ever heard of any person having seen one; yet nothing, except perhaps extreme want, would induce even a strong force of them to remain in this locality.

From here to the Porcupine River is sixteen and a half miles, thirteen of which is drained by the Ogilvie River. The country is slightly undulating, and wooded with stunted scattering timber, the existence of which is a matter of surprise, considering that the latitude is 65° 25' and the

altitude more than 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. In the open woods there is considerable fine short grass, and the willows along the numerous creeks in the neighborhood are as large as in southern countries.

Where the Porcupine is reached, it is a large creek, flowing northward from between two mountains. The valley can be seen for about six miles up, when it turns to the west, and disappears. About half a mile from here the stream enters a lake three miles long and upwards of one mile wide. At the lower end of the lake, which lies close to the foot of a lofty range of mountains, the stream turns from a northerly to a westerly direction, and, about a mile further on, enters another lake about as large as the first, from which it emerges double its former size. The valley is about a mile wide, well timbered in the bottom, and some of the trees are over a foot in diameter, clean trunked, and suitable for making lumber.

After parting from the Indians, the work of hauling our outfit over the snow and slush was exceedingly laborious, and we were fast becoming exhausted and unequal to the task. There was danger also of our provisions running short, if such severe labor were continued (three times the quantity being consumed under this labor than would suffice under ordinary circumstances). Hence I decided to halt until the ice broke up and we could use our canoes; and so we had a hut erected, consisting of canvas stretched over a wooden frame. Here we remained for six weeks—from the 10th of April to the 21st of May. Though this was a much-needed relief to our wearied bodies, we were greatly discouraged and disappointed by this long delay in our homeward journey. In our winter camp we frequently enjoyed the jovial society of the miners, and a visit to some of them could be made at any time we felt so inclined. We were always aware, too, that, as a last resort, we

could discontinue the exploration work we had set out to accomplish, and return in the spring to civilization. But here in this camp we were absolute prisoners; our nearest neighbors, the Tat-on-duc Indians, were seventy miles away, and escape in any direction, however great the emergency, was, for the time being, impossible. Can it be wondered at that doubts were entertained by members of the party that we would ever reach our destination by this unknown route, and that fears were expressed that we would all perish and never be heard of again?

After a week's recuperation in camp, however, the men became reconciled to their lot, and gloomy forebodings gave way to hope. Cheerfulness, real or assumed, was regarded as a duty, and, from this time, merriment became the order of the day.

An unfailing source of amusement and interest to us during our imprisonment was the Canada Jay, or Whiskey Jack, as it is commonly called. This bird is about the size and shape of the ordinary blue jay, but grey in color. It is celebrated for its familiarity with animals and man, hence the name, "Moose Bird," by which it is sometimes called. They came around our camp door in large numbers, chattering in a most comical manner, and greedily devouring what crumbs and scraps we threw to them. Numbers of them were caught in snares, and little collars of colored material were placed around their necks, and, thus arrayed, they were given their freedom. Their antics, when removing these collars from each other, were extremely comical. Some of them were re-caught four or five times.

The cunning of these birds is remarkable. One of them was noticed to be particularly bold and cheeky, and all attempts to capture him were in vain. At length a bag was prepared, with a hoop in its mouth to hold it open, and some food was placed around the mouth and inside. The bird approached it cautiously, and, af-

ter a time, entered the trap. One of the men made a rush to close the mouth of the bag, and, in his haste, accidentally fell upon it. When it was opened, the jay was, to all appearances, dead and limp. An altercation arose between the man who fell on the bag and another who was particularly fond of the bird, during which the carcass was sadly tossed out of the camp. It had not reached the ground, however, when the bird flew rapidly to the branch of the nearest tree, and there commenced an unusually vigorous chattering and scolding, which, with the expression of bewildered astonishment on the countenances of the disputants, produced the most uproarious and long-continued laughter among the rest of us.

Owing to the isolation of this district, animal life was abundant. Otter and marten were numerous, and there were indications of beaver, also of the fox and lynx. Ptarmigan were plentiful, as well as the Canada jay just mentioned.

Vast numbers of moose and cariboo wander throughout the district, and as a consequence of being unmolested by hunters, were much less fearful of man than in other places. During the winter, the moose live on buds and young twigs of the willow, while the cariboo live chiefly on moss. This they find high up on the hill sides in winter, and lower down in summer. They stand facing upwards, and pull the snow down towards them, uncovering a patch which they crop; and they then proceed a step upwards, where they do likewise. We noticed hill sides on which the snow had been pawed over in this manner for more than a mile in length by a quarter of a mile in breadth, hardly a square yard being missed. I had been told that at times the Indians pursue the moose on snow shoes, and run them down, and I decided to verify this by experiment. I started after one in deep, soft snow, but could not approach near enough to the animal to get a shot at

it. At times I would gain upon it, but I fell frequently and thus lost my advantage. After pursuing the brute for over five miles, I gave up the contest, but not before he showed signs of distress: his tongue hung out, and he was so winded that he stopped whenever I did. I afterwards learned that the snow-shoes which the Indians use on these occasions are made specially for the purpose, and are as long as the height of the man who is to use them, and about fifteen inches wide. My shoes were of this width, but only two feet long, so that I sank almost to the knee at each step.

When the snow is not deep, and the animals are hard to approach, the Indians resort to the following stratagem:—A ravine filled with snow is selected, and around it, on the lower side, is built a brush fence, which is extended outwards and backwards on each side to the uplands, diverging until the ends are some miles apart. This fence consists merely of crotched sticks, driven into the snow at intervals of a few yards, with poles laid horizontally in the crotches, the chief object being to make the agency of man in its construction as conspicuous as possible. A party then scours the country around the mouth of the trap, gradually approaching it, and driving the animals in the vicinity between the arms, which they avoid as soon as they see, and rush on to the snow pit at the end, where they are easily dispatched by the Indians, who become almost frantic with excitement, and an uncontrollable desire to kill every animal within reach. On our journey between our winter quarter and La Pierre's House, we saw four of these traps.

In spite of such wholesale and promiscuous slaughter of these brutes, innumerable herds of them range over the whole of this northern country through which we passed.

Shortly after settling in our camp, a herd of cariboo was announced as approaching us. Four of us took our rifles, Gladman, an excellent shot, ac-

companying me, and Morrison and Sparks going in a different direction. The latter two came suddenly on the herd coming up a slight incline, and Sparks at once fired. Upon this the brutes made a stampede straight towards them, and while they were passing both men fired all the cartridges in their repeating rifles. Attracted by the noise of the shooting, Gladman and I ran to the scene, but not a cariboo, nor even a trace of blood on the ground remained as the result of the fusillade. This incident illustrates how men, exceptionally brave and cool-headed, become suddenly attacked with what is known as "buck-fever," on such an occasion as this. It is perhaps needless to add that this event was the subject of considerable badinage at the expense of Morrison and Sparks, especially as we were in need of fresh meat. A few days afterwards I secured a shot at a cariboo, but found the meat so infested with parasitic larvæ as to be unfit for food.

The lowest temperature recorded during April was 37° F below zero. This was on the 4th, and for the six following days the minimum temperature was lower than 30° below zero. The snow began to show signs of melting on the 29th April, and on the 30th the thermometer stood at 40° above zero. On this day also occurred the first appearance of insect life, a small fly coming out of the river in great numbers, flying about and crawling over the snow. On the 5th day of May the temperature was 2° below zero, and was the last time a minus reading was recorded. On the 6th, the water in the river began to rise. On the 8th a flock of wild geese were seen flying in a south-westerly direction, as though coming from the Mackenzie River. The common house fly made its appearance the same day. The first swans were seen on the 11th; cranes on the 15th; and mosquitoes on the 14th.

The ice in the vicinity of the camp

being broken up, and my men impatient and anxious to make a start, our supplies and outfit were securely packed in the two canoes, and we left our spring quarters on the 21st May. We had only gone three miles, however, when we found it utterly impossible to make any further progress. The river was solidly blocked with ice for miles, and we were reluctantly compelled to re-construct our camp and remain until the ice began to move. On the 28th we again set out, and by paddling through the open spaces, and dragging the canoes across jams and floating fields of ice, we succeeded in getting ten miles down the stream. Here was an enormous jam of more than a mile in length, over which it was impossible to haul the canoes, and which had raised the water on both sides of the river so that we could neither pack past it, nor even find a camping place until we had gone back some distance. This caused a whole day's delay, after which the jam moved sufficiently far to allow us to reach dry land on the east side, to which point the canoes and equipages were brought, and from there packed to the foot of the jam. Just when we had finished packing, the jam burst and the river cleared, so that all our severe labor was unnecessary. About six miles below this, a large creek comes in from the west. At its mouth are many old racks for drying fish, erected by the Indians many years ago; from this circumstance I have called the stream the "Fishing Branch" of the Porcupine. The water of this stream is black and clear; while that of the main river is blue. About a mile beyond the entrance of the Fishing Branch, another jam caused a delay of a day, and after eight miles of most dangerous and difficult canoeing, another impassable jam was encountered. As this gave no signs of breaking up, we decided to get around it, which we did by wading, packing and canoeing through the surrounding woods. A little further on there is a

sharp turn in the river, and immediately below it a rapid which we entered before we had time to realize our danger. We fortunately got through, with no other mishap than one of the canoes filling with water and nearly sinking.

Twenty miles below the Fishing Branch, the river suddenly leaves the mountains, running under the base of the last peak, which is 2,500 feet high, and which I have named Mount Dewdney. As far as can be seen from this point, the mountains trend east and west, those on the east being lower, and gradually sloping off as if to another deep valley at no great distance.

From our camp to this point is about thirty-seven miles, in which there is a fall of four hundred feet. No sign of stratification was observed along the river, nor were there seen any traces of organic remains.

After leaving the mountains, the river winds through an undulating and wooded country. The banks are nowhere more than eighty to one hundred feet high, and generally consist of clay, with occasional exposures of a black shale, which decomposes into a rich black clay. The timber on the uplands, though thick, is not large enough for any other purpose than fuel. About thirteen miles below the mountains, a large rock exposure extends for half a mile on the east bank. It rises three or four hundred feet above the river, and is weathered into fantastic resemblances to old buildings, for which reason I have called it Cathedral Rock.

About forty miles below the mountains, a large tributary flows in from the south-west, and below this the current of the Porcupine becomes deeper and slower, and would be navigable for steamers of moderate draught.

A mile and a half below this, a stream one hundred yards wide flows in, and the width of the Porcupine averages one hundred and fifty yards.

From here down to the mouth of

Bell River, the fall is not noticeable by barometer, and the current is very slow. The latter river comes in from the east. As far up as its junction with Eagle River, it is one hundred yards wide. Its low banks are thinly wooded. By mistake we went up Eagle River one day's journey—twenty-seven miles. As we were encamped on the bank, a party of Indians, who had been on a hunting expedition, came down the river in skin boats, loaded with furs. These boats are made by sewing together a number of deer or moose skins, raw, with the hair taken off. A keel is laid down, and willow ribs and framework of the required dimensions are attached to it, and over this the cover is stretched after being soaked in water. When dry, it is smeared with melted fat.

By signs, we beckoned the Indians to come ashore. As they were approaching, I noticed my double-barrelled shot-gun, which was loaded, lying on the ground, and, fearing an accident if they attempted to handle and examine it, I took it up and withdrew the cartridges. At this action they became alarmed and suspicious, and it was with difficulty that we assured them we intended no harm, and induced them to land. After they had partaken of our hospitality, and were presented with a pound or so of our tea, they became quite friendly and communicative. Having learned from them that we had come up the wrong river, we at once retraced our steps, reaching Bell River at one o'clock in the morning, at which hour the sun was well above the horizon. It astonished the Indians greatly to see how we managed our canoes in the ice. In order to prevent them being crushed, it was often necessary to hastily jump out upon a floating mass and haul the canoes out quickly until the danger was past, when we re-embarked in the same spot, or dragged it across to open water on the other side. Ice of this kind was encountered all the way to La Pierre's House, which we reached

at nine o'clock at night, or rather in the afternoon, of the 6th of June. A large number of natives were here when we arrived. Our canoes and outfit were a subject of great curiosity to them, and the accounts of one of the Indians who accompanied us for the previous two days as to how we worked through the ice caused them to regard the white man's canoe as being a creature of life and spirit.

The distance from here to Fort McPherson is eighty miles by trail, and the trip is usually made in three days. By the route, however, which it was necessary for us to take with our canoes, eleven days of infinite toil and difficulty were occupied between the two posts. We set out on the 8th, going up Bell River to a pass across the watershed between it and Trout River, by which we were to reach the Peel. Although the distance to the pass was only twenty-one miles, owing to ice jams and the sinuosities of the river, it took us three days to reach it. The current was not strong, but there were shoals where the ice, fully five feet thick, was grounded and piled up so as to dam the water back until sufficient force was accumulated to push it over or break it up. Leaving the river at the pass, we entered a creek, up which for the first few hundred yards we easily paddled. For the next mile and a half, however, the creek was a continuous rapid, and there not being sufficient water to carry us in our canoes, we had to drag them after us, wading through the water amid thickly falling snow. At the end of the rapid the ice was solid, and at least ten feet thick, which rendered necessary the packing of our outfit for about a mile, to where the stream was again open, where we re-embarked and paddled without difficulty for six miles, or three miles in a direct line. Here again we had to

pack about four miles to a creek flowing into Trout River. This creek was so full of ice and snow that, although it was only three and a half miles to the river, a whole day was consumed in getting there.

The country around here is almost treeless, only a few stunted spruce being seen near the lakes.

Ten and a half miles from where we entered Trout River, it leaves the mountains, passing through a cañon, the walls of which are eighty feet high. The fall in this distance is three hundred and sixty feet, but, being uniform, the current, though swift and rough, is not dangerous for canoes. In the next fourteen miles the fall is seven hundred and thirty feet, or fifty-two to the mile. This is not uniform, being broken into several rapids, the running of which was, to say the least, exciting. In the very last yard of the last of these rapids, when but twenty miles of smooth water lay between us and Fort McPherson, my canoe, which had passed unharmed through the dangers and vicissitudes of over a thousand miles since we entered Alaska, had its side broken by an unseen stick. The fracture was speedily remedied and the journey continued to the Peel River, which was entered on the 19th.

This was the most northerly point reached by the expedition,— $67^{\circ} 45'$,—yet trees of considerable size are found along the banks of the river. The length of time that timber, when cut or hewn, will preserve a fresh appearance in this region is remarkable. Trees and logs cut in 1872 appeared as if only cut a few months ago. The same thing was noticed on the Upper Porcupine.

Early in the morning of the 20th of June we arrived at Fort McPherson.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THERMOPYLÆ.

(*Inscribed to the Canadian National League.*)

Methought I stood where time had rolled his gathering mists away,
Till the long story of the past in open vision lay ;
And, from Mount Royal's wooded crest,—an old grey cross beside,—
I heard a strangely mingled chant of grief, and joy, and pride !

“ Now listen, gallant sons of France, beyond the wide, blue sea ;
Now listen to the glorious tale that rings from Ville-Marie ;—
Fair Ville-Marie—the sacred spot where, 'neath Mount Royal's crown,
Brave hearts, true knights keep watch and ward for France and her renown,
Against the craft, the stealthy shaft, the deadly ambushade
Of the red panthers from the woods, in battle and in raid,
Eager for torture, blood and death—their fiendish hearts' delight—
More cruel than the wolf that steals upon the flock at night !

“ Our hearts within us quailed with fear, for—so the rumour ran—
The dusky hordes were gathering round, to crush us to a man,
From east and west, from north and south, each silent, swift canoe
Came gliding on—the paddlers' eyes no ruth nor mercy knew ;—
' Death to the hated pale-face ! '—the watchword of each band ;
' Torture and massacre and burn, and drive him from the land ! '

“ Then spake aloud the young Daulac—the bravest of us all :—
' One hope remains for Ville-Marie— but some must fight and fall !
On the dark Ottawa's green shore, where white the rapids glance,
A score of faithful Frenchmen might die, and save New France.
I'll lead the forlorn hope myself—how can man better die
Than for his country and his home ? ' and sixteen made reply—
Sixteen young men, our flower and pride,—revere them one and all :
' Where you lead we will follow, and fight until we fall ! '
And though brave men,—Le Moyne himself—hard pleaded for delay,
Till fields were sown and more could go, they stoutly answered ' Nay ; '
The need was sharp and urgent ; delay might wreck the whole ;
So eager for the deadly fray was each young patriot soul.

