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THE WOMEN'S RIGHTS QUESTION IN ROME—195 B.C.

BY ARTHUR HARVEY.

THE wheel whirls. The uppermost spokes have been uppermost before. The dust of circumstance alone varies. Throughout the cycles, *plus a change, plus c'est la même chose.* History repeating itself is, however, not monotonous, but ever interesting. Instead of craving for the unattainable new thing, and being discontented, because, as yet, they have not wings, wise folk learn to know the old, and use the powers they have. One of the lighter scenes in the kaleidoscope of ancient story as told by Livy, will amuse, and possibly instruct us.

When the terrible grip of Hannibal was tightest on the Roman throat: when he had routed consul after consul, and slain army after army, the women of the city of Rome cast their treasures into the public coffers, and, to make sure that there should be no Sapphiras, it was decreed that no one should retain in private ownership more than half an ounce of golden ornaments.

In due time, the ship of state weathered the furious African hurricane, emerged triumphantly from the cyclone; its battered hull, refitted, rode buoyantly on calmer waters, and the women of that generation became restive under the sumptuary law of the old days of trouble. The men were strenuous and still revengeful. They argued for simplicity in private manners, for storing armories and arsenals, for strengthening the resources of the state, for emulating Spartan discipline as well as Spartan fortitude. Brass and steel for armor blade and javelin were more to them than cloth of gold and bravery of gold and silver. So, at least, they said in public, but at home each was another Alexander who could rule the world but not his wife.

The instinct of personal adornment, inherent in the sex, which Herbert Spencer and his school do most learnedly discourse about, began to assert itself, the more strongly for its late repression. The first fair breakers of the law were, no doubt, dealt with by the law. The inspectors of the Roman morality department raided Livia's house, and impounded the lovely bracelet her sailor-love had brought from Sicily, as the modern censor Arcibaldus might seize a thief's revolver. Virginia's necklace, being as heavy again as was allowable, had three or four links docked, according to the statute. Were the rings of Julia overweight—a fine of an as, and confiscation to the state. Yet, not all were caught thus golden-handed. Pomponia kept her jewel casket for strictly private lunches, and jealous Honoria straightway made her husband bring

her quite as handsome things for the return-party. Fickle Fashion, which, twenty years before, had favored severity in all such matters, now, in her inscrutable way, made jewellery quite *chic*. Solomon erred. He only catalogued four mysteries: the way of an eagle in the air (which Prof. Langley has told us all about), the way of a serpent on a rock (which any photographic artist can now-a-days explain), the way of a ship in the midst of the sea (which is now plain-sailing), and the way of a man with a maid. If he had added, the way of Fashion in Society, he would, at least, have had one riddle unsolved still.

It was a *commencement de siècle* time — a period of revulsion from the stern, hard-fighting days when the lithe Numidians and the wily Carthaginians were looking for the weak points in the Roman defences —a time for sudden whims, unrest, change. The old order was giving way. Among the women, this hysteria did not take the shape of bloomers or bicycles, but of popular agitation for the repeal of the Act to limit the possessions of Females. They formed primary conventions in each ward or precinct. They organized committees; delegates came in from towns and townships. They buttonholed tribunes and senators (or would have done so if they had had buttons). They championed women's rights as briskly as emancipated women do to-day. They crusaded in the streets, held public assemblies in the squares, and lobbied in the senate-chamber peristyles. It must have been hard to resist the tears of Volumnia or the seductive graces of Cornelia, but there were antagonists of the movement— the Cause, (with a capital C, Mr. Printer, if you please)—and after a dress-coat debate in the senate (though, of course, nobody wore dress-coats, but only togas), the whole question was remitted to the people.

The methods of reference were very like our own. They had two consuls; we have a single mayor. Their council was hereditary; ours is elected; but they had four tribunes of the people, who could call for plebiscites on all manner of subjects, almost at their own sweet will. Two of these tribunes were persuaded—we might perhaps say, cajoled—to demand that this question of repealing the Oppian law be submitted to the popular vote.

The law, in truth, was pretty stiff. "No woman to have more than a semiuncia of gold, or to use clothing of several colors, or to ride in carriages in or within a mile of the city or towns, except for necessary attendance on religious rites." Yet, two of the tribunes favored its continuance, and so did the consuls, especially M. Porcius Cato.

