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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

of POLITICS · SCIENCE · ART · LITERATURE ·

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MAY 1895.

ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO.
TORONTO.

MANITOBA SCHOOL QUESTION AND THE REMEDIAL ORDER.
—By Edward Meek



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THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF

Politics, Science, Art and Literature.

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MAY, 1895, TO OCTOBER, 1895, INCLUSIVE.

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J. GORDON MOWAT, Editor.

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Bonds and Mortgages....	228,473 21	692,751 45	
Other Assets....	58,939 88	89,359 40	
Total.....	\$293,592 53	\$821,320 88	
LIABILITIES			
Reserve, and on acct. of			
Policy-holders.....	\$160,401 00	\$642,248 68	
Other Liabilities.....	5,884 76	1,282 48	
Net Surplus.....	Nil.	50,469 72	
Income.....	157,354 97	306,715 63	
Expenditure, Total.....	147,158 37	153,493 37	
Insurance in force.....	6,110,100 00	9,555,300 00	

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MISCELLANEOUS



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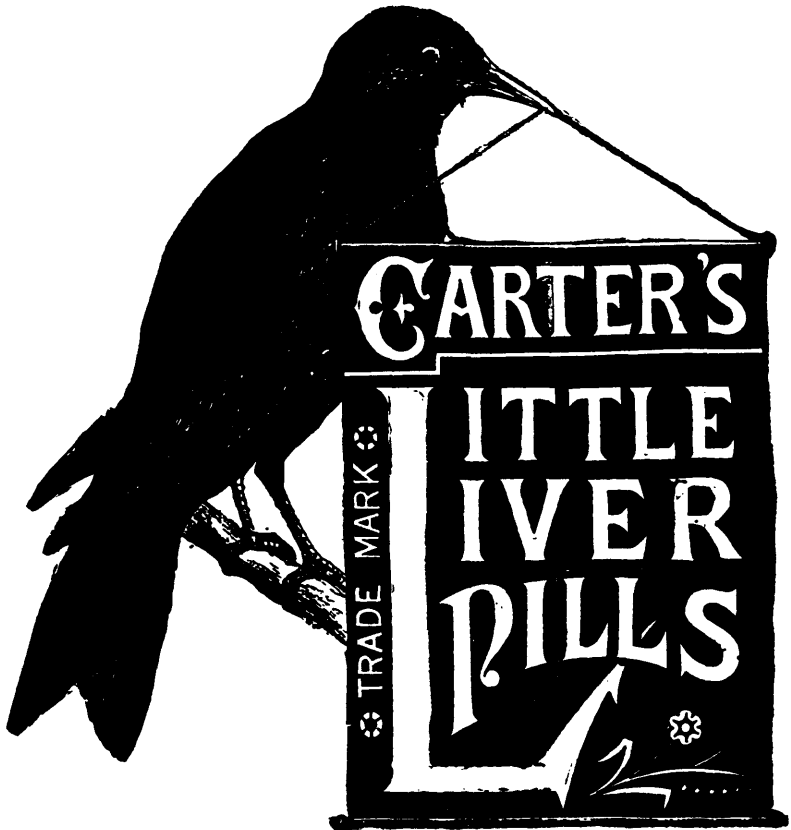
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. V.

MAY, 1895.

No. 1.

SHIPBUILDING IN QUEBEC.

BY HENRY FRY,

Ex-President Dominion Board of Trade.

LONG before Canada was transferred from French to English rule, the value of Canadian woods for shipbuilding purposes had been discovered by the colonists. Indeed, Mr. LeMoine tells us that a 74 gun ship of war had been built at Quebec. There were also a few small merchant vessels built. Red pine was then the favorite wood for the purpose.

Under British rule, shipbuilding at Quebec prospered, and French-Canadian mechanics became very expert at the work. The vessels were then of small tonnage, as they were all the world over. A 500 ton ship was considered a very large one, and, within the memory of the writer, ships of 300 tons were employed largely in the India and China trades, while the great timber trade between Quebec and the United Kingdom was chiefly carried on by brigs of from 150 to 250 tons. In 1810, twenty-six vessels, having a tonnage of 5,836 tons, were built at Quebec, the average being only 224 tons. In 1812, thirty-seven were built; but then came the war with the United States, which paralyzed the industry for some years, and even in 1820, only seven vessels were built.

Between 1842 and 1852, the number of ships annually built at Quebec

varied from 37 to 70, with an aggregate tonnage of from 13,785 to 41,505 tons. The duties levied in Great Britain on Canadian timber were then 10 shillings per load of 50 cubic feet; and, in order to evade these, two monster ships were built on the Island of Orleans, near Quebec, of solid logs, to be broken up on their arrival at port. One of these never reached its destination. There was always, however, a prejudice in England against soft wood ships, all English-built ships being built of white oak. Canadian ships, from first to last, suffered from this prejudice. While English-built ships were classed A1 for twelve years, the most that "Lloyd's Registry" would grant for Quebec ships was a seven years' class, and this, of course, regulated their market value.

For a time, Quebec ship-builders turned to Canadian oak. It was very strong, but, as a rule, it was found to be affected with "dry rot" in about five years, and, after a time, it was finally abandoned. Except for a few parts requiring great strength, such as stem, stern-post, keelsons, and beams, tamarac (or as it is called in the Maritime Provinces hackmatac) was found to be far superior for the purpose, combining, as it does, strength and

durability. All the best modern Canadian ships were built of this fine wood. Red pine was occasionally used for ceiling and planking, and yellow pine for decks. Canadian rock elm is a magnificent wood for the bottoms of ships, as it is always under water, and Lloyd's allowed it to be used in English ships of the 12 year grade. Experience has proved that ships built of tamarac, being more buoyant, were far better suited for heavy cargoes than oak-built ships. Some good tamarac ships have been found sound and tight, when twenty, thirty, and even forty years old. In 1852 there were twenty-five ship-building establishments at Quebec, and eight or ten floating docks.

In that year, a notable event in the history of the art occurred. "Lloyd's Registry" sent out to Quebec Mr. Thomas Menzies, a gentleman of high character and great ability, to act as special surveyor, and after his advent a marked improvement occurred in Quebec ships. Upon payment of a fee of 25 cents per ton, he specially surveyed a ship from the time her keel was laid until she was launched, and this entitled her to be marked in the Society's books as "built under special survey," and this gave her an enhanced value in the market.

The principal ship-builders in 1852 were Allan Gilmour & Co., W. G. Russell, John I. Nesbitt, Thomas C. Lee, G. H. Parke, T. H. Oliver, E. F. Jean Pierre Brunelle, Edouard Trahan, Wm. Cotnam, Baldwin & Dinning, P. Labbé, G. Lemelin, J. & J. Samson, J. E. Gingras, Pierre Valin, and Hippolite Du-bord.

The business, however, was conducted in such a way that few of the actual builders made any money in the long run.

With the exception of Gilmours and Russell, they had no capital, and were entirely dependent on "fournisseurs," or capitalists, who advanced the necessary funds, charging heavy commissions, which, in ordinary times, ate up

all the profits, but sometimes left the capitalist not only minus his commissions, but part of his advances also.

The ordinary commissions were five per cent. on advances, with seven per cent. per annum interest; four per cent. on sale; two and a half per cent. for procuring freight; and two and a half per cent. for collecting it. Add to these the fact that the ships often lay several months in Liverpool for sale, and were then sold on four or six months' credit, and it will be seen that commissions and interest together often approached twenty per cent.,—enough to ruin any business.

Seeing this, the Government at last was induced to bring in a bill giving the advancer a prior lien on the ship as soon as her keel was laid. Parliament passed it, but it had no appreciable effect on the commissions charged.

When the writer first arrived at Quebec, in January, 1854, there was a boom in ship-building. Gold had been discovered in Australia, and a rush of emigrants from Great Britain followed, causing a heavy demand for large, fast, clipper sailing ships. Boston, St. John, N.B., and Quebec yards were full of orders for such ships. There were no steamships running to Australia in those days, and there was no Suez Canal. Such ships as were for sale in Liverpool were bought up at very high prices—as high as £12 stg. per ton being paid for uncoppered Quebec-built ships. Everyone that could raise or borrow money rushed into ship-building. The scene in the Quebec yards on a fine winter's day was then a very animated one. The songs of the French-Canadian shipwrights, when raising frames or carrying planks, the whirr of the saws, the blows of the mallets, and the vim of the men, all working with a will, were very pleasant to the eye or the ear of the onlooker.

Several of the ships then building were of 1,800 tons register. Some of the builders wisely sold their ships on the stocks at high prices. One, the

Ocean Monarch, built by Baldwin & Dinning, was sold, when half finished, at \$53 per ton, and, as she was of 1,887 tons, she realized over \$100,000, and was said to have left her builders a clear profit of \$20,000.

Those, however, who preferred to trust to the Liverpool market, were grievously disappointed. The business was overdone, and before the close of the year a panic set in, and colonial ships fell to £7 per ton. The failure, too, of W. Edward Oliver, of Liverpool, a large dealer in Quebec ships, inflicted heavy losses both on builders and advancers. In the summer of 1854, Quebec had launched fifty large ships; the business had given employment to fully five thousand men, whose families represented nearly one half the population of the Ancient City and Levis.

Mr. C. R. Coker succeeded Mr. Menzies as Lloyd's surveyor, and as a marked improvement took place in the quality of Quebec-built ships, the society gradually relaxed some of their arbitrary rules, and gave the ships a higher classification.

One year was added for "salting on the stocks," making eight years A1; another was added for hardwood tree-nails (wooden bolts), and some minor improvements, making nine years A1, and one builder (Baldwin), obtained ten years for building under a shed. The shed, unfortunately, caught fire in one of the great St. Roch's conflagrations, and both it and the ship were consumed. No other builder repeated the experiment, and for many years nine years was the highest class granted by Lloyd's register, although English built ships were granted thirteen and fourteen years.

Another great improvement was carried out by the Gilmours, and McKay and Warner, viz., double diagonal ceiling. The writer had two ships, the *Rock City* and the *Cosmo*, built in his way, and often proved the enormous increase in strength it afforded, but Lloyd's gave

no additional class for it, although Mr. Coker pronounced the *Cosmo* the best ship ever built in Quebec. One builder—Pierre Brunelle, a French Canadian—stood pre-eminent both for his models and workmanship. Mr. Coker assured the writer that he had seen work done in Brunelle's yard quite equal to any done in Her Majesty's dockyards, and Captain Orkney, of Greenock, who commanded one of Brunelle's ships, the *Brunelle*, reported that she was one of the fastest wooden sailing ships in the world, as he had seen her make fourteen knots. Brunelle, however, died a poor man, as did most of his compatriots.

In the sixties, ship building revived, and in 1863 Quebec turned out no less than sixty new ships, ranging from 1,673 to 231 tons. The business of advancing now chiefly fell into the hands of one firm—Ross and Co.—and they did much to assist the builders, for instead of sacrificing the ships on their arrival in Liverpool, they fitted them out and ran them in the India, Australia, Manilla and California traders, and in this way several of the builders made a competency, while Ross & Co. also, made large commissions. Among these builders were McKay & Warner, P. V. Valin, J. E. Gingras, and J. E. Samson. Lloyd's, too, agreed to give three years of additional class to ships "doubled on the stocks," enabling them to obtain a maximum of thirteen years, but it came too late to materially affect the business.

But now two great revolutions in the art of ship-building were maturing.

English ship owners realized that, though iron ships were more costly at first, in the end they were more economical and profitable than wooden ships. Lloyd's gave an iron ship a twenty year class, and at the end of that time, if she had escaped serious accidents, she was almost as good as new, and, in the meantime all the re-

pair she required was an annual coat of paint, and perhaps new decks. But wooden ships constantly required repairs, and every four years had to be resheathed with copper or yellow metal, and besides incurred the risk of dry rot. Then came, in the seventies, the compound engine, which so economised fuel that steam ships were enabled to compete successfully with wooden ships, all over the world.

Then the manufacture of steel had been so improved and cheapened by the Siemens-Martin, or open hearth process, that in 1877 a ductile material, far superior in strength to iron was used, and after severe tests, Lloyd's agreed to allow a reduction of twenty per cent in the sizes of scantling required for iron ships. The result of this was that steel ships were not only cheaper than iron, but carried far more dead weight as cargo. In 1879 the Allans built the *Buenos Ayrean* entirely of steel, and the Cunards followed with the great *Servia*. Ten per cent. of the ships built in Great Britain were at once constructed of steel. To-day ninety-seven per cent. are built of that material.

The price of steel, too, continued to fall after 1873, and to-day ship plates are quoted at £4 12s. 6d. to £4 15s. per long ton, less than one half their price in 1873, so that large steel sailing ships have been built at £10 stg. per ton, ready for sea with an East India outfit, a price which does not exceed the cost of a nine year Quebec-built ship coppered and with a complete outfit.

The final result is that wooden ship building in Quebec is dead beyond recall; the yards are deserted; and every trade in the Ancient City feels it deeply.

But why should not Quebec build and engine steel steamships?

The best answer to this question may be found in the history of the great "William Cramp and Sons, Ship and Engine Co., of Philadelphia," which has recently been published.

William Cramp, the founder, commenced wooden shipbuilding in a small way at Philadelphia in 1830, employing less than one hundred hands. His early ships rarely exceeded 300 tons, but in forty years he built 207 vessels. In 1872, seeing that the substitution of iron for wood was inevitable, he formed a joint stock company, with a capital of \$500,000, to build iron ships. The company, up to this date, has built, or is building, 75 iron and steel ships, including 26 war ships; and in addition 141 marine engines have been constructed.

The company's capital is now five million dollars; the building yard and accessories cover thirty-one acres of ground; the company owns five wet docks, a dry dock 462 feet long, a marine railway, an ordnance plant, and a great floating derrick capable of lifting 125 tons. It gives employment to 5,600 hands, and its weekly pay roll amounts to \$54,000. It is now finishing two ocean greyhounds, the *St. Louis* and the *St. Paul*, of 10,700 tons each, to compete with the *Campania* and *Lucania*.

Again, a few years ago not a single iron or steel steamship had been built in Ireland. To-day, one firm alone, Harland and Wolff, of Belfast, the former the son of a Yorkshire physician, the latter a German, trained in Manchester, are said to employ close upon ten thousand hands, to whom about \$70,000 a week is paid in wages. The works have thirteen building slips, on which some of the finest and fastest steamships afloat have been built, including the now celebrated *Teutonic* and *Majestic* of 9,500 tons each, and the firm has a world-wide fame. In 1892 they launched 68,000 tons of shipping, the largest amount of tonnage turned out of any one yard in the world.

Now, I propose to show that Quebec is better situated to-day for steel ship building, not only than Philadelphia or Belfast, but in some respects, even better than Glasgow.

The steel plates, frames, beams and rivets for these ships are not produced either at Philadelphia or Belfast. They are rolled at a distance from the ship yards and are transported, in one case by railway, in the other by railway and water.

1. Ocean freight rates have been so reduced by competition that they are now almost nominal, and thus distance is a matter of no consequence. Any quantity of ship plates, angle iron, beams and rivets can be landed at Quebec from England in ten days, at \$2.50 to \$3 per ton, a rate which will hardly exceed the cost of transporting them from the rolling mills to Philadelphia or Belfast ship yards.

2. Then, steel is cheaper in England than it is in Pennsylvania. Contracts could now be made for the delivery of any quantity of steel plates at Quebec during 1895 at the extraordinarily low rate of \$25 to \$26 per long ton, which is probably at least 20 to 25 per cent. cheaper than they can be laid down at Philadelphia. Moreover, a steamship or sailing ship built in Quebec for the British market will earn more than the cost of the transport of her materials by carrying a cargo of grain or deals from Canada to Europe. The Federal Government will, of course, admit everything free of duty, as is now done on all shipbuilding materials.

3. Quebec has, too, in another respect, a great advantage over every shipyard in Great Britain or Ireland. Every steamship built in these yards must use Quebec yellow pine for decks, staterooms and all her interior fittings. I say *must* because no other wood has been found so suitable. Messrs. Farnworth and Jardine of Liverpool, in their last annual circular, dated 1st February, 1895, admit that other woods have been tried, but that, notwithstanding its high price, none have been found as satisfactory as the best Quebec yellow pine. Teak has been tried, but it is too costly. Pitch pine has been tried, but it is too

resinous and too hard for the best joiner work.

4. Then as to workmanship. There is no one who has watched wooden shipbuilding in Quebec, but must have been struck with the skill and intelligence of French-Canadian mechanics. It is true that a good deal of slop work was done in Quebec ship yards at one time, but this was not the fault of the mechanics, but of their employers, who insisted on cheap work. Many Quebec-built ships have now been running twenty-five and thirty years, and are quite capable of doing good work in the hands of Norwegians, who have bought the most of them; and as to joiner work, anyone who has seen the fittings of the steamers *Quebec* and *Montreal*, running between the cities of the same names, or the finishing of the best houses in the province, will admit that it is first-class in every respect. Cramp's men had to begin a new apprenticeship to steel ship building, but they rapidly learned it, as Canadians will learn it. Any number of skilled foremen can be imported from the Clyde, as James Goudie was. Though a native of Quebec, he was trained at Greenock, and he was the first to build a successful ocean steamship, the *Royal William*. What has been done in Quebec can be done again.

5. Then as to the rate of wages, a very important matter. Here again, Quebec has a great advantage. On the Clyde, mechanics are paid from \$1.25 to \$1.75 per day. But in winter thousands of good mechanics in Quebec would gladly accept \$1 per day for regular work. Indeed the writer has seen many fine wooden ships built in Quebec at 60 cents per day, and in the winter of 1859-60, during a time of great depression, he had the *Devonshire* built at 50 cents per day, and the work was well done too. But we don't want to see good work done at such rates now. One dollar per diem will give Quebec

a great pull, *provided there are no strikes*. Then Quebec has at least three dry docks all ready to hand, plenty of yards at a cheap rental, and plenty of wharf room for finishing the ships. In the Clyde the rents of ship yards are very high.

6. But it is useless for individuals with small capital to attempt steel ship building. It would end in speedy failure: commissions would eat up all the profits. Co-operation through limited liability companies is the only means. Costly machinery of the very best type is necessary. In the Clyde yards we may see machines handling and turning 50 ton shafts as easily as a small wooden spar is handled at (Quebec—machines cutting and punching steel plates as rapidly as a tailor handles his scissors and needle, and machines boring cylinders 100 inches in diameter as easily as a man bores a small wooden pump. Even with the present facilities such large steamships as the *Titania*, the *Lake Huron*, and the *Polynesian*, have been efficiently repaired at Quebec, though their damages were, in each case, very extensive. The little town of Owen Sound in Ontario, has built and engined a steel steamship for the Canadian Pacific Railway Company,—the *Manitoba*, (which Sir Donald Smith pronounced quite equal to the three steamers the Company imported from the Clyde), and besides has built two cruisers for the Federal Government. If the late Senator James Gibb Ross were alive, he would certainly start a steel ship-building company in Quebec, and make it a success. Such an enterprise would give bread, clothing and fuel to thousands of industrious men, who are now either idle or are compelled to leave their homes in search of work.

Steel ship-building has proved a profitable business to many. The late Sir William Pearce (John Elder & Co.) of Glasgow, died a millionaire, and Sir Edward Harland, of Belfast, is believed to be a very rich man,

though both started in the business with little or nothing but energy and brains.

But it will be said that the business has been greatly overdone, and that there is now no demand for steel steamships. This is only partially true. It is a fact that “tramps,” *i.e.*, steamships of small power and large carrying capacity, with no regular employment, have been built in far too great numbers, and that their competition has greatly reduced the rates of freight all over the world. But this does not apply to the great steamship companies employed in the eastern trades, nor to those whose ships carry mails and enjoy subsidies. Thus, the great Peninsular and Oriental Co. of London has now on the stocks no less than 50,000 tons of steel steamships: the Cunard Co., and the International Navigation Co., each have two monster ships nearly finished: the Hamburg and American Co. have recently built four large steamships, and the North German Lloyd Co. six.

Some of the companies, too, are making fair profits: thus, the P. and O. Co., in 1893, paid 5 per cent. on its preferred stock, and 10 per cent. on its deferred stock, equal to 7½ per cent. on the whole of its paid up capital: the Royal Mail Co. (West Indies and Brazil), paid 5 per cent.; the British India Co., 10 per cent.; the Castle Co. (Cape of Good Hope, etc.), 5 per cent.; the Union Co. (New Zealand), 6 per cent., and the Mercantile Co., 7½ per cent. If further proof is needed it will be found in the following figures. There will, too, always be a local demand for steel steamships in Canada.

SHIPS BUILT IN 1893.

United Kingdom.....	836,000 tons.
Colonial and foreign.....	191,000 “
	<hr/>
	1,027,000 tons.

SHIPS BUILT IN 1894.

United Kingdom.....	1,046,000 tons.
Colonial and foreign.....	277,000 “
	<hr/>
	1,323,000 tons.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY AND ONE OF ITS OPERATORS.

BY THOS. E. CHAMPION.

Just thirty years ago, came to a close the terrible fratricidal struggle between the Federal and Confederate forces of the United States. To many of the readers of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE the momentous events of the period covered by Abraham Lincoln's first term of office as President, from March, 1861 until the same month

four years later, are known only through the pages of history. To many more these same events constitute a very sad and even bitter memory, for they recollect with shame and indignation how many there were in this "Canada of ours" who wished well to the Confederates, and hoped that the South might succeed in its unrighteous endeavors to break up the American Union, to form a separate nation, a result which had it been attained would have perpetuated

the vile system of African slavery which Britain had, years before, abolished in her colonies, at the cost of many millions of pounds sterling.

For long years before the outbreak of hostilities between the Northern and the Southern States, negro slavery was a very troublesome political ques-

tion in the Legislature of the American Republic. In the North there was a very strong party whose platform was absolute and complete emancipation for the negro. They recognized no property in human flesh and blood, and were prepared to abolish slavery throughout the Union without any compensation whatever

to the slave-owners. They asserted that the system was contrary to Divine precepts, in the first place, and inimical to the good of the Commonwealth, in the second, and, therefore, that men who held property as slaves had no moral right on their side, and, therefore, no legal claim upon their country to be compensated for the loss of such property, should the Legislature of the United States declare for the total abolition of slavery in the Re-



DR. A. M. ROSS.

public.

There can be no room for doubt as to the soundness of this doctrine, so far as the moral aspect of the case is taken into consideration; but as to the legal right of the planters and other employers of slave labor, the case is very different. They had ac-

quired their "property" under the sanction of the law, and it can be easily understood how enraged they became when told that this "property" should be taken from them without any compensation whatever. A resident in the Southern States to be even suspected of a leaning towards the abolitionist platform, was scouted by nearly everyone, and he was most unceremoniously "sent to Coventry," not alone by his acquaintances, but also by his relatives.

Such was the state of feeling in the Southern States towards all those who sought the extinction of slavery. The supporters of slavery made no distinctions in their hate. They did not stop to enquire how far this or that supporter of emancipation for the negro was prepared to go, or to ask any questions on the subject; it was enough that a man disapproved of slavery as an institution, and was anxious it should be abolished, for them to hate him with an intensity of hatred it is hard now to understand.

"Abolitionist," "The Underground Railway," were hated terms to the Southern planter; and all those in any way connected with one or the other, or both, was "anathema maranatha" to those who were directly or indirectly connected with the slave traffic.

It was in 1838, that the Underground Railway was organized. It is not possible to give a better account of what this institution was than to quote the description of it given by Ascott R. Hope, in his recently published, delightful volume, "Heroes in Homespun," wherein is told the story of the abolition of slavery.

"The first formal organization appears to have been in 1838, with Robert Purvis as the leading name, and Pennsylvania as the chief scene of operations. Perhaps the fact of Levi Coffin having published a large volume of reminiscences, may have given him greater prominence than is his due—not that he assumed special

distinction. Where concealment was of so much importance, the beginnings of the undertaking are naturally lost in some obscurity; and it seems hard to say for certain where or when arose the familiar title of that great secret society which for many years carried on an active business in forwarding black goods from the South to the North. Many, if not most, of its members were Quakers—perhaps the only instance of cautious Friends mixing themselves up with a secret society—but no mediæval brotherhood of cloaked or masked conspirators could have more romantic records."

"This much is clear, that Philadelphia became the chief centre of the work, that "city of brotherly love," where surely the oppressed slave might look to find friends—and he did not look in vain. Here was formed a Vigilance Committee of earnest abolitionists, who, for more than a quarter of a century, found no lack of work in ministering to the needs of fugitives in the same spirit as inspired Levi Coffin. Most of these adventurers came destitute and helpless, with everything to be done for them. They had to be fed, and often to be clothed, as the first step to be cleansed from the disgusting slough of their slavery; many had to be nursed, worn out by excessive fatigue, or bringing with them unhealed wounds which they had received in some desperate struggle on the road. They had to be passed on to Canada; or, if they chose to run the risk of remaining in the Free States, to be directed to some comparatively free asylum, and put in the way of earning a livelihood. Imposters had to be detected, traitors guarded against, spies watched. In many cases help was given to get the lucky runaways' families out of bondage after them. From first to last, it is stated, more than twenty thousand persons were thus aided to freedom in one way or another. And all this charity was done, perforce, secretly, without the resources of sub-

scription lists, bazaars, or published reports appealing to benevolence, by the unfailing free-will offerings of men who had no other earthly reward to expect than hatred, and sometimes violence, from the mass of their fellow citizens. Yet the time came when some of these faithful servants of humanity lived to find themselves set in the light of that honor which they never sought."

While its work lasted, naturally the Underground Railroad could lay no accounts of it before the public. Even in their communications with each other its chief officers saw well sometimes to write in riddles; they would talk of forwarding "valuable stock," or "a package of merchandize," or advise a correspondent of the safe dispatch of "two large and two small hams,"—phrases quite well understood by those meant to understand. Private records, however, were kept; not indeed from the first, when it was hardly foreseen to what importance the business would grow; and afterwards, in the darkest hour that came before the dawn, fear of mobs, for a time, kept the philanthropic confederates from trusting much to paper. But for many years the fugitives' stories were carefully collected and preserved. This was mainly the doing of William Still, a colored man himself, who as one of the most active managers of the Philadelphia depot, had the privilege to see many travellers, to receive from their own lips the most interesting, and, in many cases, exceedingly thrilling accounts of their struggles for liberty, and to learn who had held them in bondage, how they had been treated, what prompted them to escape, and who that were near and dear to them they had left in chains. Their hopes, fears, and suffering were thus recorded in a book.

Levi Coffin, mentioned in the foregoing description, was a Friend who made the abolition of slavery the object of his life.

Still living in Toronto is a man who

played a very prominent part in the efforts made to set the negro free. Alexander Milton Ross, M.D., was born in Canada in 1832, and when he was just turned sixteen went to the United States. His first object, as he says himself, was to acquire a broader and fuller knowledge of the workings of human slavery in the United States, and also to study for the medical profession, "to enable me to earn the means to prosecute what was, even at that period, the leading aspiration of my life,—the abolition of human slavery."

Among the early friends made in New York by Dr. Ross, for it was in that city he settled, was Marshall S. Bidwell, whose name has figured prominently in Canadian history. By Mr. Bidwell he was introduced to Horace Greeley, William Cullen Bryant, and many other notable men. He has recollections of Clay, the celebrated "Harry of the West," Jefferson Davis, Andrew Johnson, Daniel Webster, and hosts of others whose names are associated with the great struggle for human freedom which eventually rent the American Republic in twain, and caused a conflict in which was arrayed brother against brother, not only figuratively, but literally, and where human life and earthly treasure were sacrificed in a manner at which the world has not yet ceased to wonder.

This is the state of things Dr. Ross found after a six years' residence in the country; and he tells the story in forcible words:—

"The outlook was dark and unpromising, but my faith in the justice of the cause was steadfast, and my hope in the future undimmed by the prevailing political fogs, and the treachery of politicians and dough-faced friends.

"In thirteen great States of the Republic, human slavery existed, and throughout these States, men, women, and children were bought and sold, just as cattle and swine are bought and sold at the present time. They were deprived of all human rights:

beaten, abused, outraged and killed at the will and pleasure of their owners. Husbands were sold and separated from their wives, and children were sold and separated from their parents. In fact, four millions of men, women and children, in the slave States, possessed no rights that their masters were bound to respect. Slavery was the dominant power before which all other interests were subordinate. The coarsest, blackest, and most brutal tyranny prevailed over that vile South Sodom. No word of pity or relief came to the oppressed. No one dare utter a word aloud against the institution of slavery, except at peril of life. To teach a slave to read was punished with death. A reign of terror prevailed. From the sanctum of the editor, the pulpit of the preacher, the desk of the teacher, the counting-house of the merchant, not a voice was heard on behalf of four millions of human beings held in cruel bondage from which there appeared at that time no hope of relief. The poor slaves were silent and hopeless. If they looked for help to the so-called Free States of the Republic, they were met by the command "Servants obey your masters." If they fled from bondage, the Federal Government stood ready to act the part of a policeman for the slave masters and send the fugitives back to slavery. In a majority of the Northern States, a mean, cowardly, servile spirit prevailed, that bowed and cringed before the haughty slave master."

Having got fairly to work in the State of Mississippi, Dr. Ross neither spared himself or others in the crusade he had undertaken, and it was not very long before he found himself in a most dangerous situation. It will be better to tell the story in his own words.

"I had been at work about two weeks, when a difficulty occurred which, but for the faithfulness of a negro, would have ended in my death at the hands of an infuriated mob. During one of my visits to a planta-

tion, I met a negro slave of more than ordinary intelligence. His master was a man of coarse and brutal instincts, who had burned the initials of his name into the flesh of several of his slaves to render their capture more certain in case they attempted to run away from this merciless wretch. I saw several of the victims of his cruelty, whose backs would for ever bear the marks of his branding irons and lash. He was a veritable 'Legree.'

"On one of my excursions over his plantation, I was accompanied by the above-mentioned. During our rambles, he gave me a history of his life and suffering, and expressed an earnest desire to gain his freedom. . . . On the following day I again visited the plantation, and selected this slave for my companion.

"He informed me he intended to start for Canada as soon as he could communicate with a brother, who was a slave on a plantation a few miles distant."

Dr. Ross gave him the necessary information how to proceed after crossing the Ohio river; also the names of friends who would assist him on his journey in the States of both Indiana and Ohio. All this occurred one Saturday evening. On the following Monday, while Mr. Ross was enjoying his evening meal at his hotel, the landlord accosted him, saying that Colonel L. wished to see him. "I immediately," writes the Doctor, "went to the room where I was told the colonel was. As I entered, the colonel, in a loud and brutal tone, said: 'That's him, arrest him.' Upon which a man stepped up and said: 'You are my prisoner.' I demanded the reason why I was arrested: whereupon the colonel . . . charged me with being a 'd—d abolitionist.' He said he would have my heart's blood because I had enticed away his nigger 'Joe,' who had not been seen since he went out with me on the preceding Saturday."

Certainly the position Dr. Ross found himself in was not an enviable one: he was not only a prisoner, but had, at the suggestion of the colonel, been handcuffed, and was surrounded by a crowd of men who would not have scrupled to tar and feather him, if not actually to take his life.

After a little time, permission was given Dr. Ross to say what he had to urge in extenuation of his offence. Addressing the excited people in a quiet manner, he said: "Gentlemen, I am a stranger here, without friends; will you, like brave men, grant the only request I have to make; that is a fair trial before your magistrate?" This very reasonable request was granted, and Dr. Ross duly appeared to answer for his offence. It was fully proved against him, and he was in no small fear of what would come next, when a great commotion occurred at the door, and a shout was raised: "Here's Joe; here's Joe." Into the court-room walked Joe, and going up to the colonel, he told him that, wanting to see his brother "powerful bad," he had gone without leave to the neighboring plantation on Saturday night, meaning to return next day, but that he met with an accident, and could not return until the Monday: then he heard of the arrest of Dr. Ross on the charge of assisting him to escape from slavery. Of course, Dr. Ross was, on such evidence, at once discharged. The sequel to the story is that Joe, and his brother, who was waiting for him in hiding on the plantation, went off the same night, and succeeded in baffling pursuit and eluding capture.

This was in 1859. Two years later Dr. Ross came across Joe as a free man in Boston, and learned from him that his brother was in Canada, where he was residing as recently as 1890.

Another notable adventure of Dr. Ross occurred in Delaware, when he was aiding a female slave to escape, having her, indeed, in the buggy with him, driving towards the home of Mrs.

Cox, whose residence for many years was one of the principal depôts of the "Underground Railroad." Mrs. Cox resided at Kennet Square, Pennsylvania, just over the border between that State and Delaware. While yet in the latter State, Dr. Ross became aware that he was being pursued, and presently such very forcible arguments as pistol bullets began to fly around him. Nothing daunted, Dr. Ross, rising in his vehicle, noted the distance his pursuers were from him, and then drawing his own revolver, allowed them to approach sufficiently near him to be within pistol shot. He fired four times at their horse, killing it with the last shot, and was thus enabled to make good his escape and convey his charge safely to the house of Mrs. Cox. The fugitive remained there for some time, and finally Dr. Ross brought her to Canada.

Whilst in Nashville, during another period of his crusade, he aided no less than seven slaves to obtain their liberty, and had the satisfaction of waking up one morning and finding himself famous; for a reward of no less than \$1,200 was offered for his arrest. Dr. Ross then thought it was time to go; and, after many perilous adventures, succeeded in making good his escape, and taking with him to a place of safety a female slave.

It has been previously stated that among the abolitionists were those who held conflicting views on the subject of abolition. This is what Dr. Ross says on this matter:

"While there existed among all true abolitionists a sincere desire to aid the oppressed people of the Slave States, there was much diversity of opinion as to the means to be adopted for their liberation from bondage. . . .