“ Before God's holy altar, with prayer and chanted psalm,
As Christian knights they pledged their vows in our old Notre Dame,
That oft had echoed back our prayers in trials stern and sore,
But surely ne'er had witnessed a sight like *that* before ;
And then, 'mid murmured blessings, they paddled from the beach :
They sang a psalm ; *we* bowed our heads, with hearts too full for speech.

“ Soon came our Huron ally then, with forty following braves,
And swiftly flies each light canoe across the dancing waves ;
For, when they heard that Daulac's band had gone to meet the foe,
Their Indian pulses fiercely stirred, and on they, too, would go,
Though our brave, prudent Maisonneuve, whose trust in them was small,
Scarcely rejoiced to see them go, and feared what might befall.

For weeks and weeks we heard no more, though day by day we prayed ;
As maidens pray for lovers, strong men sought heavenly aid

For those seventeen who faced such odds in stress so strange and sore ;
 While day by day the soft spring sun smiled down on stream and shore,
 And decked the woods with snowy bloom that mocked our anxious glance,
 As we thought of our young heroes, fighting, dying for New France !

“ At last, when weary weeks had sped, and summer’s burning glow
 Yellowed the grain, and hope was dead, and fear was merged in woe,
 Some straggling Hurons found their way to waiting Ville-Marie,
 And told the tale that seemed defeat, and yet was victory !

“ We seemed to see the Iroquois come leaping down the flood,
 The musket flash, the sudden halt, the eager rush for blood,
 The swift attack, the brave defence, the stern repulse and flight,
 The weary days of waiting, *then* the last deadly fight.
 We heard the fierce, exultant yells, while, faithful unto death,
 Each brave young hero held his ground and fought with dying breath.
 What though Daulac fell, over-borne, amid his dying band !
 The precious blood that soaked the sod had saved the suffering land.
 And not in vain our heroes died, for in their death they made
 Against that savage torrent *an unseen barricade* ;
 For if seventeen could thus defy seven hundred in their lair,
 What might a hundred Frenchmen here be roused to do and dare ?

“ So, with the solemn requiem blends the glad *Te Deum* sung ;
 New France is saved ! and blessings fall from every grateful tongue ;
 And, while our hearts our heroes mourn, they throb with patriot pride !
 New France must be the nobler *now* since *these* have lived and died ! ”

So, in a dream, I seem to hear these voices of the dead,
 While a new Canada hath risen through toil of centuries fled.
 Gone are the dusky savage hordes that threatened, then, its life,
 Over the long, sharp contest of fratricidal strife ;
 And though St. George’s cross waves now for that of Saint Denis,
 And the green maple leaf is twined with the white *Fleur-de-lis*,
 We are the heirs of the brave hearts that erst that standard bore,
 And brought the light of faith and hope to a rude, savage shore.
 Each noble memory is ours, to keep undimmed and bright ;
 Each gallant deed to emulate in a yet nobler fight !

A fairer Canada is ours than that young Daulac knew,
 And wider realms are ours to hold than Champlain wandered through ;
 ’Tis ours to wage a nobler war than that of fire and steel —
 Subtler the foes that threaten *now* our country’s peace and weal.
 Not fierce, low passions, only, in hearts half savage still ;
 Not only ignorance and vice, with teeming brood of ill ;
 But “ idols of the market-place,” less hideous to behold ;
 The quenchless thirst for place and power, the sordid greed of gold ;
 The hydra of corruption, extending coil on coil
 About our country’s manhood, to strangle and despoil
 The freedom won on many a field and sung to many a lyre,
 That selfish men, for selfish ends, would trample in the mire ;
 The demon of dissension, of differing race and aims ;
 The shock of jarring interests, the clash of warring names ;
 The heartless, cold oppression that crushes down the weak ;
 The low, half-muttered discontent, that yet may loudly speak ;
 The luxury that saps high thought and all heroic life ;
 The bitter want that maddens men to internecine strife ;

The hostile ranks of party that fatally divide
The ranks of our young manhood, whose place is side by side.
These be the powers of darkness we have to face and fight
In strength of knightly truth and faith—the armor of the light.
What though they swoop on wings of night to take the citadel !
True knights once more may turn the tide and check the hordes of hell,
With hearts on fire with patriot flame, encased in silver mail,
And pure as were the knights of old who sought the Holy Grail,
Bearing the cross of faith and love upon each loyal breast,—
Token of lower life resigned, of higher life possessed !

So, conquering and to conquer, may the League onward go,
Clad in immortal panoply, to fear no mortal foe.
What though the single warrior fail in sorrow and defeat !
Still goes the great cause grandly on to victory complete ;
And they who nobly do their part, yet perish by the way,
Shall share the laurels, and divide the honors of the day.
So may the spirit of the brave seventeen of Ville-Marie
Inspire the new-born league to win a new Thermopylæ !

AGNES MAULE MACHAR.
(*Fidelis.*)



BEOWULF, THE ENGLISH HOMER.

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THE literature of a nation being a reflex of its life, has, like that life, its periods of prosperity and of depression. These conditions have been compared to the movements of ocean waves: now we see the snowy crest, beautiful and many-colored, as it dances in the sun; now, we look into the trough, with its dark, forbidding abyss. In the productive period of a nation's literature, the life and tendencies of the times find rich expression, but in days of depression or calamity there is neither time nor inclination to work in the fields of thought and speculation.

It is when considering our inheritance that every English heart should beat with honest pride. In German, French, Italian, and other literatures, commonly considered as belonging to the "world-literature," we find but two, three, or perhaps at most, four of these periods of great fruitfulness. But the English-speaking student can, in tracing the stream of our literature back to its source, count the *Victorian* age, the *Romantic* age of Byron, Shelley and others, the *Augustan* age of Queen Anne, the *Elizabethan* age, the *age of Chaucer*, and the *Old English period*, represented by the works of Alfred, and by the Anglican poetry of the century or two previous; that is, in English literature there are at least *six*, or, if we divide, as we should, the Old English period, *seven* great periods of prosperity. But back of all these, there was, there must have been, a still more remote period of productiveness experienced by our ancestors, perhaps about the year 600 A.D. Shortly before that time, the great migrations of the different Germanic families, called by the German historians the "*Völkerwanderung*,"

must have ceased. These had begun about 375 A.D., produced in part by the invasions of the Huns. After this protracted time of trouble, there came a time of rest, and then it was that the bard found time to sing of the heroes of these movements, and of their famous deeds. Then probably began in simple lays, sung at the festive board, those legends which we have now in epic form in the Nibelungenlied, Gudrun, and other Germanic epics. This period, it seems to me, might well be called the *Homeric age* of English, perhaps more correctly Teutonic, literature.

It is our good fortune to possess in Beowulf, in poetic form, the best extant representative of these early lays. Some of the characters in the poem are historical, one, Higelac, being the Chochilaicus mentioned by Gregory of Tours. The expedition of this king is said to have come to a disastrous ending in the year 512 A.D. According to other investigators, the hero from whom the poem takes its name lived about 530-570 A.D. Allowing, then, fifty or a hundred years to elapse as the seed-time for these legends, it might not be amiss to set down some year about the middle of the seventh century as the time of the origin of our lays. As in the Homeric songs, these were handed down orally from bard to bard, losing perhaps a little, but doubtless gaining far more, in passing. A gifted bard, having sung of the contest of Beowulf and Grendel, was inspired to describe the revenge of Grendel's mother, the story of which was probably later than that of Grendel. The story of the dragon guarding a hidden hoard was among our forefathers a very common subject for song. Then these three lays, with the necessary

introductions, were put together by the English *Homer*. Who he may have been has been decided by none, though one author, Prof. Sarrazin, has advanced the theory that Cynewulf was the man. Such is in brief outline the theory of the growth of our poem, and no one will be surprised to learn that the author of this theory, Prof. Müllenhof, was the literary grandson, if the term may be employed, of the famous Prof. Wolf, who was the first to strongly emphasize the "*Lay-theory*" for the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

Our poem begins in true epic fashion:

"Listen! We have learned of the fame of Speardane princes in days of yore, how the noble born wrought deeds of might." (Beow. 1-3.)

Then follows a short account of mythical ancestors, Scyld, Scefing, and Beowulf, not the hero of the poem, and a description of the burial of Scyld, interesting, as giving an account of the early Teutonic burial customs:

"Then at the fate-appointed hour, Scyld, the warlike, left them, passed away to the care of the Lord. Then they bore him to the racing surf, his dear companions, as he himself bade them, when, friend of the Scyldings, he ruled them with words. (The loved land prince was long in possession.) There in the haven stood the ringed prow, glistening with iron, and outward turned, a royal bark. There they laid the loved prince down; the spender of rings, in the lap of the ship, the famous man by the mast. Many a treasure from far away, many a carved piece was brought there. Never did I hear of a comelier keel made ready with weapons of battle and warlike weeds, with battlebills and byrnies. They laid in his lap treasures in number, to journey afar with him in the flood's possession. They decked him out with gifts, with presents from the people, not less than they did who sent him forth in his youthful days, alone o'er the waves, while yet a boy. High o'er his head, too, they set a

golden standard, and let the holm have him, gave him to the (all-encompassing) sea. Sad were they in spirit, mournful in mood, no dweller in halls, no hero 'neath heaven can soothly say who found that freight." (Beow. 26-52.)

Note the striking simplicity and directness of this beautiful picture! The descriptive titles for king and ruler are familiar to every reader of *Homer*. The names for the sea—there are many more scattered through the poem—show that even then the Briton's home was on the sea; and throughout is breathed that spirit, made much more prominent as the poem proceeds, of devotion to the king, and of religious principle, that has ever been the characteristic of every true English heart.

We are now introduced into the poem proper by a genealogy of Hrothgar, King of the Danes, and are told of his wish to build a mighty mead-house, where gifts were to be lavished and where joy was to run high. This banqueting hall, Heorot, grander than any ever heard of, was scarcely completed when the noise of the merriment raised the wrath of the fiend of hell. This horrible persecutor, of Cain's race, of Titanic strength, breaks in upon them as they sleep after feasting, carries off thirty heroes, and repeats his visits till "empty stood the best of houses; the time was long—twelve winters' tide. The friend of the Scyldings endured sorrow, every woe, and long-lasting care, till at last it was clearly known to the sons of men that Grendel was warring long 'gainst Hrothgar (Beow. 145-52)." Nor would he make peace.

But away in his home Higelac's thane, the doughty Jute, hears of Hrothgar's evil plight, and sets out, with fourteen chosen companions, to help his friend. In a day they cross the sea, are spoken by Hrothgar's coastguards, and, after the proper court ceremonials, are led into the presence of the gray-haired monarch. Beowulf tells his name, states his rank, and declares his purpose, viz.,

that of purifying Heorot. His appearance had excited great admiration, and what he says of himself shows that he has already performed mighty deeds. He continues:

"I have heard that the fearful wretch, so secure he feels, cares not for weapons. I then disdain—may Higelae, my loved liegeland, be merciful in mood—to bear my sword or broad shield of golden rim into the battle, but with hand grip alone will I grapple with the fiend, and fight for life—lo against foe. He whom death takes must entrust himself there to the law (judgment) of the Lord. I ween that he will, if he have the power to proceed, without fear, eat in the war-hall the Jutish warriors, as he often did the might of the Dane-men. Nor do you need to guard my head, but he shall have me ruddy with gore. If death takes me, he will bear away the bloody body, thinking to munch it; without pity the lonegoer will eat it as he marches o'er the moor bogs. Then you need no longer care for my body's comfort. But send to Higelae, if the battle snatches me off, this best of war-shrouds—my breast defender—the best of ringed protectors. 'Twas left me by Hrethel; 'tis the work of Wieland. *Fate pursueth ever its destined path.*" (Beow. 433-55.)

In no modern poet is it possible to find a better picture of the Englishman's *inborn contempt* of death. "The Revelry of the Dying" has the same weird fascination, and breathes the same spirit.

Hrothgar rejoices at the manly words of his brave friend, but warns him that the foe is crafty, and that his own vassals have been unable to accomplish anything in spite of their boastings. Then the reception feast is got ready; sounds of merriment are heard; the *scop* sings his heroic lays.

In true epic style, our hero is here given a chance to tell us of his past. The occasion is the taunt of Unferth, who is jealous of Beowulf. From Beowulf's reply we learn that in his

youth he had been hard pressed in a contest with some sea monsters, but that his mighty grasp, as strong as that of thirty men, saved him. This gives us confidence that, in the impending struggle with Grendel, he will be able to back his own boasting with mighty deeds. He makes some very sharp retorts to Unferth, to the latter's great discomfiture. The Queen of the Danes gives thanks to God during the banquet, that now the oppressed may hope for relief. At last the time for retiring comes. Hrothgar hands over the care of the hall to Beowulf, and he and his companions are left alone. Hrothgar's parting words were sad—sad were the spirits of the new guardians, for they did not expect to see home again. Beowulf speaks again before retiring to rest, in the same magnanimous strain as before. He will not take any advantage of the foe, but they'll fight it out *fair and square*.

The stealthy approach of the fiend is then minutely described, until all stands out before us—a very picture of horror. The door is forced, and, exulting over his prey, the demon seizes one of the heroes. Short work he makes of him, and then moves towards Beowulf. The leader wakes, and a fearful struggle begins. The fiend at once feels that he has met his match, and wishes to escape. But Beowulf has him by an arm, and backward and forward they roll in their terrible struggle, striking against benches and walls, so that the building would have been wrecked, had it not been iron-bound. The leader's comrades bestir themselves to help him, but their swords are of no avail against the enchanted scales of the demon. The Danes are awakened by the noise of the conflict, and all is suspense. But Beowulf stuck to his adversary so well that escape was only possible at the loss of the arm held in the hero's mighty grasp. Away to his den the demon flies, *singing his mournful song*, there to die from loss of blood. The trophy of victory, nailed up in

open sight, showed the Danes that their hall was purified. They look at all the traces of the conflict, they follow the bloody trail to the sea, and then their joy is voiced by games and a banquet, at which the minstrel sings of Sigemund and the Dragon, a favorite German myth, and of Beowulf's prowess—then prophesies his accession to Higelac's throne. The old King, Hrothgar, gives heartfelt thanks to the Ruler of all for the victory, and turning to Beowulf, says: "Forsooth! Any woman among the nations, who bore such a son, may well say, if she yet liveth, that the Eternal Giver was gracious to her at the birth of her bairn. Now I wish to love you, Beowulf, most valiant warrior, in spirit as a son: Keep henceforth suitably the new kinship," (Beow. 942-949), and prophesies great success for him. Beowulf's answer is modest in tone. Gladly, he says, would he have pinned the foe to the bed, and have killed him there, but the Creator willed it otherwise.

They next set to work to decorate their hall, and again there is a feast at which the thankful king presents the hero with a gold worked banner, a helmet, breast-plate, and a costly sword. Eight horses richly caparisoned are added to these "jewels" as the poet calls them. Truly a kingly reward, a full measure even according to the old Teutonic ideals. Each comrade of the hero received a treasure sword, and gold, and the Old English *wergeld* was given for the one whom Grendel had killed. The *scop* (minstrel) sings a very old lay, that of Finn (compare *The Fight at Finnsburh*). Then the queen comes in, and after words of thank-offering, asks with motherly solicitude that her sons be not dispossessed in favor of Beowulf—the king's devotion to the hero had awakened in her heart a suspicion that such might result. Turning then to their deliverer she, too, personally thanks him and wishes him well in noble words. The ban-

quet over, all retire to rest and sleep.

That sleep was the last for Ashhere, the best friend and truest counsellor of King Hrothgar, for the enraged mother cruelly avenges the death of her son. But the heroic Danes are up and doing, and Grendel's mother seeks safety in flight. Beowulf is roused from his slumber, and before day-break hurries to the king. Asked if sleep had been sweet to him, the sorrowful old man replies: "Ask not after my health. Sorrow is renewed to the people of the Danes. Ashhere is dead, elder brother of Irmelaf, my trusted counsellor and framer of wisdom, my battle companion as we in the conflict protected our heads when the infantry came together, and the warriors clashed arms. So should an earl be, time-tried and of royal blood—such was Ashhere." (Beow. 1322-29).