These Catos were a dour lot. They were the Bourbons of their time, forgiving nothing, forgetting nothing, and learning nothing. Naught ontside their narrow circle was right. Greek luxury, indeed?—wear homespun. Cabs and coupés?—walk, the exercise is good. Honors, Fulvius, for you? True enough, you beat the Ætolians: but your tastes are literary, and you had poets in your camp! Severity like this was in the blood, and persisted in until this first great Cato's great-grandson attacked Cæsar for entertaining progressive views, and was forced to commit suicide by falling upon his sword, when, at Pharsalia and Thapsus, his party was utterly crushed. Bitter in speech, too, was the whole brood of them. "Censorious" is a word we get from the time this man was finding fault with everybody and everything in his capacity of Supervisor of manners. If ever two persons were disagreeable to excess, Cato and Socrates were that brace! Yet, all the Catos were just, and honest to the last bawbee. We have men in politics to-day quite like them,—especially one whose name has the same initial—fertile in epithet, forcible in speech, but how vitriolic in utterance, how charged with strychnine his every word!

Such was the consul, who, when the question was to be spoken to, strode into the forum, his lictors, with the fasces, preceding him, and a dignity, as of a king, hedging him around, as he thus took up his tale in short, sharp sentences, soldier-like and stern.

"If we men had resolved to preserve our just authority, each over his own wife, we should have less trouble with the general question. It is because we have neglected rightful control at home that these females are worrying us by public rebellion. Since we have yielded to each as an individual we are afraid to resist them as a body. (Hear.) I once thought the story false, that in a certain island the women set upon and murdered all the men; but an equal danger threatens us if we let these meetings, these conspiracies, continue. It was only by forcing my way through the crowd of women that I could reach this Forum now. Had I not respected some as individuals more than the general assemblage of them, I would have addressed them thus: 'What morals are these which permit you to appear in public places, block up the roads, and speak to men you do not know? Could you not ask your husbands at home to interest themselves in your behalf? Are you more desirous to please in public than by your own hearth? Do you wish to captivate strangers rather than those of your own households?' (Applause.) Our fathers would not allow women to have the least initiative in business. Without the leave of father, brother or husband they could not do the slightest act. We are now permitting them to meet in the forum, to meddle with assemblies and nominations. Do you expect that if you give license to weak natures and rebellious creatures they can be restrained except by force? No, no! This pretence, that women are groaning under an unjust law, is but the thin edge of the wedge. If they abolish this bulwark, what will they not try next? Consider the whole body of the laws concerning women, by which our fathers thought they should be guided, and within which it is difficult enough to keep them If they break one, and modify the next, how long before they will be, in all things, the equals of men? Could you put up with that, long? Would not they, after attaining equality, assert superiority in a trice? Their policy is plain to see. If they get one law repealed, under the plea that it is irksome, they will weaken the authority of the whole. (Applause.) No law suits everybody; laws are made for the benefit of the majority, and of the most deserving. If an individual could repeal at pleasure this or that law which did not suit him there would be an end of justice. (Hear, hear.) What are these females alarmed about, that they swarm into the public squares—do they want us to ransom their husbands, sons, or brothers, who are prisoners of Hannibal? God forfend! There was a time, though, when they did so, and you refused; you refused, I say, their most anxious entreaties to this end. (Sensation.) No personal motives of the kind are theirs now; they say, it is a matter of religion: they wish to honor, with splendid ceremony, the Idæan mother. What quibbles! They wish to be resplendent with gold and purple, to ride in chariots on feast-days and week days, as if triumphing ever the beaten and abrogated law, setting no bounds whatever to their magnificence and luxury. (Loud applause.) Often, citizens, have you heard me declaim against the two evils, avarice and luxury—diseases which have been the bane and destruction of great empires. I dread them more than ever, now we have crossed into Greece and are establishing relations with Asia. I fear the regal wealth we are obtaining thence will subdue us, rather than that we shall subdue those regions. I hate the bringing of statues from Sicily, and hear too much of the dilettanti who admire the high art of Corinth and Athens, and contemn the

