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THE BIRTH OF LAKE ONTARIO.

BY PROF. A. B. WILLMOTT, M.A., MCMASTER UNIVERSITY.

“The waters wear the stones.”—*Job*.

ALTHOUGH the mother of Lake Ontario has long since passed away, and without unfolding the secret of her daughter's birth, the history of our lake is not wholly wrapped in obscurity. Indeed, a voluminous autobiography has been given us, written on the rocky pages that surround her very form. Unfortunately, however, we are yet unable to decipher with certainty her ancient hieroglyphics. In some cases the sculpturing is of ambiguous meaning, and in others the writings are washed away, or covered with soil.

That the lake has not always had its present form, is easily recognized. One has but to recall its known fluctuations in level and to note the many old beaches, now several miles inland, to realize that our lake was once even more ocean-like than it is now. There was a time when the waters rolled fifteen to twenty miles farther north, and the site of Toronto was the feeding-ground of fish.

That the surface level has also been lower is equally evident. Rivers cut but a few feet below the surface of the lakes or seas into which they empty. Shallows usually mark their mouths. The present Niagara River has excavated the rock to a depth of

only twenty-four feet at its débouchure into the lake, but is much deeper a short distance up stream. Burlington Bay and Dundas Marsh are the remains of an ancient river, now choked with clays and gravels. Wells sunk at Hamilton city show that a channel was excavated in the solid rock for at least 250 feet below the present surface of the lake. Such a prodigious cut could only be made when the lake waters were at a much lower level. Similar sub-lacustrine watercourses are found near Port Dalhousie, Rochester and Cleveland. All point to a former lake (or river) level much below the present one.

Although measurably true of the ocean, one cannot apply the famous lines of Byron to our fresh-water sea:—

“Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow,
Such as Creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest
now.”

In the current language of to-day, the lakes, like all else terrestrial, have been subjected to the processes of evolution. Lake Ontario was born, has grown to maturity, and is now in the gradual decline of old age.

Three theories, as to her origin, may be stated. Each has its warm defenders. Some see, in the hollow of the lake, a valley, formed by the crump-

ling of the earth's crust. Down this valley meandered an ancient river, until its mouth was dammed, and its narrow water-course became a mill-pond of huge dimensions. The shallows of the St. Lawrence are pointed out as the uplift of the river bottom that changed a stream into a lake. The theory recalls the Indian legend concerning the origin of Lake Superior. The great Manitou, angry at his wife, is said to have hurled armfuls of rocks into the St. Mary River, then flowing from Thunder Bay, and to have created at once both the lake and the *sault*.

In support of the view that the lake occupies a synclinal trough, it is pointed out that the rocks of the southern and western shores apparently dip north-westward beneath the waters of the lake. The limestones from Belleville to Kingston undoubtedly slope to the east of south under the lake. Few facts, however, can be stated in favor of this theory, and many can be urged against it. Lake Superior, of all the great lakes, is alone held by many to be due to foldings of the earth's crust.

Another school of geologists sees only a "long channel, with the adjacent low lands covered by back water." These men offer no theory as to why the prehistoric river took the course it did, but are content with discovering its ancient bed. They say nothing as to the dip of the strata, but emphasize the contours of the lake bottom.

The lake, considering its size, is a broad, shallow basin, excavated out of Medina shales on the south and west, and bordered on the north by rocks of the Hudson River, Utica and Trenton periods. The western end of the lake is more silted up than other parts, and the average slope of about thirty feet in a mile is about the same from both shores. Farther east, the greater depths are all towards the southern shore. The deepest point—506 feet below high tide in the St. Lawrence—lies fifteen miles off shore, between Rochester and Oswego. Drummond

states that "the line of deepest depression along the length of the lake is also located about two-thirds of the way across the lake towards the New York side. South of Port Credit and Toronto it takes the centre of the lake, but after that, swerves towards the southern side. Preserving a depth of 540 to 570 feet for over 60 miles, it reaches the 600-foot line area, and finally begins to shallow at about nine miles off Oswego, where the depth is 576 feet."

This depression is assumed by Spencer, Claypole, Lesley and others, to be the bed of an ancient river, which originally discharged its waters through the valleys of the Mohawk and Hudson. Buried channels are here found excavated in the rocks, and nearly of sufficient depth to have drained the lake. Probably local oscillations of the earth's crust have raised the old river bed in places, so that its rocky bottom now stands somewhat higher than that of the lake.

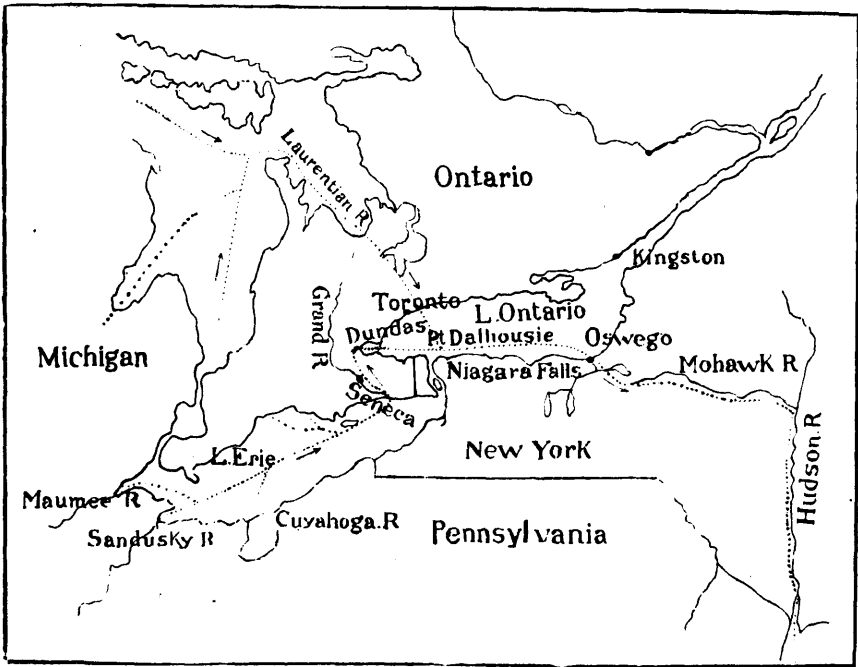
Moreover, it is hardly probable that Lake Ontario originally emptied into the St. Lawrence valley. The shallows at the eastern end of the lake (unless the rocks there have since been elevated some 500 feet more than the lake bottom) would effectually prevent the deep excavations to the west by the old river. On the contrary, it is more likely that, in pre-glacial times, the Ottawa was the main branch of the St. Lawrence, and that Leeds and Grenville counties were drained into the prehistoric Ontario River by Oswego through the Hudson to the sea.

Of course, this theory of a river running from Oswego to New York, and draining the present lake postulates a greater elevation of the whole section of the country. The bottom of Lake Ontario is now 500 feet below the level of the ocean, and so cannot now be drained. Geologists are, however, quite confident that New York, Ontario and Quebec once stood at a much higher level. That the

land has been rising and sinking during the present century, has been demonstrated in several localities. Dr. Bell has shown that the land about Hudson Bay is rising, and many authorities believe the eastern coast of North America to be slowly sinking. And, if the land is not now constant, relative to the ocean, why should it have been so in the past? Indeed, it is not difficult to prove by means of submerged watercourses and elevated marine shells, that oscillations have taken place in past ages. The Saguenay

dipping some 600 feet. The submarine valley is easily traced across this plain to the edge of the steep continental slope. The old river bed was here excavated some 2,200 feet. As such erosion could only have occurred on land, we have indubitable evidence of a former elevation of New York city of at least 2,500 feet.

Marine shells, found on Montreal Island at a height of 520 feet above sea-level, point, on the contrary, to a former depression. The land is thus continually oscillating—water alone is



THE ANCIENT DRAINAGE BY THE HUDSON.

River, for instance, has excavated a channel in the rock some 800 feet, in places, below the ocean level. As its cliffs rise abruptly some 1,000-1,500 feet above this, there is every reason for believing that the land there stood at least 1,000 feet higher in former times.

Again, the Hudson used to meet the ocean, not at New York, but 105 miles farther east. The sea-bed for that distance is comparatively level, only

in stable equilibrium. The "everlasting hills" are not so constant as the "unstable water."

The exact height of the Province of Ontario in pre-glacial times, we have no means of determining. It seems certain, however, that the elevation was quite sufficient to afford excellent drainage for the deepest portions of her lakes. The depression of the basin below the sea-level is thus no objection to the view that Lake Ontario

is due to the erosive power of a pre-historic river.

Everyone is familiar with the manner in which Niagara is wearing away the rocks, and one can easily imagine the time when the falls were roaring where Brock's monument now stands. But still farther back in time, before Erie was born, the labors of Spencer have shown that that section of country was drained by a river. This pre-glacial stream swept round Long Point down an old channel now occupied by the Grand River, and emptied into the Ontario River through the Dundas valley. Coursing on towards Oswego, it received innumerable tributaries. Although the basin of the future lake was traversed by a great river, it was not excavated by it. One by one the raindrops fell on the whole area drained by its affluents. Rills, rivulets, creeks and streams, all carried down their quota of material for the great river to deposit in the sea. The valleys of the Don and Humber, the Moira and Napanee, have, in later times, been excavated by the same erosive power of water. The gorge of Niagara and the cañons of Colorado attest the mighty power of flowing water. The Grand Cañon is over 300 miles long and from half a mile to a mile and a quarter deep. This immense quantity of rock has been carried off by water. There is no need to call in the aid of mythical forces when the common fluvial one is so competent.

Yet a third school of geologists—and an influential one—enamoured with the glacial theory, drags it in to explain the origin of the great lakes. That glaciers have excavated the basins of some lakes is probably true. That moving ice has enlarged the old river basin of Ontario is likewise probable. But that glaciers, moving over a plain, should excavate solid rock to a depth of 500 feet is hardly probable. Indeed, observations on the erosive power of existing glaciers are decidedly against such a theory. Moreover,

this hypothesis takes no notice of the pre-glacial drainage, which must have been in existence. The second theory has this merit—that it recognizes the erosive power of both water and ice. And, so far as it assigns to each a due proportion of power, does it deserve our credence.

In Tertiary times the tributary streams were not those of to-day. The Niagara was not born. The Tonawanda and Chippewa creeks, or some small stream from that neighborhood, flowed for a short distance over the future bed of the modern Niagara. From the Whirlpool, this Tertiary stream excavated a rocky bed through the escarpment to St. David's. Its course can be traced through Port Dalhousie on its way to join the main stream, near the centre of the present lake.

The Dundas river had its source in the Maunee in southern Michigan. The Sandusky and Cuyahoga, with channels now well-filled, were tributary from the south. A still larger stream, draining Western Ontario, joined the main river near Long Point. This river flowed down, what is now up, the valley of the Grand as far as Seneca. From there the waters ran by Ancaster and Hamilton into the valley of the future lake.

Near Scarboro', in the opinion of Professor Spencer, a "Laurentian river," draining the region of the future Lake Huron and Georgian Bay, passed, on its way to the prehistoric Ontario river. Other streams from the north, probably as far east as Brockville, emptied into the main river before it reached Oswego.

At this period, Superior was drained into Michigan and thence by the Wisconsin, or Illinois, into the Mississippi. The climate was then mild and equable. Evergreen magnolias, figs and palms probably flourished in Ontario. Instead of an average temperature of 45° F., the fossil plants would indicate that the isothermal line of 60° F. passed to the north of the present

lake. A camel of this period has left his remains in Missouri, and it is not unlikely that his relatives quenched their thirst in the prehistoric Ontario river.

But a change came. The temperate climate was succeeded by one of cold and moisture. Snow fell in such quantities that the summer sun could not melt it. From being a paradise, the Province became a barren wilderness—destitute of all but ice. From the Laurentian Hills to the north, then much higher than now, glaciers descended on all sides. The New England States, New York, Ohio, and west and north, the country was covered with ice, as Greenland is to-day. With that resistless power, still seen in the glaciers of the Alps, the ice was ever pressing downwards. With a depth of several thousand feet over the Province of Ontario, the glacier exerted immense power on the rocks beneath. Boulders were torn off and used as emery dust to polish the rocky floor. The débris was piled in the river valleys, and far to the south a line of boulders was left to mark the old ice front. The old Ontario river, the Dundas and Laurentian streams, were filled to the brink. The only possible drainage was over the height of land by tributaries of the Ohio.

Then followed a period of warmth. The ice melted and streams ran anew. But the old channels were filled up: new ones had to be excavated in the débris. For a time the outlets were dammed by ice in the Mohawk valley, and the waters accumulated between the front of the retreating glacier and the highlands to the south of the present lakes. At first ponds were formed in the old valleys, but, as the glacier withdrew, these expanded into lakes. Finally, the section of country now occupied by the southern end of Huron, Erie and Ontario, became one immense sheet of water. The natural outlet by the Hudson being still blocked by a glacier from the Adirondacks, the

waters were held at a high level. Then were formed those many beaches we recognize around the shores of Ontario. Finally, drainage was established by the Wabash valley, when the waters became sufficiently high. Lake Ontario had then reached maturity. Her grandeur was then at its height. Succeeding history is but a record of falls. The glacier melted back from the Mohawk valley, and the surplus waters rapidly disappeared. The lake would soon have been entirely drained had not the whole land sunk during the presence of the ice. Only to a small extent could the pent-up waters now escape through the Hudson valley. During a resting period a new beach was formed.

About this time the level of Ontario sank below that of the Niagara escarpment at Queenston, and Erie and Ontario were sundered. The accumulating waters in Erie found their way over the precipice at Queenston, and began their wonderful excavation of the Niagara gorge.

Then came the withdrawal of the ice from the St. Lawrence valley, and a new channel was opened for the waters of Ontario. Rapid drainage ensued for a time, and Ontario began to assume her present contours. How long ago one can hardly say. The Niagara began to flow at Queenston 7,000 to 10,000 years ago, and probably not long before the St. Lawrence valley was freed from ice.

Lake Ontario is now in her old age. Little over one-third of her former depth remains. The tendency of all lakes is to wear away the barriers that contain them. In old, undisturbed regions, like the southern United States, few lakes are found. The hard, granite rocks of the upper St. Lawrence will, of course, long resist the erosive action of water. Still, the ultimate destiny of Lake Ontario is that of an inlet of the ocean—a second Mediterranean sea.

OUR FORESTS IN DANGER.

BY E. J. TOKER.

THAT Canada is a land of forests is a belief that is very deeply rooted. This is natural, for old Canada was chiefly woodland, and the settlers, whether from France or from the British Islands, were pictured, truly enough, as hewing out their farms and their homes from the dense growth of primeval pine or maple, beech, oak, walnut or spruce. Now, however, this conception must be largely modified for two reasons. In the first place, much of the newer Canada, far from being forest-clad, consists largely of vast treeless plains, sparsely wooded at intervals with inferior timbers. Besides this, even in the older provinces, the forests have proved not to be inexhaustible, as was formerly supposed, and they are fast disappearing. Even in Ontario, in regions not long ago unbroken woodland, the denudation has been carried so far, that looking from an elevation the country appears less timbered than the landscape viewed from an English hilltop. The lumbermen have to go further and further back in order to obtain logs for their mills, and recognize that new "timber limits" are becoming scarce. The "inexhaustible forest" idea is no longer tenable.

Thoughtful men have pointed out the danger—have called attention to the inevitable results of a continuance in such improvident courses. Unfortunately, however, their warnings and advice have made very little impression, and have had no practical effect. It almost seems, indeed, as if the idea of a boundless wealth of woodland—of forests with exhaustless supplies of timber—would survive the very forests themselves.

It is high time that the hand of the destroyer were stayed—that the ap-

peal, "woodman spare that tree," should be no longer a mere song. It is still more desirable that our surviving forests, or large areas of them, should be treated in accordance with that scientific forestry which is not only conservative, but also reproductive. Unfortunately there are difficulties in the way. The Canadian Government, among its extensive crown lands, has comparatively little forest, and as a general rule the timber is not of the best quality. The woodlands also are so situated as to be subject to imperious demands for local consumption, so that they can hardly be spared to serve as permanent forest. Very wisely, parks, as in the case of the Algonquin Park, have been reserved to keep a part of our public domain in a state of nature, but unfortunately these tracts cannot be called forests. Much is also being done by the Canadian authorities to encourage and facilitate planting on our great plains; the experimental farms—both central and local—rearing and distributing large quantities of young trees of kinds that it is thought may be most likely to be successful. This is of very great utility, as leading to the formation of plantations and windbreaks giving much needed shelter, helping to modify the climate, and promising at no very distant period to augment the supply of firewood, fence rails, railway ties and even building timber. But with the comparatively small estates of our country this is hardly likely to lead to the establishment of forests, which in any event would be a far slower and more costly process than the preservation of those already in existence.

The Provinces are the great forest owners of Canada. With them rests the determination of the question

whether our land is to remain for ever rich in forest wealth or is soon to lament its vanished woodlands, and at the same time deplore the evils that always follow the 'denudation of a country. Unhappily the Provincial authorities represent that not yet extinct phase of popular sentiment which, from the acquired habit or directly inherited feeling of early settlers in a thickly timbered country, looks upon a tree almost with an instinct of destruction, as though the farm still had to be hewed out from the forest. At best they do not rise above that succeeding stage of public opinion leading the mass of our population to look upon our forests as practically inexhaustible, or carelessly to rest content with the idea that our timber is at least so abundant as to leave little cause for the present generation to feel anxiety. If better informed and more far-seeing individuals raise a note of alarm it falls upon unwilling ears, for the Provincial authorities have, or think they have, an interest in not heeding; and proverbially "none are so deaf as those who won't hear." The stripping of our forests affords an income all the more welcome because our Provinces have limited sources of revenue, while there is a tendency to ever increasing expenditure. Though the system is improvident, it produces large sums of ready money, whereas conservative forestry would mean a less immediate, if steadier and more lasting, income, besides the initiative expenditure and trouble. Even popular representative government, with all its advantages, has its disadvantages, like all else that is human, and the authorities, with an eye to the public balance sheet, consider merely the present, and leave posterity, as indeed has been cynically admitted, to look out for itself.

It must however, in fairness, be admitted that the Provinces have taken some sensible and more provident steps: arbor-day planting, legislation to check forest fires, the maintenance of forest guards, are steps in the right

direction. But after all they are but palliatives, small in proportion to the evil. Ontario, indeed, has a forestry official, and Mr. Phipps gives good advice which is published only to be utterly neglected, like that of the Hon. H. G. Joly de Lotbiniere in Quebec. Sir Oliver Mowat has acted wisely in his recent establishment of a considerable forest reserve or park in this province. It will be for the benefit of the country if he continues this policy and makes other important reserves of woodland. There are large tracts in Ontario which are well fitted for the growth of timber and quite unsuitable for arable land. In fact it is cruelty to tempt agricultural settlers to take up land in localities where, though they may find a few fertile acres for a farm, there cannot be a thickly settled farming community, and where there must consequently be a difficulty in keeping up schools, churches, roads and markets. Such districts should be set apart for perpetual forest, and Sir Oliver should make other reserves with no sparing hand. The mere postponement of the work of denudation would be a great gain and there would be an opportunity afforded for the adoption of a scientific forestry when its advantages are recognized.

The period for which our forests would last under the present wasteful system, without conservation or reproduction, cannot be calculated with very nice accuracy. One great difficulty is to ascertain the extent of our forests containing valuable timber. The Provincial Governments, which own the great bulk of our remaining woodlands, are very chary of giving such information. Several years ago Mr. Meredith in the Ontario Legislature strongly urged the administration to appoint a commission to "take stock" of the assets of the province in the shape of timbered lands, but after a prolonged and animated debate Sir Oliver Mowat and his colleagues flatly refused to publish, or even to acquire, the desired statistics. They preferred to deal in

vague generalities as to our "inexhaustible timber" and "boundless forests." If they had consented they would have been compelled to be less reckless, to draw less present income at the expense of the future, and they could not well have made the quarter of a million of dollars that they secured last year by the sale of timber limits. So the people remain ignorant of the extent of their forest wealth, of its probable duration, or the seriousness of the inroads made upon it.

There are, however, some data on which to form an approximate idea of the state of affairs. To take our hardwood forests over the greater part of Ontario:—the walnut, cherry, white-wood, and cotton wood have virtually gone, the white ash, white oak, and chestnut have nearly gone, and the elm, bass, red oak and black ash are fast going. These woods are (or were) all of commercial importance, and their extinction or growing scarcity is well known to those in the industries concerned.

But it is our so-called "inexhaustible pineries" that form our main forest wealth and are of the greatest importance. In this respect the evidences of destruction are manifold. Old mills are deserted or removed into closer proximity to the receding forests, while in the case of those maintaining their ground, the logs do not reach the saws till the second year after they are cut, if even then, so great is the distance now to be traversed. And the end is within an appreciable distance. A very conservative estimate of the output of our sawmills amounts to a thousand million feet of lumber each year, which would exhaust the pine on three well timbered townships of the size of those now commonly surveyed in Ontario. Thus if there are still thirty such townships ten years would be their duration, while if there are sixty such townships, which can hardly be hoped, the term would be extended to twenty years. Our pine forests under the methods in

vogue are little likely to last for this generation.

Not only is this reckless extirpation permitted but it is even promoted by the authorities. Many of the lumbermen, while thus stripping the country, are strong believers in forest conservation, and regret the necessity which is forced upon them. By the combined payments of ground rents and stumpage dues it is made the interest of the lumberman to strip a limit and give it up to save his rents as soon as he can, to cut all that is marketable and to take no pains to save from injury the young growing trees. When agricultural settlers are coming in, he has a further inducement to speed, in their claims to the timber and in the danger of fires spreading from their clearings.

There is another more recent and serious evil in the treatment of our pine forests. Formerly if there was reckless destruction our own people got the benefit of the wages for the manufacture. But now while Canadian mills are being closed for want of saw logs, enormous rafts of logs are being conveyed across the lakes for manufacture in a foreign country. The millmen of Michigan having run through their "inexhaustible forests" are now supplying their mills by denuding our country of its fast vanishing pine timber. Such recklessness on the part of our authorities is unaccountable, for they could easily suppress this mischievous practice. The Dominion government can only act by imposing an export duty on the logs, an expedient which has the disadvantage of inviting a retaliatory import duty on our lumber shipped to the United States. But the Ontario government has the remedy in its own hands, having only to include in the conditions of sale of limits that the timber must be manufactured in this country. Sir Oliver Mowat is well aware of the feasibility of such a stipulation, for he made this condition in the last but one of his public sales of timber berths, but since then he has turned his back on this right pro-

cedure. Of course he may have secured larger bonuses by this foreign competition, but at the cost of the loss of wages by our industrial population, and the more rapid extirpation of our waning forests.

Canadian neglect of this important matter of forest preservation is not so surprising when we reflect that it is honestly inherited—our mother country has lagged behind the rest of the civilized nations in the science of forestry. It is true that large forests have survived, but this is chiefly because they are crown property or part of the wide estates of wealthy landed proprietors, so from sheer conservatism they have been preserved. Till recently any renewals, any improvements have been spasmodic and unsystematic. In later times there has been more regard to preservation, more planting—some of the new plantations being indeed of enormous extent—but even in this there has been too much of “the rule of thumb.” It is arboriculture rather than forest culture,—that scientific forestry which in France, Germany and other countries of Europe, secures perennial crops of timber from perpetual, ever-reproduced forests, as the skilled agriculturist yearly crops his farm. Ten years ago there was not a school of forestry in the British Islands, and when, about the birthtime of our own Dominion, a forest department was established in India, it had to be stipulated that its officers should go for their education to the great schools of forestry flourishing and doing most admirable work in France and Germany. Many of the earlier officers were foreigners, and for some years the great body of the Indian foresters acquired their professional knowledge at Nancy in France. Since then an efficient school of forestry has been established at Cooper’s Hill, near Windsor, but it has chiefly been devoted to the education of foresters for the Indian service, though others are admitted. One significant fact, as indicating the stage

attained by forestry in Britain, is that in their second year the students are taken for some months to France or Germany that they may have a practical opportunity of seeing forests submitted to really scientific treatment. The mother country is now awake to the value, the necessity of science in forestry.

India, of all lands under the British crown, has been the foremost in forestry. Its magnificent teak forests, like our pineries, were thought and said to be inexhaustible. The discovery that many of them had been exhausted and that the others were threatened with extinction—that conservation and, in many cases, reproduction were urgently necessary—largely conduced to the establishment of the forestry department, which is a most important branch of the public service in India. In Australasia and South Africa, also, the necessity for the preservation and reproduction of the forests has for some time been recognized, and several of these colonies have forestry departments with skilled officers. Canada, being in this respect on a par with the United States, lags behind nearly all the rest of the civilized world.

Why should this progressive young Dominion in this one matter of forest conservation be content to take a backward place. In the practical application of science, we are not inclined to think that we are behind the age as compared even with France and Germany, yet we let little Switzerland, Denmark, and Roumania, which we regard as a new accession to civilized states, and Spain, which we look upon as retrograde rather than progressive, outstrip us in this, for they all have schools of scientific forestry and trained officers to cultivate their forests, while we have none. Is it because we think our forests inexhaustible? Let us consider the teak forests of India and ponder the lesson. Let us note the facts of our dwindling forests, visible to all who will open their eyes. It is said that

our forests could not be made reproductive, and at all events that their reproduction would not pay. Why so, any more than in the European countries. It is said, too, that we cannot guard against destructive forest fires. Why so, if France and Germany can preserve their timber unburnt? Under our present system, our forests are made fire traps, but with proper fire-breaks, with other due precautions and with wise regulations properly enforced, our forests might be made as safe as those of Europe.

The scientific forestry of the European continent is of course considerably varied in practice to suit requirements of the different localities, climates, soils, species of timber trees, and other conditions. There is, however, in all cases, the same general aim, that is to produce from the land in forest a constant, steady crop of timber, so as to obtain a continual supply of this necessary material, and an adequate and perennial cash income. These ends are attained as much as possible by encouraging and regulating the natural reproduction. The system in a typical forest may be easily described. In a portion of the forest where the trees are much of the same age and stage of growth, that of maturity or the most profitable time of cutting, there is a general felling, with the exception that at appropriate intervals there are left standards for seed-bearing to cover the whole area. These standards are left for a time till the seedlings can do without their shelter and are then felled. If there are failures in spots, planting is resorted to, and, when necessary, thinning is practised. The young trees grow up of the same age, and making similar progress till they

in their turn reach maturity. Of course the period for such a crop is long as regards that particular section; but this inconvenience is obviated by different divisions of the forest being so treated as to arrive at maturity in successive years, till the cycle is completed, and thus there may be an annual crop from the forest, though not from the same acres. It is easy to understand that this type may be imperfectly attained or may be modified to suit varying circumstances.