"It is almost needless for me to say that, while I sympathized with every man and woman who desired the freedom of the slave, my views accorded with those who believed human slavery to be such a monstrous wrong and injustice, that any measure, no matter

how violent, was justifiable in so holy a cause as the liberation of those held in bondage.

"The principles that animated, impelled, and controlled my actions as an abolitionist, may briefly be summed up as follows:—

"1. That every innocent human being has an inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

"2. That no government, nation, or individual, has any right to deprive an innocent human being of his or her inalienable rights.

"3. That a man held, against his will, as a slave, has a natural right to kill every one who seeks to prevent his enjoyment of liberty.

"4. That it is the natural right of a slave to develop this right in a practical manner, and actually kill all those who seek to prevent his enjoyment of liberty."

These may seem strong words; but what had Dr. Ross witnessed? He had seen a negro woman branded with hot irons because she had refused to become the mistress of her owner; he had seen a woman flogged to death; he had seen in the papers from day to day strange advertisements for slaves who had made an effort to obtain their freedom.

Dr. Ross forcibly remarks: "The newspapers of the Slave States, in 1855-6-7, teemed with advertisements descriptive of runaway slaves. One has been 'lacerated with a whip'; another, 'severely bruised'; another, 'a great many scars from the lash'; another, 'several large scars on his back from severe whipping'; another had an iron collar on his neck, with the prong turned down; another had a 'drawing chain fastened around his ankle'; another 'was much marked with a branding iron'; another, a negro, 'had an iron band around her neck,' etc., etc. All these brutalities were permitted, if not authorized, by law, were frequent, and not prohibited. 'Mary has a sore on her back and right arm, caused by a rifle ball': an-

other, 'branded on the left jaw': another 'has a sore across his breast and each arm, made by a knife; loves to talk of the goodness of God': 'Sam has a sword cut, lately received, on his left arm': 'Fanny has a scar on her left eye'; 'the letter A branded with red hot iron on her left cheek and forehead'; another 'scarred with the bites of dogs'; 'Runaway—A negro woman and two small children. A few days before she went off, I burned her with a red-hot iron on the left side of her face. I tried to make the letter M'; 'Rachel had three toe nails pulled out.'"

Is it any wonder that Dr. Ross used strong terms? The wonder is, not that he was so vehement, but that the majority of people were so supine.

Dr. Ross was a warm friend of John Brown, the apostle of liberty to the slaves. Unlike most of those who, while admiring Brown's character, deem his attack on Virginia, at Harper's Ferry, unwise, if not absolutely Quixotic, Dr. Ross approves of all Brown did, and naturally looks upon him as a martyr to the cause he advocated. Undoubtedly he was, to a certain extent; but no unbiassed mind can declare Brown's conduct of his plans, which culminated at Harper's Ferry, as being anything else than in law an armed insurrection against the State.

The following is a copy of John Brown's farewell letter to Dr. Ross. Whatever our estimate of Brown may be, he certainly met his death like a man.

JAIL, CHARLESTON, Va.,
December 'st, 1859.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Captain Avis, my jailor, has just handed me your most kind and affectionate letter. I am sorry your efforts to reach this place have been unavailing. I thank you for your faithfulness, and the assurance you give me that my poor and deeply afflicted family will be provided for. It takes from my mind the greatest cause of sadness I have experienced since my imprisonment. In a few hours, through infinite grace 'in Christ Jesus, my Lord,' I shall be in another and better state of existence. I feel quite cheerful and ready to die. My dear friend, do not give up

your labors for the 'poor that cry, and them that are in bonds.'"

Farewell; God bless you,

Your friend,

JOHN BROWN.

The study of Dr. Ross, in his comfortable home on Simcoe-street, is a somewhat remarkable apartment, for therein are stored treasures, relics and antiquities which it would take many pages fully to describe. Against the eastern wall of the room, which is about fifteen feet square, are ranged tiers of bookshelves, which contain a well assorted and valuable library of works devoted to history, theology, medicine, law, and many other subjects. Hanging on the other walls are many valuable engravings and etchings, together with clippings from old newspapers, published in the Southern States, offering rewards for the capture of runaway slaves. These clippings are pasted onto large sheets of card-board, and are duly framed and glazed. Among the engravings is one of "La Derniere Priere," the Roman Forum, the Arch of Titus, the Parthenon, and the Coliseum. Then there is a picture of a negro auction sale. On the auctioneer's block stands a young negress, holding a baby in her arms, while just in the background is the woman's husband. Dr. Ross tells you the result; the mother was sold for \$1,500, going one way; the husband brought about the same sum, and went in another direction from his wife; while the child was taken from its mother's arms, and disposed of for "two gallons of old rye whiskey." This is no fiction; it is a hard, stern truth, and came under the personal notice of Dr. Ross.

Over the fire-place is a trophy of swords, carbines, rifles and other implements of warfare. Surmounting these is a pair of mail gauntlets, of the time of Charles I., and just beneath them a circular shield, embellished in *repousse* work, bearing date 1538. Leaning against the wall is a pike, one of those belonging to John

Brown, with which he intended to arm the slaves in his proposed attack upon Virginia. Among the swords and guns, is a rapier of the period of Charles I.—a marine sword, fashioned like the short swords used by the Roman gladiators: this particular weapon was in use in the British Navy in 1776. Besides these, there is a cavalry sword which was picked up on the field of Waterloo by Major Maclaren, of London, Ont., who was present at the action; he presented it to Dr. Ross. Then there are swords and a carbine used at the siege of Plevna, and also two specimens of the former weapon which formed part of the armament of the English fleet at the famous battle of the Nile. There are relics of the Cromwellian times; of the Knights of Malta; of Napoleon I.; of Francis I. of France, who was contemporary with our own King Henry VIII; of the American Revolution; and of the chivalrous Indian Chief, Tecumseth, and of the war of 1812. It would take a goodly sized pamphlet to do adequate justice to the remarkable contents of this pleasant study, where Dr. Ross now spends most of his leisure, and where he delights to entertain his friends, and to indulge in reminiscences of the scenes he has witnessed, and the men whom he has known. He points with pride to a certain chair, and tells you that John Brown sat in it when he visited Toronto. Yet with all his pride in his collection of arms and other curiosities, he values nothing more than an ancient spinning wheel which was brought from the newly formed United States, in 1783, to Kingston by Mrs. Grant, who was one of his ancestors, and whose husband died from wounds received during the war of 1812. Dr. Ross is as staunch a British subject as he is a stalwart reformer, and is pleased to relate that he is descended from the U. E. Loyalists.

Among Dr. Ross's many friends was J. G. Whittier, the Quaker poet; and this sketch of his life, his work,

and his present surroundings, may be facsimile of a poetical tribute from
brought to a close by producing a Whittier to Ross.

Dr. Ross

For his steadfast strength & courage
in a dark & evil time
When the Golden Rule was trodden,
and to feed the hungry crime,
For the poor slave's hope & prayer,
when the hands were on his waist
And secret sinner State & Church
joined hands to send him back,
O Blessing upon him! what he did
For each sad, suffering one,
Chained, hunted, scourged & bleeding,
unto our Lord was done!

John G. Whittier

Secretary of the Convention
Oak Hill in 1833 which was called
The American Anti-Slavery
Conventions Mass. Society

12th Mo. 1879

THE EARLY ARTISTS OF ONTARIO.

BY J. W. L. FORSTER.

IN a paper, an excerpt of which appears in the Proceedings of the Canadian Institute, was presented the conditions affecting the beginning of art in this country.

The purpose of this sketch is to refer to the artists themselves, and an introductory paragraph will perhaps help us in this.

European art came with European settlement, and flourished while the traditions of the old world lived. True, as Mr. Davin has said, the designs which formed the sign manual of the Indian chiefs, and their graphic picture-writing on birch-bark, might, by some, be considered the dawn of Canadian art. A good deal of this "art" is still to be found emblazoned on the skins which line the lodges of the prairies; while the remains of pottery, copper, arms, and the like, show traces of a still higher culture and no inconsiderable development of technical skill, in a previous age. All this was perhaps rather the end of a phase of art in a decaying race than the beginning of it in Canada. Indian art is childish and unimportant.

But the paintings that remain, executed in the early days of European settlement, show that there was a noticeable overflow of art and artists into Canada. Some eminent names have been registered with pencil and pigment, beginning with Lady Simcoe, (whose sketches of Canadian scenes are to be brought again to Canada,—reproduced after a hundred years of absence), down to the last exhibition held under the patronage of what may be called the Old Régime. This was in 1847, and its chief promoter was the late Mr. Howard, of Howard Park.

The strongest influence favorable to art during that period was created by

Sir Perigrine Maitland and his talented wife, while his aide-de-camp was a painter of excellence.

But those acquainted with the history of our country know that the political conditions existing then were not permanent, and were by degrees forced aside to make way for others favorable to the better recognition of the growing national opinions and spirit. That era may be properly called the Colonial Era. The new era gives some slight evidence of a national character, which every loyal Canadian will gladly welcome and judiciously encourage.

The first native Canadian to gain eminence in the profession was Paul Kane; to him, therefore, I give first attention. In speaking of him, Nicholas Flood Davin, in his "Irishmen in Canada," says: "Art began early to attract some attention. Ireland, which had done so much in other walks for the infant nation, was destined to give it the first impulse toward art, Michael Kane and his Dublin wife accompanied Lieut.-Governor Simcoe to Canada. Having left the army, Michael settled in York, where, in 1810, his son was born. The new arrival was christened Paul. The child's growing mind could not fail to be influenced by the picturesque Indian figures then still to be seen haunting the Don, while Indian trails ran where King and Yonge-streets are to-day.

"In the preface to his travels, Kane, in 1844, accounts for his resolve to devote himself to painting a series of North American Scenery and Indian Life, by saying: 'The subject was one in which I felt a deep interest from my boyhood. I had been accustomed to see hundreds of Indians

about my little village, then York, muddy and dirty, just struggling into existence.

"Yet York was not a favorable place for a youth of genius to grow up. The district grammar school was the only introduction into the world of knowledge, thought, and art. Here was Mr. Drury, an eccentric drawing-master, who taught the future artist the elements of what was to be his ill-paid craft. His artistic bias was regarded in the light of want of application and distaste for steady industry. The circumstances of the community, says Prof. Wilson, were indeed too frequently inimical to the fostering of settled habits among its youth. Dr. Scadding has remarked of those early days, that there was a constant contact of the sons of even the most respectable families with semi-barbarous characters. From Indian guides and bad specimens of French voyageurs, a restless spirit was imbibed by the youth. The vague Nor'west, a sort of savage land of Cocayne, a region of perfect freedom among Indians, was imagined, and to reach which Lakes Huron and Superior had to be traversed. In this way, young Kane's mind was familiarized with the idea of that expedition across the continent to the green shores beyond the mountains, of which he has left so many memorials by means of his pencil and pen."

Let us leave him for a moment.

Many names might be recalled that have left no visible trace of their presence, beyond the free drawing lessons that served but to save from extinction amongst us the idea of an art that lived in the home land.

The first name that left any impression behind it was that of E. C. Bull, a portly Englishman, of free speech, and a splendid pencil draughtsman. He taught in Upper Canada College and the Mechanics Institute; Henry Martin was one of his pupils.

A Mr. Bullock opened the first stained glass works in Toronto, early

in the thirties, the windows required for the first St. James' church giving, perhaps, the opportunity for this. Mrs. Jameson thought of them as vile in taste and coarse in execution.

Saunders was a fairly clever landscape man of the usual painstaking manner in attention to detail, but Hoffner Meyer, son of the London engraver of the same name, was the first man to make, in this country, a genuine place for art of high excellence. Many of his water color portraits are to be met with in Toronto, and beautiful examples of a refined and elevated taste they are.

The artist temperament that chafes under codes, and observes with a restless contempt the hollow formalities of customs on stilts, finds agreeable reaction in its Bohemia; hence, the eccentricities that are so often noticeable in the fraternity. Hoffner Meyer was no exception to those social exceptions, which in the older days, were all but the universal rule. Lowe, his associate, who was a clever engraver, reproduced many of his portraits of the Chief Justices, Bishop Strachan, and others.

It is here, however, we must take up our Canadian lad, Kane, who began to give us pictures of our own country. We quote again from Mr. Davin—"When pearls are scattered at people's doors, they don't believe them to be pearls, unless they are puffed by an organ of somebody interested in them. Kane, therefore, left Toronto for Cobourg, where he earned enough money to pay his way, and to start for the States, where he hoped to make sufficient to enable him to visit Europe, with a view to studying under the great masters.

"His father promised to assist him. He was full of hope, and his life-dream was bright: but in the midst of his musings upon the glories of art and its renown, a letter from his father tells him that, owing to difficulties, his Italian excursion will be prevented.

"This did not deter him from his

purpose, however. He wandered from city to city, and finally, in 1841, he sailed from New Orleans to Marseilles. He spent four years in Europe, studying and copying the works of the men of old, in Paris, Geneva, Milan, Venice, Bologna, Florence, Naples, Rome; the galleries of all he studied, in order that he might come back to be a true father of Canadian art.

"While in Naples, he was offered a trip in a Levantine cruiser, and was thus enabled to visit the shores of Asia and Africa. He was on his way to Jerusalem with a party of Syrian explorers, when he and his friends were deserted by their Arab guides, and were obliged to make their way to the coast. On his return he endured great hardship; but he landed on the African coast, and this consoled him, as he was able to boast that he had been in every quarter of the globe.

"He brought back a mind enlarged by observation, by communion with great artists, and well stored with pictures of famous scenes. The indomitable energy that had won for himself, unaided, these opportunities, says Dr. Daniel Wilson, was now to be displayed in far different scenes. In the preface to his 'Wanderings of an Artist, amongst the Indians of North America,' he remarks: 'On my return to Canada from the continent of Europe, I determined to devote whatever talents and proficiency I possessed, to the painting of a series of pictures illustrative of the North American Indians and scenery.' His romantic experiences are related with graphic power and the fidelity of an artist, in his 'Wanderings,' published by Longmans, in 1859. Afoot, in canoe, across the great barriers of the west, from Oregon to Puget's Sound, his busy pencil was at work. Sir George Simpson, Governor of Hudson's Bay Company, had given him commissions for a dozen paintings of savage life—buffalo hunts, Indian camps, councils, feasts, conjuring matches, dances, warlike exhibitions, or whatever he might

consider most attractive and interesting. The Parliamentary Library at Ottawa possesses a collection before which the visitor never fails to linger long.

"His most liberal patron was the Hon. G. W. Allan, to whom he dedicated the narrative of his 'Wanderings?' He intended following up this volume with another volume, but failing eyesight forbade it, and forced him ultimately to lay down his brush, as well."

Mr. Davin says his career was "one of the most creditable in Canadian annals. Though he studied our scenery and Indian customs at first hand, he did not wholly give himself up to nature. The Indian horses are Greek horses; the hills have much the color and form of those of Ruysdale; the foregrounds have more the characteristic of old pictures than of our out-of-doors."

My memory of a veteran artist, is of a gruff and moody man, embittered by the sparing gratitude of a people, for whose information and pleasure he had sacrificed his life. "Better break stones by the wayside; your work will then be appreciated," was the encouraging comment he gave to young artists.

Krieghoff painted French-Canadian life and scenes not nearly so well; but the material was popular, and he became wealthy.

Hamel obtained celebrity for truthful likenesses. He painted portraits of the Baldwin-Lafontaine Ministry. In later years he settled in Quebec.

Of the hurried visitors to our shores, Gush has left behind him more and better work than any other. Lock, a water-color landscape painter, and Wandesford, in portraits, have left their trace; and so with the giant Carpendale, a few of whose chalk drawings of animals are still to be found in Toronto.

Let us go back a generation for a bit of history. At Down Hall, in the village of Down, Kent, England, in

1810, was born Daniel Fowler. A few notes on the early life of our late *confrere* are necessary in order to rightly view him in the midst of Canadian artists. From eight till eighteen he was at Mr. Cogan's private school, where he had many distinguished school mates; Disraeli was one of them. Intended for law, and articulated in Doctor's Commons by his father, this pursuit was most distasteful to him. His father's death freed him from his articles, but gave him, at twenty, the charge of a widowed mother, and of a large family, of which he was the oldest. It was now that his taste for drawing, which had made him popular in the school, and which diverted the tedium of the law office and later cares, gained him the patronage of Mr. Harding, the eminent water color artist and draughtsman. He bound himself for three years, giving five hundred pounds as fees. It cannot be told what the influence of associations really may be, but there is a delightful freshness in observing Mr. Fowler, who was taught by a man who, with a lead pencil, studied nature, and afterwards, in the studio, painted in color his pictures from those sketch notes, himself advocating color notes from nature, or pictures painted altogether in plain air. This independence of character, we think, gives the key to the manly and original distinction of all his later work.

Like Paul Kane, he visited Italy, then, as for many generations, the shrine of every young artist's reverence. He had much to say of his study in the Academies, and even in the streets of that country—streets which are really open air schools in themselves. The story of his work in Italy, and afterward in Switzerland, also of his sketch tours through Germany, and his own Island home, to gather the abundant picture pabulum with which Europe abounds, will be well told in his autobiography, which is soon to appear, edited by his daughter, Annie Rothwell.

Mr. Fowler had many intimate friends amongst the noted artists of Britain. Hulmandel, the engraver, and Mr. Leav, the eccentric art virtuoso, seem to have influenced him, the one toward the serious foundation work in drawing, the other toward the audacious superstructure, which gives us the racy color sketches and fine tone passages of his pictures.

He hated teaching. Though when with Mr. Harding, important pupils were turned over to Mr. Fowler by their master, and in subsequent seasons the demands of a growing family, suggested the wisdom of his consenting to accept pupils, he could never entirely conceal his impatience with the task, confessing in later years to be far happier holding the stils of a plough, than looking over a lady's hand.

Several members of his family had died of consumption; his own failing health, therefore, demanded a change of location. Foggy London was exchanged for Surrey suburbs. But a more decided change was necessary; accordingly, in 1843, he came to Canada. Ranging over the Provinces to the western boundaries of Upper Canada, he chose a farm on Amherst Island, near Kingston; and then, for fourteen years, was the London artist lost in the Canadian farmer.

In 1857, a visit to the old land, meeting old studio friends, and breathing that inexplicable art atmosphere, revived in the now healthy man the impulse to paint pictures.

A room in the farm house becomes consecrated to the tenth muse, and the driving lines are laid down for the fitches.

Pictures by him appeared in the exhibition held in the Parliament buildings, Toronto; and wherever a coterie of artists gathered, he or his pictures were sure to be amongst them. His recognition in Montreal can best be told in Mr. Jacobi's words; but not having these, we give the substance of his narrative. About the year 1862,

the artists held an exhibition at which prizes were given in the various departments, and that for "best water color, any subject," had been awarded to Mr. Jacobi. That man of clear discernment objected to the decision, declaring that a Hollyhock piece by Fowler was, in his judgment, better than his own, and insisted upon the transfer of the prize to that picture. His insistence, as president of the group of artists, succeeded in obtaining for Mr. Fowler an equal recognition with himself, and the prize, two hundred dollars, was divided between them.

Mr. Fowler was a man who loved righteousness and hated iniquity; and, moreover, having a good opinion of his own merits, he could not appreciate the receipt of a half prize; and so, coming immediately to Montreal, he entered the studio of Mr. Jacobi, and in a somewhat peremptory manner demanded an explanation, expressing a supreme disapproval of compromises that withheld the proper honor from work by any artists, whether known or unknown. Mr. Jacobi referred him in his usual, genial manner, to the committee of awards, whither he went to get satisfaction. In an hour he returned, entered the studio, strode up to Mr. Jacobi with extended hand and beaming face, gave a grateful and enthusiastic hand-shake, apologized for his former rudeness, and expressed in no measured terms his appreciation of his new friend's greatness of heart and manly advocacy of the work of a stranger.

This Hollyhock piece is the one that subsequently received the bronze medal at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia. From 1863 to 1876, the years our Provincial exhibits contained professional artists' lists, Mr. Fowler's work always appeared.

On the formation of the Ontario Society of Artists in 1872, he became a member, and his bright, rich harmonies contributed their patrician refinement and style to the advantage of the Society's annual displays.

At the organization of the Royal Canadian Academy, his name, with the approval of the Princess Louise and the Governor-General, was placed upon the list of Academicians. He passed away in 1894. We shall miss him from our picture reunions very greatly indeed.

We have already said that most of the artists were birds of passage. Peter March Hunt, a good painter of small size portraits, Macgregor and Jackson made brief stay. Westmacott remained; his niece, the talented Esther Kingsley, has, in a measure, caught the mantle of her uncle's skill and knowledge in design.

Sawyer, of Kingston, was a worthy man and a good painter, and has left, in many a home here, the impress of his genial manner and manly work.

Cresswell, of Seaforth, in marines and landscape work, has been influential in giving strength and dignity to Canadian art. Perre opened a bright chapter in our more recent art.

Mr. Berthon takes us back to earlier days. George Theodore Berthon was the son of Rene Theodore Berthon, and was born in Vienna in the year 1806. Berthon, the elder, was an artist of no mean order, and achieved great distinction in his profession. He studied under the celebrated French artist, David, and was regarded by the great master as one of the most promising of his pupils. Shortly after the birth of George Theodore, the elder Berthon returned to Paris, and was patronized by, and received great attention from Napoleon I. The younger Berthon showed, at a very early age, great aptitude for portrait painting, and as soon as his school days were over, he travelled over Europe to the various capitals to perfect himself in his art. About 1840 he went to England, and there married Zélie Boisseau, by whom he had one daughter. Mrs. Berthon died in 1847. Mr. Berthon married, the second time, Claire, daughter of Mons. J. P. de la Hayd, who, for twenty-seven years,

was French master at U. C. College. In 1844, Berthon settled in Toronto. His earliest friend was Colonel Forlong, who had formerly been in the 43rd Regiment, and was present at Waterloo. Berthon devoted himself wholly to portrait painting, and excelled in pastel work. He also gave a few lessons in painting. Among his pupils was Miss Macauley, who afterwards became Mrs. Homer Dixon. Of the portraits executed by Berthon, that of Chief Justice Robinson he always considered his master-piece. Of other portraits by him may be mentioned those of Hon. G. W. Allan; Lieut.-Cols. R. L. & G. T. Denison; Col. E. W. Thomson, executed for the Board of Agriculture, of which Col.

Thomson was chairman; W. H. Bone-ton; Principals McCaul, Barron and Stennet. Mr. Berthon died Jan. 18th, 1892, aged 86 years. Mrs. Berthon still survives.

Mr. Berthon's modesty was equal to his talent. A Montreal paper asked me on one occasion for a sketch of one or two prominent artists, and choosing him as the subject of one, Mr. Jacobi being the other choice, I was amazed to find that he possessed no photo of himself; and this was coupled with his refusal to sit for a drawing. After one or two friendly interviews, however, a fair drawing was made, which, I regret to say, I greatly fear cannot be found.

IN A DESERTED GARDEN.

After long absence under alien skies,
 One comes at last to the familiar gate,
 To find it broken from its place, where late
 A faded woman watched with patient eyes.

Here, in the peaceful hour of evensong,
 She stood, one hand grown thin with years and pain,
 Shading her eyes, to see if through the lane
 Should come the feet for which she waited long,

And now have come; and up the path sunk deep
 In clover, growing rank, and tangled grass,
 To the deserted house they slowly pass,
 Where, 'cross the sill, a vine's long tendrils creep.

Tireless, the wild bees hum above the leaves;
 The lilac's breath is sweet upon the air;
 While here, across the window bleak and bare,
 The meshes of her web a spider weaves.

And level with one vacant, broken pane,
 A crimson poppy lifts her velvet face
 To seek again in their accustomed place
 The kind old eyes that once looked thence, in vain.

The rose that clung to this decaying wall,
 And with its fragrance filled the humble room,
 Lies prone upon the ground ; its clustered bloom
 Concealed among the thistles rank and tall.

The pansies here in their forgotten bed
 Grow thin and pale, since the unhappy years
 When bent a woman, blind with hopeless tears,
 To gather heartsease for her soldier dead.

Here hide beneath a briar's spreading gloom
 The sweet white buds she kept with tender care,
 Lest one who loved them for their beauty rare
 Might miss the welcome of their starry bloom.

Near this neglected wall, in other days,
 The homely herbs produced their odorous sheaves ;
 Now over all the wild clematis weaves
 Her tendrils, with their slender blossom sprays.

Amid the tall dock and the nettle glows
 The purple banner of an iris bright,
 Who leads again her scattered ranks to fight
 Against their host of million rooted foes.

And here a mound of leaves, somewhat apart
 From which, on many slender, curving stems,
 There hang, each swinging free like threaded gems,
 The dainty blossoms of the bleeding heart.

These lilies that with piercing fragrance brim
 These chalices of angels, spotless white,
 She loved the best ; and these her ling'ring sight
 Her last, when all the earth to her grew dim.

* * * *

The sun behind the western clouds hath sate ;
 The gath'ring gloom dispels the twilight brief,
 And hides the face of one, who, sick with grief,
 Stands where *she* waited, by the broken gate.

GERTRUDE BARTLETT.



THE PENALTIES OF GENIUS.

BY B. ST.G. LEFROY.

IN that somewhat curious book, *The Man of Genius*, the famous Italian, Professor Cesare Lombroso, has unfolded his theory as to the physical, or rather pathological, origin of the phenomenon of genius. His conclusions upon the subject, briefly, but I think accurately, summarized, are that it is the result of a degenerative psychosis of the epileptoid group, connected, or possibly identical, with the psychoses of moral insanity, in other words, that it is the expression or product of a de ceased condition of mind, bearing the character of insanity.

With the vulgar, at least, this view of the matter is, to a great extent, not a new but a very old one, as many popular sayings attest: but Professor Lombroso has invested it in a scientific garb which bestows upon it an air of dignity and profundity, of which, with one or two obscure exceptions, it was previously destitute.

To the ordinary reader his arguments do not seem to be wholly satisfactory. They are based upon inferences drawn from what appears to be a somewhat disorderly collection of incidents and remarks in the lives or writings of an undeniably imperfect list of real or reputed men of genius. Old tales of doubtful authenticity are unquestioningly accepted as evidence upon which a defunct genius may justly be convicted of insanity. The author acknowledges the extreme difficulty of distinguishing the true genius from the perfectly sane man of talent on the one hand, and from the mattoid on the other. He gives us no information as to the relative extent to which those peculiarities, which in men of genius he considers as certainly indicative of insane tendencies, prevail amongst the multitude against

whom neither the possession of genius nor of any positive mental abnormality can be alleged. No doubt this omission was unavoidable. The statistical investigation of genius has not and cannot be attempted, but this fact does not confer a greater authority upon chance observations of a very limited number of persons, or doubtful gleanings from biographic literature, than they would otherwise possess.

These partial objections may not be of such importance as I am disposed to consider, and, in any case, the book is one with which none but specialists can adequately deal. Yet I find some justification for them in the fact that the high authority of Maudsley is opposed to Lombroso on this question. The former, while admitting that some forms of insanity occasionally mimic the phenomena of genius, is careful to maintain the absence of any real connection.

He says: "Albeit it might be said, by one not caring to be very exact, that the genius of an acutely sensitive and subjective poet betokened a morbid condition of nerve element: yet no one, after a moment's sober reflection, would venture to speak of the genius of such men as Shakspeare and Goethe as arising out of a morbid condition." Again: "A no less important difference between the highly-endowed nervous constitution of the genius, and the morbid, nervous constitution of the hereditary madman, will appear when we look to the reactive instead of the receptive side. . . . The acts of the genius may be novel, . . . but they contain well-formed design. . . . A large genius is plainly not in the least akin to madness." (*Pathology of Mind, 3rd Ed.*, pp. 301-303.)

Of course we all know Lamb's *Essay on the Sanity of True Genius*; but I fear that he is not a useful witness on either side.

The principal design of this article is not, however, to combat Professor Lombroso's hypothesis, but to select, from the mass of material so conveniently collected in his book, with such additions as may occur to me, a few instances which may serve to illustrate the heavy price at which genius is compelled to purchase its proud pre-eminence, and by which some readers of this Magazine may be led to remember, and perchance, if opportunity should present itself, to pay that slight tribute of love, care, and forbearance which is the sole personal recompense in our power to make to those who have so labored for humanity, and blessed it as no other men could have done.

We are only too prone to forget our debt to the great men of genius; to forget that it is they who have built for us the ascending courses of the towers of knowledge up which we slowly but steadily gain our way,—some of us nearing the summits; many of us, unfortunately, still lingering near the base: that it is they who have given us, distilled from their own bitter sorrows, or sublimed in the furnace of their own tortured souls, the nectar which may soothe ours; that it is they who so often have been the Pharos lights guiding our race in safety across the threatening surges of social revolutions, and the pillars of fire which have preceded it in its struggle onwards, through the darkness of destiny, up the slow ascent of civilization.

The burden of the peculiar infirmities to which men of genius seem so frequently to be subject, must, of necessity, press with considerable weight upon their families and friends; and, accordingly, a certain measure of sympathy flows spontaneously from us towards these last, who also may be considered as sufferers, in their own way, for the sake of humanity.

Of the special afflictions which the possession of genius may bring in its train, an excessive sensitiveness is probably the most characteristic. Lombroso quotes Montegazza to the effect that "The slightest breeze, the faintest breath of the dog-days, becomes for these sensitive persons the rimpled rose-petal which will not let the unfortunate Sybarite sleep." To Musset, Flaubert, Schopenhauer and Carlyle, even the ordinary noises of town life were well-nigh unendurable. Of Jules de Goncourt, his brother Edmund says: "He suffered from noise as from a brutal physical touch." Urquiza fainted if the perfume of a rose became perceptible to him. The sight of one of Raphael's paintings is said to have caused, in an ecstasy of joy, the death of the painter, Francia. Flaubert was distressed by any movement or restlessness in his presence. Many, Dickens, Kleist, and Schiller, for instance, in addition to the common troubles of their lives, have been as keenly affected by the fictitious misfortunes of the children of their imaginations, as if these had been their actual offspring. When Flaubert was describing the poisoning of Madame Bovary, he himself exhibited some of the physical symptoms attendant upon actual poisoning.

The meteorological changes which others usually regard with indifference, are often to them a very serious matter indeed, affecting, sometimes even temporarily destroying, their powers of thought and expression. Alfieri wrote: "I compare myself to a barometer. I have always experienced more or less facility in writing, according to the weight of air; absolute stupidity in the solstitial and equinoctial winds, etc." Napoleon was disagreeably affected by the least breeze. Milton was conscious of a decline in his power between the autumnal equinox and that of spring. Schiller writes to Goethe in November, 1817: "In these sad days, beneath this leaden sky, I have need of all my

elasticity to feel alive, and do not yet feel capable of serious work."

Few, if any, men of genius have escaped the visitations of that drear guest — melancholy. Lombroso remarks that "The tendency to melancholy is common to the majority of thinkers . . . to feel sorrow more than other men is the crown of thorns of genius," and that even Gœthe, of all men, has left it recorded that "he could not recall that in all his life he had passed more than four pleasant weeks."

This fact is, perhaps, more susceptible of *a priori* explanation than others which are commonly associated with genius. The pleasures and distractions, the objects of eager desire and pursuit, which make life tolerable, or even acceptable, to mediocrity, probably bear a very different aspect when viewed from higher intellectual elevations. Genius has a greater power of seeing things in their true proportions, and of estimating their relative importance. The sense of surrounding mystery, of "the enigma of life, and the riddle of this painful earth," oppresses its possessors. Knowing more than others, they doubt more, and for that reason; hence, in the world of action, they may often seem incompetent, distrustful, uncertain. They fear to advance in any direction, for infinite consequences and possibilities haunt and embarrass them: whilst mediocrity steps forth, confidently and joyously, towards the mirage which attracts it.

The lives and writings of men distinguished by genius abound with illustrations of this melancholic tendency. Many of us are familiar with the wail of Leopardi; with the more reasoned pessimism of Hartmann; with the bitterness of Swift, and the

convinced despair of Schopenhauer. We feel that when James Thomson wrote *The City of Dreadful Night*, he was, indeed, building a shrine to "dead Faith, dead Hope, dead Love." We have the sad testimonies of Coleridge: of De Quincey; of Senancour; of Rossetti; of Shelley; of Poe; of Baudelaire, who speaks of having his abode in "an oasis of horror in a desert of Ennui"; and, above all, we have, in that strange history of a troubled soul, the *Journal Intime* of Amiel, the most authentic evidence, and the fullest demonstration and analysis, not only of the result, but of the causes which tend to produce this feeling in the complex mind of genius.

We have revealed to us there the irresistible domination which it may obtain over a contemplative and introspective nature, and the extent to which it may reduce to silence and apparent impotence an intellect originally powerful. To Amiel, in his later days, "happiness is a conventional fiction, . . . ! the supreme aim of life a lure and deception! The individual is an eternal dupe, who never obtains what he seeks, and who is forever deceived by hope."

It is long since it was written that "The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning, but the heart of fools is in the house of mirth." So it was then, and so it is still.

Since it appears, then, to be inevitable that, for the feet of genius, the path of life must be strewn with thorns which can never wound others, let us be chary of censure for trifling eccentricities of conduct, and tolerant of, even though we deplore, infirmities of character, which may have their origin and excuse in causes which possibly do not exist for ourselves.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH.