images, made of homely pottery, that are set in our Roman shrines. Yet, our own gods have ever been propitious, and I have faith they will continue so, if we only let them be. (Vehement cheering.) Before this Oppian law was passed, Pyrrhus sent Cineas with gifts for men, and women, too, but nobody accepted any, and why? Because there were then no luxurious ideas to be kept in check, nothing to call for such a law. You must suffer from a disease before you need a remedy. (Hear.) But were Cineas to come again, he would find people in the streets not ashamed to accept his bribes, nay, holding their hands out for them in public places. (Shouts of applause, and voices "Boodle," "Guelicus," "via ferrea," etc.) I shall spare you a dissertation on abstract principles, but pray remember, that to be ashamed of honest poverty, is as unworthy as to boast of exceptional riches, while it is wrong for the rich to so display their wealth as to make their poorer fellow-citizens feel shame or envy. This law restrains the pride of the rich and prevents the humiliation of the poor. Abolish it, and what jealousies, what incitements to lavish expenditure you introduce! Unhappy the man who will be asked to buy what he cannot afford, or if he can afford it, what he thinks his wife ought not to wear. He will be forced to behold another giving what he has withheld, for the next request will be made, not to him, but to some unwelcome "friend." What else is meant by this canvassing for votes? If the law should be abolished, away with all control of your wives' expenditure for dress. Remember, when you go to the polls, that it is better not to accuse a criminal, than to lay an ininformation and see him acquitted, better not to dispute the law, than to strive against the rising tide of luxury that will follow its repeal. I think the Oppian law should be long retained on the statute book, but, Romans, the question is in your hands, and may the gods guide you to a correct verdict." (Prolonged applause).

Hardly had the cheers subsided which the earnest speech of Cato had called forth, when the dissenting tribunes rose to speak. They followed in the same strain, but briefly. After the consul, they did not receive the most attentive hearing, so, when the tribune Lucius Valerius arose — on whose motion the referendum was being made—he passed their arguments by, and with pleasant voice and easy gesture proceeded to undermine the edifice Cato had built up.

"Fellow-citizens," he began, (it puts an assembly in good humor to call them fellow-citizens,) "If persons of private station had alone addressed you, I should not have spoken, but when the consul comes to lend his great authority to the negative, and supports his views with a long and brilliant speech, a few words are called for in reply. (Hear.) He occupied more time, though, in finding fault with all our wives than in arguing against my motion, nor could I quite understand whether he was not blaming us, too, for permitting the agitation my proposition is meant to quell. I pass that by: it is scarcely to the point. He calls it sedition and conspiracy when our wives ask us in a frank and open manner to remove, in the flourishing and peaceful times we are now enjoying, a disability imposed during the stress of a severe war. We have heard this simple request twisted by the eloquence of Marcus Cato into I know not what. It needed high-sounding words to improve his argument, and the consul has them at command; he is a weighty speaker, but we know how savage he can be at times, for all his nature is so kind. (A laugh.) Now, fortunately for my purpose, the consul once wrote a book. (Laughter.) A book about "old times." (Great laughter.) There he recounts, and not without just pride, the conspicuous part our Roman women have, more than once, played in public af-

fairs. They went to the field of battle, and threw themselves between their Roman husbands and their Sabine kinsfolk, and brought about a peace. They averted the ruin of Rome, when Coriolanus Marcius with the Volscian legions was encamped but three miles off. They filled the public coffers with gold when the city was taken by the Gauls and held to ransom. It is no new thing, then, for our women to interest themselves in public matters—if the consul's book is to be believed. (Cheers and laughter.) Coming to recent times, did not even widows help fill the treasury in the war just closed, and when new gods were needed to help complete our victory, did not our matrons turn out to the last woman, to escort the Idæan deity from the sea-side to Rome? (Hear.) The times, he says, are different. I propose to abolish the difference, and restore the *statu quo*. I am not introducing new legislation, I am a true Conservative (laughter) and only revert to old-fashioned principles. (Applause.) I ask for no new equal rights; I am not the champion of a new emancipated womanhood; I merely wish to restore to the sex their ancient privileges in a matter which especially concerns them, and, by the Eternal Thunderer, we carry our heads too high if we can give ear, as masters, to the complaints of our slaves, but get angry when our faithful wives present a reasonable request. (Volleys of cheers.) Now the consul should have been careful, when touching upon first principles, to tell you that while some laws are made to endure forever, others, which are made for an emergency, are as mortal and mutable as the men that make them. War annuls decrees promulgated in peace, and *vice versa*, just as some commands suit on a ship in a storm, but would be absurd in the succeeding calm. (Hear, hear.) Of what kind is this law we are going to repeal? An old one, coeval with the city, or, at least, as old as our twelve tables, venerable through age, and one without which our ancestors thought matronly decency could not be preserved? Quite the contrary; everybody knows it was brought in only twenty years ago, and, if in the "old times," (laughter) women could do so well without it, why can't they now? If even it had been introduced to check extravagance, I might have been silent; but what are the facts? Hannibal had beaten us at Cannæ; he was in possession of Tarentum, Arpes, even Capua; he was thought to be marching upon Rome; our allies had fallen away; we had no men to fill up our ragged ranks, no sailor folk to man our fleet, no money in the treasury, and we were driven to arm even our slaves, and offer them freedom in recompense for service. We were casting our all into the public chest. Women—even widows with dependent families—did not spare themselves. That was when the Oppian law was passed, and do you believe for one moment it was so passed in restraint of feminine extravagance? No, our mothers were all in tears, in the deepest mourning, too wretched even to celebrate the joyful holidays in returning spring, and the Senate had to intervene on quite the other side, and order mourning to be abandoned after thirty days. (Sensation and applause.) All sorts and conditions of men now feel the improved condition of affairs, but our wives are not yet allowed to taste the pleasures of peace and public tranquillity. We men wear purple in civil and religious offices; so do the magistrates of neighboring towns; our children do; while the meanest official here in Rome has an embroidered uniform—but our wives—Oh, no! not even a scarlet cloak; our very horses are better caparisoned than our consorts. (Shame.) In rich vestments there may be a little waste, but in ornaments of gold there is none. Gold endures; it lasts for generations; it has historic value; it is a fine possession