Two strange beings, so the country people told, were often seen wandering alone in dens of wolves, on windy headlands, in horrible swamps and about fog-wreathed waterfalls. One, Grendel, is dead, and against the other help is hoped for from Beowulf alone. Beowulf answers the old king thus:

"Sorrow not, wise Prince: 'tis better for everyone to avenge his friend than to mourn much. Every one of us must await the end of this world's life. Therefore let him who can, gain his fame before his death. This is best in after times for the dead hero. Up, protector of the realm: let us hasten to look on the tracks of Grendel's companion. I promise you she'll escape neither on the waters nor in the folds of the earth, nor in the woody mountains, nor at the bottom of the sea. For this day only, as I hope for you, bear in patience each of your woes." (Beow. 1384-96).

This time Beowulf girds on his armor, and, plunging to the bottom of the sea, does battle for the oppressed. The battle lasted long, and our hero was hard pressed, but spying an old jewelled sword among the heap of treasures in the fiend's den, he hastily

snatches it and gives the fatal blow. 'Twas the Ruler of all, who showed him the blade and helped him to conquer. Down there he found the dead Grendel, too, and cutting off his head, he rises through the gory waters with his tokens of victory. The Danes had been waiting long, full of fear. No wonder that they are almost overcome with joy. Four men carry Grendel's head, and all march to Heorot. The hilt of the sword, the giant's workmanship, with which Beowulf had killed Grendel's mother was placed in Hrothgar's hand. As he looks upon it, reads the mystic writing upon it, recalls the past and thinks of his deliverance, feelings of heartfelt thankfulness well up in his bosom, and his praise of the hero is unstinted. But the wise old man remembers that another legendary prince had been blessed with great prosperity and success, and that instead of keeping humble he became haughty, and uplifted, and afterwards fell. He therefore admonishes the hero to be true and noble, humble in mind and to rule only for the good of his subjects.

The work of rescue completed, the thane of Higelac longs to return home and tells Hrothgar of his wish. In noble words he thanks the king for his hospitality and lavish gifts, and promises aid if ever he should be hard pressed by warlike neighbors. The old king is mightily moved by the young man's wise words, loads him with treasures, wishes him a quick, safe journey, and hopes to see him soon again. Then comes a beautiful scene. The hoary-headed monarch cannot restrain his feelings of thankfulness for the rescue of his subjects, and for the cleansing of his beloved hall, and his yearning love for the mighty youth, but clasping him to his heart he, "contrary to nature's ties," longs to call him "Son" — Yes, he is dearer to him than his own son.

Proud of his presents, Beowulf hurries away, finds his boat, puts horses and treasures on board, hoists the sail,

and, wafted by favoring breezes, the foamy-necked float shoots forward, soon losing from view the friendly Danes, and rapidly approaching the well known cliffs. Long had the port-guard watched for him; joyous is the welcome. The returning hero is received by King Higelac and his queen Hygd (the thoughtful). He is questioned about their friends, and about his success. Beowulf gives full answer, and lays all the presents at the feet of his liege lord; in turn Higelac loads him with presents.

A few lines then tell us how Beowulf himself became king, and ruled well for fifty years, until a fire-spewing dragon began to trouble the land. This dragon was the guardian of a great hoard of treasures, (such as is constantly recurring in the popular epics of the early Germanic literatures,) but some one entered his cave and robbed him of a golden goblet. This roused his wrath, and he begins the work of destruction.

For the third time, Beowulf prepares to do battle for the people. He has an iron shield made, chooses twelve companions and sets out for the cave. Again the epic tells of his early triumphs, of his election as king, of his tact and delicacy. We get a history of his whole life, and of the family troubles of Higelac. Of his youthful contests, he says:

"In my youth I braved many a battle, now, tried warder of the people, I am willing to attempt the fight, to do famous deeds, if the manscather of the earth shall seek me out." (Beow. 2511-15).

His last salutation to his men was:

"No sword would I bear, no weapon 'gainst the worm, if I knew how else I might fight with the fell foe and work out my boasting as I once did 'gainst Grendel. But I expect hot battle fire, furious flame. Therefore I have with me target and byrnie. I'll not flee from the cave-guard one foot's length, but it shall befall us at the wall as fate, each man's Creator, decreeth. I am

determined in mind to refrain from boasting against the winged fighter. Wait ye on the barrow, protected by byrnies, heroes in armor, (to see) which of us shall be lucky in the battle to withstand the wound. It's not your attempt nor is it meet for vassal, but for me alone to measure might, to do kingly deeds. I by strength shall gain gold or battle, a dangerous life-evil, will take off your lord." (Beow. 2518-37).

Down to the battle he went, calling out defiantly into the dragon's lair, and soon the fearful struggle commences. Beowulf protects himself with his shield, but his sword fails him, and his extremity is great. His men are terrified, and cowardlike flee for their lives. *One only*, of Beowulf's kin, one who had seen war before, judging from his name, stays with his leader and appeals to the cowards to help their lord. He encourages his master; together they fight against the monster, and after a sharp struggle win. But the noble king himself has been touched by the dragon's fire; the wound swells and burns. Addressing the faithful Wiglaf, he says:

"Now would I give to my son my war-weeds, had there been granted me, along of my body, any guardian for my inheritance. I have ruled this people fifty years. There was not a folk-king among my neighbors who durst meet me with his war friends, or try to terrify me. I stayed in my home the appointed times, ruled my people fitly, sought out no wars in deceit, nor swore many oaths unrighteously. For all this I may joy, though sick with death-wounds, because the Ruler of men may not charge me with murder of kinsman when my spirit leaves my body. Hurry away, now, and get a good look at the hoard under the grey stones, dear Wiglaf, now that the serpent lies there, sleeping, sore wounded, and robbed of his treasure. But be in haste, that I may see the wealth, gold possessions,—may gaze to the full on the

bright gems, so that then I can easier, after [looking on] the treasures, give up my life and the leadership which I have held so long." (Beow. 2729-51.)

The nephew does as requested, and brings back the hoard. The death-stricken hero then says:

"For these treasures, which I now look upon, I give thanks in words to the Lord of all, to the King of Worship, to the Eternal Leader, that I was able, before death's day, to gain such a hoard for my people. Now that I have given my allotted old age for a hoard of treasures, do you supply the need of the people. I cannot be here any longer. Bid them build for the war-famed a barrow, bright after the burning, at the edge of the surf. As a sign of remembrance to my people, it shall tower high on *Whalecave*, that the seafarers after this may call it 'Beowulf's mound,' they who shall drive their barks afar on the dark floods." (Beow. 2794-2808.)

Then, taking off his golden collar, his helmet, byrnie, and finger-ring, he gave them to his faithful follower, and bade him make good use of them. His last words were:

"Thou art the last of our race, of the Wagmundings. Fate has gathered all my kinsmen away to the Creator's glory, earls in their strength. I am to follow them." (Beow. 2813-16.)

Too late, the cowardly thanes repent of their weakness, and hasten back to where their leader lies dead. Wiglaf upbraids them with bitter words, and then sends messengers to tell the people of Beowulf's death. The people are in distress, for they fear that their old foes will make this the occasion of renewing hostilities. This gives an opportunity for reviewing the history of the wars between the Jutes and the Swedes. The people rush to the place to view the dead king, the dragon, and the hoard. Wiglaf tells them of the last moments and last requests of their loved chief. A funeral pyre is built, hung with helmets, with shields, and with byrnies. Beowulf's body is

laid in the centre, and the death-fire kindled.

"The woodsmoke arose, black o'er the flame, the roaring of the fire, mingled with weeping, till the wind-rushing ceased, till the bony frame had broken, hot in the centre. Heavy in spirit, with moody care, they remembered the death of their lord. The sorrowing widow sang songs of woe." (Beow. 3144-50.)

Then, in accordance with Beowulf's request, the mound is built, and rings and precious jewels placed therein. Round and round the mound the brave battle-thanes ride, mourning and lamenting, singing his praises, making mention of his worth and warlike deeds. 'Tis only right to love and praise a liege lord when he must away from the body.

"They said that he was most generous to his subjects, the gentlest of rulers, most thoughtful of his people, most zealous of honor, *an ideal king*." (Beow. 3181-83.)

And so say we all.

Having thus sketched somewhat fully the subject matter of the poem, it remains for me to justify the title, "The English Homer." There has been, up to our time, no inclination on the part of English historians of our literature to regard anything worthy of notice which preceded Chaucer. Stopford Brooke is a noted exception, and he owes his inspiration to German investigators. Even Chaucer and those preceding Shakespeare have had scant justice done them. The reason for this is plain, and, at the same time, of a humiliating nature. Pure *ignorance* is the cause. But now the day seems dawning when we may hope for a history of English literature, written from a *scientific* standpoint by a really *scientific* English scholar. 'Tis true that between our early English period before the Conquest and that of Chaucer, there is a very great gap, but some such gap is found in other literatures. Our origins, however, are Germanic, not classic, and our earliest literature is

true to those origins, and is comparatively unaffected by outside influences. A couple of articles as long as this would be necessary to show how much information, relative to our early customs and laws, is to be found in the poem. Suffice it to say that in this respect it compares favorably with the Greek epic.

But, in another respect, it is Homeric also, viz.: *in form*. Matthew Arnold, in his lectures, "On Translating Homer," says that Homer is—

1. Rapid in movement.
2. Plain in his words and style.
3. Simple in his ideas.
4. Noble in his manner.

How does Beowulf stand the test? We are dealing with the production of a northern people, and the question of climate is not to be left unconsidered. The movement of the poem certainly corresponds as well with the national characteristics as does the movement of the Greek epic. This point was not dealt with by Arnold, but seems to be well worthy of consideration. We believe, then, that our epic stands this test well.

Plain in words and style our poem certainly is, and that is clearly shown by contrasting it with Milton's great poem. Compare the brief, straightforward opening of Beowulf with the invocation in Paradise Lost, teeming with theology and geography. Milton's contemporaries would not have been satisfied with anything else. So Dante's *Divine Comedy* is a product of his times, Goethe's *Faust* of his. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* belong, as does Beowulf, to a period of national development, in which there are no conceits of learning, and none of the present-day problems of social life. Therefore, in both the Greek and the Teutonic epic we find a simple narrative in harmony with simple people.

That the ideas in Beowulf are simple will be disputed by no one who has read the extracts translated above.

Lastly, no one can fail to see that the deeds of a Beowulf in behalf of

the oppressed are as noble a subject for poetic treatment as is the wrath of an Achilles or the endurance of a wily Ulysses. No one can read the poem through without having every emotion nobly stirred. And through it all the religious sense is fine and keen, and devotion to duty is a feature strongly emphasized.

A word as to length. Objection might be raised that there is no *epic proportion*, by which is understood that the poem is not long enough. It is composed of 3,183 lines in all, and makes a little more than *one-fifth* of the Iliad, and 150 lines more than *one-fourth* of the Odyssey. The treatment is very summary at times, so that there is a feeling on the part of the reader that some parts have not been developed. This might be used to strengthen the *lay theory* referred to in the introduction. This latter constitutes a third point of comparison between the Teutonic and Greek epics.

Very instructive is the similarity in the use of language, though this is found more or less in the poetical attempts of all early literatures. The likeness is, however, very much stronger in Beowulf, because it reaches farther back towards a period when Teuton and Greek had much the same political systems. Both were also acquainted with the sea. To dwell upon particulars:—

In Homer there are the following well-known names for spear—*ἔγχος*, *αἰχμή* (point), *δόρυ* (the wooden handle), *χαλκός* (brass). These are qualified by such words as *ὀξύ* (sharp), *μείλενον* (ash), *φασιδόν* (shining), *μακρόν* (long), *δολιχόσκιον* (long shadow throwing), *ἄλλιμον* (stout), and many others. In Beowulf we find *æsc* (ash), *gār* (shaft), *daroth* (dart), *ord* (the point), *mægenwudu* (might wood), *græg æscholt* (grey ashwood), *wælsceaft* (death shaft), and numerous others.

The ship in Homer, *θηή* (quick), *ποντοπόρος* (sea-going), *ωκεία* (swift), *μυλοπαρῶς* (vermilion-cheeked), *κορωνίς*

(crooked beaked), *μέλας* (black), and many more epithets are found. In Beowulf we have many more names for this loved vessel. It is a *bāt* (boat), *scip* (ship), *naca* (rowboat), *flota* (float), and is *sægēap* (wide for the sea), *hringnaca* (ringed boat), *fāmigheals* (foamy-necked), *fugle gelicost* (very like to a bird), *gōd ythlida* (capital wave traveller), *wynsum wudu* (delightful wood); and these illustrations might be increased.

The king in Homer is *ἄναξ* (a leader), but this is strengthened by the addition of some qualifying word or phrase, such as *ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν* (leader of the people), *ποιμήν λαῶν* (shepherd of the people), and many other terms might be given.

In Beowulf we find in all some ninety terms applied to the hero. For instance, he is *Higelac's thane*, *Ecgtheow's offspring*, *Higelac's bēodgenēat* (table companion), *freeborn*, the *leader*, the *defence* or *protector of his people*. These epithets smack a good deal more of Homer than do those of *Chanson de Roland* or of the *Nibelungenlied*.

In phraseology there is a striking similarity as well. Homer's heroes "open their mouths, speak with clear voices, utter winged words and say—" perhaps all at once to express our matter of fact "he said," "he answered." So in Beowulf the hero "unlocked his word-hoard," "uttered wise words," and "answered." The impression made upon one at the first reading of the poem is so vivid that many times one is forced to call out, "Isn't that Homeric! That's Homer in English dress!" and it seems to us that any one acquainted with the two must say the same.

But once more. The description of the burial of Beowulf and of the construction of the funeral pyre shows that our forefathers had the same customs as the early Greeks. Now, philology tells us that the Germans are related to the Greeks and Romans, and

also to the Sanscrit peoples. This is not the only instance in our poem of customs corresponding; and these are to be expected, since both are epics dating from an early period in the development of the two peoples.

The metre of Beowulf is not the least interesting point of contact. There is no doubt that *alliteration* was, the earliest form of poetry among

the Greeks and Romans. It is found in Sanscrit poetry. It is brought to perfection among the Teutonic peoples, especially among the English. Who knows whether we would not find it had been practised extensively by the Southern peoples had we but more plentiful remains of their earliest and less artistic attempts in the field of versification.

PAUL AT ATHENS.

Fair Athens drew her misty veil;
 He was alone, though round him rose,
 In gorgeous gold and marble pale,
 Her palaces and porticoes.

He knew her past on sea and shore,
 Her poets all, yet moved unawed;
 A mighty wave his soul upbore,
 A closer consciousness of God.

His earnest mind dwelt not upon
 The southward sea of Salamis,
 Nor, fronting him, the Parthenon
 Which crowned the old Acropolis.

He saw a world that dreamed and drifted,
 While o'er it long-gone glory gleamed;
 Another veil for him had lifted,
 And life a holy vision seemed.

In midst of Mars at last he stands;
 His valiant, sounding voice allures
 Forth from the temples built with hands,
 The Stoics and the Epicures.

And by the drifting years discrowned
 The Thundering God of other times
 In Phidias' statue silent frowned,
 Where Sparta's columned temple climbs.

Blind Homer's hero—fighting Jove!
 Not now, as erst in lusty youth,
 With Saturn or the Seagod strove,—
 He grappled with a truer truth.

New York.

—HOWARD HALL.

BANANA CULTIVATION IN JAMAICA.

BY ALLAN ERIC,

Member of the Institute of Jamaica.

To those who are acquainted with the soft, succulent banana, only as eaters of the fruit, the statement that there were imported into the United States from all sources last year the enormous number of 13,000,000 bunches in round numbers, or, to be exact, 12,734,481 bunches, may sound incredible, and my readers will be interested in learning something about the growth, the gathering and transportation of this popular fruit, so that it may be sold, not only in the cities, but in the remotest districts, at cheap rates.

That thousands of dealers and peddlers are engaged in the distribution of bananas is well-known; but that extensive plantations must be cultivated, big steamers chartered and owned, millions of dollars invested, and thousands of men employed, before this simple fruit reaches the consumer, reads like a romance.