This system, it may be remarked, is by no means confined to hardwood timber. In France, and still more in Germany, the forests thus treated largely consist of pine and other coniferous trees. There is no reason why this method should not be successfully applied by a scientific forester to our Canadian forests.

What is first needed—before it is too late,—which will soon be the case, is that large forest reserves should be set apart. Then under trained officers a scientific system of forest culture, of preservation, reproduction and marketing, in due time should be established.

What can easily be effected now, would year by year become more difficult, more costly, and more tedious. Continued persistence in improvidence would at no very distant time see our forests impoverished till there would be insufficient timber even for our own use. And with our departed forests we would find, as has been the experience of many other countries, our streams drying up, our crops diminishing, and our whole country deteriorating.

Canada should take care for her forests before it is too late.



THE GREATEST DRAMA.

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

THE fulness of the dramatic is realized in the experience of one single human life, however humble and however prosaic its sphere. For several thousand years the imagination of man has been creating its images and painting its hopes. All that fancy could conceive has been thrown upon the canvas, graven itself in stone, and flashed upon the pages of song and story. The beatings of the heart have all been laid bare, and the great themes which in all ages and among all peoples have touched the heart—love, hate, pride, ambition, sympathy, crime and death—have been dealt with by genius in every form, and the result is a mass of literature and a world of intelligence. But all the wealth of poetry and all the sublimest strains of sentiment could not touch the simple record of one poor human life, if all that it had thought and felt, and all the plants it had nurtured and grown could only be brought to light.

There are tremendous differences in human life. One has large capacities, another small; one has large opportunities, another a narrow sphere; one has a great career, another a humble lot; one has a brilliant imagination, another is dull-witted; one has keen sensibilities, another a leaden stupidity; one, by surroundings and aids, has reached the perfection of mental and moral culture, another lies like a neglected weed, into whose brain only a few stray rays have penetrated. And yet, with all, when the drama of life is written, the distinctions are not very great. If one could gather together the thoughts, aims, hopes, fears, hates and agonies of the dullest life, what a drama would be there! How Shakespeare's weird genius, which has pictured the dark villainies of Iago, the

fierce jealousy of Othello, the cruel rapacity of a Richard, the ecstatic love and devotion of a Romeo and Juliet, would seem tame beside that!

For a little, then, in this quiet spot, where no sound disturbs, where no voice distracts, let us review the drama of this life of ours, which, by the aid of memory, is still so vividly before us. Though past middle life, and recognizing that the years which remain will quickly glide away, and that life itself hangs upon a thread which may snap at any moment, and we drop into the great unknown, we still cherish all aims which have filled life so far, and look forward to a thousand designs as fully as if the scene would never change and the curtain never ring down. We are living along with all the occupations and all the engagements of life, quite unconscious of the *denouement*, or only looking to it as a vague and half unreal affair. And yet, perchance, when the roseate lines have been clouded by the mists of disappointment, sorrow or misfortune, we sit down to look it all over—the past, the present and—ah, me!—the future, and then we catch a glimpse of the drama—the great and terrible drama of a life.

First, and most vivid of all, comes the first conscious memories of childhood. Out of the dark depths of infantile unconsciousness at last, some day, there dawns the first light of consciousness, and images take shape and fix themselves upon the memory. Then, as life opens, come the vague dreams of childhood. Life looks, then, so long. Forty years, sixty years, seventy years—when can such an immense space be bridged? These dreams vary according to the instincts and characteristics of the dreamer. Some-

times the ideal picture of life takes the shape of ease and luxury, which the future, ever bright and rosy, is to bring. The ambitious youth sees glory and greatness before him. He in whom avarice has a leading place pictures wealth, lands and gold. The girl sees love and beauty, princes and courtiers and palaces and admiration. I cannot depict the dreams of all youth, but at the age of five, six and seven, I recall vividly, more vividly than the incidents of last week, how, wandering in the fields alone, I had the pictures of my career clearly marked out in my mind. Not a doubt crossed my thought as to the achievement of all these. No dark practical look at the difficulties or impossibilities came to cloud a vision all bright because beaming with the warm and glowing fancies of ardent youth. The range of life seemed so great, the years would be so many and so long, and the opportunities so great, that no carking doubt was permitted to throw its dark shadow over the picture. I was myself a great chieftain among men, marching on from one grand achievement to another, commanding multitudes, exacting homage and told of in history. Fame and glory were the absorbing yearning of life, and all happened according to the burning wish. Now I am past forty. The larger half is gone; the remainder that lies before me, though the full allotted span be reached, will fly away so quickly that the reckoning can scarce be kept, and there is hardly time to count the milestones. Yet, into those forty conscious years, barren as they may have been of great results, far as the reality has fallen behind the gem-decked visions of early youth, what dramas have been crowded, as seen from within. Without, it is merely the record of a common life, filling its share of space in the annals of the race: one traveller jostling his way through the crowd, leaving some behind and occasionally passed in the race. But within, who

unspeakable yearnings, the wild hopes, the bitter disappointments, the moments of gloom, the dark secrets of hate, the gathering storms of passion and revenge, the insidious promptings to crime, which had to be cast aside with all the power of virtue; the struggle between the triumphs of the hour which were so easy but so fatal on the morrow, and the patient waiting for the slow development of the right, the sacrifice of the pleasures of to-day to reap the richer harvests of the future. Then, again, the solemn reflections upon the relation the ineradicable *ego* bore to the universe about it; what the destiny, not of a life—that seemed small—but of a soul: what could be done now that would affect, for weal or woe, this undying something which seemed to constitute the all-important self? Behold, the drama—nay, the very tragedy of a life!

The process of life is so strange, so moulded by necessity, and so much the result of development, that it is fortunate the reality does not appear until the play is about over. Tell the dreaming child that his visions are all moonshine, that he shall presently find himself confronted by a cold world, from which nothing is got except by force and by eternal conflict; that in the race are men swifter, and in the battle are men stouter, and that when the record comes to be made up it is simply the story of a man who has jogged along with the others for a short time and then lain down to rest—and who would face the struggle? But it all follows so naturally. The dreaming boy is soon at school, and there he begins to learn that something has to be done, sometime or other, to keep him in existence, and that youth is the time to prepare for the emergency. By contact and competition with his fellows he finds that there is always a better than he can do. And yet he has only reached the initial stage. Hope still shines like a fadeless star. Soon the tiresome and fruitless days

of apprenticeship will be over. Education completed, profession gained—then will come the realization. Manfully he buckles down to the struggle. While yet on the brink of his career, love creeps in and takes masterful possession of his heart. A woman's lot is linked with his. With the beginning of real life, commenced so earnestly, so hopefully, so ardently, comes marriage, and the chivalrous sense that others are dependent upon his care. The struggle meanwhile is going on bravely. Then comes the first born, and all this suggests of love, pride and protecting care. In this way fly the years. Forty is reached, and, then, with wisdom comes reflection. Only thirty years at most remain. What is there, after all, in this thing we call human life? The best of it is past. Where is the realization of the fair dreams? Has there been success, as the world goes? What will it all amount to in the end? Has there been failure and the humdrum of the struggle for actual existence? What can you do? Drag along in the same old rut until the end? Gone are the dreams. And yet, withal, the romance remains. Hope still sheds its mild ray. It is not possible to stop in the race. The duties of the hour press. There is no escape from the round of duty. We jog along hoping that brighter days will come. We have not the time, the courage, nor the philosophy to look the whole situation squarely in the face. Forty passes to fifty. Quickly enough sixty is reached, then seventy. Then comes the close. Success is pleasant, but the greatest triumphs of ambition seem small when preparing to leave the scene for the unknown, and though the reckoning gives failure as the result, the hand of destiny is upon you and there is nothing to do but to turn back to the dreams of youth and mockingly compare the results. What can be done? The tale is told. What remains? The awful drama of life. That remains, and nothing can erase it. There is

memory, and this preserves, in green freshness, the hopes and fears, the struggles, the triumphs, the disappointments, the loves, the hates, the good impulses, the evil instincts, the touches of sorrow, the pangs of despair, the sufferings and agonies that none have known, which seemed to eat away the heart, and the blessed faith, that, when the way seemed dark and hopeless, pointed to another and better existence, where the failures of this life should give way to the full fruition of immortal hope. Ah, yes; whatever may be the disappointments of life, however all its fancied glories may disappear as the real unfolds, the great drama of life itself remains and is woven into every thought, feeling and reflection.

The problem of life, as thus far considered, is the philosophical one. Fortunately the most of us never stop to go so deeply into the bubble mystery. The mass of mankind is borne along on the tide and stays not to scan the reality, nor to peer seriously into the future. But there is another side. The only clue to the broader purposes of life is found in its relations to the eternal life beyond. In this light worldly successes are of secondary moment. Length of days is not to be taken into the account. The practice of virtue and the performance of duty, as it confronts us, are the sole tests of success. Be life short or be it long; be the objects aimed at achieved or left undone, the eyes can close and the light of life can fade away complacently, if we can look upon this span of temporal existence as simply a field for the development of a character which shall be fitted to fulfil its real destiny in a sphere eternal in its scope, and where nothing is fruitless and no aims fail of achievement.

If this be the real meaning of life, why should any struggle? In the profound words of Shakespeare:

Who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,

The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes?
 * * * * * Who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life?

The great dramatic poet has said it was because of "the dread of something after death—the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns." Is there not something beside this to be considered? The "dread of something after death" might induce men to struggle along prolonging life and shuddering to enter beyond the "bourn from whence no traveller returns." But why, if there be nothing intrinsically in human life, should men make the great struggle for the prizes of this world? Easy, indeed, would it be for most of us to drift pleasantly through the term of our existence, having enough to eat, to drink and to wear. But that is not the actual condition of the world at this moment. If we look at the human race from a vantage ground of observation, we see men engaged in a desperate conflict for wealth, power, social distinction and fame. The hot ambition of life is not alone seen in youth. The hoary veteran of sixty or seventy, who, if he were wise at all, must have felt a thousand times that life is but a span, and that the drop scene is not far off, still strains every nerve to further schemes which cannot date beyond his death-bed. He has a speculation in which his sole interest is fortune. He is in the political whirl, and he clings to office as if all depended upon it, or he struggles to gain it with every power he possesses. Rest, ease, comfort, home, friends are forgotten in the surging conflict for preferment. Is it for the cause he struggles? Perhaps; but who shall say how much of the purely personal enters into the account—how far the goal of those tireless efforts is the plaudits of an admiring multitude who acclaim his triumph? The events of every day reveal the undying weakness of human nature. An old gentleman has been

fairly successful in life, and gathered about him sufficient of the world's goods to provide in comfort for himself and those dependent on his care. He is surrounded by his family and has all the enjoyments of home. The dreams of youth have all long since vanished, and he knows that but a few years at most remain, while the uncertainties of life make it likely that he may pass away at any moment. Some day a delegation of his neighbors tender him a nomination for a high office. The acceptance of the trust means labor, toil and anxiety to attain the office, and the assumption of its duties means unceasing worry and perplexing care. But how rarely is the call declined? Home, rest, reflection, the moments for lifting the soul to the plane of that tremendous transition to another life are all put aside, and the gray hairs, and, perchance, enfeebled form, are found hastening from point to point, urging, struggling, surging toward victory. Why? Perhaps it is the call to Cincinnatus to save the country. Perhaps this is the mere phantom—the pleasant illusion to tickle the imagination of the multitude. At bottom, the chief motive will be found to be the restless and undying impulses of pride and ambition. These have not their roots in a cold and cynical philosophy, but in the unconscious instincts, implanted by a benign providence to lift men out of themselves and out of the horrors which would flow from a too minute introspection, and push them or lure them along into the engrossing sphere of action, where one has not time to stop and take a straight look into the future. Shakespeare's philosophy will have to be revised. It is not alone the "dread of something after death" that contents a world of busy men to "fardels bear, and grunt and sweat under a weary life." It is the inborn impulses of pride, lighted and guided by the bright phantoms of hope that lure men into the sphere of action, where the voice of reflection is too feeble to

be heard amid the din, and where no time is left for working out the problems of abstract philosophy.

It is, indeed, one of the marvels of human nature that the spirit of pride and ambition should continue to flourish and hold sway even among the wisest and most thoughtful of men. The preacher who has devoted his life to the subject of religion, and has for a generation pointed out the vanities of life and held up the future as the only goal which should engage men's thought; who has taught the folly of human pride, the emptiness of worldly achievement, and striven to fasten the attention of men upon the supreme idea of eternity, accepts a call to a larger, wealthier and more important church, by an instinct chiefly worldly, which cycles of pious reflection are powerless to withstand. And yet, in truth, there are a thousand incidents in the life of every intelligent person which emphasize the paltry character of earthly achievement. Every day we see our associates passing away. One by one our friends lie down to rest with aims unattained and purposes unfulfilled. And still we wed ourselves inexorably to the things of time, the troubles of the world, all heedless of the lessons about us. Is it not strange, and yet, withal, for the world's comfort, well?

In the restless drama of life there are times, while the scenes are shifting, for reflection, and these are the only hope for the survival of the spiritual, as opposed to the material, in human life. Who that has stood by the bedside of some dying friend, and witnessed the ebbing away of the life-tide, seen the mute appeal of those glassy eyes from which the light is fading, and heard the groan of agony with which he gave up his last breath, has not felt all the ambition of life pass out of him, and solemnly concluded that, though all we ever dreamed or hoped for were achieved, it would count for little when the death drops were gathering upon the aching brow,

and the closing eye should look its last upon the things of time? What shall we do then? What thought intervenes to prevent this merciless philosophy from destroying the whole fabric of human effort, and leaving a world without incentive to action, motive for energy or impulse to achievement? If this life be all, of little moment is it that the few hundred millions of beings who are aimlessly battling in a purposeless struggle upon this round globe, should be annihilated or resolved back into their native dust. To solve the problem it is not necessary to mumble any creed, nor accept the authority of any book or teacher. Profound reflection upon this tremendous theme will bring the clear revelation that no heart can give its assent to any such dreary limit. Those great impulses of the soul—faith, hope, love—triumphant over the baser and less worthy passions, take hold of the conscious self with such overwhelming force and power, that it would give the lie to every instinct, every mental conception upon which judgment is formed, to say that these were for a day and after "life's fitful fever" is ended, they should die with the mere framework which formed their tabernacle. All that constitutes the majesty of a soul, all that prompts to heroic action, all that inspires to lofty aims, all that sheds beauty and sweetness upon human exertion, is found in a sense of relationship to another unseen and profoundly mysterious life, in which the higher impulses can have a sphere commensurate with the intense yearnings which could find no adequate fruition within the compass of this life. The subtle judgments of the brain and the changeless promptings of the soul, alike establish the conviction that the supreme condition of that other life is virtue, because in this it is the only condition of permanent happiness, or, indeed, of permanence itself. Whatever is not right, just, and true, passes away. All triumphs except those of virtue are but mockery. Shal-

low, indeed, is the philosopher that does not perceive that nothing but virtue survives the test of even the span of this life.

Here, then, is the problem of human life. Discharge faithfully, honestly, and cheerfully the duties which the incidents of life impose, develop all the faculties in the assurance that they, at least, are immortal. Aim at success in life as leading to the goal of a higher life. Purity of heart, honesty of purpose, nobility of aim, if pursued devotedly, insure success, though, perchance, not wealth, honor or fame. The guerdon of virtue is the robe of immortality. Let the struggle go on. A world without pride and ambition, without thought for the concerns of

this life, would produce men devoid of moral fibre and be a poor training school for a higher sphere. Do what we will, clouds will hang over a human life. Along the path will be found obstacles. Hopes which seemed so bright will be blasted, and we look upon the shattered idols with bitterness of spirit. The future will often be forgotten in the absorbing interests of the present. But, amid the thousand touching phases of human life, there remains the overshadowing thought of a great beyond, melting the pride, tempering the joys, soothing the sorrows and healing the wounds which mark the changing scenes of life's pathetic drama.



AT THE MOUTH OF THE GRAND.

BY THOMAS L. M. TIPTON.

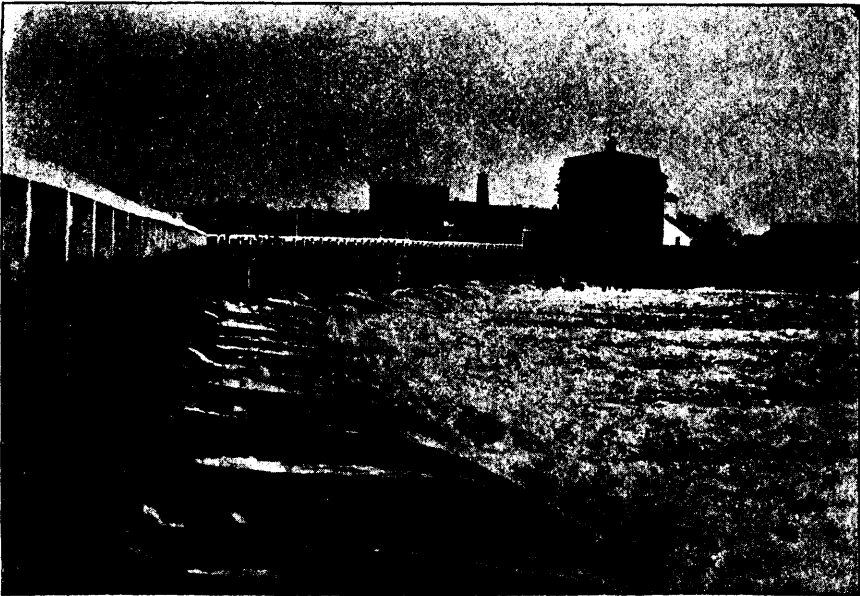
LET us idle away one of these long, sunny, summer days on the banks of a Canadian water-way, whose picturesque charms are not so well known as they should be. There is very little scenery in the Province of Ontario which can surpass in quiet, rural beauty that found at many points on the Grand River, from its source away up beyond Elora, down to where it empties—a broad, deep, slow stream—into Lake Erie. We will linger for a while beside it, starting from Dunnville, and following its course down to its mouth at Port Maitland, a distance of about five miles.

passing glance. It can boast of water-works, electric lights and natural gas. Many of the townspeople use this gas for fuel in preference to wood or coal. There are several wells in and near the town, and they yield a fair supply.

The Grand River washes the little town upon its southern side, and a very long bridge and longer embankment cross the stream at this point. We will walk over them to the opposite shore.

This is the bridge; beneath our feet is the dam; beyond it the embankment.

These works were constructed, when



LONG BRIDGE AND DAM AT DUNNVILLE.

The little town that we are leaving, with its shaded streets, its villas and cottages surrounded by well-kept gardens, its quaint fishing suburb, its mills and its storehouses, is a place well worth something more than a

the present century was young, for the purpose of turning the waters of the river through a feeder into the Welland Canal. That canal drew its whole supply of water from this river, until it was lowered to Lake Erie

level a few years ago, since which time it has been fed from the lake.

Stand on this bridge for a few minutes and look away down the stream below you. It can be seen for more than a mile, flowing through the wide marshes and low grounds on either side of it. Then a sharp bend and a point of higher land hide it from our view.

How gloriously the waters sparkle in the morning sunlight! How intensely white seems the sail of that boat, heading up stream for Dunnville! She is probably bringing a cargo of fresh fish home from the lake, to be sent by railway to Buffalo.

To-day these waters are calm and peaceful as a standing pool, but in spring and fall they sometimes go rushing over the dam with a mighty roar, bubbling and boiling down below

Fair and beautiful does it appear in the soft light of this summer morning. The cattle are wandering over it, cropping the fresh, juicy grass. A few of them are gathered in a picturesque group, close to those low-hanging willows by the water's edge. Some of them stand out dark and distinct against the sun, while others are half hidden by the bushy trees.

I admit that it is a great flat piece of reeds, and flags, and wild grass, a slushy mixture of land and water, with no tree for the eye to rest on, except those few scraggy willows, and two small elms. But do not say that it lacks the charm of variety. Look at the thousand different lines which the light of early day sheds over it. See how the dark, rich green of the reeds contrasts with the lighter shades of the grass, and with the gleaming



THE GRAND RIVER ABOVE THE DAM.

there, till the river for some distance is one sheet of foam.

We have passed the bridge now, and are on the embankment—that very, very long barrier which reaches across to the opposite shore. On the upper side it is protected by a wall of timber and a bank of stones; on the lower by a row of willows, whose roots twine in among the clay and gravel which compose it, and help to resist the action of the waters.

Away below us lies the marsh, a "level waste," extending from the foot of the embankment to the mouth of Sulphur Creek, which flows into the river about a mile and a half away.

waters of the channels which cross it here and there and connect the river with the creek.

Bright and pleasant as it seems, there are times when it presents a very different appearance. In spring, freshets have swollen the stream across the entire flats, and, far down as the eye can reach, is one vast sheet of rushing, surging water. Nothing else is to be seen except the tops of the low trees peeping above the flood; not a speck of dry land is visible.

To properly understand and appreciate the beauties of the marsh, you should visit it at every season. You should look on it in the golden au-

tumn, when the waving reeds have changed their green dress for one of deep russet brown, when vast flocks of blackbirds go forth from it at morning in search of food, and return at evening to their nests. See! there are a few of them there now, flitting about and perching on the tallest stalks they can find. They build their nests and hatch their young down in the solitude of this wild marsh, and leave it for a warmer climate when the cold weather approaches.

In the fall of the year this place is a favorite resort for ducks, too. Then you may hear the guns of the hunters in every nook and corner of it, and see men popping in and out among the tall reeds in their little tiny skiffs, which look as if a puff of wind would blow them over. You should come here then, and in winter also, when in the severer spells it is one great field of ice and snow, with brown tufts of withered grasses and flags dotting it here and there. I think that it is more truly picturesque than at any other season.

A few weeks earlier than now in June would have seen the sturgeon fleet on the lower river just below the bridge—a sight worth seeing. To behold the fishermen in their rude punts, bobbing up and down on the stream of foaming water which leaps over the dam, and throwing out their baited hooks to entice the big fish, is an experience worth having. It becomes fairly exciting when they catch hold of one of these monsters of the deep, and, after a fierce struggle, drag him, puffing and blowing, into the boat.

Sometimes they remain out hours after sunset; then the long streak of white foam resting on the dark and gloomy river, and the almost ghostly appearance of the fisher-boats, as they dance on it for an instant and then vanish into the shadows, form a phantom-like scene such as Rembrandt or Salvator Rosa would have loved to paint.

Now turn round and look away up

stream! What a noble piece of water it is—a small lake, in fact, over half a mile in width as far as we can see it, and that is over three miles. The river, in its natural state, was not half as wide, but the building of the dam and embankment had the effect of overflowing the flats for some miles up, and thousands of acres, which were formerly covered with tall, spreading trees, have been for many years under water. At some points the dead trunks and branches of these trees still remain standing. They remind us of those weird pictures of barren and blasted forests, which we meet with in the writings of some of the old romancers and poets. But, for the most part, wind and storm and decay have done their work with these giants of the wood, and nothing but the stumps can now be seen.

It is good to rest here for awhile, taking no heed of the flight of time. Calm, clear and bright the beautiful river lies before us, not a wave, not a ripple, to break the repose of its surface. Like some vast mirror, it reflects every object on its banks—the green trees, the white mills and storehouses, the dwellings, the barns, the bridges—we see them all down in those mystic depths, plain and distinct both in form and color.

Ruskin somewhere says that, under certain conditions, there is as much to be seen in the water as above it. We have only to look on that scene before us to feel the truth of his remark.

“How came that long double row of broken piles there?” you ask,—“there on the further side of the stream, which seems to run up past that inlet?”

This is all that remains of the old original tow-path. Long before steam-boats or locomotives were known in these parts, great teams of horses used to toil along it, dragging scows and barges and schooners behind them. For many years the Grand River was the principal outlet for the whole surrounding country. Immense rafts of

oak and pine and elm were then brought down it, to go by way of the Welland Canal and the St. Lawrence to Quebec—for the forests of this region were once rich in timber. One of these rafts, with its shanties built on it, and its crew of French lumbermen, was a sight to gladden the eyes. How the merry fellows would run round on it, lively as crickets, singing



MILL AND WASTE WEIR ON SULPHUR CREEK.

one of their native songs, as they labored with their pike-poles to push it along.

After the introduction of steamboats, the light traffic between these parts and Buffalo was carried on, for the greater part, by a few side-wheelers, built so as to navigate shallow waters.

There are many in this neighborhood who can well remember when the old *Experiment* and *Dover* used to come in here by way of Port Maitland and the feeder, laden with cargoes of freight and passengers from Uncle Sam's dominions. Then they would steam on up the river as far as Brantford, escaping the rapids by means of locks and short canals. Almost any evening during the season of navigation, one might stand on this embankment and see steamers come puffing down, each with her tow of loaded scows and schooners behind her.

All this is over now; the Grand River is a deserted highway; the locks and dams in the upper section have been carried away by the floods, or suffered to rot down, and it would be difficult for anything much larger than a rowboat to pass Cayuga—seldom, indeed, does a lake craft of any kind go even that far. The grain is carried chiefly by the railways, and the trade in gypsum seems to have ceased. The forests, too, have been stripped of their best timber, and nothing is ever rafted down here, except a few small sawlogs and poles.

But, though the palmy days of the noble stream may be ended, time has not robbed it of its picturesque beauty: it has heightened and increased, rather than diminished it. Like some old veteran, whose battles are over and whose bustling days are past, it has now that quiet charm which repose and decay alone can give. The merchants and the mariners, who once trafficked on its waters, have abandoned it to seek employment and wealth amid busier scenes. But, though they have deserted it, it still has its lovers and admirers. The artist now delights to haunt its banks and transfer some of its numberless bits of enchanting scenery to his canvas or his paper. This neighborhood is fast becoming a favorite resort for landscape painters. Some members of the Buffalo Sketch Club spent the greater part of last summer here, and many of the pictures exhibited at their annual opening were taken by them between Dunnville and Port Maitland. This summer they are here again, busily sketching.

You shake your head and look grave.

I know what your thoughts are. Yes, Hawthorne did say that when a country or a region becomes an object of interest to painters and poets, it may be safely considered to be in the last stages of decay. I admit the truth of the observation; it will hold good as far as the river is concerned; but if you were to see the little town over there on a market day, when the streets are crowded with wagons loaded with farmers' produce, you would not think that it was in any danger of going down. A good farming country lies all around. Heavy grain crops are grown in the townships west of the river, and now that the low, sandy lands of Moulton are well drained, they produce roots and fruits in great abundance.

The fine prospect on both sides makes this embankment a most enjoyable place for a stroll. On summer evenings, especially on Sundays, after church, half of the population of Dunnville may be seen here. But there are times when nobody will venture to cross it unless compelled. When the late fall winds are blowing a hurricane down the river, the waves will dash against it and break over it in showers of spray that would drench one to the skin in a few minutes. At the time of the great flood in 1869, the waters burst through and made a gap of over 200 feet long. Then the lower stories of half the houses in Dunnville were flooded, and the people rowed about the streets in boats for several days. The low, flat parts of Moulton township were also overflowed for several miles back from the river. These overwhelming floods are now things of the past. The village fathers of Dunnville have raised the road along the river so as to form a level breakwater, and an additional waste-weir has been built. The embankment, too, has been made higher and stronger.