for the citizens of a state, it is so useful in public emergencies. (Hear.) Shall we deny our Roman women what vassal states allow to theirs? Never a lady comes from Latium, but she drives her horse and carriage; she is handsomely dressed, with gold and jewels galore. Do you think our men like this, and wish their wives to go afoot, in homespun, without adornment, a mean contrast to their visitors? (No, no.) To be neat, well-dressed, well-mannered, is the special glory of the tender sex. This they like, and so do we. Such women were what our fathers called "well-groomed." In times of mourning, all their bravery is laid aside; the depth of their feeling harmonizes with their difference in dress. Naturally they wish to decorate themselves in times of joy —but the law—the weary old enactment! . . . Naturally, too, they wish to be within its provisions, but not to be kept in tutelage or slavery. They want reasonable liberty, and you, Romans, will, I know, prefer to be looked on as their friends, than as domineering masters. (Applause.) The consul used harsh language when he spoke of sedition and secession. He alludes to the time when part of the people left the city and camped on the Sacred Hill. Does he wish our women to imitate that movement? (Laughter.) Then pity that weak utterance; consider that women are the weaker sex, and use your power with kindness." (Thunders of applause.)

Livy winds up the tale with brevity; he always drops the curtain at the close of every scene; it is part of the admirable method by which he forces us to look upon his groups like living pictures most dramatically posed. The dissenting tribunes withdrew their opposition; the motion for repeal was carried by a majority of every tribe. The wheel whirls. The under spokes have been undermost before. The only variation is that of the mere dust of circumstance.

A YANKEE IN HALIFAX.

BY ALLAN ERIC.

It is not the lot of an American, born and bred, to reside in a garrisoned city, and a citizen, like myself, of a peaceful nation, finds himself laboring under a variety of emotions as he stands for the first time with guns to the right of him, guns to the left of him, guns above him, and, in fact, guns all around. Indeed, as I stood on the deck of the Plant steamship *Olivette*, as she steamed in by Sambro Light at the entrance to Halifax harbor, and watched the puffs of white smoke which ascended from the York Redoubt, followed by a heavy "boom," and then as I watched the shot ricochet across the water, I hardly knew whether to regard it as a sign of hostility or a special salute. I secretly determined to lose no time, as soon as my feet touched Plant wharf, in assuring everybody that I had come with peaceful intentions, with the very best of feeling, and that I would not harm anybody, so long as they would let me alone.