NOTHING reveals so well the limitations of a critic's temperament as any attempt he may make to pass a judgment on, or utter an appreciation of, such men as Stevenson. Almost every leading publication on the continent has already some utterance on the subject of his genius, and almost every one, no doubt, differs strangely, according to the sympathies of the men who wrote the criticisms. Had an ordinary writer of a set type and definite register passed away, there would be no such divergence of criticism or of appreciation. For instance, one might easily forecast the general judgment on Dr. Conan Doyle, (who is, in a measure, akin to Stevenson in strength,) had he been taken as an example or a comparison; or again, were it Mr. Andrew Lang, whose sprightliness at times approaches that of the genius who lies buried on the mountain, we should all have the same to say of him. The degree of admiration might vary, but the judgment would be the same in essence. But the many-sided Stevenson seems to have appealed to all of us in different ways. He has a message for every man who reads him, whether the reader be an Ibsenite or a romanticist, a realist or a symbolist. There was no English-speaking thinker, or reader, whatever his convictions, who did not love and revere the Scotch genius. He entered our hearts through many different doors, and, once installed there, he was never cast out. He was always doing something to stimulate our love and reverence, for the personality of an intensely lovable man, of a man who seemed to have lived more, gotten more out of life than anybody else, lurked in all his masterpieces. An English poet has happily defined that personality as a

mixture of Ariel, of Puck, and of the Shorter Catechism. In his more exquisite fictions he writes with the conviction that life, rightly understood, is a dream, with a moral in it somewhere.

It is difficult to realize that this man's daily life was, more or less, a prolonged search for health; that he was tortured with physical pain through the greater part of his earthly existence. Never, after he reached manhood, it is said, did he feel his blood pulsing with a wild exultancy, or could he rejoice in the glory of physical strength. Yet, in all his manifold writings, so virile, so cheery, so intimate, the querulous note is never once struck. There is a confession in "Memories and Portraits" which reveals to us the tragic side of his existence, but it has not the faintest murmur of self-commiseration. It was a passage infinitely sad to those who loved him while he lived, but I think that it was written to cheer his readers more than to make them grieve.

Stevenson's message to his contemporaries was that life is worth living. Every other great mind of the present generation, except the late Walter Pater, who spoke to tens where Stevenson spoke to thousands, brought to the thinkers of to-day a message of a different nature, and no doubt it is Stevenson's utterance, "Be of Good Cheer!" that makes some critics, enamored of sadness, give him a minor place among the great men of the century. He has been called a reactionary because he persistently considered life as a pageant, whereas it is our modern fashion to look upon it as a problem.

Perhaps Stevenson realized, as thoroughly as any of us, the truth that all

our civilized humanity is morally a beggar's procession. We go forth clad in rags and jags, most of us, with a few—a rare, unappreciated few—in velvet gowns. But the knowledge of this did not make him cynical, like Maupassant, or bleak as a mountain peak beaten by winds, like Ibsen, or grave and sad at heart, like Thomas Hardy. His humanity impregnated everything he did; it is ever of the zest of living that he sings; he called on the fiction writer to chronicle the romance of man, to deal with individuals and not with types, to depict the stir of the divinely created soul, rather than the vibrations of man-made conditions. His wonderful style enabled him to give his thoughts such perfect expression later, but the ego which lay below it was greater still.

The most human in his sympathies among English writers of the century, with the exception of Dickens, his intense delight in the human pageant is the quality which gives such unity to all his manifold writings. It made him a great story writer, a great essayist, and a great critic, and, except in matters of great technique, a great playwright. His published critiques are all too few. His portraits of Burns, of Villon, and of Samuel Pepys, do not support the statement that he was a reactionary; he had absorbed modern creeds, and they had broadened his powers. Analysis is the trump card of the modern novelist; and there were few better analysts than he; his insight was exquisite and his humor was all potent.

His romances are a strange mingling of the new and old standards of production. As Henry James has put it, with his delicate felicity, he added psychology to the romance. He preserves the ancient gusto of narration in all his novels, and the shorter stories, which are even more artistic, but he unites with it modern analytic insight and a purely personal sympathy. In his critiques, his relish for humanity in all its aspects stirs us;

but the cool, incisive judgment of the man is equally striking. He delineates the malady of soul that destroyed Robert Burns; he defines the secret of Villon's genius—that rare poet and housebreaker of ancient Paris—and he leads out before our delighted intelligence, Pepys, the gay Londoner, with his jaunty step and inquisitive gaze. Even in the little essay "On Some Portraits of Raeburn," an art criticism on a painter unknown to a majority of his readers, is something to be read and re-read, if only for the etching of Robert McQueen, Lord Justice Clerk:

"If I know gusto in painting when I see it, this canvas was painted with rare enjoyment. The tart, rosy, humorous look of the man, his nose like a cudgel, his face resting squarely on the jowl, has been caught and perpetuated with something that looks like brotherly love. A peculiarly subtle expression haunts the lower part, sensual and incredulous, like that of a man tasting good Bordeaux, with half a fancy that it has been somewhat too long uncorked. From under the pendulous eyelids of old age, the eyes look out with a half youthful, half-frosty twinkle. Hands with no pretence to distinction are folded on the judge's stomach. So sympathetically is the character conceived by the portrait painter that it is hardly possible to avoid some movement of sympathy on the part of the spectator. And sympathy is a thing to be encouraged, apart from humane considerations, because it supplies us with materials for wisdom."

Could anything be more Stevensonian than this paragraph. It illustrates his genius for expression, the human sympathies of the man, and his creed as a thinker and writer. Sympathy and gusto: these are his qualities. To what other writer of to-day would the nipping art of the old Tory appeal so keenly. Here he is writing of a real man: but to none of his imaginary characters does he give less verity. The field he chose for himself was ever the realm of the make-believe, and somehow those improbable, and, at times, impossible pictures of his are generally more convincing than the word paintings; the fine imaginings of the most bigoted

veritist. You can live in and realize and sympathize with almost any episode of Stevenson's pen, much more easily than you can participate in the most real episode in any novel of Zola or Howells, great novelists though they are. It is partly due to his style, partly due to his deep, searching knowledge of men, and most of all due to the sympathetic genius of the man himself. The secret of the kingship which, since his death, everyone seems to have acknowledged, was his position as the bard of our impulses. Our acts are petty, but our impulses soar to heaven, and Stevenson's art was epic in that it voiced all these wildings of our hearts.

His first successful book, "Treasure Island," written in 1883, when he was thirty-three years of age, he gave to the world because of a query of a boy of his acquaintance, as to why nobody ever writes anything interesting like Robinson Crusoe. By fits and starts, this tale of incredible adventure grew into being, and was dedicated to the boys. Grown folk, who still have the heart to be boys, will ask a share in the dedication for some time to come, though it has the old penny dreadful themes of buried treasure and pirates, and there is enough of blood in it to satisfy our most sanguinary impulses; but, withal, there is such a wealth of human insight in its characterizations that it would be clearly unjust to cast "Treasure Island" into the limbo of boy's tales. The same qualities grew even more mellow and broadened as the years went on, and that wonderful group of novels of adventure which includes "Kidnapped," and "The Wrecker," and "David Balfour," grew into goodly proportions. And, all the while, another group of books which ministered to our contemplation as much as the other did to our taste for adventure, was also coming forth. "The Master of Ballantrae," which some believe to be his greatest work, appeals to both sides of one's nature, in a fuller de-

gree than the other novels of adventure. "Virginibus Puerisque," the volume of essays at first intended to embody the emotions of life at twenty-five, brings us possibly into closer intimacy with the reflective side of the man than any of his other works. With it are to be classed the novels written to body forth a moral idea, like "Dr Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and "Prince Otto," confessedly not his greatest works of fiction. The little masterpiece, "Will o' the Mill," is, however, to me at least, his very greatest romance. For subtlety and sympathy and grace he never wrote anything that quite equals it.

The story of the miller lad in the mountains, who loved the stars and the cities of the plain, and who learned, as youth faded away, that real joy consisted in the dreams which we do not attempt to realize, has a strange significance in these days when the cry is to seize on every sensation and realize it. Eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, cry the geniuses of France, even though the fruit turn to ashes in the mouth; but all the great tragedies in the world and in the world's poetry come of the failure of life to rise to the level of our dreams. Stevenson was a man condemned by ill health to a life in which physical activity had no great part, but he came of an adventurous, courageous ancestry, if this verse of his speaks true:—

"Say not of me that weakly I declined
The labors of my sire and fled the sea,
The towers we founded and the lamps we lit,
To play at home with paper like a child.
But rather say: 'In the afternoon of time
A strenuous family dusted from its hands
The sand of granite, and beholding far
Along its sounding coast its pyramids
And tall memorials catch the dying sun,
Smiled well content, and to this childish task
Around the fire addressed its evening hours.'"

He had a spirit that longed to be in the storm and stress of things, but, as St. Paul said, the flesh was weak. And, so dreaming of mighty deeds, as we all dream, of the energy and swift-

ness, and the gusto of execution which were denied to him, he learned the lesson of "Will o' the Mill,"—that the real delights of these things was in dreaming of them—in contemplating the fruit rather than in plucking it.

Goethe says he wrote his "Werther," which many a German maiden has wept over, to lift the load of sorrow and hopelessness from his heart. He advanced the theory that, when a grief tortures one, the sure relief is in voicing it. What holds good of the phantom of hopelessness and grief, may hold good of other wraiths that are joyous and fairer. It may be that this physical weakness of his, which was so sad, not only gave him his exquisite knowledge of the human soul in its ethereal essence, but spurred him on to voice his dreams of action and mighty impulse.

There is a little volume by Robert Bridges, entitled "Overheard in Arcady," which, in the guise of excellent fooling, puts forth more incisive and truthful criticism than will perhaps be found in a score of weightier tomes. In the dialogue entitled "The Household of Robert Louis Stevenson," will be found a number of excellent sayings about our author, put into the mouths of some of his best known characters.

"In all his studies of character, Stevenson has been more subtle than most modern writers, because he has grasped this idea of the complexity of our motives and actions: he never draws a chalk line between good and bad, but shades the one into the other so gradually that we are in doubt of the relative quality of an action," is one of Mr. Bridges' truest comments, and it will be found to hold good of any character in all his novels. His latest published tale, "The Ebb Tide," which grows too lurid at times to be exactly healthy, has three character studies, of different types of scoundrels, that will linger in one's mind long after the general form of the story is a mere blur. The Yankee skipper,

Davis, who could be guilty of the most overt acts of villainy, and yet cry, in what he thought was the last moment of his life, "Oh! God, take care of my little kids," is certainly one of the most effective of Stevenson's creations. It is such tender dealing with the rags and patches in our moral beggar's procession that shows his modernism; he cannot be altogether a reactionary, since he gets down to the basis of things in this way. He has preserved the tradition of Scott and Dumas—that is, the narrative tradition of telling a story with a boy's indifference as to whether it reflects the conditions of society in such and such an era. In Dumas, at least, it is his endless power of invention, and not the poignancy of any of his character studies, that makes him great; and even with Scott, whose feeling for human nature was deep and strong, it is a matter of incident rather than of a character. The oft spoken comparison with these two great geniuses narrows to a certain extent our view of Stevenson's achievements. His powers of invention, great though they were, seem insignificant in comparison with those of either Scott or Dumas. The delineation of character is the chief factor that makes his novels delightful and memorable.

Stevenson was distinctly a man of the present day, and no belated wanderer from the romantic pastures of a bygone generation, in that he placed character above incident, and set so much store upon style. How he came to write the most articulate English that has been written by any novelist in this century, he has told us:

All through my boyhood and youth, I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler; and yet I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write. I kept always two books in my pocket, one to read, one to write in. As I walked, my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words; when I sat by the roadside, I would either read, or a pencil and penny version-book would be in my hand, to note down the features of the scene, or commemorate some halting stanzas. Thus I lived with words.

And what I thus wrote was for no ulterior use ; it was written consciously for practice. It was not so much that I wished to be an author (though I wished that, too), as that I had vowed that I would learn to write.

A man's style is, in some degree, the register of his heart-beats. If he have any gift for writing at all, it is the expression of himself. There is a hard apprenticeship, that may be life-long, before a man can learn the use of his tools ; but, though he become an absolute master of language, he must have a beautiful mind and beautiful ideas before he can write a beautiful style.

A man must really live and absorb some of the glorious impressions that life, with all its sorrows, can give, before his speech can be even silvern. Having this in mind, there is no greater fallacy, or one more frequently uttered, perhaps, than the statement that such and such a man is all style and no ideas. Luckily for the world's good sense, this reproach has been uttered against Stevenson merely in a veiled way. We may be certain that in learning how to write he was learning how to think and feel, and that the treasures, which in after years were given to the world in his precious volumes, were stored up in these years of his apprenticeship.

A purely technical criticism of Stevenson's works discovers, no doubt, that the defect of his novels is in their endings. It is the defect ever prevalent in that class of romance which he himself designated as "the dramatic novel." Incident follows incident with lightning rapidity. Pelion is piled upon Ossa, and suddenly some great episode clears the sky, and everything subsides peacefully into its ordinary condition. A dramatic romance obeys the laws of progression that rule a June thunderstorm ; and the sudden ending is ever a surprise that rather flattens the effect of the whole. "Kidnapped," "Treasure Island," "The Ebb Tide," and most of Stevenson's novels, end in this way, although in the instance of the first-named novel, he

adopted the prerogative of Dumas, and announced a sequel to it, which is perhaps the only satisfactory way of ending a good dramatic romance.

It has always been remarked of Stevenson that women play an almost infinitesimal part in his books. It would seem that his perfect knowledge and sympathy with mankind did not prompt him to deal lavishly with womankind. In the same essay on Raeburn which has been quoted above, he explains this diffidence of his :

"To say truth, either Raeburn was timid with young and pretty sitters, or he had stupefied himself with sentimentalities ; or else (and here is about the truth of it) Raeburn and the rest of us labor under an obstinate blindness in one direction, and know very little more about women, after all these centuries, than Adam when he first saw Eve. This is all the more likely because we are by no means so unintelligent in the matter of old women. There are some capital old women it seems to me in books written by men. . . . But where people cannot meet without some confusion and a good deal of involuntary humbug, and are occupied, for as long as they are together, with a very different vein of thought, there cannot be much room for intelligent study, nor much result in the shape of genuine comprehension. Even women, who understand men so well for practical purposes, do not know them well enough for the purposes of art. Take even the very best of their male creations, take Tito Melema, for instance, and you will find that he has an equivocal air, and every now and again remembers he has a comb at the back of his head."

Stevenson, in fact, thought he did not know women well enough for the purposes of art, and fought shy of them in his novels. When he did treat them, however, he went, it seems to me, to Shakespeare for inspiration. We find him once or twice putting girls into boys' clothes, and telling us with a great deal of humor and delicacy of the incongruities that so arise. In "David Balfour," he gave us a Rosalind and a Viola, and most men who read the book contrive to fall in love with both of them. Then there is Ollalla, that strange crea-

ture of whom we know both too much and too little. Even with her he has avoided any crucial episode which shall test her actual character or substance.

Before leaving the subject of his singularities, the immense influence the sea had upon his genius may be remarked. It was forever in his dreams; the fascination of its ebb and flow enchained his fancy; it symbolized for him that change and rhythm of existence and aspiration he has dwelt on sadly and humorously in the essay "Probably Arboreal." The sea-faring ancestry he has spoken of endowed him with this passion for the ocean; and to the instinctive loneliness of the thinking Scotsman the sea always makes an exquisite appeal. "The Merry Men," which is disappointing as a narrative, has the stamp of gold simply because of this sea-ecstasy of his.

Stevenson was ever a man in love with youth, in a more actual sense even than that other great stylist, Walter Pater, of whose passion for what was growing and impulsive William Sharp has told us. Pater sought the spiritual essence of youth, but Stevenson added to this a delight in the physical abandon of that period in one's existence. Half seriously he deplored marriage as an act that robs one of the first wildings of the heart, and resigns one to a callous and comfortable view of things. Since his death, Mr. Sidney Calvin, a dear friend, has told us that Stevenson always hoped for such a sudden and early death as that which took him from us on December 3rd.

" 'I have no taste for old age,' he wrote last spring, when he realized that his life might, after all, be prolonged to the normal span. 'I was meant to die young, and

the gods do not love me.' And again, 'I do not like the consolations of age.' 'I do not enjoy getting elderly.'"

And long ago he wrote his own epitaph:

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie;
Gladly did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me:
*'Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.'*"

After these words we cannot look upon his death as a tragedy.

The question of whether or not he is one of the immortals cannot be settled now. It must be left with posterity, and somehow or other some writers have got into the habit of regarding posterity as either strangely ignorant and unappreciative, or too divinely gifted to care for the rare and golden things we cherish. What we are certain of in Stevenson is that he saw and felt as few other men have done; that he expressed his impressions and feelings with all the intimacy and charm that have made Montaigne immortal; that he could stir the impulses of the humblest of his readers and stimulate the thoughts of the greatest of them. His face, a weird "browny" face it seems at times, is expressive and tender and shrewd; the sweet kindness of one who knows every man in all his aspirations and weakness and yet loves him, is in the glance that so many artists have depicted, just as it is in every sentence he wrote; and above all he was an artist who loved symmetry and delighted in the mysteries and harmonies of words. If posterity does not appreciate these qualities let us wash our hands of posterity.

THE HOME OF THE OUANANICHE.

BY E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

CONSIDERING that the name "ouananche" is not yet to be found in any of the dictionaries, it may be well to anticipate enquiries as to its signification, or, at all events, a challenge as to the propriety of the orthography. Written phonetically, either as *whou-na-nishe* or *wannanische*, it will be immediately recognized by readers of modern angling literature, and by most of those who have visited its habitat in the Lake St. John country, as the Indian name of Canada's distinctively fresh water salmon. The 1892 edition of Webster's dictionary employs for the name of this fish the form "winninish," which but poorly indeed represents the sound of the spoken word as uttered by those amongst whom the name originated; and the only other respectable authority for which would appear to be its use in the report of the Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries for the Dominion of Canada. I can only believe that it is altogether due to an oversight that Mr. Smith has permitted the perpetuation of this orthography in reports bearing his name, for in the statutes of Canada the form employed is "ouananche." It might prove tedious to the general reader to advance at any length the reasons which exist for the maintenance of the original form of the written word, and besides, I have already treated the subject somewhat fully in the paper entitled "The Philology of the Ouananche, a plea for the recognition of priority in nomenclature," which was read for me by my friend Dr. George Stewart, F.R.G.S., at the thirteenth annual meeting of the Royal Society of Canada, in May 1894. The Jesuit missionaries in Canada first reduced to

writing the Indian pronunciation of this fish's name, and such absurd results have followed the attempts of vandal linguists to anglicize the original written word, according to their varying ideas of phonetic rule or opposing notions of aboriginal pronunciation, that I have had no difficulty in collecting more than a score of different forms of the word. And there have been almost as many contending theories of the origin of the name and of the species, and as many fanciful conceptions of the geographical distribution of the ouananche, as there are differing spellings of its name. The popular idea of the derivation of "ouananche" for a long time past has been the pretty conceit, and deceit as well, that it was formed from *ouanan*, said to be the Montagnais word for "salmon," and *iche*, a well-known Indian diminutive. And so I believed some years ago when it was told me by traders at Lake St. John accustomed to the Indians, and acquiesced in by the red men of few words, themselves. Since that time I have had frequent opportunities of learning by experience how absolutely meaningless is usually the musical Montagnais affirmative *haha*, and how difficult it seems for them to say "no." Meanwhile, the common error as to the derivation of "ouananche" has been copied and repeated far and wide, and makers of books have fallen into it as late as 1894. Patient study of the Montagnais language, aided by the best living authorities on the subject in the persons of the Oblat Fathers, Babel and Arnaud, life-long missionaries to the Indians, I have found to be the only satisfactory means of arriving at the facts in regard to this and other

Indian matters. The Montagnais name of salmon is not *ouanan* at all, but *ouchachoumac* or *ushashomek*, and this name is sometimes applied by the Indians to the specially large and dark-colored specimens of ouananiche that are found in the deep waters of northern lakes, and more nearly approach the salmon of the sea in size and appearance than the fish of the running streams. The word *ouanans* or *unans* means, originally, "there," "just there," "in that place," or "look there." It is pronounced "wannan" or "whonnan." The ouananiche are frequently seen swimming about so close to the top of the water, in search of insect food, that parts of their dorsal and caudal fins protrude above the surface. This circumstance may easily suggest the origin of their name. I am told, both by the missionaries, and by Hudson Bay agents who have lived for years in Labrador, that the ouananiche are as often called "ouanans," without the diminutive, as with it, by the Indians of the far east and north. Maybe the fish there are of larger size. And perhaps the almost universal employment of the diminutive form of the word in speaking of the fish, where civilization is pushing its way, is because it is no exception to the general rule in angling that big fish are so comparatively few and far between.

A good deal of nonsense has been written of late years respecting the origin and identification of the ouananiche. The common habit of speaking of it as a land-locked salmon is simply a common error. Land-locked it assuredly is not in the Lake St. John waters, where it is best known and most commonly fished, despite the absurd statement in a recent American publication that some upheaval of nature has raised an impassible barrier at Chicoutimi, a fall of some 60 or 70 feet in height, imprisoning the salmon above, preventing them from returning to salt water,

and forcing them to become land-locked salmon. As a matter of fact, there is no such barrier in existence. Nor would it be impassible for ouananiche on their way to the sea, so long as water flowed over it, even if it did exist. The Lake St. John fish have the freest of access to salt water, if they choose to avail themselves of the opportunity. This, in all probability they seldom do. But specimens are not infrequently found in the lower waters of the Saguenay.

The ouananiche is believed by leading scientists, such as Professor Samuel Garman, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, Cambridge, Mass., to represent the original and purest form of the *salmo salar*. It has probably always remained in what was doubtless its original fresh water habitat, while its congener, known to us as the salmon of the sea, annually deserted the fresh water of its crystal Eden, impelled by a craving after the flesh-pots of the briny deep, and so increased in physical development. There is, at all events, a fair element of probability in this theory. There is none at all in the contention that the ouananiche was simply, in bygone ages, a salmon of the sea, with the anadromous habits possessed by the common *salmo salar*, but which has since become landlocked, either by preference or compulsion. No such supposition as this latter could possibly fit the case of the ouananiche found in the upper waters of the Hamilton river, in the interior of Labrador, above the great falls, for certainly no fish could have ascended these from the sea. Mr. A. P. Low, who headed the Geological Survey's exploring party of 1893-94, through the interior of Labrador, kindly sent me a skin from a ouananiche caught above the falls of the Hamilton, and it is identical with that of the ouananiche of Lake St. John. This, and the further fact that Mr. Low found the ouananiche in nearly all the rivers that he visited flowing into Ungava Bay and Hamil-



ton Inlet, show how serious an error was the common belief that the ouaniche was peculiar to Lake St. John and its tributary waters. Mr. Connolly, formerly Hudson Bay Company's agent at Fort Nascapée, has also told me of the presence of ouaniche in the Hamilton River, and so has the Rev. Father Babel, O.M.I. Father Babel, various representatives of the Hudson Bay Company, and several surveyors of the Crown Lands Department of Quebec, have also told of taking the same fish in most of the larger streams on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, below Tadoussac. Mr. J. G. A. Creighton, of Ottawa, in a monograph published in 1892, tells of finding the ouaniche in one of these north shore streams. It has not been found, as yet, in any of the Labrador rivers flowing into Hudson or James' Bay, but with this exception, it may be said that the home of the ouaniche extends throughout the entire Labrador peninsula. The secrets that have hitherto been locked up in the bosom of the vast interior of this country will shortly, no doubt, be made known by the publication of Mr. Low's report.

But there is much that is of deepest interest to lovers of nature, to sportsmen, and to tourists, in that part of the home of the ouaniche which is easily accessible by rail, steamer and canoe. Eight hours' journey, by rail from Quebec, brings one to the heart of this country, the shores of the beautiful Lake St. John, which was the subject of an illustrated article in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE of August, 1894. And the railway runs through a most picturesque country of mountain, river and forest scenery, right across the Laurentian mountains, traversing a territory of considerable concern to the fishing tourist, dotted as it is by the comfortable lodges of Canadian and American clubs of anglers. The earliest visitors each year to the home of the ouaniche are the anglers that proceed hither to fight the fish in Lake

St. John itself as soon as the ice leaves the lake. This is usually about the beginning of May. The fishing along the shores of the inland sea, and in the mouths of the Ouiatchouan and Metabetchouan Rivers, which flow into it from the south, continues good to the end of the first week in June, or thereabouts, according to the season, for as soon as the waters of the lake commence to fall, the fish run into deep water, or into the rapids of the lake's feeders and outlet. This outlet, generally known as the Grande Décharge, is a favorite fishing ground for ouaniche from early in June until the middle or end of July. Sometimes they may be taken here to the end of the season in September, but after July they are usually scarce and small. Then they must be sought in the great tributaries of Lake St. John—northern rivers that take their rise at the height of land separating the St. Lawrence watershed from that of Ungava and James' Bay, and some of which are from 300 to 400 miles in length. Later still, in the very end of the season, the best fishing grounds are between the two principal falls of the Metabetchouan river, south of the lake, at five or six miles from its mouth.

Nowhere, perhaps, does this highly valued game fish display his fighting powers to better advantage than in the seething rapids of the Grande Décharge, immediately below the *grande chute*, or in the heavy waters surrounding Isle Maligne, unless it be at the foot of some of the magnificent falls of the rivers above referred to, such as *la cinquième chute* of the Mistassini, *la chute au diable* of the Peribonca, 35 miles from its mouth, or *la grosse chaudière* of the Ashuapmouchouan. Very wild and beautiful are all these cascades, and the angler who hooks a four or five pound ouaniche in the rapid water immediately below any of them, has generally a quarter of an hour at least of pretty lively work before him, ere he brings

his fish safely to net. Sometimes the latter will leap into the angler's canoe, and will generally leap out of it, unless killed immediately upon being removed from the hook. Lieut.-Col. Andrew Haggard, D.S.O., who was for some time governor of Massowah in Egypt, and who accompanied me in 1892 on a trip up the Peribonca as far as Lac Tschotagama, states that the cataracts of the Nile are as nothing compared with the *chutes* and rapids of these great northern Canadian rivers. And in the course of an "Introduction," which the brilliant auth-

ber idiot on the spree.' One of these fish when hooked, had been known to leap out of the water a dozen times in succession, in the vain endeavor to disengage himself from the hook. At one side of the Fifth Falls of the Mistassini, a beautiful cataract, twenty to twenty-five feet in height, is a deep pool, some twenty feet in diameter, contained in a rocky basin the verge of which is about half-way up the falls. This pool serves as a fish-ladder for the ouananiche in surmounting the *chute*, on their way to their spawning grounds above. Not infre-



or of "Tempest-Torn," and "Dodo and I"—for Col. Haggard, like his brother, is a successful novelist—has written at my request for the forthcoming "Book of the Ouananiche and its Canadian environment," he compares "the elasticity" of the ouananiche,—“the india-rubber, gutta-percha, racquet-ball nature of his backbone,”—with Rudyard Kipling's description of Britain's well-remembered foeman, the Fuzzy-wuzzy of the Soudan. "Like that Haden-dowah Arab," says Haggard, "the ouananiche is distinctly an 'india-rub-

quently they will take the fly while resting in this pool prior to their final plunge over the summit of the cataract.

And then a battle royal ensues! For very often, despite the utmost efforts of the angler to limit the field of hostile operations to the pool in which he met the foe, the latter will succeed in taking a header out of the water of the basin, and leaping into the angry rapids at the very base of the falls, twelve or fifteen feet below the rocks upon which the fisherman is standing. Then it is a miracle indeed if he suc-

ceeds in keeping his tackle intact and in saving his fish.

Those familiar with the land-locked salmon of Maine, locally known as *salmo salar*, variety *sebago*, may be interested in knowing that it is identical with the Canadian ouananiche. Some authorities have drawn distinctions between them, and argued that difference in their life histories would seem to justify their claims to be regarded as distinct varieties. There is no more structural difference between them than there is between either of them and the salmon of the sea, or of anadromous habits. All three are simply and purely *salmo salar*, and neither the so-called variety *sebago*, nor yet the Canadian ouananiche, is a variety at all. Once recognize such distinctions, and similar ones, as Professor Garman recently wrote me, "would make a different variety of the men in a crew out on a voyage, returning with modified complexions; or a new species of those going out smoothfaced and returning with whiskers."

Instead of seeking for proof as to distinctions of variety in the anatomy of the fish, superficial observers are apt to suppose that they find it in difference of habit and habitat. There is a wide difference between the habits of the ouananiche of Canada and its congener of Maine. But not more so than between those of an Englishman in India and another in Canada. And while careless observers insist upon a supposed difference of variety between the gamy ouananiche, rising to the fly at all times during the season, in Canadian waters, and the land-locked salmon of Maine, seldom taking a surface lure except in the early spring, and usually remaining in deep water, like our own well-known lake trout (*Salvelinus Namaycush*), that keen observer of fish and fish-life, and leading authority upon all piscatorial subjects, Mr. A. N. Cheney, of Glens Falls, N.Y., upon the occasion of his first visit to the home of the ouanan-

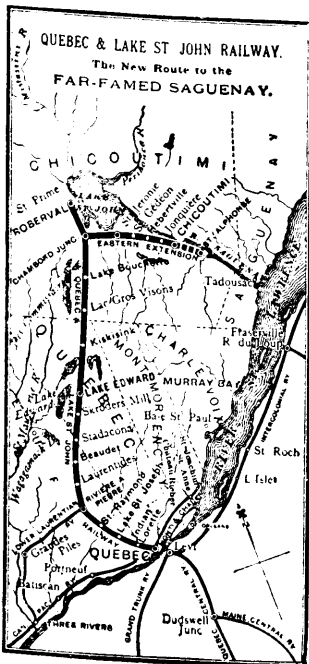
niche, quickly pointed out the reason for the different habits of the fish in the different waters, by showing the wide difference in temperature between the waters of Maine and those of Lake St. John. So, there is no doubt that it is because of the enervating character of the warmer, quieter water and more luxurious environment of the Maine fish, that it affords so much less sport than the Canadian ouananiche. The very excitement and unrest of the latter's surroundings render inactivity impossible to him, while the physical exertion necessarily employed in his constant struggles amid the mighty forces of turbulent waters, insures to him the possession of that courage, agility and strength that make him the recognized champion of the finny warriors of inland Canadian waters. In his native rapids he knows nothing of the life of indolence and luxurious ease that conduces to enervation and effeminacy.

The home of the ouananiche contains a great variety of fish life other than *le petit saumon*, as the French settlers about Lake St. John call the ouananiche. Pike and pickerel, *ouitouche* or chub, the great lake catfish, perch and whitefish, *fontinalis* the trout of the brook, *namaycush* the trout of the lakes, fresh water smelt and carp, and the newly-discovered *Salvelinus Marstoni*—the beautifully marked trout classified by Garman, and named by Cheney after the editor of the London *Fishing Gazette*—these are a few of the inhabitants of the waters in the home of the ouananiche. Marston's namesake is found in land-locked lakes that lie higher than Lake St. John, and fresh water smelt in Lake Kenogami. Perch, carp, chub and whitefish are found in almost all the waters: and the great lake catfish, in both Lake St. John and Lake Mistassini. Ouananiche do not exist in Mistassini Lake, nor the *salvelinus namaycush* in Lake St. John, or the rivers flowing into it. But the

latter is found in Mistassini, and in all the large lakes scattered through the territory north of Lake St. John. Brook trout are very scarce indeed in *la Grande Décharge*, and are rarely found in Lake St. John, though they are very plentiful in some of its tributaries, and in all the lakes and smaller streams to the north. Pickerel or doré are taken in most of the waters tributary to Lake St. John, and the pike of this region are monsters, fish of twenty to thirty pounds each, being frequently taken in Lake St.

tance north of the height of land in the direction of the southerly point of James' Bay.

The plants and wild flowers of these somewhat high latitudes do not differ much from those of the district of Quebec. Thus, in the late summer, and nearly a hundred miles north of Lake St. John, I have gathered the graceful little twin flower that bears the name of Linnæus, from its low-spreading, matted vines; the blue harebell, from its high rocky abode over some clashing waterfall: the solidago or golden rod, and Michaelmas daisies: the wood sorrel and large blue flags: the *ledum latifolium* or Labrador tea; the white and red berries of the box-leaved winter green, known as the *fraise à l'ours* or bear-berries, as well as pigeon berries, raspberries, and blueberries in great abundance. And where raspberries grow in greatest profusion in this north country, that is upon a *brulé* or burned over district, bears may generally be found as well. The angler and tourist in the home of the ouananiche should always have a rifle, for he may be face to face with bruin at any moment, and is traversing the hunting grounds of the Montagnais Indians, upon whom the Hudson Bay Company officials in this territory depend for their supply of pelts. And in ascending the rivers that form the highways and only means of communication through this vast country, the angler has for his guides the best hunters and woodsmen and canoemen in the world. There is an Indian reserve at Roberval, and he can engage his men at the hotel where he puts up and obtains his supplies. They belong to a remarkable race of men, and their folklore is intensely interesting. They have legends and superstitions enough to fill volumes. But they have lost the barbarous traits, by which they were at one time distinguished, thanks to the heroic devotion and self-sacrifice of the Jesuit missionaries of two hundred years ago, and of the no less



John and its outlet, while anglers have been caught there running from forty to fifty pounds, both in the Peribonca River and in Lac Tschotagama.

In most of this north country, at least as far as the height of land separating the Lake St. John waters from those of Hudson Bay, the forest is of very luxuriant growth. Towards the north-west, in fact, recent surveys have brought to light an immense tract of splendid woodland and promising soil for agricultural settlements, stretching away for some dis-

saintly Oblat Fathers of the nineteenth century, who have transformed into law-abiding citizens, men whose hands had not only been imbued with the blood of their fellows, but whose hunger had been appeased with the flesh of human victims. These Montagnais Indians are a racial curiosity, and worthy of the closest study on the part of ethnographical students. What we know of them and of their coun-

try from the reports of their missionaries, constitutes a mass of valuable information. Mr. W. H. H. Murray and Mr. Gilbert Parker have not been slow, in the preparation of recent novels, to seize upon this material, and thus to indicate what a fruitful field for furnishing the warp of romantic fiction remains to be developed in "The Home of the Ouananiche."

A SEA PRIESTESS.