Here, at the end of the embankment, is the first of the three great waste-weirs which carry off the surplus water and are the chief safeguards

when there is danger of being flooded. A pleasant, airy, picturesque spot it is. On the upper side is the wide river, and look across it and you will get a fine view of the front street of Dunnville, with the tops of the higher buildings and the towers of the churches. On the lower side, the swift current sweeps round into Sulphur Creek, and when the valves of the weir are open and the water is rushing through them, it becomes so rapid and strong that it would be rather difficult to stem it. When, like the "sweet Afton," it flows gently along, the lake fish delight to come up and play here. On each side of the channel you may see one of the quaint-looking dip-nets used in this region, with its long balance pole and its upright rest. It hangs over the water ready for a dip whenever indications are favorable. On the opposite side, close by the tall white grist mill, a couple of fishermen are sitting down enjoying a smoke under the thick willows that overhang the little mill-race. In a few minutes they will probably let down the net and make a catch. The fish caught here are, most of them, fine eating, especially the bass, both black and white. These fishermen are professionals, who pay the Government for their licenses and follow the occupation for profit. They own seines as well as dip-nets, and if you come at the right time you may see them putting off in their scow-built punts and then throwing out their nets and dragging them to shore, heavy, perhaps, with every kind of fish that is to be found in these waters—pike, pickerel, bass, suckers, mullet, and, it may be, maskinonge—the finest and most delicious of all, so epicures say. At certain seasons of the year it is unlawful to catch some of these fish. Should one of the prohibited happen to get into the net at these times, the fishermen, of course, make a point of throwing it back into the water, more especially if the inspector should chance to be looking on.

In addition to the professionals, there are a number of amateurs who love to frequent the waste-weirs and other points where the fish congregate. They are mostly old gentlemen, retired tradesmen, officials, and farmers, who are spending the evening of life in Dunnville, and who, in these long, hot summer days, find their chief recreation and employment in the sport which Isaac Walton so loved. These gentlemen use nothing but the hook and line, and these they can ply to their heart's content without let or hindrance.

The summer months, July and August especially, generally bring a number of visitors to enjoy the sport of trawling. Boats and guides are always to be hired, and one may see them starting off up stream and down with spoon-hook and line and lunch-basket, if he chanced to be abroad in the early morning hours.

It is time that we were on our way to Port Maitland. The little islands and the old canal, just above where we

You can glance at the second waste-weir as we cross the Sulphur Creek bridge. Like the first, it is a solid, substantial stone structure, built at great expense on a firm foundation of piles and puddled clay.

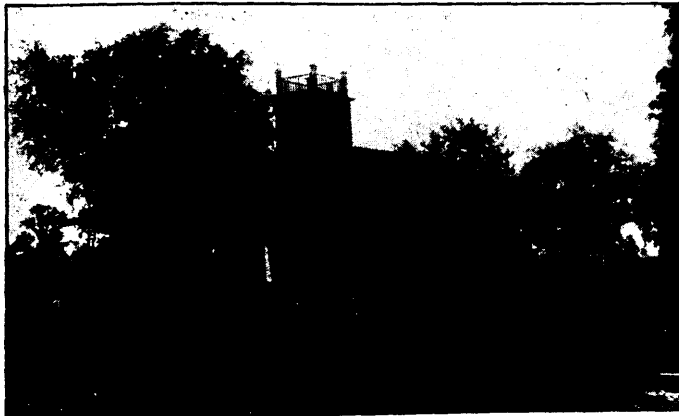
Leaving the quiet village of Byng, we take the river road, and are soon on the summit of a little hill from which we get another fine view of Dunnville. As we look across the marsh, the town seems to lie on the very edge of it. From this point the eye can also take in the long bridge and embankment, the lower river, and the creek with its branches dividing the green expanse into fairy-looking islands, while the beams of the morning sun falling upon the scene, give it the charm of life and freshness.

A mile or two more and we are past the great bend and in sight of the sand dunes of Port Maitland—high mounds which look in the distance like a chain of tiny mountains. They shut out the lake from our view, but the tall masts of a schooner lying in the

harbor can be plainly seen towering above them.

We pass thriving-looking homesteads, rich pastures and fields of winter wheat, which promise fair for a good yield at harvest, should nothing happen to blight or injure them.

The land on this side of the river is comparatively high, but on the other side the great



OLD CHURCH AT PORT MAITLAND.

stand, are worth devoting a few hours to, especially when the inlets are covered with beautiful white pond lillies which seem to float on the surface of the water. They make a fine contrast with the dark green leaves that surround them.

marshes skirt the lagoon-like stream down to its mouth, and stretch away south and east to the banks of the feeder.

At last we come to where the sand-hills block the way, and the road branches off. Let us mount the steep

bank, although it is rather hard climbing, for the sand is so loose that our feet sink into it at every step. From the summit of these mounds we have a delightful view. The lake, the piers, the light-house, the long line of sand-hills, sweeping round the crescent bay down to Mohawk Point, burst at once upon our sight. Far as the eye can reach, the great inland sea lies before us, clear and peaceful. The spirit of repose seems to have shed its influence over it, and to have lulled it into slumber as deep and as sweet as the sleep of a child. Away out we catch sight of the white sails of vessels, and the smoke of a steamboat. Here all is quiet; there is nothing to disturb the pervading tranquillity; not a sound is to be heard save the murmur of the waters as they ripple on the sand.

Our surroundings "breathe immortality" and invite us to meditation. While we are in this mood, it will be good for us to linger for awhile in the little churchyard, which lies yonder, just at the upper end of this chain of hillocks or dunes. You can see the tower of the church through the trees. A wild, solitary spot it is, lying amid the sands, with the vast lake in front of it, and an atmosphere of mingled sadness and sweetness pervading it. The grass has grown high and rank in places, bramble has cropped up, the sand has drifted in and buried portions of the fence, and of some of the gravestones, but there is a charm in this secluded God's acre, which the more pretentious cemeteries of great cities do not often possess. The spirit of the place awakens tender feelings, and inclines us to deep and solemn thought. There is nothing to break the spell which it casts over heart and mind. No crowd of sightseers, no elegant equipages sweeping by, no gay flower-gardens and inappropriate decorations to turn our attention from the things that are afar off to the pomps and vanities of the world.

The little wooden church is Anglican, and is old, as age is reckoned in

this country. Some of these tombstones have been standing for more than half a century. As you walk round, and read and ponder, you will observe that a number of old officers lie buried here. The lake shore for several miles west of us was originally settled by military and naval officers from England, who came out here to form a little colony, and live the free, independent, pleasant life of country gentlemen. Some of them laid out much of their means in improving their farms and in building substantial dwellings for themselves, but they found, generally, that farming in Canada was anything but profitable in those times, except for practical, hard-working men, able and willing to endure privation and rough fare. As most of them had regular incomes, they managed to live comfortably, but their descendants, with a few exceptions, have left the neighborhood to seek more congenial employment in our towns and cities.

You wonder why the grave we are approaching is made of such extraordinary length,—as if it were that of a giant. Beneath that mound of earth rest the remains of a band of gallant soldiers, who belonged to the famous Twenty-Third, or Welsh Fusiliers, and who were drowned near this shore in 1849. They were on their way from Montreal to London, and were going by steamboat as far as Port Stanley. Their vessel was run into by another and sunk a little way out from this place. Assistant Surgeon Grantham, some non-commissioned officers, and more than forty men perished, and their remains were interred in this churchyard, as may be seen by the inscriptions on the headstones. The accident happened in the night, and it is said that one of the vessels did not have her lights properly displayed. Be that as it may, the poor fellows went down, and

"They laid them by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave."

There have been many shipwrecks in this bay, when the storms of autumn raged, and the lake vessels were making the last trips of the season.

How invitingly cool seems the Lake in these sultry days! No wonder so many Dunnvillites have built summer cottages on its shores.

We will walk along the beach to the village. We can see the tops of the houses over the sand-hills.

You would like to know something about the origin of these sand-hills. Well, I confess I cannot tell you how they came here; I am not in the least scientific. Probably they were blown

and heat of the sands at noon-day make the cool lake look still more welcome and refreshing, and when the evening yellow falls upon them, they seem actually to take on the long lines of golden light and the deep-hued masses of shadow.

Artists always love low sandy shores like this. Some of the most attractive pictures in our galleries are taken from just such scenes. This neighborhood has received its share of attention. Mr. George Merritt Clarke, a talented member of the Buffalo Sketch Club, was here for several weeks last summer, sketching among these sands and



IN PORT MAITLAND.

up by the winds and are the work of the gales of centuries. I think that they go on increasing in size from year to year, as fresh sand is washed up from the lake.

This must be a scorching hot place when the summer sun is pouring down his rays on it, especially when there is no breeze off the lake, for there is very little shade here; nothing appears to grow on these dunes, except a few scrubby, stunted hemlocks, which creep along the ground and look like vines rather than trees. But notwithstanding this, there is a peculiar fascination about the scene. The glare

the old tumble-down houses of the village, which is now in the days of its decline, but not, I trust, of its fall.

The good people of Port Maitland, some of them at least, wondered what attraction the place could have for an artist and could not understand how the picture of an old frame building not worth five dollars could fetch almost as many hundreds, when put up for sale.

Here is the mouth of the river, and the capacious harbor, one of the very largest and best on Lake Erie. A fleet could ride at anchor in safety under those piers. Away across, on the other

shore of the river is the lake entrance to the Feeder. The lock is about a quarter of a mile up it.

Round about us lie the houses of the Port, and, if decay and dinginess are signs of the picturesque, this place must surely be an Artist's Paradise, for more dilapidated-looking affairs than some of these old structures are, could scarcely be seen anywhere. The light-keeper's house and the neat hotel are modern, respectable and prosaic, but the rest of the buildings are antique, unrepresentable, and dear to the poet and the painter's heart.

See, that worn-out frame cottage. It stands there on the sand-bank, but every house in Port Maitland rests on a similar foundation. It is a village built on sand.

During the war of 1812, and for many years after, Port Maitland was a naval station, perhaps the most important on the lake. Some of the old inhabitants here, can remember H.M.S. *Minos*, and her commander Lieutenant Hatch. She was stationed here away back in the forties, and was withdrawn when Great Britain and the United States withdrew all war-vessels from the lakes.

The Port was a busy place formerly, but its trade, like that of the Grand River, has fallen off.

Steamers here took in their supply of firewood, and great piles of it were to be seen on the docks. The harbor was filled with vessels all summer long, steamboats wooding up, schooners which had put in for supplies or for shelter, little fleets of Grand River scows and barges waiting till the lake

was calm enough for the tugs to tow them across to Buffalo. Great rafts of timber often lay here for days. During the time of the American civil war, a good deal of round pine was brought in to go through the canal, immense sticks, some of them over one hundred feet in length and three or four in diameter. At that time the Southern ports were blockaded and ship yards had to get their masts and spars from Northern forests.

The only industry which seems now to flourish in the place is fishing; this is carried on to a considerable extent. The great reels for nets which are seen on the sands in front of some of the houses show what is the occupation of the inhabitants. Some of these fishermen ply their trade along the beach with seines; others have gill nets in the lake. Any one who stays here for a few weeks will have an opportunity of seeing their little steam-boat come in at early morning with its cargo of fish, and go out at evening when they set their nets. If one is fond of fishing either with hook or trawling line, he can find no better place for a summer outing: there is the river to sport on and near by is the cool lake. Accommodation is easily obtained; no more comfortable and pleasant country tavern can be found than the cheerful-looking little inn, with its good table, airy rooms, and aspect of neatness, so that a stay by the spot where the broad, slow river, melts into the breezy bosom of Lake Erie, lacks not in the comforts of life found in other summer resorts.



ISMS IN THE SCHOOLS.

BY JOHN S. EWART, Q. C.

"WHAT a melancholy notion is that which has to represent all men, in all countries and times, except our own, as having spent their life in blind condemnable error—mere lost Pagans, Scandinavians, Mahometans--only that we might have the true ultimate knowledge! All generations of men were lost and wrong, only that this present little section of a generation might be saved and right. They all marched forward there, all generations since the beginning of the world, like the Russian soldiers into the ditch of Schweidnitz fort, only to fill up the ditch with their dead bodies, that we might march over and take the place. It is an incredible hypothesis. Such incredible hypothesis we have seen maintained with fierce emphasis, and this or the other poor individual man, with his sect of individual men, marching as over the dead bodies of all men, towards sure victory; but when he, too, with his hypothesis and ultimate infallible *credo*, sank into the ditch and became a dead body, what was to be said? Withal, it is an important fact in the nature of man, that he tends to reckon his own insight as final, and goes upon it as such." So said Thomas Carlyle (the hero as priest), and mournfully added: "He will always do it, I suppose, in one or the other way."

And yet one would think that by this time Cromwell's adjuration addressed to the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland: "I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it *possible* you may be mistaken," would in some small measure be commencing to take effect even upon Scotchmen. Surely the scantiest information as to the intellectual and moral development of the human race would teach any one that not the blockheads only among

our ancestors, but the wise-heads as well, have been hopelessly—I had almost said stupidly—wrong upon countless matters that appear to us to be as simple as the addition of a couple of units. But no; so far, Carlyle's prophecy, "He will *always* do it," bids fair to realize itself.

And the reason is not far to seek. Toleration is based upon culture (of which there is but scant crop), and especially upon those parts of it included under (1) wide-reading, that you may know that the road to your own opinion has been over many a nobler thinker now stark in the Schweidnitz ditch; (2) experience, that you may have seen your own most cherished opinions go to the ditch ahead of you. ("The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the former," said Swift); and (3), a certain sympathetic and imaginative power, that you may patiently investigate the foundations and strength of opposing opinion, and be able to appreciate its arguments, not from your own point of view, but from that of your opponents. You must come to the question as an enquirer—not with heady confidence, arrogantly asserting infallibility and completed investigation; but, on the contrary, with open mind ready and willing to re-examine your best beloved beliefs in the light of that which may be urged against them—a very rare frame of mind. If the question be one upon which you have no very fixed ideas, the possibilities are that your mind will receive its first (and last) impression from the first person you meet, be it nurse or philosopher. But if it be a question of politics or religion, and you have arrived at the age of—say

puberty—what prospect is there for the clearest truth, as against the stupidest falsehood which may have theretofore, in some way or other, got into your head ?

I am not blaming you, although for like offence you are constantly turning up your intellectual nose at other people. I am not even saying that you, in your individual list of beliefs, have subscribed to a single false one. All that I am intending is to "beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible that you may be mistaken"—in some small but specified one of these beliefs, if you cannot admit as to two of them ; it will do you good as a commencement. You can look back over the little history you know, and grant that had other people doubted in any smallest measure their inerrancy, oceans of blood, and infinitudes of misery, would have been spared ; but for yourself you see no lesson there, for were they not all wrong, and is it not clear that you are right ? Ah ! there's the rub, *you* are right—be it a "melancholy notion" or not, "all generations of men *were* lost and wrong, only that your little section of a generation might be saved and right." You and your "ultimate infallible *credo* are not bound for the ditch. I pray you, do try and remember that all these poor Schweidnitz fellows had likewise, every one of them, seen a clear route across the Pagan and Mahometan stupidities, but nevertheless were plainly, as we now see it, every one of them, ticketed for the ditch. Aye, and did veritably go there, they and their hypotheses, and are now plainly *not* right. And when you come to think of it, why should you be infallible, and all the ditch occupants, and perhaps a large majority of those still outside of it, be indubitably wrong ? Tell me that you have studied more deeply, more diligently, and with greater ability than they, and I shall accept your answer. Tell me merely that you "know" that you are right, and I shall merely translate your "know" into

"my father told me," and wonder that you did not know enough to do that for yourself.

Will you let me tell you something. Here is a fundamental and, you think, easily solvable question, viz., that relating to toleration of contrary opinion, religious or other. Let me shortly review it for you.

Plato^(a) prescribed thus for unbelievers : "Let those who have been made what they are only from want of understanding, and not from malice or an evil nature, be placed by the judge in the house of reformation, and ordered to suffer imprisonment during a period of not less than five years. And in the meantime let them have no intercourse with the other citizens, except with members of the nocturnal council, and with them let them converse touching the improvement of their souls' health. And when the time of their imprisonment has expired, if any of them be of sound mind, let him be restored to sane company, but if not, and if he be condemned a second time, let him be punished with death." *Plato was wrong.*

Pagan Emperors (knowing that *they* were right) persecuted and put to death thousands of Christians, and Christians did the same for Pagans in proportion to their power. *Pagans and Christians were wrong.*

Roman Catholics (knowing that *they* were right) persecuted and put to death thousands of Protestants ; and Protestants did the same thing for Catholics in proportion to their power. Said Canon Farrar^(b) : "The idea of man's universal rights, of universal freedom and liberty of conscience, was alien to the views of the whole ancient world. Indeed it is of quite modern introduction. It was not known even in Christendom, not even in the Protestant part of it, till the seventeenth century." *Catholics and Protestants, including Calvin, Knox, etc., etc., were wrong.*

(a) Laws, X., 909 ; Jowett's Translation, IV., 421
History of Free Thought, Note 15.

Hobbes in 1658 said ^(a): "Christians, or men of what religion soever, if they tolerate not their king, whatsoever law he maketh, though it be concerning religion, do violate their faith, contrary to the divine law, both natural and positive; nor is there any judge of heresy among subjects, but their own civil sovereign. For heresy is nothing else but a private opinion obstinately maintained, contrary to the opinion which the public person, that is to say, the representant of the commonwealth, hath commended to be taught. By which it is manifest, that an opinion publicly appointed to be taught cannot be heresy; nor the sovereign princes that authorize them, heretics. For heretics are none but private men that stubbornly defend some doctrine prohibited by their lawful sovereign." Which heretics he counselled, could they not comply with the king's requirement, to go off courageously "to Christ by martyrdom," and leave the land in peace. *Hobbes was wrong.*

John Locke gained for himself much renown by his noble plea for toleration, and was, we think, much in advance of the day when he wrote (1689); but he makes this qualification ^(b): "Lastly, those are not to be tolerated who deny the Being of a God. Promises, covenants and oaths which are the bonds of human society can have no hold upon an atheist. The taking away of God, though but even in thought, dissolves all. Besides also, those that by their atheism undermine and destroy all religion, can have no pretence of religion whereupon to challenge the privilege of a toleration." *Locke was wrong.*

Bishop Warburton in 1736 ^(c) lays down in the strongest terms the natural right of every man to worship God according to his conscience, and the criminality of every attempt on the part of the State to interfere with his religion. "With religious errors,

as such, the State has no concern"; and it may never restrain a religion except when it produces grave "civil mischiefs." In asserting, however, that "religion, or the care of the soul, is not within the province of the magistrate, and that consequently matters of doctrine and opinion are without his jurisdiction, this must always be understood, with the exception of the three fundamental principles of natural religion—the being of God, His providence over human affairs, and the natural, essential difference of moral good and evil. These doctrines it is directly his office to cherish, protect and propagate, and all oppugners of them it is as much his right and duty to restrain, as any the most flagrant offenders against public peace." And the reason of this exception, he says, is obvious: "The magistrate concerns himself with the maintenance of these three fundamental articles, not as they promote our future happiness, but our present . . . They are the very foundation and bond of civil policy. Without them oaths and covenants and all the ties of moral obligation upon which society is founded are dissolved." *Warburton was wrong.*

Rousseau in 1761 ^(d) drew up a civil profession of faiths and prescribed that: "If any one declines to accept them, he ought to be exiled, not for being impious, but for being unsociable, incapable of sincere attachment to the laws, or of sacrificing his life to his duty. If any one, after publicly recognizing these dogmas, carried himself as if he did not believe them, then let him be punished by death, for he has committed the worst of crimes, he has lied before the laws." *Rousseau was wrong.*

Blackstone, the great English jurist, in his commentaries (1755) wrote: "Doubtless the preservation of Christianity as a national religion is, abstracted from the intrinsic truth, of the utmost consequence to the civil

(a) Leviathan, cap. 42.

(b) First Letter on Toleration, p. 31.

(c) Alliance of Church and State.

(d) Contract Social iv, viii, 203.

state, which a single instance will sufficiently demonstrate. The belief in a future state of rewards and punishments, the entertaining just ideas of the moral attributes of the supreme Being, and a firm persuasion that He superintends and will finally compensate every action in human life (all which are clearly revealed in the doctrines, and forcibly inculcated in the precepts, of our Saviour Christ), these are the grand foundations of all judicial oaths which call God to witness the truth of those facts which perhaps may be only known to Him and the party attesting. All moral evidence, therefore, all confidence in human veracity, must be weakened by irreligion and overborne by infidelity. Wherefore, all affront to Christianity or endeavors to depreciate its efficacy, are deserving of human punishment." *Blackstone was wrong.*

Burke, in 1773, in a speech in the House of Commons, alluding to the argument that if non-conformity were tolerated, atheism would gain protection under pretence of it, said: "If this danger is to be apprehended, if you are really fearful that Christianity will indirectly suffer from this liberty, you have my free consent: go directly and by the straight way and not by a circuit; point your arms against these men who do the mischief you fear promoting; point your own arms against men . . . who by attacking even the possibility of all revelation, arraign all the dispensations of Providence to man. These are the wicked Dissenters you ought to fear; these are the people against whom you ought to aim the shaft of the law; these are the men to whom, arrayed in all the terrors of Government, I would say: You shall not degrade us into brutes. These men—these factious men, as the honorable gentleman properly called them—are the just object of vengeance, not the conscientious Dissenter. . . . Against these I would have the laws rise in all their majesty of terrors to fulminate such

vain and impious wretches, and to awe them into impotence by the only dread they can fear or believe. The most horrid and cruel blow that can be offered to civil society is through atheism. Do not promote diversity: when you have it bear it; have as many sorts of religions as you find in your country: there is a reasonable worship in them all. The others—the infidels or outlaws of the Constitution, not of this country, but of the human race—they are never, never to be supported, never to be tolerated. Under the systematic attacks of these people, I see some of the props of good Government already begin to fail—I see the propagated principles which will not leave to religion even a toleration.

. . . Those who hold revelation give double assurance to their country. Even the man who does not hold revelation, yet who wishes that it were proved to him, who observes a pious silence with regard to it, such a man, though not a Christian, is governed by religious principle. Let him be tolerated in this country. Let it be but a serious religion, natural or revealed—take what you can get—cherish, blow up the slightest spark.

. . . By this proceeding you form an alliance, offensive or defensive, against those great ministers of darkness in the world who are endeavoring to shake all the works of God, established in order and beauty. Perhaps I am carried too far, but it is in the road which the honorable gentleman had let me. The honorable gentleman would have us fight this confederacy of the powers of darkness with the single arm of the Church of England. Strong as we are, we are not yet equal to this. The cause of the Church of England is included in that of religion, not that of religion in the Church of England." *Burke was wrong.*

Paley writing in 1785^(a) perceived "no reason why men of different religious persuasions may not sit upon

(a) Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy, Bk. VI., Cap. X.

the same bench, or fight in the same ranks, as well as men of various or opposite opinions upon any controverted topic of natural philosophy, history or ethics. Every species of intolerance which enjoins suppression and silence, and every species of persecution which enforces such injunctions, is adverse to the progress of truth: forasmuch as it causes that to be fixed by one set of men, at one time, which is much better, and with much more probability of success, left to the independent and progressive inquiry of separate individuals. Truth results from discussion and from controversy; is investigated by the labors and researches of private persons. Whatever, therefore, prohibits these, obstructs that industry and that liberty which it is the common interest of mankind to promote. In religion, as in other subjects, truth, if left to itself, will almost always obtain the ascendancy." But after so much good sense he adds: "Under the idea of religious toleration, I include the toleration of all books of serious argumentation; but I deem it no infringement of religious liberty to restrain the circulation of ridicule, invective and mockery upon religious subjects; because this species of writing applies only to the passions, weakens the judgment, and contaminates the imagination of its readers; has no tendency whatever to assist either the investigation or the impression of truth; on the contrary, whilst it stays not to distinguish between the authority of different religions, it destroys alike the influence of all." *Paley was wrong.* He underrated, or rather misrated altogether, the function of ridicule in argument.

This is somewhat of a formidable list of names to collect together for the mere purpose of condemning their opinions without a word of argument. Plato, typical of everybody down to the seventeenth century (Pagans, Protestants and Catholics), Hobbes, Locke, Warburton, Rousseau (Voltaire may be added), Blackstone, Burke, Paley

—all more or less wrong, and you and I right? Yes, you say, most certainly we are—and from Chelsea we may still hear reverberating, "He will always do it, I suppose."

And we, the infallibles, have our opinions, too, upon the question of free trade *versus* protection, no doubt; although perhaps we are old enough to have changed them at the same time that our leaders did. Prior to 1876 (say) we were all free traders or at least revenue-tariff men; about that time perhaps we became eager protectionists, and so voted in 1878; and we could then have demonstrated to any one not absolutely imbecile that there was no doubt in the world that we were right—could we not distinguish between successful free trade in England, and triumphant protection in the United States? But now, oh! now, we, and thousands such as we, having lost our prophet, clamorously acclaim a new found apostle who promises to lead us out of the Egyptian night in which we have been groping and show us our land flowing with milk and honey. Stop a moment here. Have you ever contemptuously and in real earnest called yourself a fool for having believed otherwise than you now do on this or any other subject? If so, perhaps, you had ground for your charge (although not for your lack of politeness); and possibly you may not have yet much improved in wisdom! (This is a consideration which should give you a little pause before throwing stones at others.) On the other hand, if you have never so characterized yourself, should you not treat with the same leniency and respect those who continue to hold the opinions which you have abandoned. There is a possibility that they have been always right. There is no such possibility for you! Your insight into your own mistakes, as well as into those of others, you reckon as final, and you go upon it as such!—"He will always do it I suppose in one or the other way."

It is worth while paying attention to the way in which you came by some of your opinions. Looking about you, you seem to observe that as a rule the son inherits the opinions of his father, in much the same fashion as he does his real estate. In fact, family opinions seem frequently to be appurtenant to the family possession; as the lawyers would say, they run with the land. Lord A's estate produces oak trees, and liberal politics; while Lord B's produces beech trees, and tory politics. Neither of the noble Lords had anything more to do with the formation of their opinions than with the growth of their trees—both came to them ready made. And now when they assert that trees and opinions are clearly their own, I agree; and in each case for exactly the same reason—because they quite lawfully inherited both. This is all very trite, no doubt, but what, perhaps, is not so very trite, is that it applies to yourself, and that you do not think that it does. (I am taking one chance out of a thousand.) You see that it applies to everybody else: but *everybody else sees that it applies to you*. If you do hold the opinions of your father, may it not be because his trees were oaks? and that your boasted insight is limited to the ascertainment of what kind of ideas you were born with?