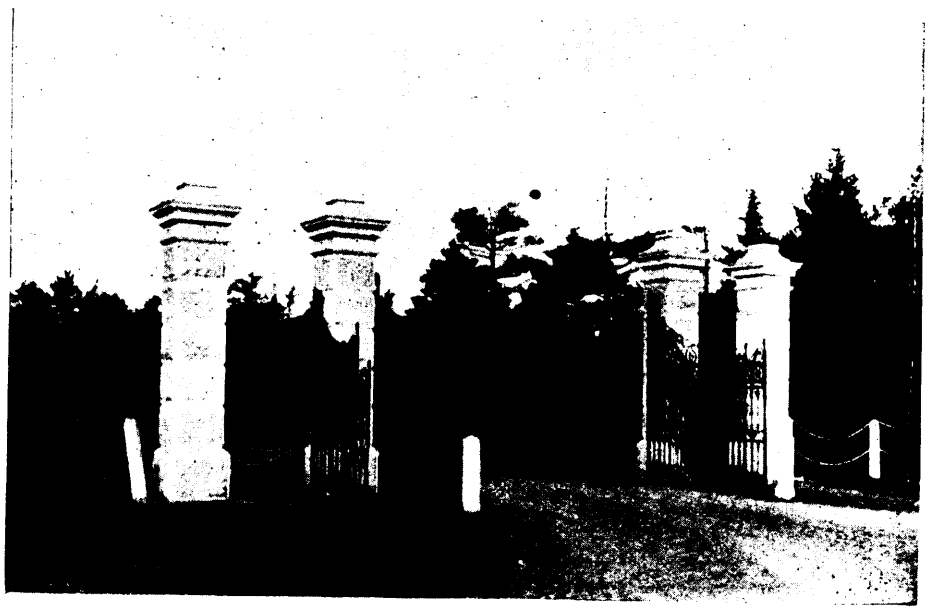
The old city of Halifax fully justified my expectations. I had pictured the staid old stronghold as a gray city, aged in appearance, solid and substantial, secure amid its surroundings, the rocky and forbidding coast on one side and the green hills of Nova Scotia on the other. And so I found the city of Halifax. I looked along the water front as we approached, and saw the substantial buildings, the shipping and the steamers at anchor. I saw the dockyard with Her Majesty's ships *Blake*, *Canada*, and *Magicienne*, lying beside it. Then I looked up and across the terraced city and beheld the citadel, stern and forbidding. I realized, what I knew well, that I was in the lap of the most formidable and perfectly impregnable stronghold on the American

BARRINGTON STREET, HALIFAX.

continent. Yet, with what cheer I regarded the prospect of the next few days—the pleasure of viewing Halifax in all its solid substantiality.

As I walked down the gang plank, those guardians of the treasury, who, in whatever land, are always the first to welcome the stranger, stood ready to prove my good intentions. I compared them with the United States customs officials, and found them to be not materially different. They performed their duty with that deferential courtesy which is altogether superfluous, for the reason that, leaving etiquette aside, they have a decided advantage; and it is because this courtesy is so spontaneous and gratuitous that it is so remarkably pleasant. If every person were as honest as I am, and had so wholesome a regard for the customs officers, and so much concern for the public treasury, there would be no need for customs officers. But, when all is said and done, the custom house inspectors are not unlike cab-drivers,—the same the world over; and, unlike the latter, they perform their duties with an air of resignation, as though glad to be rid of a duty not altogether pleasant, nor yet unpleasant—so characteristic of all men in all countries who hold offices under the Government.

I wondered how people could live in a city of the size of Halifax all their lives and yet know so little about it. It was not my wish to go to one of the large hotels, but to find suitable apartments, and forage as I saw fit while I went about the city. But not a word could I obtain which would aid me in finding such rooms. No one knew of a place in the whole city of Halifax such as I wished. So I went off alone, and after a little search found what I wanted—a cozy room near the garrison chapel—and there I brought all my impedimenta, and was soon comfortably installed.



PARK GATES, HALIFAX.

The Citadel afforded me a shock from which I have not yet recovered. I had pictured it as a lofty, commanding eminence, towering above the city and commanding the harbor. I pictured in my mind the slope of the hill below, laid out in precise military angles, with green grass of lawn-like

softness. I confess to a degree of disappointment at the appearance of the Citadel, the glacis of which closely resembled a New England cow pasture after a protracted drought.

But, to me, Halifax is a charming and an interesting city. I love its dusty and gray buildings, its tilted streets, its low huildings, its aristocratic family mansions. The old city is restful. Looking at its homely exteriors brought to me a feeling of rest, of relaxation, an appreciation of the full enjoyments of life, where outside show is sacrificed to interior comforts

people, their hospitable ways, their high refinement and their truly aristocratic bearing. Here, fortunately, the term "aristocracy" has not been necessarily associated with wealth, and here we find the true aristocracy, untainted by the coarse pretensions of the *nouveau riche.* There is more sincerity among the people of Halifax than, much as it grieves me to say it, we find as a general rule in our American cities.