Oh, happy, happy sea, whose song
 Rings thunder loud, yet sweet withal :
 Enchanted isles beyond far call,
 On whose white strands the surges roll :
 Listen who leads thy chant along—
 A maiden voice, a poet soul.

Wild winds that lift the long, dark waves,
 In song thy voices sink to peace.
 Listen, Old Sea !
 Listen, and hear the moaning cease
 In emerald valleys of the deep :
 And clear above thy thousand graves
 Music shall lull long pain to sleep,
 Since one who loves thee made the song.

—EDWARD A. RALEIGH.



OLD JOHN'S EASTER LILIES.

BY ELLA S. ATKINSON.

THEY were very fragile and very sweet, and he wore them in his buttonhole Easter morning. They attracted the notice of the whole meeting, and divided the attention with the sermon, taking, it must be admitted more than their fair and just half.

John Murray was not an old man in years. His was only a comparative old age. He had a son, who was taller than himself, and who, having passed the "little John" of his boyhood, was designated "Young John," while neighbors and friends, life-long companions, and natural enemies, called the father "Old John." It is a habit in some parts of the country. It carries no disrespect, and it may or may not be a judgment upon parents for giving their children names that are designations but no distinction.

Old John had never been known to wear a flower in his buttonhole before, and the congregation wondered itself restless over his sudden departure, while three people in the house of worship were sick at heart on account of those pretty, modest, fragrant little lilies of the valley.

Now, it all happened very simply, and this is the story of the little white flowers.

Saturday evening, the two Johns were sitting in their big, gloomy dining-room at the farm. The widow Snider, who, in the homely country phrase, "did for them," was at one end of the table. She was sharp of feature and tongue: tall, gaunt, grey-haired; by fate a housekeeper, by profession a Methodist, and by nature a gossip.

Old John was polishing his glasses and reading a paper by turns. Young John was tracing the design on the side of the wood box-stove. He was twenty years old, thin and pale, with

an air of repression about him that prompted some people to call him lonesome. It had been said by many that it was "too bad his pa couldn't have seen his way clear" to giving the boy a mother. But that was when he was younger and really neglected. Sometimes young John heard of it, and he hated the people from that out.

Of late, though, the boy had been anxious about his father, for he had bought new clothes, fidgetted around in uncomfortable collars, worn bright ties, blackened his shoes, and given other evidences of that sprucing up which, in widower or widow, in maiden or youth, has always its own distinctive and quickly-accepted meaning. What was worse, the housekeeper had been at it too. Now, John had nothing in particular against the housekeeper. She cooked well, and mended carefully. She had boxed his ears when he was younger, but he didn't hold spite for that. He wisely argued that probably he had given her as much trouble as she had given him. What he could not bear to think was Mrs. Snider's being called Mrs. Murray, and mussing around among his mother's things, and driving to church on Sunday beside his father in the top buggy. He had gone so far once as to imagine he saw them go. He had opened the gate, and just as they were passing out, she had leaned out, and said, "Mind the pudding doesn't burn." He hated to speak to her for several days afterwards, which was very inconsiderate, seeing she hadn't said it, nor driven off in the top buggy either.

To tell the truth, there was no occasion for the housekeeper's improve-

ment in dress. It was merely a reflex of old John's. Mrs. Snider naturally thought that when her employer made up his mind to take another partner, he could not do better than marry her, and as widows numbered only two in the whole district, and old maids were rather a bad crop, she felt quite easy in her mind regarding him. She never for a moment seriously thought of his marrying anyone else, and had transplanted all her rose-bushes to the Murray garden, from the Snider fifty acres back in the country.

"Has Sam come in yet," Mrs. Snider asked old John.

"No, an' its time, too, the lazy young scamp. He jest fools his time away. He's no need to be so long. He'd only got to call for a few little things to the store, an' git my bonnet," grumbled the widow.

"He hed to get Bess shod," said young John, who liked Sam.

"And he's got to call at the post-office," added old John, whose weekly paper was overdue.

"Well, there he is now," exclaimed the widow, starting away from her sewing, "an', of course, his tea's as cold as a stone, but what could he expect. Here, you, Sam," she called from the open door, "bring in them things."

Sam, the English emigrant lad, who worked for skimped meals and scanty wages, handed in some packages of groceries, and then a big white paper bag.

"That's yer 'at—that is," he commented, with a grin.

"Is that all there is?" snapped Mrs. Snider, piling the bundles up on one arm, and holding out her free hand towards the buggy.

"Yes'm," he began. "No'm," he added hastily, as he found a box, "ere's the tea;" and then Mrs. Snider trotted off.

While she was away, Sam stood searching in the bottom of the buggy, and presently pulled out a basket and

a little pasteboard box. He carried one in each hand, with clumsy carefulness.

"What's them?" asked Mrs. Snider, reappearing.

"They're for the boss," said Sam. "And I'm to 'and 'em to him myself," he added, as he found his way blocked by the housekeeper.

"What's this? what's this, now?" called old John, starting up to the door.

"Sam gravely handed him the box and the basket.

"Who gave 'em to you?" asked old John.

"Mrs. Green, the post-missus: an' I wasn't to give 'em to nobody but you."

"Dear me," said the housekeeper, bouncing off into the kitchen: on some mysterious errand.

Young John looked surprised, and then smiled.

Old John's face was flushed: his eyes looked foolish, and he giggled seriously as he said to Sam, "Well, all right: now you be off, and put out yer horses, or you won't git any tea."

The lumbering farm boy closed the door, and clogged down the steps, with an air of having done his duty and earned the dime the postmistress had given him to look after the interests of the basket.

Old John minced over to the table with his precious bundles, undid the fastening of the lid, and espied the dozen white eggs that were lying in a pretty little vest of pink cotton wool. Then he opened the pasteboard box, and out fell a spray of lily of the valley. That did surprise him. Flowers weren't used much for Easter offerings in his section of the country. Eggs were considered more the thing.

Young John's eyes were filled with admiration for the flowers, and a fear of their consequences. He had sent a red rosebud to the nicest girl in the world, and it seemed to him, as he looked at the lilies, that roses were very commonplace beside lilies, and Easter was the lily season, and he was

a ninny. Altogether, he was very uncomfortable.

The housekeeper stood at the kitchen door, and she sniffed as old John caressed the flowers with one blunt brown finger, and then laid them tenderly down. It was quite plain to young John that Mrs. Snider's quarter of an hour was quite as uncomfortable as his, and he took several moments of unchristianlike, but very human, pleasure in watching her face darken and curl into scorn.

The happy recipient of the Easter tokens seemed to feel himself in the seventh heaven, and quite alone. He fondled the eggs and smoothed the flowers, giving vent to little wayside expressions of "Oh!" and "Ah!" on the going from one to the other. At last he leaned back and said, "How beautiful!" A cough from his son, and another of Mrs. Snider's assorted sniffs from the doorway, brought him back his senses, and took away his delight.

"I'll have a dish for these aigs, Mrs. Snider," he said, with an air of determination to get away from the embarrassment.

He said it very loftily, but Mrs. Snider pretended not to hear; so old John ambled off to the pantry, ignoring his housekeeper with an indifference that dissolved her pique in her great desire to be useful enough to keep her position. She hurried after him, and held a large plate while old John counted out the eggs and carefully arranged them in concentric circles.

He carried the basket away with him, stopping at the door to say over his shoulder, "You might jest put that bokay of mine in water." "You'll know jest how to fix it, so it'll keep," he added, with a shrewd little smile.

"Pretty, ain't it?" he queried a little later, as she settled the stems in a tumbler.

"Yes, but they ain't so sweet as the ones that's let blow in their own time," she replied

"Them's fine aigs," he sighed again.

"Ours is jest as good," was Mrs. Snider's stiff contribution to the conversation.

"They may be for size, but they can't tech 'em for flavor."

The housekeeper re-arranged the flowers, and looked unconvinced.

"They're new hens Mrs. Green's got," went on the farmer, "'an they're considered extra good ones, specially for flavor," and there was strong emphasis on the last.

"Flavor depends on the cookin', Mr. Murray. I've seen quite common aigs ekal the best, when they're jest done to a grain."

This was the revival of an old superstition concerning the widow Green. She kept a store and the post-office, and it was held, among all the women-kind, that "when wimmin get out o' their nat'ral rut, they wazn't fit fur marryin'." So, whether she deserved it or not, it was confidently asserted that she couldn't cook. The widow Snider could, and this was her parting shot.

The elder John, filled with sweet thoughts, wandered off into the little hymn tune that he always hummed when he felt particularly cheerful.

The next day was Easter, and the flowers kept fresh, and that was how it came about that the button-hole splendor of old John Murray was such a diverting circumstance at the morning service.

Now the widow Green was worried, because, although she had sent her admirer the eggs, the flowers were a bombshell to her. She considered his flaunting of them in church an act of outrageous coquetry directed towards her, and she resolved not to ask him home to dinner this Sunday. She held the housekeeper responsible for the flowers, and had almost surrendered the deacon in holy matrimony to the rival widow, while the poor widow Snider, with swollen eyes and dewy cheeks, was wondering, as she set the farm-house table, how soon she would

be looking for some other lonely man to "do for."

Young John glared across the aisle at widow Green, and she saw in his glances only added reason for her anger.

Old John beamed upon everybody, but most of all on the widow Green, whose evasive and ever repellent eyes seemed to him but a pretty bit of coquetry.

There was another woman to whom the deacon's flowers were a torment. She was a little rosy-cheeked girl, and she sat in the choir. The moment her eyes rested on the deacon, her mouth grew very tremulous, and she darted a look of query towards young John. But young John looked confused and vexed, and the girl in the choir began to chat with the young man beside her, and then she unpinned a rose from her dress, and together they examined it in prayer-time, pulling off the red petals one by one. Young John saw them, and he looked at her reproachfully, but she only glanced carelessly down at his pew, after that first glimpse of his father's flowers, and the sermon was a lost opportunity to both of them. She was the school-teacher, and had been the maker of John's peace and unrest since the first day he saw her there—a mid-get among the tall, strong, country maidens, but topped by a high and stylish hat.

At last the service was over, and Old John was trying to get in the widow Green's way, and she was trying to get out of his. But the deacon had the custom of twenty centuries on his side, and with his man's prerogative he waited for her.

"Fine day," he said.

"Very," she answered, coldly.

"What's the matter?" queried the deacon, startled into thoughts of sudden illness by her pale face and quiet demeanor.

"Nothing," she made answer, in her post-office tone.

"Those were splendid aigs," he

whispered, following after her. "An' the flowers, too," he went on, with a sheepish leer at his coat.

"What flowers?" she screamed, facing around.

The deacon caressed his button-hole.

"Them's none o' my doin's:" and the widow softened toward him.

"Didn't you send 'em to me in a little pasteboard box along with the aigs?"

The widow shook her head.

"Well, I'll be hanged," said the deacon, right under the very lintel of the church door, and then he growled, "I'll kill that boy Sam."

"The box came through the post-office," began the widow, folding her hands, as she did when the people made complaints of opened letters and mislaid papers, "an' I gave 'em into Sam's hand—the aigs and the box—an' I s'pose he took it to mean they wuz both fur yous."

"Where'd did they come from, I wonder," said the deacon, and he began to feel himself a desperate flirt.

"You won't say I ever told," she whispered.

"No."

"Well, by the writin' I took 'em to be fur young John, from the —."

"Schoolmissus," finished Old John.

"He! he! he!" giggled the widow.

"I never told you, did I, now?"

There was silence on the church doorstep. The congregation had melted away. Some few were looking back and gossiping of the deacon and the widow. The caretaker had attended to the fires, and was clumping down the aisle. He was almost at the door, and the widow said, carelessly, to Old John, "Won't you come home to dinner with me, and just take pot-luck, Mr. Murray?"

"Much obliged; I will," answered the deacon, and he called to his son, "John, John, Hi!" John drove up to the horse block.

"I ain't a comin' home to dinner, John. You jes' tell Mrs. Snider." "I'm goin' across with Mrs. Green," he went

on quickly, and then he put the lilies into John's hand. "They wus for you, John; at least I think they wus; same name, you know, an', an' I wouldn't say nothing about it, John," he pleaded.

Young John shook the lines, and his father, rejoining the widow, said, "Hurrying after the schoolmissus, I s'pose. I don't know as I'd oughter encourage such doin's among young folks."

"Oh, let 'em be," purred the widow,

for she had an aversion to step-children, "right under foot," as she phrased it.

The evening congregation was distracted by lilies of the valley appearing in young John's buttonhole, and more still by the widow Green sailing gravely up to her front seat with Old John Murray in tow. This was equivalent to the public announcement of their engagement: so the parson overlooked the nods and smiles, and in anticipation spent the wedding fee.

RETROSPECTION.

A pair of lovers small,
Than lily-bells scarce more tall,
Went hand in hand a Maying;
Trip, trip, together they,
Where the wild brier arched the way,
So merrily went straying.

Mosset rare, acorn shell,
Violet, and sweet blue-bell,
All in their basket swaying;
Farried they till in the dark,
By fire-flies' lurid spark,
They'd see Queen Mab a Maying.

They heard the trill of bells—
Fairy bells in the dells—
Some old sweet rhyme a-playing:
Thus fancy with them strayed,
Adown the sunny glade,
And gladdened all their Maying.

But that was long ago;
There, still, perchance acorns grow,
And lily-bells are swaying;
Now the wee maid lies still,
In the church-yard on the hill,—
"Hush! hush!" the winds are saying.

The little lad—Ah! he—
Oft in fancy, child with thee,
Thro' the green wood is straying;
In vain time dulls with care,
From life, things sweet and fair,
Memory goes a-Maying.

WYNDOM BROWNE.

CANADIAN NEWSPAPER INTERVIEWS.

BY P. SPANJAARDT.

It has often been said, that newspaper men are born, not made. There is a good deal of truth in this assertion so far as it refers to that composite individual, the modern, all-round newspaper man, in whom the nose, or instinct for news, is the main feature of the make-up; but interviewing being merely one particular branch of the newspaper profession, it is different with the interviewer. Almost any man or woman of good education, possessing a fairly readable style, a certain amount of tact and judgment, a pretty thorough knowledge of politics and current events, a fair amount of boldness, some patience, respectable clothes and good manners, will do.

Interviewing is one of the most pleasant assignments a newspaper reporter can get. It brings him into contact with some of the most celebrated and most notorious men and women of the age, whom he would never meet under ordinary circumstances, and of whom he occasionally makes lasting friends.

Naturally, the work has its drawbacks. First of all, there is the blue pencil of the editor, which ruthlessly cuts and slashes one's most cherished compositions. Then there are others, such as the person who does not want to be interviewed, and has nothing to say that is of value to the paper; and the person who, having been interviewed, denies the words and sentiments attributed to him.

Fortunately, I have had little experience with the last mentioned sort. Once, indeed, my position depended on the admission or denial of an interview I had written. Coming, as it did, on top of another incident in which my veracity was questioned, it was a rather serious matter for me. I

was much of a novice to Canadian journalism at the time, and perhaps a little "fresh," and anxious to distinguish myself. I was working for a city editor who possessed the news instinct to a high degree, especially so far as the sensational was concerned. There was to be a large meeting of Sunday School superintendents, which I was ordered to report. The meeting was called for the purpose of discussing a movement with which the paper I worked on was not in sympathy, but, in the hurry of giving me my assignment, the city editor had made me understand quite the contrary. When I enquired about the time the meeting was to be held, I was assured that no reporters would be allowed to be present: but as I determined to get in, this was a minor point to be considered. I simply dressed up in a black frock coat, a white necktie, standing collar, and a tall silk hat: put on a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses, and walked in, telling those who spoke to me that I was the superintendent of a rural Sunday-school. The meeting was a lively one, and, as may be imagined, my report the next day even more so. Some reverend gentlemen present came up to the office afterwards to deny its accuracy, and I, as the only reporter present, came near being discharged, had it not been for the kindness of some other gentlemen, who, though deprecating its publication, admitted that it was true, word for word. My nearly fatal interview came the day after.

Archbishop Taschereau had just been created Cardinal, and Bishop O'Brien was the Papal Alegate who brought him the baretta from the Holy Father. Quick and sharp came the command from the city editor

that morning to "interview O'Brien on the Knights of Labor question, and anything else he cared to talk about." I went and found His Grace in St. Patrick's Rectory. He had agreed to celebrate the marriage of two young, well-known French-Canadian society people that morning, and had about an hour to spare. Possessing a good memory, and knowing from experience that people often talk with more freedom when there is no note-book or pencil in sight, I decided to satisfy myself with mental notes only on this occasion. The Bishop, a most courteous gentleman, was very affable, and, without seating himself, indulged in a fifteen-minute chat on men and things, which in my opinion would make good reading, though there appeared to be nothing very sensational about it.

When I returned to the office, the city editor fairly jumped at me.

"Did you see him? Did he say anything sensational?" he asked.

I nearly replied "No," when I suddenly remembered that the Bishop, in the course of the interview, had made use of the expression, "That rotten institution, the Protestant church."

"That's good!" shouted the city editor, "make that the principal thing; we'll put three heads on that."

The interview did make a sensation; so much so, that a contemporary came out the next day with an editorial casting suspicion on my veracity. The morning after, I was called before the managing editor.

"Was I certain of his words?" "Did I take any notes?" and many similar questions were asked me. The editor did not seem to doubt me, but, as I found out afterwards, that same day a message was sent to our correspondent in Quebec, where Monseigneur O'Brien then was, to ask for his version of the matter.

Nine men out of ten would have denied the use of the expression, which, I now realize, would never have escaped his lips had I shown him

note-book and pencil. Everyone would have believed him, and I would have been discharged: but like a man he stood by his utterances, and a day later I had the pleasure of hearing the telegram which stated so, read by the managing editor before the entire local staff. I made up my mind that Bishop O'Brien could command my services at any time in the future.

I have interviewed a good many in my time; beginning at the age of nine, when in a continental railway station, I interviewed on my own responsibility, and to the great mortification of my parents, a handsome European Crown Prince, since deceased; and I have usually met with kind treatment.

The most difficult task I ever had, was to get a reply to a certain question which I was to ask the late Premier Norquay, of Manitoba. Norquay was big and brusque, and did not desire to be interviewed. It was at the time of the Inter-provincial Conference, and I had a city editor who did not believe in the word "impossibility."

For three hours in the morning, I patrolled the corridor, in the Windsor, where his room was. I approached him when he came out, but he refused to talk. I acted like his shadow for another fifteen minutes, and, when he finally entered a carriage, I in desperation, jumped on the step, and, holding on to the door, repeated my question for the last time. My tenacity of purpose won the day, and while the carriage was rumbling down town, I received my reply. I nearly broke my neck in jumping off, but I was victorious.

One day I ran against a very active little man, with hair bordering on the auburn. It was Melton Prior, the celebrated war artist of the *London Illustrated News*. He was a charming fellow, gave me a good interview and entertained me for hours with tales of the thrilling adventures he had experienced. He seemed very

modest about it, too, and it has often puzzled me why his name has figured so little in the press, when the names of Villiers, Forbes, and others have been constantly before us.

The strangest interview I ever had, and probably the strangest interview in the history of Canadian journalism, was my first interview with Donald Morrison, the Megantic outlaw, who died, not many months ago, on the day he was released from the St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary.

I accidentally heard of him while working up a murder case in Sherbrooke, and I suggested to the office that I should go and see him.

The telegraphic reply was: "Try."

I put myself in communication with his friends: but the first terms upon which they agreed to let me see him were such that the office left me the option of declining the honor. The apparent risk of the enterprise rather pleased me, however, and I was ready to accept any terms. They were modified, later on, to a promise on my part not to carry weapons. A dozen Provincial policemen and detectives were hunting for him at the time. The greatest caution had to be observed, and my guide, who was armed, gave me to understand, with cheerful assurance, that if the police came on our track, he would first kill as many policemen as he could, then me, and finally himself, rather than be considered a traitor.

I met him stealthily in the woods on the shores of Lake Megantic, and we drove all day to elude possible pursuers, though the people of the district kept up a fine system of armed scouts along the roads, and thus kept themselves perfectly informed of the approach of strangers.

Towards dusk we stopped at the gate of a large field, in the rear of which stood a lonely two-storey dwelling house. We drove up and I was ushered into the parlor. Ten minutes later, the man who shot Warren and

defied arrest for a whole year entered.

It was not without emotion that I arose to greet him. It was the first time I had shaken a hand which had deliberately taken a man's life, and I knew he had a bulldog revolver in each of the pockets of his pantaloons. He was a fine specimen of hardy manhood, and his face at times wore a most engaging smile. The interview itself was very dramatic. He paced up and down the room and acted the story of the killing over again from beginning to end. I took a great liking to him, and we were warm friends as long as he lived.

Six months later, I accompanied the large expedition of soldiers, detectives and policemen sent out, under command of Judge Dugas, to capture him; I had orders from the office to interview him again. Naturally, the watchfulness of the members of the expedition and my fellow-correspondents made this doubly difficult. Finally, when the expedition had been out over a month, my chance came. Judge Dugas was compelled by circumstances to agree to a truce, and to meet the outlaw face to face, to see if he would not surrender. Morrison, however, agreed to see me first, and, while the other members of the expedition were anxiously waiting, as they had been for over a month, to see him, I slipped away from headquarters, which were at Gould, to meet him. It was about two weeks before Easter, over six years ago. Through the aid of his friends, I met him alone, on the road which leads from Marsden to Stornaway, at a spot about two miles from the former place. It was about eleven o'clock on a beautiful starlit night. He assured me then that the conference would amount to nothing, that he would never surrender, and that he would sell his freedom and his life as dearly as possible. When we parted, I never expected to see him again alive.

The next day, Judge Dugas, not

knowing I had interviewed him, and fearing I intended to do so, had me put under arrest at headquarters, while he went to the appointed meeting place. That same afternoon, however, my paper came out with the exclusive interview, which, together with the account of my arrest, published the next day, created quite a sensation.

Another peculiar interview I had was with Joe Racine, who used to keep a saloon in Montreal called the "Niche," and who left Canada on account of some trouble in connection with a counterfeiting case. One day I was told that, as the office had received information to the effect that Racine was living at Rouse's Point, New York, it would be well if I would go and interview him on the counterfeiting business and his connection with Fahey and Naegele, the two detectives who are at present in the St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary. I went, and stopped at the hotel where he was living; but the first day he took me for a detective and refused to say a word. At night he evidently thought the matter over, and the next day asked me to go on a little fishing expedition with himself and wife. He took me to the centre of the big railway bridge that spans the Richelieu. It was a clever move on his part, for there he had me virtually at his mercy. The wife soon retired. We fished for four or five hours. I caught only a small perch, but I went home by train that evening with notes in my pocket for a very satisfactory interview.

Among the foreign notabilities who have visited us during the last seven years, I best remember Lord Lonsdale, Prince Roland Bonaparte, the husband of the late Miss Blanc, of Monte Carlo notoriety, and Joubert, the general who was in command of the Boer army during the last serious row with the British in the Transvaal

Lord Lonsdale had just returned from the north, and gave a most delightful interview, without being prompted in the least.

At one time or another I have interviewed nearly all the prominent Canadian politicians. Sir Charles Tupper I found the easiest of them all. If he does not care to answer the questions that are being put to him, he always manages to say something that has the appearance of novelty and which makes good enough reading to appease the city editor.

Governors-General and their wives are usually unsatisfactory people to interview. With the exception of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, they make, as a rule, uninteresting copy. Their very position prevents them from talking much.

Hon. Mr. Mercier was always an excellent friend of the interviewer. Unfortunately he took a dislike to me at one time, but notwithstanding that I obtained many columns of fine matter from him, especially during the Baie de Chaleurs crisis. His actions were usually so unexpected, and surprises followed one another in such quick succession, that he was always a highly interesting individual for newspapermen. I once, in response to an order from headquarters, telegraphed an item from Quebec about the celebrated thousand dollar seal-skin coat which he wore. To make matters worse, the item was by mistake published two days in succession. He told me, at the time, he would never forgive me for this, and he said I might just as well climb over his back-fence, look at him through his window when at dinner, and publish the kind of soup he ate. Afterwards he no doubt recognized the fact that I was simply acting under orders, for I had some very pleasant meetings with him later on. He was always exceedingly polite to newspapermen.

Of high dignitaries of the Roman

Catholic Church, I have the most pleasant recollections. His Grace Archbishop Fabre, for instance, is a most agreeable man to interview, and I shall never forget my peculiar experience with the late Father Labelle.

One Friday night, about eleven, I heard, as an exclusive piece of news, that he had finally resigned as Deputy Minister of Agriculture. I hurried to his house to obtain an interview for our early edition next day. He was on the point of retiring, but he expressed himself as delighted to see me. Being a connoisseur of wine, he, with his usual hospitality, pressed me to partake of some delicious old vintage he had in his cupboard. I obtained a very good interview, but, while giving it, he kept filling my glass, and when I left his house at half-past twelve in the morning and came into the night air, I found that the old wine had actually gone to my head. A severe snow storm was raging. Fortunately I found a solitary carter to drive me to the Parliament building. When I arrived there I hid in an inner room of the telegraph office for fear my colleagues would find me out; and I began to write. I wrote for three quarters of an hour, faster than I have ever written before or since, and as my report grew in length the effect of the wine disappeared. When my despatch was finished, my head was perfectly clear, and I felt sufficiently fresh to join the other newspaper men upstairs, where they were topping off a hard night's work with a friendly game of euchre. It was the last newspaper interview Father Labelle gave. A week after our meeting he died.

Actors and actresses I have interviewed by the score, but the ones I remember best are Sarah Bernhardt, the late W. J. Florence, Henry Irving and Ellen Terry.

The fair Sarah was in a bad temper when I met her, and beyond giving occasion for a little descriptive sketch

and many startling items during her stay, said little that could be considered of interest to Canadians. She was accompanied by a large retinue of dogs, which created a continual disturbance in the Windsor Hotel, where she was living.

The late "Billy" Florence was a lovable fellow. He came regularly every year to go salmon fishing on the Restigouche, and he had an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes about Canada twenty years ago.

The most pleasant time I ever spent with theatrical people was with Irving and Terry. I went to meet them partly for my own paper, and partly for the Boston *Herald*, and I boarded the Allan line steamer *Numidian* at Rimouski. The Allans, in their anxiety to prevent their passengers from being unnecessarily annoyed, have a strict rule about newspaper men boarding their vessels, and I had to make a solemn promise not to try and interview the great actor if he declined to be seen. Having been president of an amateur dramatic club, known as the Irving Club, of which he had some years ago been good enough to become Honorary President, I had provided myself with a sheet of note paper containing the monogram of the club. On this I wrote a letter introducing myself, and had it conveyed to him by the steward.

As I was walking on deck before lunch, talking to the Bishop of Algoma, an arm was passed through mine, and when I turned around, I found myself face to face with Henry Irving. Nearly the entire day and the greater part of the evening I spent with him and his stage manager and friend, Mr. Loveday. A more interesting companion than the great tragedian, I never met. The actor was entirely forgotten in his company. He never talked about his profession unless asked to do so and he had an opinion to express or an original remark to make about almost every topic that

came up for discussion. Miss Terry impressed me as a delightful woman of a sunny but nervous disposition. She was continually on the run around the ship, and in the short time that the voyage had lasted, had managed to become the friend of every one on board.

Unfortunately, when we arrived at Quebec, it was found that the storm had played havoc with the telegraph wires, and, in consequence, my Boston report did not reach the paper in time for the morning edition. Mr. Irving had proceeded to Montreal, while I stopped over in Quebec, and when he arrived, he bought a *Boston Herald* to see what my interview amounted to. As only the morning edition is sold in Montreal, there was no interview in the copy which Mr. Irving bought, and no doubt he considered himself justi-

fied in telling the manager of the hotel that he considered me somewhat of a fraud. The manager, who kindly defended my reputation, told me this on my return, and I immediately mailed Mr. Irving a copy of the afternoon edition to the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, where he was stopping. In reply, I received a telegram from there, which must have cost him several dollars, apologizing for the error he had fallen into, and thanking me, on behalf of Miss Terry and himself, for the story I had written about his arrival. This telegram remains one of the most cherished mementos of the many strange experiences and vicissitudes of my newspaper career, a characteristic souvenir of my first meeting with the greatest English actor now alive.

ENVIRONMENT.—TWO CASES.

One lived in the reek of a London slum,
 'Midst ignorance and crime —
 Where nought to cleanse the soul might come,
 Or the mind's and body's grime.

Stunted, and vulgar, and untaught,
 He struggled towards the light,
 And loved his kind, — and so he caught
 A gleam of God's own light.

And one with his feet in the paths of ease,
 Where the lights of culture shone,
 And rich in the arts that endear and please—
 Yet lived for self alone.

So he passed like a blight where'er he came,
 A nature without control ;
 And he died a death of despair and shame,
 With murder on his soul.

REGINALD GOURLAY.

DORA, THE PRETTY TYPEWRITER.

BY WILLIAM LUTTON.

WHEN Dora Summerhayes left the Kingston Grammar School she was at that age when every generous illusion is fresh and new; when the conventional round, as meaning all there is of life and aspiration, seems unthinkable, when it seems imperatively necessary, as well as incidentally glorious, to set about making the world over in the new.

Dora's mother, a widow, who, with the help of two young sons, kept a farm, a few miles out of Kingston, had simpler ideas. "Dora will come back to the farm, will shine, both by her beauty and intelligence, in our little country society; will marry one of our wealthy farmers by and by, and I will see her children round my knees before I die."

But Dora, ardent, seventeen, and pretty, said "Not the farm again, dear mamma. I love the country in the summer; if I could always ramble through the fields and pluck the flowers, it would be well; but although there is a glamour about Tennyson's milking maid, as we were introduced to her at school, I do not think I could spend my life milking cows."

"And what notions have they put into your head in Kingston?" asked Mrs. Summerhayes, a little wistfully. Dora was her very copy, but, whereas, there was in the mother a weakness which instinctively clung to the strong support, there was in Dora a strength and fearlessness which well became her fresh youth and tall, lissome figure.

"Why, mother, I think I would like to be a nurse." The big blue eyes grew tender. "One could do so much good in that work; it is a useful sphere. I think I could be happy caring for the sick and forlorn."

Mrs. Summerhayes smiled. "Is this a sentiment, Dora, or is it a careful resolve? Is it a glamour, a smart costume? Do you note the gratitude in the eye of the sick and distressed, and does your heart swell with pride? But that is only one side of the medal. How would you endure the actual work, the sleepless nights, the sights that appal the stout hearts of the doctors? Well, it is a girlish dream. You will soon forget it."

"Perhaps it is only a notion, mamma; but one thing I have earnestly longed for at school—"

"And that was—?"

"That was, that, as I was unable to take a college course, I might be allowed to go to Montreal to Uncle John and Aunt Nelly, where the field of work and usefulness is so much larger, and where I might find something by which I could earn an independent living."

"Ah, I fear my little Dora wants to fly away from the old nest," said Mrs. Summerhayes, kissing her fondly. "I suppose that is natural. I might have felt so once. There is a law for it, but some laws are very cruel. I would tell you all about me, for, since your father's death, my heart is bound up in my children. But this desire, I see, though it proceeds from love, is, in the main, selfish; and therefore, Dora, we will write to Uncle John and see what he says."

Uncle John and Aunt Nelly, an old-fashioned, childless, and loving old couple, who, amid the feverish life of a great city, preserved something of the frank simplicity of the hollyhock and marigold, sent a cordial invitation to Dora, who, when she read the letter, burst into tears, threw her arms round her mother's neck, and said, "No, no,

mother; I won't leave you; I won't go; I'll stay with you and the boys, on the old farm; I can be happy here."

But the mother stroked the brown hair which fell back in waves from Dora's forehead, and kissed the quivering lips, and said, "Yes, Dora must have her chance, and there is a great chance in Montreal; and uncle and aunt will be so kind; and, therefore, (with a great air of briskness) we will get Dora's trunk packed."

These first partings are very bitter. The young are wounded, but not broken by them. The old feel the sense of irreparable loss, and suddenly find themselves lost in the desert, where there is no hand to guide, and no caress to console.

Uncle John was at the Grand Trunk station, and when Dora touched the platform a something in her look, a something in the manner of a hale old man who glanced at every face, led to mutual recognition. Dora had seen Uncle John seven years ago, at her mother's; but Uncle John for a moment seemed to be unable to appreciate the transforming effect of a dress that reached the boots, and of a psyche knot that displaced the two long plaits of brown hair he had stroked on the old farm.

"And what do you intend to do?" Uncle John and Aunt Nelly were in the parlor talking to Dora a few evenings later. "You will, of course," said Uncle John, "drop that silly notion of being a nurse. But what you can do and ought to do is this:—Be a stenographer and typewriter. That is work a woman can do well. As business becomes more and more intimate and confidential, the field for this work will grow larger. You are young; you are pretty;—oh, of course, mother, just look at her pretending she doesn't know it—and you will get a situation without trouble. Now, we will send you six months to the business college, and at the end of that time you will have the implements with which you can open the-er-oyster-er-of fortune.

This, my dear, is a little too large, perhaps, but excuse an old man. If you had a B.A., you might do something at McGill; or you might be principal of a school—but, there, I forgot, you are a woman, and a woman won't do, you know, no matter about her qualifications—but the stenographer is independent, and can make her way. It is, perhaps, hard for a pretty young girl to go into an office with a lot of men. They want to make love to her, of course. Sometimes it is honest, and more often it is a something—a compassing of evil—which God will one day bring into judgment. But let a young woman be true to herself, and she will not only be respected, but she will sweeten the life of the office, and be, in the reformation of manners, an unconscious blessing to the men themselves."

Dora was quick to learn, and before the six months were out, she felt she could take any situation, however onerous.

"The very thing!" cried Uncle John, triumphantly, one evening, with his eyes fixed steadfastly upon the "situations vacant" column of the *Evening Illuminator*. "Listen—'Wanted, young lady typewriter and stenographer; must be quick, well informed, and lady-like. Apply Montreal Metal Works, 3,000 Notre Dame street.'"

