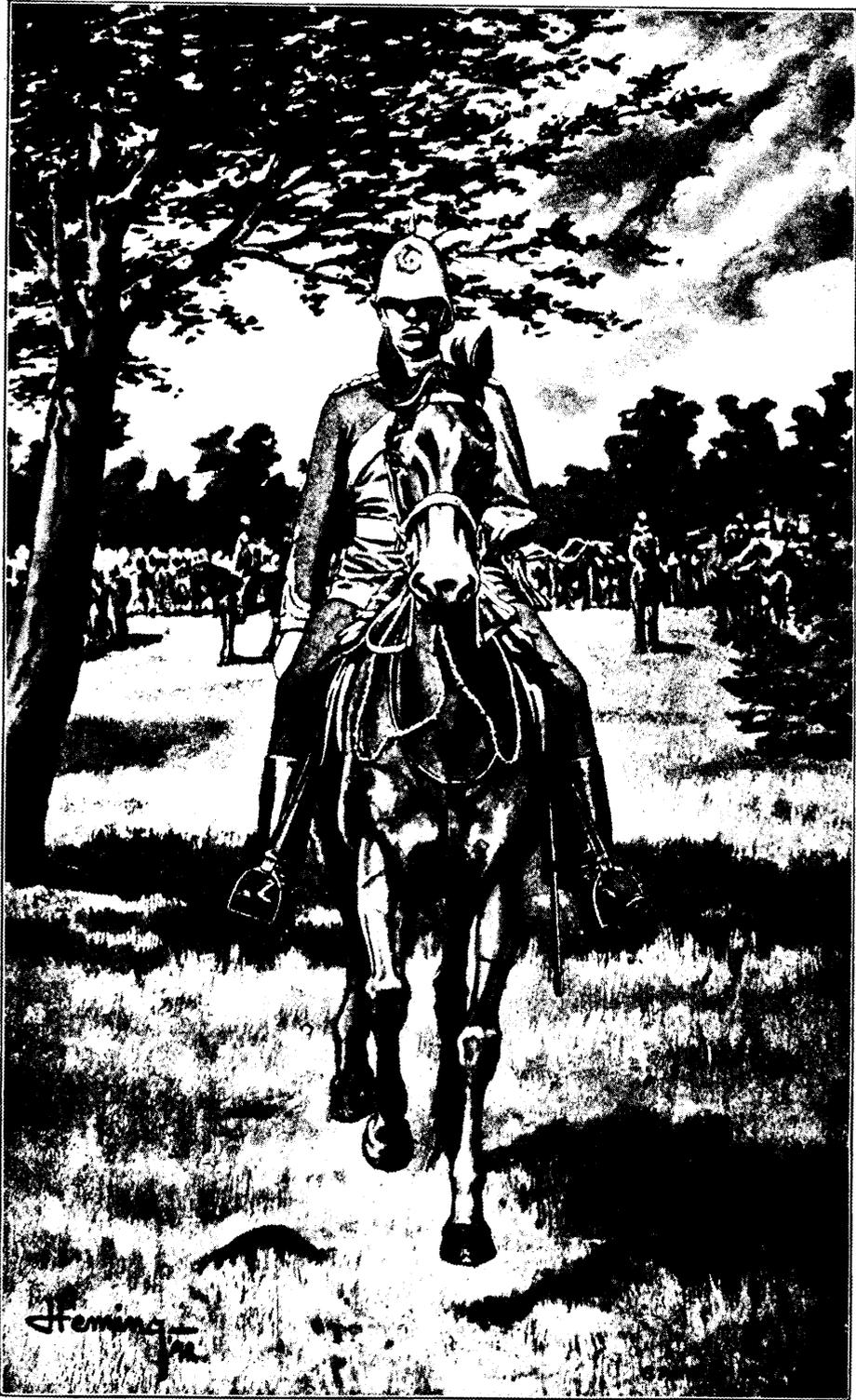


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(Drawn from Life, by A. B. H. Heming.)

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REMINISCENCES OF FRANCIS PARKMAN AT QUEBEC.

BY J. M. LE MOINE, F.R.S.C.

IN view of the many* flattering tributes to Francis Parkman, the illustrious historian of "England and France in North America," bringing out in strong relief particulars of his social and literary career in his native land, it may not be out of place to jot down a brief informal record of his presence and daily haunts in our own historic city—rendered, if possible, still more attractive by the witchery of his magic pen. For several decades, Quebec assuredly held a warm place in his sympathetic heart: 'twas for him a sunny, health-restoring, holiday spot, he would say. His visit at mid-summer he used annually to repeat, apparently with increasing zest and pleasure: whilst his advent was welcomed by hosts of friends with the same feeling as the return of the first swallow was looked for—many doors, many friendly Canadian houses were opened to him. I am now, alas! I fear, the oldest Quebec friend of the eminent annalist.

An unbroken friendship of thirty

years standing with this noble-minded man, his frequent presence under my roof, sometimes alone—at times accompanied by the members of his family—congeniality of tastes, my own admittance in his Boston sanctum in Chestnut Street, or in the charming rustic retreat he founded for himself, in 1854, at Jamaica Pond, have afforded me more than usual opportunities of knowing and appreciating the gifted historian, either at his desk or in his hours of leisure.

It was in the perusal of those eloquent testimonials from the Boston Reviews and United States press generally, as well as whilst listening to the glowing record of his worth now embodied in the *Transactions* of our Royal Society of which Mr. Parkman was an honorary member, that the idea occurred to me of adding my mite to the coming biography of the regretted historian to which I was invited to contribute material.

To Francis Parkman is deservedly awarded a high rank in that galaxy of gifted men who have written American history—Palfrey, Prescott, Bancroft, Winsor. What vivid pictures, what a crowd of incidents, are disclosed in his pregnant pages. "What," says John Fiske, "was an uncouth and howling wilderness in the world of literature he has taken for his own

* Boston *Sunday Herald*, November, 1893.

" *Evening Transcript*, " "

" *Daily Advertiser*, " "

Tributes of the Massachusetts Historical Society, 21st November, 1893.

Memoir of Francis Parkman, from publications of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts, 1893.

Julius H. Ward, in the *Forum* for December, 1893.

" " " in *McClure's Magazine*, for January, 1894.

Justin Winsor and John Fiske in *Atlantic Monthly* for May, 1894.

domain, and peopled it forever with living figures, dainty and winsome, or grim and terrible, or sprightly and gay. Never shall be forgotten the beautiful earnestness, the devout serenity, the blithe courage of Champlain: never can we forget the saintly Marie de l'Incarnation, the delicate and long-suffering Lalemant, the lion-like Brebeuf, the chivalrous Maisonneuve, the grim and wily Pontiac, or that man against whom fate sickened of contending, the mighty and masterful LaSalle. These, with many a comrade and foe, have now their place in literature as permanent and sure as Tancred or St. Boniface, as the Cid or Robert Bruce. As the wand of Scott revealed unsuspected depths of human interest in border castle and Highland glen, so it seems that North America was about awaiting the magician's touch that should invest its rivers and hillsides with memories of great days gone by. Parkman's sweep has been a wide one, and many are the spots that his wand has touched, from the cliffs of the Saguenay to the Texas coast, and from Acadia to the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains.*

Of the Massachusetts historian, the learned Dr. Justin Winsor justly says, "He who shall tell that story of noble endeavor must carry him into the archives of Canada and France, and portray him peering with another's eye. He must depict him in his wanderings over the length and breadth of a continent wherever a French adventurer had set foot. He must trace him to many a spot hallowed by the sacrifice of a Jesuit. He must plod with him the portage where the burdened trader had hearkened for the lurking savage. He must stroll with him about the ground of ambush which had rung with the death-knell, and must survey the field or defile where the lilies of France had glimmered in the smoke of battle.

"What noble lessons of perseverance—of industry—of indomitable courage,

under prolonged and acute physical sufferings, are afforded by his protracted sojourn here below."

Of his literary career, Julius H. Ward thus discourses in the *Forum* for December, 1893.

"If the story of Francis Parkman's life should be written as he lived it, as the mind rose above and controlled the body, it will make one of the most thrilling narratives of heroic effort that has ever been given to the world. His achievement was great, but it was produced under difficulties which showed the man to be greater than his work. The strength of his purpose is to be measured by the difficulties which beset him. For a great portion of the fifty years he could not use his eyes continuously for more than five minutes. He had the industry and the habits of application of a literary man, and his life was spent in the handling of historical materials, but he was compelled to follow the life of a recluse. Much as he enjoyed society, he could not bear the strain of it. He must choose between his pleasure and his work, and it was always in favor of the work. No other literary man of the period has labored under greater difficulties. 'The Oregon Trail' was dictated to his companion among the savages, and all his other volumes were dictated to a member of his family who prepared them for the press. When I asked to be allowed to see his manuscripts, he replied, 'I have none.' He could not bear the strain of writing, and it was only with the utmost care and seclusion from excitement that he could work at all. For half a century he lived a life of 'repressed activity,' (these are his own words) having his mind wholly unimpaired, but unable to use it beyond a certain limit on the penalty of having it taken away from him."

And again, in *McClure's Magazine*, for January, 1894:—

"He could command for work not more than one-twentieth of the time which other men have, and for ten years, from 1853 to 1863, he could not work at all. From his return from the West in 1846, to the day of his death, November 8th, 1893, he never knew a day when he was an entirely well man. He spent some months at a water-cure in Northampton, without benefit. The physician urged him to prepare to die, but Parkman replied that he should not die, even if he did not get well. At a later date he went to Paris to consult Dr. Brown-Sequard, who for three months tested him for insanity, but finally told him that his head was perfectly sound, and that he could do nothing for him. The doctors all told him that he must not

* *Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1894.

work, and he once said to me that if he had followed their instructions he could never have written his books. The situation was desperate. For a great part of the time he could not read continuously for more than five minutes without straining his eyes, and it was impossible for him to write or read for long periods.

“About the time he entered upon his sophomore year, Parkman began to feel promptings toward a literary career, and his thoughts early fixed upon a history of ‘The Seven Years’ War,’ a subject which had not then been touched by any writer, and which may have been suggested by the fact that George Bancroft had already begun the ‘History of the United States,’ having published his first volumes. It was an unknown period in American history, and one not only congenial to his tastes, but within the limits of his gifts. The notable thing was, that a youth of eighteen, to whom the world of letters was just opening, should have reached out to this field and that even in college he should have directed his studies in the channels best fitted to prepare him for it. The novels of Cooper and Scott were always in his hands, and he was more familiar with them than with the classical authors it was his duty to read. At Harvard, if not a profound scholar, he was President of the Hasty Pudding Club, and had the intimate companionship of men of tastes similar to his own. President Quincy was then the strong man of the faculty, but the institution lacked instructors who gave it character. It was a good place for a young man to work out his own ideas, and Parkman began here the study of English and the reading of Burke, who was his master in English style. What he did was to learn how to write.”

How oft have I strolled with him over the quaint, haunted forest-paths of Champlain—now our public streets—recalling the past, or ascending with the historian the grim battlements of the mural-crowned city, to measure and minutely study the *locale* and garner accurate data for his lasting record. One cloudy September day, in particular, I can recall. The historian, his able questioner and biographer, Abbé H. R. Casgrain, the late Professor Hubert Lakue, of Laval University, and myself. We had met at the social board at Spencer Wood, at the request of the Lieut.-Governor, H. Luc Letellier de Saint Just, a warm admirer of Parkman. It was, indeed, a feast of reason to sit

with such companions. I remember the interesting turn the conversation took, respecting the landing of Wolfe’s army, on the 15th September, 1759, on the strand directly below the Chateau, and climbing up the dizzy heights, by means of the bushes, being the outlet of the *ruisseau Saint Denis*, which runs through the Spencer Wood grounds. Abbé Casgrain, the future author of “Montcalm and Levis,” opened out with racy anecdotes, illustrating the life-like escapes on that memorable day. He was well supported by the genial and cultured Laval University professor. Parkman interested us all by his theories on the errors committed by both generals at that eventful engagement, which changed the destinies of North America.

This social meeting took place in 1878. I shall never forget it. Parkman then informed us of his long-cherished design to write the incidents of the memorable fight, and invited us to accompany him next morning to survey the ground, which the Abbé and myself were happy in being able to do. Proud we felt in strolling side by side with the eminent annalist down the lofty Marchmont hill to the shore of the St. Lawrence: as it were, helping the enthusiastic author in his glorious task of portraying Wolfe and Montcalm on that momentous occasion. How Mr. Parkman did revel in our grand old forests, amidst our gorgeous mountain and lake scenery!

I recall his pleasant smile of surprise on recognizing an old friend, one bright summer day during his last visit to Quebec, on the green banks of the rushing Batiscan, one of the best trout streams of the Lake St. John District. He had been camping since June, for some weeks, at this wild spot. Mayhap I recalled forest memories of his early explorations,—with Quincy D. Shaw:—the days of the “Oregon Trail.” His *compagnon de pêche*, was a congenial spirit, Charles Farnham, the graphic delineator in

Harper's of Canadian life. Mr. Parkman pressed me to take a seat in his diminutive Rice Lake canoe, and return to camp with him some miles below the railway bridge, where I was: however, not being an expert swimmer, I had to decline the honor of being paddled through the furious eddies of the Batiscan by the most eminent historian of Massachusetts in a canoe evidently intended for one man only.

How many of the members of our Royal Society have partaken of his hospitality, either on Chestnut Street, or on the sunny bank of Jamaica Pond: the Abbé Casgrain, Dr. Lakue, M. Mannutte, our archemist, Napoleon Legendre, Faucher de Saint Maurice, myself and others.

And of his love of flowers,—have I not before me on my table a cherished token “The Book of Roses,” with his valued autograph on the title page. The author, his old friend, Dr. Oliver W. Holmes, paints:

“Halting with feeble step, or bending o'er
The sweet breathed roses which he loved
so well.”

and which the *Boston Daily Advertiser* of the 9th of November, 1893, describes, so sympathetically, the day after his death:—

“Frequently at this time might have been seen upon Boston Common a figure slightly unsteady, walking with the aid of a cane, his eyes shaded from the light, his face white, but full of serene courage. This was Francis Parkman. It was at this time that he bought the tract of land on the shore of Jamaica Pond, and built his picturesque dwelling.

“Here he gave himself up to the study of horticulture. Not merely for pleasure and the recovery of his health did he do this. He made himself master of every detail, and soon became an expert, and was known as one of the leading horticulturists of the State. He was at one time president of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and also, for a short time, professor of horticulture in the Bussey Institution, a part of Harvard University.

“For twelve years he devoted himself to the hybridization of lilies, and originated a new variety of this flower, which has been called ‘*Lilium Parkmanii*.’ He also paid

much attention to the cultivation of roses, and it was in this way that his ‘Book of Roses’ appeared in 1866.”

A further sweet memento of the genial man survives in my garden, a lovely white rose tree—rich in fragrance and bloom—the only surviving plant of twenty-one, sent on by him from Boston to Mrs. Le Moine.

Mr. Parkman's knee trouble followed him abroad: his holiday time among his old friends was not free from it.

One day that he and I were sauntering along St. Louis Street, he apologized for stopping, and I noticed how he repeatedly leaned and rested his enfeebled limb on the wall opposite. This induced me to ask him the origin of the infirmity. He replied that in his outing to the Rocky Mountains, in 1846, when he lived among a tribe of Dacotah Indians, to study their inward life and habits, he had to follow these fierce hunters one whole day on horseback, drenched by rain by the skin, and without changing his outer garments, but had he weakened, and given in to exhausted nature, he would have, he said, lost their countenance and good will. The incident is graphically related by Julius H. Ward in his magazine article.

Mr. Parkman counted, at Quebec, a crowd of admirers. His most intimate friends of the past were the Hon. Henry Black, Judge of the Court of Vice-Admiralty: the Hon. George Okill Stuart, his successor in this high office. Judge Black died in 1873, and Judge Geo. O. Stuart expired at Quebec in 1884. More than once his sumptuous mansion in St. Ursule Street sheltered the “historian of England and France in North America.” He had other familiars at Quebec and at Montreal ever ready to lend a helping hand in his historical researches: the Abbés Verreau, Bois, Casgrain, Professor H. La Rue, to whose sympathetic assistance the preface of several of his works bears testimony.

Alas! Francis Parkman is no more,
and in the words of New England's
singer, Oliver Wendell Holmes,

“ He rests from toil ; the portals of the tomb
Close on the last of those unwearying hands
That wove their pictured web in History's
loom,

Rich with the memories of three distant
lands.

* * * * *

He told the red man's story ; far and wide
He searched the unwritten records of his
race ;

He sat a listener at the sachem's side,
He tracked the hunter through his wild-
wood chase.

High o'er his head the soaring eaglescreamed ;
The wolf's long howl rang nightly ; through
the vale

Tramped the lone bear ; the panther's eye-
balls gleamed ;
The bison's gallop thundered on the gale.

Soon o'er the horizon rose the cloud of strife.
Two proud, strong nations battling for the
prize ;

Which swarming host should mould a nation's
life,
Which royal banner flout the western skies.

Long raged the conflict ; on the crimson sod
Native and alien joined their hosts in vain ;
The lilies withered where the lion trod,
Till peace lay panting on the ravaged plain.

A nobler task was theirs who strove to win
The blood-stained heathen to the Christian
fold,
To free from Satan's clutch the slaves of sin ;
Their labors, too, with loving grace he told.

Halting with feeble step, or bending o'er
The sweet-breathed roses which he loved so
well,
While through long years his burdening cross
he bore,
From those firm lips no coward accents fell

A brave, bright memory ! his the stainless
shield
No shame defaces and no envy mars !
When our far future's record is unsealed,
His name will shine among its morning
stars.'



A NATIONAL SPIRIT IN ART.

BY W. A. SHERWOOD, A.R.C.A.

THE necessity of cultivating a National Spirit in Art is seldom advanced in the criticisms of the press.

The refining and elevating functions of the fine arts, even to the casual observer, are ever apparent in the most common-place society. There exists, however, in art an element not easily discerned, exercising a momentous influence upon the affairs of a nation, and this influence I will in some measure endeavor to discuss.

The intricate conditions retarding research into the underlying elements of national structure render the presentation of art literature exceedingly difficult: it is like one sailing upon a sea without charts or guiding instruments.

In the nursery and in the school-room, during our very impressionable period of child-life, it is, indeed, no easy task to determine the influences which are at work moulding the youthful mind. The silent language of pictures must, upon the very earliest dawn of intelligence, communicate its simple stories to the child. Reclining upon its little cot, who shall determine the stretches of its thought, as its wondering eyes hover over the pictures upon the walls. The school period follows, and in a methodical way the child now acquires knowledge, inquiry being rewarded by explanation. But the scope of inquiry being limited by the artificially-arranged conditions and surroundings of the school, makes this the best understood, though the least interesting, stage of the child's growth. It is lacking in spontaneity. Occasionally, however, the child does make a rambling excursion in the "Realms of Gold," turning leaf after leaf in search of pictures, and drinking with mental thirst from the fountain.

Advancing to manhood, stronger and more mature thoughts lay hold upon the mind, and it is now that the differences of taste and temperament most strongly assert themselves. If of a meditative nature, the man turns, almost with the spirit of reverence, to pictures possessing solemn or sublime qualities: upon the portraits of Divines, he traces the lines of spiritual humanity, and determines the course of his life. If of a military character, his blood courses hotly as he views upon the canvas the wild dash of the cavalry on the solid squares of Waterloo, and, alternately with the common soldier and with the commander, he plays his part upon the field.

The military pictures of Elizabeth Thompson have filled the heart of many a Briton with the proud purpose of serving his country, even though in the ranks. It is said that the Duke of Wellington, in his youthful days, was accustomed to look with breathless silence upon the portraits of Marlborough and other famous generals. Turning from them with triumph upon his face, and catching, as it were, the very inspiration of their genius from the canvas, he momentarily assumed the air and attitude which the artist had delineated. I have often thought that the portraits of Washington, by John Trumbull and Rembrandt Peale, were before the minds of many a gallant officer in the late civil war in the United States. Not confined to the pictorial sphere is this military influence,—the noble statues of Old England have made thousands of heroes.

The little lad, as he romps through the parks of New York, pauses with conscious pride before the imperishable statue of Daniel Webster, and re-

peats with eloquent enunciation the famous lines graven on the entablature: "One, and indivisible now and forever." Not only in church, military and political life, does art wield its great influence. It enters the social and domestic sphere with perhaps more vital force. *Genre* pictures awaken a love for the humbler walks of life, and a consequent respect for those therein depicted. We are touched by their sorrows and we are cheered by their joys, as we enter with unfeigned affection into the spirit of rural life. An illustration of the effect of this class of subject may here come with convincing effect. In the American galleries at the Columbian Exhibition there was a picture by Hovenden of Philadelphia, entitled "Breaking Home Ties." It was surrounded by severe classical subjects, as soulless as their golden casements. But Hovenden had a story to tell, and he told it with modest simplicity. The little group of rustic folk gathered at the doors, and the interior of the cottage, showed a happy home. The young man who was about to take his departure had arrived at manhood's years; looking with tearful eyes upon his aged mother, his sister and his brother, he bade them farewell and followed with lagging footsteps the honored father who bore with bent head his son's light luggage to the door. I would rather have that one picture by Hovenden than acres of the academic trash that drew the encomiums of the technically clever academicians. It is truly a wonderful picture. Returning to their homes, widely scattered over the entire continent, cherished recollections were awakened in those who looked at this famous picture; in memory they revisited the scenes of their childhood: the old school days were recalled: down the lonely paths by the winding rivulet again they wandered, and they gambolled anew at the old-time sport upon the green. These and many such like scenes must have been re-

vived in meditating on that beautiful picture. We may fairly conclude that in the awakening of such associations, the love of home which broadens into national pride is fostered and developed. But more than this: such art tends to pull down the false barriers which society so cruelly constructs, and gives us a glimpse of the healthful nature of simple natural life. Our great halls of learning are transforming the whole course of the stream of our national life from the gentle valleys to the thronged streets, to what end I cannot say, quitting the natural for the artificial life. The *genre* and landscape painter is forever presenting the beauties of rural life, entreating by the most subtle charms which art from nature wins, for men to again return to the more noble walks of life. And if not to return, to at least cherish a spirit of affectionate regard and honorable respect for those whose toil is in the field. Is this not a national work? The moral influence of art it is not, however, our aim here to discuss, but in passing we might say that the pictures of Hogarth came like a thunderbolt from a clear sky striking with telling effect the calloused heart of England. Families breaking up take to their new and distant homes the pictures that have hung upon the walls of the old. Some of these pictures were painted in the locality of their childhood, and now in their new home, far from the old associations, these, ever before them, keep in memory the stately elms, the old church towers, and, with each returning Sabbath, the sounding of the evening bells—fresh, forever fresh, through all the vicissitudes of life. I can recall many families, who years ago left the eastern provinces of our Dominion, to dwell in the far west. How dear to them must be every relic which they have brought with them, but dearer far are the pictures of pastoral life drawn where they spent their early days

Even in such works, the little dwellers on the western plains grow to recognize each nook and path depicted, with something of the liking which the parents cherish for the old home. In this way is province bound to province and prairie to woodland. Our painters penetrate the sub-arctic northern forest, the most lonely lake in the solitary north, the furthest western mountains, and over and beyond the Rockies, into British Columbia, in search of material, new and characteristic, for their easels. They gather, here and there, as they journey along, the local conditions and points of local interest. These, in our annual exhibitions, appear upon the walls, fresh from the studios in our Canadian art centres. Side by side they are viewed with the pastoral pictures of the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, and the marine subjects of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The Exhibition becomes in spirit a pictorial lesson on the boundless resources of our Dominion. But greater results are to follow. The silently floating birch canoe on the still waters of Shadow River, finds a purchaser in some eastern connoisseur, a dweller on the Atlantic seaboard. Its companion picture,—perhaps a sheltered inlet of Lake Couchiching, or, on the Omemee River, or Stony Lake,—or an evening view on the Mimico marshes, adorns the walls of a lovely mansion in some prairie city; whilst the weird and lonely mountain pictures, with distant Kamloops, or the blue Lake Louise, or Mount Sir Donald, hung beside a view of St. John's Harbor, showing the vessels bathed in the evening's fading light,—may find a cherished resting-place in the parlors of Toronto or Montreal art patrons. Thus in a most material way is the landscape painter furthering patriotic sentiments.

The portrait painter in a measure excels even the *genre* or the landscape painter in developing this national spirit. He is pre-eminently an historical painter, handing down the men

and the manners of one century to the century that succeeds.

The historian, by narrating events of national interest, describes the actors upon the stage of the historical drama. The portrait painter presents you to them, and you feel the influence of their individuality in the commanding silence of their presence. The lives of men seem to write their lines upon their faces. The orators of England, Pitt, Burke, Disraeli, and the orators of the United States, Daniel Webster and Henry Clay, and, too, the late Sir John A. Macdonald, of our own country,—all have faces strangely similar to the faces of Cicero and others of the great of old.

Whatever may be assigned by the physiognomist as the cause of this similarity of feature, I will not here discuss. But we can say, with Cowper, as he gazed upon his mother's picture,

“Blest be the art that can immortalize,—
The art that baffles time's tyrannic power.”

Thus we may in gratitude express ourselves of the sculptors of antiquity and the artists of modern times, for having preserved from decay or oblivion the heroes of history.

It is the goldsmith's mark of genuineness stamped upon the links of the national chain. By no condition of national dissolution, by no process wherein languages become obsolete, do the features cease to convey in marble, or on canvas, their utmost meaning, but at all times declare, in every dialect of every language, and to every race and nation, the thought the artist had depicted there. Pre-eminently then does the art of portraiture call for special national recognition.

What gives the younger generation a greater pride in the country, and what more incites it to ambitious effort, than familiarity with the portraits of the master-minds of former generations! Portraits of heroes inspire men with valor. Portraits of scientists send us to the laboratory.

Portraits of statesmen commend to us a livelier interest in the affairs of our nation. But above all this, there is a spirit of solemn reverence awakened by the mere presence of the likeness of distinguished men.

To bring the subject more closely to our own door, Osgoode Hall, the legal centre of Ontario, would lose one-half its dignity were it stripped of the portraits of the eminent judges of former years, which hang along its corridors. Canada unfortunately has but few institutions wherein are national treasures of art. The dearth of such institutions must ever have a deterring effect upon the growth of a national spirit. We boast with conscious pride four great halls of learning. Justly, too! Some of these have existed for nearly half a century. And have they produced no names worthy of monumental recognition? But from no university has the voice of a patriot been heard arousing the people to take one step towards the erection of a national gallery, apparently oblivious of the fact that when this century has passed away, absolutely the most valuable treasures which the nation possesses will be the despised works of painters living at this day. If it be deemed in the older countries expedient to construct marvellous galleries for the reception of art treasures, we should, commensurate with our means and opportunities, also place ourselves on record with the great nations.

But it may be contended that we do not possess treasures of art of such importance as would merit such consideration. I want to be distinctly understood, and to say plainly what I believe is necessary to the development of a national art. If the Government almost ignores the efforts of our artists, that national development

must necessarily be slow. But what is most necessary to encourage a spirit of national excellence must surely be: first, a gallery worthy of the name of art; second, the purchasing of the best pictures of the year, at such figures as will repay the painters for the time and labor spent in the work; third, encouraging the artists to paint Canadian subjects—then making the exhibitions attractive, and free to the public; and if there is in art that national spirit which I have endeavored to point out, it is a matter of great importance that it be the subject of practical and earnest effort.

Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral have done an immortal work for England, the poet's corner in the one, and the sacred tablets, commemorative of the mighty heroes, in the other. Should we not, in Toronto and Montreal, set aside all religious considerations, and adopt, at once, some honored receptacle for the repose of our most worthy sons. St. James's Cathedral, in Toronto, being one of the oldest of our churches, might well serve so noble a purpose. In literature are we to forget a Heavyside and a Sangster, and cannot their memory be best kept green forever by the painter and the sculptor's art? Then there is our duty to posterity. It is surely incumbent upon us to keep intact, as far as in our power lies, every phase of life and thought of the time in which we live. By the principles and practices of preservation, a proud sentiment is nurtured. In doing all we can we are but emulating the manly virtues of our grander sires; and the generations yet unborn will view with pride the efforts which we have made to preserve for their consideration all that was worthy in our time.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

BY THOS. E. CHAMPION.

EVERY one is familiar with the old Latin proverb, "*De mortuis nio nisi bonum*,"—of the dead (say) nothing unless it is good. Possibly the proverbial untruthfulness of epitaphs arises in great measure from a somewhat too liberal interpretation of the maxim just quoted: in the amiable desire on the part of survivors to say nothing but what is flattering or to the credit of those who, having departed this life, can no longer work either good or evil to their fellow men.

But there are many kinds of epitaphs other than those which are simply adulatory of the deceased, and which sometimes describe them not as they were but as their friends would have wished them to be, and it is this class of what may be termed "post mortem" literature that has given rise to the biting proverb, "To lie like an epitaph."

There are epitaphs which are simply ludicrously unmeaning: there are those which are unmeaning without being ludicrous, and there are those which are ridiculous and nothing else.

Besides these, there are some which are quaint yet beautiful, which tell in a few words all that is necessary to know respecting the departed, and yet tell it in such a manner that the reader is interested and possibly instructed. In addition to these, there are epitaphs which are pompously fulsome in their wording, which describe the dead man's or woman's life and actions in such inflated language that the passers-by read and turn away with a shudder, possibly, also, with the reflection of being thankful that it had not been their luck to meet these superlatively superior people in the flesh.

Then there are many other kinds, contradictory, eccentric, punning and

anagrammatic, besides many of a miscellaneous character, and in this paper we propose to give examples of as many of the different descriptions as space will permit.

We will begin with royal epitaphs, and quote the one upon Ethelbert, who was the first Christian King of Kent, and the builder also of the first cathedral of St. Paul's:—

*"Rec Ethelbertus hic clauditur in polyandro,
Fama piens certus Christo meat absque me-
andro."*

which being translated runs thus:—

King Ethelbert lieth here,
Closed in this polyander,
For building churches sure he goes
To Christ without meander.

When Harold, the last of the Saxons met his death on the field of Hastings, his body was taken, so it is said, to Waltham Abbey in Hertfordshire, and there interred. No stone marked his grave, and no high-sounding phrases were engraved over his last resting-place. Lord Byron, when he was at Athens early in the present century, wrote the following lines in substitution of an epitaph for Harold:—

"Kind reader! take your choice to cry or
laugh:
Here Harold lies, but where's his epitaph?
If such you seek, try Westminster, and
view
Ten thousand just as fit for him as you."

The epitaph upon King Henry II. of England, who died in 1189, says much in a few words:—

"Here lies King Henry II., who many realms
Did erst subdue, and was both count and
king,
Though all the regions of the earth could
not
Suffice me once, eight feet of ground are
now
Sufficient for me. Reader, think of death,

And look on me as what all men must come to."

In Worcester Cathedral there is this inscription over the tomb of Prince Arthur, the eldest son of King Henry VII., who died in Ludlow Castle:

"Here lyeth buried Prince *Arthure*, the first begotten son of the righte renowned King Henry the Seventh, whiche noble Prynce departed out of this transitori lyfe in the Castle of Ludlowe, in the seventeenth yere of our Lorde God one thousand five hundred and two."