Your opinion then (be it live oak or dead basswood merely) is that Plato, and the rest, were undubitably wrong. Not stupid, you say, but under the influence of superstition or other properly discarded rag-tag; dominated to some extent by their uncultivated environment, grovelling in the darkness out of which we have arisen to such effulgent light. Yes, my friend, without having read a word of these men, you condemn them; but what are you going to say about all those of your contemporaries who disagree with you—effulgent light notwithstanding; people who believe that all society is hooked and buttoned together by religion, and that the button-loppers must

be stopped that society may not return to original nudity and barbarism. I do not wish to argue these points with you, I merely want to ask you, What do you say about all these contemporaries? That you are right and they are wrong, and that you can prove it? That may be so, but they tell me precisely the same thing, namely, that they are right and you wrong, and that it is the easiest thing in the world to demonstrate it.

Now, no one objects to your holding your opinions as well as your trees; to the advocacy of your opinions, and to the supplanting of all other trees with oaks, if you can convince the owners of them that the thing ought to be done. The point I want to come at is this, that your opinions are not entitled to one whit greater deference or respect (even should they be concurred in by vast majorities) than are the opinions of others. Frankly and unreservedly will you go with me that far? You believe that all opinions not harmful to society should be tolerated. A great many other people say, "yes, that is true, but atheistical opinions are harmful and should therefore not be tolerated." You reply that "atheistical opinions are not harmful." This is not a question of principle but a question of fact—Are atheistical opinions harmful to society?—and it is a fact that we cannot agree about; several centuries of endeavoring to do so having proved that matter to us. What then is to be done? Perhaps we can get some help by a technical statement of the argument:—Opinions harmful to society ought to be suppressed: some people (A) believe atheistical opinions to be harmful; while others (B) believe that they are not; therefore the some people (A) ought to have their way, and such opinions ought to be suppressed. You see clearly that this conclusion is wrong; but how does it help you to yours? If the conclusion is not right that the some people (A) must have their way, and the opinions be suppressed; neither is

the other conclusion right, that the others (B) must have their way and the opinions be tolerated. If we cannot decide whether the opinions are harmful or innocent, (A) has as much right to have his way as (B), has he not? Let me suggest a solution, for there is no *impasse* here. (A) wants the opinions of (B) suppressed; he has no right to interfere with other people's opinions, unless they are harmful to society; on him therefore lies the *onus* of proof that the opinions that he seeks to suppress are harmful. If he cannot prove this (and in the supposed case he cannot) nothing is done; and the decision is not that (B) is right, but that (A) has not made a case for interference with him. The normal condition is liberty. Let him who desires to circumscribe it prove his right. If he cannot, then he has no title to interfere.

But why elaborate all this? No one now-a-days thinks of interfering with opinions. Think you so, my friend? So far I have been endeavoring to get you to agree with me upon general principles, before proceeding to apply them, and I fancy that I have found little difficulty; but now we are going to separate. You see very little or no intolerance in the world. On the contrary, I see as much there as ever there was, and more, for the population is rapidly increasing. I do not mean that we are burning or jailing one another just now—that was the *form* merely which intolerance in rougher times assumed. But I do say that the incapacity to appreciate and sympathetically understand an opinion contrary to our own, is as rare to-day as ever in the world before. I know that education is more widespread, but in my opinion intolerance *commences* with knowledge (as disease with life), and succumbs to nothing but much culture, which is far from being widespread; and the cocks are as sure now as they ever were. The "important fact in the nature of man, that he tends to reckon his own in-

sight as final, and goes upon it as such," has, by many centuries of culture, to be eradicated out of human nature, before its offspring, intolerance and persecution, will leave the world in peace. No doubt asperities have been rubbed down and the more dreaded penalties for non-conformity to majority-opinion probably for ever ended; but the old intolerant spirit is still alive, manifesting itself, and dominating as far it can, in strict conformity with the softened manners of the times. Principal Cave (I think it was) said that "It should be made an unpleasant thing for a man to call himself an infidel"; and he is but frankly stating the tactics of modern inquisitors. With social penalties, if not with hanging; with sarcasm and contempt, if not with thumb-screw and boots, the bigot still insists upon conformity to *his* plans and specifications; and to the best of his ability limits and controls the liberty and the opinions of others. Cocksure and its brood "with fierce emphasis" are still vigorously dragooning the world.

My purpose in this article, however, is not to call attention to this pigmy war, which must be left to burn itself out (after various centuries more have passed), but to enter a *caveat* against its incursions into a new realm, against the irruption of intolerance in our public schools. Men seeing that it is becoming more and more difficult to force their opinions upon adults, are now turning their attention to the children, where their conquest will be easy if their access be permitted. I want to see impregnable walls opposed to the incursion of all proselytizers into the schools.

And, as a basis for my argument, I have been endeavoring to win assent to these few propositions: (1) That human thought is, even at the best of it, upon social and religious questions, far from being infallible; (2) that other people of equal intelligence, who honestly differ with us, are as likely to be right as we are; (3) that relig

ious and irreligious opinion is in the category of the debatable (many on *both* sides say it is not, which to my mind proves that it is;) (4) that the true policy with reference to all such questions is that of perfect liberty, for the *onus* of proving the harmfulness of opposing opinion cannot be discharged. Now let me apply these principles to the schools.

Perhaps you, reader, have been urging that certain things (apart from mere secular education) should, or should not, be taught in the schools, because, as you say, these things are right, or are wrong, although other people do not agree in your opinion of them. Perhaps you are an Imperial Federationist, and want to instil Imperial ideas into the minds of the young. Mr. Parkin has written a book for use in the schools, emphasizing his hobby. You agree with him and want his book introduced into all the schools. In other words, you want to insist that the children of people who do not agree with you are to imbibe your opinions and not those of their parents. You would send these children home to tell their parents that they are acting dishonorably in advocating a rupture of the British connection, and that (as Principal Grant has it) the suggestion of union with the United States "should crimson the faces of people who do not pretend to be fishy-blooded"—that is, the faces of their parents. I know that you are, no doubt, right, so do not tell me that; but again I would remind you that men whose opinions are entitled to as much weight as yours do not think so, and I beseech you "to think it possible you may be mistaken." I ask for liberty.

Or perhaps you believe in militarism and the inculcation of a warlike spirit, and you insist upon flags and drills and painted muskets, so that the fighting propensities (you call them the capacities for defence) may be developed. Other good people abhor the notion of war, and dread the

effect upon their boys of these appeals to their combativeness. You would have the boys tell their peace-loving fathers that they are old women, and that a fighter is the highest type of an English gentleman. You are right of course, and they wrong; but again I plead for liberty.

Or perhaps you believe that education is a vicious thing, unaccompanied by religion, and that the State is turning out "clever scoundrels" instead of worthy citizens. You insist upon religious instruction in all the schools. You quote all our old authorities, a great many of our new ones, and piles of most convincing statistics, to prove that society is held together by morality, and that there can be no morality without religion; and, so far from being shocked with the idea of setting child against parent, you would pray that "it might be the means, under Providence, of," &c., &c. Beyond, peradventure, your "little section of generation" has arrived at the "ultimate infallible credo," but, once more, let me remind you that many people, your equals in intelligence, believe that the religion you want taught is mere superstition and nonsense, which should be educated out of the parents, and not into the children. Once more, I say, let there be liberty.

Perchance Sabbatarianism is your particular hobby, and you believe that a nation which "desecrates the Sabbath" will be cursed of God. You probably, therefore, want the commandments, and particularly the fourth, learned by heart by every Canadian child. It is not enough for you to teach your own children so, but you insist upon the children of people, who think your Sabbatarianism Puritan fudge, to be taught that their parents misbehave themselves shockingly on Sunday. I repeat, let us have liberty.

Or is the abolition of alcoholism your particular ambition? Then you desire that the deplorable effects of fermented liquors should be impressed

upon the rising generation—the body (God's temple) should be kept pure from the degrading thing; nine-tenths of the vice, sin, and shame are its offspring, etc., etc. All, beyond doubt, as well founded as are the arguments to support all the other isms of which you make so little; but, for the last time, I tell you that thousands of excellent people believe you to be a mere crabbed bigot, and would much rather have your children taught to think so than that theirs should be trained to think like you. There must be liberty.

And so I would have no isms in the schools at all? you ask—no Imperial Federation, no Militarism, no Pietism no Sabbatarianism, no Anti-Alcoholism? Quite the contrary, my friend; I would have all these, and every other ism, of such like, you can think of, in the schools; but upon this one condition, that the parents of all the children should be willing to have them there. In the name of liberty, I would say to the parents, certainly you have a right to teach, or have taught to your children anything you like, so long as you can agree about it. I would not ask that a whole province should be unanimous before Sabbatarianism should be taught in a single county; nor that a whole county should be made unanimous before militarism should be taught in one of its school districts; nor even that a whole school district should be unanimous before Imperialism should be taught in one of its schools. What does the principle of liberty require? This and nothing more, that parents should not be required to subscribe to the school rates, and at the same time have their children taught some ism that they abhor; and, on the other hand, that where the parents of all the children in any school desire that an ism should be taught, taught it ought to be. And I shall add, that when I speak of unanimity I mean practical unanimity, and not such as would make it necessary to include all

mere eccentric or isolated opinion of every ordinary or extraordinary sort. We can never expect to have theoretical perfection in the application of even undoubted doctrines to all possible conditions and contingencies.

Let me gather up some conclusions. Education can be conceived as something entirely apart from all isms. Nevertheless in the community are many people who desire to have particular isms taught in the schools. Liberty requires that children should not be taught isms to which their parents are opposed. But at the same time liberty does not require that children should be allowed to grow up entirely illiterate. Liberty further requires that where the parents of the children of any one school desire that a particular ism should be taught, taught it ought to be. And it further requires that in arranging the schools, reasonable facilities ought, if possible, to be given for the combination of such children in separate schools. It would be the antipode of liberty that such combination should be prevented in cases in which it did not materially interfere with the efficiency of other schools.

Let me put a concrete case. In the Province of Ontario there is a large number of Roman Catholics who believe that their children would be very improperly educated were they sent to secular schools, or even to schools which Protestants would approve of. In that case, what does the principle of liberty require? Merely this, that opportunities should be given for the combination of Roman Catholics in certain of the schools, if that can be done without disturbing unduly the efficiency of the other schools. They desire that an ism should be taught to their children. By all means let it be so, if it costs nothing, or very little, to other people. Liberty to them, and all others, should be accorded even at some expense to the community, for one of the objects of our institutions is to afford as much individual liberty

as possible. The opportunities they desire may, without loss to the community, be given to them in two sets of cases: (1) where the population is dense, and yet mixed (in these cases there will be room for two sets of schools); (2) in districts where the population is sparse but entirely Roman Catholic. Against the propriety of granting facilities for separate schools in these cases, there can be nothing said without intolerance and the breach of our most cherished principles of liberty.

One word of application to the Manitoba schools. The Rev. Dr. Bryce, one of the bitterest opponents of the separate schools, has recently stated as follows:—"Out of 719 school districts in Manitoba, when the Act of 1890 was passed, 91 were Catholic. Of these *all but a very small percentage are in localities almost entirely French.*" I may add that of the "very small percentage" there were only four school districts in which the population, although mixed, was not large enough to support a school of each kind. Our principle of liberty applied to Manitoba therefore requires that in all but four out of the 91 schools the Catholics ought to be allowed to have their way, and to teach their religion to their children if they wish, provided only that the just requirements of the State with reference to secular learning are observed. Acting upon the very contrary doctrine, namely, that of intolerance, consciously or unconsciously having in view the hindrance of the teaching of the Catholic religion as something depraved, Manitoba has said to a large section of her people, unless you undertake to stop teaching your own religion, to your own children, in schools to which no one goes except those of your own faith, we will not permit you to organize yourselves together for the instruction of those in whose education the whole community has a decided interest. We would rather see them illiterate than Catholic, but

we hope to avoid illiteracy by driving them into adoption of secular schools, under stress of financial difficulties with which we shall surround them.

And so we have, even in the last decade of the 19th century, the spirit of intolerance as rampant and vigorous as ever; although with this difference principally, that whereas in the past the churches have had their innings, and the unbelievers have had to do much active fielding, the parsons are now out and are finding it tolerably difficult to keep within limits the scoring (they are receiving); for all of which, in my humble judgment, the churches have themselves to thank. Love your enemies was always their doctrine, but never their practice. And now their day has come, and while the Tudors would not have allowed any one to teach unless under license from the Bishop; modern regulations require the Bishop himself to have his certificate, and charge him straightly not to say a word concerning that which he believes to be the essence of all education. I do not mean to imply that unbelievers have now a monopoly of intolerance. What I would rather say is that, in my opinion, the *most* intolerant people of the day are the sceptics (I speak, of course, of the class); that it is they (not merely those so avowed, but that very much larger class that is practically unbelieving although still pronouncing the shibboleths) that are the most determined in their hostility to the Catholic religion being taught in the Catholic schools. Large numbers of believing Protestants, no doubt, agree with them, and the rancour of many individuals among these cannot be exceeded; but very many of this class would be glad to accord liberty to the Catholics could they but get a little of it for themselves. That they cannot do so is due, I believe, to those who deem religion not to be of the highest importance—that is, that scepticism avowed and unavowed (perhaps repudiated, but nevertheless domin-

ating), is now at the wicket. I know that sceptics believe themselves to be the most tolerant of people, but I am convinced that my estimate of them is correct. (Rousseau required all his citizens to be tolerant, having first directed to be exiled or executed all who would not subscribe and live up to *his* profession of faith.) Burke, a hundred years ago spoke of atheists as holding "those principles which will not leave to religion even a toleration"; and Priestly^(a) a few years earlier wrote: "The most unrelenting persecution is to be apprehended not from bigots, but from infidels. A bigot who is so from a principle of conscience may possibly be moved by a regard to the conscience of others; but a man who thinks that conscience ought always to be sacrificed to political views has no principle on which an argument in favor of toleration can lay hold." To the writers of those days I shall add one of the most brilliant of the present—John Morley,^(b) himself by many thought to be a mere secularist, because free from the current dogmatic religion: "That brings us to the root of the matter, the serious side of a revolution that in its social consequence is so unspeakably ignoble. This root of the matter is the slow transformation now at work of the whole spiritual basis of thought. Every age is in some sort an age of transition, but our own is character-

istically and cardinally an epoch of transition in the very foundations of belief and conduct. The old hopes have grown pale; the old fears dim; strong sanctions have become weak, and once vivid faiths very numb. Religion, whatever destinies may be in store for it, is, at least for the present, hardly any longer an organic power. It is not that supreme, penetrating, controlling, decisive part of a man's life, which it has been and will be again. . . . The native hue of spiritual resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of distracted, wavering, confused thought. The souls of men have become void. *Into the void have entered in triumph the seven devils of secularity.*"

And so secularism must have its day, and show what of weal or woe there is in it. It may be the "ultimate infallible credo;" but it, too, most probably will sink into the ditch and become a dead body, and a warning for all later cock-sure philosophers. Upon this it is not necessary that an opinion should be offered by one whose humble belief is that

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be,

and that for the most part we are but children crying in the night, "and with no language but a cry." Let us, I say, while our particular little system is disappearing, have peace; let us have sympathy and tolerance, the one for the other; and whether these or not, at the least let us have liberty.

Winnipeg, June, 1893.

(a) *Essay on the First Principles of Government*, 290.
(b) *On Compromise*, 136.



HUMOR IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

BY JAMES L. HUGHES, INSPECTOR OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS FOR THE CITY OF TORONTO.

FORTY years ago sternness was the moral force most used by teachers in controlling their pupils. To smile was a grave offence; to laugh was a flog-able crime. In school, as in church, girls and boys had to be solemn, or else be sorry they had not been solemn. When ghosts, ogres, or other monstrosities had lost their terrors, then children were threatened with the living embodiment of all horrors: the schoolmaster.

But even the terrible schoolmasters could only restrain nature, and not destroy it. Mirth sometimes asserted its divine right to rule even in the gloomiest schools. Boys laughed, however, against orders. A smile was a stolen luxury. Merriment was sinful. So far as the master's influence moulded character, boys became sly and secretive, and lost frankness when they smiled, because they were made conscious of the fact that by smiling they were breaking the law. Still there were many boys and girls who broke the law even though they knew the penalty was a whipping. Sometimes the master was agreeable enough to sleep in school. Those were golden moments. The happiest times we had in school, were the times the master was asleep or out of the room. We enjoyed his retirement better than his resting periods, because when he was asleep we had to confine ourselves to smiling lest we should wake him. While he was out of the room the merriment was uproarious. While he dozed we had to develop self-control, and this was about the only opportunity we had to develop self-control from a positive motive.

One day a ten year old boy was smiling unspeakable sentiments across the room to a responsive, blue-eyed,

yellow-haired lassie, while the master dreamed. Suddenly the master's eyes opened, and when the little fellow's heart was fullest and his smile broadest, he was startled by the thundered command: "Come here, sir, and I'll larn you how to laugh." The boy crept to the desk as though he felt this to be a totally unnecessary lesson, and stood dreading its commencement. "Which would you rather be whipped with, sir, the rod, the ruler or the strap?" We were all amazed at the master's consideration. At length the boy made his choice and decided in favor of the rod. "Oh! you'd like the rod, would you? then I'll use the strap." He took the strap accordingly, and proceeded to "larn the boy to laugh." Judged by results, his lesson was not a success. His method was evidently a very bad one, but it was nearly as logical as his method of teaching anything else.

So common were whippings in school in those days, boys were trained to regard school as a place of punishment, and whipping as one of the regular parts of the programme. A little boy walked straight up to his teacher the first morning he ever went to school, and after the preliminary questions had been asked regarding his name, age and residence, he resolutely held out his hand and said: "Well, lick me and let me go to my seat."

Sometimes the fun became hilarious when the culprit declined to take his punishment, and preferred to run around the room instead. It was no uncommon thing for every other boy and girl to stand up and cheer the boy who was successfully dodging the master. The excitement on such occasions was intense, and if the master,

in his undignified rush after his intended victim, fell or hurt his leg against the corner of a desk, a wild cheer from the entire school showed that the boy had the sympathy of his companions. On rare occasions—too rare—we were treated to an unexpected entertainment, when a large boy rebelled against the injustice of the teacher, and gave a whipping instead of receiving one. Such an event enabled us to bear the evils of our condition with resignation. Humor would assert itself even under the most unfavorable conditions. We would laugh when a boy cried in a new key, or rubbed the injured part of his body with unusual energy. Agony became so common that we laughed at any of its remarkable characteristics. The school-room humor of early days was grim in character and restricted in quantity. The boy was excusable who called his poem on the departed teacher, "The Loss of a Whaler." Probably the best story of genuine humor associated with the rod is that told of the boy whose master, hearing a noise behind him, turned suddenly and seizing the boy whom he suspected, proceeded to give him a severe whipping. The more vigorously the blows were administered the more heartily the boy laughed. At length the irritated master shouted, "What are you laughing at, sir?" "I was laughing at the joke on you; ha! ha! ha! you're whipping the wrong boy."

Fortunately for the boys, whipping is not now regarded as the only disciplinary agent, or as the best, except in peculiar cases. It was hardening in its general effects on character. The attitude of the boys towards the master and his administration of punishment were fully and graphically expressed by the reply of the little fellow who, when his teacher said, "Do you know why I am going to whip you, sir?" replied, "Yes I do. It's because you're *bigger'n* I am."

The spirit of the school-room has changed. The wise teacher encour-

ages pure fun, and laughs heartily at every occurrence, or remark, or humorous story that comes properly to enliven the life of the school. Children are trained to stand up before the class and tell good humorous stories, and this exercise is infinitely more developing than the old-fashioned means of cultivating the power of oral expression.

It might naturally be supposed that, next to the physical affliction periods the most unlikely time for humor to come into a school would be during the religious exercises. The natural seriousness of these exercises is sometimes disturbed, however.

"Who made you?" asked a primary teacher. The little girl addressed evidently wished to be accurate in her reply; "God made me so long,"—indicating the length of a short baby—"and I growed the rest."

The word altar occurred in the Scripture selection. "What is an altar?" said the teacher. "A place to burn insects," replied an honest boy. "Who were the foolish virgins?" brought the prompt answer from a wise little girl, "Them as didn't get married." The Mormons were preaching in an English village, and the teacher properly directed the moral teaching of his school to the prominent evil of the time. As a basis for his remarks, he decided to ask a few preliminary questions. "Boys," said he, "can any of you quote a verse from Scripture to prove that it is wrong for a man to have two wives?" He paused, and after a moment a bright boy raised his hand. "Well, Thomas?" said the teacher, encouragingly. Thomas stood up and said solemnly: "No man can serve two masters." The questioning ended there. A teacher said to her class, "Whom do you especially wish to see when you go to heaven?" "Gerliah," was probably the most candid answer she received. There was no hypocrisy in the boy who longed to see the great giant who had been defeated by young David.

The religious teachings of home and school seem to give a flavor to answers on very different subjects—especially when religious teaching is made a matter of memorizing words that are not understood. The girl who said, "A republican is a sinner mentioned in the Bible;" and the boy who wrote, "There are a good many donkeys in the theological gardens," had evidently received a religious training. At an examination in England the pupils were asked to explain the difference between the religious beliefs of the Jews and the Samaritans. One answer was: "The Jews believed in the Synagogue, and had their Sunday on a Saturday, but the Samaritans believed in the Church of England, and worshipped in groves of oak; therefore the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans."

The words, "His Satanic Majesty" occurred in a story read in one of the Toronto Public Schools. "How many know who his Satanic Majesty is?" said the teacher. Several hands were raised, and the first pupil named, promptly replied, "The Inspector." It is encouraging to know that she was a very young child. History and Scripture were never more thoroughly mixed than by the boy who wrote, "Titus was a Roman Emperor—supposed to have written the epistle to the Hebrews—his other name was Oates."

The ridiculous answers given at written examinations would fill many volumes. Sometimes they are the result of improper questioning, sometimes of mental peculiarities in pupils, often of poor teaching, which is satisfied with giving words, instead of ideas, to children.

The ecliptic had been taught as "An imaginary line representing the apparent path of the sun through the heavens," but at the examination it was defined as, "An imaginary line going round the equator; it seems to be the path which the earth goes round, but it is really the path to heaven." A

student preparing to be a teacher wrote: "The aim of geography is to fit a man for the business of life, and lead him to prepare for death and the other world." Another believer in the uplifting power of geography wrote: "A person ignorant of geography is wrapped up in his own narrow sphere of ignorance, and is generally a bore." An English girl wrote: "Oliver Cromwell was a man who was put in prison for his interference in Ireland. When he was in prison he wrote 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' and married a lady called Mrs. O'Shea." A Canadian historian informed the examiners that, "The Whig Party was an army that tried to skirmish every town." Another pupil answered, "The Whig party is the Conservatives," and still another said, "The Whig Party are the ones that wish for progress, and they don't in general dress so gay as the Tories." It must have been a very radical son of a Radical who wrote, "Perkin Warbeck raised a rebellion in the reign of Henry VIII. He claimed to be the son of a prince, but he was really the son of respectable people." A young churchman wrote, "A Prime Minister is one who stops at the same church all the time." "Free Trade" is a question that always develops original theories in the minds of youthful economists. Here are a few specimens. "Free Trade is carried on without any money to pay for it." "Free Trade is the trade for fishing along the shore, or selling whatever they like, and can do what they think best." "Free Trade is, that a man buys a piece of land, and pays for it, and receives a deed for it, and is subject to nothing but the taxes of the country."

When hygiene was taught in the form of notes dictated by the teacher, to be repeated orally by the pupils or written down to be committed to memory, the answers given in this subject were often very amusing on account of their incongruities. Reading a few of them must convince even skeptics that we are "fearfully and

wonderfully made." "We call the kidneys the bread basket, because it is where all the bread goes to. They lay up concealed by the heart." "The food passes through your windpipe to the pores, and thus passes off your body by evaporation through a lot of little holes in the skin called capillaries." "We should die if we eat our food roar." "The food is nourished in the stomach." "We should not eat so much bone-making foods as flesh-forming and warmth-giving foods, for if we did we would have too many bones, which would make us look funny." "Sugar is an amyloid: if you was to eat much sugar and nothing else, you would not live, because sugar has not got no carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen. Potatoes is another amyloids." The poor boy who wrote that will not live long if he crams his stomach as badly as his teacher crammed his brain.

A young temperance advocate wrote, "Alcoholic beverages greatly obstruct the breaking down of the body," and succeeded in saying exactly the opposite to what he meant. A constructive anatomist volunteered the sentence: "The eyes are set in two sockets in a bone which turns up at the end, and then becomes the nose." One of the large class that ventures to give general remarks at an examination as a substitute for accurate knowledge, wisely wrote the philosophical statement: "The spine is quite an important bone." Another gave the equally profound answer: "When you have a illness it makes your health bad, as well as having a disease." The girl who wrote the following had doubtless associated with very selfish, grasping people. "The body is composed chiefly of water, and nearly one half of it is avaricious tissue."

A few answers relating to other subjects will close my "examination department." "Prose tells things that are true right along just as they are, and poetry makes it up as you go along." "A circle is a round straight

line with a hole in the middle." "Things which are equal to each other are equal to anything else." "The chief products of the United States is earthquakes and volcanoes." "The rapids of the St. Lorence is caused by the canoes of the Indians." "In Austria the principal occupation is gathering Austrich feathers." "The two most famous volcanoes of Europe are Sodom and Gomorrah." "Climate lasts all the time, and weather only a few days." "John Bunyan lived a life of scantity." "John Locke's works are full of energy and lack no little want of thought." "Julias Cæsar was quite a military man on the whole." "By the Salic laws no woman or descendant of a woman could occupy the throne." "Columbus knew the earth was round because he balanced an egg on the table." "Alfred the Great reigned 872 years. He was distinguished for letting some buckwheat cakes burn, and the lady scolded him."