It is of the banana industry of Jamaica that I shall speak particularly, for the reason that I have spent some time on that island, and am more familiar with operations as carried on on the vast plantations there, though I shall refer to banana cultivation in Cuba and other localities. But, be it understood, whether it is in Jamaica, Cuba, Domingo, or Honduras, the mode of cultivation, and the process employed in its growth and shipment, are essentially the same.

Not so very many years ago, the banana was a costly luxury, even in the large cities, and a veritable curiosity in remote districts. About the only ones that found their way to our markets were a few bunches which someskipper, calling at some West India or Central American port, took aboard

his vessel, as a present to his friends at home. But it was some time before it was realized that the delicious, nutritious fruit was destined to become one of the most profitable products, and perhaps the most popular and most widely-consumed fruit grown on the face of the earth. But during the last twenty years, the industry has grown to enormous proportions, until, during the year 1892, 13,000,000 bunches were consumed in the United States alone. In the business of importing bananas, New Orleans leads with a total of 4,483,351 bunches; New York follows with 3,715,625 bunches; Philadelphia had 1,818,328; Boston, 1,719,921; Baltimore, 625,077; Savannah, 190,000; Mobile, 150,000; Galveston, 3,000; and some thousands went to Tampa. The leading points of export in the tropics are, in Central America:—Bluefields, Belize, Greytown, Livingston, Puerto Cortez, Truxillo and Bocas del Toro; in Cuba:—Baracoa, Banes and Sama; in Jamaica:—Port Antonio, which is the chief point of shipment on the island, and Kingston, Port Morant, Port Maria, St. Ann's Bay, Orracabessa and Annatto Bay.

While by far the largest proportion of bananas brought to this country are systematically cultivated on the plantations, very many are raised by the natives on their little "provision grounds," scattered along the coast, and are brought, a few bunches at a time, in hampers, on the backs of the little burros, or on the heads of the native women, to the stations of the great fruit companies on the coast, who purchase them for so much a bunch, according to the size.

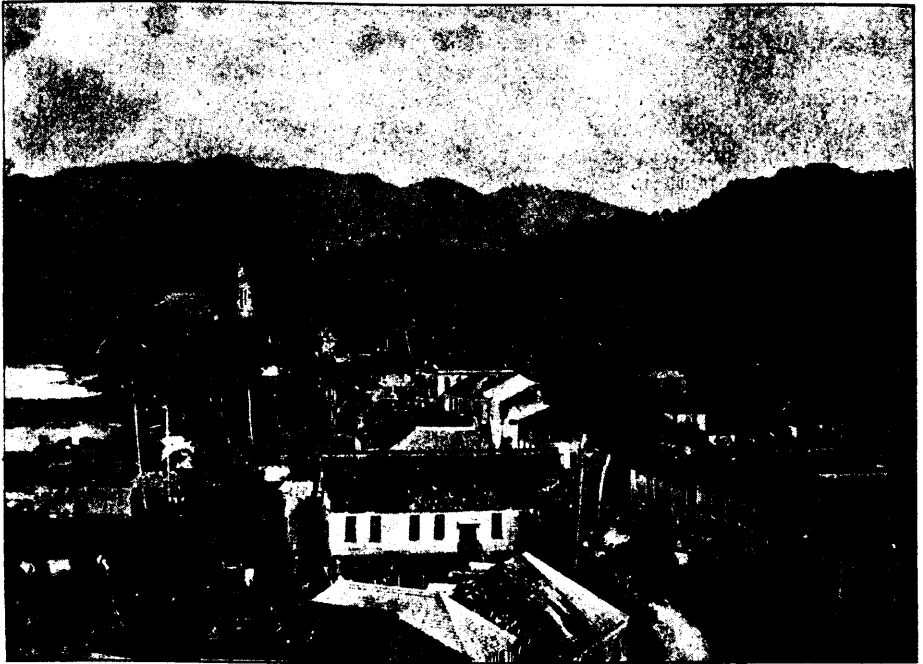
In Jamaica, only one variety of the

banana is grown, and that is the yellow. The red bananas come almost wholly from Cuba, principally from Baracoa and Central America, but they are not prolific, and therefore not profitable to raise.

Bananas, like any other fruit, are greatly improved in quality and flavor by cultivation. For example, the finest bananas that come to this country, and those that bring the best prices, are from the Golden Vale plantation near Port Antonio, Jamaica. I have

quiring about eleven mouths for the tree to get its growth and the fruit to mature. It is very prolific—that is, the yellow variety—forty plants can be grown in a thousand square feet, which will bear 5,000 pounds of fruit annually, and it is possible to grow as much as 175,000 pounds of bananas annually on a single acre of ground!

The banana plant has a soft stalk, is from ten to eighteen feet in height, spreading out at the top in a cluster of broad leaves, which are from fifteen to



VIEW OF PORT ANTONIO, JAMAICA.

no hesitation in saying that Jamaica bananas are superior in quality to all others. They have a finer flavor, and a connoisseur in this fruit would be able to tell in a moment whether it grew in Jamaica or Cuba.

The banana belongs to the lily family, and is a developed, tropical lily, from which, after ages of development and growth, the seeds have been eliminated, and the fruit greatly expanded. The banana plant, being seedless, is propagated by suckers, re-

twenty inches wide, and eight or ten feet long, and of a bright green color. The older leaves, on account of their being constantly swayed by the trade winds and the more violent winds of the tropics, usually split at intervals of two or three inches from their edges to the mid-rib, thereby adding to their grace and beauty. Each plant bears only one bunch of fruit, which hangs with the "hands" curving upward, and from the end of the bunch, from a short, green stem hangs the blossom —

a great, heart-shaped, marrow-colored plummet, about the size of an ox's heart, and much the same shape.

I will begin with the starting of a new plantation. The dense tropical growths of brush, trees and creepers are first cut down, and when these have sufficiently dried, fire is set in several places on the windward side. A few

feet long, and from two to five inches in diameter, and from the small end of each of these clubs peeps a little bit of green. In eight or nine months after the planting, the plants will have their plumes, eighteen feet high, sheltering bunches of full fruit, which is ready to cut in two or three months thereafter.



OVERSEER'S HOUSE ON A BANANA PLANTATION.

Soon after the first suckers are set, their spreading roots send up a number of new shoots, all of which would bear fruit if allowed to grow, but it is deemed best to keep back the new sprouts until the first stalks have been growing three or four months, and then let new ones start. Each three or four months thereafter, a new set is allowed to come on to take the place of the older ones as they mature their fruit and are cut down.

By this plan, three

hours of crackling flame, and the field is covered with a pall of gray ashes, and with black tree trunks from which leaf and branch have been burned. A few of the larger branches remaining unconsumed are chopped and piled on the trunks for a later burning. The ground is then plowed as well as can be done until after the roots have rotted in the ground. American plows are used; indeed, all the agricultural implements that I saw in use on the plantations in Jamaica were of American manufacture. The banana sprouts, or suckers, are then set in the rich black soil, and rich alluvial intervale lands are usually chosen for banana fields. The suckers are dug either from cultivated plantations, or from where they have been growing wild: they look like clumsy clubs from one foot to four

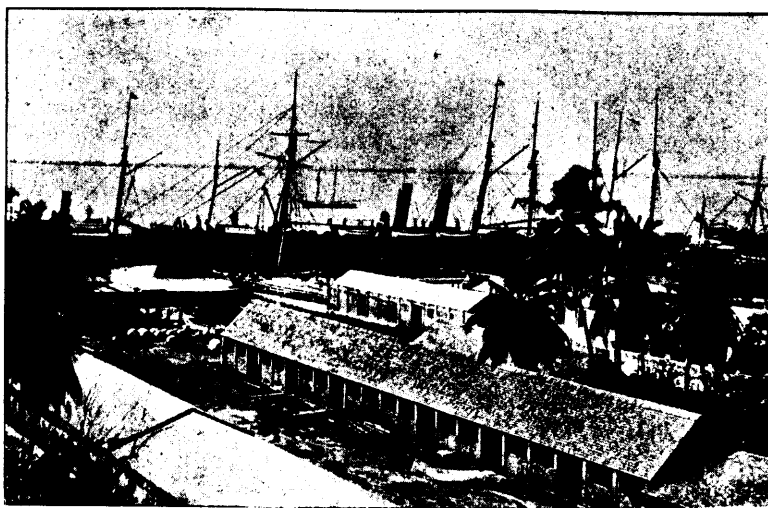
or four crops, of 190 to 225 bunches each, or 570 to 900 bunches per acre per annum can be obtained; and, by planting fields on succeeding months, the fruit is ready for export the year around. As the price to the planter, for good to choice fruit, seldom sinks below $37\frac{1}{2}$ cents per bunch, and ranges from that to \$1.00 per bunch, it is obvious that the business is a profitable one. It costs about £2, or \$10 per acre to clear new land, and about as much more to prepare it for the banana plants. Native labor is very cheap, as day wages are reckoned in the United States, but it is expensive enough in Jamaica, as any one knows who has had experience with the indolent blacks and coolies when they work by the day—and who require constant watching in order to

get a return even for the small wages paid.

On the plantations, bananas are planted about fifteen feet apart each way, the rows crossing each other at right angles. Thus, when the plants are fully grown their leaves just about meet, excluding nearly every ray of the bright tropical sun from the ground beneath; this arrests evaporation and keeps the soil at just about the right degree of moisture. The soil requires but very little artificial fertilizing, but on the more highly cultivated plantations more or less fertilizer is

comes the largest and finest flavored fruit brought into the United States. In order to give some idea of the vast extent of the banana-growing industry—the plantations of one fruit company alone, in Jamaica, which I traversed, that of the Boston Fruit Company, on the east end of the island, extend along one hundred miles or more of coast line, from Annatto Bay on the north, to Port Morant on the south.

A plantation requires to be re-planted with new shoots about once in every five years, in order to maintain the highest quality of the fruit, as success-



BANANA STEAMER AT KINGSTON.

used, and hundreds of tons are imported from the United States for this purpose. After the shoots are planted, they require but very little attention until the fruit is ready for cutting, but the first few months a cultivator is run between the rows to keep down the weeds, which grow very rapidly in the rich, hot soil.

Some of the finest plantations are beautifully laid out. At the Golden Vale plantation near Port Antonio I saw one banana field of twelve hundred acres, and the rows of plants are as straight as a line could be drawn across the field in either direction. From the Golden Vale plantation

ive reproduction from the original plant deteriorates the quality of the fruit, and decreases the size of the bunches,

The fruit is cut when it is fully grown but still perfectly green. When the cutting begins, an expert goes over the field every other day, and he is responsible for collecting the fruit in good condition and size. Whenever he sees a tree whose fruit is well grown and ready for the market, with a swift cut with the machéte, a sharp knife about two feet long, he severs the bunch from the pulpy tree. He has to be very expert at this, and cut only half way through, so that the

bunch drops over slowly ; and, as it bends down he catches it by the stem, gives another swift cut, and the bunch is borne to the ground without damage to the fruit. The fruit, being perfectly green, is taken from the field to a storage place located near by, and thence carried carefully in mule carts to the wharf, where the steamer is waiting to receive its cargo. The arrivals and departures of the steamers are timed exactly, and collections are made at all the smaller places along the coast, so as to cause as little delay as possible in the loading of the fruit.

I will describe the scene of loading a banana steamer, which I have often witnessed. The steamers usually sail about one o'clock in the morning, completing the loading of their cargoes in the evening. All the afternoon the native plantation hands, with mules and carts, are bringing the bananas in from the plantations, and on the arrival of each cart at the wharf, the bananas are unloaded, and sorted according to the size of the bunches ; " five hands," " seven hands," " eight hands," etc., denoting the number of rows of bananas on each bunch. As soon as it is dark, the loading of the last of the bananas into the steamer is begun. The great steamer looms up by the side of the wharf, the latter being covered with blacks, both men and women. The interior of the banana sheds on the wharf is lighted by lanterns hung about, while the wharf is illuminated by the flaring lights of gasoline burners. The evening is cool, and the soft tropical sky above blazes with myriads of stars, that shine nowhere else as they do in the tropics. Standing about are several superintendents of the loading of the steamer. The natives go to the bin designated by the superintendent,

and each picks up a bunch of bananas, the men placing the bunches upon their shoulders, and the women placing them upon their heads. They then walk across the wharf to the steamer, where the bunches are passed to other natives, who stow them away between decks. As the dusky file passes in the bunches it continues around, returning to the wharf for more, thus forming two continuously moving lines of blacks, going in opposite directions, one with bananas, going to the ship, and the other returning to the sheds. All the time the natives keep up a monotonous singing, their song being peculiar to themselves, and probably of their own composition. But the song is not without melody, and the effect, coupled with the strange and weird surroundings, is rather fascinating than otherwise. The air is adapted to the words, which are entirely without rhyme, though not without some meaning. Here is a sample of one of these native songs:



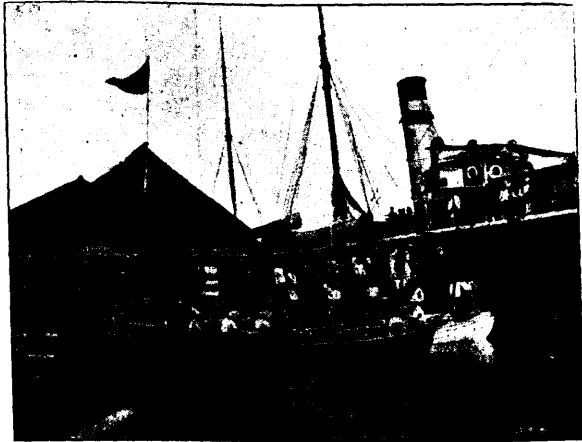
NATIVE LABORER'S HUT.

" Good-bye, banana,
 Good-bye banana ;
 Oh, de banana am fur de buckra man,
 Fur de buckra man him lub banana ;
 De pig him eat de banana too,
 Just lak de buckra man.

Oh, good-bye, banana,
Oh, good-bye, banana."

The word "buckra," noted in the above song, is the African word meaning white man. They will keep their sonorous sing-song up for hours, or until the cargo is loaded, drawling out the words in a most curious and striking manner. Another feature worthy of notice is the "scoring" or counting of the bunches as they pass into the steamer. This is done by two natives. One stands by the port of the steamer and counts each bunch as it goes in,

the other scoring upon a book at each ten bunches. The man at the steamer's port counts in a curious, sing-song manner, something like this:—"Wan, (one), an' two, an' tree, an' fo', an' five, an' six, an' seven, an' eight, an' nine, an' ten, an' tally-e-e-e," at which the other man sets down ten bunches, the first, however, continuing without stopping, like this: "an' levun, an' twelve, — an' fo'teen, an' fifteen," etc., "an' twenty-wan, an' twenty-two, an' twenty-fo', an' twenty-five," [etc., to tally-e-e-e."



LOADING BANANAS AT PORT ANTONIO.

PEGULIARITIES AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF WIT.

BY T. V. HUTCHINSON, M.D.

If it be true that "a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things," it is equally true that the round and top of human happiness is not attained by the remembrance of sorrowful days. Sorrow and tragedy we have always with us, but mirth and happiness depend in great measure upon ourselves, and in the creation of these two, wit and humor play no insignificant parts. If the man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, is a benefactor of the human race, so also is the man or woman gifted with a fine wit, who creates mirth and laughter where before was only melancholy asceticism.

Of the countless millions of living things upon the earth, man is the only animal who laughs. There appears to be a wide-spread belief that the equine race is also endowed with this pleasing faculty, for we frequently hear it said, that a certain joke or witticism was sufficiently humorous to make a horse laugh. But, although this assertion is frequently made by persons of unimpeachable veracity, the researches of scientific men, who have made careful study of the habits and pastimes of the horse, show that, so far as their investigations have extended, the statement is not corroborated by facts. Man is also, except upon special or extraordinary occasions, which can be readily explained, the only animal who walks erect.

Wit is defined as a happy combination of objects not generally connected, such as putting ideas together with quickness and variety, in order to make up pleasant or felicitous pictures in the fancy. Humor, on the other hand, produces the same effect by presenting ideas in wild, fantastic, or exaggerated manner, in order to excite

mirth and laughter by ludicrous representations or images.