This epitaph is somewhat confused in its wording: it means that Prince Arthur died in his seventeenth year, but it does not say so.

The epitaph by Robertson on James II., is one which would be likely to cause much controversy. It reads as follows:—

"Bright is his diadem in heav'n's abode,
Who lost his crown rather than change his
God;
While the perfidious wretch who stole the
prize,
Pines in eternal dread of earth and skies."

Bishop Porteous wrote a lengthy epitaph on George II., of which the following are the concluding lines:—

"—Saw (blest privilege) his Britons share
The smiles of Peace amidst the rage of War;
Saw to his shores increasing commerce roll,
And floods of wealth flow in from either pole:
Warm'd by his influence, by his bounty fed,
Saw Science raise her venerable head,
Whilst at his feet expiring faction lay,
No contest left but who should best obey;
Saw in his offspring all himself renew'd,
The same fair path of glory still pursu'd;
Saw, too, young GEORGE Augustus' care im-
part.

Whate'er could raise or humanize the heart,
Blend all his grandsire's virtues with his own,
And form their mingled radiance for the
Throne.

No further blessings could on earth be given;
The next degree of happiness was —*Heav'n*."

Comment is all but superfluous, when it is remembered that this same King "could see no use in painting or poetry," and also "despised learning and learned men."

Let us now turn to another class of epitaphs, those which pun upon the names of the persons whose virtues

they commemorate. Here is one from Stepney, in the east end of London, on Mary Angel, who died in 1693, aged 72 years:—

"To say an angel here interr'd doth lye
May be thought strange, for angels never
dye;
Indeed some fell from heav'n to hell,
Are lost and rise no more;
This only fell from death to earth,
Not lost, but gone before;
Her dust lodg'd here, her soul, perfect in
grace,
Amongst saints and angels now hath took
its place."

The following lines were written by a Mr. Downton on his father-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Chest, in the latter end of the sixteenth century. Mr. Chest had incurred the dislike of his relative because he had removed from the chancel of Chepstow Church, of which he was the vicar, the remains of Henry Marten, one of the men who was instrumental in bringing Charles I. to the scaffold. He gave as his reason that they polluted the sacred building. The epitaph reads thus:—

"Here lies at rest I do protest,
One Chest within another;
The chest of wood was very good,
Who says so of the other?"

In the Temple Church, there is this on one John White:—

"Here lies John, a burning, shining light,
Whose name, life, actions, all alike were
white."

From punning epitaphs, the transition is easy to those which are in the form of an acrostic. This is to be found in Tewkesbury Abbey Church, on the banks of the lovely Severn. It tells of the virtues of Captain Valentine Pyne, who was Master Gunner of England:—

"Vndaunted hero, whose aspiring mind,
As being not willing here to be confin'd
Like birds in cage, in narrow trunk of clay,
Entertained death and with it soar'd away;
Now he is gone, why should I not relate
To future ages his valor, fame and fate;
Just, loyal, prudent, faithful, such was he,
Nature accomplished world's epitome.

Proud he was not, and tho' by riches try'd,
Yet virtue was his safe, his surest guide;

Nor can devouring time, his rapid jaws
E'er eat away those actions he made laws."

Many examples are to be found of satirical epitaphs. This one from the Grey Friars, Edinburgh, is short and to the point:—

"Here snug in grave my wife doth lie;
Now she's at rest, and so am I."

This epitaph, with scarcely a variation, is also to be found in a small churchyard not far from Whippingham, in the Isle of Wight.

Anna Lovett is thus lovingly commemorated:—

"Beneath this stone, and not above it,
Lie the remains of Anna Lovett;
Be pleased, good reader, not to shove it,
Lest she should come again above it.
For 'twixt you and I, no one does covet
To see again this Hannah Lovett."

Nearly everyone has heard of the epitaph on the man who was doing a very good business as an innkeeper, and was suddenly killed (this being all stated on his gravestone with the name of the inn, and where situated), running thus:—

"Resigned unto the Heavenly will,
His wife keeps on the business still."

That was strictly professional, and there are many examples of a similar sort. One of the best is that close to the great west door in Peterborough Cathedral, on Scarlet the sexton, who had assisted at the interment of Queen Catharine of Arragon and Mary, Queen of Scots; it reads:—

"You see old Scarlet's picture stand on hie,
But at your feet there does his body lie;
His gravestone doth his age and death tyme
show,
His office by their tokens ye may know.
Second to none for strength and sturdy
limbe,
A scarbabe*, mighty voice, and visage grim,
Hee had interr'd two queens within this
place,
And this towne's householders in his life's
space
Twiceover; but at length his oneturne came;
What he for others did for him the same
Was done No doubt his soul doth live
for aye
In heaven, tho' his body's clad in clay."

* A scare-crow.

Lord Byron wrote an epitaph of a professional kind on one John Adams, a carrier of Southwell, Derbyshire, which runs as follows:—

"John Adams lies here of the parish of
Southwell,
A carrier who carried the can to his mouth
well;
He carried so much and he carried so fast,
He could carry no more, so was carried at
last;
For the liquor he drunk, being too much
for one,
He could not carry off, so he's now carri-
on.

"September, 1807."

It is by no means an uncommon occurrence to find anagrams in epitaphs. Here is one from Mannington, dated 1631:—

"ON KATHERINE LOIRGHER.
A Lower taken Higher.

"Here lies a lover of the Deitye,
Embalmed with odours of her pietye:
Here lies she, may; this lower did aspire,
Here lye her ashes; she is taken higher."

Of miscellaneous and purely ridiculous epitaphs, the number is legion. Among the former class, are such examples as these:—

"ON FRANCES SOAME.
Died 1772, age 5 mos and 2 days.

"The cup of life, just with her lips she prest,
Found the taste bitter and declin'd the rest;
Averse, then, turning from the face of day,
She softly sigh'd her little soul away."

Here is another, from Swallowfield churchyard:—

"Here lies a fair blossom mould'ring to dust,
Ascending to heaven to dwell with the
just."

Epitaphs on children are oftentimes very painful reading, from the exaggerated praise which parents in their love bestow upon their departed treasures. But there is nothing in this from Hove churchyard, near Brighton, England, on a child, who died at the age of two years, to which exception may be taken. It bears date, 1821:—

"Yes, thou art fled, and saints a welcome
sing;
Thine infant spirit soars on angel wing;
Our dark affection might have hop'd thy
stay.

The voice of God has call'd his child away:
Like Samuel, early in the temple found,
Sweet rose of Sharon, plant of holy ground;
Oh, more than Samuel bless'd, to thee 'tis
given,
The God he served on earth, to serve in
heav'n."

Passing on to specimens of purely
ridiculous epitaphs, we give this from
the Collegiate church in the great
manufacturing town of Wolverhampton,
England. It is inscribed over the
grave of Joseph Jones, who died in
1690:—

"Here lie the bones
Of Joseph Jones,
Who eat whilst he was able,
But once o'er-fed
He drop't down dead
And fell beneath the table.
When from the tomb
To meet his doom
He rises amidst sinners,
Since he must dwell
In heav'n or hell,
Take him—which gives best dinners."

From Wolverhampton to Birmingham
is not a long journey, and in the
lovely churchyard of St. Philip's, in
that city, is this supremely ridiculous
inscription, on a stone erected by a
widow, about a century since, in mem-
ory of her deceased husband:—

"Cruel death! How could you be so unkind!
To take him before and leave me behind,
You ought to have taken both of us, if
either,
Which would have been more pleasant for
the survivor."

In Llanmynech churchyard in Wales
is this:—

"Here lies John Thomas
And his three children dear;
Two buried at Oswestry,
And one here."

In Streatham church there is this
inscription on the tomb of a lady, who
died in 1746. It reads:—

"Elizabeth, wife of Major-General Hamil-
ton, who was married 47 years, and rever
did ONE thing to disoblige her husband."

In the graveyard surrounding Win-
chester cathedral, is this amusing pro-
duction:—

"Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire Gren-
adier,
Who caught his death from drinking cold
small beer.
Soldiers beware, from his untimely fall,
When you are dry drink strong or none at
all."

This stone was restored by the offi-
cers of the Winchester garrison, and
this couplet added:—

"An honest soldier never is forgot,
Whether he die by musket or by pot."

These two epitaphs are to be found
in Salem, Massachusetts. The first is
on a slave, and tells us:—

"Here lies the best of slaves
Now mouldering into dust
Cæsar the Ethiopian craves
A place among the just
This faithful soul is fled
To realms of heavenly light
And by the blood that Jesus shed
So changed from black to white.
January 15 he quitted the stage,
In the 77th year of his age. 1780."

Then there is this one on a Scotch
schoolmaster:—

"Beneath these stanes lie Donald's banes,
O Satan! Should you take him,
Appoint him tutor to your weans
And clever Deils he'll make 'em."

In a necessarily fragmentary paper,
such as this, it has only been possible
to quote a very few of the many hun-
dreds of curious epitaphs that are to
be found. I have tried to give a few
of different character, and hope my
readers may be in some cases amused,
even if they fail to find much instruc-
tion.



IN THE SHADOW OF THE GHURGH.

I.

To Jove or Allah mortals build their fanes,
And cold, high temples and pagodas rise
To fierce strong god that o'er our terrors reigns,
And reaps his dole of fear or sacrifice :
For deep in human heart the spirit lies,
That halts and pales on dissolution's brink,
And flees the torture of some sin that cries
For fabled fount at which the soul may drink
Ere we embrace the fate we vainly shrink.

II.

We grope in darkness, only faintly see
The all of truth that makes for God and peace :
We pluck the fruit of some forbidden tree,
And sip of poison-flowers, that sin may cease :
And if the balm the deadness do increase,
We count it all a moving nearer heaven,
Then for our idol take another lease,
And mildly exorcise our demons seven,
To raise our virtues with this doubtful leaven.

III.

O Jesu Lord ! thy temples only stand,
Of fairest structure in the human heart :
The domes we raise by earthly wisdom planned,
Are not of Thee nor Thine in every part :
We mingle with the grandeur of our art
The poor, weak elements of strife and pride,
And cringe to power, and traffic in the mart,
Where gold may buy indulgence, safe abide
In sins our poorer brother cannot hide.

IV.

O Jesu Lord ! our souls look up to Thee,
And catch the music of a higher strain,
And pray that only Thou wouldst make us free,
With the new motives of life's higher plane :
That we may drink, and come and drink again,
And feel and know the soul is growing strong,
And learn that mercy, sometimes love is pain,
That if Thou smitest, it shall not be long ;
Whom thou wouldst save, must know that sin is wrong.

V.

Adown the ages rolls the wild refrain
Of war and strife, and clang of sword and shield,
And pale Crusader in the struggle slain,
Where he had ventured all on glory's field.
The all his life he had gone forth to yield
For cause in which the coming ages may
Find more of high and noble aim revealed.

That 'neath the surface purer metal lay
Than much we pass for current coin to-day.

VI.

Perchance we dream or muse where others wept
O'er son or sire still in his last repose,
Or sing the story church or mosque has kept
From dark decay, which salt and ashes sows
O'er all alike, the pure and vile, and those
Whom Love has sepulchred in grateful song :
But as each long, millennial eon flows,
Not tower nor pyramid nor bastile strong
Shall save the memories they have guarded long.

VII.

Grown grey with years, it stands a stately pile,
Back from the turmoil of the noisy street :
Its mouldering stones may yet enshrine awhile
The cold dead past embalmed in its retreat.
That echoes still to tread of spirit feet
Of sleeping worshippers of that far day,
Borne where the darkness and the silence meet,
As all are borne by Time's relentless sway,
Which soon shall hide the grave we deck to-day.

VIII.

O'er pew and altar rests the gathered dust—
The noiseless record of the silent years
That waste the hills, and like corroding rust
Destroy the temple's pride or glory rears :
Nor spare the shrines we wash with human tears,
Where pale bereavement told her grief alone,
And carried flowers to now forgotten biers,
Hoping though late, too late, to thus atone
For wrong in life to patient spirit done.

IX.

The foot-worn aisles repose in the embrace
Of mouldering, moist, and merciless decay :
The spider's nest usurps the sacred place,
Where poor repentance knelt to weep or pray :
The organ, tuneless to the sacred lay,
Wakes now no more to monk's or minstrel's call,
Nor arch nor architrave can thrill to-day
To the deep note that held the soul in thrall
Where now but ruin spreads her gloomy pall.

X.

The distant life-flood, ebbing faint and far,
Wakes scarce a ripple on the human tide
That bears the freight of living thoughts that are
To-day the impulse of that giant stride
That seems as universal soul did hide
'Neath the broad empire of created things,
And touched on that far arc, how high or wide,
That circles all that Spring or Summer brings
From past dead dust, to-day that thinks or sings.

XI.

It boots not now what eyes were bright or young ;
 What hearts were warm with Love's all kindling glow ;
 What music bubbled from persuasive tongue
 Of glad young lover, who had prayed to know
 If life's best hopes would to fruition grow :
 They all forgotten lie in that far past
 Of the lost centuries, that, gliding slow,
 Leaves madness, wisdom, mirth and tears o'ercast
 With that cold veil which shadows all at last.

XII.

Those shadows cold—Ah yes! for they remain—
 The ghosts live ever, ever hover o'er
 The haunts where human passion, death and pain,
 And sin and shame their scarlet letters wore.
 Of sleeping choristers that sing no more,
 The soul-notes hover in the pulseless air,
 And silent warders guard the broken door,
 And mailed knights their noiseless armour wear,
 And bear as erst Damascus blades to prayer

XIII.

Worn warriors meet, of visage grim and old,
 From the mad strife at which poor mortals play,
 With hearts still human, which might well be cold
 From all war's madly mutinous array.
 How well 'twere fitting they should meet to pray,
 If o'er the soul one ray of light could fall,
 Or Hope from Mercy's fount could catch a ray
 To light the spirit back from sin's dark thrali,
 When startled conscience wakes at midnight call.

XIV.

Yes, hearts were hungry then, were faint, and failed,
 As ours to-day, they sought surcease from pain ;
 They watched as we, when plan or purpose paled,
 And wept because the loved could not remain.
 They felt that souls unborn should feel again,
 And called with hands uplifted to the stars ;
 They bare the canker of sin's blighting stain,
 The record of life's tragedy, the scars
 That kill the soul, the strife that makes or mars.

XV.

They wore the sack-cloth all the ages wore :
 They knew the faith that waits, and suffers long,
 The hope that falters, when the heart is sore,
 And human tears are tortured into song.
 They knew that prayer comes fitting to the tongue,
 When wisdom fails, and prophets scarcely know ;
 When doubt sits voiceless, mid the silent throng,
 And music's daughters, singing sad and low,
 Behold the passing nations come and go.

XVI.

The hue of motives, modes and manners change,
 But tide of years leaves human hearts the same :

It paints new colors in the spectral range
 Of grave old sins 'twere better not to name ;
 For now, new guilt, we pass, or lightly blame,
 What but old saintly anchorites can see ;
 Yet sin's old canker, howsoe'er it came,
 Still twists our path, and zigzags you and me ;
 And leaves its smirch, however faint it be.

XVII.

We boast to-day our higher, better ways,
 Our greater hate of tyranny and wrong ;
 Our church a wider sympathy displays ;
 A purer muse inspires our poet's song.
 We own the world was heedless, warm and young,
 And o'er old tombs where pious scandal delves
 We grace with magnanimity our tongue,
 And pity much on Time's old dusty shelves
 Of our own deeds, forgotten by ourselves.

XVIII.

A sweet, meek, oily spirit we maintain,
 And count on virtue's side a coward soul
 That swallows insult if it foster gain ;
 Nor shrink if honor must to sin pay toll.
 Our creed one article, and Self the whole,—
 Broad brazen Self that steals from sea and air,
 And earth and sky, from centre to the pole,
 And founds its leagues and unions everywhere,
 With unctous, loud, co-operative prayer.

XIX.

High tower our churches, but across the way,
 Not half a furlong from proud pillar'd door,
 Are sins we dare not whisper when we pray,
 In those foul tenements, where hearts are sore
 That long have struggled, but have given o'er,
 And only now regard the face of sin,
 As all the world can have for them in store ;
 Each morning wakes, as others must begin,—
 No joy without, no hope nor peace within.

XX.

Oh ! silken, soft, and self-sufficient peace,
 That feels warm crimson padded pews are blest ;
 That somehow you were born with heaven in lease,—
 What boots it all, what happens to the rest ?
 The world is wide, why don't the things go west ?
 They must not stand a menace 'gainst your fame,
 And Christian charity, and all the rest.
 Those pictures shall not raise the blush of shame
 On maiden's cheek, by mother's holy name.

XXI.

Sweet Christian charity, how mild and meek,
 Such name goes forth to build a record fair !
 But whence the tribute which it yields each week,

And whence the gems, and lace, and silks ye wear,
 Which takes the whole and nothing leaves to share,
 From golden, grinding, greedy, grasping gain,
 With toil-worn hands, that gave you all, but bear
 The fateful chill necessity, the pain
 That toils, though Hope can never sing again ?

XXII.

'Tis all so dark ; the church but drags and drifts
 In the fierce current of all-grinding power ;
 The leeway slight, but daily yielding shifts,
 Saps her stern righteousness from hour to hour.
 She trims her sails to catch the golden shower
 That plants her missions on far heathen coast,
 But near her walls, foul vipers creep and cower,
 Whose sin-stained triumphs broken hearts may boast ;
 And near her portals human souls are lost.

XXIII.

Where shall we blame in this entangled maze
 Of strangely dim, unutterable things ?
 O'er him who curses and o'er him who prays
 Slow in the dark a fateful plummet swings.
 To-day, faith-warmed, the soul devoutly sings ;
 Yet near, so near, the hemp of madness grows,
 And doubt and death slow move their sable wings,
 Till he, at morn all certainty, scarce knows
 At evening whence he comes, or whither goes.

XXIV.

Sin leads us onward by insidious wiles,
 And grain by grain builds up its mountain load :
 Our venture first, one short and shady mile,
 Soon leads us far by long, uncertain road ;
 And drives us still, by intermittent goad
 Of good or ill, which, like the drip that wears
 The adamant rock, can only bode
 That somehow evil in its armour bears
 The power to hide and multiply its snares.

XXV.

In tall cathedrals golden censors swing,
 And sensuous incense warms to dreamy prayer,
 And moves the lips, if not the heart, to sing,
 'Mid sacred somnolence that gathers there.
 We call it duty, when we burdens bear,
 That spread the wiles of sacerdotal art,
 As holy lures to catch the young and fair,
 And name the fruit, Christ's triumph o'er the heart,
 Which now, as then, is of the world a part.

XXVI.

'Tis the white sunbeam only shows the dust
 That floats throughout the ambient fields of air ;
 'Tis brightest shield alone displays the rust
 That fouler surface long may hidden bear.
 Sin marks its place by contrast everywhere ;

We look for whitest garments in the fold,
 But learn e'en those who bring their tribute there
 Confirm too oft a tale unsavory told,
 That sometimes baser coin is passed for gold.

XXVII.

Oh! when the glowing, golden sun goes down,
 And dew distils o'er thirsty flower and tree;
 When man's mad worldly worship cannot drown
 Still nature's prayer o'er hill and fount and lea;
 Then let me, Father, be alone with Thee;
 And if I out from doubt and darkness call,
 And wrestle till Thou sett'st my spirit free,
 Oh! let not voice of priest or prophet fall
 Between my soul and Thee,—Thou knowest all!

1.

O Lord of Life! How far! How far!
 How far the hand that I would hold!
 How bright and high Thy dwellings are,
 How pure, how distant, and how cold!
 How dark the paths in which we stray!
 Oh! lead us in Thy brighter way.

2.

O Lord of Life! what light can guide,
 If reason's lamp uncertain be;
 If sometimes folly, sometimes pride,
 Allure our hearts and thoughts from Thee?
 How dark the paths in which we stray!
 Oh! lead us in Thy brighter way.

3.

O Lord of Life! I held Thy hand,
 And felt it strong, and knew not fear;
 I thought Thy promises would stand,
 That now so far and faint appear.
 How dark the paths in which we stray!
 Oh! lead us in Thy brighter way.

4.

O Lord of Life! once Thou wert near,
 Above, around, it seemed not far;
 I knew that Thou couldst see and hear,
 And knew how weak Thy children are;
 Forever prone from Thee to stray,—
 Oh! lead us in Thy better way.

5

Oh Father! Father! let me hide
 Beneath the covert of thy wings;
 Washed from my guilt, free from my pride,—
 Oh! teach me higher better things.
 I hold Thy hand—I cannot stray,
 Oh! keep me in Thy perfect way.

CANADIAN HOMES AND THEIR SURROUNDINGS.

BY THE HON. JAMES YOUNG.

WE have not seen "the last rose of summer," but as I look out of my library window over Galt's picturesque landscape, there are signs that beauteous summer is on the wane. The sun has already turned his more fervid glances southwards. Our forests, in which elms and oaks and maples, and sombre pines and brighter evergreens so charmingly mingle, have not yet lost their leafy splendour and luxuriance. The lawns and flower beds around our dwellings are still rich with brilliant colors. But something is missing from the landscape, of the freshness and bloom of June, something of the sap and softness of early summer, something of nature's zenith:

"Before time's effacing fingers,
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers."

Very beautiful indeed are our Canadian summers, when mountain and valley, tree and flower, lake and river, are radiant with sunshine; but alas, it must be confessed, they are too short. By the end of August, even though summer's heat may continue, we are forced to say with Mrs. Heman's:—

"Thou art bearing home thy roses,
Glad summer fare thee well!
Thou art singing thy last melodies,
In every wood and dell."

But is it not possible, with comparatively little effort or expense, to make our homes and their surroundings more beautiful and attractive, not only in summer, but all the year round?

It must be admitted, we have in Canada a good deal to learn in this respect. Our cities and larger towns are now doing fairly well, and in many cases developing a love of natural beauty. Toronto has of late years, undergone a metamorphosis.

Its University and other parks, its Jarvis, Bloor, St. George and other boulevards and lawns, and its clean, asphalted streets, have made it one of the handsomest cities on the continent. Montreal has its inimitable Mount Royal, with its grand and stately residences and spacious lawns and wealth of shrubbery. Where are there to be found lovelier spots than the Parliamentary Park and Major's Hill at Ottawa; and far-severed Halifax and Vancouver, looking out so gracefully on the briny waters of the Atlantic and Pacific, have each attractions peculiarly their own. Many of our towns, too, are awakening to the fact that beauty, as well as utility, has something to do with their prosperity and success, and although civic rulers are proverbial for being like the much abused Peter Bell, to whom,

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And nothing more."

still the municipal mind has begun to grasp the idea that it is quite as cheap in the end, and immensely more pleasing, to have streets laid out with grassy boulevards and avenues of elms or maples or chestnuts, as to have broader thoroughfares left year after year in a bare and untidy condition.

Whilst there are many beautiful and happy homes in Canada, and they are rapidly increasing, what does candour compel one to say of too many of them, especially our village and farm dwellings, even in wealthy and long-settled districts? Take our average village first. Here and there you will find pretty houses and lawns, but they are something like oases in the desert, whilst the "ninety and nine" look as if they had been pitched together in blissful ignorance of any



A LAWN IN GALT, ONT.

such art as architecture, and left without a tree, or shrub, or flower, to hide their naked deformity.

In many parts of Ontario, there has been great improvement in our farm residences and surroundings of late years, and not unfrequently, you now find enterprising farmers, who, estimating aright the dignity of their calling and one of the chief charms of life, have erected handsome houses on a well-kept knoll or lawn. But how many good houses do you still see standing bare and solitary, without a bit of green sward or other ornamentation around them, and what a vast amount still remain, in whole or in part, of the old, patched-up pioneers, with a weather-beaten, decrepid fence in front, and not unfrequently between the back door and the barn, a sort of slough of despond, across which you can only pass by a little Blondin-

ism on a six-inch plank or a ragged piece of scantling?

This condition of things is behind the age in which we live, at least wherever improvement is practicable. In some cases this may not be so. Where a farmer or villager can only improve his home by neglecting his work or running into debt, his duty is to bear with things as they are until he can better them. But for any Canadian who is comfortably off, to go on from year to year, adding dollar to dollar—salting dollars down, so to speak—whilst his home is not comfortable, cheerful, happy, and in some respects, even beautiful, I can scarcely imagine any greater folly! Such a one misapprehends the true objects of life and labor, is unjust to himself and family, and he need not be surprised if he finds his sons wandering off to spend their evenings elsewhere, and

even rushing into the glare and glitter of large cities and becoming lost to him forever.

The day has already come in Canada, when the man whose front yard

who is not!—enjoys the scene as well as himself.

There is no excuse for the wealthy who have not beautiful homes and grounds, and scarcely less if, with old-world narrowness and exclusiveness, they enclose them with ugly stone walls or close-board fences, as if the bloom of the thorns and lilacs, and the scent of the roses and pinks, would be lessened if seen and felt by their fellow citizens. But few of us hope for the residences of the rich, who can lay all the world under contribution for their conservatories and gardens, and add to our beautiful native plants, palms, magnolias, orchids and the thousand and one rare and lovely exotics of sunnier climes. Nor is this necessary for the object I have in view, which does not soar to anything like—



A CHARACTERISTIC SCENE.

consists of a dilapidated tree or luxuriant weeds, including his lordship the thistle, is considered a shiftless and undesirable neighbor. On the other hand, the citizen whose dwelling, however humble, is kept neat and trim, and beautified by even a few tastefully placed trees, shrubs, vines and flowers, is regarded somewhat as a public benefactor, for his place is not only a source of pleasure to himself and family, but he adds to the attractiveness of his town or neighborhood; and every lover of nature—and

“The stately homes of
England,
How beautiful they stand;
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land,”

but only contemplates a few random suggestions—the result of a little observation and experience—as to how the surroundings of many of our Canadian homes may be improved and adorned with comparatively little trouble and expense.

A pretty house in a bare and untidy lot, is like a picture hung without a frame. It has not the necessary setting to bring out its beauty. A

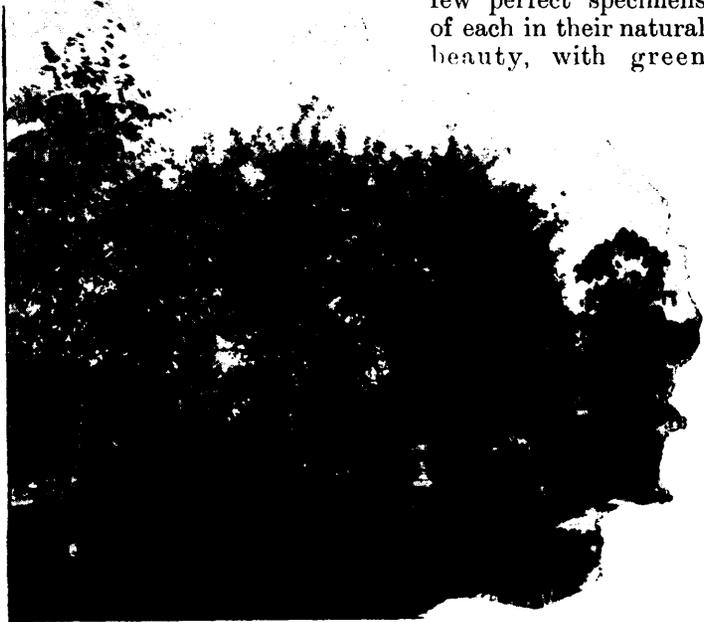
plainer dwelling, even a poor one, in the centre of a pretty bit of lawn, half hidden by foliage, is far more beautiful and attractive, and therefore we see that a pretty house depends at least quite as much on its surroundings as on the structure itself. What, then, should these surroundings be?

The first requisite I would specify, and if, unfortunately, confined to one single thing, I would choose it, is to surround the dwelling, at least the front and sides thereof, with a setting of fresh, velvety, close-mown grass. If the grounds have been artistically graded, with the walks and drive gracefully placed, so much the better: but, in any event, nothing is prettier and more pleasing than a bit of well-kept sward, whose emerald green brightens up everything around it. Indeed, no place can be really beautiful without it, and it is after this foundation has been laid, that the amateur gardener can best see how his further advancement can be made most effective.

Having secured a pretty lawn, several glimpses of one of which a snap-shot artist has kindly furnished me for this article, do not crowd it with trees and shrubbery, which will soon grow into a wilderness of boughs and leaves, concealing and withering everything else. Plant only ornamental trees in front, and however useful, and even beautiful in their snow-white bloom, relegate those for fruit to the rear,

or some other inconspicuous position. They should all, too, be placed at a reasonable distance from the house, which requires the golden sunshine, not the murky shade, for health and cheerfulness.

Nothing appears to me so handsome and valuable among ornamental trees as the *Coniferae*. They are equally attractive in winter as in summer, and when tastefully arranged around the home do much, when the boughs of deciduous trees are bare or covered with snow or ice, to remind us of the glories of the summer months. This is a great advantage, but, besides, what are more beautiful than the Norway spruce, the Austrian pine, the arborvitæ, the hemlock, and the red cedar? The latter, too, are somewhat tender, and are all the better of shelter, but the spruces and pines, and our odorous native cedars, are vigorous and hardy growers, and a few perfect specimens of each in their natural beauty, with green



ANOTHER VIEW.

sward beneath, almost equal Aladdin's lamp in turning a hovel into a palace. And here let me protest against the practice, already too common, of cut-



EVERGREENS.

ting and torturing these beautiful trees into odd and fantastic shapes. All trees are the better of a little trimming to keep them in good order, and a few cedars or spruces, specially adapted for the purpose, may with advantage be closely trimmed, or, as some say, sheared, as a contrast to the others. But to hack and carve them into fantastic shapes, especially when parts of the trunk are left bare and exposed, is most unnatural, ugly, and repulsive. The press often speak of the tree fiend. Surely it must be the man who ruins the natural, God-made beauty of his trees by such vulgar vandalism.

Next we come to the deciduous trees. They have their place, and an important one, too. Besides the elm, maple, chestnut and ash, with which all Canadians are familiar, few trees are more graceful on the lawn than the cut-leaved birches and maples,

the Camperdown weeping elms, and the white and scarlet thorns. What a brilliant dash of color the latter gives when in bloom; and not less pleasing to many are the soft, pale-green flowers of the Camperdown elm, the delicate, orchid-like blossoms of the catalpa, the pink and white of the double-flowering crab-apple — indeed, there are so many ornamental trees, and all so varied, and (in some cases) indescribably beautiful, that every taste may be gratified.

As a general rule, novelties pressed by the zealous and voracious drummer should be purchased with caution. They are frequently disappointing, and, as Gilbert so naively says in *Pinafore* :

“ Things are seldom what they seem.”