"Now, then, Dora, this is what you want, and this vacancy is just yearning for you to fill it. That's plain enough. To-morrow morning I will go down with you, and see the manager. I suppose, Dora, you are familiar with that immortal character who always insisted that this world was a 'wale.' Well, in some serious respects, it is a 'wale,' but, my dear child," said Uncle John, getting up, and bending over Dora's chair, while he stroked her head, "the pure in heart can do their duty: they can keep a conscience void of offence; they can conquer grief and wrong by trust; they can shame evil by a candid look. When you get this

situation—for, of course, you will get it—you will not adopt the demoralizing idea now so common, that sex is to be forgotten in these general employments where men and women mingle. No, no, for it is in the office that a woman is to be most womanly. By remembering what is due to her sex, she will win regard, and the whole atmosphere of the office will be purer for her presence. Be gentle and courteous, but never permit any familiarity.”

“I think, uncle,” said Dora, quietly, “that I will be able to take care of myself.”

Uncle John was right. Dora obtained the situation. The manager, Mr. Thomas Maynard, was a young man, and it was from his dictation, in an inner office, that Dora did her work. In an outer office were six men clerks.

Dora did her work well. The manager said so. The firm dealt in metal pipes, and there were terms so unfamiliar that Dora had to look up from the machine with a question in the big blue eyes. Now, the manager had not been accustomed to having blue eyes so near him, and his manner confessed uneasiness when under their calm but innocent regard. But he explained; he was courteous; and the work and the days went on.

The six clerks now began to talk in whispers. If Dora raised her eyes suddenly, she would catch them in the act of regarding her through the glass partition with great earnestness. The effect of this sudden look was positively awful. Shame and guilt would overspread their features, and there would be such a scurrying of pens as the state of the work in no sort necessitated. In the absence of the manager, one after another of the clerks would come into the inner office, and under pretence of looking for a ledger, would say, “Lovely day,” or “Beautiful morning,” or “It looks like rain.” Dora returned the proper answers, but kept on with her work. This was repeated day by day, but Dora showed

no disposition to make acquaintances. At last, the bookkeeper came in one afternoon, during the absence of Mr. Maynard, and, looking extremely sheepish, said:—“Might I ask your name, please? It is—er—you know—simply a matter of business—the pay roll, you know.”

The great blue eyes regarded the bookkeeper. “Will not my initials do?”

The bookkeeper fell back as if he had been suddenly shot.

“Oh, yes, thank you, the initials will do,” he said, in a sad whisper.

Now, in her secret heart, Dora, it must be confessed, rather enjoyed these persistent attempts on the part of the clerks to get up a flirtation with her, and all the more that there was not one of the whole body who engaged her fancy, which made independence easy; but, at the end of three months, the behavior of Mr. Maynard gave her concern.

In the middle of a letter, which dealt with the supply of drain pipes to an outside corporation, he suddenly stopped dictating one day: “Oh, Miss Summerhayes, bother the drain pipes: can't we have a talk?”

“A talk, Mr. Maynard? I am here to take down correspondence about drain pipes.”

“Of course, of course. But can't the drain pipes remain a moment? They are firm and stable. They will not suffer. Can't we be friendly? Can't we talk about—the weather—or about—er—books? What books do you like?”

“No, Mr. Maynard,” (very severely), “I am paid to write letters, not to talk to the manager.”

“Oh, why are you so strict?”

“Because business is strict, and the drain pipes are waiting.”

“Oh, hang the drain pipes!”

The blue eyes grew and grew, but there was in their great depths a saucy elf who danced about in great glee.

“Will you finish the letter?”

"Yes, yes," (impatiently), "we will let them have the drain pipes at," etc.

But after that, a bunch of violets was placed in a little vase on Dora's desk every morning, and each of the six clerks would find opportunity to enter, and, looking at the posy, remark—"Oh, how lovely."

The situation was becoming provoking.

But this was not all.

Dora found such notes as the following on her desk from time to time:—

"Do not mind coming down so early in the morning."

"You can have a headache any time you like to stay at home in the afternoon."

"Why do you walk so fast when you are going to your lunch?"

"Why will you not be friends with me?"

Dora said to herself—"Nursing would have been better than this. I had the notion of doing some great thing; now I cannot even have the commonplace in security."

"Allow me to give you a week's notice," said Dora to Mr. Maynard, shortly after she found the last of the notes on her desk.

"Why? Do you intend to leave?"

"Yes."

"Might I enquire the cause?"

"These flowers," pointing to the vase; "these notes," holding up the last one in scorn, "are the cause. I came here to write letters on the typewriter from your dictation. Why should you make the position intolerable?"

"Why, Miss Summerhayes," said Mr. Maynard, getting very red in the face, "I am very sorry if I have annoyed you. I am a rough fellow, I know. I am all business, and I never knew what sentiment was, but you came in here to my office, like a—well, like an—angel, you were so gentle and beautiful, and I forgot to be the manager with you, and did want to know you. There, I wanted to be

friends with you. Hang it, Miss Summerhayes, if you only knew how tantalizing you are. Here am I, a great, rough fellow, sitting almost at your elbow. I could touch your brown hair with my hand. And when you would look at me with those blue eyes—well, confound the drain-pipe business, I am not all gas pipes and sewer pipes and field pipes! I've got feelings, and I wanted you to think of me not as the manager, but as something else: and now you are going. I've been an ass, and the company is losing a clever stenographer, because I belong to the assinine persuasion."

Dora was very severe. That is the prerogative of early youth, wavy, brown hair, big blue eyes, and a sweet, small, red mouth. When the years, with roughened hand, sweep away the bloom, we accept the unlikable with subserviency and grace. For a glorious moment or so we do not need to look at the clock, and then we are bold. When the hands register the year, the irrevocable has happened, and we take with gratitude what we would have scorned in the early prime.

"All this is very wrong." Dora spoke with all the exaggerated severity of eighteen. "You had no business to think of my looks or my hair. It was your duty to simply regard me as a clerk who was here to obey your orders, and further the interests of the company. I never complained of the drain pipes. I was willing to describe them in their various thick-nesses and manifold functions, all day. When I was writing out the letters on the machine, I loved to connect the gas pipes with scenes of domestic life. I pictured the fluid reaching the sitting room or drawing room in the evening, saw the sudden brightness when the match was applied, and read such lovely stories in the faces which were lighted up with its glow."

"Oh, what an ass I am!" said Maynard.

"And you must come along, and spoil all this," went on Dora, with increasing severity. "Your duty was not to write notes, but to dictate letters; not to send me flowers, but to give orders. For I am a simple girl, and you are the manager of a great company, and your notice could only do me harm."

"Con—no—no—there, Miss Summerhayes, sincerely I beg your pardon. I see I have been very wrong, indeed. I felt myself admiring you, and, without thinking of the consequences, forgot myself. May I say now, upon my honor, that I sincerely respect you? Oh, I have been unpardonably rude and stupid. I see that your resolution is well taken. Can I be of any service in getting you another position?"

"No," said Dora, with a proud toss of the head, "I will be independent, or I will go back to my home in Kingston; but I do not fear; I shall get a position by my own efforts."

Dora told all the story to aunt and uncle, and stood approved in the esteem of the old couple.

A position was secured in an insurance office. The circumstance that there were some other young women similarly employed gave Dora encouragement, and she was disposed to congratulate herself upon her good luck. But that which seemed to augur well for security and peace proved quite fatal. For though, at first, the other girls were kind and gracious, their manner became very vinegary; indeed, when they made the discovery that the head clerk was disposed to be a little civil to Dora, that is to say, to linger a little longer over the dictation than was necessary, to give her easy work, and not too much of it, and to put a studied respectfulness in his tone which the others had not experienced; the girls said to one another that Dora was deep; that her meek, quiet manner was the subtlest sort of art; that her pretending to be careless of her good looks was a carefully calculated scheme to catch head clerks,

with whom, not to mention the male creature in general, a downcast eye goes a long way. Finally, by solemn resolution, the girls decided that Dora was to be "cut."

There was a fate in this, although Dora saw it not. She was very angry. Aunt Nelly said "Shame," and stroked her cheek. Uncle John said he would rather, if he were a girl, work with a dozen men, all of whom made the most desperate eyes at him, than provoke, by good looks, the jealousy of a parcel of backbiting, envious, malignant girls. "I begin to fear, though," said Uncle John, "that I was wrong in suggesting this business to you, Dora. Never mind, we will try it once more, and if there should be another disastrous experience, we will quit it for good, and turn our thoughts to something else. You can spare the past months, and, by-and-by, you will laugh at your past experiences."

"WANTED—Young lady typewriter and stenographer. Must be competent and ladylike. Apply, editor of *Evening Illuminator*."

"Very good," said Uncle John, putting down the paper from which he read the foregoing, "Let us try this firm. The editor is a Mr. John Blackmore, who was brought here several evenings by our old friend Tomlinson, a fire-eating Radical, who has the notion that to take Fitznoodle's coat and clap it on Smith, who lives in Desolation Alley, is to make the world in the new. The two of them got talking politics here, and I found Blackmore to be—as a politician—a fire-eater; as a man, as inoffensive a creature as ever went out of his way to avoid trampling on a worm. Well, then, we'll see Blackmore."

John Blackmore was a desperately clever young man of twenty-eight years, who wrote a double-leaded editorial, every working day of his life, in which the government of the day was held up to the scorn of a righteous people.

He had a mild face, and timid blue

eyes, which looked out upon the world (in which he mingled so little) doubtfully, and it required a severe effort of the imagination to associate him with anything loud or fiery or denunciatory. The printers had long sworn at his "copy," but a moment came when they solemnly consigned it to perdition, and struck against setting up another line of it.

Hence the advertisement; hence the visit of Dora and Uncle John to Mr. Blackmore's sanctum.

Dora, in her fresh youth and beauty, was like a vision to the man who was older than his years.

"Why, Mr. Summerhayes," said Mr. Blackmore, "if you will excuse my saying so, the very sight of your niece is a refreshment to an old fogey like myself. Miss Summerhayes will suit admirably, I am sure. I only hope she will like the work."

It took Dora a little while to understand the political allusions, and at first she wedded Mr. Blackmore's invectives to what she deemed must be a vindictive nature. She soon mastered the political vocabulary; soon learned that in political writing there is a good deal of cant. The envenomed phrase first imposes on the imagination, and afterwards on the mind, and one at last comes to believe that he is a devil of a fellow, when in truth he is so mild and timid a creature that the glance of a pair of blue eyes will quite unman him.

As John Blackmore thought out his articles he walked up and down the floor with his hands behind his back. Dora glanced at him; found him interesting; not, perhaps, very strong; but honest, good-looking, with fair hair, blue eyes, and a chin whose fault was that it had too pretty a dimple.

As for Blackmore, something began to grow upon him which he would not have dared to name even to himself. For one thing, he remembered that Uncle John, who was an old-fashioned Tory, liked a political talk,

and he dropped in in the evenings now and then. But it was not always politics, and John found time to interest Dora in a few favorite books. Dora loved Tennyson, so did John; but whereas Dora, as a young thing, loved him for his sweetness, John loved him for his clear depth. If John Blackmore knew anything, he knew Tennyson—knew and worshipped his spirit, and, having done his duty to his party by writing a column article denouncing the government in power as the worst that ever cursed a country, he found it a delight to put wonder and reverence in the big eyes beside him, as he unfolded the high thoughts of the master.

For another thing, John Blackmore regarded his presentment in the glass frequently and severely. Make of this what you please, but it is certain that two months after Dora's advent, politics no longer satisfied the soul of the editor of the *Evening Illuminator*.

John was dictating:—"This wretched government, having heaped up the measure of its iniquity, is past redemption. There was a time when it could have been saved by"—

"Saved by?" Dora repeated.

"By love," said John, walking up and down the room.

"By love?" The clicking ceased; the blue eyes looked at the editor.

"What am I saying?" The pale face flushed. "By, of course, repenting of its fiscal policy."

"There is always hope for him who repents," proceeded John, "and to acknowledge error is a moral tonic, and love is the only transforming power in the world."

"Is the connection quite obvious?"

"Ha, ha, I meant, of course, 'and free trade is the only guarantee of a nation's prosperity.'"

"But this government, knowing not the day of its visitation, and persisting in a fiscal heresy, and refusing to admit that love is greater than com-

bines, or syndicates, or principalities—”

“I will read this over to you,” said Dora, severely.

“Oh, of course, you want to make out that I am—what you might call wandering.”

“Pardon me, Mr. Blackmore, it is not in my office to criticize. I only wanted you to hear how the last sentence read.”

“I don’t want to hear how it read. I don’t care about it. I don’t care about the article. How can I when you are sitting there?”

“What have I to do with it?”

“Oh, nothing, nothing, nothing! You expect me to go on writing articles while you sit there so distractingly charming, so tantalizingly calm, so provokingly cool, while-a-a-volcano-er-rages.”

“Mr. Blackmore, what are you talking about?” (Oh, Dora, Dora!)

“You like Tennyson, Miss Summerhayes?”

“Yes.”

“I don’t mean like him—you love him, reverence him?”

“I hope so.”

“And you are beginning to love Shelly and Keats?”

“Yes.”

“And you know Keats’ ‘Ode to the Nightingale,’ by heart?”

“Yes.”

“And have I bored you with my talk in the evenings?”

“No.”

“And do you think me an ugly, ridiculous old fellow?”

“No.”

“Very well. The article may go to Jericho. Miss Summerhayes—Dora—I love you. I loved you that morning you came in with your uncle. You looked like a vision. I said—“I will be a father to her, or an elder

brother. Of course, I know I am an old fogey.”

“No.”

“And you are young and beautiful, and too good for any man living.”

“No.”

“I know I am about a hundred years in feeling, but you could give me back the freshness of youth. My heart has atrophied, sitting here all these years. You are the connection which has joined it to vital things again.”

“Will you finish the article?”

“It is an awful presumption, I know, for me to think of you. But I would try so hard to make you happy.”

“I am happy.”

“Y-e-s. Of course, I knew it was ridiculous to think I could have any share in making you happy.”

“I don’t see that it need be so ridiculous.”

“Oh, Miss Summerhayes, Dora, have I any hope?”

“Will you finish the article? The printers are waiting for the copy.”

“Oh, but answer my question first.”

“And then you will finish the article?”

“Yes.”

“Well, then, Mr. Blackmore—J-o-h-n—(this very softly) I don’t think you need be in despair.”

“No? Do you mean it? Do you really mean it, Dora?”

“I mean that you are—a—great—g-o-o-s-e.”

If this were a term of reproach, John did not understand it in that light. He was not angry. Far from it. A solemn joy shone through the spectacles of the editor of the *Evening Illuminator*; and he did something upon the impulse which he trembled to think of afterwards—he kissed Dora on the mouth.

THE TRUMPETER AND THE CHILD.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

It was a town in what is now called Ontario, but was then Canada West, not a large town, yet prosperous in a measure. It was picturesque, for a river flowed through it on its way down to meet the Thames; and beyond its valley was rising ground, beautifully green in the summer of the year. Before it entered the town, and after it passed beyond its bounds, the river banks were pretty, with grassy borders and overhanging trees to picnic under; but, within, the mills and tanneries and other industrial institutions befouled its waters, and the tread of human and animal feet bared its shores. Its bridges were not ornamental, but they were serviceable, and those who, at morning or at eventide, leant over their wooden railings to watch the river's flow, were as human, as poetic, as sentimental, as the loiterers on the arches of Venice, or on the parapets that span the Tiber.

There were several taverns in this town; but the chief one was Josephs' Hotel, a large frame building, erected somewhat after the model of a Grecian temple, but really fashioned according to the ancient style of hotel architecture in the United States of America. Josephs' (in the plural number to show that it was not a Jewish institution), was on the south side of the river, and several streets removed from that classic stream. As transient visitors, it contained many drummers or bagmen of high degree; as boarders, bank-clerks, whose name in Canada it has been said is synonymous with that of duke in England; but its permanent celebrities were Josephs himself, his barkeeper, Hogan Brady, and his boots or porter. The latter gentleman's name was Clovis. He was not the king of the Franks, nor

of anybody else, not even of himself. The Salian house of Childeric knew nothing of him. His surname, sad to relate, was Martin, and his features, like his family name, were plebeian. He was neither short nor exceptionally tall, but he was well-formed and fairly stout, and carried himself in an aggressive military way that was French, not Anglo-Saxon. It mediated between British primness and American slouch. The attractive feature about Clovis was his head. He had been trepanned, and wore, somewhere within his tangled locks, a silver plate that the youth of Anneville regarded as a legacy of fabulous wealth for his heirs. Clovis had been a soldier, a *trompette* in a French cavalry regiment, and it was the sabre of a Russian hussar that had made the silver plate indispensable to his well-being. But before that Russian cavalier had got in his blow, the trumpeter had picked up a British officer, and, though wounded, carried him off to a place of safety. The British government is not always grateful, but it was so to Clovis. It could give him neither a medal nor a pension; therefore it presented him with a hundred acres of Canadian bush-land and a free passage to the home of his adoption. Thus the *ci-devant* cavalry trumpeter became a citizen of Canada West.

Trumpeter Martin, on his arrival, went to look at his colonial estate. He found it all overgrown with trees, very large trees, and very thickly planted. There was no room about their roots to grow even potatoes, and the vines of sunny France could not ripen their fruit beneath such shade as their branches cast. A sabre he could wield, but not an axe; so he sold

his fine estate for fifty dollars, and drank the proceeds at Anneville within three weeks, being helped thereto by many well meaning frequenters of Mr. Brady's bar. The gallant dash of the thing went to Hogan's heart, so that, when the last irregular old-fashioned American dimes, Mexican York-shillings, and bank tokens in copper, went into the bar till, he recommended the princely trumpeter to Mr. Josephs as a fit and proper person to become the drudge of the hotel. Mr. Josephs, having satisfied himself that the silver plate was still on the head of Clovis, a decoration that might bring *éclat* to the establishment, engaged him for the liberal sum of ten dollars a month and his keep. Thus Clovis Martin became the factotum of Josephs' Hotel, and filled the position with mingled zeal and dignity.

Apart from the crack in his skull, there was that in the porter which brought custom to the hotel. He was civil and obliging to all who were worthy to be thus treated, and many a quarter, in consequence, found its way into his right trouser pocket. At the railway station, where the 'bus daily set him down, he removed his cap when addressing passengers, male and female, and extolling the merits of Josephs. People liked to go to a house which greeted them from the first with politeness, through its official representative. He received baggage checks as if they were a *douceur*, and allowed the prospective guest to sit like a lord, while he worried the articles bearing the corresponding numbers out of the hands of the surly baggage-master. If people of mature years, or ladies, were on the 'bus, he would, during its progress townwards, favor them with discreet remarks on local topics of interest. If, on the other hand, his party consisted of young men, he would stand on the tail-board, balancing himself with his legs only, a result of much hard riding, and, with as many fingers of both hands thrust into his mouth as its

large capacity could entertain, would whistle, in loud, clear tones, more ear-piercing than the notes of any fife, all sorts of trumpet calls, and martial French tunes of other days. Then, those who had heard him before would turn towards new visitors to Anneville with a radiant look that said more eloquently than words, "Is he not a prodigy and a man for any hotel to be proud of?"

It is true that when business was slack, and when the ex-soldier felt as if he were off duty, he exchanged some of his many quarters with Mr. Brady for brandy, of the quality of which he was an excellent judge. When he had stowed away his quantum, he would sally forth to the candy-shop round the corner, and expend exactly the same amount in the most gaudy-looking sweets. It was well-known in Anneville when Clovis was "high." As if he were summoning a sleeping cavalry regiment from its billets, he would march through the streets with careless dragoon stride, whistling "Boots and Saddles." Then the children from all quarters came flocking to him. For a while, he kept them marching in expectancy, two and two, behind his imaginary band of music playing *Le Jeune Soldat*. Then, in stentorian tones of command, he would halt and face his company; and, gravely passing down their lines, present his juvenile soldiers with their brilliant and luscious rewards of merit, purchased at the candy shop, with the air of a Napoleon conferring the cross of the Legion of Honor. Had the children been asked to give their votes for the most popular man in town, perhaps in all Canada West, they would have been unanimous for Clovis. His great Merovingian namesake was not more loyally enthroned in the hearts of the Franks than he in the affections of the youth of Anneville.

One summer day, when trade was duller than usual, because business people were travelling elsewhere for their holidays, but when Clovis did

not, on that account, consider himself off duty, Mr. Josephs' rubicund visage, surmounting a snowy shirt front set in a white waistcoat with gilt buttons, appeared at the door of the hotel, just as the 'bus was about to start for the railway. "Martin!" he said, and the trumpeter came to attention.

"Willoughby's sister's orphan boy is coming by the train. He was here to meet the child, Willoughby was, but sudden business called him away. See if you can find the boy. I think Willoughby said his name was Johnny."

"Oll er-right, sare; I berring 'in oll er-right, you see."

At the station Clovis stood anxiously awaiting the train's arrival, but with dignity. He was no hotel tout-er, but a protector looking for his charge. Before the train slowed up, he walked along the platform, gazing through the windows in search of a child called Johnny. From the back of the last car but one, the conductor handed down a little fellow in mourning which made his fair curly hair seem lighter than it really was.

"Anybody here for Johnny Clive?" he bawled out; and Martin came forward to claim him.

"You Mistare Villoy sistare boy, hein?" he asked; but the little fellow was only five years old, and very tired and sleepy beside. So the conductor answered for him, "You've about hit it this time, Martang, and here's the check for his box," as he handed over that article. Clovis took Johnny in his arms, carried him to the 'bus, and set him in a corner seat where he could rest. Then he went back and got a pathetic little valise, with which he soon returned. There were no other passengers for the hotel, so Clovis called "All aboard!" to the driver, and sat down beside the child called Johnny.

The jolting of the 'bus woke the orphan up. He rubbed his eyes, looked timidly at the ex-trumpeter, and then seemed disposed to cry. His protect-

or saw this, and, putting his head down on a level with that of his charge, sought to dissuade him, saying tenderly, "No veeps, Johnny, leetle boy!" The child straightened himself and answered, "That's not my name; I'm Jack Clive."

"Oll er-right!" answered Clovis, delighted; "I'll colla you Djack. Like to eara me veesal, Djack?" The boy said he would, so Clovis mercifully withdrew to the tail-board, and started La Parisienne. Nothing but a steam whistle could make such a volume of sound as did the mouth and fingers of the *trompette*. The child gazed at him spellbound. Perhaps Mr. Martin thought Jack could not appreciate French tunes, for after rolling out a double chorus of "En avant, marchons!" he poked his head in through the doorway, and asked apologetically, "You know God sev a Quin?" Jack nodded assent, and the strains of the national anthem echoed through the streets of Anneville. With this musical accompaniment, the little traveller reached Josephs and the white-waistcoated landlord beaming at the door.

"Leetle boy inside, sare, oll er-right. Not Johnny; Djack's 'is name, and Clovis sem like me," eagerly said the porter. He would have carried his charge in after this speech, but Jack jumped off the seat and toddled down the aisle of the 'bus and off on to the sidewalk. Then he walked up to the great Josephs and asked, "Where's my uncle Sam?" Mr. Josephs explained, as he led the child to his buxom wife and told her to give him some tea. Jack didn't want any tea, he said; he wanted to go home at once to Uncle Sam and Auntie and the cousins. Nor would he accept of any excuse or refusal.

Mrs. Josephs informed her spouse of the fact, and he conferred with Hogan Brady. Willoughby's was seven miles out, he said, and up hill most of the way, and Mr. Josephs had no vehicle he could spare. There was old Black-

nose, the spare horse, doing nothing, but the child couldn't ride the horse. Hogan said that Clovis was sober; "best try him." The difficulty was explained to the dragoon, who at once answered characteristically, "Oll er-right; I go on 'orse, on Nosblack, leetle valise behime, leetle boy forwards," and vanished to the stable. In a few minutes he re-appeared in the saddle, and, handing a strap to Mr. Brady, requested that worthy to fasten the valise at his back round his waist. This done, Mr. Josephs handed up Jack, in no way concerned about this novel method of transportation, in his anxiety to be with his relatives. "Good-bye, Johnny!" said Mr. and Mrs. Josephs and Hogan, as Clovis prepared to start: but the child vouchsafed no reply. "Say at 'im Djack, Madame," suggested Mr. Martin. All repeated the salutation, replacing Johnny with Jack, and in his pretty little voice, the boy answered "Good-bye!" Then Clovis saluted, and rode away toward the rising ground, the proudest man in all Anneville. He was as exalted with his charge as if he had been *porte-drapeau* carrying the eagles of his regiment to victory. Hugging the little fellow to himself with his free right hand, he looked down at him and said, "You lofa me, Clovis, datta me, Djack?" And Jack, resting his curly head on the rider's arm, replied, "Yes, Clovy, I like you now."

Whether Clovis had ever had an *affaire de coeur* no one in Anneville knew but himself. He had one now, for he loved that boy with a love great and strong as the love of woman. With reverence he listened to his childish prattle, the prattle of a city baby in country scenes, as they slowly mounted the hills, letting poor old Blacknose take his time about it. Nevertheless, the seven miles were covered all too soon. Jack was handed down into Mrs. Willoughby's arms, and the portmanteau unwrapped and given into the keeping of a big boy

cousin. But, before the child would leave his new friend, he flung his little arms round his neck and kissed him fair upon those wonderful lips which no moustache adorned and which could out-whistle all the fifes in Canada West. Mrs. Willoughby was shocked, and wiped the child's mouth with her pocket handkerchief before she saluted it, the mouth which had kissed a common hotel porter. Clovis, perhaps, did not see this; if he did, he did not care. To him, Mrs. Willoughby was a lady, and to ladies he was always respectful: but she was nothing more; little curly-haired Jack was his love, the better part of himself. He rode home in ecstasy, saying now and again to his own worse side, "*Non, Clovis, pas d'eau de vie a soir.*"

Mr. Martin lived on the memory of little Jack all through the rest of the summer. Mr. Willoughby had come home, and, passing through Anneville, had kindly thanked the protector of his sister's orphan child, and had enriched his right trouser pocket. Then the fall came, and found Clovis still as sober as a judge. Now and again he would take his glass of cognac, but he never exceeded, and the Anneville children missed their parade and treat. But, one day in early fall, the Willoughbys drove into town to make purchases, and have Baby Clive's picture taken. The purchases were made and the photograph executed before noon, and then the party came to Josephs for dinner. The father of the Willoughbys was not with them; it was the eldest cousin who acted as charioteer. When dinner was over, little Jack Clive set out to look for Clovy, and found him in the bar-room, with no suspicion of liquor on his breath. What a meeting that was! How they kissed and hugged! and Clovis took Jack on his knee, and whistled and told stories in his broken English, and listened to Jack's confidences. The porter went without his dinner for the sake of that fair-haired child. He was showing him the silver

plate on his cracked skull, when Mrs. Willoughby, in great dudgeon, entered the offensive apartment, snatched Jack out of his protector's arm, and actually slapped the boy with blows that did not hurt her nephew much, but that cut into the heart of the *trompette* like a knife. He could have killed that woman, if she had not been a woman: but he rose up and moved over to the bar. Hogan Brady was human, and saw that Martin was suffering. In response to the porter's York-shilling, he handed him an opened bottle of his best cognac. Clovis was honest and poured out an equitable quantity, but soon he came back for more, and by evening he was barely fit to act as runner for Josephs.

His sense of justice led him to ask internally how much he had spent in brandy, but the calculating part of his brain was in a whirl and could not answer correctly. It said "milliard" and "milliasse," and he knew these were wrong figures. Accordingly, he enquired of Hogan Brady: "Ow moch cogniac, me Clovis drenek?" Mr. Brady reflected, and then replied, "Ten drinks of the best, that's six and-three." Clovis took a handful of silver out of his pocket, and told the bar-keeper to count out six-and-three. Five quarters being separated from the pile by the honest Hogan, the rest was swept into the porter's trouser pocket. The five quarters Clovis took up with his left hand, and with them swaggered round to the candy shop. The mistress of that shop was as honest as the bar-tender, and gave the muddled porter full value for his money. A boy who had gone to the repository of sweets to spend a penny bank-token, seeing Clovis high, pocketed his penny, and went out to give his fellows the joyful news. The youth of Anneville was doomed to disappointment. With a larger package than usual under his arm, Mr. Martin passed through the town without note of whistle, and ran up the hill, country-wards, in the sem-

blance of a cavalry trot. His legs were stiff when he got to the top, but it was getting towards dusk, and Jack probably went to bed early, so he kept on trotting, humming Malbrouk all the way to himself in heart. The seven miles were done, Willoughby's gate was reached, and in vision Clovis saw Jack coming to greet him, when the silver plate took fire, the brain beneath it spun round, and the *extrumpeter* faded out of life.

When Mr. Martin came to himself, it was to a self of pain, for the silver plate was still on fire. But his blue eyes opened on broad daylight, and on the sight of a fair, curly head resting on his pillow, and two moving red lips that softly called "Clovy!" By the bedside stood a doctor from Anneville, whose face he knew, and behind him was Mrs. Willoughby, looking repentant and sad. On a table near by lay one big candy package, alongside of a glass and a medicine bottle. "O Djack, mine leetle boy," hoarsely breathed the once clear voiced *trompette*, "all dem candies is forra you; vot I tek you 'ave." Jack slid off the bed, and soon gladdened the porter's heart by assuming proprietorship of the package, and forcing some of the contents upon his aunt and the doctor. The latter said, "You've had a narrow escape, Martin. The liquor and the run were too much for a man with your head. You must never tax your brain that way again. However, you're pulling through well, and, if things keep on as they are going, I'll take you home when I come to see you to-morrow morning."

"Tanks verray moch, Sare docteur," whispered the patient, who then turned to Mrs. Willoughby with a poor attempt at a deprecating smile, and said, "I demand pardon, Madame, forra unconvenience you."

"Don't speak of it, Martin," answered the sympathetic lady, "I'm very sorry to see you so ill, and to think I was the cause of it."

"Ah, Madame," he replied, this time with a real smile, "dat vot you spick so kind, and leetle Djack make me so 'appy, I veesh not to leef any more."

The doctor departed, and Mrs. Willoughby herself put the ice-cold cloths on the sufferer's head, until the fire went out of the silver plate, and, gently whispering "Maman," he sank again into unconsciousness.

Jack had been all over the house dispensing his treasures with a liberal hand. In answer to his enquiries after Clovy, his aunt told him that he was asleep, and must not be disturbed. But in the afternoon his friend awoke feeling almost well, and the child, wilful in his way, could not be kept out of the sick-room. Jack wanted Clovy to whistle, but he could not, for his lips and throat were parched, and, had he been able, he would not have presumed to raise his shrill notes in the privacy of the household that had befriended him. So the child, feeling that something must be done to vary the monotony of bed and candy, taught his soldier friend a little hymn, and made him repeat it over and over again, until he was sure that the ex-trumpeter had learned it by heart. It was:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee."

Mrs. Willoughby looked in from time to time to see that all was going well with her patient, and, as she beheld the friendless man and the baby orphan changing the places of teacher and learner, her mother's heart filled her eyes with tears and invoked a blessing on their simple, happy souls.

The doctor took Mr. Martin away in the morning, after he had exhausted his English vocabulary in expressions of gratitude, and restored him to his place in Josephs. One of the trompette's first acts after convalescence was to purchase a stock of candies, bearing no relation to any quantity of

cognac, and, in perfect sobriety, to summon the town children by military whistle to partake of them. His personal visits to Mr. Brady's bar were very few, so that a bottle of the best, for which Clovis was almost the only customer, lasted a long time. Guests came and went, and quarters swelled the porter's right hand pocket. These he transferred to a large chamois leather bag made by himself, and across which he had embroidered, with hairs taken from his own head, the simple words "Pour Jack." When that young gentleman came into town no restrictions were ever placed upon his intimacy with Clovy. Astride upon the porter's broad shoulders, he galloped and curvetted through the streets, always bringing up at the candy shop, after which the steed marched more sedately, and made the air melodious with his inimitable whistling.

The fall passed, stripping the leaves from the trees in its course, and then the winter came, covering the ground with snow. Between the absence of foliage and the clearness of the atmosphere one can see a long way from Anneville in winter. One night, or rather, very early one morning, the porter was awakened by hearing, as he thought, a voice calling "Clovy!" He started up, opened his door, then came back and looked out of his window, but saw no one. Ha! what was that gleam in the sky far away up the hill? Half-dressed, he saddled Black-nose, and rode as fast as he could urge his steed, hatless, shoeless, and stockingless, towards the Willoughby farm. He was right; the fire was there. He had seen the reflection of the blazing stables, but now the house was in flames. Mr. Willoughby, his hired men, his older children, and his neighbors were handing buckets along, in a vain attempt to check the ravages of the fire. Dismounting and tying his horse to a tree, Clovis went up to where Mrs. Willoughby and the

younger children were, looking in vain for his one earthly love. "Vare ees Djack?" he asked in an agony; and the child's aunt, suddenly awaking out of her stupor, cried "Oh, save him; he is in his cot upstairs." Into the burning house dashed Clovis, and up through the thick smoke, denser far than that of battle, on the smouldering stair. Hot ashes fell upon his bare head from the blazing roof, and the silver plate gave him exquisite torture; but he found the room, the cot, the boy. Taking him up, with the bedclothes all about him, he bore the child back on the steps of his perilous way. As he cleared the doorway, the end of a falling beam struck his head, and consciousness left him so far as the events of the night were concerned.