The streets of Halifax are well kept, well cared for. It is customary, of course, for visitors to any famous city

DALHOUSIE COLLEGE, HALIFAX.

—and I saw in some of these Nova Scotia homes that kind of luxury which I have so often read about, and so often pictured in imagination. I found in Halifax the type of civilization, of delicate refinement, and of quiet luxury of half a century ago or more, which seemed to me as an oasis in these frivolous modern times, with all these exterior gilding and ceaseless whirl. The people of Halifax lead what I call a model existence, infinitely superior to our American hurly-burly existence. I was pleased with the

to go into raptures over the public buildings. It is quite the proper thing, while travelling abroad, to weep over the tomb of Shakespeare, deliver a forty-four line sentence, from one of Cæsar's orations, at the Coliseum, eat our lunches on the platform of the Parthenon, and, when we visit Mount Vernon, cut a cane from the tomb of Washington. So, in Halifax, every visitor must see Dalhousie College and the Parliament Buildings. I saw them, and can truthfully say that they are solid, grand piles of granite, and cor-

respond with the city's general appearance of substantiality.

The people of Halifax are justly proud of their public garden, and well they may be. I have visited Central Park in New York, Fairmount Park in Philadelphia, Jackson Park in New Orleans, each of them having a portion set off as public gardens. I am familiar with the public gardens of Boston, which are, in my jndgment, the finest in the United States; but none of these, not even the Boston gardens, can compare with the public garden of Halifax. The system of one of the walls of the Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia, so that no glimpse of the beautiful interior (of the gardens, not the penitentiary) can be had from the outside. I hope some day to see substituted for this wall a handsome iron paling, so that those who walk the streets bordering on the gardens may enjoy their beauties.

A most delightful place is Point Pleasant Park, which lies along the North-west Arm. It is thoroughly and perfectly natural, and is intersected by broad, well-kept roads, macadamised and turnpiked. This part

THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

floriculture is superb, and the other gardening is artistic and real. There is a most beautiful blending of art and nature, with other natural features predominating. The director of the garden has correct conception of his work. He appreciates the fact, which most gardeners appear to ignore entirely, that no amount or perfection of art can equal nature, and so he checks Dame Nature in certain directions and aids her in others. It is a pity that these, the loveliest gardens on the American continent, are surrounded by an unsightly high wall, reminding is several hundred acres in extent, and as it belongs to the Imperial Government it is cared for by the War Department. But, still, a natural park seems almost superfluous with such beautiful rural surroundings as Halifax has.

To traverse the streets of this good old garrisoned town means to fall in love with it, and to become more and more fascinated at every turn. The air of solid respectability is everywhere apparent. There are two things that are nearly always visible, no matter what part of the city we are in—

namely, the harbor in the front and the Citadel in the rear, also the red-coated soldiers. I think, in whatever city we may be, we usually select a land-mark, which becomes our constant companion in our daily travels. In Halifax that land-mark is most likely to be the Citadel clock. It is in a wooden tower, resting upon a house which rests upon an immense platform, which, in turn, rests upon the glacis of the Citadel. This clock was erected by the order of the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, who was the commander of His Majesty's forces at Halifax very early in the present century. I would not miss seeing the tiny Dutch Reformed Church, at the corner of Brunswick and Gerrish streets. It is locally known as the "Chicken Cock" church, so called, I presume, on account of the image of a cock which serves as a weather-vane at the top of its slender spire.

But I must remark upon the fair sex of Halifax, for the streets are graced by as beautiful young ladies as one could wish to see. Halifax can lay claim, and justly, too, to having pretty women. But I saw one freak of femininity which was new to me—namely, the girl-dude. I hope I will be forgiven for stopping, aye, even turning about, to gaze at a poem in blue, with a fluffy boa about her neck, and a monstrous cane in her hand—one of those big canes, like a stern post to a vessel, and a handle of astonishing size. I had never before seen a girl-dude, but I was not inclined to disapprove of her, for she carried out the *rôle* so well, and was altogether so attractive, not to say bewitching. If I were asked to give my judgment, I should pronounce her a success.