The "bull," supposed to be indigenous to the Emerald Isle, is another variety of humor. It asserts a self-evident contradiction, blunder, or incongruity of ideas, and is sometimes intensely humorous or grotesque. A fair example of the "bull" was recently given in the British House of Commons, when an Irish member of Parliament vigorously protested against "the hon. gentleman trying to thrust this bill down our throats behind our backs." Another member declared "that, on account of British misrule, the only people now living in Ireland were absentees." Sir Roche Boyle, while inveighing against a bill before Parliament, designed especially to benefit future generations, "Why," he asked, "should we pass this bill for the benefit of posterity? What has posterity ever done for us? The Government takes a tenth of our incomes now; aye, that they do, and they'd take a twentieth if they dared."

A young lady visiting a cemetery, not a thousand miles from London, the less (accompanied by a gentleman not hailing from France), where a number of bodies had been exhumed, preparatory to removal to a new cemetery, expressed her surprise that the cemetery could contain such a large number of bodies. "You may well say that, Miss A.," replied her companion; "the place is just alive with corpses."

During the trial of one of those assault and battery cases, of such rare occurrence in the land of "divilthry and disthress," the prisoner was, in legal phraseology, charged with striking the complainant with *malice a prepense*, etc. "Your Honor," inter-

rupted the man, "he may have had something of the kind consailed about his person, but it wus a brick he sthruck me wid." In another case, counsel, in addressing the Court, stated that the prisoner had been brought there on a *capias*. This apparent breach of the truth aroused the indignation of the man who had conveyed the prisoner to court. "'Tis a lie, your Honor; I brought him here in a hackney coach."

A young lady from the country, in search of a coach, gently approached the presiding Jehu on the box, with the question, "Pray, sir, are you engaged?" "Bless your purty soul, mem, I've been married these seven years, and have six children."

As an instance of the difficulty of gleanin information in Ireland, a gentleman travelling there states that, "wishing to learn something about the people to whom I was going, I asked the driver if he knew the Rev. Mr. Dudgeon. 'Troth, I do, sor, well.' 'He's a good kind of a man, I'm told,' said I. 'He is, indeed, sor; no bether.' 'Kind to the poor, and charitable, I suppose?' 'Thrue for you.' 'And his family is well liked down here?' 'I'll be bound they are; there's few loike thim to the fore.' Seeing no prospect of obtaining an independent opinion from my companion, I determined to try another line. Lighting a cigar, and giving another to my friend, who seemed to relish it amazingly, I said, incidentally, that, where I got the cigar, the people are better off than here. 'And where is that, sor?' 'In America.' 'That's as thrue as the Bible, sor.' 'Tis elegant toimes they have there.' 'One reason,' I said, 'is that there every man can do as he likes,—here you have little freedom.' 'Slavery, divil a bit less,' with a cut of his whip that made the horse jump into the air. 'Do you know the secret of it?' I said. 'Sorra a bit of me.' 'I'll tell you, then: it's to keep up the police and constabulary to protect the landlords. Now, what does

the Rev. Mr. Dudgeon do, only squeeze the rent out of you?' 'He's a hard man; he's taking the herrin's out of the nets this year for rint.' 'And do they bear that?' I asked. 'Well, they do,' said he mournfully; 'they have no spirit down here; but over at Mullingar they put slugs into one.' 'One what?' 'A parson, your honor; and it done him a dale of good. He's as wake as a child now about his rint, and there's no trouble wid him in loife.' 'They'll do that with the Rev. Mr. Dudgeon yet, maybe?' I asked. 'Wid the Lord's blessing, sor,' said he, piously."

Although the Scotch may not possess that easy flow of wit and humor, so characteristic of the irrepressible sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle, there generally runs through Scotch wit a vein of hard common sense, and dry sarcasm. The canny Scot has never forgiven Sydney Smith for saying, "It would take a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman's head."

Dean Ramsey, of Edinburgh, in one of his admirable books, tells a story of an Englishman, who was once grumbling against the land o' cakes and brown heather. "No man," he said, "wuld ever think of remaining any length of time in such a country as Scotland." "Tastes differ," replied the Scotchman. "I'll tak ye to a place ca'd Bannockburn, no' far frae Stirling, where thretty thousand o' your countrymen ha' been for five hundred years, and they've nae thoct o' leavin' yet." Dr. Daniel Clark, of Toronto, "a bairn frae dear auld Scotia's wild glens and heather braes," a terse and graceful writer, tells a story not at all complimentary to his countrymen, but which will apply to others, of two Scotchmen availing themselves of the annual excursion, or bathing-train to the seaside. During the process of disrobing, Sandy remarked, "Yer nae verra clean the year, Jamie." "I ken it, Sandy," replied the other, "I was na here last year."

The proper attitude in prayer seems yet to be a debatable question in some of the Churches in the south of Scotland. Jeems Robson being asked by a lady to conform to the minister's admonition, that all should kneel, replied emphatically "Dei! a bit will I kneel. The Bible says 'Watch and pray,' an' hoo can a body watch on their knees wi' their e'en steekit? Na, na, I'll just stand an' glower aboot me as I hae aye dune." It is to be feared Jeems Robson had muckle need o' the minister's admonition.

Probably in no country in the world is wit and humor so universal as in this Canada of ours. It is congenital with the Canadian. Like Hamlet's grave-digger, custom hath made it in him a property of easiness. The very carters meeting on the road must indulge in joke and repartee before discussing the duty on binder twine, or D'Alton McCarthy's heroic defence of the people and public schools of Manitoba. Take, for instance, our own lamented Sir John A. Macdonald, whose post-prandial speeches were wont to set the table in a roar, and whose ready flow of wit, humor and brilliant repartee, has added many *bon mots* to the long catalogue of forensic wit. Many of his speeches on the floor of the House have never been excelled by any British statesman. Canada still mourns her Mighty Chief, and long will it be ere his memory fades away.

Upon one occasion the Hon. Edward Blake while criticising the Finance Minister's budget speech, attacked the fiscal policy of the Government, which he declared was driving the country to bankruptcy and ruin. Sir John on rising to reply, said: "The blue ruin speeches of the honorable gentleman and his party—who are only happy when they are miserable, and, like the Hibernian, only at peace when at war—reminded him of the English sea-captain, who during the exigencies of the Napoleonic wars, was kept for six years cruising in the West Indies.

Being then ordered home with his ship, and getting into the chops of the English channel, with its chilly rains and fogs, he appeared on deck buttoning up his thick pea-jacket, and congratulating himself that "this is something like weather. None of your blue skies and sunny days for me."

The members of the legal profession enjoy a reputation for dialectic ability, and are not only witty themselves but the cause of wit in others. An old English book gives some rare examples of Bench and Bar wit and humor, for which the Judges of Great Britain, Canada and the United States have long been noted. Justice Denman's phrase, "A mockery, a delusion, and a snare" has passed into a proverb.

Mr. Curran was once engaged in a legal argument. His colleague standing behind him was an exceedingly tall, slender man, who had originally intended taking orders. The Judge remarked that the case involved a question of Ecclesiastical Law. "Then," replied Curran, "I can refer your Lordship to a very high authority behind me, who was once intended for the church, though in my opinion he was better fitted for the steeple." Stupid or unwilling witnesses are often the cause of much amusement in court. In a case in which Jeffrey and Cockburn were engaged as barristers, a question arose as to the sanity of one of the parties concerned. "Is the defendant in your opinion perfectly sane?" said Jeffrey, interrogating one of the witnesses, a plain, stupid-looking countryman. The witness gazed in bewilderment at the questioner, but gave no answer. It was evident he did not understand the question. Jeffrey repeated it, using the words, "Do you think the defendant capable of managing his own affairs?" The witness only stared the harder. "I ask you again," said Jeffrey, still with clear English enunciation, "Do you consider the man perfectly rational?" The witness only stared vacantly at the figure before him, exclaiming "Eh!"

"Let me take him," said Cockburn. Then assuming the broadest Scotch, and turning to the obtuse witness, "Hae ye your mull wi' ye?" "Ow, ay," said the man holding out his snuff-box. "Noo, hoo lang hae' ye kent Jam Sampson?" said Cockburn, taking a pinch. "Ever since he was a baby." "An' ye think noo atween you an' me that there's anything intil the cratur." "I would na' lippen (trust) him wi' a bull calf," was the prompt reply.

Chief Justice Story was once at a public dinner in Boston, at which Edward Everett was present. Desiring to pay the latter a delicate compliment, the learned Judge proposed as a toast, "Fame follows merit where Everett goes." Everett, not at all disconcerted, rose and tossing up his wine glass responded, "To whatever heights judicial learning in this country may aspire, it will never rise above one Story."

A recent decision of a Chicago Judge would seem to be based upon a precedent furnished by the judgment of Solomon in the matter of the infant claimed by the two mothers. The Judge had sentenced a man to imprisonment for the term of ten years. Counsel for the defendant protested that this was in reality a life sentence, as the prisoner, being in delicate health, would die long before the expiration of his sentence; whereupon the Judge, taking a merciful view of the case, promptly changed the sentence to one for life. It is hardly necessary to say that the counsel for the defendant accepted the ten years.

The incongruity of some of the verdicts rendered by juries and coroners' juries are sometimes unintentionally humorous in the extreme, and need no Nestor to declare them laughable. A Georgia jury not long ago brought in the following verdict, "We, the undersigned, bein' a koroner's jury to sit on the ded body of the nigger, Zach Williams, now done, ded and gone afore us, have been sittin' on the said nigger

aforesaid, and find that the same did on the night of the 14th of November come to death by fallin' from the bridge over the river and brakin' his neck, when we find he was subsequently washed to the river side, whar we suppose he was froze to death."

Probably the most remarkable and the most humorous judicial document ever filed in a court of law, is that by a Judge of the Superior Court of Skagit County in Washington Territory, "in the matter of application for letters of administration *re* the estate of John T. Wilbur, deceased." The Judge, in his findings of facts, states that, "having been engaged for, lo, these many days in the pleasing task of instructing juries as to the proper measure of damages in horse trades, and listening to the plaintive appeals of those who rashly enter into contracts at a time when the ownership of a town lot in the impenetrable forest brought to its happy possessor visions of untold wealth, it is a relief to the court to turn aside from the contemplation of these engrossing subjects and dwell upon the tale of innocence and love unfolded by the evidence in this case.

"It appears that away back in 1867, when many of the towns now ambitious of county seat honors, were as yet unknown to fame, and the swelling bosom of the Skagit was still unvexed by the floating leviathan of commerce, the deceased, John T. Wilbur, hailing from the effete east, first made his appearance upon the scene.

"One day in the early summer of the year aforesaid, the same Wilbur, while presumably in search of clams—although the evidence is strangely silent upon that point—espied sporting upon a sand spit near Utsalady, a dusky maiden of the forest, whose supple limbs had been warmed by the heat of seventeen summers, and whose cheeks were uncaressed by aught save gentle zephyrs. Deeply impressed by her visible charms of person, and being of a bold and venturesome spirit, he

then and there resolved to claim her for his own. He made a liberal offer, but she, modest maiden, not considering it good form to yield too readily, rejected with seeming disdain his amorous invitation. He returned to his lonely ranch on the Skagit, there to devise stratagems anew to encompass his end. He heard her sweetly guttural accents in the sighing of the wind, and in the floating mist he ever beheld her voluptuous form. Later on, with a retinue consisting of two noble red men from Snehosh—ah! the music of these Indian names!—he set out to visit his sable enchantress at her home upon the fir-clad hillside of the Swinomish reservation, near the banks of the murmuring slough of the same name. Arriving there without incident worthy of relating, he raised his former offer, now tendering her parents the princely sum of \$50. But they looked coldly upon his suit, and the dutiful Kitty would not surrender herself to his ardent embrace unaccompanied by the paternal blessing. The date cannot be determined from the evidence, but Kitty, who ought to know, said it was when the salmon were beginning to run. Desiring to be exact in all things, it occurred to the court that it might be well to continue the hearing of this case for a few years while studying the habits of the salmon, but the litigants, anxious for the spoils, objected. An attorney, when a fee is in sight, seems to care but little for scientific observation.

“Once again he returned to his lonely ranch. There, in the solitude of his cabin, with no one to spread his blankets, no one to weave his mats, he brooded over his state of single unblestness, until, he, at length, determined to make one last despairing effort. This time he would go in state. So he consulted ‘Chip’ Brown, who had taken unto himself a wife, a swarthy child of the forest and the stream, and it was all arranged.

“One day, as Kitty lay upon the bank, viewing her own charms, as re-

flected in the waters of the Swinomish, she was startled by the approach of a canoe, containing our amorous swain, ‘Chip’ Brown, Mrs. Brown, and a large number of Indians from a neighboring tribe, hired for the occasion. The line of battle was drawn. On one side were ranged Kitty, her father, mother, relatives, and friends, and Spotted Tail, their tribal chief; on the other, Wilbur, ‘Chip’ Brown, Mrs. ‘Chip,’ and his mercenary train. And the prize contended for was none other than Kitty herself. Mrs. ‘Chip,’ being detailed to act as interpreter, advanced to the centre, and the battle of words, which was to decide the fate of the dusky maiden, began. The interpreter, the court is grieved to say—peace be to her ashes—abused her position of trust to descant upon the charms and graces of Wilbur, and, inasmuch as she herself had tasted the delights of wedded life with a pale face, her words had great weight. ’Twas long doubtful to which side victory would incline, but, at an opportune moment, Wilbur himself, advancing with \$60 in his outstretched palm, the battle was won. Chief Spotted Tail thought the sale a good one; her father was satisfied with the price, so the money was divided between her male relatives, and Kitty, according to the laws of her tribe, was a wife.

“Counsel insist that the evidence is insufficient to warrant the conclusion that the marriage was according to the customs then in vogue upon the Swinomish reservation, contending that Indian testimony is unreliable. In their zeal, they seem to forget that the testimony of the Indians is corroborated by that of one of our most esteemed citizens—one who has served the people in various capacities of trust. He came here in 1868, and his detailed statement while on the witness stand ought to convince the most skeptical that, in early days, he made a careful study of Indian customs relative to marriage and divorce.

Whether his investigations were carried on for the purpose of satisfying the promptings of a natural curiosity, or took an experimental turn, the court is not advised.

"Immediately after the division of the spoils came the wedding feast, the memory of which is cherished as one of the most glorious events in the annals of the tribe. What a feast that must have been, for Little Bear, now 36 years of age, but then only ten, still retains a vivid recollection of it, and says, with evident pride, that, upon that ever memorable occasion, they had 'bread and tea and sugar.'

"To prevent others from becoming discouraged, it might be well to add that Wilbur ran up the price, and \$60 is the highest sum on record paid for a wife. Besides, Kitty belonged to a family of distinction. Neither should anyone desirous of imitating Wilbur's example, hesitate over long, because his dusky enslaver said 'No,' twice. The court recalls some fairer daughters of Eve, who said 'No,' more than twice, and, what is worse, stuck to it.

"According to the customs of this tribe, good taste required three proposals. The first time the sighing swain, if an Indian, offers a pair of blankets or a canoe; if a white man, cash. The second time he must raise the ant—I mean he must increase the offer; and the third time he must fling in some additional inducement in the shape of worldly goods. The third offer is the crucial test. If rejected then, he knows it will be useless to apply again. It will be observed that the untutored denizen of the forest has an advantage over his pale-faced brother in this—he understands when the word 'no' is to be taken in its literal significance.

If the bargain turns out to be a bad one, a husband can return his wife, and receive back his canoe, or blankets, or whatever the purchase price consisted of. This should be called to the attention of our own law-makers.

"The fruit of this marriage was three children—one girl and two boys. The girl is dead, but the boys are still alive, and join Kitty in the petition to have Bingham appointed administrator of the deceased, who departed this life—*requiescat in pace*—some ten years ago.

"In 1874, Wilbur entered into correspondence with one Sarah J. Wilcox, then in the wilds of central New York. Many a loving missive passed between them, until finally, in 1876, she came out here and married Wilbur, and Kitty, turned adrift, found solace in the arms of another.