If anything were needed to prove the absolute stupidity of the simultaneous repetition by the class of oral statements made by the teacher, as a substitute for teaching, the following should be conclusive: A word with whose meaning the child is not definitely acquainted is merely a new noise to it. Even if it is familiar with the meaning of the language, it is often liable to confound the words used with others similar in sound. "John, give an example of a noun," said the teacher, and John, after meditation gave "organ grinder." "Why?" "Because he's a person plays a thing." "Queen Mary married the Dolphin." "Mrs. Browning wrote poetry to the pottery geese." This was not complimentary to the Portuguese, nor to the teacher's method of teaching literature. "The organs of digestion are the stomach, liver, spleen and utensils." "The heart is a comical shaped bag." "The blood is putrefied in the lungs by inspired air." The ideas given by the pupils who wrote these answers were not very clear. Unfortunately

there are many pupils who are trained to repeat answers correctly and very fluently, who have no definite conception of the meaning of the words they use. Good teachers give their pupils every possible opportunity to use new words, and give their own ideas of their meaning. Such exercises reveal the most extraordinary misconceptions sometimes. "What is guilt?" "Telling on another boy." "What is love?" "It's going errands," said little Mary. A poor boy was asked, "What is a gentlemen?" "A fellow that has a watch and chain," he replied, adding, when he saw that his answer was not perfectly satisfactory, "and loves Jesus." He evidently thought the latter portion of his answer should atone for any weakness in the former part. A Sunday school child told her day school teacher that "Missionaries are men who get money." "Epicure is a man who likes a good dinner." "Alias was a good man mentioned in the Bible." "Mediæval is a wicked man who has been tempted." Sometimes a pupil comes nearer the truth than might be expected in defining a word he does not understand, as did the boy who wrote, "A demagogue is a vessel containing beer and other liquids." Even when pupils have a clear conception of the meaning of words they often give amusing applications of them when asked for illustrative definitions. "Tom, use a sentence with responsibility in it." Tom said, "When one suspender button is gone, there is a great deal of responsibility on the other one." "Write a sentence with the word nauseous in it," brought out the answer, "This examination makes me feel nauseous."

The oral answers given in class are often mirth-provoking. The word "lad" occurred in the primary reading. "What is a lad?" enquired the teacher. A very small girl answered, "A thing for courting with." "Give the future of drink." "Present he drinks, future he will be drunk." "The plural of pillow?" "Bolster." "Compare

ill?" "Ill, worse, dead." This recalls the answer of the boy who said, "Masculine, man; feminine, woman; neuter, corpse." "What are the chief imports of Canada?" "Emigrants." "Did you ever see an elephant's skin?" "Yes, sir!" "Where?" "On the elephant," said the innocent youngster. "What do you know of Wellington?" First boy: "He won the battle of Waterloo." Second boy: "He was Prime Minister of England." Third boy: "He is dead." "What do you call a man from Poland?" "A Pole." "One from Holland?" "A Hole." "What is the difference between foot, and feet?" "One feet is a foot, and a whole lot of foots is a feet," explained the young philosopher.

Many people imagine that boys and girls are not philosophers. This proves that they are not well acquainted with boys and girls. They are great reasoners within their proper range of thought. They think quickly and accurately as far as their knowledge extends. They get out of a difficulty by their wits as if they were trained lawyers. "Who was the first man?" said a Chicago teacher. "Washington," promptly answered the young American. "No," said the teacher, "Adam was the first man." "Oh! well, I suppose you are right," replied the undaunted patriot, "if you refer to furiners." "How did that blot come on your copy book, Sam?" "I think it is a tear, Miss Wallace." "How could a tear be black, Sam?" "It must have been a colored boy who dropped it," suggested the reflective Samuel. The teacher told her class that Charles II. was a Roman Catholic. Independent Lulu said she thought he was an Episcopalian. "Why, Lulu?" "Because we read that he did things that he ought not to have done, and left undone things he ought to have done." "Would you believe that a star is bigger than the earth?" "No," said Chester, "if it was it would keep the rain off." "The ostrich is the only bird on which you can ride," remarked the

teacher. "Why, no it aint," said little Peter, "you can ride on a lark." "Why do you think so, Peter?" "Well, I know when my uncle was gone for a week, mother said, he 'was off on a lark,' and when he came home his face was red, as if he had been riding hard." "What made the tower of Pisa lean?" "The famine in the land." "We can only hear sound, we cannot feel sound," said the teacher. "You can feel a sound thrashing, can't you?" asked Fred. "What makes the ocean salt?" "Salt fish," answered reflective Donald. "What does sea water contain beside sodium chloride?" "Fish, sir," said a boy who trusted to his shrewdness more than to preparation of his lessons. The same boy when asked to draw a picture of Jonah and the whale, drew the whale only. "Where is Jonah?" asked the teacher, sharply. "Inside the whale," said the imperturbable boy. "Now, children," said the teacher, "we have gone through the history of England, tell me in whose reign would you live if you could choose for yourself?" "In the reign of King James," said philosophic Alec, "because I read that education was very much neglected in his time." "Count twenty when you are angry before you strike," said the

teacher. "Please, I think it is better to count forty if you can't lick the other fellow," wisely added the cautious Harold. "Susan, if I were a little girl I would study my lessons," said the teacher, reprovngly. "Then I guess you are glad that you aint a little girl," shrewdly answered Susan. "If you wish to be good-looking when you grow up, you should go to bed early," was the advice of a lady teacher to her class in hygiene. Isabel rather rudely ventured to say in reply: "I spect you set up late when you was a girl." Oh, yes! girls and boys can think and apply their thoughts.

The humor of the schoolroom is too valuable to be lost. Every teacher should record the humorous answers, and the amusing incidents in connection with her class. Teachers' Associations should appoint Recorders of Humor, to whom all teachers should send the merry sketches of their school-rooms. An hour spent in reading these stories in conventions would be profitably spent. The publication of a volume of such stories periodically would enrich the literature of humor. The best collection of extraordinary answers yet issued is that prepared by Miss Caroline B. Le Row, of Brooklyn, New York.



KINGSLEY'S "WATER BABIES."

BY PROF. WM. CLARK, LL.D., F.R.S.C.

"THE Water Babies" is called by its author, the late Canon Charles Kingsley, "a Fairy Tale for a Land-baby." It appeared for the first time, in 1863, in the pages of Macmillan's Monthly Magazine, and was published in a volume in the same year. From that time to this, it has appeared in many editions in England and in the United States, and there is no appearance of any waning in its popularity.

It is now generally agreed that the *Water Babies* is not only a fairy tale of great beauty, but an allegory of remarkable depth, insight, and power, a parable of man's spiritual life on earth. The present writer came very soon to this conclusion, and ventured in private and in public to give his exposition of the story. Being challenged to bring his version under the eye of Mr. Kingsley, he published it in an English monthly magazine in 1870; and soon afterwards obtained from the author this assurance: "From beginning to end, I desire not one word more or less as regards my meaning." As the following exposition is, for the most part, a reproduction of that earlier one, the reader may feel satisfied that he has here Mr. Kingsley's own meaning lawfully got out of the story, and not some theory of the expositor's foisted into it. It is with satisfaction that we confirm the judgment we had formed of this beautiful book by the testimony of Mr. Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's School Days," in *Atalanta* (Vol. I., p. 530), who says of the *Water Babies*, "a fairy tale, as he called it, but containing, nevertheless, the most complete and consistent summing up of his matured views on theological, political, and social subjects that is to be found in any of his writings."

It may be remarked, in passing, that, as Bunyan's great allegory represented the religious spirit of Puritanism in the time of Charles II., so Mr Kingsley's *Water Babies* reflects, in a remarkable manner, the religious sentiment and temper of the present day.

The story might be divided into two parts, dealing with the life of the hero, Tom, first as the history of a chimney sweep, and secondly as that of a Water Baby. The Water Baby life, again, may be divided into three periods: first, his life in the river before he helped the lobster out of the pot; secondly, his life in S. Brandan's Isle under the discipline of the fairies, Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did and Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by; thirdly, the period from the time when he set off from the other end of nowhere to the end of the story.

There can be little doubt that the first period is intended to represent the life of sin, ending with conversion from sin. Tom and his master, Mr. Grimes, are represented as very dirty; and it is the conviction of his foulness that leads to Tom's conversion. This conviction was produced, first of all, by an Irishwoman, who represents Conscience, and, perhaps, also Providence. It should be remarked that this character did not appear in the original form of the story in *Macmillan*; and the present writer was informed by the author that it was added at the suggestion of the late Judge Erskine—"best of churchmen and of men," as Mr. Kingsley called him—who thought it better to prepare the reader for the allegorical meaning of the story.

The work begun by the Irishwoman was carried on by the sight of Ellie in her pure, white bed, contrasted with

his own "little, ugly, black, ragged figure, with bleared eyes and grinning white teeth," in a great mirror in her chamber; and it was completed by Mrs. Grimes at Vendale expressing her dislike of chimney sweeps. All these things worked themselves into Tom's heart and soul, and, crying out "I must be clean, I must be clean," he cast himself into the river, and became a Water Baby. Here we have one type of conversion, which begins in the sense of evil and the longing for deliverance from evil.

Passing on to the Water Baby life, it can hardly be doubted that the first period represents the life of mere Selfishness and Worldliness. It may be a life of comparative innocence, or it may be sinful, this life of the "natural man," but it is shallow and frivolous, without deep convictions or any serious sense of responsibility, without earnest purposes or strenuous efforts. We see it in Tom worrying the caddises, tormenting the little trout, making faces at the otter, chatting with the dragon-fly, and admiring the salmon.

But a change came with his helping the lobster out of the pot. The description of this episode is one of the most delightful in the whole book; and at the end of his work Tom entered into a new experience. "He had not left the lobster five minutes before he came upon a Water Baby. A real live Water Baby sitting on the white sand, very busy about a little point of rock. And when it saw Tom it looked up for a moment, and then cried, 'Why, you are not one of us. You are a new baby.'" Tom was much surprised. "Well," he said, "this is wonderful! I have seen things just like you again and again, but I thought you were shells or sea creatures. I never took you for Water Babies like myself." The author tells his readers to guess the reason for this, which we will venture to do. Whilst men are living a purely selfish and worldly life, their fellow-

creatures are to them simply the means of amusement and entertainment. But, just as Tom's act of self-denying kindness to the lobster opened his eyes to see the Water Babies, so when men go forth towards their fellow-creatures in acts of self-forgetful love and sacrifice, then do they recognize their fellow-men as children of the same family, as brothers and sisters.

The readers of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" will remember how selfishness killed and withered all that was around him, but when the Mariner looked upon the beautiful things in the sea, and "blessed them in his heart," all was changed. It is the true spiritual awakening of man's heart, however it may come to him. It is the passing away of old things the becoming new of all things. Now other men are not merely creatures to buy and sell with, or to be amused with, or to quarrel with; but they are *brethren*. This is conversion from selfishness or worldliness, just as the sense of evil, the longing for deliverance, the steadfast purpose to lead a better life, is conversion from sin.

Tom is now the representative of the human soul brought into a right relation to God. But all is not yet done, as people are too often tempted to imagine. A man may be a new man, but he does not at once leave behind him all the habits contracted through years. There is still a sin that doth beset him. And so it was with Tom. He could not at once give up all his old tricks; and he has to go through some useful discipline at the hands of the sister fairies, Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did, who represents law, and Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by, who represents grace—the two great agencies in the guiding and moulding of our moral and spiritual life on earth.

The description of Tom's interview with Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did is a passage of wonderful force and power. She has been giving sweet things to

the other children; but into Tom's mouth she put a nasty, cold, hard pebble, which he thought very cruel. But she explained to him that as he did to others, so she must do to him, and she needed no information about it—every body told her exactly what he had done, and she could not help acting as she had done. Here is the law written upon man's nature, the law of sowing and reaping. If sour grapes are eaten, the teeth are set on edge as a certain consequence.

And then she explains to Tom why he had thought her so ugly. "I am very ugly," she said, "I am the very ugliest fairy in the world, and I shall be till people behave themselves as they ought to do, and then I shall grow as handsome as my sister, who is the loveliest fairy in the world, and her name is Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by." To the breakers of the law law is ugly and repulsive. To those who love and keep the law, it is beautiful, as beautiful as Grace itself.

Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by is a beautiful fairy, very unlike her sister in appearance and in her ways. Tom was introduced to this lady as a new baby, and she took him in her arms and laid him in the softest place of all, and kissed him and petted him, and talked to him, tenderly and low, such things as he had never heard in his life. Tom fell asleep, and when he woke she was telling the children a story—one which begins every Christmas eve, and yet never ends at all, for ever and ever. This was, of course, the story of redemption and grace. Law rewarded them according to their deeds. Grace comes and gives blessing without regarding any consideration save the need of those to whom she comes.

One interesting episode should here be noted, namely, Tom's getting at the lollypops on the sly, and stealing and eating them, and being made sick by them. It is the case of those who would attain to all the delight of religion without undergoing the self-

renunciation and the sacrifice which are the appointed way to them. They would have the crown without the cross, and no good can come of any such methods to the experimenter or to others.

And now we come to the third and last period in the Water Baby life. In addition to the two fairies, little Ellie, whom Tom had seen when he was a chimney sweep, and who had become a Water Baby, had lately been one of Tom's teachers, and a very valuable guide and teacher. But one thing Tom wanted to know, and that was, where little Ellie went when she went home on Sundays. "To a very beautiful place," she said. But, what was the beautiful place like and where was it? Ah! that is just what she could not say. And it is strange, but true, that no one can say; and that those who have been oftenest in it, or even nearest to it, can say least about it, and make people understand least what it is like.

The meaning of all this is tolerably plain. "What is the higher life of man like? What is the heart of man like, when he is lifted out of his natural pride and sensuality and worldliness? Could he give an answer to this question, which would convey any clear meaning to another? We fancy not. And so Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by told Tom, "Those who go there (where Ellie went on Sunday) must go first where they do not like, and do what they do not like, and help somebody they do not like." We understand this testimony. The Captain of our salvation was made perfect through sufferings; and there is no other way to perfection and blessedness but by treading the rough and thorny way of self-denial and self-sacrifice. "Through much tribulation," in one shape or another, the kingdom must be entered.

Tom suspected that the thing which he was required to do—which he would not like to do—was to help Mr. Grimes; but at last he consented to the con-

ditions and set off on his journey to the Other-end-of-nowhere. He was directed to go to Mother Carey, who would tell him the way. We can only treat in the briefest manner of the incidents on the way to Mother Carey. First, Tom tried to obtain guidance from the Gairfowl—a delightful specimen of the self-sufficient class, who are so satisfied with what they know, so undesirous of learning anything more, and so contemptuous of those who are conscious of their own deficiencies and ever anxious to repair them, that they lose the knowledge and energy which they once possessed.

Next he came to an old whale, who directed him to Mother Carey, who certainly represents Dame Nature. She appeared at a distance as an iceberg. But as he came nearer, it took the form of the grandest old lady he had ever seen—a white marble lady, sitting on a white marble throne. And from the foot of the throne there swam away, out and out into the sea, millions of new-born creatures, of more shapes and colors than man ever dreamed, and they were Mother Carey's children, whom she makes out of sea water all day long. She sat quite still with her chin upon her hand, looking down into the sea with two great blue eyes, as blue as the sea itself. She gave Tom two directions: first, he was to follow the dog and then he was to walk backwards—signifying that Nature's true guides for men are instinct and experience.

If it is asked, why Nature is brought in at this particular point, two answers may be given. In the first place, we must not regard the successive parts of the book as being necessarily in chronological order; and moreover, in the true sense of the word, Nature is our guide; for, as Bishop Butler has pointed out, we have no right to say that we are following Nature, when we are guided by our appetites and passions. Man has other principles within him, and, at the head of all, is reason and consci-

ence—that conscience of which Butler said, "if it had might as it has right, it would rule the world." Nature, in this sense, represents God as revealed to us in the world and in the constitution of our own being.

Following out the directions of Mother Carey, Tom proceeds on his journey and meets with several thrilling adventures. In the island of Laputa—now named the Isle of Tom-toddies—he meets a number of people worshipping, and suffering grievously from, "their great idol Examination." Here we are reminded of Professor Freeman's caustic remark, that, when he was at Oxford, they were not being eternally examined, so they had time to learn something. Then he comes to old-wives' fabledom, "where the folks were all heathens and worshipped a howling ape." The Powwow man, who is here introduced, represents that class of Christian teachers, now less abundant than in former days, who think that no one can possibly be made good unless he is first frightened into fits.

At last he reaches Mr. Grimes, and renders him the service for which he had been sent. Many influences tend to turn the heart of the reprobate old chimney sweep; the remembrance of his mother, the kindness of Tom, the teaching of Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did. But the great lesson brought out is, that this is a work which no one can do for another—which every one must do for himself. It must not be supposed that Kingsley was here teaching any doctrine of human self-sufficiency, when he represents Mr. Grimes's tears as washing away the soot from his face; but only that other people and even God Himself can only help us to do our own work.

Having accomplished the work on which he had been sent, Tom is allowed to return to S. Brandan's Isle by the Backstairs to which the reader's attention may be particularly directed, but without further comment. At S. Brandan's Isle he again meets Ellie,

but very different from what he had previously known her. "Oh, Miss Ellie," said he, "how you are grown." "Oh, Tom," said she, "how you are grown too." And no wonder; they were both quite grown up—he into a tall man, she into a beautiful woman. . . . At last they heard the fairy say, "Attention, children; are you never going to look at me again?" They looked—and both of them cried out at once, "Oh, who are you, after all? You are our dear Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by. No, you are our good Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did; but you are grown quite beautiful now." "To you," said the fairy; "but look again." "You are Mother Carey," said Tom, in a very low, solemn voice; for he had found out something which made him very happy, and yet fright-

ened him more than he had ever been.

"But you are grown quite young again." "To you," said the fairy. "Look again." "You are the Irish-woman who met me the day I went to Harthover." And when they looked she was neither of them, and yet all of them at once.

The meaning of all this is now quite plain. In this dim twilight of time, when we are as children tossed to and fro by various winds of doctrine, and see as through a glass darkly, Nature, and Grace, and Law, and Conscience, and Providence seem to us often different and even conflicting; but when we are grown to the full stature of men and women in Christ, and see as we are seen, then shall we know that they are all harmonious and one in God.

REGRET.

They planted lilies o'er her breast,
 And watered them with faithful hand;
 They hailed at length each snowy crest,
 And watched the graceful leaves expand.

"She loved the lilies so!" they said,
 And wept, poor souls, their honest tears,
 The while fleet-footed mem'ry sped
 Across the bridge that spanned the years.

"Too harsh was fate with one so pure—
 We might have seen, we might have known,
 And yet we left her to endure
 The ~~light~~ of broken faith alone!"

Contrite the words, as were the tears
 That rained o'er lily cup and sheath,
 Yet reached they not those deafened ears,
 Nor moved that flood, the breast beneath.

Alas! that our blind eyes should need
 Anointing at so stern a hand!
 Alas! that human hearts must bleed
 Ere they can fully understand!

THE BATTLE OF STONY CREEK.

BY E. B. BIGGAR.

It was eighty years ago last month since the battle of Stony Creek was fought. Looking at it through this perspective of years, this brave fight of the little band of British and Canadians against an overwhelming foe gains rather than loses in importance in its effect upon the fortunes of the war of 1812-15. It turned the tide of American invasion of Upper Canada, and saved the province, not only for that campaign, but for the remainder of the war. To understand to what an extent the fortunes of Upper Canada were decided by that battle, it is only necessary to recall the fact that the Americans then held Fort George, the frontier stronghold of the province, and had forced the British out of Chippewa, Fort Erie and all other military posts of the Niagara peninsula. They were threatening the western frontier; they had only a month before captured and destroyed York (Toronto), and they had a powerful fleet operating on Lake Ontario, and capable, under an able commander, of blockading every port of commerce, and of holding possession of the entire lake, as they then held possession of the shores of Niagara. Those who are familiar with the history of this bootless and fratricidal war will remember the circumstances which brought the British to a stand on Burlington Heights. At midnight, on the 26th of May, 1813, after a long stand spent in preparation, the Americans completed their final arrangements for invading Canada from their position across the mouth of the Niagara. On the Canadian side of the river, and overlooking the shore of the lake, stood old Newark, or Fort George, and this the Americans marked out for destruction. Before dawn of the 27th,

under cover of a dense fog, the invading army embarked to the number of 6,000 in all, the attack being covered by a heavy cannonade from the American forts, and by broadsides from a fleet of vessels well posted to sweep the shore of the lake. With a force of only 1,000 men, including militia and Indians, the British, under General John Vincent, were soon driven into the forts. The fog which occasionally screened the enemy from view, and prevented the details of attack from being exposed, was not the only disadvantage the British had to contend with. The fortifications were insufficient, and some parts scarcely tenable, and they were so short of powder that the guns of Fort George were compelled to remain silent, while Commodore Chauncey was sounding the shore on the previous evening within easy gunshot. The men had been exhausted from their long and tedious duty in awaiting this long-expected invasion—for heavy guards had lined the banks night and day for an indefinite period before this, and the duty was remembered by all as the hardest of the year. In resisting the attack, Col. Harvey, the hero of this sketch, was posted to the right of Fort George, his detachment extending along the right of the river to what was then known as Brown's Point, while Col. Myers was stationed to the left, west of Fort Massasauga, while the General occupied the fort and town. Although the cannon had been booming before dawn, the Americans were not discovered until the approach of day, when, through the stagnant mist, they were seen rapidly approaching from the lake, west of the fort. About a hundred boats and scows pushed in, and after

some opposition effected a landing. As the sun rose, and the mist cleared away, the movements of the enemy became more evident, and when it was at last seen that the attack was being made from the lake side only, Vincent moved out from the fort towards the shore and awaited the advance. The Americans had landed their artillery, and, supported by their guns, moved forward in three solid columns. After a hard fight, and after sustaining severe loss in officers and men, Vincent, pressed hard by superior numbers, evacuated the forts after spiking the guns, and retreated to Beaver Dams by way of Queenston, having lost 445 men in killed, wounded and prisoners, while the American loss was only about 150.

The British General determined to evacuate all the frontier posts and sent orders, to Col. Bishopp, who then held Fort Erie, and Major Ormsby, who commanded at Chippewa, to join him at the Beaver Dams, while a body of seamen under Capt. Barclay, as well as all the militia in that part of the country, were also apprised of the movement. Beaver Dams was used as a dépôt for military stores and provisions, and it was to this point that our Canadian heroine, Mrs. James Secord, brought the information which resulted in the capture, by a small band of British and Indians, of 550 Americans with two guns. By the morning of the 25th of May the troops were assembled, and the militia and volunteers were told that they were at liberty to return to their homes if they chose. Some of the officers had but a poor opinion of the Canadian militia, and placed but little reliance upon them in time of need, but it is evident from Col. Harvey's dispatches during this war that he did not share that opinion, especially later in the war, when discipline and experience made them cool and hardy. A large number followed the fortunes of the army rather than disband, while many of those who returned to their homes no

doubt did so for the protection of their families while the country was to be overrun by the invaders. The impression of wagons and horses, the destruction of spare stores, and the movement of the army westward must have been a disheartening sight to the settlers of the country, most of whom, from the Niagara frontier to the head of Lake Ontario, were United Empire Loyalists. As the remnant of the army passed on they left behind them many a scene of sorrow and distress in the homesteads where defenceless women and children expected the retreating British to be followed by the invading foe, who would soon take possession of the land. These old Loyalists who had fought for the King and left their American homes had sacrificed every comfort, every social advantage, and every possession that contribute to make life happy, and now these men, with their wives and daughters, who had faithfully followed them and borne hardships that strong and courageous men had shrunk from, were left to anticipate the desolating presence of the Empire's foes.

It was Vincent's plan to retire to the entrenched camp known as Burlington heights—now partly occupied by the Hamilton cemetery—and there await developments. He passed through De Cue's (or De Cew's), and late at night pitched his camp at the Forty-Mile Creek (now Grimsby). In the morning, the General sent W. H. Merritt (afterwards a public man of some prominence, and from whom the village of Merrittton takes its name), then a captain of the local yeomanry, to reconnoitre the enemy and learn how far they had advanced. With ten men, Capt. Merritt went cautiously back to the Twelve-Mile Creek, and found that an advance body of forty or fifty mounted Americans had reached De Cue's, but had not appeared in force. Having sent the news back to Vincent, he stole home by the lake road to spend a few hours with his family, and then at midnight followed

back to the camp at Forty-Mile Creek. Here he received an order from the General, who had reached Burlington heights with the army on the night of

His movements at the taking of York in April were ill-planned, and his action after the capture of Fort George still more ill-panned.* It was only



JAMES GAGE'S OLD STORE, IN THE VINEYARDS.

after reports from Canadian sources had been brought to him of Col. Proctor's being on his way from the Detroit frontier to reinforce Vincent, that Dearborn decided on an immediate pursuit, and it is quite possible the determination would not have been made then had not General Winder, his ablest officer, made the suggestion and volunteered to

the 29th, to remain at the "Forty" until driven away by the enemy. He had not long to wait. On the afternoon of that day (May 30th) the enemy were within three miles of him, and before night their mounted scouts had driven him off and occupied the site of the British camp for the night.

But the progress of the Americans was not such as to give them the advantage they might have had by the victory at Niagara. Indeed, in this instance, as in many others during this war, the incapacity of the American leaders saved the British, and gave them the only chance which such a battle as Stony Creek could have afforded. General Dearborn, who had supreme command of the American army of invasion, was much advanced in years and was suffering from poor health at this time. In his younger days he had distinguished himself in the Revolution as a man of activity and daring, but he was now almost in his dotage, and had he even possessed full powers of mind and body, it is doubtful if his skill as a tactician was equal to the occasion.

the service. Gen. Winder set out, but took the wrong road, and had to retrace his steps at a loss of two days' time. It was then thought best to transport the troops by the fleet to the shores of Burlington Bay, but the Cabinet at Washington, who, happily for Canada, were the directors of the campaign and took away a great deal of the discretion of its Generals, had ordered the fleet in another direction. After two more days spent in deliberations, Winder was sent off again in pursuit of the British, who were now resting on the breezy heights at Burlington. The brigade under his command included a considerable body of infantry, with Col. Burns' detachment of cavalry (250), and Archer's and Towson's artillery. Taking the lake-road, he marched to the Twenty-Mile Creek on the 1st June, and here he heard the reports circulating among the settlers that reinforcements were coming to the British from Kingston, as well as

*The old General was recalled just a month after the battle of Stony Creek, and General Wilkinson, another old and equally incompetent leader, appointed in his stead.

from the west. He sent back to Dearborn for further reinforcements, and when these arrived, the invading army consisted of divisions of the 5th, 13th, 14th, 16th, 20th and 25th regiments, with artillery and cavalry, numbering in all from 3,100 to 3,550 men. At the head of the reinforcements was Gen. Chandler, who, as senior officer, now took chief command, and the American army reached the "Forty" on the night of the 4th June (or, according to Lossing, the American historian, on the morning of the 5th), and from there moved on towards the British encampment. The 5th of June was a sultry day, and when the American army, late in the afternoon, came to a spot about half a mile west of Stony Creek, where a grassy vale opened out on either side of the road, with a clear stream meandering deviously through the midst of it, they were glad, after a body of them had advanced to the rough and thickly-wooded ground beyond, to return and make so pleasant a place their camping ground for the night. There were signs of settlement hereabout, where a few supplies could be got, and this made the site readily favored; moreover, they learned the British camp on the heights was only seven miles distant, and it was desirable to make the attack in daylight in an enemy's country. Here, then, they would pitch their tents and march to conquest on the morrow.