I had the pleasure, and I esteemed it a privilege, of calling upon Hon. J W. Longley, the Attorney-General of Nova Scotia. I found him in his comfortable office in the Provincial Building, and any feeling of trepidation I might have experienced was speedily set aside by the warm and easy welcome which I received from him. He sat, I remember, in an easy attitude at his desk, and we talked in a very general way, mostly about literary matters. I was told that Mr. Longley is the most scholarly man in the Province of Nova Scotia, a statement which I can easily believe from his easy, graceful manner, his great courtesy, and his familiarity with nearly all subjects, and the pleasant manner in which he discusses them.

Naturally, the daily newspapers of Halifax interested me a good deal, and their wide variance from Yankee newspapers attracted my attention. Now, we have politics enough in our Yankee papers, but the Halifax papers serve up politics morning, noon and night. In Boston, if Alderman O'Flaherty runs amuck from an over-exuberance of spirits, or if the Patriotic Sons of Hod Carriers have a ball, everything else has to make way for them in the newspapers. A street fight, or a lecture by the Rev. Makemtired on the Vicissitudes of Human Existence, would get three lines in a Halifax paper, but in Boston a column each. Halifax is nothing if not political, and the blue flame plays about the editorials of the papers, for the Liberal and the Conservative sheets are always at war, and are always knifing one another, and the more jagged the edge of the knife, the better.

I found the "Green Market" intensely interesting, for it enabled me to observe Nova Scotia life in several phases. Saturday is the great market day, and, in the market section, from an early hour in the morning, the sidewalks are lined on either side with Micmac Indians, negroes and white people, who have trudged many long miles with baskets, fancy-work, flowers and garden produce. Men, women and children squat or sit about, each beside his or her wares, and wait, and smoke their pipes or talk, while the people of Halifax, rich and poor, old and young, male and female, come to purchase supplies. I was pleased

to notice a total absence of false pride in the ladies of Halifax. Many a delicate, well-dressed lady I saw walking home with a head of cauliflower, a bunch of lettuce or a bunch of beets, with no covering whatever. In Boston, a woman would think she would lose caste if she would be seen thus walking the streets. This Boston feeling is all nonsense, and what is called society makes Americans slaves. All is novel to the stranger about the Green Market. To me, the most curious sight was the horned animals harnessed to carts that some of the Green Market people used to convey their products to market. They have fine vegetables and meats in Halifax, and one finds the very best of cooking there—but they can't, or rather don't, make good coffee.

I attended religious service in the Garrison Chapel, giving up an invitation to visit the Wellington Barracks at the same hour. I shall have to admit that I went more to see the military display than for any other reason; for, while we have churches in the States, we do not see such military out-turns. I was impressed with one thing in particular — namely, that the British soldier does not go around puddles of water; the American soldier would walk around a muddy or watery place in the road, but the red-coat walks right through it. That's more military, and it pleases me better, because it seems to be more becoming a soldier. The British soldier is an interesting person to me; but, judging from those I saw in Halifax, the marines are infinitely superior in every way to the infantry. The red-coats are omnipresent; day and night they illumine the streets with their bright uniforms, and all that seemed to me to be lacking in the uniform of a soldier was a cap for the other ear. The only time that they apparently have an object in view is when the gun on the Citadel fires at 9.30 o'clock in the evening, when they are seen streaking in every direction for their respective barracks. In local parlance, many of the girls of Halifax have the "scarlet" fever, and the only drawback seems to be that there are not enough sergeants to go around.

I have viewed natural scenery in many different parts of the world, but have never beheld any which would equal, for quiet beauty and loveliness, that around the Bedford Basin. This basin is an arm of the sea, or, more properly, the harbor, with which it is connected by a very narrow strait, above which the basin broadens into the most beautiful sheet of water on the American continent. It extends ten miles inland. On a drive from Halifax, either over the Quinpool Road, or through Gottingen-street around the east side of the basin, the scenery cannot be equalled. The road follows the indentations of the shore, nearly always with the placid basin in view, with its beautiful green shores, now gently sloping to the water, and now bold and abrupt. Here and there the road descends into a shaded dell, when the waters of the basin are lost to view for a few moments; then a sudden turn in the road raises another lovely picture of the panorama, surpassing, if possible, the one before. The road is lined with delicate ferns; and I never saw ferns so beautiful as in Nova Scotia. Someone, too, before I went there, told me that the golden rod, so common in New England, was not commonly found in the Province. But the road around the Bedford Basin is fringed with it. After ten miles of ever-changing scenery, of the most entrancing description, we reach the pretty little town of Bedford, which nestles among the trees between the green, wooded hills and the end of the basin. The return to Halifax may be made by continuing around the other side of the basin. Like the little brook in the poet's song, I could have "gone on forever," and never have tired of Halifax and its surroundings, had not an unwelcomed letter called me back to "Yankee Land."