"The bone of contention between Mrs. Wilbur No. 1, and Mrs. Wilbur No. 2, and their respective counsel, is the ranch, now worth \$10,000, where Wilbur and 'Chip' Brown first devised the scheme that resulted in the translation of Kitty from the haunts of her childhood to the abode of the pale face. There is much in this case worthy of comment, did not the stiff formulas of law and cast iron rules forbid an excursion into the realms of fancy or philosophy.

"In conclusion, the court finds that Kitty is still alive and well, although somewhat tanned by exposure to the elements, and that all the parties to this action want the ranch. These findings are necessarily brief, but, such as they are, it is to be hoped that, if this case goes up, they may serve as a guidance to the Supreme Court in determining the intricate questions involved."

"LA MESSE DE L'AURORE."*

BY BEATRICE GLEN MOORE.

THE little hamlet of St. Yves, near the mica quarries had grown up very slowly. It had never grown very big. It had vainly expected and tried to grow; it had planned a school, and in its most sanguine moments—a church! but there was no gainsaying the fact that it was stunted—except to itself. Even among themselves the dwellers of lonely St. Yves never insinuated that they had grown much, any more than they doubted that they were growing.

Though the myths of the school and church were sixty years old, they were still topics of unflinching interest, and the cause of many a falling out of faithful friends, who could not agree to differ in their educational and architectural views; but the pioneers of St. Yves dropped off, one by one, quite easily, without learning to read, and the others still stayed at home on Sunday, or went to pray at the old, weather-beaten calvary by the way-side.

Nothing new ever put in an appearance at St. Yves. Nothing ever seemed to leave it but the mica. The hamlet was situated in a deep, rocky valley. No matter in what direction one looked, there was nothing to be seen but the sky overhead, and on every side the great frowning walls of rock, with narrow winding paths leading to the pine-crowned summit.

But if St. Yves had nothing else, it had "La Fine," and I am quite sure that the young quarrymen would not have exchanged her for Laval University. Josephine Crépeau (yelept "La Fine"† for love and euphony), was the belle of the quarries. She was very short, very plump, dark and

dimpled. The contour of her face was a perfect circle. She had small, twinkling black eyes, cheeks as red as *La Fameuse* apples, a very small mouth,—and a nose—well, she had a nose—in embryo; also, a weak, childish voice, unbounded vanity, and an *accordion*.

Oh, that *accordion*! the delight of the belle and the dread of everybody else. She was forever singing in her shrill treble to its groaning accompaniment. Her *repertoire* consisted of "O Canada!" and "La Jardinière du Roi,"‡ and the wail of her agonized minstrelsy greeted the ears of any one passing the house. Poor old Mère Crépeau could have told how the housework got done every day, but her grand-daughter knew nothing about it. She never seemed to have anything to do; she was always *en grande toilette*, as the other girls remarked enviously; that is, she wore her shoes and stockings all week (even in summer), and her bright pink blouse and the brown petticoat embroidered with yellow stars. Her hair was frizzed and oiled every day, and she made a boast that her complexion was fresher than that of her would-be rivals, though—she declared on her honor—she only washed once a week.

She had been engaged for a year to Phydime Duclos, a stalwart, handsome fellow, as different from "La Fine" as we are from our baboon ancestors. And the old folks pitied him heartily, for the hamlet beauty was not a favorite with them, and Phydime was so kind-hearted, so good a son, so good a neighbor, and even if "La Fine" had no other drawbacks, she had the *accordion*, which was enough

*The Mass of the Dawn. †Sharp, cunning.

‡The Gardener of the King.

to make her name a terror; but there were only too many besides that. They said she was idle, vain and selfish; she was seldom seen at the calvary, even on fine days, and—and—she *would* sing.

Phydime was twenty-three, three years older than his *fiancée*, and so he felt that he must make allowances for her; besides, he often felt dissatisfied with St. Yves himself. He longed for a different life, a wider sphere, other aims—something, anything but the present state of affairs; he did not know exactly for what he wished, but he knew that he was not satisfied, so why should he complain when “La Fine” fretted and fumed about the monotony of life among the quarries?

Phydime had been sent away to school at Quebec when he was ten years old; he had always been dreaming of angels when he was little, and as this is an infallible sign that a child is destined for the priesthood, his parents had given him every advantage they could afford. So Phydime was very different from the other young men at St. Yves, and “La Fine” soon learned to love him—or his prestige; but nobody ever understood why he had desired her to do so.

The time had come for him to decide upon his vocation, and his poor old father and mother were wofully disappointed in their ninth son. Phydime dreamed no longer of angels. In spite of the gossips and the accordion, Phydime had never wavered in his allegiance since the night he met “La Fine” at Bonhomme Dorval’s New Year’s feast, to which the neighbors had been bidden to make “*la tire*.”

“La Fine” was in her element when Phydime came in: she was presiding over the pan of boiling molasses on the big box stove, the centre of an admiring group of young quarrymen, who were contending for the honor of holding the dish of chopped nuts, of which she scattered a few now and then in the seething molasses.

There were several girls setting out

plates on the long red table, in readiness for the dainty. They were all talking at once at the top of their voices, and seemed to be deciding who could say the most and mean the least in a given time. One of them came over to Phydime, and reaching a cedar branch down from the wall, brushed therewith the snow from his blanket-coat, and took charge of his red sash and fur cap, remarking that it was very cold—wolves’ weather, in fact,—that the devil was dancing on the roof to cool himself, as all the nails were flying out of it. Phydime assented absently, with his eyes on the shining black head bent over the pan.

Victorine Lebeau was not surprised at that, for “La Fine” was the acknowledged belle. Phydime sat down to divest himself of the red over-all stockings that reached to his hips, and Victorine meanwhile entertained him with a graphic account of the death of her grandfather’s mare, that had expired with scarcely a moment’s notice, in her thirty-first year. This had been the event of the season, and Victorine was at great pains to omit no detail of the harrowing parting scene. Her discourse was fast reaching a climax; she indulged in snorts and gasps—after the fashion of dying mares, I presume,—and she even attempted to give him an idea of the last good-bye, by wildly rolling her eyes, raising her hands to each side of her face and flapping them feebly, just as the gentle mare had flapped her ears before she breathed her last.

At this juncture Phydime looked up. “How beautiful!” he said slowly.

“Oh, yes, M’sieur Phydime,—and she could kill a fly, M’sieur Phydime,—on her nose, M’sieur Phydime,—without moving her body—”

“Why, how on earth—” he interrupted.

“With her *tail*, M’sieur Phydime!”

“But—but—” stammered Phydime, with a sheepish look in “La Fine’s” direction—who was testing the tem-

perature of the molasses by dropping a spoonful into a glass of water; "I—what is her name?"

"Angelique," answered Victorine, promptly, "and, oh! her voice was so very human; we often mistook it for the voice of our defunct grandmother—when she coughed, M'sieur Phydime. She was too great to live!"

"I meant the name of the demoiselle by the stove," said Phydime, apologetically. "You know I have been away many years. I do not remember having seen her before."

"Oh!" said Victorine, coldly, "that is 'La Fine' Crépeau—Mère Crépeau's girl; Angelique was our MARE!" and she excused herself without further ceremony, remarking to her companions shortly afterwards that Phydime Duclos was so stupid that, had she to spend an evening in his company, she would certainly weep like *La Madeleine*, and then go mad!

Phydime managed to get an introduction to "La Fine," and she showed no disposition to weep, although he kept his place near her the whole evening, watching her admiringly as she pulled "*la tire*" out as long as she could reach, twisted it together, and pulled again, till it changed from a deep brown hue to white, and was chopped into bull's-eyes and set in the snow till it became quite crisp. Then they sat around the stove in a half circle, each couple with a plate between them, and told stories, or sang songs, in turn. When a vocalist concluded his or her ditty, he or she, as the case might be, placed a hand firmly on each knee, rising slightly, with the usual modest request: "Excuse it, the company!" and relapsed into a sitting posture and silence, to crunch "*la tire*" contentedly.

"La Fine" produced the accordion, and sang "O, Canada!" in tones almost as piercing as those of the wind that shrieked among the pines and through the quarries; and the heads of the nails in the kitchen walls were white with frost, and the snow had

drifted against the side of the house to the height of the window.

Phydime Duclos was often seen with "La Fine" after that night, and things went on until one day he asked good old Mère Crépeau a question, whereat she beamed and then blessed him, and then asked "La Fine" another question, whereat she bridled and blushed; and they all drove off to old Quebec, far away across the snow-fields, to buy the engagement ring.

"La Fine" looked more like a thriving peony than ever, with her bland round face a crimson glow from the frosty air. Somehow, it all seemed most unreal to Phydime, as he looked down at her, chatting away at his side on the front seat, with the yellow buffalo robe tucked closely about her plump form. He was not listening to her just then. He was watching her frozen breath flying past him on the wind, as she chattered and laughed and coquetted; he was listening to the jingle of the sleigh-bells, till, at last, they sounded far off and indistinct; he was thinking that they would never, never be married; and he did not know why he thought it,—nor did the thought give him pain.

"La Fine" looked suddenly up at him, nestling close against his shoulder from the blast, and their breath mingled in a white cloud that seemed to burn his neck. Phydime sighed, but "La Fine" screamed with laughter, and began to sing, "O, Canada!" and he looked away across the snow-fields, feeling sore at heart and disappointed; while the voice of old Mère Crépeau bewailing to his mother the turkeys' uncertain tenure of life, and the roving disposition of pigs, irritated him to childish anger, and he fumed silently till "La Fine" had tired herself out, when, feeling ashamed of himself, he apologized for the silence that she had not even noticed.

About a year after this auspicious date, the hamlet was thrown into a fever of excitement by the arrival of

Polycame Plamondon, a new overseer of the quarries—a short, stout, dark man, with a smirk and a waddle. He wore a collar even on week days, and a gigantic watch-chain. He had been in the "Upper Countries,"* where it appeared he had seen and done the greatest wonders. It was solemnly whispered that his cigars cost five cents each! and the youngsters believed the Queen had come from the "Lower Countries"† to see him do battle with an unicorn, that used to watch around corners in the wilds of New York to horn the good habitants‡ who passed that way.

He had been left for dead on a battle-field in Lowell, Mass., and nursed back to life by a beautiful native princess. He was a wonderful hero indeed; no wonder he always wore a smile, they said. He smiled when some one asked if England was a bigger place than St. Yves—and if it had a church. He smiled at the clocks with their wooden works, and told of the ones he had seen, that played tunes and danced jigs; and he boasted that under his supervision things would go very differently from of yore at St. Yves. This brought the educational and architectural antagonists to the fore, and the school and church war waged more fiercely than ever.

Polycame Plamondon had taken up his abode with old Mère Crépeau, and at last in the long winter evenings the accordion was silent, while "La Fine" lent a charmed ear to "Mr., the Boarder's" eloquence. He had not known her long before he admitted that she greatly resembled the princess who had saved his life on the battle-field. And he had not known her much longer before he told her that the princess, even when exerting her utmost powers to captivate him, could not dance a jig as well as "La Fine;" and then he spoke of Her Majesty's surroundings, and looked

around the little bare room, and at "La Fine," and sighed. And she stared at the red-stained table, and its primitive benches made of cedar boles, with unlopped branches, supported on trestles,—and sighed too. She had once been very proud of that room, with its bright blue walls and white ceiling, of the chromos, the accordion, and of her red merino Sunday dress. But she had heard of glass palaces, and princesses, and marvels called pianos, and she wanted to be a princess too, and to go and see the world through gold-rimmed eye-glasses, in an old-gold satin *travelling dress*!!

When she was not listening to Polycame Plamondon's wonderful tales, she was dreaming of them, and poor Phydime saw that a great change had come over his *fiancée*. Her eyes always seemed now to look through and beyond him when he spoke to her; she would not sing "O, Canada!" any more; when she did take up the accordion, it was to accompany Polycame Plamondon's songs—and she did so deprecatingly, and with profuse apologies to "Mr., the Boarder," that it was not the piano that she was "pulling in and out"!

"Mr., the Boarder," was suavely condescending to all, and particularly so to Phydime, who could not bear him, and made no attempt to disguise his feelings.

One night, about three months after the arrival of "Mr., the Boarder," "La Fine" was holding an informal "at home" in the kitchen. It was her fête* day, and all her friends had assembled there in honor of the occasion. Each had contributed his or her share to the evening's enjoyment, but when "La Fine" was asked to sing, she shook her head sadly.

"I have not the heart to sing," she said.

Phydime looked at her reproachfully, and taking up the accordion began to sing softly, "O, Canada!" Gradually his voice rose till its sonor-

* United States. † Great Britain.

‡ French-Canadian peasants.

* Day of one's patron saint.

ous swell filled the room; and "La Fine," watching his fine face aglow with patriotic fire, as he sang the stirring hymn, thought that Phydime should never sing anything but such grave, grand airs,—he was so good—so good—and—she *loved* him,—and her eyes filled slowly with tears. She arose, and opening the stove door, began to poke viciously at the burning logs, bending her head to conceal the tears that would not be driven back.

Just then the door opened and Polycame Plamondon came unsteadily into their midst. He had been on a holiday in Quebec, he said, and nobody would have doubted it.

"La Fine" was still kneeling by the stove, with the hooked poker in her hand, staring in round-eyed amaze. He espied her immediately, and made his way towards her with bell-like grace of motion.

Seeing her look of alarm, Phydime Duclos sprang forward, seizing him by the shoulder. Quick as thought, the other turned, grasped the cauldron cover, and brought it down with a crash on the head of Phydime, who staggered and would have fallen but for the timely assistance of his friends, who led him away to get the deep gash on his forehead attended to.

Polycame Plamondon slept heavily with his head on the old red table; but "La Fine" lay awake all night, thinking and thinking; she knew that this night must decide all, and she felt very wicked, very unhappy—poor foolish Fine! And yet she felt very undecided. She hesitated; she argued with, and tormented herself.

"It's all no use!" she cried, at last, impatiently. "I could never be contented here now—I *must* go, and it is nearly time!"

The first light of the dawn was stealing into the little room, and inch by inch on the opposite wall the blank face of the highly colored chromo of Bonne Ste. Anne de Beaupré came into view.

"Yes, I must go," she said with a big, half-regretful sigh—"poor, poor Phydime; how well he sang 'O Canada'—Oh! how wicked I have been. I *will* stay—I *will* be good."

Just then she caught sight of the blank face of the saint, staring stupidly at her. She sat up suddenly and shook her fist aggressively at it, with her ugliest grimace, and then threw herself back and pulled the bed-clothes up over her ear.

She waited, and waited, but sleep would not come to her. With something like a little growl, "La Fine" got up, and began to dress. Then she looked around the little room she had decided not to leave, and a bright smile chased the cross-lines from her forehead. At that moment she caught a glimpse of something shining under the table, and crawled under to inspect. It was a small bottle of scent that Polycame Plamondon had brought her, and it was the scent he always used. As she withdrew the stopper and inhaled it, the whole atmosphere seemed changed—like a flash she again beheld the pictures Plamondon had painted on her imagination; the old desires and unrest overwhelmed her, and she crouched on the floor, staring tearfully at the bottle.

There was a cautious tread on the stairway, and Plamondon's voice, in a hoarse whisper, asked was she ready.

She put the bottle on the floor, stood up and reached for her little rusty black hat, and then, with a choking sob, she turned to go. At the door she hesitated, rushed back, and standing on tip-toe bestowed a damp kiss on Ste. Anne's eye and nose. Then she passed into the pure air of the Canadian spring morning, which has all the freshness of rain-soaked lilac, and all the freshness was lost to "La Fine," and the belle of the quarries was lost to St. Yves.

* * * * *

It was Christmas morn, many years after. Down came the snow in great,

soft, feathery flakes into the deep quarries, through the darkness before daybreak. On the pine-crowned height above the rocky valley, stood a woman looking down towards where the little hamlet lay—a woman whose face spoke of lost happiness, lost health, lost youth, and lost illusions. Her story was written on her face—a story very near its end. She could not see for the darkness that lay over the valley, and for her tears.

I could not tell you of what she was thinking—she thought of so many, many things; but this is what she said:—"If only Phydime were there still;—if he would forgive me;—all the past would be as an evil dream. I would accept any punishment then. I only wish for rest—rest. Oh! he loved me truly—and—that was the greatest misery of all—to know too late, that I loved *him*. Oh, let me have his forgiveness, his blessing, and be my expiation what it may!" and she began to descend the narrow rocky path. The deep tones of an organ floated upwards through the darkness of the valley—St. Yves had its church at last, and thither "La Fine" bent her steps.