While the main body rested here, a division consisting of the 13th and 14th regiments and a company of artillery kept the lake road and camped on the shore near the mouth of Stony Creek, to anticipate the movements of the British fleet, which, it was supposed, was on the way from Kingston with fresh troops for Vincent.*

During the afternoon there had been

*This separation of the lake division from the main American army is no doubt one of the reasons for the discrepancy in various histories as to the strength of the American force. The number of Americans who participated in the fight would probably not be more than 2,800.

more or less skirmishing as the invading army moved on. Capt. Merritt had gone into Vincent's camp, but a dragoon was posted here and there to give notice of the advance. One of these men, posted a distance below Stony Creek, came riding through the settlement in the afternoon, firing his pistol and shouting that the enemy was coming. As he was a notorious liar, his report was received doubtfully. Another dragoon, John Brady, who knew the country well, rode eastward, but before he advanced half a mile, suddenly came upon the enemy. Just before him, a deer-path ran up the mountain, and rather than turn tail and leave a fair mark for the foe, he put spurs to his horse and dashed forward to reach this deer-path. The sight of a "solitary horseman" dashing towards them must have bewildered the American advance, who awaited his onset curiously. At first he was somewhat screened from view by the smoke of two "log heaps" burning by the road, but when clear of this he raised his musket, fired at the enemy and dashed up the deer-path. The Americans now understood the situation, and a volley was sent after him, but their bullets whistled harmlessly by or struck the intervening trees. Brady climbed the mountain, and in less than two hours was in Vincent's camp on the heights. The advance cavalry of the Americans soon pranced up before the village tavern, kept then by Edward Brady, when, among other things, they appropriated the family's bread that had been freshly baked that afternoon. The clattering of cavalry hoofs, the clanking of swords, the heavy rattle of the artillery wagons and the long and strange array of invading soldiers struck the inhabitants of the hamlet with wonder, and when it was whispered about that a battle was to be fought the next day, the women and children shut themselves up in their cabins with consternation and foreboding. It has been said that a body of the

Americans advanced beyond the spot destined for their camping ground. A detachment of their advance penetrated as far as the Red Hill, where they narrowly escaped being captured in an ambush laid by Capt. Williams and a few men of the 49th Royal Irish, who had been posted at Davis' tavern to reconnoitre. Williams and his men lay concealed in the underbrush on the hill, but as the glittering bayonets and cockaded hats of the enemy came to view through the shrubbery, one of the soldiers, forgetting his orders, fired, and set the Americans in retreat, hastened by a volley from the 49th's party. In this volley one American was killed and another wounded, the latter being taken into Davis' whence he was taken away by an American surgeon to their camp. It is related that some of these Americans, on their way back to the camp, stopped at a well to drink. One of the men, pointing to a fertile clearing before him, said to his comrade, "I think I will take this piece of land when Canada is conquered." Vain anticipation! The God of battles had willed otherwise. This poor fellow was found next day among the slain. His country's flag was not destined to float long over those happy glades, though he has a pitiful six feet of Canadian soil under the apple-trees whose blossoms still decorate the graves of the Americans every returning 6th of June.

When the American army arranged their camp, a large body pitched their tents in the open vale, but finding the ground damp and boggy, moved up on the high ground of the east bank with

the main body, leaving their camp fires burning. The east bank, on the brow of which they lay, was about 15 feet high and very steep, affording a good position in case of attack. The road, which was not graded at the hill as now, was thoroughly protected by cannon which were planted on the height so as to sweep all before them over the highway and vale, while the artillery horses stood ready harnessed in case of action. The men were instructed to sleep on their arms, ready for any emergency, and the whole camp was well disposed, save that the cavalry were stationed too far in the rear for effective work in case of surprise. An advance guard was posted in a little church on the west side of the valley, and sentries stationed here and farther up the road, and all the residents of the immediate vicinity were taken prisoners, some being confined in a log cabin by the camp, lest they should carry information to the British. And so all seemed safe, and soon the din of the camp subsided, and the Americans, after the long, tiresome march of the sultry Satur-



STONY CREEK BURYING GROUND, FROM NEAR SITE OF THE OLD CHURCH.

day, settled into a sound and solid sleep. There we will leave them while we take a view of the surrounding scenes.

day, settled into a sound and solid sleep. There we will leave them while we take a view of the surrounding scenes.

The woody heights where the British camp lay, overlooked the head of Burlington Bay. The camp itself was only defended by rude earthworks, protected outside by trees piled on one another, with their branches pointing outward, forming a sort of *cheval de frise*, and traces of these earthworks may be seen to this day in a portion of Hamilton cemetery. To the eastward before the camp spread a plain, marshy in many places and covered only with a growth of scrubby bog oak; and probably not one of the British dreamed, as the eye swept from the Mountain to the Bay that this was to be the site of a great manufacturing city like Hamilton. Three or four frame houses or log cabins were, it is true, already planted along or near the road, among them being the tavern of a man named Barns, situated at what is now the corner of King and James-streets, in the heart of the city; the houses of Ephraim and Lieut. Robert Land and of George Hamilton, from whom the city was to take its name—but there was no indication of the busy hives of industry that were to arise on this plain, or of the ships and steamers that were to plow the virgin waters of yon blue bay. Indeed, Stony Creek seemed then more likely to become a seat of trade than the Heights.

Along the banks of Stony Creek, half a mile east of the American camp, three or four houses were built, and up the creek, under the foot of the mountain where lived Adam Green (from whom Greensville derived its name), was a water power saw-mill which supplied lumber for several dwellings that were already erected or were being built in the neighborhood. Among these, James Gage's house and store, still standing on the site of the battle ground, were of quite respectable dimensions—so much so that they were appropriated by the two American generals and their staffs as headquarters for the night, while Gage and his family were relegated to

the cellar. The house was a two story one, and the store, though not large, was the first and then the only one in this part of the country. On the other side of the flat before Gage's was another respectable dwelling, while in a log cabin by the roadside lived a man named Lappin, in whose house, as before said, some of the residents were confined that night, while the battle raged and the cannon thundered a few feet from them, though not a hair of their heads was injured. What was more indicative of future urban life was the church that

Stood upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity,

on the western side of the flat and near the centre of what is now the Stony Creek burying ground. Scarcely a tombstone saddened the aspect of this charming spot, and the slaughter of the 6th of June gave it its first and most memorable start in population. Death has done well since, however, and the wide ground is thickly enough peopled now with graves new and grandly crowned, graves old and neglected, graves all forgotten. It was looking upon this scene from the brow of Stony Creek hill that George Johnson, a Canadian poet, wrote the song that was so popular from one end of the continent to the other, years ago—
“When you and I were young, Maggie”—a verse of which ran:—

A city so silent and lone, Maggie,—
Where the young and the gay and the best,
In polished white mansions of stone, Maggie,
Have each found a place of rest—
Is built where the birds used to play, Maggie,
And join in the songs that were sung,
For we sang as gay as they, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

The dear little church was beloved in those days, for it was the only place of worship in this part of the country, and is said to have been the oldest in the western peninsula of Ontario except the Grand River stone chapel. It was built by the labor of the U.E. Loyalist settlers (chiefly Methodists), and finished without money; its clap-

boarded sides never saw paint, nor its inside walls whitewash or plaster; no ornament glittered about its humble altar, and no great chandeliers ever shed their effulgent light on a fashionable congregation within its walls—no organ, no cushioned pews; just the plain board benches served the worshippers here. Its only steeple was the chimney top that towered over its old fireplace. Long before the year 1800 settlers used to come a distance of twenty or thirty miles to listen to itinerant preachers, or services conducted by some of their own number,

Years after the war, the old church—which bore the marks of many a bullet sent through its boards from the battlefield—was refitted, and was still considered the best church of the neighborhood for a long time, but, shame to tell it, the vandal hands of those who had charge of the ground tore it down in 1871, and modern tombstones desecrate the site of what should have been the dearest relic of our heroic age.

But though there were these signs of civilization, and the small clearings of the settlers appeared here and



STONY CREEK FALLS, 120 FEET HIGH.

which recalls the circumstance of a rather remarkable inscription on the walls in the early days. An itinerant preacher was expected one Sunday, but failed to appear, and his place in the pulpit was taken by a man named William Kent, whose character does not seem to have inspired much respect, as the next Sunday the following verse was found written on the wall:—

Last Sunday was a rainy day ;
No preacher came to preach or pray,
But the Devil in compassion sent
His humble servant, William Kent.

there, the whole plain stretching from the head of the Lake to the Niagara river was an almost unbroken wilderness, and the rough and crooked road that ran along at the foot of the "Mountain"—the same escarpment over which the great Niagara thunders—was travelled almost as frequently by bears and other wild beasts as by vehicles. Little could the soldiers of this campaign have forecast the changes that would take place in 80 years. The scene of the battlefield is now covered with apple orchards, vineyards, and berry patches, while the

whole stretch of land from Hamilton to Niagara, justly called the garden of the province, is one long succession of orchards, vineyards and fruitful farms. There was one other feature of the landscape which deserves notice. The lake road referred to in this sketch was then the chief thoroughfare from the Niagara river to Burlington Heights. For the most part it followed the windings of the shore, but occasionally cut through the woods where a cape jutted far out into the lake. But yard by yard the banks yielded before the batteries of Ontario's waves during the north-easters till the road was cut off in many places, and one by one the roadside houses and their surrounding orchards disappeared, till at this day there is not more than one or two bits of the old lake road left from Niagara to Burlington. Not one in ten of the younger generation of residents of the Niagara peninsula even know that such a road ever existed.

Had the conduct of affairs at the Heights been left to Gen. Vincent, the battle would never have taken place at Stony Creek, and the chances would have been enormously against the British, but Col. Harvey had the instincts of a great military leader, and with a clear foresight saw that a blow must be struck that very night, if at all possible. He had been informed by scouts of the general movement of the Americans during the afternoon, but wished to make a reconnaissance in person in order to press his views on the general. Taking Ensigns George and McKenny, two of Capt. Merritt's men, with one or two men of the neighborhood who knew the ground, he set out toward evening with the light companies of the 49th, and met Capt. Williams' company on the west bank of the Big Creek, about three miles west of the enemy's camp. While he and McKenny and George were ascending the east bank of the Big Creek (near where Williams' ambush had been laid) in advance of

the men, they came upon an American with a British prisoner. The American levelled his gun to fire on them, when Col. Harvey called out to the British soldier to seize him, which order was no sooner given than the British soldier had the gun in his hand, and the captor was made captive. The British soldier had strayed from the road earlier in the day, and returned without knowing the enemy had advanced so far, and so was seized by one of the American advance. At dusk the reconnoitring party went cautiously forward to a position where they could view the enemy. Returning to the general, Col. Harvey presented all the weak points of the enemy's position in the most forcible terms in order to secure the commander's consent to his proposition for a night attack.* He represented that the American encampment was scattered and disconnected, that the artillery was poorly supported, and the cavalry so placed in the rear of the artillery as to be useless. The colonel at the same time showed the hopelessness of any prolonged contest if they waited on the Heights, for there was only ammunition left for 90 rounds per man,† while a battle in daylight would expose the weakness of the British force in numbers. Lieut. Fitzgibbon, of the 49th, is reported to have disguised himself as a settler, and to have gone into the American camp in the afternoon with a basket of butter, in the sale of which he walked through the camp, and got a view of their position and numbers,‡ and if this report be true, that officer would no doubt join his advice to Col. Harvey's. General Vincent consented to the night attack, and wisely left the command of the assault to Col. Harvey himself.

*Capt. Merritt credits his two ensigns with first making the suggestion for a night attack, but the object implied by the Colonel's reconnaissance makes this claim questionable.

†Ammunition was so scarce that on the day before, which was the King's birthday, they could not afford to fire the usual salute.

‡J. H. Land, in Transactions of Wentworth Historical Society, 1892.

An order to move started the sleeping officers and men from the grass whereon they were reposing, and instantly the camp was alive with preparation to march. The men told off for this adventurous action consisted of five companies of the 8th or King's regiment, under Major Ogilvie, and five companies of the 49th regi-

took the duty, and Capt. Elijah Secord was despatched to the brow of the mountain to watch there. Stealthily the British took their way down the sinuous road beneath the forest trees that walled them in on either side, and which in places arched together overhead, shutting them up in profound darkness. Not a word was

spoken, not a sound escaped their ranks as they stole down the west bank of the Big Creek, and then up the eastern bank like a troop of spirit warriors. Just as they arrived at Davis' Tavern on the hill, the slumbering echoes of the woods woke with the sound of a gun in the very



ON STONY CREEK.

ment under Major Plenderleath, with a few militia, numbering, according to the official report, 704 in all—a small band to assail an army of over 3,000. It was about half-past ten that the last of the brave seven hundred and four disappeared from the waning lights of the British camp down the lonely road towards Stony Creek. To prevent the possibility of a miscarriage like that of Capt. Williams' ambuscade in the afternoon, the flints were taken out of the muskets and the men enjoined to march with the greatest caution. On arriving at the road leading down to Burlington Beach and the old lake road, Col. Harvey asked Lieut. Land of the 3rd Gore Militia to take a detachment of his men and march down to a point where he could watch the movements of the wing of the enemy camped on the lake shore, as a strange sail had been noticed coming in during the afternoon and apparently landing reinforcements. Lieut. Land readily

direction of the enemy. The whole body halted almost without the word of command. What if it should be an alarm from the American camp? The officers consulted; some information was gleaned from Davis; and while the cause of the firing was doubtful, it was decided, in order to make silence and secrecy of march more sure, to have the charges withdrawn from the guns.

They now formed into sections, with Col. Harvey and the light companies of the 49th in the van, and Gen. Vincent at the head of the rear column. Their movements had now to be made with still greater caution, for it was not certain whether the gun that had been fired had not alarmed the enemy. As the day had been sultry, so the night was close and muggy. Occasionally distant flashes of "heat-lightning" flared fitfully against the stagnant clouds, and faintly lit the tops of the trees. The suspense of the rest of the march was

painful to the bravest. Had there been the faint whisper of a breeze, the nerves would have had some relief from the strain, but the silence was deep and deadly, and if the occasional startling cry of some distant night bird or wild animal was heard, it only accentuated the stillness, and added a twinge of torture to the overwrought nerves. Yet so lightly did the men tread that they could scarcely hear their own footsteps. At the head of the column still walked Harvey, as they neared the enemy's camp, while beside and behind him were three or four who had been over the ground in the afternoon. It was two hours past midnight, but they had seemed a week of nights on this march.

"We are near the enemy's camp, sir," whispered a man of the 49th at Harvey's hand.

"Hush, I know it!" was the colonel's reply.

His judgment was right, for it was not long before a sentry challenged them with, "who comes there?" "A friend," was the reply. Lieut. Danford sprang forward and killed him with a bayonet so quickly that no alarm was raised. His bleeding corpse was cast aside, and they moved on with the same silence as before. Another challenge, "who comes there?"—another rush and the second sentinel is transfixed; but he dies harder, and his groans of agony alarm the third sentry who stood down near the watch fires. He challenged, but without waiting for a reply fired and fled.*

The suspense was at last over. That shot was to Harvey the signal for action. Not a moment was now to be lost, and the colonel, whose plans had been perfectly organized, ordered his men to deploy into line. He and Lieut. Fitzgibbon were to take the road straight ahead. Major Plenderleath was to sweep round to the left in the flat, and Major Ogilvie, with a part of the 49th, was to open to the right and act upon the enemy's flank, in which direction was Gage's house

where the two American generals were quartered. While these movements were being swiftly made, the sentry who stood at the church door was approached in the deep shadow of the trees and killed, and the whole party inside, numbering about fifty—who were lying about the church with their heads peacefully pillowed on their coats and boots—were made prisoners.

Freed from the restraint of their long silence and suspense, the British burst into the flats with wild and terrific yells that seemed to shake the woods, and sounded on the astonished ears of the yet half-awakened Americans like a legion of Indians.† Lieut. Fitzgibbon dashed up to the cannon so threateningly planted on the brow of the hill in the road, saw that the artillerymen were not yet by them, hurried back and ordered the captain of the first company to charge upon them. While the company were going at the double quick to the guns, and before they had got twenty yards, an American gunner sprang forward to touch one of the guns. It hung fire; the captain yelled to his men to "break

*There is a great conflict of testimony as to whether the countersign was obtained by the British and how the sentries were killed. Lossing in his "Pictorial Field Book of the war of 1812" gives the American version that the countersign was obtained "by one of the inhabitants of the neighborhood who treacherously joined the Americans and deserted." P. S. Van Wagner, long a resident of the neighborhood, gives this account on the authority of a participant, "Peter Carman (a settler living below Stony Creek) was taken prisoner by the Americans for not letting them know where the British were camped. He taffed up the soldiers who had him in charge, and they let him go, giving him the countersign to enable him to pass out of the camp. He gave the countersign to Wm. Green, a scout, who took it to the British." In the account which this Wm. Green gave the writer years ago he made no mention of this incident, which one would think he would not have forgotten. Regarding the killing of the sentinels, J. H. Land, in the sketch referred to, says the Colonel himself "spurred forward and clove him (the first sentinel) to the chin with his sabre." Another report from a man who was orderly to Capt. Steele, says that officer, who was in the van, after passing the sentry wheeled round on the man as he was unsuspectingly resuming his march, and clove his skull with his broadsword, the second sentry being served in the same way. Col. Harvey's own account to Col. Baynes is this: "In conformity with directions I had given, the sentries at the outskirts of the enemy's camp were bayoneted in the quietest manner, and the camp immediately stormed."

† It was the firm impression of most of the Americans that a large body of Indians took part in the fight. This impression was confirmed when, during the charge in which the cannon were captured, some one in the British ranks, to give effect to the onset, yelled, "come on, Brant." Neither Brant nor his Indians, however, were anywhere near.

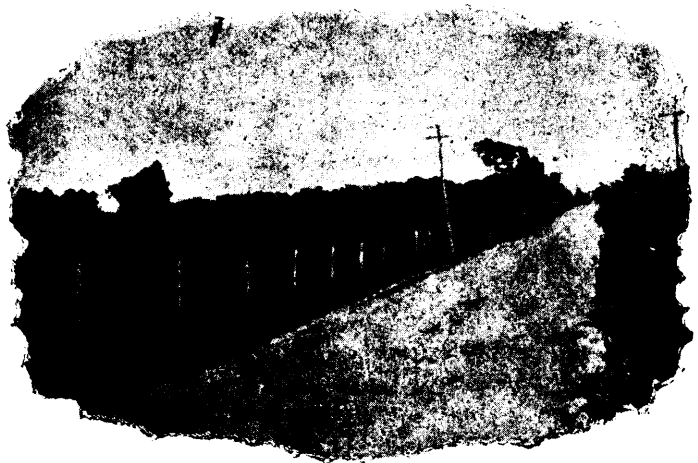
off from the centre or they would all be killed," but the words had scarcely escaped his lips before the thundering explosion came, and he himself and two of his officers lay dead in the road. Major Plenderleath follows up the charge towards the guns. There is confusion in the darkness, but he soon rallies his men, and up the hill they rush into the very mouths of the cannon. The American artillerymen have just recovered from their daze sufficiently to gather at the guns, but the foremost of them are run through by the bayonets of the British, while the others quailed and fled before the fierce charge. The guns were now in the hands of the British, who turned them upon their foes. As Major Ogilvie charged up towards Gage's house, 500 of the enemy who were camped in the lane connected with the road, flew madly up the hill, leaving their blankets, knapsacks and some of their arms behind them and seeking shelter in the woods. While these scenes were being enacted the main body of the British halted at the camp fires still burning in the flat and sought their light to replace their flints and reload. Feeble as this light was, it was enough to reveal the forms of the soldiers to the Americans, who had now recovered from their first panic. While the British were still loading, the dark hill before them was suddenly illuminated far and

near with a crashing volley from the whole American line. Following the dreadful flash and crash came a desolate silence, broken after a moment by the groans of wounded and dying, and by the clinking of ram-

rods along the American lines. A faint "click-click-click" rattled along the gloomy hill, succeeded by another echoing roar and a shock of artillery. Again the trees, the tents, and all about live as in momentary day, and again the rain of bullets is followed by moans and dying words among the British. They were a cruelly plain mark, standing before their camp fires, with a foe so well posted scarce a hundred yards away. Yet the brave 8th and 49th never flinched, but soon gave back their volleys from below. For a while now there is an incessant roar and rattle from hill and vale, and a dull flame from many rifles throws a glowering light on the battlefield.

The guard at the little cabin door near the foot of the hill had, of course, fled with the first onset of the British, and now directly in the face of the fire, four of the men who had been confined therein were seen running excitedly to the British. Strange to say, they reached the lines and came out safely.

The left wing of the British did not



THE BATTLE GROUND, LOOKING TO EAST BANK.

stand long in the flat, but charged across it and up the hill, in the face of their foes, to such a purpose, that the American lines were broken and would soon have been put in utter disorder had not General Chandler, seeing the danger,

hastened across to rally his men. In doing so his horse stumbled and he was hurt, but he recovered himself, and having restored his men to order, was hurrying back to resist the charge which was creating disorder on his left, when he noticed confusion at the artillery. He was not aware that the cannon were already in the hands of the British, and he advanced to ask the cause of the confusion. Sergeant Fraser was just then binding up the wounds which Major Plenderleath had received in his brave charge, and, seeing it was an American officer, promptly disarmed him and took him prisoner. It was not long before General Winder and one of his officers, Major Van de Venter, came along, and being attracted to the same situation, advanced up and were made prisoners also. All now became confusion. Col. Burns' cavalry at last got into the fray, and cut their way through a portion of the British lines; then sweeping round they fell on their own infantry, and for several minutes were cutting at the 16th regiment before they discovered the mistake. This confusion reigned more or less over the whole field, and about 50 of the 49th became prisoners to the Americans in this way, while a number of the latter fell into the hands of the British. The Americans now began to retire before the repeated charges of the British, who were left virtually in possession of the field within an hour of their first onset, having captured, the two generals, 7 superior officers and about 116 subalterns and men, with four guns. Two of the guns, however, were spiked and left on the field, as the British had no horses to take them away. Before day dawned, Col. Harvey deemed it prudent to withdraw to the heights, and not expose the weakness of his force to the enemy.

When daylight came, Capt. Merritt was sent down to ascertain what had become of General Vincent, who had been mysteriously missing. He arrived on the scene, and was view-

ing the evidences of the carnage, not thinking of the enemy, when he was accosted by an American sentinel, under Gage's house with, "Who goes there?" At this unexpected challenge he was about to surrender, when he bethought himself of a ruse, and, riding up to the sentinel, asked, "Who placed you there?" Supposing Merritt to be one of their own officers, the guard said he was put there by the captain who had gone into the house with a party of men. Merritt asked if he had found the British general yet, at the same time getting out his pistol and levelling it at the man, who dropped his gun at the sight and gave himself up. Just then a man without any gun ran down the hill. Capt. Merritt called him, and he obeyed. With the two prisoners, he quietly left the place unnoticed by the party in the house. He returned to the heights without finding the general, who, however, turned up during the day, half famished, and without horse, hat or sword.

A large body of the Americans appeared on the field between seven and eight o'clock and proceeded to destroy the provisions, carriages, arms, blankets, etc., which they could not take, and then retreated, leaving their own dead to be buried by the British. As they passed from the scene of their discomfiture, their band struck up the then popular air, "In My Cottage Near the Wood," and to this lively tune the disordered army left the hamlet of Stony Creek forever. The triumph of this day was celebrated among the Loyalists afterwards by a song sung to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," a stanza of which was as follows:—

And if they ever come again,
They'll get what they don't seek, sir,
Just what they got at Lundy's Lane,
And also Stony Creek, sir.

The main body of the Americans retreated in disorder to Forty Mile Creek, the road thither being strewn with baggage, arms and equipments—

thrown away to make their flight easier. The American division that had camped on the beach heard the noise of the fight, and, without waiting to learn which way the tide of

Generals Lewis and Boyd. The total force now actually numbered more than during their advance to Stony Creek, but such was the terror inspiring by the midnight carnage they had just gone through, that the only thought was now of retreat. At day-light on the next morning (7th June), two small British schooners from the squadron that had come up from Kingston, under Sir James Yeo, were seen out in the lake opposite the American camp trying to get into range. As the dead calm of the morning continued, the impatient tars took to their boats and towed the schooners into range. Along the shore were a number of batteaux in which the Americans had their stores, and to protect these a furnace was fitted up for hot shot. The British schooners seeing this drew off. Sir James Yeo then sent a messenger under a flag and summoned General Lewis to surrender, informing him of the fleet that was coming, of reinforcements that would be at hand from the West, and the Indians at hand—a band of whom indeed, were firing ineffectual shots from the brow of the mountain. Seeing the smallness of the visible force, however, General Lewis sent back word that the request was too ridiculous to consider—as in fact it was. The demand must have had a moral effect, however, for preparations were soon being made to retreat to Fort George, and the next morning, after being harrowed with apprehensions of an Indian attack, they de-



*I am My dear General
my faithfully
Henry
H. H. H.*

battle was turning, took alarm and beat a retreat back to the "Forty," where they joined the main body. Here they were joined by a considerable body of reinforcements under

parted, leaving behind them 500 tents, 100 stand of arms, 140 barrels of flour, and 70 wounded men, who were taken care of by the British. The American boats were loaded with stores and

pushed off at the same time for Fort George under a guard of 200 men, but the British schooner *Beresford* gave chase and captured twelve of them with their contents, while the remainder (five) were driven ashore and deserted by the crews, who joined the flying army.

The bright sun of a calm June Sunday looked down on a rueful scene of wreckage and death, when the British came down to Stony Creek to bury their own and the American dead, and the complacent lake refused to raise a ripple or stir a sail to bring the war vessels in contact, lest its pure waters should be stained with the blood of brothers, blood that the pitying earth was hastening to dry up out of sight. For after all they were brothers, these foes of a year, and wherein would have been the glory of Stony Creek if we had not been fighting in defence of our own land? Many came during the day to witness the scene, and to find men, horses, guns, swords and baggage strewn in every part of the ground. The bodies of the dead were conveyed to their graves on the only vehicle at hand—an old wooden sleigh—and the settlers assisted in the mournful task. Most of the Americans were buried where they had slept the night before, on the brow of the hill to the north of the present road, now covered by an apple orchard. The British, with a few Americans, rest in the lower part of the graveyard, close to the spot whereon the old church stood. It was not till the year 1889 that any attempt was made to consecrate this spot to the memory of our country. As a rule, men of the country would pass the spot with the indifference that a modern Greek would look upon the Pass of Thermopylæ, and till now the only monuments were the apple trees which each returning sixth of June shook the snowy laurels from their own heads to sanctify the spot and do honor to the anniversary. Now at

last, however, there is a suitable monument to the heroes of Stony Creek.