Very beautiful, however, are such rare trees as the tulip tree, and the

dwarf magnolias, both Chinese and Japanese, when in bloom. Several varieties of these will grow and bloom in Ontario when well cared for, and not placed in too exposed a position, but they cannot be so strongly recommended for general use as the bronze and purple-leaved beeches and birches, which are still a novelty in most places, and strikingly beautiful and effective. My snap-shot friend gives us a pleasing little glimpse of two purple-leaved beeches to be found on a Galt lawn. They have been planted about fifteen years, and a few such trees, with their profuse foliage, alternating between a deep purple in spring, and a bronze in the autumn, present such a contrast to the varied greens and other colors upon the lawn, as to produce an exceedingly beautiful and pleasing effect.

Who does not love the whole innumerable host of summer flowers, native and foreign, those

“Gorgeous flowerets in the
sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the
eye of day,
Tremulous leaves with soft
and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay.”

But, admire them as we may, it is a mistake to cut up a lawn with too many flower beds. A bower here, or an occasional and well-trimmed bed of geraniums, or foliage plants or of dwarf petunias or phlox, will give you all the color of that kind necessary, and experience teaches that finer and more lasting effects can be produced by beautiful grass and a skilful selection and arrangement of the innumerable flowering shrubs suited to our climate.

This opens up a wide field; but we can only glance, not enter in. Every one is familiar with our lilacs, snow-balls, barberries, and honeysuckles. They are common, but cannot be surpassed for Canadian planting. The Japonica, the Wigelia, the Altheas, and the Hydrangea shrub, *Paniculata Grandiflora*, are particularly attractive when in flower. The latter I saw on Nantucket Island, off the Massachusetts coast, with immense clusters of flowers in *rich blue* instead of the usual tints, which was not the least surprising thing to be seen in that



GRACEFUL FOLIAGE.

quaint old city—a relic of past centuries—thirty miles out in the Atlantic Ocean. The effect was at once strange and superb.

Do not think, however, that all

beauty in shrubs is confined to those with lustrous flowers. Many of the finest lawns are now chiefly adorned by clumps or masses of shrubs, selected for the beauty and novelty of their foliage alone. They retain their vigor and freshness all the summer through, and anything more beautiful, especially on the larger lawns, than masses of the *Prunus Pissardi*, with its brilliant wine-colored foliage, and of similar masses of the golden-leaved syringa glancing and contrasting in the sparkling sunlight, it would be difficult to imagine. They are also strikingly effective when massed together, or when the *Prunus Pissardi* is blended with the variegated Cornelian cherry or other variegated and bright-colored shrubs.

Most trees and shrubs look better in clumps and curves than in straight lines, which are too rigid and prosaic for beauty: and perfect specimens of the Norway spruce, the cutleaved birch and the Camperdown elm, have a grand effect when standing alone on a lawn, if placed in the right position.

But how long am I to wander on with these rambling suggestions? I fear, indeed, I have already wearied the reader, and possibly come within range of the poet's sneer:—

“Fools rush in,
Where angels fear to tread.”

Nevertheless, I trust something may have been said to excite a deeper interest in the beautification of our Canadian homes and their surroundings, and at least point the way in which not a little may be done to achieve this desirable object without much labor or expense.

We cannot yet expect in Canada the stately halls and ample parks of the old-world empires, where wealth and art have combined for ages to adorn them. Nor would this country be the happy Canada it is to-day if we had millionaires in palaces and the masses in hovels. But we can, with a little effort, surround our homes with many of the beauties of nature, especially those characteristic of the Dominion, and this alone would transform many a cheerless home into

“a thing of beauty and a joy forever.”

And where can we find a finer model in natural beauty, than our own loved Canada, for what land surpasses it in the grandeur and beauty of its mighty mountains, magnificent forests, and majestic lakes and rivers?



NATURE'S OUTLET FOR THE NORTH-WEST.

BY HUGH SUTHERLAND.

ASSURED that the subject is of interest to the readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, I gladly supplement my short paper in the August number by a more extended discussion of some of the principal features of the scheme of a Hudson Bay Railway. I have already explained briefly why I advocate the construction of such a railway. It is, in a word, because I believe the circumstances of the North-West demand this shorter and cheaper outlet to the markets of the world, and because I believe the route to be entirely practicable for commercial purposes.

I am sensible, however, that my confidence is not shared by large numbers in the Eastern Provinces, because, perhaps, they have not given to the subject the same careful, exhaustive consideration, which it has been my duty to bestow upon it. They are too apt to hasten to the conclusion that the far-north water of Hudson Strait is not navigable for a longer period than a few weeks, or a month or two at most, in mid-summer; that the rivers and harbors are frozen during much the greater part of the year, and that in any case, no one in his senses would think of using a route so much out of the beaten path. There are readers of these lines who can well remember when the St. Lawrence route was spoken of much in the same way, a fact which does not, it is true, testify to the practicability of the other, but which should at least warn us not to be too sceptical of the claims made in its behalf.

There is no difficulty about the railway. That can be built as easily as the average railway in Ontario, and much more cheaply. But that will count for nothing, unless it can be

shown that the railway can be reached from the ocean without more than the usual risk, and for a sufficient period each year to make it worth while. The whole scheme depends upon the navigation; if we can get to the railway terminus on the bay, the project is a good one; if not, it is no good and must fall. We naturally, therefore, come to consider the question of navigation first of all. Until the explorations of the *Neptune* and *Alert* in 1884, '85 and '86, at the instance of the Dominion Government, the public knew in a general way only, that the bay and strait were being regularly frequented by ships of the Hudson's Bay Company, and that they had been for a hundred or two hundred years. But it was supposed they slipped in through the strait between the flows of ice, and that a passage was really a matter of accident. This has not been the case, however. Those ships had one round trip to make each year, and naturally the time was chosen when there was the least risk of interruption from ice. Delays in or out have been the exception, not the rule. But sometimes they have been detained, and this fact has given rise to the supposition that there is always ice in greater or less quantity, and therefore always risk. The mistake we have been making is that we did not go beyond or behind this fact. There is the risk of ice almost any month in the year, although during three or four of those months, it is very rarely heavy enough to be an impediment to any sort of navigation. This ice is much more formidable in imagination than in reality. It comes down from Fox's Channel in broken bits of all sizes, not in the mass. A field of it, however loose, will offer impediment

to a sailing vessel, especially in calm weather, when there is scarcely a hatful of wind, as frequently happens in the strait between May and the end of October. The stories of detention in the ice really mean, when properly understood, that sailing vessels have been becalmed in a loose pack, and forced to drift with it. A steamship in the same circumstances, would have no trouble in pushing through, and, when sailed from the masthead, almost without diminution of the usual speed. The trouble has been, in the first place, that we have not understood the nature of the ice, and in the second, that we have imposed upon ourselves by judging of the navigability of the strait from the performances of sailing vessels.

But, it may be said, we have the experience of those two *Alert* expeditions. So we have; but do the public understand how little difference there is between the *Alert* and a sailing vessel? Her steam was auxiliary merely, and her power nominal. The fastest time she was ever known to make was nine knots, with full steam on, and all sails set to a spanking breeze. On this occasion, the sails ran away with the screw, which went pounding through the water. In these expeditions to the bay, she was commanded by a skilled seaman, who, however, had no experience of ice navigation, and who, in presence of any new condition, was cautious to the border of timidity. This will help to explain the extraordinary prominence given to his various experiences with ice in the reports made to the Department, as well as his exaggerated notions of it. Yet, he reported a period of from four to four and a half months of navigation. Even that will do if we cannot get better. Capt. A. H. Markham, who knows something of ice, and who accompanied the last *Alert* expedition, is fairly certain of five, and hopeful of six, in many years. To give his own words: "There will, I have no doubt, be many years when naviga-

tion can be carried out safely and surely, from the 1st of June until the end of November." There were five observing stations established at points along the strait, and from the reports of the officers in charge, the following tabulated statement is compiled. It may be explained, that, by "opening" is meant when the pack runs abroad, or becomes scattered, and is easily navigable by steamers; "closing" means when the pack sets fast:—

STATION.	YEARS.	OPENING.	CLOSING.
Port Burwell.....	184-5	May 1.....	Nov. 4
	185-6	May 1.....	Nov. 30
Ashe's Inlet.....	184-6	May 5.....	Dec. 1
	185-6	May 1.....	Dec. 1
Stupart's Bay.....	1884-5	April 3.....	Dec. 21
	1885-6	April 7.....	Nov. 30
Port DeBoucherville.....	1884-5	April 25.....	Dec. 7
	1885-6	May 1.....	Dec. 3
Port La, erriere.....	1884-5	May 5.....	Nov. 24
	1885-6	May 1.....	Dec. 1

This table is chiefly valuable as showing when the ice begins to move in the spring and set in autumn, during which period it is always possible for a steamship with the usual power to go through, subject, of course, to delays natural under such circumstances, but very rarely more or greater than St. Lawrence steamships experience from fog. My contention, which is borne out by those most familiar with ice conditions in that region, is that, excepting in the winter months, the strait is always navigable with plenty of steam power, the only risk, and not an invariable one by any means, being a detention of a day or two in passing through. During four or five months, the risk is too insignificant to be taken into account. I assume, of course, it is generally known that the bay is always open, and as free to navigation as the ocean itself. There remains, then, the difficulty of the harbor, but this is overcome, by making the terminus of the railway on the Nelson River near its mouth, the channel of which, owing to the tide, is open nearly all the year round. If I have established a case for the navigation, and I think I have, the whole case is made out.

It is made out, because there can be no doubt of the utility of the route, if practicable. The people need it, and there is work for it to do. To be placed a thousand miles nearer the seaboard is an advantage which requires no argument to demonstrate. The greater portion of the North-West is as near to Hudson Bay as it is to Lake Superior, and the saving of the freight from Fort William to Montreal, would represent the gain to the settlers. But it is not necessary to pursue this, as the advantage has never been disputed. Nor should it be necessary to explain the various sources of traffic, which are obvious to those familiar with this North-West country. We are already large producers of wheat: the estimated yield this year for Manitoba alone, according to the latest Government bulletin, being nearly 16,000,000 bushels. As it is all of first-class quality, quite 12,000,000 will be exported. A very considerable portion of this would be shipped out by the northern route. Our production will steadily increase for many years to come. The Prince Albert and Edmonton districts, among the richest in the North-West, and which are outstripping all others in development, are so convenient to this route, that it would doubtless command the whole of their trade. Within a very few years, with the encouragement which an outlet to the bay would give them, they would be able of themselves to support a railway. We are not doing as much in cattle as we would, because the long haul to the East discourages that industry. Give our ranches the advantage of a thousand miles, and soon the vast grazing fields of the West would be covered with cattle, and a trade with Europe begun, the possibilities of which it would seem exaggeration to indicate. There is no limit to the production of cattle in the North-West, any more than there is in that of wheat, if only there be a market within reach. Ontarions are proud, and that with good reason, of

what they have accomplished in cheese: the time is coming, and it will be hastened by a shorter and cheaper outlet to the markets of the world, when the North-West will surpass Ontario in the production of this article. But it would be tedious to enumerate in detail the sources of traffic already in sight and in prospective. Perhaps my assurance will be taken when I say that those who are promoting the development of the Hudson Bay route experience no concern on this account: they may not be embarrassed with too great riches of traffic, but they will find plenty to do from the day the first wheel is turned. Let me mention, in a word, two sources that may not be so familiar to the public mind. It is not generally known how rich the bay is in resources. If you ask those New England whalers and traders who annually frequent it, and they tell all they know, you would be surprised at the variety and prodigiousness of the wealth that is to be there had for the gathering. Our Yankee friends, if not checked, will soon deplete those waters of the valuable black whale: but the white whale and porpoise, walrus, and fish of many kinds, are there in large numbers. A railway to the bay will be the beginning of many industries, and the rich products of those waters, the choicest of them given over to the plunder of foreigners, will contribute largely to its traffic.

Across the border from Manitoba, in the Red River valley of Minnesota and Dakota, between 20,000,000 and 30,000,000 bushels of wheat are grown every year. Owing to the distance from market, and the consequent low price, not more than a third of the land in this fertile valley is yet under cultivation. The whole of this region is directly tributary to the proposed railway, as the wheat can be conveyed in barges from Fargo and other river points to Winnipeg, or, better still, can be loaded on the cars of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern,

and taken through to the bay without transshipment. Over this route it can be delivered at Port Nelson at a cost of about ten cents a bushel less than the present charge to New York or Boston. With this advantage to be realized, there would be little doubt of capturing the trade. As with Manitoba and the Territories, so with the adjoining States, so substantial an addition to the price would speedily bring the waste lands under cultivation, and add enormously to the corresponding increase of production. The Canadian Pacific was but a year or two old when Montana ranchers tried with success the experiment of driving the cattle across the country, and shipping from Swift Current and Maple Creek to Europe, *via* Montreal. There was danger to the Canadian live cattle trade in this, however, as it would have resulted in including them

in the rigorous scheduling of the American, and a sudden end was put to the traffic. Our cattle are now scheduled from another cause, and should the embargo not be raised, there will be no reason why American cattle may not be carried through Canadian territory, and shipped from a Canadian port. If it paid the Montana ranchers to ship from Maple Creek to Montreal, it will pay them better to ship over the shorter route to Hudson Bay.

A thousand miles less of a land haul — that is the strong point of the scheme that cannot be broken down. And with as free and safe an ocean passage as from Montreal, it would be a crime to withhold the advantage from the struggling settlers of the North-West a day longer than is necessary.

W. J. L. C.
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Winnipeg.



GOING OUT OF TOWN.

TIMELY REFLECTIONS FOR NEXT SEASON.

BY MARY TEMPLE BAYARD.

MEETING in the city street on a hot day last summer, one boot-black said to another:—"Well, who would a thought of meetin' a gentleman like you, as late as this, in New York."

"Oh, I'm only here for a 'pintment. I'm out of town all right—'shinin' down at Long Branch, with the other swells."

Following the fashion, even at long range, is not such a bad thing if it increases one's self-respect. But is there really any wisdom in this universally conventional habit of rushing out of town? Is there really any stronger necessity for it than the love of change, which is cultivated at the sacrifice of home life and home associations? Is it not largely reducing our populations from families to units who think only of their own inclination and seek only their own pleasure? But it is undoubtedly difficult to swim against the current—not to do as others do. The habit of "going away for the summer" comes with the season, and goes through a community like measles or mumps. It would make Asiatic cholera hustle to thin out a city in quicker time than does this going away habit when it gets down to business.

The epidemic generally breaks out in this way:—The man of the house comes home some evening a little more tired than usual, and the woman of the house, knowing an opportunity when she sees one, says:—

"You are not looking as well, dear, as you did this time last year. I am afraid we cannot put off going away as late in the season as we thought we could."

"As late as we thought we could,"

he echoes. "Why I had not thought anything about it. You said last summer you had such a perfectly awful time, you would never go away again until the children were big enough to leave behind."

"Yes, I know dear, they did worry me awfully, but it is on their account and yours that I now want to go. The change will do you all good."

Just tired enough to pity himself, and maybe to remember there was a possibility of her being tired too, and being a man susceptible enough to begin to feel typhoid symptoms at the first mention of his not looking well, he is in the mood to entertain the proposition. So, for the moment unmindful of the fact that "going away for the summer" means for him two weeks at most, or more probably only from Saturday night until Monday morning of each week, he says:—

"But where shall we go? Do you want to try the same place again?"

"Mercy, no! I would not be slaved, as I was last summer at that hotel, with dressing myself and the children three times a day—for anything in the world. I want, this time, to try the real country. Do find us a place where clothes are not a consideration."

The place in the country is found, and near enough for the typhoid sufferer to go out each Saturday; the windows and doors of their comfortable house are closed and barricaded, and it soon becomes known they have "gone away for the summer." Straightway preparations fast and furious begin for a general exodus of their circle of aping friends, and the first instalment of widowers *de grace* is ready to begin taking their meals at

club-restaurants, and to sleep in deserted houses. Curtains are taken down, draperies rolled up, chairs put in ghostly covers: pictures are screened, and bric-a-brac packed away. Houses are shut up; dust gathers in areas and on door-steps, and it is hard, even for the people left in town, to find good food, for those who buy choice articles are "out of town," and the inferior are most called for. All this, and the inexpressible loneliness added, make remaining in town something of a trial. To be the only occupant of a huge "flat" house, or the dweller in the one open house on the block, gives one a realizing sense of being "alone in the world."

Let us suppose that the folk of this first set going "out of town" belong to the large majority, the great middle class, and that it has taken some close calculating to determine just what sort of going away can be afforded. A careful canvass of the winter's savings and an inventory of the clothing in stock may show that the entire family can be boarded for two or three weeks at a farm house or one of the lake-side hotels; or they can go camping or take a cottage for a couple of months.

Well, do they know that in neither of these plans will be found the freedom and general comfort they leave behind in their homes. In the case of "take a cottage," the woman of the house soon finds she has brought all her cares and worries with her, that having left the best dresses at home has not insured rest; that life here is reduced to cooking and eating,—she to do the cooking, the others the eating. It does not take this woman all summer to decide that a real rest of two weeks, with all household cares left behind, would be better for her than a miserable two months' outing, which seemed like two years. Better the "fuss and feathers" of dressing three times a day with the absolute rest from the responsibility and worry of three meals a day in a place where

the meats are not fresh, the milk commonly a little "turned," and the alternative from stale bread is to bake it herself.

But uncomfortable and generally tiresome and disappointing as it is to keep house away from home, this woman is in clover compared with the misguided mother who was persuaded to take her brood and go camping. Of all the imbecile ways of spending a vacation for people with families, commend them to camping. For young people, boys who want to rough it, or boys and girls in love with the world and each other, or the bride and groom, at that stage when they have left off saying their prayers, because they think they have heaven here; for all these, camp life is recreative; but for prosaic married people who have left their honey-moon so far in the past, it is like looking through the wrong end of an opera-glass to squint back at it, camp life is a bore. But it remains that no kind of an outing is so available. Any person can camp, and that without leaving home. All that needs to be done is to board up the front windows and doors, take up the carpets, sleep on cots, wash in cold water, wear old clothes, get about half enough to eat, and of a quality that makes half enough a plenty; gather about a pint of assorted fleas, sand flies, and mosquitoes, and then draw on one's imagination for the balance, and it is hard to see why the rest and freedom in this plan will not be as unusual and pleasant as if one had gone miles from home to find it. There is no denying that there is rest in change, but it takes a powerful lens to see how there could be rest in a change for the worse—an out-of-the-frying-pan-into-the-fire change, and yet that is what going "out of town" means to the majority. Is there not much humbug in the custom?

This thought is particularly borne in upon one when one sees the summer barricading begun in a city of beautiful homes, Toronto for instance.

Having the advantage of living within easy reach, by rail or lake, of so many delightful resorts, without breaking up home, residents can have constant rest and change every few days or weeks, and still enjoy their many-roomed houses, cool porches, grassy lawns and flowers: and many of these go away as religiously (or, more correctly, irreligiously) as those living in the heart of the hottest city.

Of course people of wealth need a change as certainly as those of more moderate means, even though it be a change from luxury to luxury; but it is puzzling to understand why they don't make the change in winter, and remain under their own "vine and fig-tree" during the season when their own home-surroundings are the most charming. To imagine one of these houses in summer furnishings, matting or polished floors instead of heavy carpets: whip-lash portières in place of stuff draperies; linen-covered upholstery; plenty of palms, ferns, and all things green to conduce to the general summery effect; and shaded porches, where one could take solid comfort even in melting weather, by wearing negligé clothing, and one's own cook to cater to a fickle, hot weather appetite,—surely there could be no hot-weather resort more desirable than this. Think of leaving all this freedom and rest, to exist in a hotel suite, to promenade a hotel piazza, laced up in tight clothes, and to forfeit one's own park drives. Does it not seem badly planned?

"But, then," some one says, "where is the enjoyment in driving in our own parks if everybody is out of town?" It would seem that our drives are not for the sake of health-giving fresh air, or for the pleasure of sitting behind a spanking team when none of "our set" are in town. The rest have gone and we must go too, and there is where the humbug comes in. Of course, people of unlimited means can spend the hot season exactly as they please, but it is very natural for the

rest of us less fortunate to wish they would not close their doors and windows, but leave servants enough at home to keep up the appearance of life somewhere around: then, by going once in a while to a small restaurant for a few mouthfuls of strange victuals, accepting all the invitations of one's out-of-town friends for "over Sunday," and taking an occasional sail on the lake, stay-at-homes may manage to not feel themselves at so great a disadvantage after all. Especially the sail. To all who are weary and smitten with the breath of life, that is unhealthfully intense, passage on a lake steamer is strongly recommended. Draw your chair into the vessel's prow; throw open your coat or jacket, as the case may be, to the fresh, clear wind, and cool your pulses, both physical and mental. "Take cold," did you say? Not a bit of it, or if you do, a cold won't hurt you. Who would not sooner suffer from a touch of influenza than go on poisoning his blood and his brains, week in and week out, with the miasma of impure air and an over-full existence? It is only the unclean soul that finds defilement where defilement is not meant; it is only the pampered and over-sensitive body that finds harm in the nectar of fresh pure air, however chill and bracing it may be.

There is something indescribably soothing in the rush of water cleft by a swift boat's prow. There is something akin to sitting close to a strong magnetic friend in feeling the steady throb of an engine beneath one's feet, which seems to say: "Fear not! Be not disturbed nor ill at ease. While my strong iron heart beats, fed by the fuel that for long ages has absorbed the best of earth's vitality out of the rock-ribbed bosom of nature, you are safe. I shall carry you straight to port. Be not dismayed then, either by storm or darkness."

There is more real rest in several water trips during a season than a whole summer out of town at a fash-

ionable place, with big hotels, electric lights, and braying bands, which compose the stock-in-trade of the present-day resort, so unsuited to the savage requirements of one's nature in the summer season. If the writer had her way, she would, by abolishing hot-weather and cable-car gongs, and the ravening, roystering North American fly so quickly you could not see the point of his evanishment make "going away for the summer" no longer a requirement, and she would substitute a climate that would be a cross between Araby the blest and the land that belts the temperate seas, with the mercury always about 60° at noonday. There should be no mosquitoes there, neither sand flies, nor yet the playful flea: but there should be an occasional, though not necessarily fatal shock of electricity to clear the road of all imbeciles who these days persist in trying to get run over. And—just to sermonize a little,—she would put it into every one's heart to have a care, according to the means at hand, for all those in our midst who will never otherwise know change or rest this side the grave. If some of our money used for the summer's outing could be spent

to send some of the poor, sickly, wretched youngsters and their wan, miserable mothers out into the grass, or on the water it would be a good thing. To these unfortunately born mortals who have no comfort, cleanliness nor happiness, it would be a godsend to get away from the so-called home. To them a change of air and scene has a meaning it could not possess for either the very rich or those of moderate means who are pleasantly situated all the year around. No change could be worse for them, and any change would be restful and healthful.

But for those of us neither poor nor rich, but unhappily "betwixt and between," who have not been "out of town" with the rest of the world, we do not quite recover our self-respect until autumn comes and finds us composed, our Lares and Penates existing benignant, our domestic machinery running smoothly, while the "out of town" people are besieging intelligence offices, fighting accumulated dust, or grieving over the loss or destruction of their stoves. There is always a fine law of compensation, my friends, though we do not always see its "wheels go round."

ALLEGHENY, Pa.



“GENERAL” BAIN, OF SANDY BEACH.

BY WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

THE inhabitants of Sandy Beach had a strong and enduring interest in General Bain, he being the most fascinating and mercurial character in that vicinity. The “General,” (how he ever got the title no one knew), was all in all the most reprobate of reprobate characters who had arrived in that region.

If a bundle of negative virtues and positive vices make up a character, he certainly was one. He had arrived one season from that vague and unsatisfying region called “down below,” whence all the inhabitants had come at some time or other, and which designated one of the older settled districts. On his arrival, he had taken up his residence on a deserted apology for a farm, composed of seven dry and bald conical sandhills, with a certain amount of slightly arable land between. Here, in a small hut built by the former owner, he established his home and proceeded also to establish his claims to the title of farmer, by methods which, if not the most solid and painstaking, were certainly the most unique ever practised in that region. The General, as he said himself, was Irish and Protestant to the backbone. He was from the North, that home of Orangemen and flaxen fabrics, but he had, in common with the rest of his race, a perpetual thirst, which was only satisfied by the contents of a black bottle. To add that he was a mixture of braggart and coward, that he was well on to eighty, and yet, as he said of himself, as “frisky as a kitten,” would be to enumerate some of his characteristics. He was of a tall and bony figure, with a prominent nose which had a purplish terminus, and, when well dressed and not drunk, the General had a seductive and engaging

manner which had deceived many a parson.

He had come suddenly, and had certainly brought enough money, however he had got it, to furnish his rude home, and to be able to buy a yoke of oxen, and a cart and sleigh, things indispensable even to a pretence of farming in that or any other region. His first arrival had been celebrated by a series of debauches, and this, coupled with his conduct at the nearest village, and a certain rumor as to his past that was as much surmised as fact, did not add much to the General’s character as a saint. And, even in that rude region, the inhabitants were doubtful as to his admission to society, until he conquered them all by an act that settled his claim to respectability for ever after. Once a month, a wandering parson would come and hold forth in the log school house, and there was a large attendance, and, when made aware of the occurrence, the General said “Sartinly” he would “attind” the “sarvice” as “become” a “rispictable” man. He always spoke of himself in this way, and never seemed to have lost confidence in his own personality, however much the world might doubt it. He had bragged in a vague way of his former greatness of estate down “below,” but only in a general way, and beyond this and the fact that he was a man of family, and had been through the trials of wedlock threetimes—a fact of which he seemed to be very proud—they got nothing more out of him. Sometimes, when in a maudlin state, he would bemoan his late deceased spouse in a manner certainly not to her credit. “Poor baste of a woman, she was a great thrial to me, that she was: divilish great thrial,” he would say: but what her name was, or where she had

lived, or whether or not he had had any children by her, the General never stated.

At last, the Sunday on which there would be service had arrived. The General had been sobering all the previous day, and had kept to himself, and on Sunday morning the group of young and old, who had already arrived, were amazed and dumbfounded by the sight of the General coming round the bend of the road, seated on a board in his oxcart, and dressed in a grandeur of fashion never before seen in that community. His body was encased in an old and well worn but neat dress suit of black broadcloth, and on his head he wore an equally old and well worn beaver hat, that showed signs, to the close observer, of having been slightly battered in places, and to complete his attire he had on the remnants of a once respectable shirt collar, that much washing and want of washing had wasted and marred. In a more particular community, the General would have been regarded as decidedly seedy, if not dilapidated, as to his outward apparel, but, at Sandy Beach, where even a paper collar was scarcely known, and black clothes rarely came, even with the parson, this was a sign of dignity and grandeur that was not to be slighted. There was also a sort of compliment to the inhabitants in this tribute to their feelings that made them all bound to honor the man who so added to their respectability. So those who had but the day before called him a drunken beast, approached the General to-day with a sense of respect. Mooring his cart by the nearest stump, the General alighted with a certain stiff dignity, which might have been overdone, but which impressed the bystanders, and, going forward, he began a series of handshakes with those he knew.

"D—, ef the Ginerol ain't most a gintleman," said one old man to a neighbor. "He's the rale stuff in him; it's easy seein' he's lived below," whimpered an old crone to another.

The General, evidently greatly pleased in a stiff way with all this notice, moved to the centre of the door, and, with an old battered silver watch displayed in his hand, gravely awaited the parson. That person, when he arrived, was so dumbfounded at the General's dignity and patronage that he could hardly preach, with observing him, and, in his confusion, gave the plate to the General to take up the collection, passing over the leading Deacon, who, in his wonder at the General's style, forgot to notice the omission. The next day, when he had discarded the dignities with his clothes, on being complimented on his success, he answered: "Ah! didn't I, though: wer'nt I the divil of a churchwarden in me day?" But there was no doubt, that with all the General's peccadilloes, there was a certain link between him and society which he asserted in this much valued suit of clothes, as, when he wore them, he was always a more respectable man.

Next in order to his wonderful dress and unique character, the General was chiefly attractive to the community as a marriageable man, and when, in referring to the "poor baste" of a woman, "who was such a thrial," he hinted that he was on the look out for another to take her place, there was quite a sensation in the settlement. "The General's goin' to get married," was the general talk; "wonder who he'll take."

But, after quite a little flirting and coquetry in an ancient way of his own, he finally singled out a strapping young maiden (one of a large family), who had just turned fourteen, which was the marriageable age in the settlement; and dressed out in his resplendent apparel, he took her in the oxcart to the nearest town, where they were married. When remonstrated with as to their great disparity of ages, he merely remarked: "O, shure, she'll grow, and as for me, why I'm jist one of the bys."

But, successful as he was as a man of society, the General proved a failure

as a husband. Whether owing to the disparity of their ages, or to the General's eccentric habits and extreme distaste for work, is not known, but the result was a series of domestic storms at the Seven Hills farm, in which there was a good deal of give and take on both sides, for, if the General was a man of remarkable parts, the young woman was endowed with a certain muscle as well as determination. So, if the young woman appeared with a black eye, the General matched it with a scored nose, the hostilities being well equalized.

But the climax came when the General, who, egged on by some waggish admirers, attempted to conquer a woman, was ruined in the attempt.

He had a habit of periodically going to the nearest village and getting gloriously drunk, and, while in this uncertain state, he would brag of his great prowess as a fighter. "Form a ring, bys: General Bain's going to fight," he would say, and then, when, contrary to his expectations, a ring was accommodately formed, he would commence weeping for some one to "hould" him, for fear he would hurt somebody. So far, in their broils, his young wife had respected his person, when he came home drunk and quarrelsome, for the sake of the clothes he wore: but when he was in other attire, she gave no quarter. He soon began to perceive this, and, thinking to take advantage of her weakness in this respect, and his vanity being touched at the many stories of her prowess, he said: "Bys, if there's a man av matremonyal expayrience, it's me's the man. Just come home with me, bys, and see me conquer a wiman:" and they went. The General had on his elfin attire, so he thought he was infallible. "She'd niver spile these, no matter what I did," he said to himself, as he went under the darkness, followed by the others, who had come to see "the General conquer a wiman."

But the General was out in his calculation for once, for who can specu-

late on a woman, and in this case there were other conditions involved. She met him at the door, so there was a pitched battle in the yard. But to the General's horror, the conquering was all on the other side. She went for him with a vengeance, did that young woman he had essayed to conquer. She jammed his darling beaver on a stump, and then sat him so heavily on it that its symmetry was destroyed forever. She slit his elfin coat from the tail to the collar, and then ripped it from his astonished back. The crowd who came to see her conquered, were even too astonished to laugh at this surprising outbursting of feminine energy, but she kept on till the General and his darling wardrobe were in two separate heaps, and each in a state of ruin.

"Thar," she said to the young men, as she flung the final rag on the heap of clothes. "Thar: I don't feel married a bit. I married that thar suit of clothes, I did, and now it's gone I feel as single as ever:" and, with a defiant laugh, she disappeared into the house. That night she left for parts unknown with a younger man.