It was the Mass of the Dawn. Nobody noticed "La Fine" as she knelt near the door, praying, as she had *thought*. At the High Altar the priest was celebrating the mystery of the Mass, his robes glittering with precious stones, through the clouds of incense that rose from the swaying censer. The solemn silence was broken at intervals by the slow, sad tones of the priest's voice, the shrill responses of the altar boy, and the muffled sound of the gong, when the people bowed low.

At the left side of the High Altar was a snowy hill of mica, at its base the stable of Bethlehem, above which shone brightly a single star. The stable was open, and on the straw was lying a waxen image of the Christ-child, while at his side knelt St. Joseph and the Virgin Mary.

Suddenly the whole church was illumed with a blaze of roseate light, in the midst of which appeared an angel, who passed down the aisles, announcing in song the birth of the Messiah. An answering chorus was heard afar, and, slowly in the distance, down the hillside, one by one, came the lonely shepherds of the plains. They followed the floating star; their voices swelled the hymn of triumph that the angel led, and were echoed by the choir of white-robed, star-crowned child-angels singing among the clouds above the hill.

"La Fine" still prayed, as she had *thought*, and the tears were flowing fast as she raised her head in agonized supplication. "Oh, he loved me!—his forgiveness—his blessing—and then, my punishment!"

The slow, sad voice of the priest chanted the words:—"Ite Missa est!" he raised his hand and made the sign of the cross above the people, and through the eastern window the light of the dawn fell on his bowed head—on the long scar on his forehead—lighting up the eyes that dreamed only of angels now.

There were coughs and sighs, there was a shoving back of benches, and a long, loud echo; somebody dropped a rosary; somebody tittered; a sinner had repented; a prayer had been answered—the Mass of the Dawn was over.



"DICKY."

BY LEE WYNDHAM.

It was a cold night in March. A bitter east wind had been blowing all day. Even the richly clad were chilled—to the many poor who were compelled to face its biting blasts it brought absolute suffering. A grey and sombre sky overhung the murky London streets, and not a star was to be seen. It was about eight o'clock: I was hurrying down the High-street, Kensington, when I was stopped by a tiny, elfish creature, who thrust some dying primroses into my hand, and urged me in a clear, but somewhat trembling voice, to buy them. Generally I had small patience with these juvenile vendors of flowers and matches, who always beset me when I had least time to spare; but this boy's voice was unlike the whine of his professional brethren, and he pleaded no tale of domestic misfortune, but said, rather imperiously, "I wish you would buy some. They will all be dead to-morrow."

We were very near a street lamp (electric lights were to gladden the future, gentle reader), and I inspected by its rays the small merchant who would fain have entered into business relations with me.

He was very small. His age might be, perhaps, six or seven. His head looked too large for the frail body, but that might be because his shock of nondescript-colored hair wanted cutting very badly. His eyes, however, were remarkable enough to atone for other deficiencies. They were large, and of very light grey—and they shone with an almost preternatural lustre. A sharp pain thrilled me from head to foot as he lifted them to my face. Once before, in the spring-time of my youth, such eyes as his had looked into mine. For a moment the

sombre sky and the whistling wind vanished, and I stood again beneath the swaying branches of the linden trees. A flood of summer moonlight streamed around us. I say us, for a woman stood beside me—a woman with dark hair and large, light eyes. Again I heard a sweet, imperious voice, saying, "No, I will give no explanation. If you cannot trust me, leave me." How came this little London beggar with the voice and eyes of my proud Welsh sweetheart?

"Where do you live?" I enquired, ignoring the mercantile interests of the hour.

He jerked his thumb over his shoulder in a gesture that gave me a radius of about a quarter of London to choose from. "There," he said, explicitly, "will you buy some? They will be dead to-morrow."

"I will buy them all, if you come with me into this shop to have some coffee," I replied.

The sudden darkening that I had expected—that I had seen so often in her's—came into the child's eyes. A smile parted his lips and dimpled his left cheek. I took him into a confectioner's near by, and soon we were *vis-a-vis* over steaming coffee and white rolls. I believe that usually when a middle-aged gentleman is attracted by a waif or stray, and takes him to an hotel or restaurant to cement the new-born friendship, the waif or stray behaves in a manner that indicates his noble birth. I regret to say that my waif did nothing of the sort. He gobbled his rolls, and nearly choked himself with his coffee. But he had nearly as much excuse for these breaches of etiquette as poor Otway. The child was almost famished. Long before his hunger was

appeased, all doubt was at an end forever in my mind. In spite of dirt, in spite of rags, in spite of the language and manners of the London street-Arab—this boy was Gwynneth's child.

The primrose merchant had arranged his flowers upon the table. "There are seven bunches," he remarked, "but you have treated me—and you can have the lot for sixpence." I was not base enough to profit by this handsome offer.

"No, I will pay the sevenpence," I replied, handing him that sum from the change the waiter brought me. "I am going to walk home with you," I said, rising, and taking his hand. The contrast between the cheery warmth of the shop and the bitter cold of the March night was very great. My little companion shivered. It was too late to buy him an overcoat, but I hailed a cab.

"Now, where do you live?" I asked, as I wrapped my overcoat round him. He named a street unknown to me; the cabman, however, proved to be my superior in the matter of topographical knowledge, and we drove away.

In a few minutes I was on comparatively intimate terms with my guest.

"What is your name?" was my first enquiry.

"Dicky," he responded. "What's yours?"

"Mark Ford," I answered, almost involuntarily.

"Mark—that's easy," said Dicky, musingly.

"Who takes care of you?" was the next step in my catechising. Dicky looked puzzled. "Nobody," he said.

"Well, who lives with you? You don't live alone," I persisted.

"Oh, mother and I live alone—in that house," replied Dicky. "Tell him to tell his horse to stop."

I obeyed, and followed Dicky up the stairs of a London lodging-house of the very poorest kind. At last we reached the topmost landing. My guide turned to me and said, gravely

but politely, "You can go home now."

"But I want to see your mother, Dicky," I remonstrated. I could not let this child go—and, if, indeed, my haughty Gwynneth had sunk to this, I must see her before I slept. Could it be that I was to meet her here,—in this sordid, poverty-stricken place?—Gwynneth, whose bright beauty I had last seen set off by rustling silks and glittering jewels. I waited with a beating heart while Dicky went in.

"Mother, a man wants to see you—his name is Mark—he gave me some coffee and a bun—he's bought my flowers—he says you've got to go out and see him." (I had said nothing of the sort.) I heard some words in a low tone. Then Dicky reappeared.

"You come in," he said, with careless authority. "She ain't coming out." I walked in. I saw a woman past the prime of life—haggard and wasted, but not—not Gwynneth. I do not know whether I felt relieved or disappointed. I was conscious of one definite purpose—to take my flower vendor back with me.

"Thank you kindly, sir, for buying Dicky's flowers, and bringing him home." She held the seven-pence in her hand, and looked towards the door. "I want to ask you a few questions about him," I said, decidedly. "He is not your child; whose is he? and how did you come by him?"

She turned fiercely upon me, and began a string of asseverations, which I soon checked. A barrister hears too many lies not to recognize them.

"That will do," I said sternly. "I knew his mother. Tell me truly how you came to have him, and I will make it worth your while. Don't waste my time with lies." She was silent for a few moments. The subject of our conversation lifted his small, surprised face to mine, and said re-assuringly:

"She ain't telling no lies; she's my mother."

"I knew your mother, Dicky," I said, and then the woman spoke.

"Yes, he's Miss Gwynneth's child,

but she could not keep him; she was glad to let me have him."

"She trusted you with him, and you let him be out on a night like this, to sell flowers," I exclaimed, furiously. "I shall take him away at once."

"What will Miss Gwynneth say?" asked the woman, sullenly. "She may come back for him any day."

"Where is she? Come, you had better speak," I said. "I will give you five pounds to make up for the loss of this child's earnings, and twenty more, if you find his mother for me."

I took out my purse. Her eyes gleamed, and she stretched her hands towards it; then suddenly she sank down on the narrow, wretched bed, trembling so violently that I saw it was no time to press her for information. I gave her half-a-crown. "Get food with that," I said, "and I will wait till you can tell me."

She walked unsteadily to the door, and called to a neighbor. After the exchange of a few words she came back.

I had tried, meanwhile, to talk to Dicky, but he regarded me distrustfully.

"You ain't agoing to take me away," he said, with calm determination in his voice. "I'm going to stay along with her." "Do you like to stay with her, Dicky?" I said, studying eagerly the lines of the delicate features, and wasted limbs. "Is she kind to you?" Dicky nodded.

"She never hits me," he replied, briefly: and then the woman returned. In a few minutes a girl entered with some coals in a bag, a small bundle of wood, a loaf of bread, and some tea and sugar, in a basket. I was anxious to get away, and to have Dicky to myself; so I built up a fire in the rusty grate, in a very brief space of time. I was glad to find that she wanted tea and not gin. When she had taken some food, Dicky, to my astonishment, came with no small appetite to this second banquet. I drew from her her story. Briefly, it ran thus:—

She had once been Gwynneth's nurse, in Wales. Her marriage with a dissipated scoundrel left her a widow, at about the same time that Gwynneth's ill-starred union ended in her desertion by the roué for whom she had jilted me. They met, by one of those strange chances, which daily prove the truth of the old adage about truth and fiction, and for a time lived together, till both sank into poverty. Then, when Dicky was about four, and this partnership had existed for a little more than two years, Gwynneth had left him in Mrs. May's charge, while she went into the country to ask aid of a distant cousin. Her quondam nurse averred that she had never returned from this pilgrimage. My own opinion, however, which subsequent events proved to be correct, was that Mrs. May had left their lodgings during Gwynneth's absence, and taken good care to leave behind her no clue, which should guide the unhappy mother to her whereabouts. She loved the child, and wished to keep him. But, falling in the social scale from the rank of seamstress to that of charwoman, she had, during the last few months, grown too weak to work at all. Hence, Dicky's career as a flower merchant.

When I was convinced that she had told me all she could, I gave her ten pounds, and the name of a charitable institution in London. Then I addressed myself to the difficult task of overcoming Dicky's reluctance to leave her. He parted from her with tears furrowing little channels down his begrimed cheeks—but he left her—and in a few minutes we had found another cab.

I am more fortunate in my domestic arrangements than many bachelors. My housekeeper is a woman who has the rare good sense to understand that I pay her for services, and not for advice. She put Dicky, at my request, into a hot bath (I heard him objecting furiously to the process), and then brought him to my room, where her

assistant, a good-tempered country girl, had made up a bed on the couch. I hardly knew him, rosy and white from his tub, his hair close to his head, his wonderful eyes flashing light. He sat by the fire and warmed his toes, and in a little while became more friendly. Then, exhausted by excitement and his bath, he fell asleep. I sat watching him for a long time; and when I, too, sought my couch, it was to dream that Gwynneth and I—estranged no longer, parted no more—walked hand in hand beside a summer sea.

CHAPTER II.

Some three years went by. Dicky, dearer, surely, than many sons to many fathers, still lived with me. No one knew more than that I had adopted him—he himself knew that for his mother's sake I had taken him from his life in the London streets. He never forgot that life; nor did I desire particularly that he should. When we met any pallid, sad-eyed child, vending little wares in the street, it was as a man and a brother that Dicky hailed him. His pockets were usually heavy with pennies hoarded on the behalf of those whose life he had once shared, and whose hardships still inspired his sympathy. (I have known him, however, to be less strictly impartial than I could have wished: he kept the bright coins always for two especial favorites.)

It must not be imagined that I had let these years pass without making strenuous efforts to find Gwynneth; but she had gone "below the surface," as Mr. Baring-Gould would say. I kept her memory as green as I could in Dicky's heart. In his little room was a picture of his young mother as I had known her. It was copied from a miniature in my possession. His father's whereabouts I knew, unfortunately, only too well. He kept one of the most disreputable public houses in London. I feared so much a chance meeting with him that I often thought

seriously of leaving London. The tiny imp who had thrust his fading flowers into my hand on that stormy March night had grown up into a princely and beautiful child, but like—so like—to Gwynneth. Those large, light, haunting eyes alone would have betrayed his parentage to any one who had known her.

It was a soft April evening—even in London, spring sights, spring sounds, spring scents met us. My day's work was over. Dicky and I were sitting at a first floor window that overlooked Kensington Gardens. His bed-time was drawing very near, but, his nurse having gone for a walk with a "cousin in the army," Dicky took advantage of her absence to postpone the dreaded hour. He had just thrown a penny down to a little dark-eyed, elfin-looking match-seller, with whom he was on more intimate terms than with any of the others, and had been thinking silently, his chin upon his hand, his face upturned to the evening sky.

"Will some one take them *all* away some day, as you did me?" he questioned, suddenly.

"Some day," I replied.

"Who will?" persisted Dicky.

"God will," I answered, "or He will tell some one to do it for Him."

"Why did you only take me?" said Dicky, in a dissatisfied tone; "there are so many more—could you only take one?"

"I could not have more than one now, Dicky," I said, a little conscience-stricken. "When I am a rich man, and you have grown up and can work, we will build a big house and have as many as it will hold."

Dicky was not satisfied. He looked out into the crowded streets in silence for some time, and then pressed his hand hard on my knee, as he leant against me.

"Uncle," he said, speaking with an effort so evident that I expected to hear the confession of some childish peccadillo, "suppose we took it in turns?"

"Took what in turns, Dicky."

"I could sell matches for a little while, while Jimmie came here, and then some one else could come, and then I could come back." Dicky spoke in a very staccato fashion, and the proposition, made in all sincerity, cost him a good deal.

I put my hand under his chin and looked into his earnest eyes.

"No, Dicky," I said, gravely; "*you* were bother enough when you first came—I don't want any one else howling in his tub every morning as you used to do—at least, till we are in a bigger house. But if you like to have a party at the Victoria Coffee House, instead of the railway I promised you for learning those declensions, you may."

Dicky's face fell. He shared our fallen humanity after all—and he had wanted that railway so much.

"You need not decide now," I added. "It is ten days to Easter week. You can decide then. Now you must go to bed."

Dicky stood still, his grey eyes darkening, as Gwynneth's used to darken when she was much moved. "Could we have six, uncle?"

"Twelve," I answered.

Dicky drew a deep breath. "I'll have the party, uncle," he said, firmly. And then his nurse came in, and he went to bed.

He had the party; but only eleven of the invited guests put in an appearance. The absentee was Jimmie. The next day we learned that he had been knocked down and hurt while watching some drunken brawl, and carried off to the nearest hospital. Thither Dicky and I repaired on the following Saturday afternoon. The large, light ward, fragrant with flowers and radiant with spring sunshine, looked very attractive. Dicky looked at all the little white beds and their wan-faced occupants with eager interest, but we did not stop until we reached the one at the end, in which, very pale and hollow-eyed, we saw poor Jimmie.

He was cheerful, and not in much pain. He and Dicky had plenty to say to each other, and after a time I left them and went to talk to the other little patients. At last I went back for Dicky.

"Oh, uncle, where's your stick?" he exclaimed, when we reached the vestibule. I remembered to have put it down by Jimmie's bed. "Run back for it, Dicky," I said. "Or—no; you will think of a hundred more things to say to Jimmie. Wait here while I go."

The nurse, a tall, graceful woman, was bending over Jimmie. She turned round as I came up, and I knew—Gwynneth!

Even after twelve years' separation, people do not fall into each other's arms, off the stage. I said "Gwynneth," and she said, "Mark," both very quietly.

"Let me see you again," I said, "and soon."

"I shall be off duty at seven," she replied, "but I cannot see you here."

"I will call for you, then," I answered, and came away. We did not even touch hands.

I do not know how those hours went by. But at last I saw her come out of the great door, and went to meet her. We walked on in silence until we reached a little Square, filled with nurse-maids and their charges.

"Now," she said, "you have something to tell me."

"No; something to ask you," was my reply. "You had a child, Gwynneth. Where is he?"

She turned her large eyes on mine. "Dead," she answered. "Oh, why do you ask?"

"You left him with Mrs. May," I went on, "and then—?"