As to the numbers killed and wounded, Col. Harvey's report on the British side is: "One lieutenant, 3 sergeants, 19 rank and file killed; 2 majors, 5 captains, 2 lieutenants, 1 ensign, 1 adjutant, 1 fort major, 9 sergeants, 2 drummers and 113 rank and file wounded; 3 sergeants and 52 rank and file missing." Lossing gives the American loss at 17 killed, 38 wounded and 99 missing; but inasmuch as the Americans left their dead to be buried by the British, their official reports may not be held to be accurate. The British, no doubt, suffered more severely than the Americans, which is accounted for by their long exposure before the light of the camp fires, while preparing to return the fire. From the position of the dead and wounded in the morning, it was known that they lost as much from those two first volleys as in all the rest of the fight. Most of the Americans were killed and wounded with bayonets—a stern testimony to the courage of the British.

The uneasy feeling of the Americans in Fort George, their final evacuation of it and the other posts on the Canadian side of the river, and the retaliation of the British in the invasion of the State of New York, are known to most of those who have read the history of this war, and the turn of these events may be ascribed to the effect of the battle of Stony Creek.

Next to Brock himself, no braver character than Col. Harvey figured in the war of 1812, and it seems very remarkable that so little is known of him, and so scant are the records of his exploits in either Canadian or English works. There is not a word about him in the standard work of British national biography, while the portrait that accompanies this sketch is the first that has appeared in any Canadian book or magazine. Yet he figured heroically in a score of battles.

in 1812-15, including Lundy's Lane and Chrysler's Farm. He was afterwards Governor of three different provinces of Canada, besides Newfoundland, while abroad he fought the battles of Britain in Holland, at the Cape, in Egypt, and in India. Colonel (afterwards Sir John) Harvey was born in 1778, and entered the army as an ensign in the 80th regiment under Lord Paget, whose natural son he was reputed to be. He was only 16 when he joined the army, and in his first year in the service he carried the colors in an action with the French, winning the praises of his commander. He went through the severe campaign in Holland in that year, and on the coast of France at Dieu and Queberon in 1795. In 1796 he was at the Cape, and was present when the Dutch fleet was captured at Saldanha Bay. Then he was stationed three years in Ceylon, and from there went to Egypt, where he was major of brigade, under Sir David Baird. Returning to India in 1802, he was appointed to a captaincy, and the next year was promoted to be aide-de-camp and military secretary to General Dowdeswell in the Mahratta war. The army was under the personal command of Lord Lake, and here he met one of Lord Lake's daughters, whose hand he obtained in marriage in 1806. With health somewhat impaired by hard service in hot climates, he returned to England, where he filled various military appointments in England and Ireland. On the breaking out of the war in 1812 he was appointed (just a year before the battle of Stony Creek) Deputy Adjutant-General of the forces in Canada, and arrived at Halifax 14th Dec., 1812. True to his character for promptness and vigor, he set off the very day of, or day after, his arrival to make the journey overland to Quebec, a journey toilsome enough in the best weather then, but perilous in the winter.

In the manuscript despatches of

the war, he is repeatedly mentioned, not only for his courage and personal bravery, but for his coolness and judgment in the midst of difficulty and danger. In one of his letters, written while Fort George was being attacked, he remarks that, "We have been cannonaded since daylight;" and then with a steady pen he gives a brief but perfectly clear review of the whole situation. He received a medal for his action at Chrysler's Farm, which victory was largely due to his bravery and skill. Had he been in supreme command in Upper Canada, the story of the British arms would have been a record of greater glory than it is. To show his discernment of the situation, which his superior officers had not grasped, he writes to Col. Baynes on the 11th June, when he was occupying the deserted American camp at the "Forty:" "The panick of the American army, you will perceive, has been most complete, and had the whole of this division been *at hand* to take advantage of it, doubtless very many prisoners might have been taken, and probably some more guns. * * * As long as the fleet is triumphant, it [the position] is a secure one. Should any disaster (which God forbid) befall *that*, we have no longer any business here in this part of Canada. * * * Be cautious of exchanging General Winder (my prisoner). He possesses more talent than all the Yankee generals, put together." Again, when his opinion was asked by Sir George Prevost as to the best means of defence on the long-exposed frontier, Col. Harvey replied promptly: "First, by the accurate intelligence of the designs and movements of the enemy, to be procured at any price. And, secondly, by a series of bold, active, offensive operations, by which the enemy, however superior in numbers, would himself be thrown on the defensive." The events of the war showed that in every case where this policy was followed, it was completely successful,

and Stony Creek, where he had full command, was a brilliant example of his tactics.

In February, 1836, Col. Harvey was appointed Governor of Prince Edward Island, and in August of the same year was made a major-general. From 1837 to 1841 he was Governor of New Brunswick. Meantime in 1838 he received the honor of Knight Commander of the Bath. In 1841 he was appointed Governor of Newfoundland, and the next year was made a Knight Commander of the Hanoverian Guelphic Order. In 1846 he was appointed Governor of Nova Scotia, and remained there till he died. He had three sons, (the first, born in 1809, became Sir George Frederick Harvey and served in the Indian mutiny), all of whom, it is said, met violent deaths. His wife died in 1851 at Halifax, and he died at the age of 74 in the same city. Halifax, at least, has done some honor to the memory of this hero, for there, in the historic church of St. Paul, is a tablet to himself, his wife and his youngest son, who died at 23, and was buried at sea near Kingston, Jamaica. The tablet to Sir John* is as follows :

*For a copy of this inscription and for the portrait I am indebted to Mr. John J. Stewart, of the Halifax *Herald*.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

of

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR JOHN HARVEY,

*Knight Commander of the Most Honorable Order
of the Bath and of the Guelph Order of
Hanover,*

Who, during a period of nearly 60 years, extending from A.D. 1791 to A.D. 1852, served his Sovereign and his country

WITH HONOR, GALLANTRY AND DISTINCTION,
in various high offices of Trust and Responsibility, Military and Civil,
Having in time of war done his duty as a soldier,
in Holland, in India, in Egypt, and in
North America.

It was subsequently his lot, in time of peace,
to govern the British Colonies of
Prince Edward's Island, New Brunswick,
Newfoundland and Nova Scotia,
Dying at Halifax, N.S.,

ON 22ND MARCH, 1852, AGED 74.

A loyal subject, a warm friend, a devoted husband, an affectionate parent, an honest man, a sincere Christian.

I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.—2 Tim., c. iv., v. 7.



THE AUTOMATIC MAID-OF-ALL-WORK.

A Possible Tale of the Near Future.

BY M. L. CAMPBELL.

YES; I mean what I say—an automatic maid-of-all-work, invented by my husband, John Matheson.

You see it was this way,—the old story of servants, ever since we began housekeeping. We've had every kind, and if we did get a good one, something would come along to take her off.

You know John has invented lots of things. There's that door-spring now,—not much when you look at it but it brings in quite a little income. He used to say that he was spending his spare time on an automatic maid-of-all-work. Of course, I laughed, said I wished he would, and thought no more of it.

Well, the day the last girl left, John announced that the automatic maid-of-all-work was completed, and that he would stay at home next day and show me how to work it.

Of course, I didn't believe in it.

It was a queer-looking thing, with its long arms, for all the world like one of those old-fashioned wind-mills you see in pictures of foreign countries. It had a face like one of those twenty-four hour clocks, only there were no hands; each number was a sort of electric button. It was run by electricity, you know. The battery was inside. I didn't understand it very well; I never could see into anything in the way of machinery; I never pretend to listen when John tells me about his inventions. The figures, as I said, were buttons, and you just had to connect them with some wires inside. There were a lot of wires, each for some kind of work which would be done at the hour indicated by the button you connected it

with. This was handy, so that we would not have to get up in the morning till breakfast-time, and would be handy in lots of ways.

"Now look, Fanny," said John; "do try and understand how it works. You see this wire now; I'll connect it with button number six, and at that hour the maid will light the fire, sweep the kitchen and then the dining-room. Now this button number seven will be the one to set the alarm to. It will sound for about ten minutes (I'd sound it now only it makes a fearful noise); then the maid will go upstairs to turn down the beds—a convenient arrangement in many ways. Then it will go downstairs, lay the cloth for breakfast, make the tea and toast, bring in the things, and ring the breakfast bell. You'll have to leave all the breakfast things on one shelf, of course, and measure the oatmeal and tea also. We won't set any more buttons to-night. It's just as well to be around at first to see that all goes right. There may be some adjustment necessary."

We went to bed then, and it was daylight when I awoke. I was conscious of a peculiar whirring noise, but I hadn't got thoroughly awakened when I heard the most awful screams and thumps, and the two boys came running into our room in their night-dresses, and after them the automatic maid-of-all-work.

By this time I was out of bed, but John sleeps very soundly. He started as the maid jerked the bed-clothes down and laid them over the foot-board, but he wasn't quick enough. It took him under the arm. It had an awful grip, too,—and laid him across the foot-board, after giving him a

thump or two, as I do the pillows. (John had watched me do it and had the thing to perfection. He didn't suppose it would be tried on him. though). He didn't seem quite prepared for such a performance, for he flounced around so that he and the bed-clothes, pillows and all, landed in a heap on the floor.

By this time the boys had got over their fright, having been treated in the same manner, and we all laughed. John can't bear to be laughed at. However, we proceeded to dress after the maid had gone downstairs. I could see John was a little nervous, but he didn't want to show it, so he waited till I was ready. The boys got down first, and we could hear them laughing.

"I dare say you'll have to arrange the table a little, Fanny," said John, as we went down, "but that won't be much to do when all the things are on."

Well, we went into the dining-room, and sure enough the table was set, and pretty well too, only that the butter dish, with the butter, was upside down on the table, and the coal-scuttle was set at John's place, instead of the oatmeal dish. That was because John, who always leaves things in ridiculous places, had left it standing on the back of the stove after putting in the coal ready for the morning fire. The porridge was standing cooked on the stove. We had got an arrangement with a white earthen bowl set into a kettle, and the bowl had just to be removed and carried in. However, the coal scuttle had stood in the way, and John had to carry it out and bring in the porridge. The toast was scorched a little, but the eggs were boiled just to perfection, and we enjoyed it all immensely.

Meanwhile the maid was upstairs making the beds, and such beds you never saw. You'd think they'd been cast in a mould. The maid came downstairs just as we were through, and then John pulled another wire. After doing so he acted rather strangely. He didn't seem to be able to let

go the wire for a minute. It gave him a shock, you know. After that he handled the wires more carefully.

Then the maid proceeded to clear the table. Here was a slight complication, however, for the maid washed everything, and though we had eaten up nearly all, still there was some butter in the dish, a bowl of sugar, and the salt-cellar. However, as there was lots of good hot water, the dishes after they were wiped were as clean as could be; but John suggested that for the present, until he could make some improvements, the eatables had better be removed first, for "of course," he said, "there will be some imperfections."

"Now, Fanny, I suppose you want to wash, don't you? You have the clothes ready, I see."

"Yes, but it seems to me the dining-room is not swept very clean. Anyway the crumbs ought to be swept up."

"Exactly," returned John, "only, you see, I fixed it so that it would just run around the table once before breakfast, then afterwards you can have all the furniture moved out and the whole room swept every day."

Well, the maid proceeded to remove the furniture. It went to the middle of the room, then began to circle around, removing everything it came in contact with, and setting things out in the hall. John dropped the leaves of the table, and all went well till it came to the stove and attempted to remove that also; but something was amiss, and it veered off to one side. John started forward to turn it off that track, but it promptly picked him up and removed him. I forgot to say that a revolving brush in the bottom was sweeping all this time, and now the thing was making the last circuit as I thought, for it had touched the wall on three sides, and I was wondering how it would get into the corners, while John watched the stove, and wondered if it could pass between that and the wall without coming in contact with the stove. But there the

passage was not wide enough, and the stove, a little open grate, was picked up and removed. The pipes fell down and made a lot of dirt, but that was pretty well swept up, as the maid had to make two or three more circles to allow for the corners. John replaced the furniture, as he had not provided for that part of the work. The stove we decided to carry out for the season, but in the meantime he had started the maid at the washing. You see there was no time lost between things; and I tell you those clothes were washed, and so was John's coat, which being a pretty good one he had taken off and laid on the bench. Then we had the kitchen scrubbed, the same apparatus which did the sweeping doing that also. John adjusted it so that the furniture was merely pushed aside. The worst of the thing was that you could not stop the maid, when it got going, till it had run down, and what was more, if you interfered with the wires when it was going, you were apt to get a shock from the battery. This was inconvenient sometimes; for instance, after the kitchen was all scrubbed, the thing still ran around the walls scrubbing as hard as ever. John said the only thing was to pull another wire and set it to work at something else; it would run till after the tea dishes were washed, anyway, and probably we could find something harmless to keep it employed. Just then John was called out to speak to a man about some coal, and I undertook to head the thing across the middle of the room. Unfortunately it rushed straight into the dining-room, water-pail and all. I didn't care much. I wanted a new carpet for that room, anyway, and I knew that sooty spot would never come out. The water in the pail was very dirty by this time. John had not thought of its having to be changed.

Presently John returned, and we got into the kitchen again. There was another funny thing about it. Whenever anyone got going ahead of it in

the same direction it was sure to follow, and the only way to get out of its road was to double back on your own track and dodge it. It was the current of air it followed. John said he had a reason for making it that way. While sweeping the kitchen it got after one of the boys once, and it dodged around tables and chairs just as he did, till John told him to turn and go back. It got after Bruno when we got it out of the dining-room into the kitchen. He had just come in from the barn to get something to eat. He turned tail and howled, but he could not get out of the way till he jumped out of the window. The cat fared worse than Bruno though, for she was picked up along with the wiping cloth and rubbed over the floor for about three yards before she managed to get free. There was quite a hole in the window, and we have not seen the cat since.

John said there was a fine arrangement for answering the door. Of course, in some instances, we would have to go ourselves, especially if any old lady or timid person, who had not made the acquaintance of the maid, were expected, but if the postman or parcel delivery it would be all right. Anyone could send in a card, too, you see. But the best of all was the arrangement for putting tramps off the premises. John was just explaining how this was done when Fred. exclaimed, "There's an old fellow now; I wonder if he is coming here!" Yes, sure enough; he turned in at the gate, and presently there was a ring at the door-bell. Beggars are so impudent, and this was an old offender, so I didn't say anything when John pressed the wire, and we all followed to the door to see the effect, John remarking that it wouldn't hurt him. The door was opened quite quietly, but closed with a bang after the maid. At first, upon re-opening the door, we thought it had missed fire, for the tramp, looking somewhat scared, stood at one side of the doorway, but the maid was

scuttling down the path with some limp figure in its arms. I was sorry to recognize an uncle of John's, from whom John had expectations. I knew his bald head. The maid had him by the middle, and his feet and head hung down, so that his hat dropped off. He was too much surprised to attempt resistance, and the maid deposited him in a heap in the gutter, and then returned. We were so bothered by the turn affairs had taken that we forgot to get out of the way. Fred received a slap which sent him sprawling. John was lifted bodily, after the manner of his uncle, and laid upon the table, while I, my skirts being caught, was forced to run backwards in a very undignified manner, till, by grasping a door-knob, I wrenched myself free at the expense of a width of my skirt. I stood hanging on to that door-knob as if I expected momentarily to be snatched up and thrown out of the window, when my eyes happened to fall upon Tommy. He was lying upon his back on the floor, his legs slowly waving in the air. He made not a sound. The expression on his face gave me such a start that I relaxed my hold on the door-knob, thinking that he was injured internally. But he raised his hand, and feebly waved me aside. He was simply too tired to laugh any more, and was obliged to lie down and wave his legs to express his feelings. Fred had begun to whimper after picking himself up, but, catching sight of Tommy, laughed instead, until something in their father's eye caused both of the boys to take themselves out of doors. However, they perched upon the fence just outside of a window and looked in.

"You see, Fanny, we must expect some complications at first," said John, "but after awhile we'll get used to running it better." This he said as the maid started out of the front door again, after having buzzed around the hall for a minute; for, as I told you, it was necessary to start it at some new work in order to stop what it was do-

ing, and, in the meantime, while we were recovering our breath, it was making trips through the hall to the front gate, and hence to the gutter and back again. John was explaining that we could arrange the length of the trip as we pleased, and it need ordinarily be only to the front door. Just then, however, we heard most awful screams, and we rushed to the door to see what was the matter. It seems that the maid had encountered at the gate the form of a stout, elderly female, with a basket and an umbrella, and of course had proceeded to remove the obstacle. However, the obstacle refused to be removed, and they were having a lively time of it. A crowd was beginning to collect, and a policeman appeared around the corner. He interfered in behalf of the stout female, and attempted to arrest the maid. The maid, however, made short work of him. It did not succeed, it's true, in depositing him in the ditch, but it spoiled his hat, and caused him to beat a hasty retreat; then, having removed all obstacles, traversed the remainder of the limit and returned to the house, followed by another angry policeman, who, after considerable persuasion, was induced to depart.

After the door closed upon the policeman, John looked at me and I at him. The maid had accomplished several revolutions around the dining-room and was about to return. "Mercy, Fanny, you're always talking how much there is to do; can't you think of something I'm not supposed to know." "No," I answered, grimly, but an idea struck John, and he immediately hurried to pull another wire. He did not accomplish it with impunity, however, and I'm sorry to say he made use of some expressions, as he danced around for a minute, which I was glad the boys didn't hear.

The maid now went out to the woodshed, and John fixed the handle of the axe into the attachment at the end of one of the arms. Here was something out of the ordinary way, and John

brightened up considerably as the axe began to move up and down with a regular, double motion, reached forward, struck a stick at random with the axe blade so as to catch the stick, drew it forward into position and struck it, splitting it in the centre, and threw the pieces with two other arms into the corner, and so on till the pile began to get low. Any sticks that were not split fine enough, John threw back.

All proceeded well enough till the last stick was split. Then the maid started to buzz around in search of more. It attacked the saw horse and demolished it, ran into a tub and reduced it to kindling wood, ripped up a barrel of ashes and raised a terrible dust which completely drove John into the house. All this time he was trying to get near enough to start it off on another track, but it wheeled around and flung the axe so menacingly that John got excited and lost his head.

When the dust had subsided sufficiently we went out again. By this time the maid had anchored beside the new wood pile and was splitting it over. This would not have mattered much; we didn't mind the wood being reduced to matches, but it was close to the shed window and the sticks were being flung through, carrying broken glass with them into the street. John did not care for another visit from the policeman, but he was completely nonplussed. Just then he heard a stifled chuckle and looking over his shoulder he saw several boys perched on the fence and among them our own, who immediately dropped down. But what maddened John was the sight of a newspaper reporter also, who was evidently sketching the scene. Then the air began to be filled with flying missiles which John threw at the maid, till, by some lucky hit, some of the machinery was jarred and the maid

rushed wildly around the shed, the axe now slashing about with a motion evidently intended for some other office than wood chopping. John ran to shut the door in the face of the reporter who was filling sheets with sketches. The maid, however, started after him. John stopped, tried to dodge, hesitated, then ran out of the back gate and down the road, the maid thrashing at him with the axe. This was serious. I ran to the gate and anxiously looked after them, while the boys and reporter followed in the wake of the maid. I very much feared the maid would run into something and do some damage, but I soon saw that, as, of course, John avoided all obstacles so did the maid and simply followed him. I wondered why he did not reverse and pass the maid, thus putting it off the track. Presently, however, John returned alone and looking somewhat travel-stained. He pushed past me and went upstairs to the bathroom. I did not dare to follow to ask questions, but Fred and Tommy also returned soon and told me what happened after I lost sight of them.

It seems that, first of all, the axe flew off the handle and chopped a rooster, which was scurrying out of the way, almost in two. Then they caught up with a cow. It was quite a bit out of town, and she started to run in the same direction. John swerved to one side and the maid caught up with the cow and belabored her with the axe handle. This maddened the cow so that she made for the river and rushed in, the maid after her. They slashed about in the stream for a minute: then the maid sank and the cow appeared on the other side.

Next morning, about an hour after John went down town, he sent up a new carpet for the dining-room. We have a German girl now, and I don't know but that she's better than the automatic maid-of-all-work.

THE CHAMOIS HUNTER.*

BY FLORENCE ASHTON FLETCHER.

CHAPTER VI.

The next morning, long before daylight, Ulrich and the old crystal-seeker were up and preparing for their expeditions.

Uncle Job's cottage was still smaller and more miserable than old Trina's. The whole furniture consisted of a bed, a small table and three stools, but the four walls were ornamented with the collections he had made on the mountains. Those bright stones, and dried plants, those butterflies and insects, with their many-colored wings, which tapestried his hut, gave to it an indescribably strange air, to which the old man himself added, with his old world costume, his grey beard, and his white hair, which fell in long locks about his neck.

Uncle Job looked lovingly at his treasures, as he rolled around himself the rope that was to help him to reach the nest he had discovered yesterday, and loaded himself with his travelling bag, iron crocks, iron pins, and the short bar indispensable in his perilous search.

Ulrich, during this time, was equally busy with his preparations. He very carefully examined his gun, an old hunting weapon, single-barrelled, but able to hold two charges, which might be fired one after the other.

Carefully loading it, he drew a leather case over it, and joined Uncle Job, who was waiting for him at the door.

All the young man's love had been necessary, and the certainty that Trina would only bestow the hand of Freneli upon him who had fulfilled the strange condition she imposed, to persuade

him to return to a life which he knew only too well.

Is there another that can expose to so many fatigues, privations and perils? The hunter is in the habit of starting in the evening, in order to have reached some high part by day-break. If he can find no tracks there, he mounts higher, ever higher, only stopping where he has seen some marks which may lead him towards his game. Then he advances cautiously, sometimes on his knees, sometimes dragging himself on by his hands, until near enough to distinguish the chamois' horns, as it is only then he is within shot. If the chamois on watch—for they always have a sentinel—has not seen him, the hunter looks for a rest for his rifle, and aims at the head or heart; for when the ball strikes elsewhere, it may pierce the animal through without stopping him, and he will go on and die in some nook in the mountain, and serve for food for the *lämmergeier*.

If, however, his course is cut short, the hunter hastens after him, tries to reach him and cuts off his haunches. Then he must get the burden on his shoulders, to carry it to his dwelling, through torrents, snow and fearful chasms. More often than not, night overtakes him in this dangerous journey; he seeks a cleft in a rock, draws from his bag a morsel of black bread, too hard for any teeth to bite; grinds it between two stones, drinks a little melted snow, puts a stone under his head and goes to sleep—with his feet over an abyss, and his head under an avalanche.

The next day brings new trials and new dangers, and this often lasts several days, without his having found a roof or seen a human being.

* This story is founded on a French story by Emile Souvestre.

Formerly he might have hoped to meet with some crystal-seeker or one of his hunting companions, but the first have nearly disappeared and the second get more and more rare every day. What had happened among the Hausers seemed to symbolize the change that had taken place in the entire population. Old Job represented an extinct generation, Hans that about to end, and Ulrich that just beginning.

But the old man and his nephew had set out. The sky was not yet light, and the frozen tops were carved against a colorless horizon. The Lütschine was grumbling in the valley: a strong wind made the snow-laden pines groan: and at times the blows of a hatchet were heard from the lower parts. Job turned to his companion:

"I do not like this morning," said he in a thoughtful tone. The hoar frost is making a plume of feathers for the Faul Horn. Yesterday, the west stayed a long time inflamed, and the moon rose in a red circle. I am afraid something is coming from the south."

"We are only just got into March," said Ulrich; "generally the foehn is later." (Foehn, a south wind or species of tempest, possibly the same as the sirocco in Italy.)

"That is what I have been telling myself," replied the old man, "but appearances are none the less bad. When you get higher up, look around at the sky."

While thus talking they had begun to climb the mountain side. Both walked with that firm and even step natural to mountaineers, but Ulrich went on mechanically, thoughtful and sad, while the other became more active and joyous at every step. As they got higher up on the slopes separating the Eiger and the Wengern Alp, Uncle Job seemed to recognize every rock, tree or tuft of green. He might have been taken for an exile just reaching the frontiers of his native land. He went on searching into and

scrutinizing, in the growing dawn, all the gaps that the snow had not invaded, finding here a plant, there a benumbed insect, further on a pebble that he would name aloud. At length, when they had reached the first storey or range of the mountain, a reflection of the aurora sparkling on the summits enveloped them in a purplish hue, and showed them all the lesser chains of the Eiger and Shreck-Hörner confusedly lit up, while the valley of Grindelwald was still plunged in darkness.

Uncle Job stopped.

"Here we must separate, dear boy," said he. "You must turn to the right and I to the left. Do you quite understand my directions, and will you know how to find your way?"

"I hope so," said the young man, looking around him and trying to recognize those heights which he had not visited for several years.

"At first," said Uncle Job, "follow the path up along by those groups of fir and birch trees. When you have left them behind you will see a projecting shelf, which in any other season would be known easily enough by its blue gentian and by bushes of red clustered euphorbia, but now everything is under the snow. Leave the rock you will find at your right in a line with the Eiger, and keep on ascending till you get to the passage of flints, which is still garnished with thin club moss, peeping through the stones. You will then reach the great plain, where you need only look around to find out your whereabouts. Now let us go, each in the care of God; let us ask Him to be with us." Uncle Job had taken off his hat; Ulrich did so, too, and, resting on his staff, the old man began aloud one of those impromptu prayers habitual to mountaineers, and which they know how to make suitable to the wants of each hour.

At this moment the sun, just risen, inundated the mountain with brilliant waves of light, rapidly descending

from peak to peak like a celestial avalanche. Summits, mountain-sides and ravines, seemed one after another issuing from gloom to take their place in this gigantic panorama.

Just as the old man was finishing his prayer with the reverential amen, the morning beams reached him; they invaded the spot on which Job and Ulrich were standing, and wrapped them both in a dazzling glory. Job turned to the east with a gesture of thanks and salutation.

"Very good," said he with a smile; "here is what will show us the game and the precipices; now the rest depends on our prudence. Recall to your mind what a chamois-hunter wants,—according to the proverb, 'A heart stouter than steel, and two eyes to each finger.'"

"I will try not to forget it," said Ulrich.

"Then God be with you, my son."

"And so with you, Uncle Job."

Tenderly shaking hands they parted. The young man turned and saw Job plunge into one of those deep folds which furrow the mountain sides; he was quickly lost to sight, but almost immediately arose his clear and vibrating voice from the ravine; he was singing the psalm repeated by the martyrs of the Reformation when on their way to death, "This is the happy day."

CHAPTER VII.

After listening a minute or two, Ulrich began climbing up the steep ascent, and he soon passed the last fir tree. As he got higher and higher, the prints seemed to increase before him. The sun was still rising, and, like a victor, rapidly taking the most inaccessible fortresses, he attached successively to each point his flaming banner. The fogs that floated in the lower parts broke up by degrees, and were carried off by the morning wind, like the shreds of a magnificent veil, through the rents of which day glanced even to the depths of the valley.