From that night the General was a doomed being. The settlement was much excited over the conjugal rupture, and some tried to commiserate with him on her unfaithfulness. But it was the clothes he lamented and not the young woman. "Wimmen is plinty," he would say, "but if she'd only lift thim clothes—It's kilt entirely that I am." It was soon seen that the General was broken-hearted: he took to his bed and complained for the first time of being old. He had a man with slight claims to being a tailor come and try to fix up his wrecked wardrobe, but it was no use—she had done her work too well: the tailor did his best to fix them together, but they were not the garments of yore. The General took this circumstance more and more to heart; he had them placed on his bed, where he could see and feel them. "If she'd only a lift me them" he would mourn.

A kindred spirit with similar tastes came to stay with him, and they took more and more to drink. At last the General sent for a doctor.

"You had better sober up, General," said the doctor, "it's your only chance." "The devil, docther," said the General: "it's a quare, unhealthy counthry where a man can't have his wee drop: it's better to be out of it. O, thim's happy as is under the sthones. If she'd only a lift me thim clothes, docther, I might a stood it."

It soon became more and more evident that the General was about to depart to another country, and this being made clear to him, with the suggestion that a parson be sent for, he said: "It's nary use, Tim, it's too fer—an' then it's too late: but just put on me clothes, Tim, and I'll feel as I'm in church. I'll die rispictable at laste." By dint of a great deal of work, Tim managed to get the poor, weak, old man into his dilapidated garments,

and though sinking fast, his eyes brightened when they were on; he tried to fondle the tattered sleeve with his emaciated hand: then he lay for a long time very quiet, when suddenly starting up, he said: "Indade, it's about time for the collection:" and then he rolled over—the collection was at last taken up, and so was the General.

But it was afterwards known that the General with all his shiftless ways, had been mindful of his latter end, for Tim had found a small wooden slab in an old outhouse, which he put over the grave, and on it had been carved the following legend by the General himself, in rude capitals:—

HERE LIES
GENERAL BAIN,
WHO DIED IN HIS BIST
CLOTHES, A RISPICTABLE
MAN—A RAYL OULD
IRISH PROTESTANT.



JOSEPH HOWE.

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

I.

NOVA SCOTIA boasts of a galaxy of great men in the political arena, but Joseph Howe is regarded almost universally as easily first. Uniacke was eloquent, cultured, and high-minded. Archibald was polished, able, and erudite. Johnston was a man of impassioned oratory, and strong and vigorous qualities. Young was sagacious, eloquent, and forceful. All of these men had intellectual qualities which would have made them conspicuous figures in any parliament in the world. Tupper and Thompson are living, and well known throughout Canada, and it is best, for obvious reasons, that nothing special should be said of them now.

But Howe was different from all the others, and had a personality peculiarly his own, which made him another sort of person. Readers of history will recall that occasionally a figure is met whose personality lends charm to all incidents with which he is connected. When reading the history of the last years of the Eighteenth and the first fifteen years of the Nineteenth Centuries, who does not feel that he is in the realms of romance whenever Napoleon is moving and acting. The commonplace vanishes, and events glow whenever the great personality comes upon the scene. In like manner, in literature, some writers are bound to attract admiration by the simple fact that they are unlike all others, and have a commanding way of their own. Carlyle has a style and line of thought absolutely his own, and based upon no models, and belonging to no school. Dickens writes fiction as no other person writes it. He may have less of literary finish than Thackeray; less of stirring action

than Scott; less of subtle analysis than George Eliot; but there is an indefinable charm thrown over the characters of "Nell," "Little Dorrit," "Paul Dombey," "Dick Swiveller," "The Marchioness," "Oliver Twist," "Sam Weller," and a host of others, that is nowhere to be paralleled in the works of fiction. When, therefore, a Nova Scotian is asked why Joseph Howe, or "Joe Howe," as he always was and always will be known, is the patron saint of the Province, it might not be easy to put in words and phrases the reason: but it is due to the fact that he had a matchless personality: that he was not like other great men; that he was a character by himself, and had, in his palmy days, a capacity for firing the popular imagination altogether unequalled among his contemporaries.

Joseph Howe was born in Halifax in 1814. His father was a loyalist who had come from Massachusetts. He was the only one of his family who took the British side at the time of the Revolution, and on taking up his residence in Halifax he soon took office. He was first King's Printer, and afterwards Postmaster-General for the Lower Provinces. He seems to have been a man of high character and benevolent disposition. He was twice married. By his first wife he had five children, of whom, at least, three were sons. By his second wife he had a daughter and a son. This son was the famous Joe Howe.

Mr. John Howe lived in a cottage on the banks of the beautiful Northwest Arm, which forms the western boundary of Halifax. This place was then merely a suburb of the city, and

his surroundings were well adapted to inspire a love for the beautiful in nature, and to foster the poetic spirit that characterized his whole life, and in the earlier days broke out into poetry. Near the head of the Arm is Melville Island, noted as a Military Prison. During the Revolutionary War, all captive insurgents were brought thither and imprisoned. It is a most interesting historical spot, and is visited by tourists now. It is still used as a military prison by the British garrison at Halifax. It was in the immediate vicinity of Mr. Howe's early home, and it inspired his fancy, for in boyhood he wrote a poem on it, from which an extract or two will be interesting, as illustrating the fervid imagination which ripened into a brilliancy of literary style rarely surpassed. He is describing the various imaginary inmates of the prison in days past. Here is one:—

“Here the grey veteran, marked with many a
scar,
Deplored the sad vicissitudes of war ;
He loved the cannon's glorious voice to hear ;
The cry of ‘ Board ! ’ was music to his ear ;
If on his soul a ray of rapture beam'd,
’Twas when his cutlass o'er his foeman
gleamed ;
Shipwreck'd he oft had been, but yet the sea
He fear'd not—on its bosom he was free.
When no spectator of his grief was near,
Down his brown cheek oft rolled the burning
tear.
And his dark eye, which up to heaven was
turned,
Displayed the spirit that within him burned.
But, if some straggler should, by chance, in-
trude
Upon his restless, joyless solitude,
He quickly dashed the tear-drop from his
eye,—
None saw him weep, or ever heard him sigh.
In the calm hours which Nature claimed for
sleep,
E'en then, in dreams, his soul was on the
deep,
The deck resounding to his measured tread,
His country's banner floating o'er his head,
His good ship scudding under easy sail,
While all around the laugh, the jest prevail ;
Or, if the god of dreams should strew a train
Of darker, bolder shadows o'er his brain,
His brow is knit—his nervous, powerful hand,
In fancied triumph grasps a well-known
brand,

While locked with his, o'ertaken in the chase,
Some frigate lies, in deadly close embrace ;
Guns roar, swords flash, the dying and the
dead,
Mangled and bleeding, o'er the deck are
spread—
While the fierce shout, and faint and feeble
wail
Together mingled, float upon the gale ;
With nimble foot athwart the yard he runs,
Descends and drives the foemen from their
guns ;
'Midst blood and death their flag he down-
ward tears,
And in its place, his own loved banner rears.
His shouts of victory through the prison
ring,
And startled comrades round his hammock
bring,
While drops of sweat his manly temples lave,
He starts—he wakes—‘ O ! God, and can it
be !
Am I a captive ! am I not at sea ! ’”

Again, the prisoner has at length been liberated and returns to his home. Here is the scene described :

“How pure the bliss, how balmy the repose
Which, after all his toils and all his woes,
The weary traveller doom'd no more to roam,
Tastes in the hallowed precincts of his home.
If of the joy the righteous share in Heaven,
One foretaste sweet to earthly man is given,
'Tis when his Cot—his ark of hopes and fears,
After long absence to his view appears ;
'Tis when that form, the dearest and the best,
Springs to his arms and swoons upon his
breast ;
When woman's lip,—warm, passionate, and
pure,—
Is press'd to his—as if its balm could cure
His wounded soul, if wound should there re-
main,
And charm it back to joy and peace again.”

Howe received no regular education. The cottage was two miles from any school-house. He walked this in summer, but stayed at home in winter. His father directed his mind to literary subjects in these long evenings, and he read and studied as best he could. At thirteen he was apprenticed to the *Gazette* printing office, and worked away at the printing business for ten years. In 1827, when he was twenty-three years old, in company with James Spike he purchased the *Weekly Chronicle* newspaper and changed its name to the *Acadian*. Through the medium of this paper, Mr. Howe came

before the country as a public writer. The paper was a purely literary newspaper, and made no attempt at political discussion. Before the end of the year, Mr. Howe sold out his interest in the *Acadian* to his partner, and purchased the *Nova Scotian*. This paper he continued to publish, and it was through the medium of this paper that he became identified with political affairs and came into note. It may be mentioned that the *Nova Scotian*, which, after Mr. Howe became immersed in political duties, was transferred to Mr. William Armand, and was by him subsequently changed to the *Morning Chronicle*, is still published, and has been, without interruption the consistent organ of Liberal opinion in Nova Scotia from that day to this. From pure sentiment, the *Nova Scotian* has always been continued. It is the weekly edition of the *Chronicle*, and although not a tenth part of even the people of Nova Scotia are aware of it, yet every week a regular edition of the *Nova Scotian* is sacredly sent off to its circle of subscribers, most of them, it may be assumed, being old men who cling to it for its associations.

For the first four or five years, the *Nova Scotian* was not a political paper. Mr. Howe's tastes were literary rather than political. Mr. Howe worked with great zeal at this first enterprise. He published a report, written with his own hand, of the debates in the Legislature. He attended courts, and himself reported important trials. He rode over the Province on horseback to establish agencies and procure subscribers, thus gaining familiarity with the country and the people. He wrote most racy and interesting descriptions of his rambles in the country—and these are marked by a warmth of heart, a sympathy with men and women in all their daily struggles, a love of country, which threw a charm over them which no subsequent efforts in that direction have ever acquired. In 1829 Howe first began to deal edi-

torially with political subjects. His first efforts were in advocacy of the doctrine of Free Trade, to which he adhered unfalteringly until the end of his days. Then he began to deal with the question of Colonial Government—a question broad enough at that time to be worthy of the effort of any man however wise or however ambitious.

It may be well to review the political situation in the several Provinces of Canada at the period at which Howe first came conspicuously to the front in political action. The American revolution had deprived Great Britain of most of her North American possessions, and the issues upon which these colonies had sought independence had to be considered in dealing with the new communities in the northern half of the continent, which were just beginning to assume some importance. The English people are born colonizers, and have had a wonderful career in perpetuating and popularizing their sway wherever it has been established. The loss of the Thirteen Colonies was an entirely exceptional incident in British rule. They were lost by an attempt to govern too much; and no doubt British Statesmen, as they noted the growth of the various Provinces of British North America, were gravely worried as to the means of avoiding the mistakes which had cost them so dear in 1776. But up to this period—say 1835, when Mr. Howe first came conspicuously to the front,—the idea of responsible government, or, in other words, self-government, by the Colonies, had not dawned as a practical measure upon British statesmen. The Lieutenant-Governors were given power,—not nominal, theoretical power, such as Governors-General and Lieutenant-Governors possess now, but actual and almost supreme executive authority. Legislatures were conceded, but their power was limited to the making of laws and the voting of supplies, and even this last was not a

perfect check, inasmuch as the Governors claimed control of casual and territorial revenues, and the civil list was provided for by colonial despatches, which took away the power of the Assembly to fix the salaries of public officials. In the selection of Cabinet officers and the heads of Departments, the Governor had absolute power. A man could then be Attorney-General for life if the Governor chose to keep him there, quite regardless of the fact that he had not the confidence of the Legislature. All the various county offices were thus filled with appointees of the Governor and his party, and the people at large who were not in the ring had practically no concern in the government of the country.

It would be belying their ancestry to suppose that people descended from British stock would be content with such a system of government, or long submit to it: and Joseph Howe, while not the first man who conceived the idea of responsible or self-government in the Colonies, was the man who most fully of all colonial statesmen grasped the situation, and who not only gained for his own province all the blessings of self-government, but who most clearly and effectually brought to the attention of the British Government the whole bearings of the question, and thus secured the triumph of the Liberal contention throughout the Colonial Empire, and with splendid results both for the people of the Colonies and the Empire. England could not have retained the loyal adhesion of a single one of the old Provinces of Canada on any other terms than independent self-government.

Mr. Howe was first brought conspicuously before the public in a matter wholly disassociated with the question of responsible government, though not dissimilar in principle. The City of Halifax in 1835 had no municipal government. It was simply a part of Halifax County, and governed by a bench of magistrates appointed by the Lieut.-Governor, and

chiefly belonging to the Tory clique. The affairs of the city and county were undoubtedly grossly mismanaged. There was jobbery in connection with the city prison and the poorhouse, and inequality and injustice in the imposition of taxes. Mr. Howe regarded this as a suitable matter for attack and a subject for reform. He therefore devoted his attention to the evil, and the *Nova Scotian* began to set forth in vigorous terms the evils of the municipal system. This inflamed the little coterie of officialism who had been accustomed to rule, and, consequently, when one day a letter appeared in the *Nova Scotian* unmasking the prevalent system of municipal jobbery, there was a great *furor* among the magistrates. The Attorney-General was appealed to, and it was determined that Mr. Howe should be indicted for libel. The charge was duly preferred, and the matter submitted to the Grand Jury, and a bill found.

The trial which followed marks an era in the life of Mr. Howe and an epoch in the history of the Province. It meant more than the mere immediate issue involved, though that was important. It marked the popular revulsion against the exclusive privileges of a small set which had gathered to themselves all the honors, the emoluments, the social prestige and the official control of the Province. It was the first deadly struggle of Privilege to maintain its vested powers, and the first eager struggle of the masses to break the power of the ring and secure equal rights and powers for the people at large.

Mr. Howe was thirty-one years of age. He had never spoken in public, and was only known as a hard-working newspaper man, fond of literature and trying to make his paper a power in the community. When indicted for libel his position was one which no one would have envied or cared to assume. A few incidents in a man's life enable him to show the world the

sort of stuff of which he is made. All the great heroes of the world were commonplace persons enough three hundred and sixty-four days of the year. But the moral fibre of a man is occasionally revealed by some incident, perhaps great and perhaps small, and these revelations determine his whole history. The commonplace person, in charge of a newspaper in Mr. Howe's place, would have easily fixed up the matter. A carefully-worded apology would have been prepared and negotiated through a solicitor, and the difficulty would have been safely tided over. But Joseph Howe was made of stuff that could not tolerate this method. He has himself described the circumstances of his trial, and his narration will be interesting:—

“I went to two or three lawyers in succession, showed them the Attorney-General's notice of trial, and asked them if the case could be successfully defended? The answer was, No: there was no doubt that the letter was a libel: that I must make my peace, or submit to fine and imprisonment. I asked them to lend me their books, gathered an armful, threw myself on a sofa, and read libel law for a week. By that time I had convinced myself that they were wrong, and that there was a good defence, if the case were properly presented to the court and jury. Another week was spent in selecting and arranging the facts and public documents on which I relied. I did not get through before a late hour of the evening before the trial, having only had time to write and commit to memory the two opening paragraphs of the speech. All the rest was to be improvised as I went along. I was very tired, but took a walk with Mrs. Howe, telling her, as we strolled to Fort Massy, that if I could only get out of my head what I had got into it the magistrates could not get a verdict. I was hopeful of the case, but fearful of breaking down from the novelty

of the situation and from want of practice. I slept soundly, and went at it in the morning, still harassed with doubts and fears, which passed off, however, as I became conscious that I was commanding the attention of the court and jury. I was much cheered when I saw the tears rolling down one old gentleman's cheek. I thought he would not convict me if he could help it. I scarcely expected a unanimous verdict as two or three of the jurors were connections, more or less remote, of some of the justices, but thought they would not agree. The lawyers were all very civil, but laughed at me a good deal, quoting the old maxim, that ‘he who pleads his own case has a fool for a client.’ But the laugh was against them when all was over.”

On the day of the trial he had to face a stern and vigorous judge—the Chief Justice—an able and accomplished Attorney-General. The Court House was crowded, because public interest in Halifax was aroused to the fullest extent. It was the harbinger of the great struggle for popular government which was to follow. After publication had been admitted and the libel put in, Mr. Howe rose to address the jury on his own behalf. Far from being awed or oppressed by his surroundings, after a short time he launched forth into a most searching and caustic arraignment of the whole bench of magistrates. He held them up to laughter and scorn. Instead of taking the defensive, and pleading for mercy, he took an aggressive line, and delivered the most merciless exposé of municipal rotteness ever heard. His masterly speech occupied six and a-quarter hours in delivery, and completely took Halifax by storm. Here was a new power which the community had never dreamed of.

Fortunately this speech has been preserved, and although Mr. Howe's speeches for thirty or forty years following this were models of classical

elegance and splendid diction, perhaps none that he ever delivered exceed passages of this in elevation of thought and beauty of sentiment. I must quote a few passages to inspire young Canadians to high thoughts and noble aspirations. In his peroration to the jury, he says:—

“Will you, my countrymen, the descendants of these men, warmed by their blood, inheriting their language, and having the principles for which they struggled confided to your care, allow them to be violated in your hands? Will you permit the sacred fire of liberty, brought by your fathers from the venerable temples of Britain, to be quenched and trodden out on the simple altars they have raised? Your verdict will be the most important in its consequences ever delivered before this tribunal: and I conjure you to judge me by the principles of English law, and to leave an unshackled press as a legacy to your children. You remember the press in your hours of conviviality and mirth: oh! do not desert it in this its day of trial.

“If for a moment I could fancy that your verdict would stain me with crime, cramp my resources by fines, and cast my body into prison, even then I would endeavor to seek elsewhere for consolation and support. Even then I would not desert my principles, nor abandon the path that the generous impulses of youth selected, and which my riper judgment sanctions and approves. I would toil on, and hope for better times, till the principles of British liberty and British law had become more generally diffused, and had forced their way into the hearts of my countrymen. In the meantime, I would endeavor to guard their interests: to protect their liberties; and, while Providence lent me health and strength, the independence of the press should never be violated in my hands. Nor is there a living thing beneath my roof that would not aid me in this struggle; the wife who sits by my fireside, the

children who play around my hearth, the orphan boys in my office, whom it is my pride and pleasure to instruct from day to day in the obligations they owe to their profession and their country, would never suffer the press to be wounded through my side. We would wear the coarsest raiment; we would eat the poorest food, and crawl at night into the veriest hovel in the land to rest our weary limbs, but cheerful and undaunted hearts; and these jobbing justices should feel that one frugal and united family could withstand their persecution, defy their power, and maintain the freedom of the press. Yes, gentlemen, come what will, while I live Nova Scotia shall have the blessing of an open and unshackled press.”

It is almost needless to say that, though the Attorney-General addressed the Jury, urging a conviction, and the Chief Justice charged strongly against the accused, the jury, after ten minutes' deliberation, brought in a verdict of acquittal. The dense crowd in the Court House broke out into shouts of applause, and when Mr. Howe had left the Court-room, he was seized by the populace and borne to his home upon their shoulders. A great procession was formed in the evening, and Mr. Howe was compelled to address the delighted crowd from a window of his house.

In November of the next year, 1836, a dissolution of the Provincial Assembly took place, and naturally Mr. Howe became a candidate for Halifax, Mr. William Annand was his colleague. The great interests of Halifax were bitterly hostile to Mr. Howe. The Lieut. Governor and all the office-holders looked upon him as a dangerous demagogue who would lead the people to ask ugly questions about the privileges of the few. He had also incurred the animosity of the bankers by his views on the currency question. Nevertheless, by his adroit management and his humorous speeches, he succeeded in capturing the masses,

and he and Mr. Annand were returned by over one thousand majority.

The issue in this election was responsible government. At this time the Executive Government was carried on by appointees of the Governor, and their tenure was in no sense dependent upon the confidence of the Assembly. The Upper House consisted of a body of officials including the Bishop, the Chief Justice and other dignitaries. They sat with closed doors and were amenable to no one. They exercised a veto upon all legislation, and by the aid of the Governor, managed affairs according to their will. The Executive Council was in no sense a Cabinet. It was a collection of officials, the Attorney-General, the Provincial Secretary, the Financial Secretary, the Solicitor-General and others. It had no common policy. Each member could have his own opinions upon all questions, and the tenure was simply the will of the Governor. Mr. Howe, at this election, laid down the principle of executive responsibility, the policy of having a ministry at all times in harmony with the people and enjoying the confidence of the people's representatives. A brief extract from one of his speeches on the hustings will illustrate his aim:—

“In England, one vote of the people's representatives turns out a ministry, and a new one comes in which is compelled to shape its policy by the views and wishes of the majority: here, we may record five hundred votes against our ministry, and yet they sit unmoved, reproducing themselves from their own friends and connections, and from a narrow party in the country, who, though opposed to the people, have a monopoly of influence and patronage. In England, the people can breathe the breath of life into their government whenever they please: in this country, the government is like an ancient Egyptian mummy, wrapped up in narrow and antique prejudices—dead and inanimate, but yet likely to last forever.

We are desirous of a change, not such as shall divide us from our brethren across the water, but which will ensure to us what they enjoy.”

Once in the legislature, Mr. Howe began at once a splendid struggle for responsible government. The House was largely Liberal, but the Executive was still Tory, and laughed at the idea that the opinions of the majority of the members of the Assembly had anything to do with their tenure. The leadership of the Liberals was naturally vested in some of those who had been active in the popular cause in former assemblies. But at an early day Mr. Howe took advanced ground. The House of Assembly which had preceded the one in which Mr. Howe first sat had disappointed public expectation, and pursued a sort of milk-and-water course in regard to the great questions which were agitating the public mind. Mr. Howe's advent was the signal for more vigorous action, and before the second session was over he was the recognized leader of the radical forces in the House; while in the country, owing to his brilliant assaults upon the stronghold of favoritism and privilege he quietly became a favorite idol. Still continuing his editorial work, and managing his newspaper, upon which his living depended, he yet found time to traverse the Province, address public meetings, make the acquaintance of hosts of people, and consolidate Liberal sentiment.

To conduct a crusade against officialdom, Mr. Howe had naturally to incur the enmity of all the dignitaries of the Province, from the Governor downwards. He had to accept the penalty of social ostracism, and banishment from the charming dinner-tables which constituted some of the chief joys of the few. But the grateful idolatry of the people was an ample recompense for this.

Responsible government is now such a long-established institution in Canada, and, indeed, in most parts of the

Colonial Empire, that it seems, perhaps, idle to recall the struggles on its behalf. But they must always have an element of interest to a Canadian who desires to be familiar with the growth of his country's institutions. In both Upper and Lower Canada, responsible government was only achieved after open rebellion against the government, and the destruction of life and property. Mr. Howe, through all the fierce and bitter struggles for self-government, never sanctioned the use of arms, nor for a moment admitted its necessity. He had always full faith in the capacity of a British community to work out, by peaceable means, the question of self-government. He was ardently attached to British connection, and loved England and the English system of government. He cordially sympathized with William Lyon Mackenzie, Papineau, Nelson, and other Liberals of the Canadas, in their struggles against the Family Compact, and other evils and indignities precisely akin to those against which he was contending in Nova Scotia; but the instant armed resistance was proclaimed, he warmly opposed this course as unwise, unnecessary, and hopeless. His views on the Canadian Rebellion are expressed in strong and elevated terms in an able and statesmanlike letter written at the time and spoken of in the highest terms of praise by the London press.

His idea throughout was to bring Colonial grievances clearly and cogently before British statesmen, in the full conviction that they could not be long disregarded. At this time Lord John Russell was Secretary of State for the Colonies, and very greatly concerned in the question of Colonial Government, for difficulties were looming up on every hand. To him Mr. Howe addressed a series of letters which every student of Canadian affairs should read and study. They were able and brilliant papers, and illustrated in the most

clear and convincing manner the evils of the system, and, at the same time, suggested the remedy. The letters have been published in Vol. II. of "Howe's Speeches and Public Letters," and may be studied by those who wish. This article must conclude by one or two extracts, which embody the most striking points in the argument. Beyond doubt, these letters had a wonderful effect in preparing British statesmen for those just and wise concessions which led to the permanent establishment of self-government in all the Colonies:

"Your Lordship asks me for proofs. They shall be given.

"Looking at all the British North American Colonies, with one single exception, so far as my memory extends, although it has sometimes happened that the local administration has secured a majority in the Lower House, I never knew an instance in which a hostile majority could displace an Executive Council whose measures it disapproved: or could, in fact, change the policy, or exercise the slightest influence upon the administrative operations of the Government. The case which forms the exception was that of the Province of New Brunswick, but there the struggle lasted as long as the Trojan war,—through the existence of several Houses of Assembly; and was at length concluded by an arrangement with the authorities at home, after repeated appeals, and two tedious and costly delegations to England. But the remedy applied, even in that case, though satisfactory for the time, can have no application to future difficulties or differences of opinion. Let us suppose that a general election takes place in that Province next year, and that the great body of the people are dissatisfied with the mode in which the patronage of the government has been distributed, and the general bearing of the internal policy of its rulers. If that Colony were an English incorporated town, the people would

have the remedy in their own hands: if they were intrusted with the powers, which, as British subjects of right belong to them, they would only have to return a majority of their own way of thinking: few men would change places: the wishes of the majority would be carried out: and by no possibility could anything occur to bring the people and their rulers into such a state of collision as was exhibited in that fine province for a long series of years. But under the existing system, if a hostile majority is returned, what can they do? Squabble and contend with an Executive whom they cannot influence: see the patronage and favor of government lavished upon the minority who annoy, but never out-vote them: and, finally, at the expiration of a further period of ten years, appeal by delegation to England, running the hazard of a reference to a clerk or a secretary whose knowledge of the various points at issue is extremely limited, who has no interest in them, and who, however favorably disposed may be displaced by some change in the position of parties at home before the negotiations are brought to a close.

"In 1836, a general election took place in Nova Scotia: and when the Legislature met for the dispatch of business, it was found that the local government had two-thirds of the members of the representative branch against them. A fair-minded Englishman would naturally conclude that the local cabinet, by a few official changes and a modification of its policy, would have at once deferred to the views and opinions of so large a majority of the popular branch. Did it do so? No. After a fierce struggle with the local authorities, in which the revenue bills and the appropriations for the year were nearly lost, the House forwarded a strong address to the foot of the throne, appealing to the Crown for the redress of inveterate grievances the

very existence of which our Colonial rulers denied or which they refused to remove."

* * * * *

"You ask me for the remedy. Lord Durham has stated it distinctly: the Colonial Governors must be commanded to govern by the aid of those who possess the confidence of the people, and are supported by a majority of the representative branch. Where is the danger? Of what consequence is it to the people of England, whether half a dozen persons, in whom that majority have confidence, but of whom they know nothing and care less, manage our local affairs, or the same number selected from the minority, and whose policy the bulk of the population distrust? Suppose there was at this moment a majority in our Executive Council who think with the Assembly, what effect would it have upon the funds? Would the stocks fall? Would England be weaker, less prosperous or less respected, because the people of Nova Scotia were satisfied and happy?"

* * * * *

"The planets that encircle the sun, warmed by its heat and rejoicing in its effulgence, are moved and sustained, each in its bright but subordinate career, by the same laws as the sun itself. Why should this beautiful example be lost upon us? Why should we run counter to the whole stream of British experience, and seek, for no object worthy of the sacrifice, to govern on one side of the Atlantic by principles the very reverse of those found to work so admirably on the other. The employment of steamers will soon bring Halifax within a ten days' voyage of England. Nova Scotia will then not be more distant from London than the north of Scotland and the west of Ireland were a few years ago. No time should be lost, therefore, in giving us

the rights and guards to which we are entitled: for, depend upon it, the nearer we approach the mother country, the more we shall admire its excellent Constitution, and the more intense will be the sorrow and disgust with which we must turn to contemplate our own."

A continuance of the narrative of Mr. Howe's career must be reserved for another number.

QUEENSTON HEIGHTS - 1812-1894.

On Queenston Heights the sun is low,
 The hush of evening in the air,
 Only the torrent, far below,
 Disturbs the echoes slumbering there.
 The shadows swiftly climb the hill,
 The sky unveils its starry lights,
 And all is peaceful, calm and still
 On Queenston Heights.

Yet the last rays of sunlight fall
 On gleaming steel and scarlet coats,
 And shines the latest beam of all
 Where Britain's banner proudly floats.
 Along the hill the soldiers stand
 In ordered lines, and, through the night's
 Long hours, await their chief's command
 On Queenston Heights.

* * * * *

Hark! 'tis the sentry's warning cry,
 Hark! hark! the ring of clashing steel;
 From slope to slope, the musketry
 Awakes the echoes, peal on peal
 Stand fast, O Britons, as of old
 Your sires have stood for Britain's rights,
 And still your place unwavering hold
 On Queenston Heights.

Above them rolls the battle smoke;
 The roar of conflict grows more deep;
 Hurrah! the foeman's line is broke,
 He reels, defeated, down the steep.

All glory be to righteous Heaven !
The God of Battles surely fights
Upon our side ! the foe is driven
From Queenston Heights.

But ne'er shall gallant Brock again
For King and Country draw his blade ;
Upon the field his soldiers gain
Behold their leader's corpse is laid.
No more in plaudits of the brave
His honest soldier heart delights,
He wins his glory and his grave
On Queenston Heights.

No more on Queenston Heights are heard
The bugle call or soldier's cheer,
But hum of bee and song of bird
Break sweetly on the listening ear.
No tokens of the war remain,
No frowning fort the landscape blights,
And only peace and beauty reign
On Queenston Heights.

But, though the years have flown apace,
Still lives the memory of the dead ;
A stately column marks the place
Where gallant Brock his life-blood shed.
The land he bled and died to save,
His faith and valour thus requites,
And guards her hero's honoured grave
On Queenston Heights.

Oh ! men of British blood and race,
If e'er your loyalty should fail :
If sunk in sloth, you dare not face
The perils of the rising gale ;
If the firm faith your fathers knew,
No more your love or zeal excites,
Draw near, and light the flame anew
On Queenston Heights.



ISLAND LAKE, ALGONQUIN PARK.

ALGONQUIN NATIONAL PARK.