"I went to ask Cousin Jane for help; I found her dying. When I came back—penniless—my boy had died—and Mrs. May had gone."

"Gwynneth, it was a lie. Your child lives."

I had no need to say another word.

"Take me to him," she said, with the old imperiousness. I hailed a hansom, and in a few minutes we were at my home. During these minutes, Gwynneth did not speak; she sat still, concentrating all her strength on the one effort to control herself. I took her to the door of the front room upstairs, and left her to go in alone, and then went back and sat on the stairs. I think the strongest feeling I was conscious of at that moment, was a hope she might not take Dicky away.

In about half an hour the door was opened, and Dicky, rushing down the stairs, nearly fell over me. "Oh, uncle," he cried, "come up and see my mother."

Gwynneth was standing by the window as we entered. Dicky flew to her side. For a moment I did not speak—I saw for the first time, the cruel ravages that time and grief had made in that fair face.

"Well, Dicky," I said at last, "And are you going to leave your old uncle?"

"No," said Gwynneth, "Dicky is going to stay with his uncle, if mother may see him sometimes."

"I have tried to find, you, Gwynneth," I said, putting her into a chair. "Dicky, you can bring up the sherry from the dining room; don't fall down stairs. Do what you like about that boy," I went on, "he is yours—I shall befriend him always, but you must see him when you can—and if you want him—"

"If I want him," said Gwynneth, almost fiercely—then she checked herself—"No, keep him, Mark, and God reward you, as I never can, for all that you have done."

"Reward me—for having Dicky"—I laughed, but mirthlessly. "Gwynneth, you know that *he* is still alive?" Gwynneth shuddered. "That is why I say, keep Dicky. He thinks him dead. He found me out two years ago, and came for him—to take him away—and I was thankful to say he was dead."

I scarcely restrained an oath.

"Don't, he is Dicky's father," she entreated. "He shall never see him," I said between my teeth. "But about yourself, Gwynneth—can you stand your present life?"

"Stand it—it is heaven to what I have known," she answered. Dicky came back at this moment with the sherry, and my little clock struck eight. Gwynneth rose to her feet, and caught Dicky in her arms.

"Drink this," I said pouring out a glass of wine, "and I will leave you for ten minutes." "You can get back to the hospital in twenty, in a hansom."

I put her in one a few minutes later, and then returned to Dicky.

"Well, old man," throwing myself into a chair, and pulling him on to my knee.

"Are you glad to have a mother?"

Dicky looked at me gravely.

"Uncle," he said hesitatingly, "I thought you would have asked her to stay with us."

"I wish she would," I answered, my heart aching at the picture his words conjured up. "But she has all those children to look after, Dicky."

"You didn't ask her, though," said Dicky wistfully, and his face was very sober, as he went to bed.

I wrote to Gwynneth that night, telling her that Dicky should be taken to the square near the hospital any day she was off duty.

These, I found, varied weekly: she was therefore obliged to write to me to appoint the times, but I did not see her, nor attempt to see her.

The summer went by. At the end of August she had a fortnight's holiday, which she and Dicky spent at the sea-side. But she did not desert her work, and seemed content to leave him with me on her return. Dicky was very unhappy at first, and, I believe, never quite forgave my not urging her to come and live with us.

CHAPTER III.

Autumn went by. Christmas and the New Year came and went—and it was again March—four years since that eventful night when I had stumbled upon Dicky. We kept this day always as a festival, and I had taken Dicky that afternoon to the Polytechnic. We had dined in the City, and were now sitting in our favorite seat by the window, looking at the people hurrying by. Gwynneth had been on special duty, and unable to see her little son for nearly two weeks. Dicky missed her. I knew what vision was constantly before him—one in which I dare not for a moment indulge. We had been silent for some moments, when the maid brought in a telegram. It was from Gwynneth. "Bring or send Dicky at once; his father is in the hospital—dying."

"Get your coat and cap, Dicky, and come to see mother," I said, springing up. Dicky's face flushed with joy. In a moment we were on our way. Dicky, delighted at this unlooked-for ending to his festal day, chatted gaily on as we were driven rapidly away.

Suddenly he turned to me, and said, "Uncle! Would you *like* mother to come and live with us?"

"Yes, I should *like* it, Dicky," I said. "But we can't always have what we like. Try not to think of it, boy." For I was trying very hard, indeed, not to think of it myself—trying to crush the riotous hopes and thoughts in which I dare not indulge.

The long rows of white beds in the hospital ward sobered Dicky. He flew into his mother's arms. She was standing by the last bed in the ward. Another nurse, a doctor and a clergyman, stood near it—and on it was the saddest wreck of humanity I have ever seen. His head was bandaged, and his face looked ghastly against the white wrappings.

"Richard, look!" said Gwynneth, in a voice that trembled with emotion. "Look, here is Dicky."

But Dicky shrank back and clung to me. "It is your father," I said, seeing that Gwynneth was speechless. "Go to him and say good-night." Dicky had been too well loved, both by his mother and me, not to have been taught obedience. He went forward reluctantly, but unhesitatingly, and said, in his clear, childish treble, "Good-night, father."

The dying man turned towards him; and, for the first and last time on earth, father and son looked into each other's eyes.

"Gwynneth's child—little Dicky," he murmured. "Baby Dick, come here."

"Go, love, go," said Gwynneth, who had sunk upon her knees beside the bed.

"Pray," said the dying man, feebly. We all turned to the clergyman, a noble looking old man with white hair and beard. He put his hand on Dicky's head, and said gently, "Say a prayer for your father now, my child."

Dicky looked bewildered for a moment. Then he knelt down beside his mother, and said the collect with which his evening prayers always ended:—

"Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee, good Lord, and by Thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night: for the love of Thy only Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen."

Then the clergyman's voice followed upon our amen with some of the prayers for the dying; and before we rose from our knees, the pallid clay was tenantless, and the troubled, guilty spirit had returned to God who gave it.

* * * * *

Twelve months later, Dicky had his wish. I did ask Gwynneth to come and live with us—and she came.

GABLE ENDS.

A CORRECTION.

The Editor of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I have to thank you and the readers of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE for the kind reception given to my article on the "Manitoba School Question," which appeared in your September number.

My attention, has, however, been called to an error in fact in the article, and I wish to correct it.

In supporting the statement: "The Roman Catholic objection to the public schools is, that they are not under the control of the church," I said, among other things, "Under the late separate school law in Manitoba, no text-book could be used in the Roman Catholic schools without the approval of the competent religious authority." This was a broader statement than I should have made.

The clause of the old Act is, "Provided, however, that in the case of books having reference to religion and morals, such selection by the Catholic section of the Board shall be subject to the approval of the competent religious authority."

I desire to make this correction, although it will be seen that even the narrower limitation, giving power to the "competent religious authority" in the schools, is quite to the point in supporting my contention.

I am, yours truly,

GEORGE BRYCE.

Winnipeg, Oct. 14th, 1893.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

Since the 1st of June, the journey from ocean to ocean over the C. P. R. is made in six days.

Six days we speed—
Westward our star!
Six times six hundred
Miles in a car.

Through forest, 'long lake,
O'er mountain, on plain;
From ocean to ocean,
Bounds on the train.

"Halifax!" "St. John!"
"Quebec!" "Montreal!"
"Ottawa!" "Sudbury!"
"Port Arthur!" *et al.*

"Winnipeg!" "Brandon!"—
Boundless the prairie—
Past "Pile o' Bones,"
On to "Calgary!"

Up mountain pass,
Over the summit,
'Cross yawning gorge—
Let go the plummet!

Ranges Cordilleran,
Snow-capp'd, eternal—
Peak, curve and canon,
Glory supernal!

Great Glacier! Great Heaven!
Thy wonders we see
On to Vancouver,
Down to the sea.

Ocean to ocean!
Wondrous the span—
Nation more glorious
Ne'er founded by man!

'Way to the north,
'Way to the west—
Vast, comprehensive,
Country most blest.

Wealth in her waters,
Wealth in her ore;
In forest, on farm,
Riches galore!

Arm of the Roman!
Soul of the Greek!
Flag of Old Britain!—
Proudly we speak.

Six days onward,
Ever in motion,
Canada's proud journey
From ocean to ocean.

VANCOUVER.

R. E. GOSNELL.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The writer recently called upon Mr. S. W. Burnham, the celebrated discoverer of double-stars, and all-round astronomer, now of Chicago, but, until lately, a member of the staff of the Lick Observatory. During an enjoyable interview, Mr. Burnham, among other subjects, referred to the efforts now being made in various directions to introduce into the High Schools, at least, an elementary course in astronomy, and said it was to be regretted that, in some places, children are denied the pleasure and profit attaching to the study of that delightful branch of science. Than he, few great astronomers are better able to speak on this subject. Mr. Burnham, when a stenographer in the courts, had his attention called to observational astronomy by the chance falling into his hands of a volume dealing with the transit of Venus, in 1874. As he read up the general subject, his interest grew until, out of his earnings, he spent, for him then, a large sum in securing the best six-inch telescope the Clarks could make. He spent his days in court, and his nights at his instrument, and, being blessed with sharp eyesight, his work in searching for double-stars proved to be most successful, for, in course of time, he was able to issue catalogues of stars that surprised already famous observers, who possessed much more expensive apparatus, but were unaware of the existence of the stars until the catalogues were printed. Under varied circumstances, the career of Mr. Burnham has been the career of Mr. E. E. Barnard, the discoverer of the fifth satellite to Jupiter, and of scores of the best astronomers the world has ever seen. The ranks of the professional astronomers must continue to be recruited from the ranks of amateurs. The future for amateurs is brighter than ever before. Astronomical societies, popular in character, are rapidly dispelling the illusion that the study of astronomy is reserved for the rich, and, now that really very good telescopes, which answer the purposes of the student, can be obtained cheaply, it is to be hoped that the day is not far distant, when in every good school there shall be placed a telescope, which, in the hands of the teacher, shall enable any child, desirous of so doing, to learn something, in a practical way, of the sun, moon and stars.

The man who, like Mr. Yerkes, gives a cool half million of money for the erection of a gigantic telescope, may, by some discovery, made by it, place science under an obligation to him, but, beyond question, such a man would confer greater benefits upon his fellows, and contribute to their happiness in a degree ten thousandfold greater, if he were to expend the same money in distributing, say two thousand four-inch telescopes, or five thousand good three-inch telescopes among the schools of his country. Not only this, he might prove to have done more for the science itself than if he followed the example set by Mr. Yerkes, because out

of the thousands thus invited to the study of astronomy, he would be almost certain to be the means of bringing to the front, many brilliant astronomers, for, after all, it is not the telescope, but the man at the eye-end of it which counts.

At 10.30, on the night of the 10th of October, a careful observation was made in Toronto with a 10-inch reflecting telescope, for the purpose of ascertaining, if possible, whether there were visible, by its means, any vestiges of the Great Red Spot on Jupiter, an object which for some months has been fading away, but which, a couple of years ago, was easily seen in the telescope. The sky was clear, and the seeing was good. At the hour mentioned, the side of the planet upon which the spot had been for years so prominent a feature, came into full view. Though nothing could be seen of the spot, the outlines of the space it had occupied were perceptible, the indentations in the dark belts, north and south of it, having practically retained their shape. This would seem to indicate that, while the spot has changed in color, it has not, by any means, ceased to exist; the conditions which for years have enabled it to force the belts outwards as they drifted past, being, apparently, still in full play. Indeed, there is reason to believe that in color, at least, the spot is variable, and that, in course of time, the former color will re-appear.

Some of the English publications have been noticing the proposition that The British Association should again meet in Canada—this time at Toronto. It seems that the subject was brought by Professor Mavor before the Association, at its annual meeting recently held, and that it was intimated that if the Canadians would again contribute towards the expenses of the members, such a meeting might be held in the near future. The meeting in 1894 will be held at Oxford. There are civic candidates for the place of assemblage in 1895, but the Association left the matter open, possibly that Canada might be heard from.

In November, Mercury will be an evening star, and may, for a few evenings in the earlier half of the month, be visible at a very low altitude in the West. Venus will continue to be an evening star, but will not be a good object in telescopes, being too near the horizon. Her phase is changing from half-full to a crescent. On the evening of November 12th she will be close to the new moon, and both will form brilliant objects. Mars is practically invisible. Jupiter is still the most splendid object in the early Eastern night sky, and is visible nearly all night. He is splendidly placed just now for careful study. Saturn and Uranus are too near the sun to be visible. Neptune may now be observed under the most favorable circumstances. He is in Taurus, on a direct line between the stars iota and epsilon, and about one-fifth of the distance from iota.—G. E. L.

BOOK NOTICES.

The United States: An Outline of Political History. 1492-1871. By GOLDWIN SMITH, D. C. L. New York: Macmillan & Co., 1893. Crown 8vo., pp. 312.

It is not necessary to speak particularly of the literary style of this volume. It is enough to say that it is in every respect worthy of the reputation which the accomplished author has so long enjoyed as one of the greatest living masters of English composition. Then, in addition to the graces of a finished style, he has evinced in every part of the work the fulness of his information. If Dr. Smith has not, to any great extent, played the part of an original investigator, he has evidently availed himself very fully of the labors of the historians who have preceded him. His work is the result of large reading, and of much thought. It is a marvel of condensation. And for such as have not the time to read what may be regarded as its sources, this compendium of the political history of that part of the continent included in the United States, will be a great boon. And even to such as have read the books from which the information contained in this volume is drawn, it will afford valuable assistance in enabling them to systematize the knowledge which they have acquired, so as to give them a more complete mastery of it than they would otherwise have had.

Dr. Goldwin Smith admits what probably no candid student of history would be disposed to deny, that the separation of the American Colonies from the Mother Country, sooner or later, was inevitable; but he has candor enough to point out that the reasons for the revolt were unworthy, petty and insincere. In fact, his reading of the history of the Revolution, is anything but favorable to the Revolutionary fathers. Samuel Adams, who was the fomentor of the quarrel in New England, "had failed in business as a malster and as a tax-collector, but had succeeded as a political agitator, and has found a shrine in American history as a patriot saint." Patrick Henry, chief fomentor of the quarrel in the South, "was a bankrupt at twenty-three, and lounged in thriftless idleness till he found that though he could not live by industry, he could live by his eloquent tongue." Indeed, he finds little to admire in any of them except Washington himself. He "was to the Confederacy, all in all. Without him it would have been ten times lost, and the names of the politicians who had drawn the country into the conflict would

have gone down to posterity linked with defeat and shame. History has hardly a stronger case of an indispensable man."

One can scarcely wonder, in view of the cold-blooded manner in which Dr. Goldwin Smith has dissected these men, that our kinsmen in the United States find his book a hard pill to swallow. What he says of the barbarous treatment of the Loyalists at the close of the Revolutionary War does not make the dish which he has proposed for them any more palatable. And his exposure of the unworthy motives which led to the attempted conquest of Canada in 1812, and the disastrous results to which it led, will certainly not add to the popularity of the work on the other side of the border. This war was wholly without excuse. But there was, as it appeared to Clay and those who were led by him, a tempting opportunity to inflict a telling blow upon England and to make an easy conquest of Canada. "England was sorely pressed in the struggle with Napoleon. Of her allies, none were left but the Spanish people and Russia, which Napoleon was preparing to invade. The opportunity for striking her was tempting, and Canada seemed an easy prey. The prospect of sharing Napoleon's victories would also have its attraction, nor is there anything in the violence of a brutal tyranny uncongenial to the violence of such a democracy as that of young Clay."

If these and other kindred unpalatable truths needed to be told, Dr. Goldwin Smith was perhaps as suitable a person as any other to tell them. If the unity of the Anglo-Saxon race is to be restored, the end upon which his heart is set and for which he writes, it is perhaps well that the influences which were at work bringing about its disruption should be as fully understood as possible. It is just possible that this, like a great many other well-intentioned efforts put forth in the same interest, may have an entirely different effect than that which was contemplated by the author. Americans will not love England more because the men who laid the foundation of the republic took a mean advantage of her in the day of her sore trial, and the motives by which they were actuated were unworthy and dishonorable. And it will scarcely have the effect of inducing Canadians to rush into the arms of a country that, not only unnaturally, without adequate cause, turned its weapons upon the mother who bore it, but has continued its rancour toward her unto this day.—W. S. B.