When Mrs. Willoughby and the children ran to meet him, he did not see them, but passed on like a man in a dream. They thought he had been drinking, and wanted to rescue the child from his hands, but he staggered past and on to his horse, and galloped away from their sight, hugging the boy to his breast with his free right hand. "Djack" he said, and the little curly head wriggled up out of the bedclothes. "Is that you Clovy?" asked the child. "You lofa Clovis, datta me,

Djack?" the suffering rider asked, and, to his joy, the baby answered "Better than anybody else, except Gentle Jesus, you know." Perhaps he thought he was in the sick room again; at any rate, the words brought up the little English prayer he had offered up on his knees every night since Jack had taught it him. Over and over again he repeated it, and listened while the child said it too.

Morning was almost dawning when Blacknose clattered into Anneville, and Hogan Brady, aroused by the report of fire, came forward to learn the particulars from the porter. He saw that the rider's eyes were glazing, his nether jaw down, his left hand limp on the reins. With difficulty he extricated the child from the rigid right arm, and, as he did so, the body of the ex-trumpeter swayed and fell to the frozen earth. Handing the boy to Mr. Josephs, who had come upon the scene, Hogan raised the prostrate figure to a sitting posture, and half carried, half dragged it inside the hotel. There was no need to call in medical aid. "I want my Clovy," whimpered the child, and the bar-tender, brushing his eyes with his sleeve, made answer, "Jack will never see him again in this bad world; Clovis has gone home."



A WESTERN TYPE.

The Prospector.

BY B. R. ATKINS.

THE great West is, generally speaking, a country of magnificent mountains, prolific prairies, flourishing forests and rushing rivers, making, as a whole, a panoramic picture of sublimest scenery. These great physical factors in the progress of the West, a progress which has been made at the double, are responsible for producing certain classes or conditions of life, peculiar to them alone, and not to be met with in the more settled districts of the East, or in the mother country. And, as life is contact with environment, so the lives of these western types, moulded by their surroundings, possess all the grandeur and wildness of the mountains, with the greatness of the prairies, and are to the student of human nature, therefore, exceedingly interesting.

Of all men in the West, there are none who have done more to develop its resources and promote its settlement than the prospector. He is, at once, the bravest, hardiest, and most commanding type of western life; and in his final results to civilization, though entirely ignorant of them, the leader of them all. Through his heroic and daring efforts, places which were considered "immense, unsearchable, unknown," have become habitable and profitable for settlers and merchants. The geography of the country has been made known by him, and names for mountains, lakes, rivers, and cities, too, have been given to the world in quick and untiring succession.

This prospector pioneer is personally a most peculiar type of man. He shares, with the sailor, a most complete contempt for money, but, unlike

the jolly mariner, is ever talking of rich finds and fanciful fortunes. He strikes into the impenetrable mountains with all the ardor of youth, anxious to discover something which will enable him to spend his latter days in peace. Yet peace, as we know it, is to him a stranger, for he avoids the abodes of men (except when on an occasional spree), finding pleasure only in the wild, wandering life through mountain fastnesses. Here he delights to be, digging with feverish haste, like the man with the muck rake, for the hidden treasure; while, all the time within his reach is the golden crown of ease and comfort. He is generally a man of wide and varied experience, of deep convictions on things religious and national, and an almost world-wide traveller. He loves Nature's solitude, and, like all her votaries, is gentle and modest. His whole character being improvident, reckless and restless, is more like the sailor's than perhaps any other, but it is illuminated and dignified by a practical philosophy and poetic taste, accompanied by reserved and grave demeanor, not generally regarded as a quality possessed by the happy-go-lucky, swaggering, voluble Jack-Tar. As a type, then, of a class of men who have done most to discover the latent wealth and possibilities of the West, a description of his habits and mode of life will prove of interest.

To begin with, a distinction must be made between the prospector for mineral in veins or ledges, and the placer miner, or prospector who searches for gold, only in gravel and river beds. The difference between the two

is so great, in mode and method, that they require separate articles, although sharing in common general results and characteristics. Either prospector, however, must not be confounded with the miner, who works for wages, and from whom he differs as much as does the flight of an eagle from that of a barn-door fowl. Of the two, prospector and placer miner, the prospector for mineral in ledges, being, perhaps, the most numerous, certainly the most interesting, will worthily furnish a first type of western life.

A "belt" or section of mineral country being thought to exist in a certain district, the prospector (or searcher), awaiting the disappearance of snow from the higher ranges, begins his preparations for a tour of the country. As all, or nearly all, his journey has to be made on foot, and everything required carried on the back, as little as possible, for sake of weight, and as much as is necessary, for fear of falling short, have to be nicely gauged. Allowance for game, always a welcome addition to his bill of fare, being duly considered, the prospector ties up his pack, and its weight is heavy, and its contents various. His camp 'outfit' generally consists of:

1 pair of blankets.....	8 lbs.
1 tent.....	7 "
1 axe and pick.....	5 "
Cooking utensils.....	3 "
1 rifle with ammunition....	11 "
Flour.....	10 "
Bacon.....	4 "
Beans.....	5 "
Rice and oatmeal.....	10 "
Sugar.....	4 "
Tea and coffee.....	2 "
Sundries(as tobacco, matches, etc.).....	1 "
Total.....	70 "

And with this on his back he is good for a period of at least three weeks, through a country which would make any one less hardy, shudder.

As is generally the case (in British

Columbia at least), he starts out, up some inland lake, or rapid river, in a cranky flat-bottomed boat of his own manufacture; and many is the poor fellow who has perished at the very outset of his trip, a victim to the treacherous waters of the lake, the hidden snags in the river, or the unworthiness of his boat. Our prospector, however, reaches the mouth of some small creek, which leads to his objective point, and there he establishes a head-quarters camp, where he caches some "grub" for his return journey, hauls up his boat, and goes forward with pack on back and rifle in hand in quest of his treasure trove.

Two routes at once offer themselves—through the valley of the creek, or up the face of the mountain. The "old-time" or veteran prospector makes no hesitation. For, though most mountain streams opening on to lakes, have canons of from three to five miles at their mouths, they become so narrow and inaccessible, and the brush and timber so thick, that travel is almost impossible. So, up the mountain side, to between snow and timber lines, where he can see around him and travel easier, he goes. But even here, difficulties almost insuperable have still to be encountered, and steep cliffs and glaciers met which require circuits of several miles to get around. Here, however, he is in his element, having reached an altitude

"Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been."

Here he can at times, revel in game, and prospect as he goes.

After a week or more of weary mountain climbing, during which the slender stock of provisions has sadly diminished and no mineral rock been discovered, he, at last, reaches, almost worn out perhaps, the long looked-for promised country which he has thought will bear prospecting. Perhaps it turns out good; more likely it does not, and weary and sad he looks at the spectre-like pines, the moun-

tains forbiddingly looming up on all sides, and cliffs and broken ridges everywhere. It is a trying moment. The rock around shows no indication of mineral, and half of the "grub" is gone. What will he do? A moment's reflection, and, with the courage of despair, he determines to cross the next summit, for beyond there may be something there to reward the effort. What if there is not?

Up again, over loose rock and sometimes glaciers, with their virgin ices, the poor prospector journeys, wearily, warily, climbing and sliding until the other side is reached and camp is once more made in "timber." Or, it may be that, when he reached the summit, he only breathed freely a moment before he encountered another glacier on the other side, and on its freezing surface had to sleep as best he could. Camp where he will, however, unless, indeed, timber cannot be had, his little humble meal is always the same (except when relieved by game)—a pot of porridge, a bannock, or flour or water bread, a dish of beans, a slice of bacon, and a cup of tea. The three B's,—bacon, beans and bannock—always form the chief part of every meal, and on these the prospector places great reliance and chiefly subsists. Should the weather be wet, the tent is set up; when fine, however, the tired traveller curls up in his blankets under the blue sky with a crackling cedar log fire at his feet.

The prospector, of this article, however, has reached timber on the other or far side of the last summit, and, as he descends, the mountains assume a different shade, and his experienced eye detects the presence of mineral indications. Pleased with himself, he soon gets wood for fire, and goes to rest, feeling confident that in the morning he will discover the something he has been seeking. Up with the dawn, he breakfasts, and sallies forth with his inseparable companion,—his "Sesame" to the hidden treasures of the mountains,—his prospect-

ing pick—in his hand. All his old love for the life returns with increased vigor. The glow of health and the new-born sun reddens his cheek, while the tributes of nature's bounty and beauty lie all around him. These, with the glorious independence he enjoys, make him exclaim that he would not change his lot for that of a king's, as he casts his eye around the pine-clad scene, monarch of all he surveys, for a favorable spot to begin upon.

A red-colored stain attracting his attention, he makes for it, knowing it to be caused by water running down the rock, and, therefore, the stain means mineral. Going to the foot of the cliff, where loose rock has fallen down, he looks keenly for likely looking pieces, breaking and turning loose stones, carefully examining everything he breaks, for he feels sure he is on mineral ground. Finally, on breaking open a piece of stained quartz, he finds it shining inside with rich galena, peacock copper, or the less attractive looking gold. This piece of rock has fallen from a main body or "ledge," somewhere: it indicates the nature of the mineral around, and is called by the prospector, "float." Knowing that the piece of rock he holds in his hand has come down the mountain side, the 'ledge' must, of course, be above him. He begins anew to carefully prospect (or search) around, being particular to notice that similar rock is about him. He climbs upwards, and finds more of the same quality, which proves there is a ledge or quantity of mineral somewhere "in place" above or near him. Toiling and moiling, now up, now down, all day he follows the pieces of "float." Sometimes, for long intervals, no float will be found, and the prospector thinks the ledge below him covered up with loose rocks and *débris*. So, down he goes again, perhaps, but all his most persistent efforts fail to discover the long-sought ledge. Now he travels to the right, then he swings to the left, and here he finds the rock more prominent and "in place,"

although off from the loose rock slide he commenced upon.

Two or three days of this hide and seek having passed, he, at last, with almost vanished "grub pile," discovers his prize. Eureka! He has found it. There it is, a wall of slate above, a wall of lime below, and, right on the contact of the two, is the ledge of mineral-bearing quartz; or, in some cases—notably so in the famous Kaslo-Slocan country—clear, bright, galena, four feet wide, with every indication of depth and richness.

Next morning, after dreaming dreams of illimitable wealth, in which he fancied his "claim" as rich as the Silver King—a prospect "claim," stumbled upon by accident, and sold or stocked in England in 1893, for \$1,250,000—our proud prospector traces his "ledge" for several hundred feet, and finds it cropping out in several places, providing room for several claims or locations. As he is allowed (British Columbia laws are here spoken of) fifteen hundred feet square, he covers that distance on the "ledge" in length, and suits the breadth of his "claim" to the dip of the "ledge," in order to secure the greatest depth obtainable. He then sets up a stake marked "discovery post," where he found his mineral "in place" (or position), and two other stakes, numbered one and two, at the ends of the claim but in line with the discovery post. On these two posts, the proper notices of location, with name of locator, are written, and all that is required is done.

Easy in his mind now, the prospector proceeds to take in the general topography of the country, finding good "float" and "ledges" here and there, and every indication of a splendid mining camp. With light load and lighter heart, he retraces his steps to his headquarters camp, guiding himself by water courses and other natural signs, and carrying with him, we may be sure, some average samples from the lately found "ledge." Here he finds

—perhaps he does not, as very often happens, Bruin having been there before him—his remaining provisions and his boat, and immediately proceeds to the nearest town, where friends and others are glad to welcome him.

The samples having been quietly taken to the assayer, who, in a certificate, pronounces them to be extremely rich, the "claim" is recorded, and the knowledge of the "find" becomes public property. As soon, however, as the assayer's certificate has been given, the lucky owner calls all his intimate friends, and acquaints them with the result and location of the country. They, at once, hasten to the spot, making, of course, much better time than our pioneer, the country being now partly known. And soon under the magic influence of powder and pick, the grand old rocks—until now a part of the immense solitude around, except when they found tongues to echo back the thunder peals—are showing bare, enormous quantities of the treasures of the mountains, wrested from them by the nervous arm and indomitable will of the hardy prospector pioneer.

Soon, the news of the richness of the "finds" gets abroad, and many and numerous are the men who brave the same hardships of water, torrent, and mountain-side, to reach the new Eldorado. The verdict of the many goes forth to corroborate that of the few, and the plucky prospectors see gathering around them other hardy adventurers following the more regular pursuits of commerce. Stores and houses spring up here and there; trails and roads are cut; while horses and waggons are busily engaged in hauling food and other necessaries to the newly made camp.

Steamboats soon are built to carry away the ores, only soon to be superseded by the all-powerful locomotive and railway line. Capitalists come, and they buy up the locations of our pioneer and his fellows, who have been sowing the wind in the meantime for almost nothing. The money vanishes

quickly, and the sound of their picks is heard in the place no more. Their day has set in the place of their own creation, now a city, bearing, perhaps, the name of its first founder, perhaps not, but inscribed upon the maps of the country, a lasting tribute to the pluck of the prospector, who has gone to some remoter scene

"To climb the trackless mountain all unseen With the wild flock that never needs a fold." Such is the life and work of the prospector, and hundreds of mining camps and cities in the West proclaim its truth.

It would be hard indeed to mention a more notable example of the important results, to Canada at least, following a successful prospecting trip, than the wonderful discoveries made in the Kootenay district of British Columbia in the fall of 1891 by a band of hardy prospectors. Then, it was simply surmise as to whether or not valuable minerals existed in the Kaslo-Slocan section of that district. Now, it is famous, all the world over, as the richest silver-lead country on the continent. Then, men doubted the tales told of this

"World of wonders, where Creation seems No more the work of Nature, but her dreams."

Now, the premier of the Province is made to say:—"There is something in Kootenay that will yet astound the world. It is a magnificent district, and there is untold wealth." What nobler testimony to the hardihood and courage of the first discoverers? What more deserving monument to their memory?

But all prospectors are not successful, and many are the hundreds of brave fellows who have perished by snow-slide and storm, by flood and fire, from accident and starvation, and nothing but their bleached bones, not even these sometimes, are left to mark the place of their demise. Many are the stories which could be narrated of the hardships they endure; let the following, taken from the pages of a local paper, suffice:

"Early in the summer a party of four left Nakusp to prospect in the mountains west of the Arrow lakes. The party consisted of Billy Lynch, H. W. Bucke, B. H. Lee, and Dave Bremner. At the Hot Springs they crossed the Arrow Lake and struck into a country apparently new to the world. They found the topography very rough, crossing the snow lands and glaciers twice, going in a zig-zag course, west and south. In the early part of the trip several deer and a goat were killed. Bremner also shot a grizzly weighing 400 lbs. While the fresh meat lasted they had plenty to eat, but game growing scarce, Bremner and Bucke went back for provisions. When they returned, Lynch and Lee were nearly starved, having eaten nearly everything in sight. Lynch and Bucke then went back for more supplies, intending to get back in 12 days, but it took them a month. No game or anything eatable could be found, and pretty soon Lee and Bremner had nothing left but salt, having lived for several days on a little flour and hot water. Their partners not returning when expected, they started to retrace their steps to Arrow Lake, Lee being terribly used up. Finding a deer hide they had thrown away on the in trip they soon cut it up and made soup out of it. Bremner's dog had strayed away or else they would have eaten him. Getting a little nearer the lake, they found some bones of the bear killed some weeks previously. These were gathered up, boiled and all the nutriment extracted. Lee became so exhausted that he could not carry his rifle, and Bremner had to pack everything. He was endeavoring to get Lee to a point where he had noticed some nettles, thinking that by boiling them Lee could sustain life until he made an effort to procure assistance. When near the nettles they found Lynch and Bucke returning with provisions. It is needless to say how much they appreciated the first square meal for weeks. Lee was terribly exhausted, and it was with great difficulty that he got to the Hot Springs, where he now is, swollen from head to foot and not able to walk."

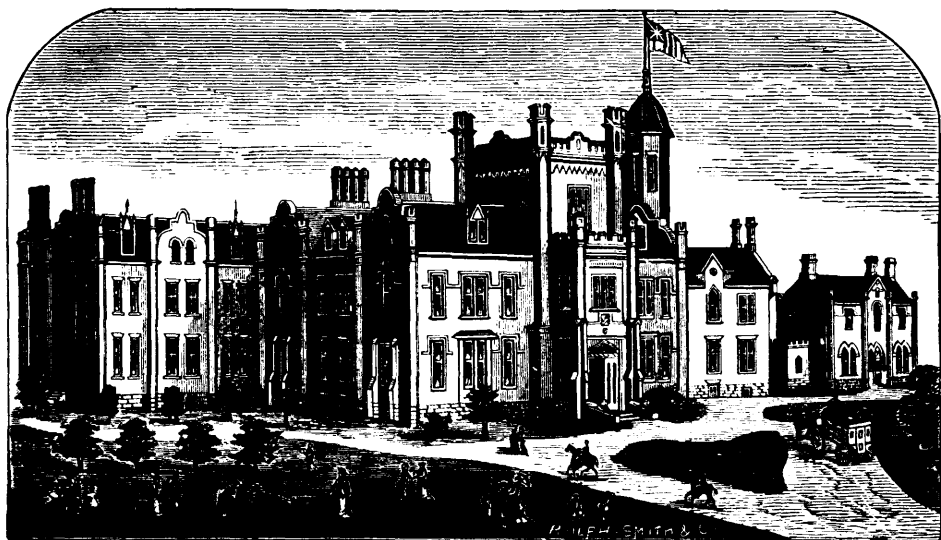
It will now be seen that prospecting has its ups and downs as well as other callings, and it is true of it, as of all life, that only a small proportion of those engaged achieve success. If, however, a success is not made by an ordinary mortal in one line of business, he invariably tries another. The prospector never. No matter how many the reverses, he keeps at it, probing and breaking the rocky faces of the silent mountains, ever expecting, yet, perhaps, never succeeding, some day to

strike it rich. It must, then, have some peculiar charm which takes so many away to it from peaceful homes. It has!

First, there is its sublime freedom from restraint,—a charm that never fails. Then there is the exciting uncertainty of the gambling table, with all its expectancy of turning up a for-

tune daily obtainable. These are charms sufficient to lure almost anyone to the life, but especially must it entice such a blind believer in luck, such an inveterate gambler, as the prospector. He will stake his all—yes, his life often—upon the hazard. Who will say he does not deserve to win?





THE MAIN BUILDING.

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE, WHITBY.

BY REV. JOHN F. GERMAN.

THE second half of the eighteenth century had dawned, before girls upon this continent enjoyed opportunities of education, worth naming. Public sentiment practically said, though John is a dunce, and Jane is a genius, yet, because John is a boy, he must be educated, to fit him to become a useful member of society; but Jane being a girl, requires only a very superficial training, such as her dependent position demands.

In 1789, the public schools of Boston were opened to girls, who were given one half-year's instruction in reading, spelling and composition.

In 1825, a high school for girls was established in Boston. After a trial of one year and a half, it was discontinued—as a useless institution.

At length woman awoke to a sense of the injustice done her, and knocked persistently for admission to the higher schools of learning. In 1833, Oberlin College led the way, and permitted young women to join young men

in pursuit of the same course of study. Gradually, old prejudices disappeared, and increased privileges were given to women, until during the last twenty-five years, institutions specially adapted to her higher education have been established. In our own Dominion, one of the most thoroughly equipped, and efficient institutions of this character is *Ontario Ladies' College*.

THE BUILDING.

Thirty years ago, the late Sheriff Reynolds erected on a spacious and commanding site, in the town of Whitby, a magnificent, palatial residence of the Elizabethan style of architecture. Its massive, white-brick walls, turreted towers, broad portals, spacious halls, with their variety of recesses, arches and niches; magnificent drawing-rooms, with their rich decorations; broad stairways of carved oak, modelled after the old aristocratic seats of England; chaste and gorgeous stained-glass windows; all combined

to make it exceedingly fitting that this magnificent structure should be called *Trafalgar Castle*.

The friends of the higher education of women were exceedingly fortunate in securing such a suitable and well-situated property for their commendable undertaking.

BEGINNING OF THE WORK.

In 1874 Ontario Ladies' College was formally opened by His Excellency the Earl of Dufferin, then Governor-General of Canada.

The Rev. J. J. Hare, Ph.D., was appointed Principal, and has shown himself to be most efficient and progres-

Miss Adams, as Lady Principal. Her thorough culture, aptness to teach, unostentatious dignity, and sterling character, made her a potent factor in moulding the intellectual and moral characters of the pupils.

For the past four years, Mrs. Hare, wife of the Principal, has filled this important position, with great efficiency and acceptability. Her genial, self-sacrificing spirit gives her a great hold upon the pupils, which she does not fail to use in promoting their best interests. Her lectures upon social conduct and habits are very helpful to the students, while her Christian character, and practical interest in Christian work, broaden the view, and inspire the zeal of all with whom she comes in contact. Mrs. Hare is a very capable advocate of social and moral questions upon the public platform, and is making herself an increasing power for good, in connection with the work of the college.

All the members of the staff are specialists in their respective departments, and by their combined efforts are accomplishing most satisfactory results.

The following are the members of the staff :

- Rev. J. J. Hare, Ph.D., Geology, Psychology, Botany, etc.
- Prof. W. J. Greenwood, B.A., Classics and Logic.
- Miss Burkholder, B. A., English Literature and Mathematics.
- Prof. G. H. Hogarth, B.A., 1st year's Mathematics.
- Miss Kenny, B.A., German, French, Anglo-Saxon and Spanish.
- Miss Stanton, (1st Class Professional), French and English.
- Miss Staples, (2nd Year University), Junior English.
- Miss Copeland, (Graduate Per. Am. Cin. Coll.), Book-keeping and Phonography.
- Miss Lick, O. M., Elocution and Physical Culture.
- Prof. J. W. F. Harrison, Piano and Pipe Organ
- Mrs. Bradley, Vocal Music.
- Miss Dallas, B.M., Harmony and Violin.



TRAFALGAR CASTLE.

sive in this responsible position. It has ever been his aim to keep himself abreast of the times, in intellectual culture, and in the adoption of the most approved methods and appliances in educational work. He has been repeatedly called to lecture upon scientific and social subjects at the great summer resorts and centres of intellectual culture, and enjoys the fullest confidence of the Board of Directors, because of the faithful and efficient discharge of his duties.

LADY PRINCIPAL.

For about ten years this Institution was favored in having the services of

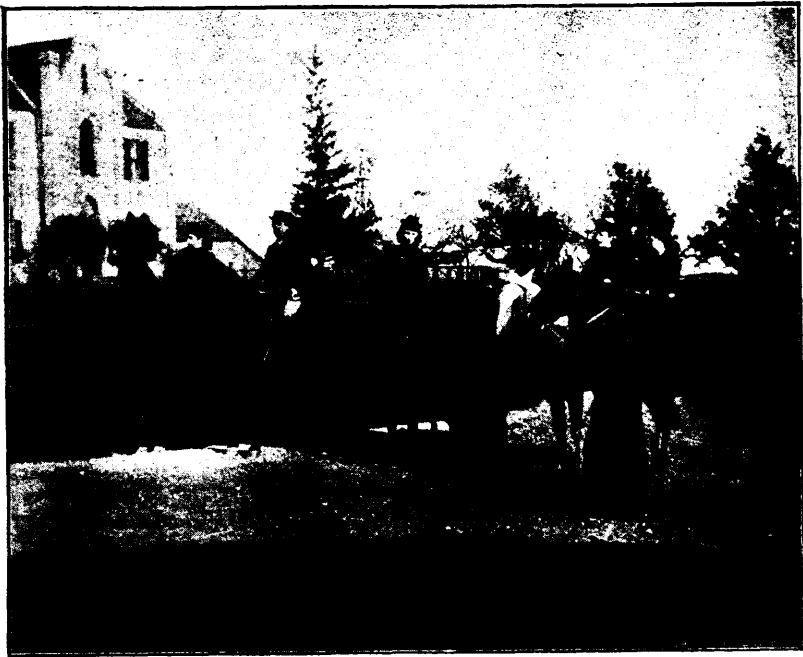
Miss Wilson, M. L. A., Piano.
 Miss Taylor, Piano.
 Miss McKee, Vocal Music.
 Prof. L. R. O'Brien, R. C. A., Painting and
 Out-door Sketching.
 Miss Windeatt, A. R. C. A., Drawing and
 Painting.
 Miss Peterson, Assistant in Drawing.
 Miss Kolshorn, Art Needlework.
 Capt. Henderson, Horseback Riding.

ENLARGEMENT.

Shortly after the opening of the college, additional accommodation was required, and a new wing, called Ry-

comprehensive plan of enlargement be undertaken at once. After careful consideration, the Board submitted to the shareholders, who ratified it, the scheme of erecting, to the south of the main building, a wing 100 feet by 60 feet, and three stories high.

This addition would provide a new dining hall, a concert hall with pipe organ, a new science hall, and a large number of first-class rooms for resident pupils. This enlargement will cost about \$50,000. Already \$38,-



RIDING CLASS.

erson Hall, was erected. Afterwards a detached residence for the Principal was furnished, thereby giving several additional rooms for pupils.

For several years past, so numerous have been the requests for admission, from young ladies from all parts of the Dominion, and from the United States, that the Board of Directors, led by the Principal, felt that the interests of the college and of the higher education of women demanded that a

000 have been subscribed. The local members of the Board, and many citizens of Whitby, have shown commendable liberality in sustaining this undertaking. Many gentlemen, in Toronto and other places, have manifested a practical interest in this movement. Special mention may properly be made of Hart A. Massey, Esq., whose generosity is so well known. He has promised to give \$10,000 towards the enterprise when

\$40,000 are subscribed. In consideration of this very liberal contribution, it is proposed to call the new building "The Lilian Massey

COURSE OF STUDY.
Provision is made for carrying the students through to the non-professional third, second and first-class

teacher's certificate; also for university matriculation, and the regular course in Toronto University through the first and second years—with honors in Modern Languages. This course has been successfully taken by several students, some of whom have proceeded to the degree of B.A., in the Provincial University, after two years' attendance.

This course, embracing 3rd, 2nd, and 1st class teachers' certificates, and the first two years of Toronto University, has been most creditably taken in Ontario Ladies' College, where no previous high school training had been enjoyed.

The same high grade and efficiency characterizes the instructions given in music, fine art, elocution, and the

commercial branches.

The course of instruction on piano, violin, pipe organ, and in harmony and voice culture, is precisely the same as that given in the Toronto Conser-



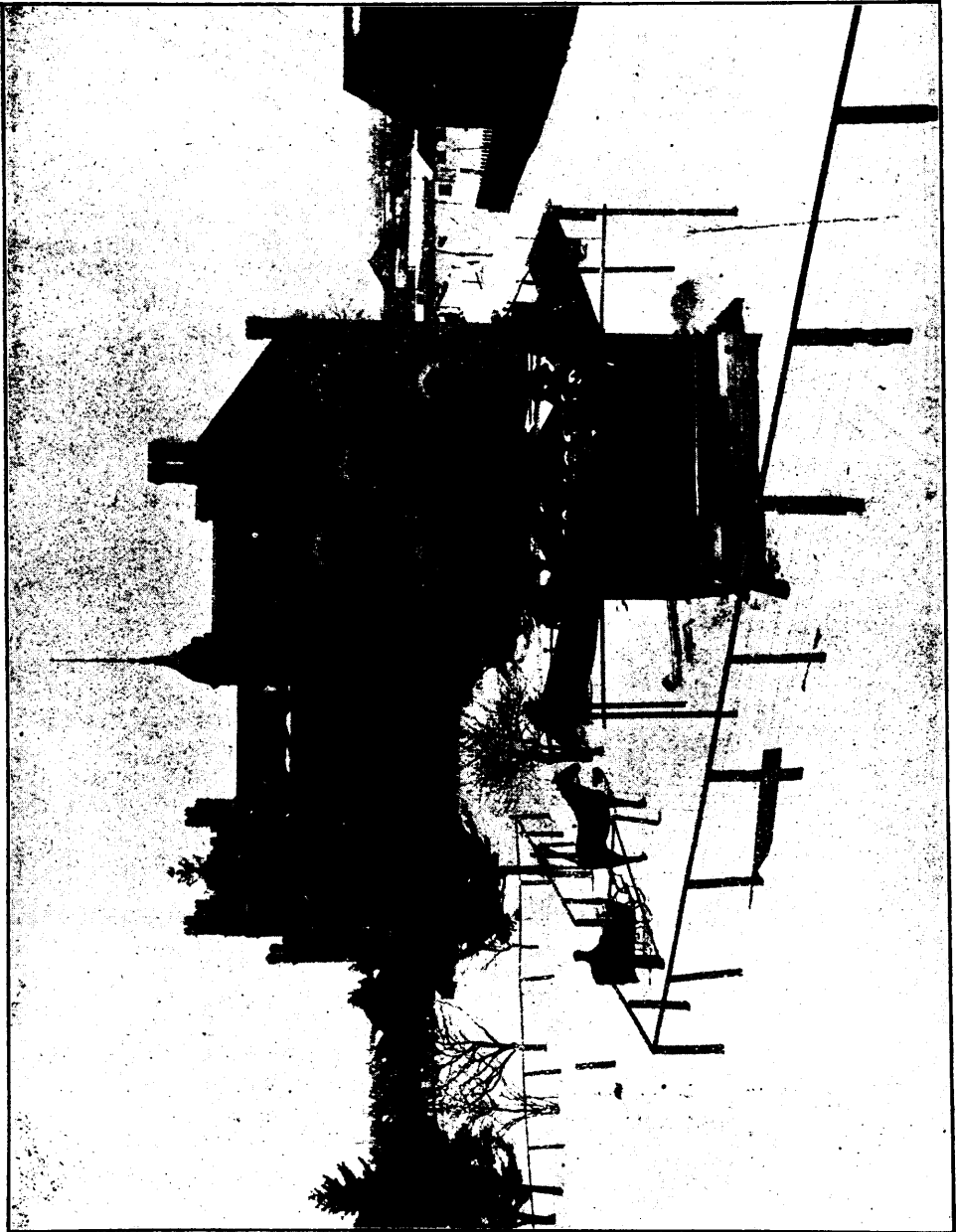
TOBGGANING AT THE ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE.

Hall," in memory of the donor's daughter.

It is expected the corner stone of the new hall will be laid at the commencement exercises next June.

vatory, or College of Music. The commercial course is on a par with that of the best business colleges, instruction

the staff of instructors, to make the training given first-class in every department.



COLLEGE OBSERVATORY.

being given in Phonography, Type-Writing and Telegraphy. It is the aim of the Board, and the ambition of

PHYSICAL HEALTH.

Great care is taken to maintain and promote the physical health of the

pupils. The location and surroundings of the college are conducive to this. A distinguished specialist from Boston is employed to teach and put into practice the most approved methods of physical culture. A thoroughly equipped gymnasium is in daily use, under the guidance of a competent instructor.

At suitable times provision is made for lawn tennis, croquet, basket ball, tobogganing, horseback riding, etc.

SOCIETIES.

The following societies are connected with the college:

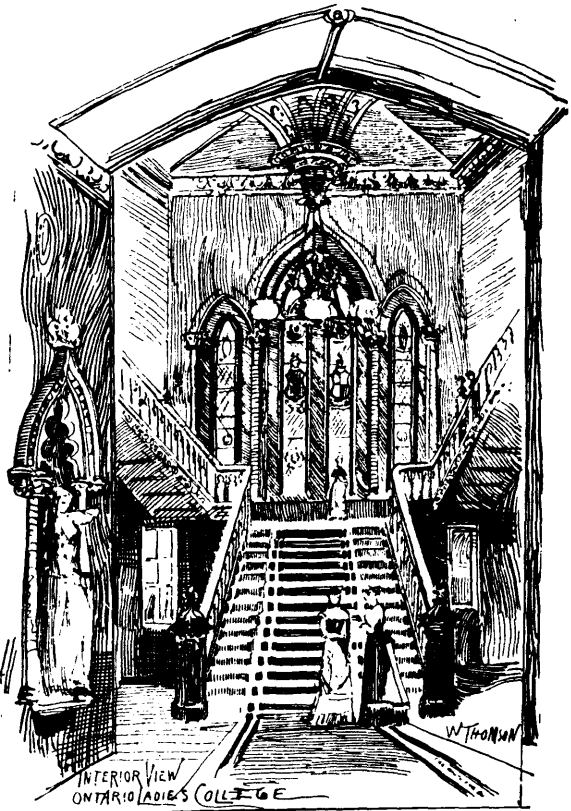
1. The Victorian Society, having for its object the stimulating of its members to the production of original literary and musical compositions. It has also in hand the collecting of a Victorian Library.
2. The Literary and Musical Society, which aims at improvement in composition, literary criticism, elocution and music. Meetings are held weekly, and frequent public entertainments are given in the college chapel.
3. The Missionary Society, which seeks to foster and develop the missionary spirit.
4. The Alumnae Society, which aims to hold the graduates in close relationship to their *alma mater*.
5. The Christian Endeavor Society, which has for its special object the promotion of the practical religious life of the students.

In the college there is a reading-room well furnished with current literature, and also a library containing many of the standard authors and books of reference. The Literary Society publishes monthly a bright, interesting paper called *The Sunbeam*.

LOCATION.

Ontario Ladies' College enjoys all the advantages for study of a quiet

town, while its close proximity to Toronto brings within reach the professional talent for its staff, lecture courses, concerts, etc., which a large city affords. To Toronto is given the chief voice in the management of this institution. George A. Cox, Esq., is president of the Board, and Rev. Dr. Dewart, first vice-president. Amongst the Toronto directors are found Mayor Kennedy, Hon. Chas. Drury, Messrs. R. C. Hamilton, R. J. Score, W. D.



INTERIOR VIEW
ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE

STAIRWAY.

Matthews, and Rev. Drs. Potts, Galbraith and Shaw; L. T. Barclay, Esq., second vice-president; Mr. H. B. Taylor, M.A., secretary-treasurer; and Messrs. Smith, Wilcox, Rice, Powell and others, resident in Whitby, have from the beginning, shown commendable zeal in promoting the interests of the college.