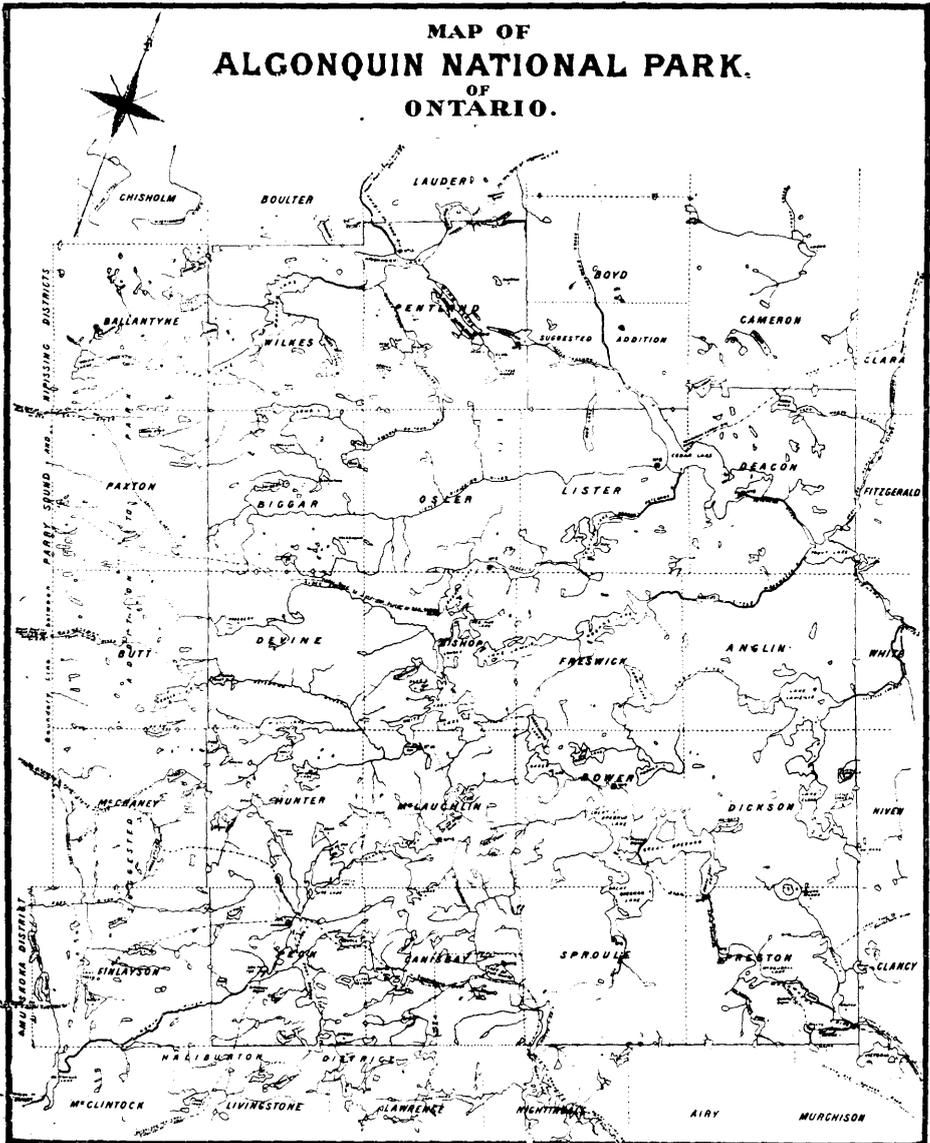
BY THOS. W. GIBSON.

IF a premature posterity could rise up and enter into account with the present generation, and demand a reason for the burdens we are laying upon it, and the injury we are in many ways doing it, consciously or unconsciously, it is to be feared a sufficient answer would be wanting. "What has posterity done for us?" is a good enough phrase for the sarcastic politician, or the civic financier who issues half a million dollars worth of debentures, payable in forty years, to defray the cost of wooden sidewalks or block pavements, which will be resolved into their original elements long before the debt matures, but the principle is not one upon which a lover of his country or his race ought to base his actions. It would perhaps not be difficult to

point out some respects in which we, as citizens of the Province of Ontario, or the Dominion at large, are diligently engaged in sowing the wind, from which, in the natural course of events, those who are to come after us will reap the whirlwind.

But it is pleasant to be able to say, that the account with posterity has its credits as well as its debits. One important action the Province has recently taken for which coming generations will surely call us blessed. While it still lay within our power, we have set apart nearly a million acres of the public domain and dedicated it to the use and enjoyment not only of ourselves but of the future inhabitants of Ontario, when they shall be counted by the many millions. In the language

of the Act of the Legislature establishing the Algonquin National Park (56 Vic., chap. 8), the area appropriated is "reserved and set apart as a public park and forest reservation, fish and all departments of life becomes keener, as competition becomes more intense, the more widely spread becomes the desire to take a respite, brief though it may be, from the care and worry of



game preserve, health resort and pleasure ground, for the benefit, advantage and enjoyment of the people of the Province" forever. It is one of the characteristics of modern times that, as the struggle in trade, commerce and

business, and to seek recreation and restoration in a closer approach to nature than can be found in busy street or crowded mart. There are few indications that life in the twentieth century or succeeding ages will

be less arduous than now, and we may well assume that the need for periodical recuperation, so widely felt at present, will be more and more recognized in time to come. Here, then, by Act of the Legislature, an immense tract of land and water, almost equal in extent to the largest county in the Province, is given over for all time to come for just such purposes as will be most appreciated by the tired workers of succeeding ages. Nor will its benefits be confined to those who can pass a portion of their time within its borders. The miller, the manufacturer, the lumberman, and the farmer of the future, will share with the public at large the advantages

to be gained by such a reservation. The late Mr. R. W. Phipps also alluded in his Forestry Report, printed in 1885, to the same subject, and recommended a larger area than that suggested by Mr. Kirkwood. Mr. Pardee was very favorably impressed with the project, and commissioned Mr. James Dickson, Provincial Land Surveyor, of Fenelon



“ MOSSY BANK ” ISLAND IN ISLAND LAKE.

which will flow from the patriotic action of the Legislature.

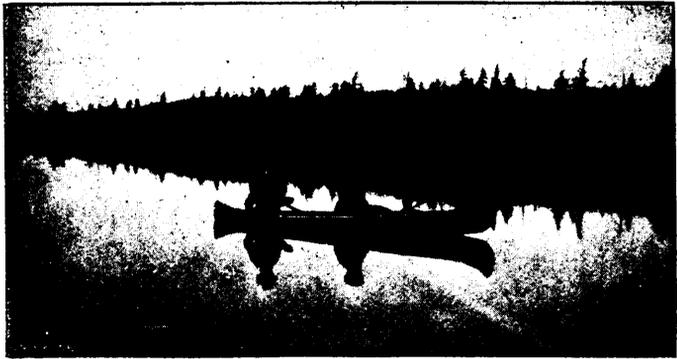
The idea of setting apart a forest reservation in the uplands of Central Ontario, which would include and pro-

Falls, to examine the district and report upon its suitability for the purpose proposed. Mr. Dickson made his report in January, 1888, and spoke highly of the fitness of the territory

for a public park. Mr. Pardee's regretted illness, which ended in his death in July, 1889, prevented further progress with the scheme, until Hon. A. S. Hardy succeeded him in the administration of the Department of Crown Lands. That gentleman at once recognized the importance of the undertaking and the advisability of setting about it while the conditions were favorable, and accordingly in February, 1892, the government, upon

his recommendation, appointed a commission "to inquire into, and to make full report respecting, the fitness of certain territory in Our said Province, including the headwaters of the rivers Amable du Fond, Petawawa, Bonnechere, Madawaska and Muskoka, having their sources in the plateau or height of land region lying between the Mattawa and Georgian Bay, with boundaries to be hereafter determined, for the purpose of a Forest Reservation and National Park." The Commissioners were: Aubrey White, Assistant Commissioner of Crown Lands; Archibald Blue, Director of Mines; Alexander Kirkwood, Senior Officer of the Lands branch of the Department of Crown Lands; James Dickson, Inspector of Surveys, and Robert William Phipps, Clerk of Forestry. Mr. Kirkwood, in recognition of his untiring efforts in behalf of the scheme, was elected chairman. The report of the Commissioners was laid before the Legislature in the session of 1893. The territory recommended by them for a forest, reservation and national park, and afterwards set apart as such by the Act, was a compact tract of land in the District of Nipissing, south of the Mattawa River, and lying between the Ottawa River

and Georgian Bay, being almost a parallelogram in shape, and consisting of eighteen townships. The names of these townships are as fol-



COMPLETE REST. WHITE TROUT LAKE

lows: Peck, Hunter, Devine, Biggar, Wilkes, Canisbay, McLaughlin, Bishop, Osler, Pentland, Sproule, Bower, Freswick, Lister, Preston, Dickson, Anglin and Deacon—a list of appellations highly suggestive of the short process by which the Department of Crown Lands confers immortality upon members of the Legislature and others who might otherwise go down into the oblivion common to the mass of mankind. The area of the tract is 938,186 acres, or 1,466 square miles. Of this, 831,793 acres is dry land, and 106,393 acres water: the area of water is therefore rather more than one-ninth of the whole.

A study of the map of Ontario will show that this tract occupies a unique position. Cowper could have gratified his wish for "a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade," by erecting a log hut here, without the least apprehension of being troubled by "rumors of oppression and deceit, of unsuccessful or successful war," or, indeed, any other kind of rumors, so remote is it from civilization and the haunts of men. No railway penetrates it, or even approaches its borders; no travelled highway passes through, or even leads to it, exception being made of two or three

lumbermen's roads for transport of supplies in winter: there is not a cross-roads hamlet within its boundaries: not a post office, church, or school-house: even the ubiquitous squatter, who plants himself on every coign of vantage on the ungranted lands of the Crown, finds this district too distant from markets and supplies, and is represented by but one or two of the hardiest of his kind. In winter, the lumbermen's shanties are the only centres of activity, and in summer the forest's silence is unbroken, save by the splash of the tourist's paddle, or the crack of the Indian's or pot-hunter's gun. Here is one of the largest tracts of untouched forest now left within the limits of Ontario untouched, that is, for settlement purposes; for even here the lumberman has been long at work.

It will probably surprise many of our busy city men to learn that within less than a day's travel by rail—did a railway exist—there lies this vast, solitary, aromatic wilderness, which is yet almost as little known or frequented as if it were in Labrador, or on the Hudson Bay slope. Yet older Ontario is nowhere at great distance. The Canadian Pacific Railway carries travellers and freight past it on the east and north, and the Grand Trunk Railway on the west, while the newer Ontario, rising in the mineral districts of the Sudbury region, and yet to rise on the fertile shores of Lake Temiscaming, is the very outpost of advancing settlement as compared with the territory included in Algonquin Park. The current of civilization has flowed up the Ottawa valley, and northward through Muskoka and Parry Sound tracts, leaving the million acres of the park, and many square miles of contiguous territory, as an island in the stream—a barren island, perhaps, and uninviting to the tiller of the soil, but yet rich in varied store of timber, and great with possibilities of usefulness as the playground, sanitarium, and forest school for future Ontario.

The whole district is now under timber license from the Government. The pine upon some portions of it was sold at the great timber sale of 1892, but by far the larger area has been in the hands of the lumbermen for many years. In fact, pine has been cut on some of the territory for nearly half a century, and on other portions from a period long previous to Confederation. There are considerable areas, however, absolutely in their original condition, and notwithstanding the encroachments of the lumber trade, and the ravages of fire, the shantymen's axe will find ample scope for many years to come in the pineries of Algonquin Park. It would at first sight seem that this removal of the pine would defeat the very object for which the park was established, and it is doubtless true that if the pine could be left standing the beauty and charm of the forest would be much enhanced. But the pine had been disposed of; to prevent the owners from taking away their property would have been confiscation, and if the establishment of the park had depended upon the preservation of the pine, the scheme would have had to be abandoned. The cutting will be gradual, and the extirpation of the pine now growing will by no means involve the destruction of the whole forest. A great many other varieties of trees grow and flourish in the park, and as the felling of all timber but pine is forbidden by the Park Act, the removal of the latter, except where it grows in groves or "pineries," will scarcely affect the wooded condition of the park, taken as a whole. As a game preserve, water reservoir, and summer resort, the park will not be materially depreciated by the cutting of the pine timber. The conifers which flourish in the park are the white and red pine (the former largely predominating), hemlock, spruce, balsam and cedar. Of the cedar found within the park that in the most westerly townships is represented as being small, and of comparatively little value, but that

bordering on the Madawaska and Petawawa waters is much larger and of better quality. The deciduous trees are well represented. The place of honor is occupied by the black birch, which grows to magnificent proportions, and is usually of perfect soundness. The wood of this tree is used to some extent in furniture-making, but little or none has ever been taken from the area included in the park,

marshy places. Alders line the borders of streams, and in many places there is a dense undergrowth of balsam, hazel and ground hemlock.

Large tracts have been burned over, in which all the original timber has been destroyed. They are called *brulés*, and in such places pine is never succeeded by pine, but there immediately springs up a crop of the quick-growing and less valuable trees, principally



"It's a deer crossing the Lake."

CANOE LAKE.

the reason being that like the maple and other hardwoods, it is too heavy to be floated down stream to market. The maple, without which no woodland scene would be typically Canadian, is also very plentiful throughout the district and attains to great size and beauty. The beech occurs more sparingly, but is by no means rare; ironwood is common, and black ash mingles with the smaller conifers in

poplar, white birch and cherry. It is one of the mysteries of the forest how this poorer second growth follows so hard upon the first, even when the surrounding woods are of an entirely different character. The seeds of these trees appear to be present in the ground, unable to germinate in the shade of the original forest, but capable of bursting into life the moment sunlight and air are allowed to have

free access to them. But how came they there, their parent trees so far away? And why do the pine seeds, which must be many times more plentiful on the ground, fail to grow? It is one of nature's freaks, with which she delights to puzzle her would-be interpreters. Backwoodsmen sometimes solve the problem by maintaining that these second-growth poplars, birches and cherries spring "naturally" from the ground, and do not require the intervention of seed at all. Spontaneous generation, however, does not find much favor with the scientists nowadays, and some other solution must be looked for.

The extension of cultivation will go on a long time in Ontario before the lands of Algonquin Park are coveted for agriculture. The gneiss and granite of the Laurentian formation are not the most favorable foundations for a good agricultural soil: but when the covering itself is thin and scanty, and in many places wanting altogether, cultivation ceases to be possible. Isolated patches of tillable soil occur, it is true, but there are no large and continuous areas, capable of sustaining a considerable population, or of supporting markets, schools, churches, etc., without which successful settlement is impossible. The surface is continually broken by rough, rocky ridges, which, though abrupt enough to preclude easy travelling, seldom rise to any great height. In the intervals are marshes, low-lying but dry stretches, and water in the various forms of pond, lake and river. The watershed, which separates the streams flowing into Georgian Bay from those emptying into the Ottawa lies in the south-west portion of the park, in the townships of Peck, McLaughlin and Hunter. Here, in a comparatively small area, are found the headquarters of three important streams: the Muskoka (south branch), the Madawaska, and the Petawawa. Island Lake, in the township of McLaughlin, is the source of the first-named river, and a fifteen-minute walk

over a portage on its north-east shore leads to Little Otter Slide Lake, whose waters find their way into the Petawawa. A mile and a half from the eastern shore of Little Otter Slide Lake lie the head waters of one of the branches of the Madawaska. The Muskoka is a tributary of Georgian Bay, while the Petawawa and Madawaska fall into the Ottawa. The waters of the Muskoka traverse Lakes Huron, St. Clair and Erie, tumble over Niagara Falls, and flow through Lake Ontario, and the long stretch of the upper St. Lawrence, before they mingle with those of its kindred streams at the point where "Utawas' tide" merges itself in the noblest of Canadian rivers.

The great quantity of water and the variety of the forms in which it is found, constitute one of the most characteristic features of the park. The streams are of all sizes, from the tiniest rill to the large river capable of floating great drives of saw-logs, and the lakes vary in size from small ponds to important sheets of water, like Great Opeongo Lake on the Madawaska, the largest in the park, which spreads its irregular body over parts of four townships, viz., Bower, Dickson, Preston and Sproule. As a consequence of this abundance of water, almost every corner of the park may be reached by canoe, the portages from one water system to another being, as a rule, short and easy.

This ample water supply is highly advantageous to the lumberman, as it enables him to float his saw-logs, with the minimum of difficulty, from the limits on which they are cut to the place of manufacture. Other lakes of large size are the following:—McDougal and Shirley on the Madawaska; Cedar, Lavieille, Trout and Misty, on the Petawawa; Island, Canoe and Smoke on Muskoka, and Tea, Manitou and Kioshkoqui on the Amable du Fond.

There are no lofty mountain peaks or towering ranges such as adorn Adirondack Park, in the State of New



A QUIET REACH, PETAWAWA RIVER.

York, but there are many lesser elevations sufficient to diversify the scene, and give an added zest to the other beauties of the park. The most elevated tract of land in this portion of Ontario is here to be found, as may be inferred from the fact that the watershed dividing the Amable du Fond and South River systems, the former a tributary of the Mattawa, and the latter of Lake Nipissing, from the east and west-bound rivers, is also comprised within the limits of the park. Island Lake, the source of the Muskoka, is 1,405 feet above the level of the sea, and Little Otter Slide Lake, one of the beginnings of the Petawawa, lies at exactly the same height. The height of Lake Huron is 578 feet above the sea, so that the descent of the Muskoka throughout its entire length is 827 feet. The fall achieved by the Petawawa, is even more considerable. The

point of its junction with the Ottawa, is 393 feet above high tide, and this river has therefore a total descent of 1,012 feet. It is, in consequence, like its sister, the Madawaska, a rapid and turbulent stream.

"A region so wooded and watered," say the Commissioners in their report, "cannot but be the home of a vast variety of birds, game, and fur-bearing animals and fish. Here, not many years ago, the moose, monarch of Canadian woods, roamed and browsed in large numbers, the leaves and tender branches of the young trees, supplying him with his favorite diet; here, herds of red deer grazed in the open meadows, or quenched their thirst at the brooks or crystal lakes; here, the industrious beaver felled his trees and built his dams on every stream; here, the wolf's detested howl startled the deer, and the black bear pushed his

dark bulk through the undergrowth, in search of ripe nuts or berries. Here, in fact, may be said to have been the centre from which the moose, deer and other animals spread out to all sections of the Province south of the Mattawa River and Lake Nipissing, the great distance from settlement and the unbroken wilderness affording them a greater degree of shelter than was found anywhere else. Of these animals, deer are still plentiful, but the increasing rigor with which they have of late years been hunted, in and out of season, is fast depleting their numbers. The same cause has bid fair to place the moose among the extinct animals of Ontario: while the beaver has been hunted and trapped so mercilessly that now single specimens are seen only at long intervals. Wolves and bears are quite common, and mink, otter, fisher, martin and muskrat are numerous. The woods are well-stocked with partridge, but there are few ducks. The principal fish found in the Muskoka waters is the trout, all the fresh water varieties of which are to be had in great abundance. In the Petawawa and Madawaska rivers, in addition to trout, chub, cat-fish and pike are found also, eels, the latter varieties increasing in number as we descend the streams. Herring and white-fish, are plentiful in Great Opeongo, Shirley and McDougal Lakes."

One of the objects of the park is the protection of the game and fur-bearing animals from the extermination which now threatens them. It would be a national loss were the moose, the big game *par excellence* of our Ontario woods, allowed to become extinct, as the buffalo of the western plains has become. Yet the experience of the past shows clearly that such a fate awaits him, unless law and authority intervene with a strong hand on his behalf. It is almost incredible with what ferocity and wastefulness this animal has been hunted and killed in the past. In the spring of 1887, the carcasses of sixty moose were found in

this district, the animals having been killed for their skins alone. During the preceding winter, seventy were killed between Lake Traverse and Bissett's Station, on the C.P.R., a distance of twenty miles. The spring, when the young are brought forth, and when the moose stand in greatest need of protection, is just the time the pot-hunter chooses for their destruction. He shoots a moose, perhaps a female big with calf, skins it, and leaves the body on the ground as bait for the bears, which at this time of year come forth from their long winter's retirement, too hungry to be dainty in their food. A full-grown moose weighs upwards of 1,000 lbs., and will dress 600 lbs. of beef, while his skin will make twenty pairs of moccasins, which sell at \$2.00 a pair. Notwithstanding the war which has been waged against the moose, they are by no means rare in the park country, and, now that protection is guaranteed them, are likely to increase rapidly in numbers and to overflow into the surrounding districts, where, after the 25th October, 1895, (before which time it is illegal to kill a moose anywhere in the Province), they will be lawful game in their proper season.

The common red deer are yet plentiful in this district, finding in this wilderness a refuge from the enemies which assail them on every hand during the hunting season. The complete immunity which they will here enjoy from the chase, will make the park a centre from which they will spread to other parts of the Province, there to afford the hundreds of deer-slayers in Ontario the sport they so keenly enjoy. In like manner, the beaver, most valuable of fur-bearing animals, will have a chance to prolong his career, now ended everywhere in Ontario south of Lake Nipissing but here, and all but ended even here.

Trappers, both Indian and white have pursued the beaver even more ruthlessly than the hunters have the moose, until this region, so adapted by

nature to be the home of this interesting creature, numbers but a very few scattered families. So prolific is the beaver, however, and so suitable to its habits are the ponds, creeks and lakes of the park, that even these few remaining representatives will, under proper protection, soon be succeeded by a numerous progeny, sufficient not only to re-stock the park, but to add beaver skins to the spoils of trappers in other parts of the Province from which they have long been absent.

Other fur-bearing animals, the otter, fisher, martin, mink and muskrat, are more or less plentiful, and may also be expected to increase under the protection afforded them in the park. Wolves and bears are quite common, the former subsisting upon animal diet, ranging from frogs to deer, the latter choosing by preference the less exciting regimen of nuts and berries, though by no means rejecting the carcass of a moose or deer slain by the wily hunter for his special delectation. Neither of these animals is accorded any protection by the provisions of the park Act, being classed by it along with "wolverines, wild-cats, foxes or hawks," and other injurious or destructive animals.

Another of the ends arrived at by the establishment of the park is even more important than the preservation of game. The conservation of so large a territory in a wooded state will strongly tend to maintain in full and equable flow the streams and rivers rising in and flowing out of the park. It does not yet appear to be determined by scientific observers whether

or not forests exercise any decided effect in the precipitation of moisture, but all are agreed that they lessen the rate at which the water—whether from rainfall or melted snow—flows from the higher to the lower levels. The surface of the forest, made up of beds of leaves, moss, decayed and decaying wood, and similar substances



ON THE CARRY, ISLAND LAKE TO WHITE TROUT.

of a porous, spongy nature, is capable of absorbing a large quantity of moisture, and parts with it slowly and in moderation. When filled to its utmost capacity, it must of course discharge its watery contents at a rate equal to that at which it receives fresh supplies, but under ordinary circumstances the resistance offered by the forest floor to the flow of water is quite sufficient to materially retard its progress. The effect of this is to prolong the period during which the surplus water runs off, and to prevent sudden floods. On the other hand, where the forest growth has been cleared away, and the absorbent forest bed has been dried up, burned off, or converted into soil, no great impediment is presented to the flow of water, and the consequence

is angry floods in winter and spring, and dried-up river courses in summer. Evaporation also acts more freely in the open than in the forest, and rivers, brooks and springs suffer great diminution in volume when the district which supplies them is exposed to the full effect of the sun's rays, untempered by forest foliage. The fierce floods which rush down untimbered hillsides after heavy rains or springtime thaws often do immense damage, not only by carrying away the fertile surface soil and exposing the colder and more sterile layers, but by cutting deep ravines and depositing the detritus on the flats below, and even by causing actual destruction of life and property.



"Home Sweet Home."

BUFFALO POINT, CANOE LAKE.

By drying up or greatly reducing the volume of water in rivers, the removal of forests brings about great changes in social and economic conditions, and thus affects the welfare of whole provinces and even nations. In Russia, we are told, forest destruction has wrought dire results. The "Mother Volga" grows yearly shallower; the Don, with its tributaries, is choked; the sources of the Dnieper creep downward, and its chief tributary, the once noble Worskla, with a flow of some

220 English miles, is now dry from source to mouth. This stream, which fertilized a broad region, supporting a numerous population, exists no more—not temporarily run dry, but with all its springs exhausted, so that in future it may be stricken from the map. Of the Bitjug, another river in the Don region, the upper course has wholly disappeared—valley and bed are filled to the bank with sand and earth.

In Prussia, where forest preservation and management is now a science, by stripping the beaches of their forests in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the sea coasts have become exposed to all winds and storms. Fields, once fertile, have been transformed into waste sand dunes, and whole villages, whose agricultural people formerly prospered, have ceased to exist. In the middle and eastern provinces light and undulating soil has been replaced by small or large sand hills, and places where forests once stood and served to carry off stagnant moisture have been turned into marshes.

In younger America, as in older Europe, like causes are beginning to produce like results. The State of New York at one time owned some five million acres of wood-lands, covering nearly the entire area of the Adirondack and Catskill mountains, where the principal rivers of the State, especially the Hudson, take their rise. The State sold most of these lands for any price they would bring. Now that they have been largely stripped of their forest covering, and the thin soil of the mountain sides is exposed



LUNCH, WITH BLACK FLY ACCOMPANIMENT.

to the washing rains, it is found that the Hudson is in danger of becoming unnavigable at Albany, from the *debris* and earth carried into it.

Such warnings ought not to be lost upon us. We are already feeling the effects of the removal of the greater part of the forest growth from southern Ontario, in increased liability to floods, in the diminished volume of rivers, and in other ways, and we may be sure that an infraction of nature's laws will not go unpunished here any more than in Europe or the United States. The preservation of the forest growth, or the bulk of it, in Algonquin Park, will enable the unlesened waters of the rivers rising there to float the logs, turn the mill-wheels and refresh the fields of succeeding generations for all time to come.

Another advantage of the park will be the opportunity it will afford for

the practical study of systematic forestry—a thing as yet little attempted, if at all, in our province. We have been, and still are, so busy cutting down our forests for lumber, and to make way for cultivated fields, that we have never stopped to think of the rapidity with which these forests are disappearing. Yet, there are already in Northern Ontario large areas of denuded pine lands, stripped by the lumberman, or devastated by fire. Can they be reforested, and made to bear a second crop of pine as valuable as the first? The task is a gigantic one, and some competent authorities are inclined to think it impracticable. Even if accomplished at great expense, what guarantee would there be that the slow growth of a hundred years would not perish by fire in a day, as it so often has done in times past? There has been little in the experience

of Canada or the United States, to indicate the best means to be adopted in attempting to restore the pine forests to their original condition, and a few years' experimenting in Algonquin Park may solve a good many problems, and cast some light on the methods of reforestation most likely to be successful.

The care of the park is in the hands of a superintendent and a staff of some four or five rangers, whose duty it is to see that no poaching or hunting is done; to prevent the outbreak and spread of fires, and generally to see that the provisions of the Park Act

"shingle weavers." No sawn lumber whatever is used in their construction; walls, roofs, floors, beds and tables all being formed by axe and drawknife from the timber on the spot.

The smaller huts are intended to be close enough to one another to be reached in a day's journey on snowshoes in winter, and will each contain a small sheet-iron stove, and a supply of provisions and bedding for the use of the rangers.

The park staff have, in addition to their other labors, already cut out a number of portages from one reach of waters to another, and have cleared many creeks and river beds from floating brush and other rubbish, obstructive to canoe navigation. The men live in the park the year round, and though the winter is severe and the snowfall deep, as might be expected from the comparatively high altitude of the district, little real hardship is experienced. But little rain falls in winter, and the air is dry and invigorating.



BROOK TROUT.

are enforced. The headquarters of the staff have been established on Canoe Lake, close to the projected line of the Ottawa, Arnprior & Parry Sound Railway, in the form of a substantial hewed-log building, 21x28 feet, with hewed timber floor and "scoop" roof. In addition to this, some thirty-two shelter huts, for the accommodation of the rangers while on patrol duty, have been built in various portions of the park. All these buildings have been literally hewn out of the forest by Superintendent Thomson and his men, who are expert woodsmen and

This part of the country was long the resort of hunters and trappers, whose occupation was cut off by the establishment of the park. Superintendent Thomson, however, reports that even among this class there is a disposition to acquiesce in the new state of things, and to recognize the wisdom of affording a much-needed protection to the game and fur-bearing animals of the district. So far, therefore, there has been little difficulty in enforcing the laws.

There is practically no restriction on the admission of visitors to the

park, but, of course, no hunting or killing of animals is allowed, and fishing may only be done by hook and line, for which a license is necessary. The point on which the greatest possible care is required is the use of fire, and every precaution is demanded to prevent damage to the timber from this cause. A single act of carelessness in the dry season might result in the loss of millions of dollars' worth of property.

A few tourists from various parts of Ontario and the United States, who appreciate the charms of nature un-

adorned, are now in the habit of visiting this delightful region; and the photographs from which our illustrations are made are the handiwork of Mr. Geo. B. Hayes, President of the Buffalo Cast Iron Pipe Co., of Buffalo, N.Y., who has every season for twenty years been a visitor of what is now Algonquin Park. As its attractions become better known, they will invite crowds of heated, tired and worried tourists to cheat the dog-days by spending them in the cool depths and silent fastnesses of this northern forest.

AUTUMN.

Now the golden sheaves are gathered,
 And the yellow bird has flown,
 With the odour of the clover on its wing
 To the bright and sunny south-land,
 By its pleasant cots to sing,
 And to sip the scented draught from blossoms blown.

Yes, the golden sheaves are gathered,
 And the robin bids adieu
 To the gardener, as he garners in his fruit—
 Sweet they sang their songs together,
 'Till from yonder dome of blue
 Carolled forth its dainty anthem, dying mute.

Aye, the golden sheaves are gathered,—
 And o'er their dead leaves mourn
 The lightsome birch and haughty maple tree.
 Though the lonely stork be weeping,
 Round my hearth I'll happy be
 'Till the songsters from the sunny lands return.

All the golden sheaves are gathered,
 And the Autumn days are past;
 Like a feather falls a snowflake, thin and white,
 Shook from Winter's vulture pinion,
 And upon my casement's cast;
 Yet I'm happy in my gladsome home to-night.

W. A. SHERWOOD.

INDIAN TREATIES IN ONTARIO AND MANITOBA.— 1781 TO 1893.

BY J. C. HAMILTON, M. A., LL.B.

THE census of the Indian people of Canada, as given in the annual report of the Indian Department for 1892, shows a total of 109,205, but the report for 1893 shows only 99,717.

I have endeavored to obtain the data for the years since confederation, but am informed by Mr. W. McGirr of the Department, that the material on hand is insufficient to enable one to state the population from 1867 to 1875. The totals, as published since 1875, are as follows, and contain the census of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, British Columbia, Manitoba and the North-West Territories. The figures given regarding the territories attempt, though with very imperfect results, to include the Indians outside of Treaty limits, namely, in the Athabasca, Mackenzie River, Peace River, Nelson and Churchill Rivers, Eastern Rupert's Land Districts, also Labrador and the Arctic Coast:

1875— 91,910.	1884—131,952.
1876— 92,518.	1885—129,525.
1877— 99,650.	1886—128,761.
1878— 99,688.	1887—121,499.
1879—103,367.	1888—124,589.
1880—105,690.	1889—121,540.
1881—107,722.	1890—122,585.
1882—110,505.	1891—121,638.
1883—129,140.	1892—109,205.

Mr. McGirr remarks, "The difference can scarcely be due to *bona fide* increases or decreases in the population. They are accounted for principally in Manitoba, the North-West, and British Columbia, where it has been impossible until very recently to get accurate returns. Some years, several hundred Indians would be south of the International boundary line. When absent

they would not be included, and when on Canadian soil they would. I think you would be quite safe in saying that the Indian population has been gradually decreasing in the western portion of Canada up to the last four or five years, since which time they have become more or less comfortably off, and educated to look after their health. In the eastern provinces they have about held their own. No estimate is given as to the number of our non-treaty Indians, but it is clear that there are several thousands of them. Ontario is credited in 1893 with 17,587 of an Indian population, of whom 7,750 are Iroquois, a few hundred are Huron, or of Huron-Iroquois stock, the remainder Algonquin. Quebec has 11,779; Nova Scotia, 2,129; New Brunswick, 1,540; Manitoba, 9,337; the North-West Territories, 14,271; and British Columbia, 25,618, or nearly twice as many as there are in any other one province. If we seek for their profession of religion, as a test of civilization, we regret to find a large measure of the old paganism. In Ontario, 9,654 are classed as Protestants, 6,354 as Roman Catholic, and 1,258 as Pagan, while the belief of many in this and other provinces is stated to be unknown. The Six Nations on the Grand River alone seem tainted with "Higher Criticism," twenty-four being classed in 1892 as non-denominational and eight as Universalists.