Insensibly, and in spite of himself, roused from his reverie, Ulrich began to look at what was surrounding him. There is in the mountain air, in the thousand provocatives to curiosity, in the proud boldness of all that meets the eye, an indescribable excitement that emboldens and strengthens.

The body feels more active, the mind more courageous. In the face of those snows, which forbid any approach, those precipices which bar the way, one is seized with a sort of aggressive fever, just as before an enemy; one hears from within one's self all the fanfares of life, and a thousand inward voices cry at once—"Forward!" Seized with this species of intoxication, the young carver quickened his speed, and got into the dangerous paths of the lesser chain.

Summer huts, scattered here and there in the lower ranges, were so buried under the snow as scarcely to relieve it; nothing could be seen but some stunted fir trees, and a few bushes of dwarf box piercing the sterile ground.

Soon even these disappeared, and the rocks were naked, spotted only by the trailings of the hoar frost.

At length Ulrich reached the flinty passage spoken of by his uncle. It was a deep breach cut into the rock, and into which the sun could never penetrate. He was just going into it, when a shadow arose in the darkened entrance, and he recognized his cousin Hans.

The hunter wore the same dress he had worn the day before. His gun hung from his shoulder by a belt, and both hands were resting on his iron-spiked staff. His face was even more gloomy than usual. He seemed to be guarding the defile through which Ulrich had to pass.

At sight of him Ulrich stopped with an exclamation of surprise.

"You here, Hans," cried he, "God be with you! Which way did you get here?"

"Is there only one path in the Wen-

gern Alp?" asked the hunter, coldly.

"What were you doing?"

"I saw you coming. I was waiting for you."

"You have something to say to me?"

"Are you not come in search of the chamois that Uncle Job saw yesterday?"

"Of course."

"You will not find them—I have just seen tracks of them; they are gone towards the glaciers."

"Ah well! I will follow them in that direction."

"Are you decided?"

"Yes, why not?"

"Then we will hunt together," said Hans, raising his staff, as if he wished to set out.

This was the first time he had ever made such a proposition to Ulrich, who looked at him in a surprised manner, which Hans thought he understood.

"Are you afraid of my company?" demanded he roughly.

"Why should I be afraid of it?" replied Ulrich.

"Who knows? Perhaps you think you will have to follow me too high and too far?"

"By my life! I did not think of that," replied Ulrich rather haughtily. "Although you may be a far better hunter than I, yet I have not so forgotten my old trade that I cannot go where you do."

"Let us set off then," interrupted Hans, entering the narrow passage and beginning to climb.

Ulrich followed, and soon they reached the plateau, whence diverge numerous paths in all directions.

The hunter showed Ulrich the marks of which he had spoken, and which really indicated the recent course of a troop of chamois towards the highest peaks.

Then leaving Upsigel at their right, they resolutely attacked the slopes which separate the Eiger from the Wengern-Alp. They were not long in getting to the snow which covered the first mountain-side, and they crossed

it in a straight line, guided by the tracks; but on the other side of the slope these tracks were suddenly lost in the fields of crystalline ice lying spread at their feet. As far as the eye could reach, nothing could be seen but high points, between which lay frozen sheets bounded by grey blocks of rock. They might have been likened to the out-pouring of gigantic rivers from the sky and suddenly congealed in their fall.

The hunters had now reached exactly the entrance of that prodigious dyke of glaciers which seems to bar the passage of the Alps to man for the space of a hundred and fifty leagues.

Here was the ice sea of Grindelwald and Aletsch; further off the frozen lakes of Fischer, Finster-Aar, Lauter and Gauli.

Hans seemed for a moment to study the different routes, and then, without saying a word, he went southward. His step had a feverish rapidity and a provoking assurance in it. The more difficult the way became the greater his speed, leaping crevasses, clambering steep and rugged parts, and bounding down frozen ravines, with a sort of contemptuous anger. His whole being seemed to have undergone a change since he had entered upon those lofty solitudes; his eye was fired with a proud ardour, his dilated nostrils appeared to inhale the sharper air of the summits, and his lips moved at times as if he were murmuring to himself some mysterious defiance.

He would utter a slight exclamation as each fresh obstacle rose before him, then clear it with a bound. At sight of such angry impetuosity one would have taken him for a barbarian conqueror treading under foot an enemy's earth, and verifying and enjoying his victory at every step. And this exultation, far from getting less, increased with the dangers of their route. This was, indeed, his field of battle; as the smell of powder animates the soldier, so the air of these desert heights intoxicated him.

Ulrich, who at first had followed in silence, got alarmed at this headlong race, asking himself what could be hoped for from the ocean of ice surrounding them on all sides. For the first time he addressed his companion. Hans simply pointed to the horizon, replying, "Onward!"

Other glaciers were crossed, more blocks and crags surmounted. At each repetition of the question, the furious hunter answered, "Onward! still onward!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Meanwhile, however, the sky had become clouded, dull roarings were heard in the distance, and puffs of a warm wind were felt across the ice plain. Ulrich warned his companion, but wholly engrossed in his sombre preoccupation, Hans seemed a stranger to everything passing around him. The young carver, hot and panting for breath, looked in every direction without being able to tell where they were. It was a kind of terrace formed in the bend of a glacier, and bounding gaping chasms.

He stopped for a moment, and put his hand to his forehead, which was wet with perspiration. Hans turned then; nothing about him showed that he had even noticed this long march and combat with so many difficulties and perils. His face was as cool, his step as elastic, and his breathing as free as ever.

He was one of those last Alpine savages, accustomed, like the red Indian, to sleep in the open air, to follow tracks, to endure long ambuscades, to struggle against all the dangers of a hostile nature, and to conquer everything by strength or patience.

Ulrich, on the contrary, was of the present or new race, which civilization—as formerly the lyre of Orpheus—incited to milder manners, and which, softened in its vigor, but elevated in its soul, has substituted sociability for strength, and justice for vengeance.

Ulrich sought out a rock from among those which enchain the glaciers in their solid waves, and sat upon it.

Hans glanced sneeringly at him.

"Ah! bold hunter, are you already done up?" asked he.

"Not yet," replied Ulrich, "although you seem to have no other aim than to find out how far my strength can go."

"Did you not wish to face the mountains and return to the pursuit of chamois?"

"I still wish it."

"I suppose you are not satisfied at Merengen, carving yew and maple?"

"What!" cried Ulrich, with involuntary ardour, "do not think that. I seem to breathe most freely when my knife is cutting wood. What you feel here among these heights, I feel with my tools in my hand; my eye sees clearer, my blood flows faster than even now. When we were climbing the last range, while you were showing me the tracks, I was looking at a tuft of cyclamen, spreading its leaves in the hollow of the rock, and wishing that I might copy it with my knife."

"Why then do you take up the rifle again?" hastily enquired Hans.

Ulrich was embarrassed. "It is necessary," said he, rising, "for a reason—you will know afterwards. Let us go on now."

"No, stay," interrupted Hans, stopping him with an imperious gesture. "I need not wait to know what you will not tell me. I know it all; you have turned hunter because it is the only way to get Freneli, and you love her."

"It is true," replied Ulrich, unhesitatingly. "Was it to ask me this that you waited for me at the breach of the Wengern Alp, and that you brought me here?"

Hans grasped his gun and looked fixedly at him.

"So you confess it," said he, with compressed lips, "and yet you know

that I have chosen Neli; say, do you not know it?"

"Yes," said Ulrich, calmly; "but as Neli is free our wills are nothing; she alone will choose."

"And you know she has already done so, do you not?" added Hans, with kindling eyes. "You have used your opportunities and turned her heart towards you. I have known only how to suffer alone and be silent, while you—you have been able to speak. I have only brought black bread to the house every day; you come with carved cups. I saw that one yesterday. But you do not suppose I shall let myself be robbed of my happiness without revenge?"

"What do you mean?" interrupted Ulrich, shuddering.

"Listen," continued he, seizing Ulrich's arm. "I wished to speak to you in a place where no one could interfere. Hear what I am going to tell you. Neli must be mine; she shall be, whatever happens; do you hear? And if any one dare to take her from me, as sure as I am my mother's son, I would kill him, if he were my friend,—yes, if he were my brother. For years past I have married Neli in intention; I have carried the idea about with me in the mountains to keep me company; it has been my rest and my pleasure. I warn you, do not upset my hopes, or by the God in heaven, harm will come to you!"

"It is not my cousin who is speaking now," said Ulrich, with emotion, "it is a demon that is tempting him and speaking in his stead. Let us leave all to God, who knows if it may not soon be all you could wish. You know the condition of obtaining Freneli; in trying each to fulfil that condition, may not that fate which has hitherto been the lot of all the Hausers be in store for one of us, and so leave the place free for the other?"

Hans fixed his glittering eyes upon him, and said:

"And that other—you are hoping it will be you."

Ulrich shook his head. "You know that all the chances are against me," replied he, bitterly; "and I should be the one with the greatest right to complain if I did not trust to Him who is above."

"But when will He decide between us?" cried Hans, passionately.

"This very hour, perhaps. Till now you have been blind and deaf with anger, but listen and look yonder," said the carver, who for some moments had been attending to the increasing noises and the darkness which was beginning to envelope the mountain.

With his hand he pointed southward.

Large furrowed clouds, as if driven on by some furious power, were rapidly descending along the highest points; the sharp air of the glaciers became lukewarm, and loud and confused rumblings were heard in the depths of the snowy defiles.

After a quick glance at these symptoms, a flash of furious joy passed across the face of Hans.

"By my faith! you spoke like a prophet," said he, turning to his cousin, "and your prediction is very likely to come true."

"I believe there is in reality a storm coming," observed Ulrich.

"It is the *foehn* coming," cried Hans with his eyes fixed on the sky; "do you feel how warm the breeze is? Do you see those whirling clouds down below?"

Ulrich immediately recollected the fears Uncle Job had expressed in the morning. He knew this burning whirlwind, which comes from the deserts of Africa, and, falling upon the Alps, breaks and crushes the winter's snow and ice and almost everything in its way. Even in the lowest valleys all the cattle have to be taken in at the first sign of the *foehn*; every fire is put out, and no one dares cross the threshold of the house. Ulrich asked his cousin if he were quite sure it was the *foehn*.

"Quite sure;" replied Hans, who had lifted his hand to feel the wind, "in a few minutes it will be here. You have wished that God should decide. God has heard you and is about to do so. He who can get back to the Enge will have Neli. Good-bye, take care of your life; I will try to save mine."

CHAPTER IX.

And without waiting for an answer, Hans rushed to the narrowest part of the crevasse, rested his staff on the opposite edge, gave one bound and was on the other side. Ulrich tried in vain to call him; the hunter ran on without heeding and was soon lost in the thick clouds advancing along the mountain sides. Having no means of bounding in his turn the fissure separating them, Ulrich had to retrace his steps.

Followed already by breezes, fore-runners of the foehn, he retook the route by the glaciers. Instead of gaining some height as Hans sought to do, where the effects of the south wind are less felt, Ulrich descended as quickly as possible towards the Wengern-Alp, but the snow, already softened, was beginning to melt, and here and there many crackings were heard in the glacier. Warm gusts of wind swept by from time to time, and got lost amid lugubrious hissings in the needles of ice. A few birds of prey, overtaken in their flight, were trying with their greatest speed to regain their retreat, and were uttering mournful cries; and from below was heard the Alpine horn, the notes of which, plaintively prolonged, bounded from abyss to abyss, awakening a thousand echoes, invisible sentinels of the mountain, sending on the cry of alarm.

Ulrich looked anxiously at the sky. The clouds were coming nearer and faster. Already the neighboring tops were lost, and he found himself enveloped in a misty rampart, getting narrower and smaller on all sides, and pushed on by the foehn. At length it came in all its violence. The young

man, carried along by it, continued obliquely the descent of the glacier, occupied solely in avoiding the crevasses in which he would have been swallowed up. Thus he reached an angle, where he was able to stop, the wind being broken by a projecting piece of the mountain. He fell to the earth, so stunned and out of breath that he was for some little time incapable of moving.

When at last he could rouse himself and look about him, everything had again changed its aspect.

Swept away by the violence of the foehn, the clouds were floating in the distance, and the mountain thoroughly freed, displayed even its finest peaks, but the African wind still whirled around the summits, still glided over the declivities and engulfed itself in the defiles; and everything was softened from its inflaming contact. Under the melted and sunken snow, streams were springing up and rushing down into the ravines in white cascades.

Ulrich rose, and sheltering himself from the fierceness of the gusts by means of the high furrows intersecting the glacier, he continued his way with ever increasing effort. He had never before this been exposed to the foehn except in the valleys, where it arrives much moderated from its passage over the mountains, and so had never suspected what it was on those frozen heights, which almost seem suddenly to dissolve beneath its breath.

As he continued his arduous and dangerous route, the snow melted faster and faster. The streams, grown to torrents, tumbled over the steep sides and slopes, and, ever growing wider, were uniting their unbridled waters.

Rocks, torn up from their frozen casings, rolled over the slippery inclines, then, repulsed by the first impediment, leapt in huge bounds, cleared immense blocks and fell into abysses, where they were long heard dashing along against the resounding walls.

Beds of snow accumulated on the

ridges, roughly uprooted, rushed down with a noise like thunder, collecting and driving on in their course everything they found before them. These winter-built Alps seemed every minute crumbling to ruin, and their tremendous downfall blocked up every road, one after another.

In vain Ulrich sought some means of escape. Here a cascade had submerged, there an avalanche had buried the way. On the right a rock thrown over a chasm had just given way; on the left, a fissure suddenly burst open; everywhere were heard grindings of breaking-up ice, furious gusts of wind, thundering of avalanches, the roarings of unchained waters, and, above all this chaos, night was fast coming on to cut off from him his last hope. Still the young mountaineer kept up his combat with all these increasing dangers.

Amidst the confusion of his troubled and disconnected thoughts, the remembrance of Freneli seemed to float on the surface, and give him a wish to live, which greatly tended to keep up his strength. Unfortunately, he could not tell where he was. Stunned by the noises, blinded by the dazzling whiteness around him, perplexed by the turnings which obstacles had obliged him to take, he could not again find his whereabouts. It was especially necessary to be sure of this before night took from him the only chance of ascertaining.

He had again stopped to try to account for the position of the tops that he could yet see lighted by day's last beams, and had succeeded in recognizing the highest summit, then, by degrees, those nearer to him, when a loud noise suddenly resounded in the depths of the glacier, and issued still louder through all the fissures.

At this moment Ulrich tottered; the whole glacier had shaken under his feet. Soon a second shock was nearly making him lose his balance; then others followed closer together, and more equal, and at last became

confounded in one uniform but sensible movement. There was no longer any mistaking; the winter's accumulation of snows and half-formed ice upon the glacier was *en marche*, and steadily descending towards the valley.

While a glacier of great size and age becomes established as any piece of the earth, being naturally augmented year by year until it forms one huge and solid mass that could not be set in motion by any one day's south wind, yet a newly-forming one, or ice not yet wholly compacted, might be uprooted by such an unusually severe foehn as this.

Seeing that the least delay was a matter of life or death, Ulrich turned and tried hard to reach the nearest pinnacle. Although the distance was not great, it was full of difficulty. Besides the torrents foaming from the heights, all the bridges of hardened snow over openings had given way, and left a thousand yawning abysses, at the bottom of which roared the waters.

Ulrich, though stumbling at each step, succeeded in getting out of the main movements of the melting snow, and was nearly reaching the limits of the glacier. He had already crossed several bridges of snow without a suspicion of them, and had just recognized one of the lesser chains of the glacier. This sight reanimated him, and, collecting all his courage for a last effort, he hurried on; when suddenly the earth gave way. He had only time to stretch one arm to the right and the other to the left to hold on by, and remained thus buried up to his waist in the half-fallen arch of snow.

It was a moment of intense suspense. He felt his feet, which were hanging, getting cold from the wind in the chasm. Motionless, and holding his breath even, he stayed some seconds in this position, trying to guess the size of the opening; then he gently reached his hand towards his

gun, which he had let go, with the hope that by resting it across the gap it might help to support him, but at this moment the softened snow yielded, a slight cracking ran along the fissure, and the bridge, sinking as an avalanche, disappeared with him in the abyss below.

CHAPTER X.

By the return of daylight the next morning, the foehn had ceased to blow, but its passage might be traced by the spaces filled up, the tops cleared of snow, and the swollen torrents still discharging themselves in the valleys.

The sky had recovered its usual winter tint of pale blue, and was quite cloudless, which made it look like an immense veil suspended above the Alps. The temperature was, however, perceptibly softened, and there was a feeling of spring in the air, sensible even on these sharp heights; the glaciers were restored to mute immovability, and silence reigned again supreme in these wild deserts.

Sheltered on one of the loftiest points, Uncle Job had in safety seen the foehn pass, but the snow, which was continually freeing itself from the slopes, obliged him to put off his intended crystal-nesting exploit.

As soon as dawn reappeared, the old man calmly bent his steps towards the lower ranges, where he hoped the thaw would have prepared for him a harvest of plants. He soon reached the spot where the shaking of the glacier had overtaken Ulrich. His way did not take him nearer any part of that frozen sea; roused curiosity alone led him to look more closely at this strange revolution.

At first he went carefully along by the side, but afterwards cautiously ventured upon the frozen surface, stopping every minute or two to be sure he did not feel it slipping under him.

At every step there were witnesses of yesterday's ravages in crevices here

filled up, and here enlarged, and in the sunken bridges of snow all around.

In reaching one of these bridges, of which there was left only a slight part on an arch miraculously upheld over the gulf, Uncle Job perceived, half buried in the snow, an object for which at first he could not account. But scarcely had he lifted it up, when a cry escaped him; he recognized the rifle of Ulrich.

Full of horror, he turned to the gaping fissure. Still visible on the snowy surface were traces of the young hunter's steps and the place where he had disappeared. The old man tried to look to the bottom, but the crevasse, revealing at first two walls of azure green, suddenly made a turn and nothing more than a dark and profound depth could be seen.

Uncle Job knelt on the edge, however, and, bending his head over the opening, called aloud. His voice was faintly re-echoed along the mysterious deep. He listened; there was no answer. Leaning still further over, he uttered a second and more prolonged cry; then a third. This time he fancied he caught a sound, but so uncertain that he feared it might only be the filtering of the subterraneous waters, or the return of his own voice.

However, at renewed calls, the reply became less confused, and without being able to distinguish the words spoken, Job could yet hear that it was a human voice.

Quickly springing to his feet, he unrolled the rope he carried round him, and after fixing it firmly by means of an iron crook driven into the ice, he let it slip to the bottom of the chasm, to the place whence the voice had come. The end of the rope was quite lost to sight, and remained swinging for some seconds.

Again reaching as far as he could over the brink, Uncle Job renewed his call. At last, it seemed to him the cord was moving; it became straightened, and knocked against the sides of the fissure.

With one knee resting on the extreme edge, the old man kept his right hand firmly holding the iron crook, and looked into the darkness below. All at once the motion of the rope ceased; he who had begun to mount stopped.

"Courage," cried Uncle Job; "do not give up; one more effort."

But the cord remained still. In agony he hung over the brink.

"Come," said he, in a stronger voice. "It is I, Ulrich; it is Uncle Job. God has sent me to aid you. He will save you. Help me, my son, if you are a man—if you wish to see Aunt Trina and Freneli again!"

At this last name the rope once more shook; there followed a moment's uncertainty, then again all was still. In vain did Uncle Job repeat his encouragements, and strain his eyes. There was not a movement. He looked around in despair, divining that Ulrich's long stay in this grave of ice had numbed him so that he could not climb, and fearing that ere help from the valley could be obtained it would be too late.

Leaning as far over the chasm as he dared, he shouted to Ulrich to tie the rope under his shoulders. After what seemed an eternity of waiting, the tightening of the rope told him it was done.

There followed a moment's uncertainty, then a continuous movement; the ascent was begun.

With his eyes fixed on the chasm, the old man ceaselessly encouraged the enfeebled man below. At length, from the darkness he saw an uncovered and stiffened head coming up. Icicles hung from the masses of hair, and the face, lighted by the greenish reflection from the glacier, looked almost petrified. From the automaton-like slowness of the motion one might have fancied it a corpse galvanized by some magical conjuration, issuing from the centre of the earth, without thought or voice.

The moment this head rose to the top, Uncle Job drew the rope to him

with all his might, and Ulrich lay stretched on the edge of the crevasse. The old mountaineer uttered an exclamation of joy, and getting his gourd, without which he never went, he, after some trouble, unlocked the young man's teeth and made him swallow a little brandy; then he rubbed his face and hands with snow, until he had succeeded in bringing him back to sensibility; and at length Ulrich was able partially to open his blue lips.

"May heaven reward you," stammered he. "Without your help I must have died."

"Say without the help of God," replied the old man. "He alone is master, and we are only the servants of His will."

"Ah, well! Thanks to God and to you . . . all His blessings . . ." murmured Ulrich, yielding to the sleepy languor caused by fatigue and cold.

"Come, come!" interrupted Job; "bestir yourself and get up."

"Not yet . . . by and by," stammered the young man, with his eyes shut.

"By and by will be too late," cried the crystal-seeker, shaking him. "Stand up, Ulrich; you *must*; your strength will come back to you in walking, and we will rest at the first cottage. If you stay here you are a dead man. Rise once more; it is for your life."

He forced his nephew to his feet and dragged him in spite of himself across the glacier, tottering, his head moving unsteadily and his eyelids half closed. Job tried to revive him by encouraging him and asking questions. By degrees Ulrich's blood began to circulate, and he was able after a time to relate in broken words his flight, before the foehn, his fall into the fissure, how weakened he was by the avalanche which had drawn him there, and his long agony at the bottom. He only kept silence as to his meeting with Hans.

CHAPTER XI.

Uncle Job appeared surprised that with his very moderate experience he should thus have ventured alone in the heights.

"I thought you were wiser," said he, shaking his head; "but the mountain air is like wine; very few can drink moderately and without losing their reason. I ought to have remembered that the Hauser's blood ran in your veins. God pardon me! I hoped the hunting fever would only have won your cousin, for Hans was also on the heights."

"Have you seen him?" enquired Ulrich.

"Not him, but the mark of his steps; this morning I recognized them on the snow in pursuit of chamois tracks."

"Ah, that is the troop he was looking for," cried Ulrich. "The one he saw the day before yesterday led by an emperor."

"It is very possible; the tracks went northwards."

"To the foot of the Eiger?"

"No; there, nearer to us, on the right."

And Uncle Job's hand pointed towards one of the overhanging arches of the glacier that they had been following during the last few minutes, and by the side of which ran a kind of projecting ledge, notched and broken here and there. Below them the slope, at first jagged and roughly cut away, ended in a long sheltered space, like a band, where the melted snow had exposed to view a very fine patch of grass of that bluish tint peculiar to Alpine pasturages. It begirt the foot of the sterile peak like a ribbon of velvet, which, beginning there from the glacier, went on down and joined the skirts of the forest of fir and birch trees.

The young carver had stopped, his eyes were bent on the green corner, when suddenly he forced his companion to throw himself with him behind

one of the irregular rocks by which they were surrounded.

"What is the matter?" asked Job, instinctively lowering his voice.

"Look! look!" whispered Ulrich, "down there at the turning of the pasturage."

The old man shielded his eyes with his hand, and saw, in the direction pointed out, a troop of nine chamois turning the mountain, their emperor at their head. By their wild and frightened speed it was easy to guess they were being pursued, but for some time Uncle Job and Ulrich looked in vain around the foot of the peak for the hunter. At last, however, they both saw him on the projection which surmounted it, and they both recognized Hans.

While the chamois were rushing along the pasturage, Hans kept, so to speak, side by side with them on this ledge, trying to get in advance of them.

Uncle Job and Ulrich in terror watched him running along the narrowest strips and leaping the widest breaches, now hanging from some point of rock and crawling over the slippery surfaces. There seemed in his audacity such supreme contempt of the impossible that it made one giddy. Carried away in a sort of delirium, he went on as if he had been sovereign master of space, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, every sense fixed solely on his prey.

At length he succeeded in getting a little ahead of them, and in order more securely to stop the passage from the emperor leading them, he jumped on to an extreme point of rock, separated from the ledge.

Job seized his companion's hand, withholding the cry ready to escape, and not daring to do more. Hans had squatted himself on the narrow foot of earth that held him and taken aim.

At this moment the chamois were passing at his feet. The rifle was fired and the emperor fell. The hunter gave a cry of victory, which, in spite

of the distance, was distinctly heard by the watchers; but, as he stood up, his gun still smoking in his hand, the stone on which his foot rested suddenly gave way. He stretched out his arms to balance himself—it was too late, his hands slipped over this wall of rock, polished by the winter frost, and bounding from crag to crag, he fell, crushed and lifeless, down to the pasturage not twenty steps from the chamois he had just killed.

CHAPTER XII.

Some hours after, the disfigured body of Hans was brought to the cottage of the Enge. Old Trina, who had been prepared by Uncle Job, received the mournful news at the door of the hut. She looked at the dead man for some minutes, her features wrinkled by a savage kind of sorrow.

“One more!” murmured she, shortly, “but it was to be. He had seen the phantom chamois; it was the notice. The mountain spirit is strongest,” and without another word she sat down upon a stone and buried her face in her hands.

Freneli and Ulrich made an attempt to go to her, but she made a sign to be left alone. It was only when they were about to prepare Hans for burial that she slowly arose and entered the hut, and busied herself, too, with him. She watched by his bed unceasingly until the day of the funeral.

The inhabitants of the valley and mountain-side, having heard of the sorrowful misfortune that had happened on the heights, came in crowds to pay their last respects to the remains of the hunter.

He was extended on a bier made of green boughs, his head resting on the

emperor of chamois which had cost him his life. Behind walked the grandmother with a haggard face, Ulrich deeply moved, and Freneli unable to restrain her tears.

Just at the moment when the procession turned from the path leading to the cottage, the sun appeared on the mountains, where, for the past four months he had not been seen, and threw into the hollow of the Enge one of his golden rays.

There was a movement throughout the crowd. Trina herself was touched. She looked involuntarily at the dead man, and her hard eyes were moistened.

The loss of Hans was a blow from which she never recovered. They saw her bend more and get weaker from hour to hour until the day of her death, which came only two or three months after. She expired with her eyes fixed on the dark walnut press, which she had had opened, and where the skull of the last chamois killed by Hans had been added to the others.

Henceforth alone and mistress of her fate, Freneli became the wife of Ulrich, and went to live with him at Merengen, where they were soon joined by Uncle Job.

Whoever may be passing through the valleys of the Hasli, the heights of Brunig and the great Scheidech, or the approaches to the Grimsel, is nearly certain still to meet the indefatigable crystal-seeker wandering among the most lonely paths and singing his old psalm-tunes to the mountain breeze, to which, like a prodigious organ, the roaring of the avalanches and the splashing of the cascades form accompaniment.

THE END.