The supreme aim of the instruction imparted in Ontario Ladies' College, and of the influences brought to bear upon the pupils in the home life of the institution, is not the production of mere accomplishments, but the development of character, and the fitting of the young ladies for the practical duties of life. But, recognizing it to be true that ease and gracefulness of manner are not divorced from intellectual culture and moral worth, the aim is to weld, into perpetual

union, beauty and strength, so that in society, and in the church, "our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace." Ontario Ladies' College seeks to combine thorough and advanced intellectual culture, a strict oversight of physical and moral health, and the confidence, freedom and order of a well-regulated Christian home. Before this institution there is undoubtedly a bright future and a greatly enlarged sphere of usefulness.



REV. J. J. HARE, Ph. D.,

Principal of Ontario Ladies' College.



GUDVANGEN, ON THE SOGNEFJORD.

GLIMPSES OF NORWAY.

BY FRANK YEIGH.

It so happened that almost the first Norwegian we met was peasant, farmer, fisherman, mountaineer, stolkjærre driver and reindeer owner, combined. The meeting took place at Veblungsnaes, the end of the great Moldefjord, and the beginning of the famous Romsdal, or valley of the Rauma. The introduction consisted of the holding up of two fingers by the party of the first part, and the responsive salute of the stalwart, light-haired and round-faced Scandinavian standing by his pony and cart, as the crowd of tourists were landed on the little wharf, from the ship's boats.

It was Peder's broad smile that proved the magnet from among a long line of drivers eager to share in the

profits of the journey up the valley, and, as we surmised, it only presaged other attractive qualities.

Was there ever a jollier ride, Peder? Did the sun ever shine quite so cheerfully? or the birds and the waterfalls, and the rapids, sing more musically? Did the snow and ice up skyward ever glisten so pure and white? Did the valley wind ever blow down from Telemarken, and through the Gudbrandal funnel of rock, more softly? and did your sure-footed and saucy little nag ever make better time? If the fish merchant down by the fjord will translate this article for you, you will recall how, though we were half-way down the line when the procession of ponies started, the little gray

"Thor" left them all behind, by the time the top of the first hill was reached. Casting a look back, we saw the rest of the party climbing the ascent more slowly. Then came the miles of level, by the left bank of the salmon-stocked Rauma, winding as it made its way through the bed of the vale, and rounding the granite projections that wedged the river into a fretting narrowness. "Gray days and gold," wrote William Winter

guttural sounds. Peder, however, made the best possible use of his limited foreign vocabulary :

"I-am-ver'-happy-give-you-thes," as he picked us a cluster of mountain ash berries, or choke-cherries, and we were "ver'-happy" to "swap" them for some of the cloud berries we had bought from a little tow-headed peasant standing by the roadside. After a pause, Peder observed, "You Eenglish?" "No; American." The reply



A NORWEGIAN FJORD.

of a summer in England. Our day in Peder's vale was gold of gold, with silver in the falls, blue in the sky, white on the mountains, and gray only in the fieldspar of the monster Trolltinderne, towering five thousand feet above our puny selves.

Peder's English equalled our Norsk, and neither equipment would warrant an appointment as professor of languages in the Christiania University, but gesture and smile proved more eloquent than tortured syllables and

mystified him for a time, as we were the only members of the party from this side of the Atlantic, until he suddenly exclaimed :

"Ah! Amer-aak! you from Amer-aak?" So startling was the news, that for a time he let his 400 kroner pony drive himself. "Amer-aak long! long! long!" and he swung his arms wide apart, as an indication of the great distance of the mysterious world beyond the fjords. "Big farm there, little farm here—ver' big, eh?" Would

he ever go there? The question caused a shade to pass over the cheerful face, "No, no, I-poor-man, ver' poor. Too far-far-far" and another slower arm sweep again measured the immeasurable.

But a jerk of the rope lines, and a peculiar whistle, awakened our Dobbin

journey from the mountains to the sea: on the left, the waterfalls poured their silvery volumes from lofty heights, and over bold rocks. South and north the great hills walled in the valley—walls of primeval granite, five and six thousand feet high. Ever visible, and ever growing larger as we



THE SEVEN SISTERS' WATERFALL.

to a renewed sense of his duty, and again we were speeding over the smoothest and hardest of roads, at a rate that caused the two-wheeled stolkjaerre to vibrate like a jaunting car. On the right, the river was hurrying to cover the last stage of its

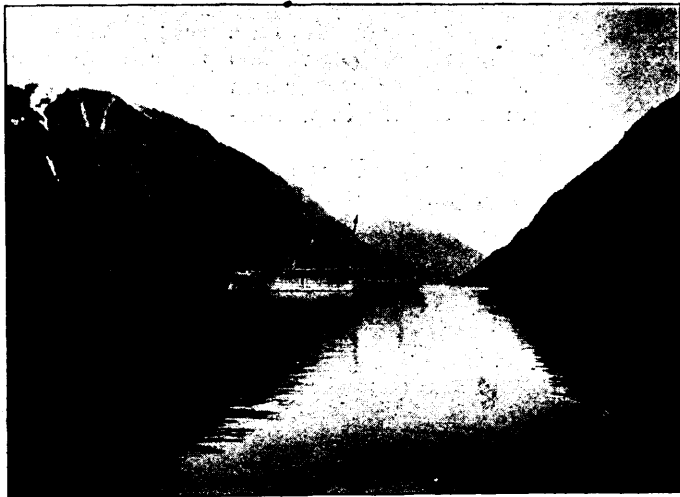
neared it, the monster peak of the Romsdalthorn—with its clenched fist and upstretched thumb—stood out from the mountain ranks in all its black bulk, a giant among giants, nearly choking the already narrowing gorge, as its feet touched those of its

companion across the way—the gray-walled and rock-pinnacled Trolltinderne.

These two monarchs of the Romsdal, dominating the landscape and overshadowing all their fellow-peaks in the great ranges, are totally unlike in color and shape. The Romsdalahorn is clad in a deep black, the Trolltinderne in a light gray. The one lifts a single pyramid toward the sky; the

bears on its summits hundreds of other spires, domes and pinnacles of rock. The sides of one slope, though slightly; the walls of the other rise almost perpendicularly from the river's bank.

Both have been the abode of the gods of the Norse from the days of Odin; the space between summits has been spanned and passed by Balder, the white god, and by hundreds of others whose roadway is in the air;



A NORWEGIAN FJORD.

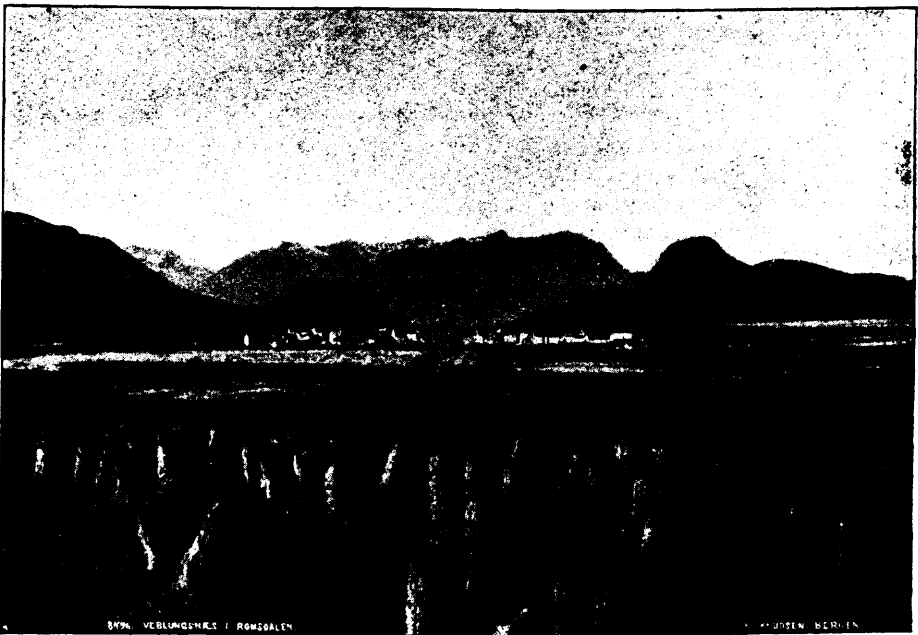
the thunder that echoes from peak to peak, is the voice of Thor; the lightning is hurled forth by a mighty hand; the frost and snow are gods, and the whole region of sky-piercing peaks is the haunt and home of a world of colossal deities.

"We--drive--reindeer--when--snow--come," said Peder, slowly and laboriously. "Climb Trolltinderne too," he added, pointing to the far-off crest wrapped in its snow mantle ever since the first flakes fell on its serrated ridges. Through a field-glass we could see the long-antlered reindeer draw their low, long sleds over the ice and snow crust; but Peder lives in the valley during the summer, caring for the little farm when not driving tourists, or doing a little dairying at the saeter on the tops of the lower range of mountains.



A GEACIAL CAVE.

A sharp turn on the road revealed a temporary widening of the valley, making room for a few farms and farmhouses. Peder rolled a loud and long r-r-r-r, and the pony stopped in front of a gate with a suddenness that nearly threw us on his haunches. This was Peder's home where "my ole fadder live, eighty-tree old"—a typical old Norwegian farmhouse, mostly built of logs, and resting on four pyramids of flat stones at each corner, and with a roof covered with earth on which a Mrs. Peder, surrounded by her "quiver of arrows," each one a duplicate in miniature of father or mother, and just as old-fashioned, was busily engaged in the kitchen, stirring a huge pot of blueberry jam. The samples on the lips of the children were conclusive proof as to the jam. The rude kitchen was floored with rough stone slabs, broken-edged and uneven in surface. From the wooden-raftered ceiling, blackened by the smoke that failed to escape through the hole in the



A FARM SCENE IN THE ROMSDAL.

thick bed of moss and several small shrubs were growing. "You-come-in?" Indeed, we would. The hospitality of a Norwegian peasant is worth going to Norway to experience—so honest, frank and real is it.

Another pile of rough stones formed the entrance steps which led into a small porch, on either side of which were the two rooms that constituted the home of the poor peasant—a kitchen, and a dining, living and sleeping room combined.

F

roof, much like the vent in a tepee, hung smoked reindeer and bear hams. The "stove" was nothing more than another stone slab, heated by a fire of twigs underneath. Everything was essentially primitive—the hand-made kitchen utensils, the wooden potato masher (which the Archbishop's son picked up for two kroner for his old curiosity shop), and the old sideboard, shelving and clock. Piled high in a corner were the big thin sheets of fladbrod, or flat-bread, made of barley



THE CITY OF BERGEN.

and rye, much resembling an elephant's ear in size, and which forms the staple article of food of the peasants.

The living room, while severely plain and absolutely unadorned, revealed a cleanliness as marked as the simplicity of its furniture. A bed occupied one corner, the posts (each of which held a candle) just peering above the home-spun coverlet. On the wall, a venerable clock, its pendulum and weights exposed, ticked off the monotonous hours, leaving barely room for a rudely carved side-board and a spinning-wheel. The one table was little more than a carpenter's bench, in the capacious drawers of which were stored sheets of bread, and, in lieu of chairs, a plain deal bench held the diners. Overhead, a small loft, reached by a ladder, led to the children's bunks. A nail in a window panel held the ever-present almanac, and the Lutheran prayer-book, and on a wall bracket a pair of old silver candlesticks strongly tempted our antiquarian hunter. Thus we

were cheerfully shown all the poorly circumscribed home contained. Upon leaving we shook hands all around, according to the invariable Norwegian custom. A coin placed in the hand of the oldest boy won not only a double shake, but a shrill cry from a mite of humanity clinging to its mother's skirts. Unpardonable oversight, we had forgotten the baby! Fortunately, an "ore" was left, which silenced the cry, dried the tears, and brought us, in full payment, the heartiest of the littlest of hand-shakes. The last glimpse we had of Peder's parlor was the four-year-old little Viking climbing the ladder and depositing the coin in a savings-bank stocking, suspended from a rafter.

Peder further invited us to his barn; all the numerous members of his family also accepted the invitation. Huge stones prevented the roof from being lifted off when the wind goes careening down the narrow valley at a Tam-o-shanter pace. In one of the mows, the crop of hay had just been brought

from its hurdles in the field; in another corner, a pile of leaves and tree branches were stowed away as winter food for the reindeer and sheep. A fanning-mill, evidently the very first one ever built—was sound asleep from non-use. Under the barn were the stalls for the pony and the cattle, and two reindeer sledges were lashed to the ceiling to await next winter's snow on the floor of the valley.

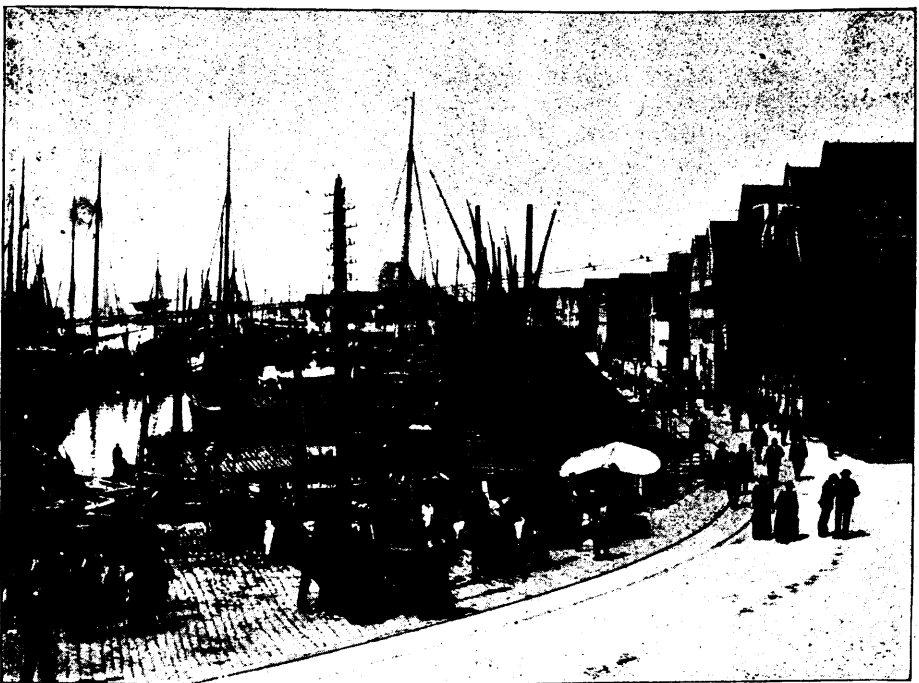
The farmyards and valley meadows were the home of long-tailed sheep, undersized cows, and sturdy little ponies, with the inevitable dog, wearing, in some cases, a pronounced goat-like head, but minus a tail—two effects that gave his dogship a most ludicrous appearance. During the summer months, most of the stock is pastured on the lower mountain tops,—below the snow line, of course.

Looking up from the valley, one can see the saeters, or farm dairies, many hundred feet above. It is asserted that when the stock is driven in the

spring to their high altitude pastures, the cows or horses left behind show unmistakable signs of homesickness for their mates, and fret and pine away in consequence.

The reindeer herds are also kept at the saeter pastures. The saeter is in charge of a bevy of farm assistants, including a few dairymaids to assist in the milking and the butter and cheese-making. To convey these products to the valley headquarters, the novel method is adopted of a wire railway—a single wire or rope being strung taut from the mountain to the farm far below, down which the milk is lowered in cans, or the butter and cheese in kegs, while the surplus hay is sent flying in bundles. Driving along the Romsdal or any of the cultivated valleys, these wire ladders line the road, reaching one, two, or three thousand feet high.

It is a pity these gold-letter days of life cannot be extended for a few hours, evening up on the gray days,



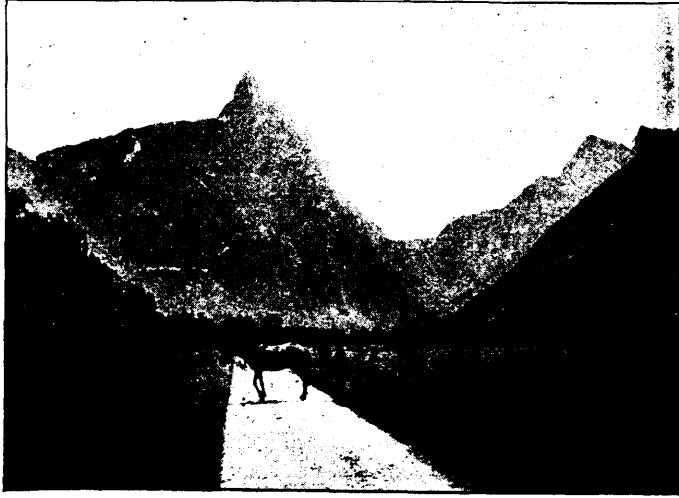
A SCENE IN BERGEN.

but this Romsdal day began to close in as its yesterday had, and Thor's head was turned homeward. There lay the picturesque little village—the old warehouses lining the water—the pier, the ships' boats, and our steamer, with smoking funnels, ready to receive its peripatetic crew again. Then came the good-bye time.

"You—come—more—nex'—year? You—ride—with—me? You—tell—more—people—my—name—Peder Unherstan?"

We understood, and hereby carry out our promise. Creditors permitting, we will return when another day of gold dawns, and when we do, consider yourself, your cart and your pony engaged.

As we sailed down the Romsdal fjord that August evening, a tumble of fleecy clouds from the west, sunset-colored, encircled the peaks and filled



THE PEAK OF THE ROMSDALHORN.

up the branching fjords even full. One glance behind, and a black squall swept over the scene, blotting out Veblungnaes and the Romsdalhorn from view until we visit Norway again.

A night's sailing carried us from Molde to Trondhjem—the ancient capital of Norway, where the kings are still required to be crowned in the queer old cathedral. Stretching for miles behind Trondhjem, the valley of the Nid is equal in rural beauty and

pastoral picturesqueness to the prettiest part of Southern England. As a contrast to Peder's little farm and homely home in his secluded valley, hemmed in by some of the highest mountains in Central Norway, we visited a more aristocratic farm near Trondhjem. Our driver on this occasion utterly failed to grasp an idea of what we wanted, but, opportunely



HAY MAKING ON HURDLES.

spying a gentleman in a field by the roadside, said, "He Englishman!" He proved to be an English member of parliament, and he recommended us to the Bekker farm, near by. Here, again, a genuine Norwegian hospitality awaited us, though we were perfect strangers. The proprietor was a gen-

The spacious frame farm house was built on a ridge of land from which a magnificent view was had of the city, the adjoining fjord, the fortified island of Monkholm, and of the encircling mountains. In the immediate foreground stretched a charming landscape of well-cultivated farms, tree-lined



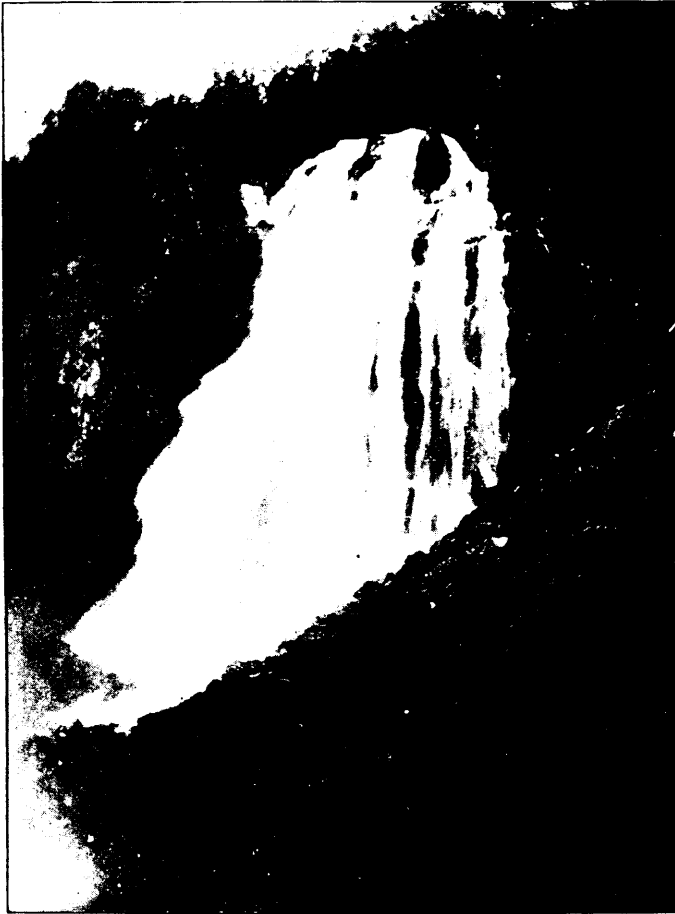
A NORWEGIAN CHURCH OF THE 12TH CENTURY.

tleman of education and culture, and occupies an important position as a government civil engineer. The management of the farm was apparently largely left to his wife—a typical Norwegian lady of goodly proportions, with a face as wholesome as it was strong and cheerful.

roads, and white painted farm houses. The Bekker house was thoroughly homelike in its furnishings and arrangements, the chief rooms opening into each other, and the dining or spacious living room facing a large flower garden, and taking in a view of the country for miles around.

Flowers were abundant, not only outside but in the home, indeed, the Norwegians must be a flower-loving people judging by the way their windows are filled with them. Molde was full of color in this way. A wing of the house, forming an L, served a double purpose, the basement being used as a dairy, and the upper story as the

The cows and horses are well stabled and cared for during the long and severe winter, the basement of the barn being utilized for stalls. The names of the horses are placed over their cribs, such as "Ajax," "Roen," "Thor," "Jak," and "Frei." The farm servants were busily engaged in hauling in the barley harvest. In the field



WATERFALL IN THE SERODAL.

quarters for the farm help. Some half score men and as many women are employed all the year. One hundred and fifty acres is the area of land cultivated. Butter and cheese-making formed an important feature of their farm life, a herd of forty cows being pastured.

it was cured by impaling a dozen sheaves on an upright pole and pole and sheaves were hauled in together. The hay is strung on fence-like hurdles where it quickly cures in a few days. In the barn, an old-fashioned horse power was attached to the roof and run on wooden cogs, but modern

methods have reached the valley of the Nid, and the old machinery is only a relic of more primitive days.

The farm hands indulge in six meals during the day, commencing with a light breakfast at 6 a.m., followed by a meal at 8.30; a dinner at 11 of meat and fish; another light meal at 4, and a supper at 7.30. Milk dishes form a large part of these various meals. The intervals of work aggregate about ten hours a day.

Everything about the Bekker farm showed thrift, prosperity, and business management; the circumscribed farms of the poor peasants, on the other hand, making a pathetic picture of a hard struggle to maintain life. With but a handful of acres, wrested from Nature, often between the base of a mountain and the deep waters of a fjord, it is little wonder that the Norwegian is also a fisherman to help eke out an existence, or that, with all his inherited courage, strength of character, and self-reliance, he should often give up the battle, and emigrate to our North-West, even though his heart still yearns for the land of the fjord, field and fossen.

One more glimpse of this old Viking land before the pen is laid aside. There is, unfortunately, a contrasting picture to the scenic beauties of Norway, and to the hardy and interesting peasants and their quaint homes and villages. It is also a land of lepers. There are four leper hospitals in the country under Government control. That at Molde—beautiful for situation—contains sixty inmates. Happily, the improved treatment and care of these unfortunates is gradually reducing the total number afflicted. In 1856, there were nearly three thousand lepers in the country; to-day, that number has been reduced to a thousand, of whom one-half are in the Government hospitals, and the other

half in their homes. The chief causes are the impoverishment and starvation suffered, especially by the fishermen along the northern coast, coupled with an exclusive fish diet. Cases of absolute starvation in the winter are not at all unknown among this class.

Passing first into the women's ward in the Molde Hospital, twelve or fifteen inmates were engaged in spinning by means of old-fashioned spinning-wheels. It was indeed pitiful to watch their attempts at holding the yarn with the stumps of the fingers. One woman, whose fingers were gone, has never experienced acute pain as a result, but when the vital organs are attacked, and the ears, eyes, nose, or mouth are affected, then, as may well be imagined, the suffering is intense, although Nature offsets it with a boon in a gradual dulling of the senses that seems to deaden pain; in fact, the most advanced cases seem to be in a semi-stupor, as if all the faculties had been dulled. One poor creature has been bed-ridden for twenty five years, and still lives, though hardly a feature was recognizable, and he had to be fed through a tube inserted in the wind-pipe. Others were too horrible to be seen, and are mercifully kept concealed or covered. The partially afflicted inmates wander about the grounds, and occasionally are taken for an excursion on the lovely fjord.

One of the female inmates had a specially attractive face, and was apparently in full health and vigor, but a glance at the fingers told the sad story that the dread disease had commenced its inroads. One is glad to hasten from such a scene of hopeless suffering, and, if possible, forget it in the wonderful panorama Nature unfolds to the visitor who is fortunate enough to be seeking "Glimpses of Norway."

THE MANITOBA SCHOOL QUESTION AND THE REMEDIAL ORDER.

BY EDWARD MEEK, BARRISTER.

A REMEDIAL order has been passed by the Dominion Cabinet—the popular name for the committee constitutionally styled “The Queen’s Privy Council for Canada,” and “the Governor-General in Council.” For brevity, we may call this committee the Dominion Government or simply the Council.

My purpose is to consider briefly the legislation and decisions affecting the Manitoba School controversy—the rights of religious classes and denominations to have separate, dissentient or denominational schools under our constitution, the principles which must govern the consideration of these questions, and the powers and duties of the Dominion Government in relation thereto.

So much has been written, that some may say, “We know all about it,” others, “Nothing new can be said.”

The prejudiced do not want their opinions disturbed. The interested fear to have their case weakened. The intolerant see only one side. Fanatics will not reason.

All great questions have many aspects; their discussion cannot be exhausted. We each see but a limited landscape. Our views are always from a definite standpoint. No one can observe a scene from every point of view. The same may be said of every great question. It presents different aspects from every standpoint.

The political constitution of a country is a great question. The education of a people is a great question. Religion is a great question. The Manitoba school question embraces all these, hence the Manitoba school question is a great question.

The majority of people have not

time to read books on all questions, not even on great questions. They want the pith and substance only. The facts and observations must therefore be compressed.

Here lies the difficulty of the writer. He must compress, and at the same time he must be clear and accurate. He must keep the mental condition of the average reader in mind, and, at the same time, he must omit all details that do not necessarily affect the result.

I shall not say much about education in general, nor about what constitutes education.

The legal and constitutional aspects of the Manitoba school question and of the remedial decision are my principal themes; and yet the duties of the state with regard to education, and the merits and demerits of religious education, will call for some incidental remarks.

First, as to the nature of our political constitution. Much is being said and written about Provincial Rights. Many seem not to know, or to forget, that in Canada, both provincial rights and Dominion rights are limited.

The Dominion of Canada has a written constitution, just as the United States has a written constitution. We have constitutional restrictions on provincial rights, just as they have constitutional restrictions on state rights.

The courts are the interpreters of our constitution and of each of its provisions, just as the courts are the interpreters of the Federal constitution and each of the state constitutions in the United States.

The validity of the Acts, both of the Dominion Parliament and of the

Provincial Legislatures, may be questioned and determined in any of our courts, just as the validity of the Acts of Congress and of the State Legislatures may be questioned and determined in the courts of the United States.

In both countries, the courts may decide an act to be *ultra vires* or unconstitutional. There is the power of disallowance, by the Dominion Government, of provincial legislation; a power which is not possessed by the Federal Government over state legislation; but, in both countries, the courts alone can determine the constitutionality of any legislation. In this respect, the courts are above the legislatures. In this respect, both countries differ from Great Britain. There Parliament is supreme, and the validity of its acts cannot be questioned in any court.

Hence, where any conflict or difficulty in constitutional interpretation arises under our constitution, the courts must decide. The Judicial Committee of the Imperial Privy Council is the final Court of Appeal for the whole British Empire on colonial questions.

I should also add that, as our constitution has been created by Acts of the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain, it can only be changed, amended or added to (except to the extent to which the power to change or amend its provisions has been conferred on the Dominion Parliament and provincial legislatures respectively) by Imperial legislation. These preliminary observations will help to elucidate what follows.

The Confederation Act of 1867 united the four provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and made provision for the subsequent admission of the other colonies and territories of British North America into the Canadian Confederation. It defined and limited the legislative and governing powers of the Dominion Parliament, and of the

provincial legislatures respectively, and Section 93 assigned to the provincial legislatures the *exclusive* power to make laws "in relation to education," but with this restriction, viz., that no provincial legislature shall pass any law prejudicially affecting any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools, *which any class of persons had by law at the Union.*

It seems clear that this is a limitation on the exclusive power conferred, and that any provincial law violating this restriction would be *ultra vires* and void.

But there is a further provision applicable only to "Protestant" and "Roman Catholic" *minorities*, in the provinces—and applicable only where any system of "separate" "or dissentient" schools existed by law at the union, or is thereafter established by the Legislature of the Province. This provision gives a right of appeal to the Governor-General in Council from any provincial act or decision affecting any right or privilege of such minority in relation to education.

It is quite clear from this that any valid provincial act affecting any right or privilege possessed by a Protestant or Roman Catholic minority, in any province, in relation to education, no matter when acquired, may be appealed against.

This clause is not a limitation on the powers conferred on provincial legislatures. Its object is solely to give a right of appeal from the Provincial authority to the Federal authority against provincial educational laws that are *intra vires* and valid, but which may affect the rights or privileges of the minority.

The Confederation Act, therefore, creates, firstly, a limitation on provincial rights, and secondly, gives a right of appeal against provincial acts—in relation to education.

Now, let us consider the Manitoba Act, and find out wherein it differs, if at all, from the Confederation Act.

For convenience, I will place in parallel columns the sections of the Manitoba Act and the corresponding sections of the British North America Act in relation to education :

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA
ACT, SEC. 93.

In and for each province the Legislature may exclusively make laws in relation to education, subject and according to the following provisions :—

(1). Nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons have by law in the province at the union.

(3). Where in any province a system of separate or dissentient schools exists by law at the union, or is thereafter established by the legislature of the province, an appeal shall lie to the Governor-General in Council from any act or decision of any provincial authority affecting any right or privilege of the Protestant or Roman Catholic minority of the Queen's subject's in relation to education.

(4). In case any such provincial law as from time to time seems to the Governor-General in Council requisite for the due execution of the provisions of this section is not made, or in case any decision of the Governor-General in Council on any appeal under this section is not duly executed by the proper provincial authority in that behalf, then and in every such case, and as far only as the circumstances of each case may require, the Parliament of Canada may make remedial laws for the due execution of the provisions of this section and of any decision of the Governor-General in Council under this section.

MANITOBA ACT. SEC. 22.

In and for the province the said legislature may exclusively make laws in relation to education, subject and according to the following provision :—

(1). Nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons have by law or practice in the province at the union.

(2). An appeal shall lie to the Governor-General in Council from any Act or decision of the legislature of the province, or of any provincial authority, affecting any right or privilege of the Protestant or Roman Catholic minority of the Queen's subjects in relation to education.

(3). In case any such provincial law as from time to time seems to the Governor-General in Council requisite for the due execution of the provisions of this section is not made or in case any decision of the Governor-General in Council on any appeal under this section is not duly executed by the proper provincial authority in that behalf, then and in every such case, and as far only as the circumstances of each case require, the Parliament of Canada may make remedial laws for the due execution of this section and of any decision of the Governor-General in Council under this section.

Hence, section 22 of the Manitoba Act was substituted for section 93 of the Confederation Act.

It will be observed that the limitation in relation to *denominational* schools, and the provision giving a right of appeal to the Governor-General in Council from Provincial legislation affecting any right or privilege of the Protestant or Roman Catholic minority, in relation to education, are embodied in section 22 in language almost identical with that used in Sec. 93 of the Confederation Act. The intention, in both acts, is no doubt, identical.

It will also be observed that the language used in Sec. 22 gives an appeal to the Governor-General in Council from *any* Provincial act or decision affecting *any* right or privilege of the Protestant or Roman Catholic minority, in relation to education.

All that I have said, therefore, with regard to the limitations and restrictions on Provincial legislative powers in relation to education, under the Confederation Act, applies to the Manitoba Legislature, under the Manitoba Act. Its powers are not exclusive or absolute, but strictly limited, and, in some respects, subordinate to the Dominion Parliament.

After the creation of the Province, the Provincial Legislature, by an act passed in 1871, called the Manitoba School Act, established a system of schools under the control of a Board of Education, one-half of whom were to be Protestants, and the other half Catholics; the two sections to meet separately; the Protestants to appoint a Protestant superintendent, the Catholics a Catholic superintendent; each board to select its own text books, relating to morals and religion. In the sections where the Protestants predominated, the schools were to be regarded as Protestant schools; and where the Catholics predominated, Catholic schools. Thus, a double system of public schools was, at the very beginning, created in the Province.

The political condition of the North-West Territories prior to the creation of the Province of Manitoba in 1870 need not be mentioned—all are sufficiently familiar with the subject.

The general provisions of the Confederation Act of 1867 were by the Manitoba Act made applicable to that province. But, as one of the provisions of Sec. 93 relates and refers particularly to the educational conditions existing in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec at the time of Confederation, the terms of that section were not appropriate to the new Province of Manitoba.

Acts amending this education law, in some respects, were passed in subsequent years; but it is not necessary to refer to them. The Manitoba School Act of 1881 repealed all prior acts, but it re-created and re-established the double system of Protestant and Roman Catholic schools, on the same general lines as the Act of 1871, only that it made the distinction between the Protestant and Roman Catholic schools more marked, by providing that each section of the Board of Education should select all books to be used in the schools under its control, and gave a right to the minority to establish a separate school in any section where the majority already possessed a school.

By virtue of this legislation, Protestant and Roman Catholic schools were created and built up in the province, and the right or privilege of Roman Catholics to have and maintain schools under the direction and control of their church, was not only permitted but legalized. This educational condition continued in the province from 1870 until 1890. The children of 1870 had grown to maturity under its operation, and many had themselves become parents of families.