It is curious to note, that of the 4,790 Iroquois in Ontario, all are Protestants, except 897 Pagans on the Grand River; while the 3,000 Iroquois of Caughnawaga and St. Regis, and the Hurons of Lorette, are all Roman Catholics but 117. If we may believe the official report, there are no Red

Pagans in Quebec, and we hope all are good church-goers. The Pagan element is very large in British Columbia, those professing Protestantism being 6,327; Roman Catholics, 9,768; Pagans, 4,860, and there being 4,654 of which the Department has no return as to religion.

In the Province of Quebec no such distinction as to the half-breed population is made as we find in the newer provinces. Many of these, classified as Indians, are Bois-Brules, and this is evidently the case with regard to the historic remnants of the Hurons, 295 in number, whose home is the village of Lorette, and who are scarcely distinguishable in color, mode of living, and occupation, from the habitants. The blood of the native tribes, Hurons, Iroquois and Abenakis, commingled for generations with that of the Gallic immigrant, marks in this Province some thousands of the population who are classed only as white on the census roll.

I think we may fairly place the Indian population proper of Canada at
 140,000.
 Add Half-Breeds of Manitoba
 and the North-West Terri-
 tories..... 20,000.
 Add Half-Breeds in the older
 Provinces, at a guess (since
 the census does not aid us
 here)..... 40,000.

And we have a total of..... 200,000
 Canadians with pure or mixed Indian
 blood in their veins. But I may say
 that this estimate of mixed bloods may
 probably fall much short of the real-
 ity, especially in regard to Quebec.
 Mr. S. J. Dawson, a high authority,
 would fully double the number.

I propose to confine further remarks
 to incidents of the main treaties made
 with Indians and Half-Breeds of On-
 tario and Manitoba. To the better
 understanding of the subject, let us
 regard shortly the nature and extent
 of the original title of the tribes pos-
 sessing the provinces, and of the pro-
 tectorate asserted over them, and how
 that is exercised.

Sovereignty over the natives of newly discovered lands has been generally claimed on behalf of the discoverers. Columbus and his son, brother and followers, treated the inhabitants of the Antilles as heathen chattels, and freely used them in the mines, and transported them to Spain. The Indians of the northern part of the continent were not so easily subdued, and were more favorably regarded by the early French and their British successors. When they fought with them, they were allies; when adverse, they were not rebels and traitors, but enemies of the Indian nations. When peace was made with them, it was through treaties in which representative chiefs joined; so, when their lands were dealt with, it was through the tribal sovereigns. But we will see that by usage and the gradual extension of the white man's sway, this sovereignty has been curtailed, as were the powers of the old barons of England, until now, statutes and departmental orders made at Ottawa narrowly limit and define the working of the Indian councils, and the franchises of these people.

Two articles in the Capitulation of Montreal, of Sept. 8th, 1760, had special reference to natives or captives. Art. 47: "The negroes and Panis of both sexes shall remain in their quality of slaves, in the possession of the French and Canadians to whom they belong; they shall be free to keep them in their service in the colony, or to sell them, and they may also continue to have them brought up in the Roman religion." Under this, Pani Indians were actually in slavery in the Province of Quebec until 1800, and there are a few instances of these captives being in the Upper Province until after that time.

The records of the old parishes, such as Three Rivers, Quebec and Montreal, have many references as to baptism and burial of Pani slaves, and the books of the Montreal General Hospital show the death, in that institu-

tion, of eighty such slaves, between the years 1754 and 1800, and the names of their masters, representing many of the old seignorial families.^(a) Art. 40 provides that the Indians should be maintained in the lands they occupied, if they wished to remain, also that they should have liberty of religion and keep their missionaries, and should have a supply of new missionaries when the church authorities think it necessary to send them.

It was thus that his Britannic Defender of the Faith and His Most Christian Majesty provided for a continual paternal control over body and soul of the native inhabitants.

After this came, in 1763, the Treaty of Paris, which declared particularly the relative rights of the two nations, and their subjects in America especially. Prior to this, many matters were undefined, and in some cases the natives had, asserting title in fee, sold large tracts of lands to speculators for trifling considerations. The proclamation of King George Third, issued 7th October, 1763, recited that frauds and abuses had so been committed to the prejudice of the Crown, and the dissatisfaction of the Indians, and enjoined that no private person should make any purchase from them of any lands reserved to them; and in case the Indians should be inclined to dispose of any such lands, that should only be done in open assembly or meeting presided over by the Governor or Commander-in-Chief. The nature of the title was no longer considered as an absolute fee, and this was defined in the important Ontario case of *The St. Catharine's Milling Co., vs. The Queen*, which was finally decided on appeal to the Privy Council. The able judgment of Chancellor Boyd states thus: "The claim of the Indians, by virtue of their original occupation, is not such as to give any title to the land itself, but only serves to commend them to the consideration and liberality of the

Government upon their displacement. The surrender to the Crown by the Indians, of any territory, adds nothing in law to the strength of the title paramount." *Ontario Reports, X. 234.*

This judgment was upheld by the Lords of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and settles the matter through precedents, and in the white man's interests and views. It may be as well also in the interest of the red man to acquiesce, yet, as we have seen, their title was treated as allodial, nor were they deemed serfs, but sovereigns of the soil they occupied.

The views so expressed appear with more or less clearness in the instructions issued to Governors by the Crown, and in their discussions, and the treaties made from time to time. This may be illustrated by reference to the treaty made at Manitowaning, in August, 1836, by Sir F. B. Head with Ottawas and Chippewas. Addressing them, he said: "If you would cultivate your land, it would then be considered your own property in the same way as your dogs are considered among yourselves to belong to those who have reared them, but uncultivated land is like wild animals, and your Great Father, who has hitherto protected you, has now great difficulty in securing it for you from the whites, who are hunting to cultivate it."

Up to a comparatively recent period, special instructions as to the care and management of the Indians and their affairs accompanied the Royal commissions appointing Governors-General of Canada. By section 91 of the Imperial Statute of 1867, known as the Confederation Act, it is declared that the exclusive legislative authority of the Parliament of Canada shall include Indians and lands reserved for the Indians. Under this, we find that Parliament has vested the power to manage Indian affairs in the Minister of the Interior. It is through him or his agents that treaties are made in the name of the Crown, and the terms

(a) M. L'Abbe Tanguay's *Travers les Registres*, Montreal, 1886.

of former treaties carried into effect.

The right to occupancy attaches to the Indians in their tribal character, and it is only when so assembled or represented that treaties or contracts can be made with them.

The commissioners whose names appear on the treaties include many well-known in the history of Canada. They include in Ontario the late Governors Haldimand, Simcoe, and F. B. Head; Hon. W. B. Robinson, and the late Colonel William Claus; and, in Manitoba, Lieut.-Governors Archibald and Morris, and Mr. S. J. Dawson, who for many years represented Algoma in Parliament.

Fine summer weather was generally chosen for the meetings, and the Crown representative was attended by a considerable staff of officers, and others who went to enjoy a gala day or two. Such assemblies have been described by the pens of able writers, and the pencils of Paul Kane and other artists, whose works are familiar. The Indians who are parties seldom sign their names, but they are written for them, and the totem, or crudely drawn crest, is attached. Referring particularly to a few of the treaties, we find that on the 12th of May, 1781, Kitchi Negou, or Grand Sable, and other chiefs of the Chippewas, in consideration of £5,000, New York currency, surrendered to King George III. the famous island of Michillimakinak, or, as it was then called, La Grosse Isle, and they promised "to preserve in their village a *Belt of Wampum*, of seven feet in length, to perpetuate, secure, and be a lasting memorial of the said transaction."

The gallant Governor Simcoe made treaties numbered 3 and 3½, and 4 and 4. In these only do we find the Indian women mentioned as parties.

No. 3 was made at Navy Hall, in 1792, between Wabwkanyne, Wabanip, Kautabus, Wabaninship and Nattoton, Sachems, war chiefs and principal women of the Mississague Nation and King George and No. 3½ has, as gran-

tees, the chief warriors, women, and people of the Six Nations, and secures to them a reserve on the Bay of Quinté, between the river Shannon and Bower's Creek. Treaty No. 4 confirms to the chief warriors, women, and people of the same nations, a grant of land running along the banks of the Grand River for six miles. Treaty 4½ is a conveyance by them to Nancy Kerr and Margaret Kerr ("in whose veins flows our blood, they being children of Elizabeth Kerr, daughter of Mary Brant"), of a tract of land on the Grand River, containing 2,000 acres.

The harbor and islands at Penetanguishene were given up by the Chippewas by Treaty No. 5, the 22nd of May, 1798, in consideration of £101 worth of goods.

In Treaty No. 9, on the 15th day of January, 1798, "Captain Joseph Brant, Thayandanagea, Sachem and Chief Warrior of the Five Nations," appears by petition as attorney for his people interested in Treaty No. 4, and setting out that owing to encroachment of settlers it was advisable to sell, prays that these lands on the Grand River might be disposed of for the benefit of his people.

By Treaty No. 16, made in November, 1815, between Chippewa chiefs, of whom Aisance was one, a great tract of land between Lake Huron and Lake Simcoe, containing 250,000 acres, was given up to the King for £4,000, then paid to them on behalf of the nation. This territory included the tract occupied by the Hurons and the Jesuit missions 200 years before. The present site of Toronto was included in an agreement made at the Carrying Place, Bay of Quinté, on the 23rd of September, 1787, between Sir John Johnson and the Missasaugas, and this was confirmed by a conveyance, given in the official documents as No. 13, August, 1805, wherein the Missassauga nation were represented by Chechalk, Quenepenon, Wabukanyne, Acheton, Wabenose, Osenego, Kebeboncence, Okemapenesse, chiefs, all of

whom appended their totems (see page 34, vol. I, of Government Report). The tract of land so affected contained more than a quarter of a million of acres.

It seems a remarkable omission that none of the names of these old sovereigns of the soil are perpetuated at this day. Surely no names could be more appropriately used to denote bays, villages, or other landmarks of the great territories they peacefully gave up to the advancing white man. The right of fishing in the Etobicoke, Twelve Mile Creek, and Sixteen Mile Creek, then important salmon and white fish streams, was reserved for the use of the Mississague nation. The valley of the Don, and beautiful Humber vale, became thenceforth the white man's portion. Governor Simcoe had already been over from Newark, his village capital at the mouth of the Niagara River, with his surveyors, marking out the site of Toronto, the future capital. In the winter of 1793-1794, he spent some time in a tent near the Old Fort, and had penetrated up the Don valley, and built his summer house, called after his son, Castle Frank. The way was up the Don to a place near the present Winchester-street bridge; then by a path, winding over hill and valley, under the shade of elms, oaks and beeches, to the Castle, still well defined. Young Frank Simcoe entered the army, and fell bravely in his country's cause at Badajoz, in Spain.

Writing in 1795, the Duke De Liancourt stated: "There have been not more than twelve houses hitherto built in York. They stand on the bay near the River Don. * * In a circumference of 150 miles, the Indians are the only neighbors of York. They belong to the Mississagus." A preliminary bargain, or treaty, had been made with this tribe, for the territory referred to, by Sir John Johnson, at the Carrying Place at the head of the Bay of Quinté, but the deed of the property was obtained by Colonel

William Claus, Deputy Superintendent-General, on behalf of the Crown, on the 1st of August, 1805, as stated.

By similar treaties, other parts of Ontario, then Upper Canada, were from time to time opened for peaceful settlement, the original inhabitants receiving recompense generally by way of annuities for each member of the family. Passing over, we refer next to Treaty 45, made at Manitowaning, by Sir F. B. Head, on the 9th of August, 1836.

Under this, an arrangement was made with certain Ottawa and Chippewa Indians scattered about the Georgian Bay, that they should surrender all except the reserves on the Grand Manitoulin, Saugeen Peninsula, and north shore of the bay, where they should repair, and have houses built for them, and assistance given to enable them to become civilized. The Governor had been instructed by Lord Glenelg, Colonial Minister, so to segregate these Indians that they might be free from the influence of evil white men. To this the Ottawas and Chippewas agreed. Some Pottawatomies also joined them, and we find on this island and peninsula at this day, the happiest and most prosperous of these tribes. Next to the Governor's signature comes that of F. B. Assikinack, who signs without a totem, and of whom I have before treated. He was in his youth, a great warrior. He harassed the Americans at Niagara and along the St. Lawrence during the war of 1812, and was known south of the lakes by his translated name, the Black Bird.

Assikinack was a loyal Canadian, who, after a brave career in the war, still adhered to Britain, was appointed interpreter at Drummond Island, and afterwards at Manitowaning, the chief town of the Manitoulin Island, and so, unostentatiously and with honest industry, did his duty to his people and country until his death, in 1866.

Of his son, the talented Francis Assikinack, I have also given some ac-

count. He was a rare instance of a pure Indian, a true "Warrior of the Ojibwas," as he styled himself, taking up English learning and civilization in

His story is told by the German traveller, Dr. Kohl, in his book, *Kitchi Gami*. He was a mighty warrior in his day, and often led his people against the Sioux. He led the Indians who aided Captain Roberts in the taking of Fort Michillimackinack in 1812. He was also very learned as a medicine-man and in the strange art of necromancy found among the Indians of two ages ago. He became a Christian under Dr. McMurray (late the Venerable Archdeacon of Niagara), when he ministered as a missionary at Sault Ste Marie. In his latter days, the Small Pine lived on his reserve at Garden River. He was succeeded by his excellent son, Augustin Shingwauk, from whom the home for Indian children at Sault Ste Marie was named. An excellent oil portrait of Shingwauk—a masterpiece of Paul Kane,—graces the library of the Canadian Institute.



FRANCIS ASSIKINACK,
A Warrior of the Ojibwas.

such a manner as to outstrip many of his white compeers in Upper Canada College, among the ranks of civil service employés, and in cultivated circles. His papers read before the Canadian Institute and published in its proceedings, 1858-'60, attest his ability. He was too soon called away, and sleeps beside his brave father at Wikwemikong.

Treaty No. 61, made by Hon. W. B. Robinson on the 9th of September, 1851, at Sault Ste Marie, with the Chippewas of the north shore of Lake Huron and part of Lake Superior, arranged matters with fifteen bands of this tribe. This document is noticeable in that the first signer was the great Shingwauk, the Small Pine (a).

It should be noted that a considerable tract of land north of the Georgian Bay has not been as yet put under treaty, a great hardship to the Indians, mostly Chippewas, so left to their own resources.

In modern treaties, the annual grants given to the Indians have been accurately defined, being generally, \$5 per head each year, to each member of the tribe, and larger sums to chiefs and councillors: also carpenters' tools, twine for nets, farming implements and cattle, distributed to the tribe. An unfortunate grievance has been allowed to exist ever since the treaty of 1850 was made by the late Hon. William Benjamin Robinson, with Indians of Lakes Superior and Huron. The Lake Superior Indians were to receive at first but \$1.49½ per head, annually, and the others \$1 per head. It was further provided, that, should the ceded territory thereafter produce such an amount as would enable the

(a) See "The Georgian Bay," Chapter V., as to the Assikinacks and Shingwauk. Bain & Son, Toronto.

Government of the Province to increase the annuity, the same should be proportionately augmented. The sale of the lands, and of timber and mineral claims, soon produced a revenue that fairly entitled the Government's wards to a considerable yearly increase: but no addition to the original annuities was made, until, in 1875, when \$4 a head was given. Meantime and until the present day, arrears, properly due, have been accumulating, as the Indians well know, but payment of these is withheld. The lands ceded are part of the Provincial territory, and have yielded largely to swell the financial surplus. The Dominion Government, however, having charge of the Indians, are the paymasters, and because of an unfortunate dispute between the two Governments, as to the portion of the arrears accrued since Confederation, the money, a very considerable sum, lies somewhere, bearing interest let us hope, and the Indians look on with grumbling, but with commendable patience, as heirs whose patrimony has become involved in a great chancery suit. We have seen that through the fineness of legal logic the claim of the native tribes to occupy their lands was reduced to one of courtesy under a patriarchal sovereign, but the agreement to pay the income derived from the proceeds of the territory taken, is one of a clearly defined character, and should be lived up to.

Were an equal number of white men so treated by any Government, their grumbling would be much more audible than any such as we may hear in the Algonquin cabins and tepees on the north shore.

MANITOBA TREATIES.

When I first visited the Prairie Province, in the summer of 1876, it had lately passed from the hands of the Company, to form part of the Dominion. No railway yet crossed its borders. The flat-bottomed *International*, the oldest vessel of the Kittson line, carried our party pleasantly down

the muddy curving river, from Fargo to Winnipeg. The same vessel had, four years before, borne Captain Butter, on his historic journey in advance of the expedition under Wolseley. The scenery through the level prairie was interesting, as well from the varied beauties of nature appearing about us, as from the fact that we were coursing through the late debatable land of warlike nations who have left their names here: such are the Cheyenne and another tributary of the Red River, called the Bois de Sioux. It was a beautiful scene in the earlier part of our voyage, as the vessel clove her way between stately elms, cottonwoods and oaks, that lined the banks, which were covered with a rich vegetation—long grass, wild plum and cherry, prairie roses: the white blossom of the wild hop: wild tea vines; the winding convolvulus of varied hues: the dark green of ivy and grape vines hanging from trunks of trees. Clusters of the pink squaw-berries, Scotch thistles of great size, other flowers of many varieties and shades of color, dotted the rich carpet.

As we occasionally ran out over the prairie, our feet scattered the little gopher mounds, or started coveys of prairie chickens, but, busiest of all, were the myriads of mosquitoes, who resented the invasion, and soon drove us back to the deck.

By the time half the devious course had been made, the river became larger in volume, and its banks generally destitute of trees. Red men appeared at the Roseau reserve, and elsewhere on the banks. Indian boys sat in canoes, fishing with poles, or trying the still lines set to catch the great Red River cat-fish. We heard of the late troubles of the half-breeds, now happily pacified. Governor Macdougall, finding discretion the better part of valor, advanced no farther than Pembina. Captain Cameron got as far as the Little Sale River, and here found a fence crossing his path, guarded by angry bois-brulés. Mr. Proven-

cher also stopped here. Both retired from the storm. All these matters were discussed as we passed pleasantly on, and finally tied up, on a beautiful morning, in the Assiniboine, beside Fort Garry.

Arrived at the prairie capital, I found the Governor, Hon. Alexander Morris, preparing his party and outfit for an expedition, which resulted in an important treaty. It was also interesting to find among the half-breed residents of the town and of the river parishes, many landholders whose title was derived from the compact to which reference will now be made.

On the 18th of July, 1817, Thomas, Earl of Selkirk, had his headquarters at Fort Douglas, near the present city of Winnipeg, then Fort Garry, and here made a famous treaty with the five chiefs of the Chippewas and Crees, Matchie-Whewab, Mechkadettinah, Kayaqushkebinoa, Pegwis, and Oukidoat. The land then ceded was a long, narrow and fertile tract on either side of the Red River, from its mouth to Grand Forks, at its junction with the Red Lake River, and on either side the Assiniboine as far as Muskrat River, which is west of Portage La Prairie. This belt was, in Indian parlance, to be as far on each side of these rivers as one could see under a horse's belly, but, in the English of the treaty, it is two English miles from either river's banks, and at Fort Douglas, Fort Daer, and Grand Forks, was to extend round in a circle of six miles on each side. The settlers found the land so fertile, that, being shut in from markets with the world, they became careless husbandmen, and yet had abundance, save in the unhappy years when the locusts devoured all before them. To the present day this two-mile limit is known as "The Old Settlers' Belt." Here the Selkirk people built their primitive houses facing the river; their narrow farms ran back two miles, and behind each, by general consent, the occupier in the autumn cut hay for his stock. From this arose a claim to the whole

four-mile strip—to the first two miles under the treaty, and the apportionment made among the heads of families; to the second, under the custom called "Hay Privilege."

Since the creation of Manitoba into a province, the Government has recognized both claims, and the river farms, often but a few chains in breadth, and generally four miles in depth, were secured to those who could trace title back to the simple treaty between the five friendly chiefs and the crafty Scotch earl in the pleasant month of July seventy-seven years ago. The consideration for the grant agreed to be given by Lord Selkirk was 200 pounds weight of tobacco, to be annually delivered on or before the tenth of each October.

It was in this belt that the hardy pensioners, discharged after the cessation of European strife, settled. Many married daughters of the land, and from them sprung the Métis bois-brulé, or half-breed race of the North-West. These names have been given to all inhabitants of mixed origin, more particularly to those tracing parentage to civilized nations and Indian tribes. The late Archbishop Taché claims that there are so represented fourteen civilized nations and twenty-two Indian tribes among the inhabitants of our North-West.

They are generally classed as French, Canadian, or English half-breeds, the classification being based on the language spoken, and is such that we may find Sutherlands and Greys amongst the French half-breeds, and Lamberts and Parisiens amongst the English.

A curious circumstance is stated by the Archbishop. A small colony of Iroquois from Lower Canada went to the base of the Rocky Mountains. There they allied themselves with the local tribes, and their offspring are classed as half-breeds. The descendants of these savage warriors, who made our forefathers, in their pioneer homes, tremble for their lives, and in whose veins there flows not a drop of

white man's blood, are called French half-breeds. The same eminent authority affirms that the "Northern Department" (being, generally stated, the region between Ontario and the Rocky Mountains) contained, in 1870, 15,000 half-breeds.^(a) Confining our remarks to the region of the Red River, we find that many of the early settlers on its banks were gay French hunters and *coureurs de bois* who rested here from their wanderings, and intermarried with native women. Thus of kin with the red people and their children, they joined them in their hunting parties, and a wonderful state of freedom from strife prevailed for more than a generation. The bickerings which arose between the North-West Company and the Hudson Bay Company caused ill-feeling and clashing of interests, and occasional bloodshed for a time, until these companies were united, and through all, the red men refused to take part in their quarrels. Hearing of a threatened attack, however, Governor Semple, with thirty men, left Fort Douglas, and met the people of the North-West Company at Frog Plains. Angry words were soon followed by gun shots. Then a general mêlée ensued, and many were killed or wounded by the attacking party, under Cuthbert Grant, a Scotch half-breed, and chief clerk of the North-West Company. Fort Douglas was taken. The dead and wounded were left for a time on the field, but friendly Indians cared for them, and brought in the bodies of the slain. The poor people of the worsted faction were ordered to disperse, and fled for their lives. Indians again proved more humane than the cruel half-breeds. They formed a guard or convoy for the women and children, and conducted them in safety to a fort on Lake Winnipeg. It has been well suggested that the arms of Manitoba should be, not the buffalo, which has gone from her borders, but a design

showing these unfortunate women and little ones supported and guarded on their sad retreat by the humane red man.

It is interesting to Torontonians to know that Paul Brown, Francis F. Boucher, and other persons implicated in the lawless events related, were indicted and tried in Toronto in 1819. The court was formed under a special Imperial Act, and was presided over by Chief Justice Powell, and Judges Campbell and Boulton. The result was a verdict of not guilty.

Many treaties have been made since Confederation. They are all based upon the model of that signed at the Stone Fort in 1871, and that of the North-West Angle, made in 1873; and these again embraced many features of the compact made through Hon. W. B. Robinson with the Indians of Lakes Huron and Superior in 1850. An important element in the treaties is the giving of agricultural implements, cattle, and seed grain, and the encouragement to the adoption of a settled mode of life. But this by no means includes all that the Dominion does for these its wards. The sick receive medicine and attendance, and the destitute or unfortunate, food and clothing when needed.

Schools, industrial and boarding, as well as day schools for the children, are provided by the Government and supplemented by the churches, or *vice versa*. In Ontario there are six industrial and two boarding schools. In Manitoba, four of each. Ontario has seventy-six day schools, and Manitoba (including Keewatin) fifty. In many of the Ontario reserves, agriculture is extensively carried on. Only on the St. Peter's reserve in Manitoba, under the charge of Major A. M. Muckle, is steady progress made in farming and industrial pursuits. The St. Peter's band may be regarded as the wealthiest Indian community in Manitoba in real and personal property.^(b)

^(a) *Sketch of the North-West of America*, by Mgr. Tache, translated by Captain Cameron, R.A., p. 98.

^(b) Departmental Report, 1892, xvi.

In Major Muckle's official report for 1893, he summarizes his experience in the following interesting manner:—

“I notice in my agency that those treaty persons who belong to the Cree Nation, or who have white blood, are increasing, those of the Ochipway decreasing; for instance, at St. Peter's the number of adults amongst the Protestants, who are generally Swampy Crees, amounts to three hundred and twenty-six, with five hundred and twelve children. The Roman Catholics and Pagans, who are nearly all Ochipway, ninety-three adults, with seventy children; then at Broken Head River, where they are all Ochipway, there are one hundred and seven adults, with only eighty-eight children. At Fort Alexander, where the Roman Catholics are principally French half-breeds, there are ninety-seven adults, with one hundred and forty-five children, while the Protestants and Pagans, who are nearly all Ochipway, have only one hundred and twenty-three adults,

These figures also show that those increase who have settled down on their reserves, and are more under the influence of the Department, and have become civilized to a great extent; but those who will not, will gradually disappear.

The Ochipway in this section of country is a confirmed wanderer.”

The Manitoba and North-West treaties have been effected through the agency of Lieutenant-Governors and others, among whom mention should be made of Hon. Thomas Howard, Hon. J. A. N. Provencher, the late Hon. Jas. McKay, who was a half-breed gentleman, and Mr. S. J. Dawson. The first treaty made since Lord Selkirk induced the Crees and Chippewas to cede the “Old Settlers' Belt,” in 1817, was concluded by Governor Archibald in 1871, and included all the Province of Manitoba. The Indians dealt with were 3,374 of the last-named tribes. Next, a great tract lying north and west of the Province, and inhabited by less than 1,000 Chippewas, was ceded. On the third of October, 1873, a third treaty was made at the north-west angle of the Lake of the Woods, with the Saulteaux tribe of Ojibways or Chippewas, inhabiting the country between Manitoba and Ontario, said to number 3,000. By this treaty, 55,000 square miles, now

forming the Keewatin district, was secured for settlement, railway and lumbering purposes. This was most important, as the railway connecting Thunder Bay and Red River now passes through this region; so did also the Dawson route. It has most valuable timber and mineral deposits, which are opened to enterprise. On the 15th of September, 1874, a fourth treaty was made, at Qu'Appelle Lakes, by which 75,000 square miles was ceded. The Indians concerned were about 3,000 Crees, Saulteaux and mixed breeds. The lands in this treaty extend from those in the second treaty to the South Saskatchewan River and Cypress Hills on the west, the Red Deer River on the north, and the United States boundary on the south.

These and other treaties covered all the lands in Manitoba, and part of the western territory.

INCIDENTS OF TREATY-MAKING.

The scene when treaty-making was going on, was often highly picturesque. The official party was generally accompanied by soldiers from Fort Osborne, or a company of Mounted Police. Ladies often graced the proceedings with their presence, and their names may be seen as witnesses to the final contract. Mr. Dawson informs the writer that when the white party, with their escort and interpreter, were about to open proceedings in a spacious tent at the north-west angle of the Lake of the Woods, the Chief, Ma-wa-ni-to-bi-nessé, arose and asked for a short delay, saying his Secretary had not yet come. Seeing a smile on some of the white faces, he said: “You smile and think it strange that we who do not write as you, my white brothers, do, should speak of having secretaries, but such we have, young men trained to listen and store up in memory all that is said and done, and all that can be repeated by them accurately years hence.” It was found, too, that the substance of debates in Parliament, and controversies as to

them in our newspapers, were often familiar to the leading men and their half-breed relations, and the secretaries and orators came prepared with data, to support argument, and to claim a good bargain.

At the Qu'Appelle negotiations, these Cree and Saulteaux children of the plains showed that they had been considering the Hudson's Bay Company's affairs, and found as much difficulty to understand why they got the £300,000 from Canada, as many of our readers have experienced. It was, in fact, their national grievance.

"They claimed," said Governor Morris, "that the sum paid to the Company should be paid to them." He adds that he explained the nature of the arrangement with the company, and their further demand, also objected to, for a valuable reserve in the territory of these tribes. It appears that the pow-wow was then adjourned, and that it took three days after His Honor's explanations were given, for these simple folk to discuss and understand British justice. We can imagine the earnest bands collecting by their tent fires at the Calling Waters, harangued by the Cree Chief, "Loud Voice," and the Saulteaux Mee-may, on the same theme as had been discussed by our statesmen at Westminster and Ottawa. The Crees for a time refused to treat, but the Saulteaux were more good-natured and came to terms.

The commissioners congratulated themselves that they had a good escort under Colonel Osborne Smith. They were far from home, surrounded by many hundred barbarians in their native wilds, each jealous of the other. The Crees were very cross, and showed knives, hatchets and pistols; but at last, influenced by example, and by half-breeds favorable to the Company, they also, by their chiefs, joined in the indenture.

We gather the following as to the main points discussed: The Indians, through O-ta-ka-o-nan, the Gambler,

a noted orator, said: "A year ago, these people (the Company) drew lines, and measured and marked the land as their own. Why was this? We own the land; the Manitou gave it to us. There was no bargain; they stole from us, and now they steal from you. Then they were small; the Indians treated them with love and kindness. Now, there is no withstanding them; they are first in everything." Governor Morris asked: "Who made all men?—the Manitou. It is not stealing to make use of his gifts." The Indian Pah-tah-kay-we-nin replied thus beautifully: "True, even I, a child, know that God gives us land in different places, and when we meet together as friends, we ask and receive from each other, and do not quarrel as we do so." Says the narrator: "State policy, not philanthropy, and that, briefly, will effect philanthropy's noblest work—the teeming and hardly used peoples of the Old World will here find a home, their moiety and fee—even as their life—so plain, that in the beautiful words of Pah-tah-kay-we-nin, 'Even I, who am a little child, know that.' It was done—a little crowding—the low-toned voices and laughter of the Indians—a touch of the pen—and an empire changed hands."*

The report of Governor Morris of the circumstances connected with Treaty No. 5 is full of interest. I make a few extracts.

Near Carlton, at Dutch Lake, Beardy, a chief of the Willow Crees, came and asked the Governor to stop at his encampment. He says:

"When I arrived at Beardy's encampment, the men came to my carriage, and holding their right hands to the sky, all joined in an invocation to the Deity for a blessing on the bright day which had brought the Queen's messenger to see them, and on the messenger and themselves; one of them shook hands with me for the others.

"The scene was a very impressive and striking one, but, as will be seen hereafter, this band gave me great trouble, and were very difficult to deal with.

* Notes on the Qu'Appelle Treaty, by F. L. Hunt, *Canadian Monthly Magazine*, March, 1876, page 173. See also Governor Morris' book, "The Treaties of Canada with Indians," page 77.

"I then proceeded to the Indian camp, together with my fellow commissioners, and was escorted by Captain Walker and his troop.

"On my arrival, I found that the ground had been most judiciously chosen, being elevated, with abundance of trees, hay marshes, and small lakes. The spot which the Indians had left for my Council tent overlooked the whole.

"The view was very beautiful; the hill and trees in the distance, and in the foreground, the meadow land being dotted with clumps of wood, with the Indian tents clustered here and there to the number of two hundred.

"On my arrival, the Union Jack was hoisted, and the Indians at once began to assemble, beating drums, discharging firearms, singing and dancing. In about half an hour they were ready to advance and meet me; this they did in a semicircle, having men on horseback galloping in circles, shouting, singing, and discharging fire-arms.

"They then performed the dance of the 'pipe stem'; the stem was elevated to the north, south, west, and east; a ceremonial dance was then performed by the chiefs and headmen, the Indian men and women shouting the while.

"They then slowly advanced, the horsemen again preceding them on their approach to my tent. I advanced to meet them, accompanied by Messrs. Christie and McKay, when the pipe was presented to us, and stroked by our hands.

"After the stroking had been completed, the Indians sat down in front of the Council tent, satisfied that in accordance with their custom, we had accepted the friendship of the Cree nation.

"I then addressed the Indians in suitable terms, explaining that I had been sent by the Queen, in compliance with their own wishes and the written promise I had given them, etc.

"The 20th being Sunday, the Rev. Mr. John McKay, of the Church of England, conducted divine service at the Fort, which was largely attended; the Rev. Mr. Scollen also conducted divine service.

"At noon a messenger came from the Indian camp, asking that there should be a service held at their camp, which Mr. McKay agreed to do; this service was attended by about two hundred adult Crees."

At one of the conferences they asked that the Government should send missionaries—but the Governor would not establish the old State Church trouble. He answered:

"I told them that we could not give them missionaries, though I was pleased with their request, but that they must look to the churches, and that they saw Catholic and Protestant missionaries present at the conference. We told them that they must help their own poor, and that if they prospered they could do so. With regard to war, they would not be asked to fight unless they desired to do so, but if the Queen did call on them to protect their wives and children, I believed they would not be backward."

One Indian was immensely averse to capital punishment in British style.

The Bear said: "Stop, my friends. I never saw the Governor before; when I

heard he was to come, I said I will request him to save me from what I most dread—hanging; it was not given to us to have the rope about our necks." I replied, that God had given it to us to punish murder by death, and explained the protection the police force afforded the Indians.

Big Bear still demanded that there should be no hanging, and I informed him his request would not be granted. He then wished that the buffalo might be protected, and asked why the other chiefs did not speak.

The Fish, a Chippewayan, replied, "We do not, because Sweet Grass has spoken, and what he says, we all say."

I then asked the Bear to tell the two absent chiefs, Short Tail and Sagamat, what had been done; that I had written him and them a letter, and sent it by Sweet Grass, and that next year they could join the treaty; with regard to the buffalo, the North-West Council were considering the question, and I again explained that we would not interfere with the Indian's daily life, except to assist them in farming.

The speech of Sweet Grass referred to is thus related by Governor Morris:

Sweet Grass rose and addressed me in a very sensible manner. He thanked the Queen for sending me; he was glad to have a brother and a friend who would help to lift them up above their present condition. He thanked me for the offer, and saw nothing to be afraid of. He therefore accepted gladly, and took my hand to his heart. He said God was looking down on us that day, and has opened a new world to them. Sweet Grass further said he pitied those who had to live by the buffalo, but that if spared until this time next year, he wanted this my brother (i.e. the Governor) to commence to act for him in protecting the buffalo; for himself he would commence at once to prepare a small piece of land, and his kinsmen would do the same.

Placing one hand over my heart, and the other over his own, he said: "May the white man's blood never be spilt on this earth. I am thankful that the white man and red man can stand together. When I hold your hand and touch your heart, let us be as one; use your utmost to help me and help my children, so that they may prosper."

The chief's speech, of which the foregoing gives a brief outline in his own words, was assented to by the people with the peculiar guttural sound which takes with them the place of the British cheer.

The Little Hunter, a leading chief of the Plain Crees, said he was glad from his very heart; he felt in taking the Governor's hand as if it was the Queen's. "When I hear her words, that she is going to put this country

to rights, it is the help of God that put it into her heart.' He wished an everlasting grasp of her hand; he was thankful for the children who would prosper. All the children who were settling there hoped that the Great Spirit would look down upon us as one. Other chiefs expressed themselves similarly.

Let us not forget to refer to the great Sioux race, who, within thirty-three years, waged a terrible war with the United States in Minnesota, and later in the Black Hills, but have since, to some extent, been affected by Canadian treaties.

Their home before 1863 was in Minnesota, at the headwaters of the Mississippi and Red Rivers. Trouble arose as encroachment was made on their reserves, and because of the unjust manner in which they were systematically treated by United States officials. The greater contest between the North and South States diverted our attention from the terrible story of barbarities inflicted on the settlers of this sparsely peopled region. New Ulm and other villages were destroyed, women and infants falling victims in scores. The Hon. Dr. Schultz, since Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba, described the event in a speech in the House of Commons at Ottawa, on 31st March, 1873, thus:—

'Ten years ago, this tribe of Sioux were in as profound a state of peace with the United States, as the Crees are now with us; but a grievance had been growing; the conditions of their treaties had not been carried out; remonstrances to their agents had been pigeon-holed in official desks; warnings from half-breeds and traders who knew their language had been pooh-poohed by the apostles of red-tape, till, suddenly, the wail of the massacre of '63 echoed through the land. Western Minnesota was red with the blood of the innocent, and for hundreds of miles the prairie horizon was lit with burning dwellings, in which the shriek of childless women had been silenced by the tomahawk of the savage. The military power of the United States was of course called into requisition; but the movement of regular troops was slow, while that of the Indian was like the 'Pestilence which stalketh in darkness.' Where least expected; where farthest removed from military interference; in the dead of night, they appeared, and the morning sun rose on the ghastly faces

of the dead, and the charred remains of their once happy homes.

Trained soldiers, in the end, overcame the savages, but not until a country as large as Nova Scotia had been depopulated; not until the terror had diverted the stream of foreign emigration to more southern fields, and not until three military expeditions in three successive years, had traversed the Indian country, at an expenditure of \$10,000,000, and necessitated, since that time, the maintenance of ten military posts with permanent garrisons of three thousand men."

The war ended as such conflicts have always ended in America. At Mankato and elsewhere, miscreants caught red-handed suffered by the score, on the gallows. The Sioux, as a nation, were dispersed and became vagabonds, although many of their people had made considerable progress in civilization. A band of sixty Sioux families entered Manitoba seeking a home. They were assigned to a reserve, and cattle, seed and implements supplied to them. Farm instructors were appointed, and the churches did not neglect them. They have done fairly well as agriculturists, though many rove about too freely. As between the Sioux, the Crees and the Saulteaux the hatchet is buried.

These Canadian Sioux number 1,500 souls. Their reserves are at Birtle, Regina, Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat, Maple Creek, Oak Lake and elsewhere in the Territories.

The Sioux and Chippewas were ancient enemies. Many instances can still be gathered, on the frontier, as to their cruel treatment of each other. At Fargo a Chippewa brave showed a wonderful example of endurance. Tied to a stake and slowly burning, he was scalped; the wet scalp was struck in his face, yet he uttered no cry. At St. Paul, when it was a village, an angry Sioux followed a Chippewa into a store, shot him and walked out. "Let him go, let them kill each other so they let us alone," was the verdict of the whites who looked on.

As late as 1866, in Fort Garry, the deadly hatred showed itself. A band of Sioux, from the United States, were

attacked by Saulteaux from Red Lake, and five of them were shot. The remainder fled.

Such events as are above related are becoming mere matters of history among the Indians of Manitoba and the North-West Territories, but they are remembered and keenly discussed by the fires of many a wigwam. The following tale was, in May, 1894, related by Mr. James Sanderson, of Medicine Hat, and is given as an interesting example of tribal conflicts of an age scarcely yet past :

“About 26 years ago, as near as I can come to the date, in my reckoning, a party of Crees and Saulteaux, numbering 900 lodges, were camped at a place 4½ miles east of Swift Current, and some distance to the northward of Old Wives Lake, known as *Man-e-a-Man-an*, or ‘The Vermillion Hill.’

A war party of the allied Bloods, Blackfeet and Pegans, got wind of their whereabouts, and sent runners to reconnoitre, so as to make sure whether they might venture to attack them with a fair prospect of success.

The runners, having been deceived by the nature of the ground, which did not permit of their seeing but a portion of the lodges, returned and reported that the Crees were but a handful and would easily be overcome and killed.

The Blackfeet and their allies, numbering between 700 and 800 braves in all, in accordance with their information, advanced confidently to the attack, and reached the camp of their enemies just as day was breaking. There, in the brush, they surprised and captured two Saulteaux girls, daughters of a man named ‘*Na-im-a-tup*’ or ‘The Man Who Sits,’ while they were cutting wood in the brush. Then began the attack.

Naturally, the Blackfeet did not find it such an easy matter as they had expected to overcome the Cree warriors and take their hair. On the contrary, after fighting all day they had to retreat with heavy loss, and their enemies finally got them hemmed in in a coulee, where they were shot down by their pursuers from the vantage ground of the sides of the narrow canyon, in great numbers. So thick, indeed, was the pile of corpses that at least one Blackfoot brave is reported to have thrown himself on the ground, as if wounded, and covered himself with the dead bodies, thus evading death or capture until he escaped under the cover of night. Altogether, over 300 Blackfeet fell the rest escaping with great difficulty from the corpse-filled coulee, while only 15 of the Crees fell.

So thorough was the defeat that, to this

day, no Blackfoot, Blood or Pegan will stand any reference to the ‘*no-tin-tu-in*,’ or battle of ‘*Man-e-a-Man-an*,’ any more than a son of the ‘ould sod’ will stand quietly by while an Orangeman whistles ‘the Boyne Water.’

The Saulteaux girls, who were captured by the Blackfeet, were carried away and sold by their captors to one of the young chiefs of the Bloods, for ten head of ponies. He, afterwards, in 1872, returned them to their father.

The chiefs of the Blackfoot party were ‘*Pu-aps-gu-bachk-wan*,’ or ‘Iron Shield,’ and ‘*Ka-kwis-ki-ka-pu-it*,’ or ‘The Man Who Turns His Back.’ The Crees were led by ‘*Ka-nacha-stya-pu-e*,’ or ‘Good Bow,’ ‘*Kusko-tchayo-mucka-sis*,’ or ‘Little Black Bear,’ and ‘*Ki-sa-kau-a-tchach-kus*,’ or ‘Day Star.’

Next to the Sioux the Blackfeet were the ancestral enemies of the Crees and Saulteaux. Their conflicts were many and bloody. Now, the Blackfeet are among the most progressive Indians in the North-West Territories. They have missions and schools, and raise a large amount of farm produce. Their great chief, Crowfoot, was a good friend of the English race. Near “Three Bulls” village is the monument put up over his grave. On one side is inscribed “Chief Crowfoot: Died April 15, 1890; Aged 69 years.” On the other side: “Father of his people.”

Not far from Crowfoot’s grave, Poundmaker, of rebellion fame, is buried. He was on a visit from Battleford, and died here.

With such wolves on our borders, was it not strange that the little white flock of Manitoba did not fall victims? I was led to make enquiry and found that the danger would, indeed, have been imminent, had not our Indians been of the true and loyal spirit which has ever characterized them. In August, 1893, I visited St. Peter’s Reserve, the most important Cree settlement in Manitoba. It is on the Red River of the North, midway between Winnipeg and the lake of that name. Muckle’s Creek, a beautiful stream, runs through the settlement. Here we met Counsellor John Prince, whose Cree name is *I-and-way-nay*, or *Thunder-bolt*. He

is the ideal of a handsome native. He stands fully six feet in his mocassins, with features remarkably like those of the late premier of Canada, Sir John Macdonald. His hair was becoming silvery, and fell loose and curling to his shoulders. He was affable and polite, a fine specimen of his nation after contact of two generations with Christian civilization.

He had paddled in a birch-bark up the Creek to the house of Major Muckle, the Superintendent: his squaw, an old lady of good features and finely formed hands and feet, was with him. She had also wielded a paddle on the creek. I-and-way-nay was descended from Pegwis, a renowned warrior in his youth, who became a Christian in early Hudson's Bay Company days. We asked our visitor to tell us of the relations between Pegwis and the Sioux, saying we had heard of the good influence he had wisely used in shielding the white people of Rupert's Land and Manitoba from attacks such as fell heavily on settlers south of the national boundary. I-and-way-nay lit his pipe and smoked thoughtfully awhile, made some remarks to his wife

and to our hostess, as he recalled events of his youth, and said: "I never went on the war-path, but I heard of the Sioux massacres in Minnesota and of the many contests between my people and that nation and the Blackfeet, in early days. The Sioux were



I-AND-WAY-NAY.

A Cree Councillor.

from the South: the Blackfeet away beyond the Saskatchewan, in the west. Some of the Sioux came in early times, before the Scotch settlers, to smoke with Pegwis. Wah-ni-tii was their old chief. He had English medals, but grandfather suspected his sincerity,

even when smoking the pipe of peace. The Sioux wanted the Crees to join together against the English. Wah-ni-tii left our reserve, and soon after killed all the Saulteaux he could catch on the plains.

"The next generation of Sioux were worse. They were sly as foxes and cruel as wolves. After the Minnesota massacres, ten of them came from there to see Pegwis at St. Peter's, and pretended to regret having killed the Americans. The bad chief, Little Crow was among them. He had led the bands in their bloody work in Minnesota. Grandfather was annoyed and angry with them, and died of heart-disease soon after. Little Crow was shot and killed by a Mr. Lampson, at St. Joe, on the Plains after this. My grandfather always advised us to be friendly with the whites."

I quote the testimony of the venerable Bishop Whipple of St. Paul as to the point under discussion.

In a letter of the 3rd of March, 1876, to the *New York Times*, Bishop Whipple refers in severe terms, to the subject of American Indian treatment, pronouncing the system "a web of blunders, full of shameless fraud and lies." He continues thus:—

"North of us there is another nation of our own race. Since the American revolution they have expended no money in Indian wars. They have lost no lives by Indian massacre. The Indians are loyal to the Crown. It is not because these Indians are of another race. It is not because there is less demand for the Indian's land. It is not because their policy is more generous. We expend ten dollars for their one. It is because with us the Indian is used by corrupt men as a key to unlock the public treasury. In Canada they are the wards of a Christian nation. They select good men as agents. They give the Indians personal rights of property. They make them amenable to the law—crime does not go unpunished."

Any treatise on treaties to secure the land of the natives would be incomplete if reference were not made to the historical and political record of the half-breeds of the North-West. Their history would include that of

the fur-trade—a large and interesting field. First, up to 1763, under French régime; from that until 1821 it was held by two great rival companies—the North-West Company and Hudson's Bay Company. These united under the latter name, and that company held sway until the North-West became part of Canada, in 1870.

These hardy Métis voyageurs and hunters feared no hardship or exposure. They mingled freely with the Indians, and in some of the Indian treaties take benefits under them to the exclusion of their other claims on the Government. The Dominion Act of 1870 reserved lands to the extent of 1,400,000 acres, for the benefit of the Manitoba half-breeds. It was supposed that each head of a family would have thus 160 acres, and each child 190 acres, but as the number of these people were not so large as expected, each, in fact, had 240 acres assigned to him or her as a birthright. Mr. John Machar, Q.C., of Kingston, was a commissioner to enumerate the Métis in 1875, and gave me a memo as to his finding as follows:— "The total number of the Manitoba Métis, of all extractions, is about 10,000; of French origin somewhat over half; of the rest, the Scotch number about five-sixths; English, Irish, and others, one sixth. The Scotch were principally from Orkney; some from Caithness and Sutherland. About two-thirds of the race are engaged in farming of a rude and unskilful kind, on the banks of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers. Nearly one thousand of the Manitoba half-breeds have already moved westward, and may be found near Carlton, Qu'Appelle, St. Laurent, Edmonton, and Prince Albert; so that their number in the Province is, after making allowance for natural increase, certainly no greater than in 1870."

Since that, the extinction of the buffalo has, of necessity, forced many of these hunters to find in agriculture and in commercial pursuits a means

of subsistence. Even before this, natural instinct led many descendants of the Scotch Highlanders, and other British settlers, to till the ground. The French Métis seemed generally to partake more of the natural Indian spirit, and to prefer the chase. The strong fibre of the Scottish mind has not generally given way, but has often raised the Indian to its own level, and many traits of character will be found in the Bois-brulés of the North-West, which seem derived from the half-wild and sometimes cruel followers of the proud heroes of Waverley.

At the time of the fight referred to, at Frog Plains, the names of the four chiefs of the half-breeds were Bastonnais, Pangman, William Shaw, Cuthbert Grant, and Bonhomme Montoun, and these indicate their national origin. Since that, there were cruelties perpetrated by the half-breeds in the employ or interest of the fur companies, which gave some reason for reflection. Then came the national and religious struggle, in which they and certain French residents were involved on the cession of the Prairie Province as part of Canada which gave rise to the bloodless expedition under Colonel, now General Lord Wolseley.

Had Riel then been disposed of, and territorial affairs been competently administered, future trouble might probably have been avoided, but that was not to be, and we had to meet the small rebellion led by the same restless spirit. It gave opportunity for

displays of bravery at Cut Knife Creek and Batoche, which we would not but regard with interest, and all due praise. But for these unfortunate incidents, which are connected with a phase of the country now probably passed, not to reappear, the history of the Métis has been as loyal as that of their red brethren in their contract with the whites in our North-West. The future of Canada depends much on the development of the great territory of which we have spoken. There can be no doubt that the limit of fertile lands in the Western States of the Union has been reached. The next half century will produce a marvellous change in the region late the home of the red men, and their half brothers, the Métis. The surplus population of Europe, and of the Eastern States of the Union, and older provinces of Canada, when searching for arable lands, will learn in time, by sad experience, to avoid the arid plains of the Western States. They will find in the valleys of the Red River of the North, the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan, homes waiting them, where manly labor will produce plenty, and where constitutional freedom will stretch her hand over all. They will find the native tribes at peace, welcoming the new comer. Let us pray that all there meeting may multiply and prosper together, with rulers blest, because they have done justly, under the laws of Canada, and the benign aegis of the British Constitution.



A CANOE TRIP TO LAKE MISTASSINI AND JAMES' BAY.

BY ALEXANDER H. D. ROSS.

A MAP of the Far North of Eastern Canada shows the East Main river flowing west, into James' Bay, and the Hamilton, flowing east, in the same latitude, into Hamilton Inlet, to be two of the largest rivers of this inhospitable region. As an instance of the extent of the North-East Territories, it may be mentioned that Moose Fort, on James' Bay, is as far from the easterly point of the Labrador coast as it is from Washington.

The interior of this vast territory has always been beyond the line of accurate knowledge. It is as truly a *terra incognita*, as when it was, in popular belief, the home of dwarfs, of giants, of headless men and semi-human monsters.

Many queer stories have been told about this practically unknown country, one of the latest being that of an English explorer, who claims to have discovered the Hamilton River falls, over 2,000 feet in height.

The East Main River is supposed to rise fully 500 miles inland, near the central watershed of the Labrador Peninsula, which divides the waters running north into Ungava Bay, on Hudson Strait, from those flowing west and south into Hudson Bay and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, respectively. The source of the Hamilton appears to be not far distant from that of the East Main, and it has been proposed to make these two rivers the northern boundary of the Province of Quebec. This would give the province an additional strip of territory 250 miles in width at its western extremity, and including the whole of Lake Mistassini and the Rupert River and surrounding country.

In 1892, Mr. A. P. Lowe, of the Geological Survey of Canada, was

sent to explore and map the East Main and surrounding country. The writer accompanied him as assistant. As the northern country is densely wooded and abounds with lakes, rivers, creeks, hills, and mountains, and we had only a rough sketch of it made in 1821, by a Hudson Bay officer, ours was a somewhat hazardous undertaking; but, as Adam Lindsay Gordon, the poet of the Australian bush, declares:

“ No game was ever yet worth a rag,
For a rational man to play,
Into which no accident, no mishap
Could possibly find its way.”

To make a topographical and geological survey of the unknown lakes and rivers was *our* business.

Leaving Ottawa on the 26th of May, we travelled by the Canadian Pacific Railway to Quebec, thence, 90 miles north by the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, which runs through the Laurentians, which present some of the wildest scenery to be found on the continent. The mountain scenery along the line is exceedingly grand, and most gigantic are some of the rock-cuttings made for the passage of the railway. The road follows the course of the Batiscan for 25 miles. This river is a succession of wild, leaping cascades, and rushing, foaming rapids, with occasional stretches of deep, dark water, that contrast strangely with the rough and rocky descents that form the chief characteristics of the river's course through this wild, mountainous country.

All the lakes drained by the Batiscan contain immense quantities of speckled trout. Very wonderful and very beautiful is the network of lakes and rivers seen in every direction on



HUDSON BAY COMPANY'S POST AT MOUTH OF EAST MAIN RIVER.

both sides of the railway, and all teeming with the most luscious and most voracious brook trout. Of these lakes, Lake St. Joseph, the summer retreat of numbers of Quebec families, and Lake Edward (throughout its entire length of 21 miles), are free to the public.

Arriving at Roberval, on the south-west shore of Lake St. John, we soon made our way to Mr. H. J. Beemer's magnificent summer hotel, which is supplied with all modern conveniences—electric light included—has an excellent table, and furnishes accommodation for 300 guests.

Lake St. John is of a circular form, about 85 miles in circumference, very shallow, and discharges into that marvellous river—the Saguenay. The bed of the lake is composed of Silurian limestone, which at various points is formed entirely of fossil shells of the Trenton and Hudson River groups. Many of these may be had in very perfect form for the trouble of picking them up. Utica shales occur on some of the islands. On the lake ply three steamers, bearing the picturesque names, Peribonca, Mistassini and Undine, to carry excursion parties over its surface and up the large rivers flowing into it. These are the Peribonca, or "River with Sandy Shores," over 400 miles long; the Mistassini, or "River of the Big Rock," some 300 miles in length, and nearly two miles wide at its mouth, and the Ashuepmouchouan, or "River where

the moose cross over," about 275 miles long,—all flowing in from the north and north-west:—The Ouiatchouan, or "River whose Falls you see from Afar;" the outlet of Lake Bouchette; "the Ouiatchouaniche, or Little Ouiatchouan; and the Netabetchouan, all flowing in from the south. The Ouiatchouan owes its name to the circumstance that the falls near its mouth are visible, on a clear day, for many miles around. These falls are 236 feet in height, and rival in altitude those of Montmorenci, but far surpass them in the distribution of their waters as they are lashed into foam by the projecting rocks.

This wild, weird region is the home of the Ouananiche, or land-locked salmon, one of the handsomest and one of the gamiest fish that swims. The French and Indian *voyageurs* are never so much at home as when steering their frail barks through a rushing, whirling, seething rapid, or bringing an angler to the edge of a scum-covered eddy, dotted with insect life, where the hungry Ouananiche lies in ambush below, waiting to spring upon his favorite fly as soon as it floats around. A five-pound fish frequently leaps four feet or more out of the water a dozen times in succession, and it requires considerable skill to land him.

Owing to the late spring freshets in the rivers, and the difficulty of procuring suitable *voyageurs* to accom-

pany us into the wilderness, we were unable to leave Roberval before the 13th of June.

With two eighteen feet, cedar, Peterborough canoes, and a four fathom birch-bark canoe, we ascended the Ashuepmouchouan, 58 miles, to the Shegobiche branch. As we expected to be in the bush for three months, and would often be compelled to carry everything overland, it was absolutely necessary to have a maximum of nourishment in the smallest possible space, and to reduce our baggage to a minimum. Hence, our provisions consisted of pork, beans, flour, baking powder, sugar, tea, evaporated peaches, butter, extract of beef, some canned beef, and even a few tins of fruit.

The first afternoon, a tremendous thunder-storm drenched us through and through, and loosened a clay bank, which just missed overwhelming one of the canoes and its occupants, who escaped by quickly shooting into mid-stream.

As the water in these northern rivers is generally shallow, and at many points runs very swiftly, it is often a difficult matter to ascend them. Up short rapids and small cascades, canoes may be propelled with iron-shod poles. Shifting, spreading waters were the dread of ancient settlers on "The fruitful shore of muddy Nile," but *snags* are the evil *genii* of *voyageurs*. The bowsman has to keep a sharp look-out for submerged rocks, stones and trees, the dark-colored water making it extremely difficult for an inexperienced person to tell where they are. Twelve and fifteen yards away our men would detect the presence of snags, which we could not see until within five or six yards. A *voyageur's* life is not an easy one. Besides paddling, poling and portaging all day, he must help to unload the canoes, store stuff for the night, examine the canoes, stop leaks in them, pitch tents and carpet them with balsam-fir, procure wood for fires, cut

sticks to hang pots on, or make handles for frying pans, clean game and fish, and manufacture *gelettes*, or scones, out of flour, water, baking powder, and a little salt, and bake them before a rousing fire. Our *voyageurs* were willing on the portage, cool in the rapid, keen in the hunt, and very handy round the camp fire. Taking great pride in their calling, they felt hurt if not left to choose the camping-place. Invariably they chose the best, often selecting a charming spot in the immediate vicinity of a rapid or waterfall. As for our meals, each man was a capital cook: everything was seasoned with hunger sauce; the tea was strong enough to float a broadaxe, and the watchword was "Everything goes."

On Dominion land surveys the assistant had spent two summers on the plains between Winnipeg and the Rockies; but this first day's experience convinced him that he was a regular tenderfoot in the bush. Learning to paddle 46 to the minute for hours at a stretch, and to keep the *voyageur's* straight arm stroke, nearly broke his heart. Carrying a sack of flour over a quarter-mile portage next morning nearly broke his neck. Everything was carried with portage straps. The ends of the strap being properly adjusted, and made fast around the load, the head is inserted in the loop, with the forehead pressing against the broad part, and the load upon the back and shoulders. This leaves the hands free to push aside bushes and branches, to climb up steep places or over fallen trees, or to swing round awkward corners among the rocks. Our first portage ran up a steep clay bank, over fallen trees, through willows and marshy places, over sharp stones and rounded boulders, and finally over a ledge of granite rock.

Our men never carried less than two or three hundred weight, and trotted along briskly wherever the path was good. To win a wager, one of them carried five sacks of flour over a 200 yard portage, a rate which would mean

a ton of stuff in four trips! Before a month was out, the tenderfoot managed to "waltz" his 200 pounds over short portages. Having carried their load across at a rapid trot, our men ran back for another without a moment's halt, and so on till everything was in readiness for starting on the next lake or portion of the river. Often for an hour at a time, not a word fell from their lips, as they paddled with all the ease and regularity of machinery. As the weeks went by,

times rising forty or fifty feet in half a mile.

The Hudson's Bay Company's officer at Point Bleu, near the mouth of the Ashuepmouchouan, told us we could not reach Lake Mistassini in less than twenty-five days. But we thought we could; we "pitched in" and "hustled things along" until Lake Obatagoman was reached. Some days we had miles and miles of "tracking." At one moment we might be running along a wet clay bank, the next over



MOUTH OF THE "GORGE," EAST MAIN RIVER.

their patience, endurance, dignity, and self-control did not fail to evoke our friendship and admiration.

When it was impossible to pole up a rapid, "tracking lines" (light ropes about forty yards long) were fastened to the bows of the canoes. Some went ashore and pulled on the free ends; the rest pushed with their poles; everybody "yo-heigh-oed" and the canoes rode gallantly over the opposing rapids and cascades. By this means we ascended many places which at first sight seemed impassible—some-

sharp rocks and rounded boulders; then over driftwood, which put both line and temper in a tangle; now in loose sand, which gets into our boots, but is washed out again as we splash through shallow places in the river, and finally along the face of a granite cliff, where the sudden lurch of a canoe would perhaps "spill 'em in the drink" twenty feet below. Rain, river, and perspiration, kept us in a chronic state of saturation until tracking days were done.

If getting wet did not bother us, the

flies did, and kept bothering until the middle of August. A black fly will bite in a dozen places, and a single bite from a sand-fly will nearly drive a man crazy. The "gay and festive mosquito" is the least troublesome of all. It is useless to wear a veil, because black flies crawl under it, and the bushes tear it to pieces. In daytime the best protection is a mixture, applied to forehead, face, hands and neck, of tar and castor oil, which, despite its unsavory odor, answers the purpose admirably. Castor oil, containing a few drops of carbolic acid, also does very well. At night, cheese-cloth tents, inside our canvas tents, protected us from our enemies—the flies—and we thoroughly enjoyed reading in peace, and "listening to those skeeters sing," for "'twas sweet music, I declare."

During the first three days we overcame many portages and small rapids, and at the end of the fourth reached Kettle Portage, which gets its name from the deep holes drilled in the solid granite rock by the whirling action of water on stones. One "kettle" is forty inches wide, and nearly ten feet deep; another six feet across, and seven feet deep.

On the 17th of June, our minimum thermometer registered three degrees of frost. During the morning we saw great masses of ice lodged in gullies close to the river, and by noon the temperature had risen to 85° F. in the sun.

Leaving the Ashuepmouchouan, we ascended the Shegobiche, or "Shell-drake River" to Shegobiche Lake, which is a shallow, crescent-shaped body of water, about twelve miles long, and surrounded by very high hills. The Shegobiche River is a small stream, much obstructed by rapids and falls, and on y navigable with loaded canoes during high water. Ascending a long, shallow, crooked river flowing into Lake Shegobiche, and making a short portage, we paddled down a small stream flowing into Lake Ash-

uepmouchouan. Meeting here an Indian and his boy on their way to Lake St. John, we took the opportunity of sending letters home.

On the north shore of Lake Ashuepmouchouan we found Indians encamped in birch bark wigwams, and exchanged some pork and flour for smoked whitefish and dried meat.

With 80 feet of canvas on each of our Peterboroughs, and a stiff breeze, we quickly reached the further end of the lake. Ascending the Nikauhan, or "Alder-Point" River, we came to a 1,600 yard swamp portage, where we sank to the knees at almost every step. No convict ever worked as hard as we did in making that portage. Ugh! it made most of us tired to look at it. But, on the survey, "everything goes," so in we plunged and toddled across with half loads, our good dog Jack (a beautiful, jet black, cocker-spaniel, which I had forgotten to mention) gaily bounding on before.

On the tenth day out we crossed the height of land between the St. Lawrence River and Hudson's Bay, bringing away birch bark souvenirs of the event.

Next day, in a chain of small creeks and lakes, we saw many beaver dams and huts. In one place we found a canal dug by these sagacious creatures to keep the water up to a certain level. All along the route, deserted wigwams, or the bleaching skulls of bears, otters, beavers, foxes and muskrats, indicated the position of former camps. Spruce partridge, plover, geese, and ducks abound in certain localities, but are scarce in others. Whenever a duck or partridge was spied there was a general whisper of "Snack! snack!" up went the gun and down came the bird. We had heard of a gun which shoots, cleans and cooks the bird at the same time, but were unable to procure one for our trip.