In the meantime, by reason of the influx of immigration, the population had vastly increased. The great majority of the immigrants were Protestants. An agitation for the abolition of separate or denominational schools had been going on for some time. This agitation was given effect to by the passage by the Manitoba Legislature in 1890, of two acts relating to education. One of these created a Department of Education and an "Advisory Board." The Advisory Board was empowered to authorize text-books, and to prescribe the form of "religious exercises to be used in schools." The other act, termed "The Public Schools' Act," purported to establish a system of public education "entirely non-sectarian" no religious exercises being al-

lowed except those conducted according to the regulations prescribed by the Advisory Board.

The effect of these acts was to do away with all separate and denominational schools as legal establishments, and to create one public school system for the whole province, under the control of a Minister and Department of Education and of an Advisory Board. The Roman Catholic minority were deprived of the legal right of collecting taxes from their own people to support their separate schools, and were compelled to pay taxes in support of the public schools created by the act. Under these circumstances, it became necessary for the minority to consider what course they would adopt. Three courses were open to them.

1st. They could ask the Dominion Government to disallow the acts.

2nd. They could resist the operation of the acts, and thus test their validity in the courts, or,

3rd. They could appeal by petition to the Dominion Government (the Governor-General in Council), under the constitution of the province, for some remedial order.

It must have been apparent from the first that the Dominion Government would not disallow the acts in question, as their operation and effects were entirely local, and confined to the province, and did not interfere with or trench upon the rights or powers of the Federal Government.

If they were to adopt the 3rd course and appeal to the Dominion Government for a remedial order—what would the Dominion Government say? Naturally, they would say to the appellants, "the acts you are appealing against may be *ultra vires* and void; we are not a tribunal constituted to determine such questions—that is the province of the courts. If the courts hold that the acts are of no validity, you are not affected by them. They are only so much waste paper; the previous law is not re-

pealed, and you have no grievance. If, on the other hand, the courts hold the acts to be valid and constitutional, you can then come to us with your appeal, as provided in the Constitution of your province, and we will then hear your petition, and will make such remedial order as the facts and circumstances of the case and as our powers and duties under the Constitution may require us to make.

Governed by these considerations, the aggrieved minority determined to test the validity of the acts complained of in the courts. This could only be done by questioning their constitutionality, and resisting their operation on that ground.

The Public Schools Act of 1890 came into force on the 1st of May of that year. By virtue of its provisions, by-laws were made by the municipal corporation of the City of Winnipeg, under which a rate was to be levied upon Protestant and Roman Catholic ratepayers alike for public school purposes.

An application was thereupon made to the Court of Queen's Bench of Manitoba to quash these by-laws, on the ground that the Public Schools Act of 1890 was *ultra vires* of the Provincial Legislature, inasmuch as it prejudicially affected a right or privilege, with respect to denominational schools, which the Roman Catholics had by law or practice in the province at the union. The Court of Queen's Bench refused the application, being of opinion that the act in question was *intra vires* and, therefore, constitutional and valid. This decision was reversed by the Supreme Court of Canada, and an appeal was taken to the Judicial Committee of the Imperial Privy Council—the court of final resort on colonial questions for the whole British Empire—where the judgment of the Supreme Court of Canada was reversed, and the judgment of the Manitoba Court of Queen's Bench restored. Thus the validity of the Manitoba School Acts

of 1890 was finally established. The highest tribunal in the empire had declared them to be *intra vires* and valid. These acts were now indisputably part of the law of the province, and must be obeyed. The test case above referred to is *Barrett vs. The City of Winnipeg*, reported in Vol. 19 of the Canadian Supreme Court Reports, and in Vol. 1 of the Privy Council appeal cases for 1892.

The Roman Catholic minority had, therefore, most undeniably a grievance. The educational rights and privileges which they had legally acquired, and which had been exercised by them for nearly twenty years, had been taken away.

At great expense they had established these facts. One would naturally have supposed that nothing now stood in the way of their appealing to the Governor-General in Council. It was the only legal recourse left to them. Consequently they decided to appeal, and presented their petition to the Dominion Government praying for relief.

Sir John Thompson, the then premier, with the wisdom and solidity of judgment so characteristic of his consummate statesmanship, with the judicial thoroughness and political prudence which so admirably adapted him for the lofty and responsible office which he filled, knowing that the appeal would necessarily result in an interference by the Dominion Government with the legislation which had been deliberately adopted by the Manitoba Legislature, knowing too, that doubts were entertained and would be raised as to the right and power of the Dominion Government to interfere in the matter, and that prejudices and passions would be stirred up by fanatical, bigoted or unscrupulous agitators, if the appeal were entertained before all these doubtful and difficult questions had been fully discussed, carefully considered, and finally settled, determined to submit every question involved in

the controversy, affecting the *right* and *duty* of the Government to entertain the appeal in question, to the courts for determination. With this object in view, six questions, covering every possible doubt and difficulty which the most astute mind could suggest, were carefully prepared, and these questions, along with the complainants' petition, the material verifying it, and the statutes bearing upon the matter, were submitted to the Supreme Court of Canada for its consideration, the action of the Government to be governed by the decision. Mr. Ewart, Q.C., represented the petitioners and supported their right to appeal. Mr. Christopher Robinson, Q.C., opposed the petition, contending that by reason of the decision in *Barrett v. Winnipeg*, and under the circumstances of the case, no right of appeal to the Dominion Government existed; that the petitioners had no grievances, the Manitoba Legislature having a right to repeal the educational legislation which it had previously enacted; that every legislative enactment is subject to repeal by the same body which enacts it. This last was one of the principal points discussed by the respective counsel, and by Chief Justice Strong, in his judgment. The Chief Justice and Justices Gwynne and Taschereau, decided against the petitioners, and Justices Fournier and King, in their favor. From this decision of the Supreme Court of Canada, the case was taken to the Judicial Committee of the Imperial Privy Council. On the hearing of the case before that tribunal, the Hon. Edward Blake supported the petition in a most elaborate and masterly argument, occupying two days, assisted by Mr. Ewart. Mr. Cozens Hardy and Mr. Haldane, two of the most eminent members of the English Bar, opposed the appeal.

The arguments were concluded on the 13th December, 1894. Judgment was reserved.

On the 29th of January, 1895, the

Judicial Committee delivered a most carefully considered and exhaustive judgment, dealing with every conceivable point involved in the controversy, unanimously sustaining the contentions made on behalf of the Roman Catholic minority, establishing their right of appeal to the Dominion Government for such *remedial order* as would meet the grievances of which they complained, and indicating the duty of the Government in reference to such appeal.

All difficulties being now settled and every obstacle removed out of the way, fortified by this final decision of the tribunal of last resort, Mr. Ewart again presented the petition of the Roman Catholic minority to the Federal Government. Mr. D'Alton McCarthy was retained by the Manitoba Government to oppose the petition.

Before pursuing the narrative further, it will be necessary to pause and consider the last clause embodied in section 93 of the Confederation Act, and in section 22 of the Manitoba Act. The language of this clause is exactly the same in both sections.

It deals with the powers and duties both of the Dominion Government and of the Dominion Parliament, when such an appeal as this is presented.

The clause contemplates the arising of grievances from two different sources, the "Provincial Legislatures," being one of these sources, and some "Provincial authority," being the other source. Where the thing complained of is a Provincial law, it empowers the Governor-General in Council to direct or request the Provincial Legislature to pass a law remedying the grievance; and where the thing complained of is the act or decision of some "Provincial authority," it empowers the Governor-General in Council to direct or request that provincial authority to do something or to refrain from doing something, so as to remedy the grievance. In either case the action of the Dominion Government must take the form of a

remedial decision and request. I do not say that the Dominion Government is obliged to give a remedial decision, and to make a remedial order in every case presented. No doubt the government may refuse the appeal, and may decide against the appellants, just as any court may decide against appellants and refuse an appeal. But, just as it would be a monstrous thing for a court to refuse or dismiss an appeal where the appellant's case is clearly made out, so it would be an iniquitous thing for the government to refuse an appeal of this kind where the appellants have made out a clear case entitling them to relief. There is this distinction between the position and powers of the government, under this part of the constitution, and the powers of an ordinary court. A court can enforce its judgments; the Dominion Government cannot enforce its decision. That power it does not possess. The decision must have been passed upon by the parliament, and confirmed by and embodied in Federal Legislation, before the Federal Executive can enforce it.

The clause provides that in case the remedial decision and request or order is not obeyed by the Provincial Legislature or by the proper Provincial authority, the Parliament of Canada may, as far as the circumstances of each case may require, make remedial laws for the due execution of the provisions of the section, to the extent of the remedies provided in the remedial order or decision, which has been disobeyed or ignored by the Provincial Legislature or Provincial authority, but only so far as may be necessary for the due execution of the provisions of the section. The Federal Government were placed in this position—the validity of the acts complained of had been established. The effects of these acts upon the Roman Catholic minority had also been established. The right of the complaining minority to petition for relief had been determined in their favor. The pro-

visions of the constitution requiring the Governor-General in Council to hear the appeal, under the circumstances, were, therefore, clear and indisputable.

What was to be the attitude of the Canadian Privy Council under these circumstances? What were its duties and functions? These are the important questions raised on the argument, more important than the appeal itself. Mr. McCarthy contended that the Council was not in any sense a court—that its functions were not judicial; he says, "My object is to show that you cannot be acting judicially." "It is upon political considerations the matter must be determined." "I am not going to say there is not a grievance, I am precluded from that by the judgment." "I hope to show that you are to deal with it as a matter of policy." "My argument is that they cannot re-establish separate schools unless they are convinced that the separate school system is preferable to the public school system." These quotations are sufficient to indicate the line of argument pursued. But I think a fair and unbiassed consideration of the law will lead to the conclusion that these arguments are incorrect. In the words of the constituting statute, the Governor-General in Council may in case of an appeal against provincial school legislation, advise or request the Provincial Legislature to pass any such law as may seem requisite for the due execution of the section relating to education.

The Council have three things to consider and determine, viz., (1) The right or privilege claimed, its nature and extent. (2) The interference, its nature and extent. (3) The remedy to be applied, its nature and extent.

The remedial decision must be such as shall seem necessary and appropriate to meet the circumstances of the case.

These functions are clearly and indisputably judicial functions. There

is nothing in the statute indicating or suggesting that party or political considerations are to have any weight or influence with the Council, much less to govern its action in the matter. It is appointed to fulfil a constitutional duty. Like a court, it must hear and decide upon the evidence, and upon the law applicable to the case. The decision can only take the form of a request, but it is none the less a decision or judgment. If the Provincial Legislature chooses to ignore the decision, and to disregard the request, the Council cannot enforce it—that matter remains entirely for Parliament.

Political considerations, no doubt, will influence the action of Parliament, should it become necessary for Parliament to deal with the matter.

If the Council were allowed to act upon political or party considerations, it would be freed from all constitutional restraints, and from all considerations of justice and equity. Surely this could not have been the intention of the framers of the constitution. Clearly the constitution intends that the Council shall assume a disinterested and judicial attitude in dealing with appeals of this kind. There is, therefore, no distinction between its duties and functions and those which devolve upon the ordinary courts of justice.

The other view pressed upon the government during the argument was, that the members of the Council had the right to act upon their own views and opinions of the matter brought before them. If this view were correct, what would be the result? Protestants might petition against Provincial Legislation, and contend that their rights and privileges had been taken away or affected by it. The members of the Council might be all Roman Catholics. If allowed to act upon their own individual views and opinions, they might say to the petitioners, "in our view the abolition of the rights and privileges claimed has

been beneficial to the province, and to the nation, the Provincial Legislation complained of is right and salutary, we will, therefore, decline to grant any redress, we will refuse to make any remedial order or request."

Will any sane person contend that this is the meaning and intention of the constitution. The members of the government are not made judges of what education shall be given to the people. They are not made judges of what constitutes education. They have no right to say what religious education shall be taught. They may think the religious education claimed by the minority entirely wrong, and even pernicious, but they have no right to allow their own individual views to influence their decision.

If it is established that the right or privilege claimed legally existed, and that this right or privilege has been affected or taken away, some remedial order or request must be made—and it must be apparent to every unprejudiced mind that the decision and remedial order must be in the direction of restoring to the complaining minority the rights or privileges of which they have been deprived; or, in case the appeal should be made on behalf of the majority, complaining that extraordinary or improper privileges have been granted to the minority, then the remedial decision and order must be in the direction of taking away or reducing the effect of these privileges within the previous limits. The result is this—Provincial Legislatures may grant separate educational privileges to any sect or class, and they may repeal all such acts, and abolish the privileges so granted, but the class or sect affected will then have the right to appeal to the Governor-General in Council, and on the facts being established, the Council must make a remedial decision of some nature, which, if disobeyed or ignored by the Provincial authority, may be legislated upon and enforced by the Dominion Parliament.

Such is a brief consideration of the proceedings, the litigation and the facts bearing upon the legal and constitutional aspects of the Manitoba school question.

With regard to the duties of the State in relation to education, opinions necessarily differ, but the feeling seems to be gaining ground with all sects and classes, that only those branches of useful knowledge respecting which there can be no differences of opinion, should be taught in the public schools which are under the control and direction of the State, and which are supported to any extent by public money. The majority, however, still think that the education of children should, to some extent, be a religious education, and the very wide differences between Protestants and Catholics, as to what constitutes religious education, had to be provided for, and gave rise to the special provisions in the constitution in relation to it. But the machinery for settling all these matters is quite adequate to meet every emergency, and, wisely applied, it will adjust all difficulties in a fair and satisfactory

manner. There should be no prejudices stirred up, no fanaticism, no excitement. This is a free, constitutionally governed country. People should agree to differ; each class should respect the opinions and religious beliefs of others. Changes can only be brought about with the consent of the governed. The coercion of minorities is worse than useless. There must be complete freedom and the widest possible toleration. There should be no hatred by any class of the religion or language of any other class. Canada is evidently destined to be a nation of two languages at least. The loss or suppression of either the French language or the English language would be a calamity to civilization. A nation with two such languages as the English and the French, is far richer intellectually than a nation with only one language. It would be an advantage to all if both languages were taught in all our schools.

I conclude by hoping that what I have said may help a little to elucidate the question, and to allay unreasonable prejudices and passions.



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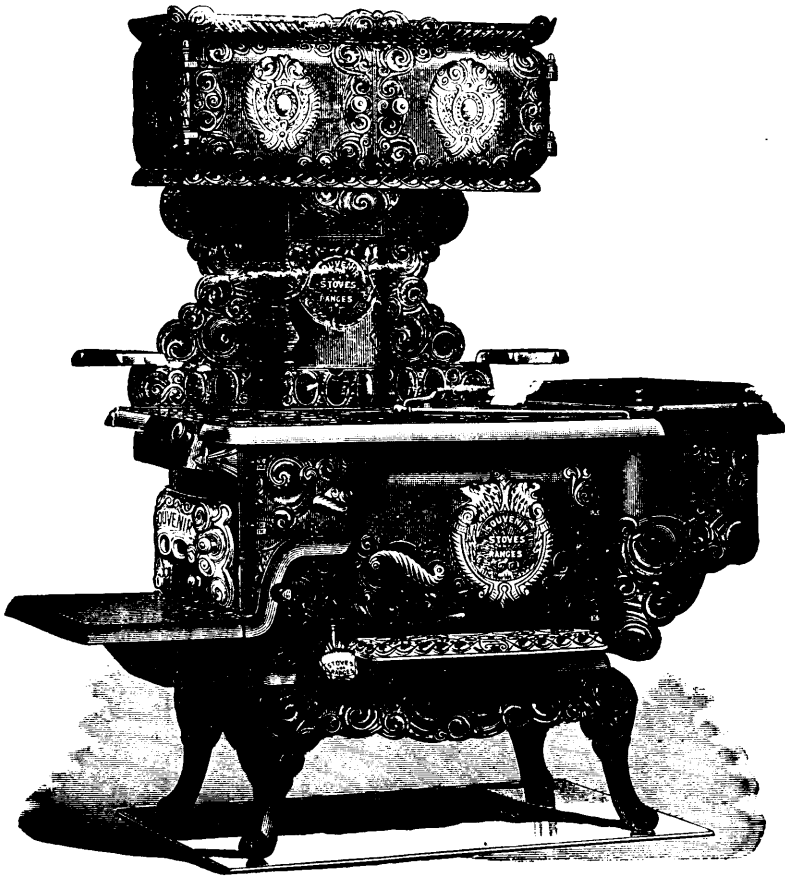
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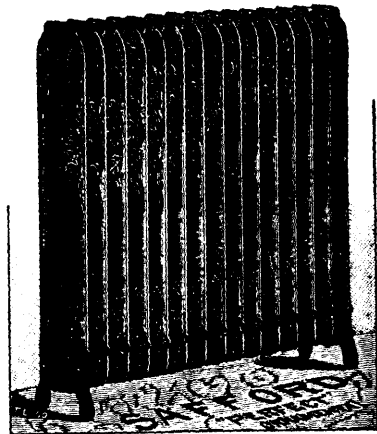
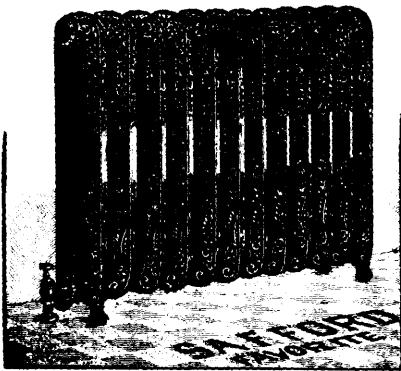
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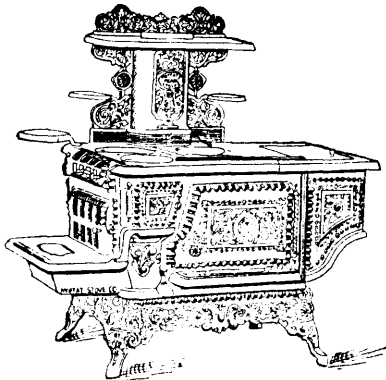
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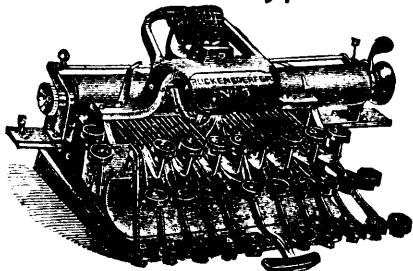
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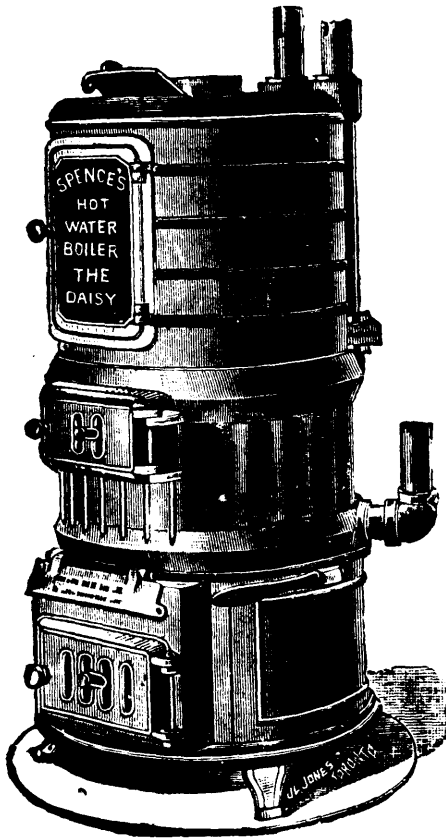
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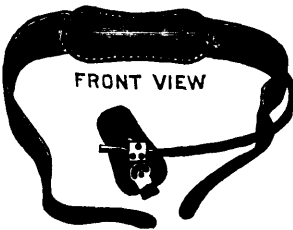
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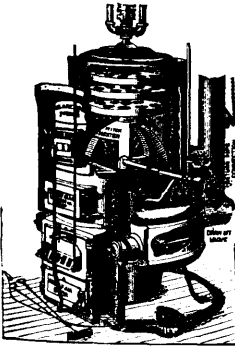
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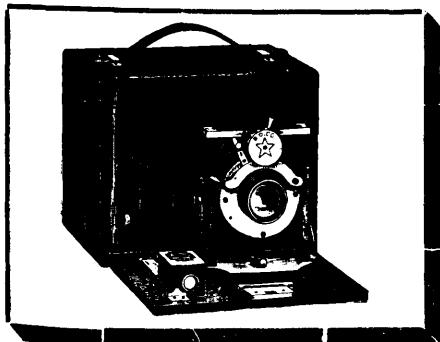
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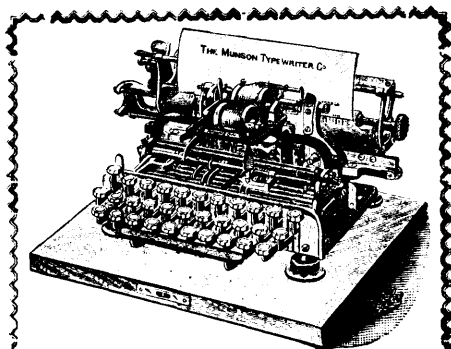
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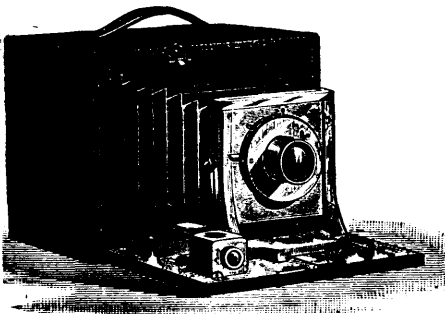
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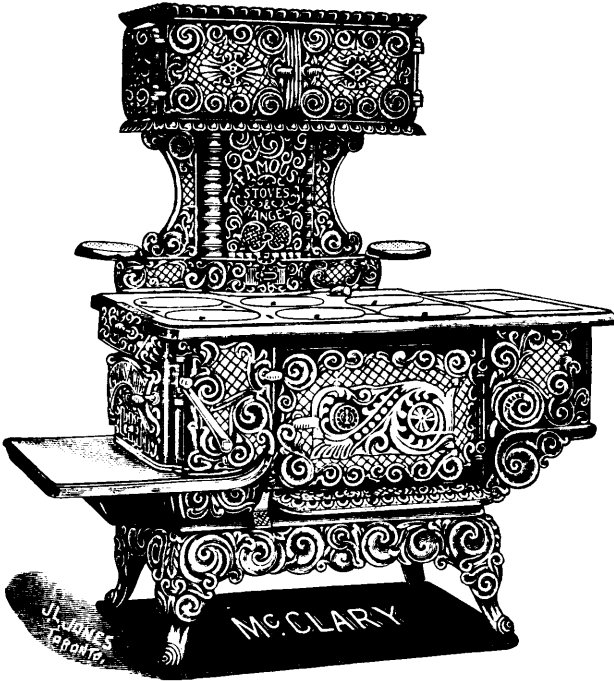
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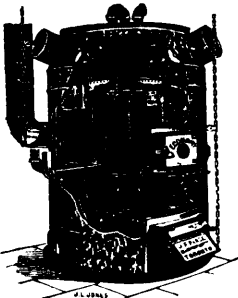
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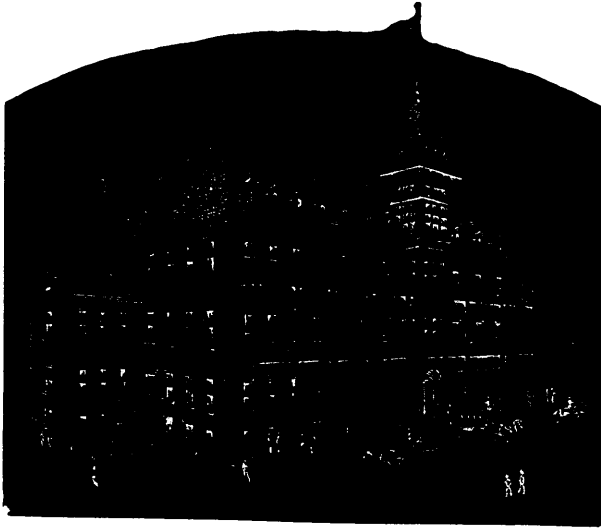
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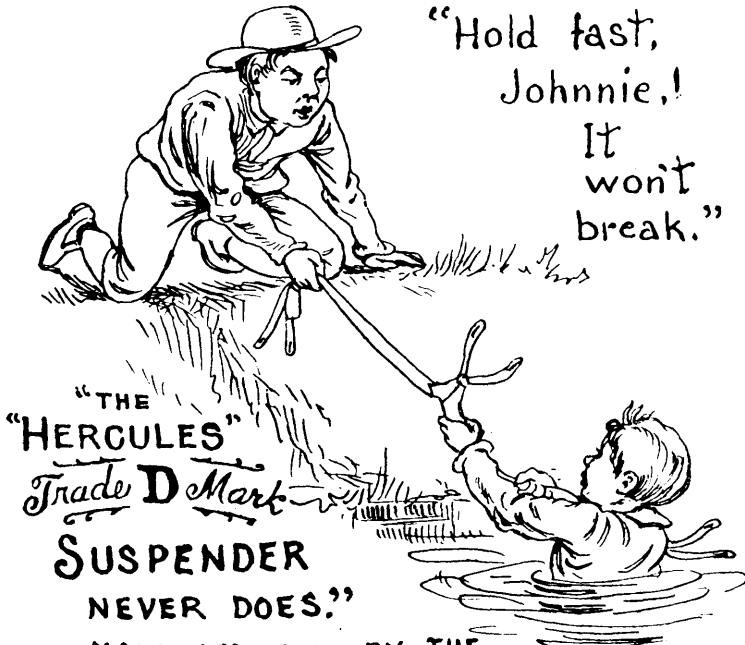
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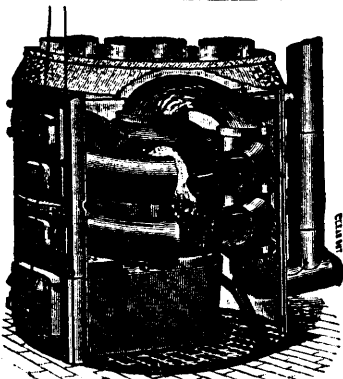


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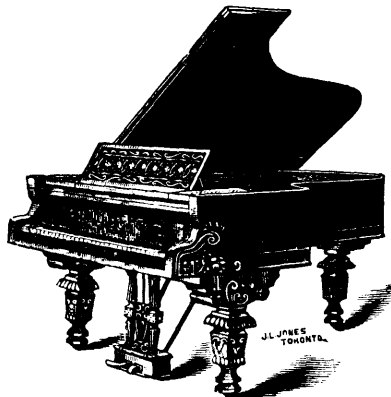
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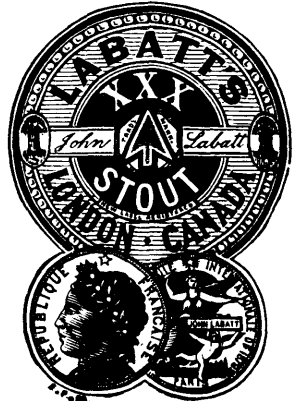
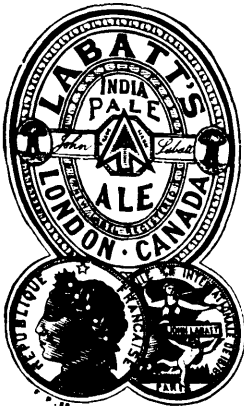
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Plans and specifications can be seen, and forms of tender procured at the above-mentioned places and at this Department. An accepted bank cheque, payable to the undersigned, for five per cent. on the amount of each tender for each of the above works will be required. The cheques of the unsuccessful parties tendering will be returned when the contracts have been entered into for the several works.

The bona fide signatures and business addresses of two parties as securities must accompany each tender. The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

WM. HARTY, Commissioner.

Department of Public Works,
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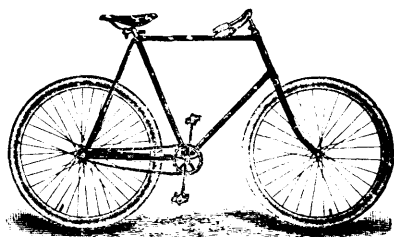
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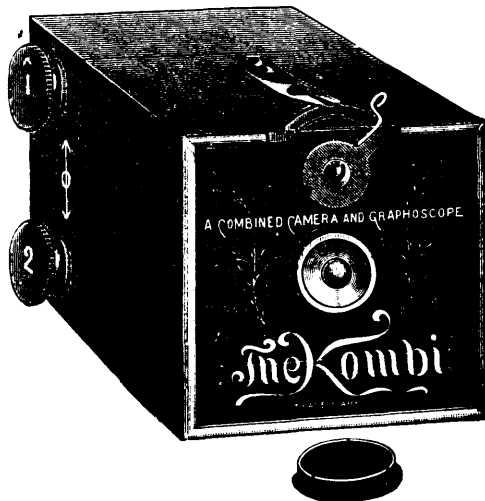
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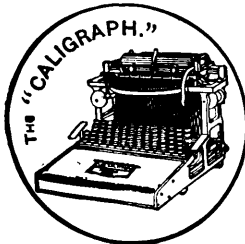
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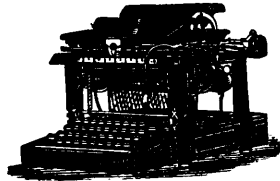
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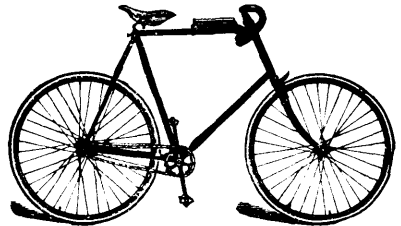
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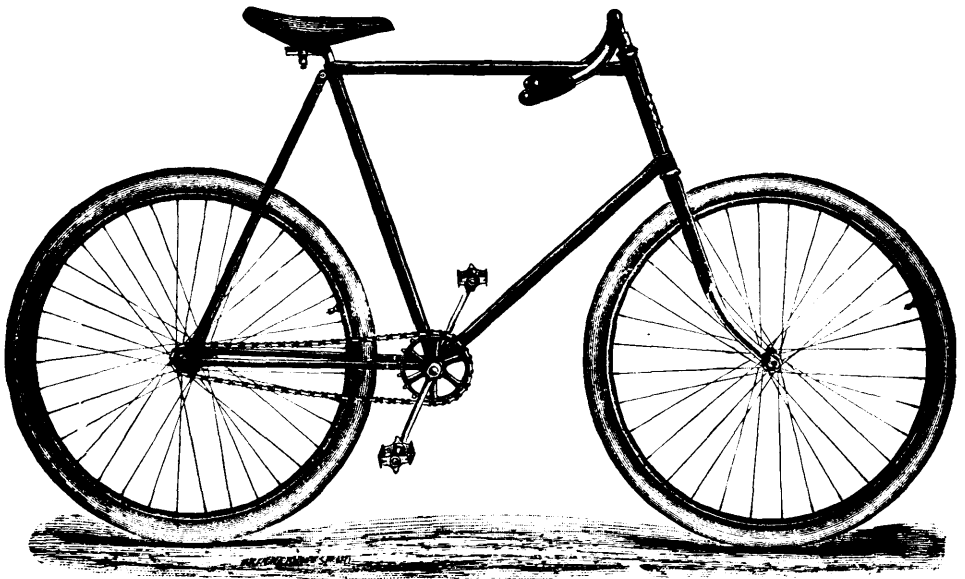
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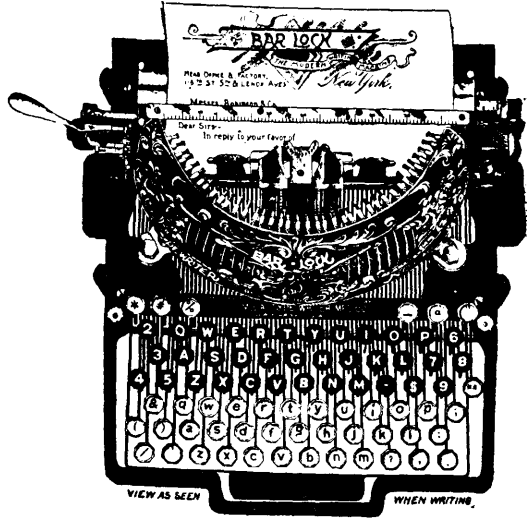
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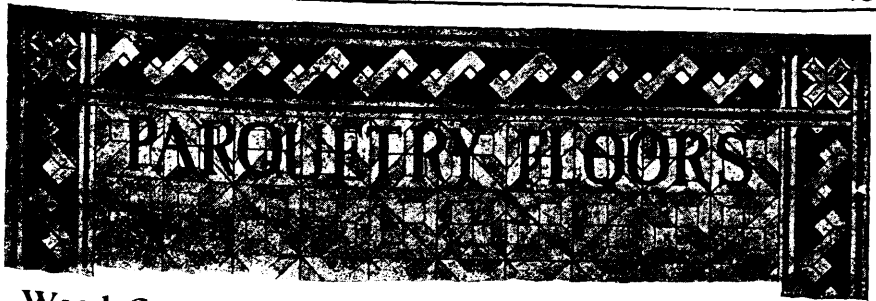
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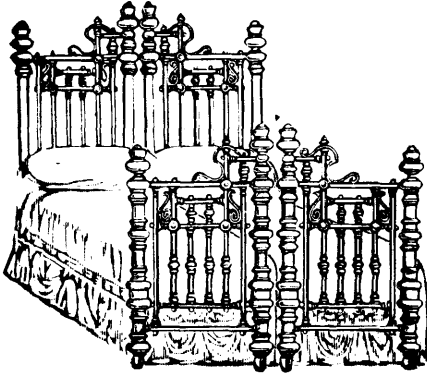
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