A series of creeks, small lakes (many of them covered with poplar pollen), and portages, now brought us to Chatagoman or "The Lake with Many

Narrows," a large and beautiful sheet of water, which might well be called the Lake of the Thousand Islands, so many are the islands dotting its surface.

In Chatagoman are areas of syenitic granite and eruptive granite, followed by green chloritic schists in the north-east bay to the west end of Lake Chihougamoo, situated at the head of the Notaway River flowing into James' Bay. Chihougamoo is a large lake in the form of a parallelogram: the islands are very numerous: the water is very clear and deep: the fish are large and plentiful: the shore is clean and well wooded, and game abounds. This lake is much finer than any part of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, and would make a most magnificent summer resort. While passing through, we caught trout weighing as much as six pounds.

At Paint Mountain, two miles this side of the portage between Chihougamoo and Wakiniehe, or the "Lake with the Lichens on the Rocks," are diorites and green schists. Iron and copper pyrites are abundant. About Wakiniehe most of the rocks are green schists. Towards the east end are reddish feldspathic schists and conglomerates which run under the limestone forming the bed of Lake Mistassini.

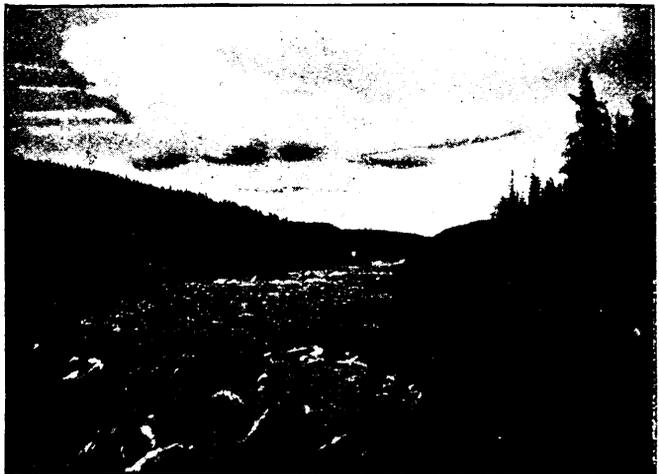
While passing through Wakiniehe, we caught 38 trout in less than four hours: their average weight was nearly four pounds.

Chatagoman, Chihougamoo, and Wakiniehe form a most remarkable group, and must be seen to be appreciated.

During the morning of the seven-

teenth day out from Lake St. John we reached that wonderful inland sea, Mistassini, about whose existence and extent there was so much controversy a few years ago. At noon we reached the Hudson's Bay Company's trading post, thus beating the time allowed us by seven days and a half. With another Peterborough, instead of our birch bark, canoe, we could have made the trip in fourteen days. Being much lighter, easier running, and more easily managed in a rapid, and drawing less water than barks, our Peterboroughs were the wonder and admiration of every Indian we met. On one occasion our smallest carried eleven men (averaging about 165 pounds) across a big bay, and could have taken fifteen.

At Mistassini the Chief was received with great enthusiasm. While there in 1885, his sterling qualities of mind and heart endeared him to all who came in contact with him. During that year he made a complete instru-



"THE GORGE," EAST MAIN RIVER.

mental survey of the lake, and found it to be nearly 100 miles in length, and from 5 to 15 miles in width. A chain of islands runs down the centre, and the water between them is so shallow that a slight decrease in the

level of the lake would result in the production of two separate lakes. An isolated sounding, made not far from the discharge into the Rupert River, showed a depth of 374 feet. Owing to its great size, the main body of the lake seldom freezes before December 20th (nine weeks later than the other lakes around), and breaks up a fortnight later than the rest.

The bed of the lake is composed of hard, compact, siliceous, dark blue limestone. The country in its immediate vicinity is slightly rolling, with rounded hills rising from 30 to 60 feet above the water, and interspersed with numerous small lakes and marshes. During the summer months the sky appears to be clouded the greater part of the time, and drizzling rains and heavy thunderstorms fall. As frosts occur in every month except July, the climate unfits the surrounding country for agriculture. Barley has been sown at the Post, but will not ripen. Even in July, low land bordering on the northern part of the lake, is frozen solid within a foot of the surface, in places where the trees are at all dense. The soil is a sandy loam, with clay subsoil, and in a more favorable climate would yield fair crops.

The waters of Mistassini and all the adjoining lakes are full of fish, which is the chief article of food of the inhabitants of the district. The principal kinds are lake-trout, river-trout, white-fish, pike, pickerel, and sucker, all of large size and fine quality. These fisheries would be of considerable commercial value if access could be had to them by railway. During the spawning season, when the fish come into the shallow water, large numbers of them are caught in nets, then cleaned and smoked for winter use.

As there are no longer any deer in the country, and small game, such as rabbits and partridges are scarce, if it were not for the provisions supplied by the Hudson's Bay Company the Indians around Mistassini would be unable to live. As it is, cases of death

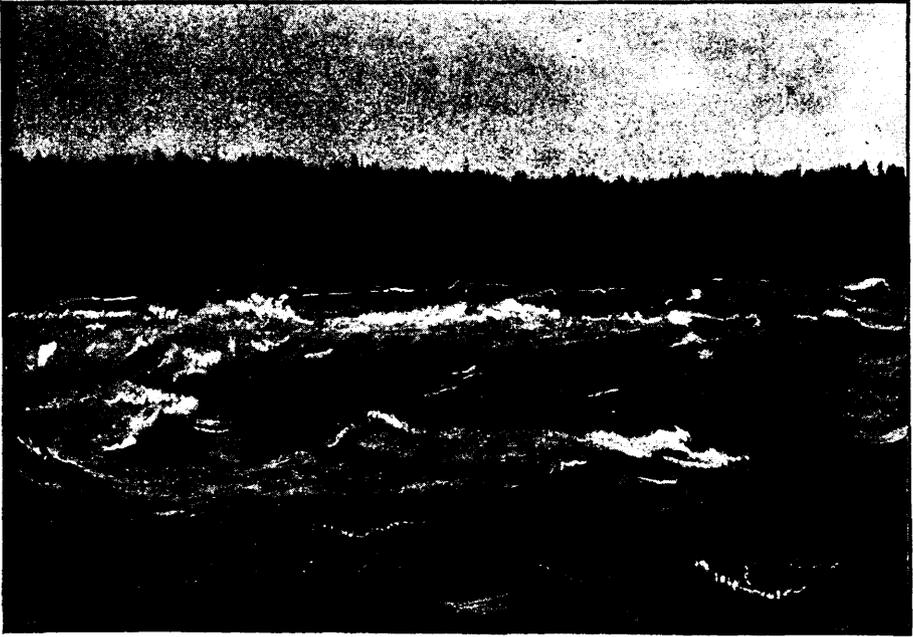
by starvation are by no means uncommon during the winter. In summer all the able-bodied men descend the Rupert River to Rupert's House for supplies for the ensuing year. In August the company's ship from London arrives at Moose Factory, with a year's supplies for posts on and accessible from James' Bay. From Moose, sloops carry merchandise to Albany, Rupert's House, East Main, and Whale River, and from these points it is taken inland in canoes. From Rupert's House it takes a month to reach Mistassini, and in the fall of 1891 it took nearly two. When half-way up the river, the party was "taken with the sickness" (La Grippe); one man died; the rest were badly shaken up, and half a year's supplies were consumed or lost before the destination of the party was reached.

After discharging the four men engaged in bringing in provisions, and sending them back to Lake St. John, we found we were rather short of flour. As there were only two bags of that commodity in the storehouse, we bought one of them. It cost us \$14, and fully one-half of it proved unfit for use. At Waswanapie, on the upper East Main River, the Hudson Bay officer is allowed two barrels of flour per year. As he divides it amongst his family, he eats bread only on New Year's day. On our trip, we lived very plainly, but, compared with the people all through that country, we fared like princes. Having received an invitation to tea at Mistassini, we accepted and took with us some rice, sugar, canned sausage, butter, canned cherries, and condensed milk. As they had nothing to fry fish, the assistant paddled back to camp for some lard. As for butter, not half the people at inland posts ever saw a cow. Even if she got inland, she would have a dry time chewing moss and browsing on black spruce. Everywhere the sombre forest is thickly carpeted with moss, which does equally well to make a cushion, clean a plate, or wrap up a

papoose in cold weather. The whole country is wooded with black spruce, balsam fir, scrub-pine, tamarack, birch, and poplar. In some localities, birch and white spruce grow to a considerable size, but seldom large enough to make lumber. At Mistassini may be

damp ground, with an old bear skin under her and a blanket over her, can scarcely be imagined. Fortunately, the Chief had medicine and medical skill. Under his treatment the sore healed rapidly.

Mistassini receives its name from a



LOWER LONG RAPID.

seen a saw pit, for the conversion of black spruce into lumber: "canoe keels," on which six and seven fathom canoes are built; while birch toboggans; Esquimaux dogs to haul them; round snow shoes used by hunters in the winter; women making fish nets, and tanning them in an infusion of spruce roots, which preserves them; and a potato patch manured with suckers taken out of the small bays in great quantities.

Potatoes are planted as soon as the frost is out of the ground a spade's depth, and one year in three a fair crop is obtained.

At the post, we found an Indian woman, suffering from an enormous ulcer on her side. The misery endured by that poor creature, lying on the cold,

solitary twenty-four feet high spherical granite boulder, lying on its north-western shore—the derivation being, *mista*, big; and *assine*, a stone. Its waters are fresh and crystal, cold in midsummer as the Atlantic—48° F. in the middle of July. The color is a dark ultra-marine blue. One of the sights which impressed us most was that of a thunder storm slowly moving along the high, rocky shore some twenty miles away. It made us feel lonely and insignificant.

But how can words describe this wonderful lake? "*It is in truth an utter solitude.*" On calm days, for an hour at a time, you may not hear a sound save the dipping of the paddles. Then the oppressive silence is broken only by the scream of a gull, or the

loud and melancholy call of a loon to his mate. In his weird, wild cry there is an uncanny resemblance to the distant scream of a man in distress, and it is easy to believe the Indian has many superstitions connected with the loon. On and around Mistassini, the sightseer and the sportsman can spend many days with the liveliest satisfaction. The bracing air, the novel surroundings, the wild, dark landscape, the isolation from human kind, the utter loneliness and awful grandeur, all conspire to give it a weird, never-to-be-forgotten, fascination.

Leaving Mistassini with an Indian guide, who knew a route to Lake Kawashagami, and four of the men who had come from Lake St. John with us, we made a short portage between the lake and the Rupert River, which we descended for nearly fifty miles. The Chief's canoemen were Henry Conly and Tommy Basil, each three-quarters Indian: the assistant's canoemen were Prosper Cleary and Johnnie Beaucelle. Many a queer fix we got into before reaching James' Bay.

A few miles below where we reached the Rupert River, it is divided by a large island, and the two streams do not unite again for nearly one hundred miles. We followed the eastern channel in a northerly direction for about fifty miles, ascended a small river lying between high, barren hills where bears abound in the fall, passed through a chain of lakes along an old

the way any further, and left us to find it ourselves. The Chief, Henry, and Prosper were the very men to solve a difficulty of this kind. Equally at home in the rapid or in the bush, their keen vision was as remarkable as their accurate estimate of distance and direction. Half a day was spent in climbing high granite hills, with bare summits, to see where the lakes lay and to ascertain the general trend of the mountains. From the top of one hill, we counted no less than thirty-eight lakes lying all around us. Who dared say which was the course to follow and which was not? Finally we sighted a chain of lakes, stretching north-eastward and flowing in the same direction. Following this chain, we reached the East Main on the 17th of July.

By our route, the distance between the Rupert and East Main rivers is fifty-eight miles. The surrounding country is rough and barren and covered with innumerable boulders. The trees are small, and consist of black spruce, tamarack and banksian pine,



EAST MAIN INDIAN WOMEN

glacial course, crossed the most frightful portages, imaginable, and finally landed on an island in Lake Kawashagami, on a tributary of the East Main. Here our guide told us he did not know

with a few white birch and aspen poplar. Small lakes in this region, fill the valleys between the low-rounded ridges of hills, and cover *fully one quarter of the surface.*

Ascending the East Main about forty miles, to the first rapid above the Tshegami branch, we began our transit and micrometer survey, and ran



RUPERT'S HOUSE.

308 miles before reaching James' Bay. Occasionally we ran from 24 to 30 miles in a day, but the next was often lost in getting across a three mile portage, or making four or five short portages. The average length of the portages, however, is less than three-quarters of a mile, and we ran many small and several of the large rapids. To shoot rapids in a canoe is a pleasure that comparatively few have ever enjoyed, and no picture can give an idea of what it is like. About it there is a fascination which must be experienced to be understood.

Where the stream begins to descend, the water is an inclined plane, smooth and shining as glare ice. Beyond that it breaks into curling, gleaming rolls where the water breaks on the rocks beneath. The bowsman in his place, the steersman at his post, a push of their paddles shoots the canoe straight and swift as an arrow right down into the mad vortex: now into a cross current, which would twist her broadside round, but that every man fights against it: then right to a rock, to which she is being resistlessly sucked,

and on which it seems as if she would be dashed to pieces, but a rapid turn of the bowsman's paddle at the right moment causes her to rush past the black mass as swiftly as a race horse. As the waves boil up at the side, and the seething water constantly threatens to engulf the frail craft, the excitement is intense. At critical moments a false stroke or too weak a turn of the bowsman's wrist means death.

One rapid was nearly a mile and a half long, and full of great "boilers." In it we had a most exciting ten minutes' run, shipped half a barrel of water, and tore a big hole in one of the canoes. Sheet copper, white lead, a piece of the Chief's coat, copper nails, a hammer, and Henry Conly stopped the leak, and sent us on our way rejoicing. But the beans got wet, and when they grew sprouts nearly half an inch long they didn't make very good eating. As the countersign was "Everything goes," even the beans went, sprouts and all.

The upper part of the East Main flows almost level with the surface of the country, and lake-like expansions, with deep bays, covered with islands, are frequent. Some parts strongly resemble the St. Lawrence between Gananoque and Thousand Island Park. Many of the islands are large, one of them being over twenty miles long. In other parts there are terrific chutes and rapids. In one place it was absolutely impossible to get down the gorge through which the river ran. We had no idea of the direction it took at the bottom, but, following the shore back, Henry spied a small, crooked creek, which brought us into

a chain of shallow lakes. At the end of these we climbed a high granite ridge, and found the river on the other side but four miles distant. By making three short portages and traversing another chain of lakes, we finally reached it. In places, tall, bleached rampikes show where fire had swept along the shores of the river for miles, giving the scenery such a dreary, monotonous tint that the heart aches with a sense of wild loneliness. For over 100 miles from its mouth, the river runs in a shallow valley, cut into stratified sands and clays. It is fully as large as the Ottawa at Ottawa city, with an average breadth of a-third of a mile. In one place the whole river rushes through a cleft in the rocks, *less than twenty yards wide*. It must be very deep, and it runs so swiftly that stones weighing over a hundred pounds were carried long distances before sinking out of sight. A few yards apart, neither of us could hear the halloo of the other. While the outfit was being carried across, we "ran the line" down and around the semi-circular gorge, obtaining several fine photos of rapids and falls by the way. The total drop was 230 feet, and it took us nine hours to go less than three-and-a-quarter miles.

On the portage, the men had even a worse time, wading through muskeg for over a mile and a-half, and climbing over fallen trees the greater part of the remaining mile. They were so tired that they slept on the rocks, rather than go to the trouble of pitching their tent.

One evening we had "a big time" capturing geese. When pushing their

feathers, they cannot fly well, and when pursued they poke their heads under clumps of grass and pieces of bark. Making a slash for one, we'd wring its neck, and start after another. The fun grew fast and furious, and reached a climax when Tommy tripped and flew over a fallen tree, with a big fat goose in each hand. Johnnie used to say, "I tell you, fine goose, he taste good when you have eat much pork and bean."

All along the river we saw signs of beaver, and shot a few on the way down. Very few Indians hunt on this river now. It is difficult to navigate, and fish are so scarce that we only made three or four hauls, though we set our nets about twice a week.

We were on the East Main for 27 days, and did not meet a living soul until within two days of its mouth, when we met an Indian and his family going up to hunt. Almost every day we saw bear tracks, but only one bear, which was swimming up the river, and too far away for a shot.

In 1887, however, the Chief and J. M. M. (who recently figured in the Behring Sea controversy), landed on



MASTER'S HOUSE, ETC. MOOSE FACTORY.

an island in James' Bay to pick berries, and came across a bear some distance from shore. M. had a tin pail in his hand, and asked the Chief

to return to the canoe for a rifle. Objection being raised, he exclaimed: "Oh! never mind me. You get the shooting irons, and I'll amuse his nibs." A steady advance was now made upon the astonished monster, who just as steadily retreated before the waving of the pail and the gentle "shoo-shoo"-ing of the intrepid Jimmie. The Chief returning with his Winchester, Bruin soon came to grief.

Coming suddenly upon another bear, the Chief, in his surprise, hurled a book of micrometer tables at him. These he caught, tore to pieces, and ate. Afterwards the pieces were recovered, spread out, placed together, interpolations made, and a copy of the whole transferred to paper. This task seriously impaired the bear's digestion, and delayed the survey two days.

Between Lake Mistassini and the East Main River, the rocks are all of Laurentian age, being made of red syenitic gneiss, with pink and gray mica, and mica-hornblende gneisses.

Along the upper East Main, a coarse, light grey pegmatite and black mica-schist predominate, and are associated with pink mica-hornblende gneiss. Lower down stream these give place to an area of light grey and light pink syenite; followed by dark green, altered hornblende, and chloritic schists, with diorite, and a dark gray, micaceous schist, becoming in places a conglomerate, from the presence of rounded pebbles of syenite. This series of rock closely resembles those north of Lake Huron. The green schists, at and near their contact with the diorite masses, are highly charged with pyrites. The diorite, also, holds considerable quantities of that mineral. In several places large masses of almost pure pyrites were found, and specimens were taken to Ottawa for analysis. This rock band, or similar ones, cross and re-cross the river at intervals for nearly two hundred miles, the strike of the rocks being

only slightly different from the general curve of the river. Syenite and ordinary Laurentian gneisses occupy the intervals between the bands of the Huronian.

With a change of rocks there was always a change of flora. Labrador Tea (*Ledum latifolium*) grows everywhere, but gets scarce towards the north. Laurel grows in great quantities in wet places, and every stream is fringed with willows and elders. The pretty little Twin Flower (*Linnaea borealis*), the only plant named after Linnaeus, with whom it was an especial favorite, is very abundant, and in July fills the woods with its fragrance. The curious Pitcher Plant (*Sarracenia*), and the Sundew (*Drosera*), are also quite common.

During the summer, the assistant made an extensive collection of the plants of the country traversed. These have been examined by Professor Macoun, and, while not new, add considerably to the knowledge of the distribution of several species.

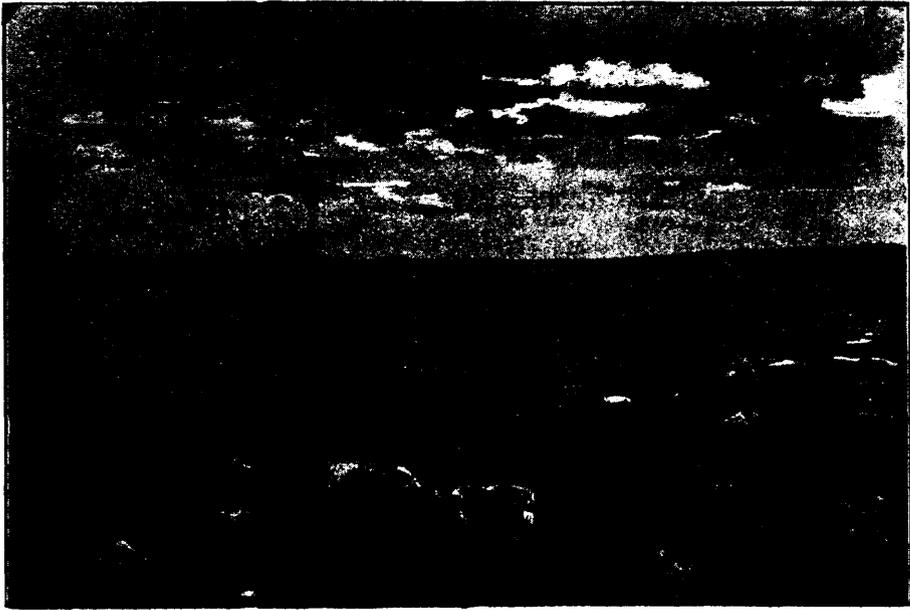
With only three days' provisions left over, we reached the Hudson's Bay Company's trading post at the mouth of the East Main, and were warmly welcomed by Mr. C., who is one of the kindest old gentlemen we ever met. At some posts they hear from the outside world as often as thrice a year, at others only once. We have referred to the living at Mistassini, Waswanapie, and other inland posts. Even at East Main they eat bread only on Sunday, and live on salt geese more than half the year. Whilst there, we fared sumptuously on salt goose, spruce beer, blueberries, cream and rhubarb pie, and will not soon forget the kindness and generosity of old Mr. C. At East Main, the Indians of East Main bring in great quantities of fish in baskets made of spruce bark, sewn together with spruce and tamarack roots. In the fall, they shoot great numbers of wild geese, which have lived away north, and fattened on crowberries (*Empetrum*).

grum), which grow in great abundance along the east coast of James' Bay.

In winter, the cattle at posts on the Bay are fed on marsh hay, cut and brought in on boats in July and August. At East Main there were thirty Indians cutting and bringing it in.

When some of our party took a standing jump over an old grindstone in the yard, the Indians advanced with the intention of jumping over, too, but silently turned away. Evidently they had never seen much in the athletic line. Some of our party

torted by giving us a piece of oratory in Cree. Our dog Jack contributed not a little to the entertainment. He insisted on entering all races and high jump contests, and even sat up and barked when Johnnie was spouting. The Indian dogs were fearfully jealous of him, and wished they could do tricks, too. It tickled the Indians greatly to see the dog sit up to beg—mayhap to bark if the promised bribe was not forthcoming—and the Indian boys delighted themselves sending him into the water for sticks, or to



LAKE MISTASSINI, FROM NEAR DISCHARGE.

gave an exhibition, including high and broad jumps, hop-step-and-jump, vaulting with and without a pole, jumping into a barrel and out again, skipping, rolling barrels, short races, and three-legged races. Don't tell me an Indian never laughs. Those fellows laughed as if they would kill themselves. Each of the "Big Seven" contributed something, and Johnnie wound up the proceedings by mounting an inverted barrel, and giving an election harangue in French. One of the Indians, not to be outdone, re-

dive for stones.

Leaving East Main, we started a survey of the coast, intending to go as far as the Paint Hills, but heavy gales prevented our doing so. For two days we were kept on shore, not daring to venture out. Along the coast, strawberries, wild currants, dwarf blueberries, and crowberries are plentiful.

One peculiarity of the Indians we met along the east coast was their exceeding shyness. They never came into camp without bringing some smoked fish or a few berries as a pre-

sent: and they sat at a distance until invited to talk or have something to eat. These Indians speak the Cree language, but, to our surprise, one of the women sang:

"Hush-a-by, baby, on the tree-top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will
rock, etc."

Imagine the feelings of any man with a grain of sense hearing that dear old nursery rhyme for the first time in years, and in such surroundings. It was all the English the woman knew, but we could not find out where she learned it.

While returning to East Main, there was quite a heavy sea running, but our canoes rode through it as gracefully as a pair of swans. Our return was celebrated by a dance: the music being furnished by a fiddle and drum. When the drummer got tired, he resigned in favor of his wife, who proved herself a far better hand. These Indians are great dancers, and dearly love to wear boots when at it, as moccasins don't show off step dancing to advantage. Prosper and Johnnie were voted the best dancers they had ever seen. Score one more for the "Big Seven."

Next morning we boarded a ten ton lugger belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, and set sail for Rupert's House, where we found a 28 foot Mackinaw fishing smack, belonging to the department, waiting for us.

The Rupert's House Indians are exceedingly superstitious. When a friend dies, they stretch a fishing net around the lodge to prevent *windigoes* and other evil spirits from crawling under and stealing away the soul of the departed. In all ages there have been people who believe the soul hovers about the body for three days after death. Doubtless Scotch and Irish wakes are relics of this absurd superstition. To keep away evil spirits, we saw drums beaten over the heads of the dead and dying, while every camp had its conjuring house and sweating booth. Though our canoe men were

only part Indian, and have lived at Lake St. John all their lives, they believed firmly in *windigoes* and *wawbenoes*. A *windigo* is a sort of cannibal devil, who goes through the bush at night. A *wawbeno* is a conjurer and fortune-teller combined.

Indians belonging to the bear totem will not shoot Bruin until they have told him they are very sorry to have to kill a cousin, but that they are driven to it by the cries of their hungry children. In dressing the carcass, if any grease falls on a camp utensil, or article of clothing, it is immediately cast into the fire. The first portion of meat is also burned: the rest is cut into slices and hung over poles to smoke. Dried bear meat and fish are the principle articles of diet in the interior. The skull is firmly fixed on a stake to bleach. Whenever a loon is shot, his bones are tied together and hung in a tree for luck.

Everywhere we went we found the Indians peaceable, ingenious, and industrious, being in every way superior to the Blackfeet and Crees of the North-West. At Rupert's House, the Indian women do beautiful work in silk, but very little in beads.

Leaving Rupert's House with our canoes lashed to the fore-deck of our boat, we ran to a deep channel between Charleton and Danby islands, where we anchored for the night. Here, Captain James, the discoverer of the Bay, wintered his ships in 1631, losing half his crew from scurvy. We saw their graves on the shores, and could not help thinking of the misery endured by James and his men during those awful months. In 1675, the Hudson Bay Company's ships discharged their cargoes from England at this point, and took in fur brought in sloops from different forts on the Bay. In 1884, the Company's ship left Moose too late in the fall to get out of the Bay, and wintered here.

From Charleton to Moose, we had a very rough passage. We ran it in a day, and were shipping heavy seas all



ICE AT MOUTH OF MOOSE RIVER.

afternoon. To make matters worse, our boat sprang a leak. The Chief was the only experienced navigator in the party, and half his crew was sick. Until that leak was stopped, we had a thoroughly exciting but cold and miserable time of it.

The water in the Bay is very muddy and shallow, our centreboard often "coming home" half a mile from shore. Several times we felt tempted to beach the boat, but could not find a suitable place. At sunset we sighted the *Lady Head*, of London, riding at anchor in the mouth of the Moose River, and steered straight for her. At last we crossed the bar and ran alongside the Albany sloop, where we got some hot coffee. With a strong tide and a stronger wind in our favor, we soon flew over the ten remaining miles, and arrived at the Master's house at Moose, shortly after dark. None of us will ever forget our sail from Charleton to Moose, on the 29th August, 1892. Captain Ford of the *Lady Head*, and Captain Taylor of the *Mink*, could hardly believe we

came from Charleton in a day, and in such weather. The gale lasted four days, and the weather was bitterly cold. Each morning Captain Taylor said: "Thank the Lord you're not out on the Lisbon Rock this day." We did.

While our canoes were being repaired and varnished, we spent a day aboard the *Lady Head* and the *Mink*. Both captains have sailed in many climes, and spin great yarns when they get started. With the Company's officers at Moose, we also spent an enjoyable time. Leaving there on the 5th of September, we ascended the Moose and Missinabie Rivers, to Lake Missinabie, or "the water in which objects are reflected." Passing through Crooked and Dog Lakes, we reached the Canadian Pacific Railway at Missinabie station, 230 miles west of Sudbury, and 380 south of Moose. The approaching sound of the east-bound passenger train was a welcome one, indeed, and we reached Ottawa on the 22nd of September, thus completing a round trip of 2,300 miles, 1,200 of which was in canoes.

BOOK NOTICES.

Webb's Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes, 2nd Vol.—By REV. T. E. ESPIN, M.A., F.R.S. London and New York, Longmans, Green & Co.

Rev. Mr. Espin, Director of the Observatory at Tow Law, Darlington, England, is to be congratulated upon the manner in which he has edited the second volume of *Webb's Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes*, an advanced copy of which has reached us. The book, which has upwards of 250 pages, is stored with information of the greatest interest and value to astronomers, embracing, as it does, many thou-

sands of stellar objects, arranged under the heads of constellations and selected so as to be suited to telescopes such as are commonly met with. In addition, it is embellished by beautifully executed plates, showing the types of stellar spectra, according to Secchi, and by a cut, from a photograph, of the lovely cluster in Hercules. Observers will gladly hail the appearance of a work which should be on the shelf of every astronomer, and will appreciate the labors of Mr. Espin, who has carefully re-examined, checked over, and has nearly all the objects catalogued. The volume reflects credit on editor and publishers alike. G. E. L.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The planet Mercury will be at its greatest elongation east from the sun on the morning of October 19th, its distance being $24^{\circ} 31'$. In the evening, for several days, the planet will set shortly after the sun, but the twilight will be too bright for good observation.

Venus will still be a morning star in October, but too near the sun to be well seen.

Mars is nightly improving in position. On 20th of October, he will be in a line with the sun and earth. His distance from us will be about forty millions of miles, or nearly five millions of miles greater than in August, 1892, when his presence in the sky created such widespread interest in Astronomy in general, and in Mars in particular. The planet, though farther off, is being seen to greater advantage from northern latitudes than in 1892, as his position in the sky is 33° north of his position in that year. Already, some very interesting observations have been reported. In several of the more notable observatories special preparations have been made with a view to taking every possible advantage of this present opposition. Mars, which is in constellation Pisces, moved eastward until about the 15th of September, when he turned the loop in his course, and began to retrograde toward the west. On the 1st of October, this planet will rise shortly after nightfall, or at 6.30 o'clock. Its risings will

occur earlier and earlier, until by the end of the month it will rise about 4.30, or in broad daylight.

Jupiter is daily increasing in brilliancy, and may easily be picked up a little to the north and east before midnight, as he rises on the 1st of October about 10 p.m., and on the 31st at about 8 p.m. Jupiter was in quadrature with the sun on the 28th of September. The planet is in the feet of Gemini, and is moving eastward, but will begin to retrograde on the 24th of October.

Saturn and Uranus are near the sun, and therefore, for the present, lost to the observer. Neptune may be well seen after midnight, as he is in Taurus, near the star *lambda*.

On the 1st of October, Cassiopeia, Andromeda, Pisces and Cetus are prominent constellations on the meridian at midnight, while Cancer and Orion are rising, and Hercules and Capricornus are setting. In Andromeda, situated in R.A. 0 h. 37 m., and north declination $40^{\circ} 41'$, is a large and irresolvable nebula in the form of an elongated ellipse. A splendid group of stars, situated in the Sword Handle of Perseus, may, in October, be observed to great advantage in the absence of moonlight.

There are no bright showers of meteors in October.

G. E. L.