THE POLITICS OF JAPAN.

BY CHARLES T. LONG.

THE statesmen of Europe, as well as of the Orient, are watching with anxious eyes the current of Japanese affairs. What has the future in store for Japan and what attitude will that country assume towards Western powers after the present war? These are questions that, are upon the lips of many a politician at present. The war in progress with China has demonstrated that in all future arrangements of matters dealing with the Orient, Japan is a power whose attitude will have to be considered. This Land of the Rising Sun, that has borrowed so much from the west, has, in turn, afforded a great lesson to her European instructors. She has, within thirty years, without a struggle, without the loss of a drop of blood, without the shadow of religious bigotry, completely turned herself inside out, has abandoned feudalism, and has seated herself serenely among the civilized nations of the earth with power, modesty, and dignity. A quarter of a century ago, the islands included within the realm of the Mikado's empire were a closed book to the world. Foreigners were not allowed to land, and natives were forbidden to have any intercourse with them. The forty millions of people were mainly serfs, who paid tribute to their lords and masters, the nobility. They had no voice in the government of the country, and knew nothing of its affairs beyond what little they gathered through the priesthood. In these days the proletariat were contented and happy. In theory, the Mikado was absolute and infallible. He had a divine right to rule, since he was a descendant of the gods, and no one ever dreamt of disputing his authority. Japan had taken her religion from China, but her politics have always been upon an entirely different plan. According to the Chinese sages, "the people are the most important element in a nation, and the sovereign is the lightest." This doctrine has always been viewed with horror by the Japanese, who claim that they are honoring themselves in paying respect to the head of the nation.

Previous to 1868, Japan was ruled under the feudal system, the Emperor's powers having been delegated to Shoguns, whose occupations were gone from the moment Western powers forced an entrance to the islands and insisted upon trading privileges. Then the Mikado ascended the throne in person, and undertook to grapple with the then burning question of foreign intrusion. He proved to be a man of intellect and judgment. He saw at a glance that so long as his people remained ignorant of foreign affairs, that they would continue to remain at the mercy of the stranger. He sent picked men, in thousands, throughout the civilized globe, charging them to study Western institutions in every detail, and report with despatch. During the twenty years that followed, there was scarcely a month passed that did not prove the wisdom of the Emperor's course.

Railways were constructed and the rich mines and agricultural lands opened up for commerce; telegraph, telephone, and electric light wires were placed in operation throughout the empire; merchant and war ships were constructed: an army, upon the Western plan, was organized; schools were equipped, universities founded, banking establishments upon the modern plan opened; and, finally, to crown the glory of the new *régime*, a consti-

tution was granted, and in 1889 a parliament opened. The constitution secured to the people a certain measure of control over public affairs, which had hitherto been vested in the nobility.

This measure of control was limited to the nobility and those gentlemen and commoners whose property qualification entitled them to vote or to be voted for. A measure of popular control of local affairs, resembling our county council system, was also granted during the same year. The parliament consists of two houses, and is upon the same basis as the German government.

The administration is divided into ten departments, namely: the Imperial Household, the Army, the Navy, the Interior, Foreign Affairs, Justice, Finance, Education, Commerce, Agriculture, and Communications (posts, telegraphs, etc.), each presided over by a Minister of State. These, with the exception of the Minister of the Household Department, constitute the Cabinet. The Cabinet is responsible only to the Emperor, by whom also each Minister is appointed and dismissed at will. Besides the Cabinet, there is a Privy Council, whose function is to tender advice.

There are three capital cities, Tokyo, Hyoto, and Osaka, each with its strip of adjacent country, administered by a Governor. The rest of the Empire is divided into prefectures. An unusually large proportion of the revenue is raised by land taxation.

Western thought devised the party government system. England has but two great parties, Liberal and Conservative; the United States but two, Democrat and Republican; France three, Germany four, but it was left for Japan to fully demonstrate the extent to which the system may attain. She started off with eleven distinct parties, and there is every reason to believe that these will develop others. The parties in the Lower House of 300 members are composed as follows:

Fiyu-to (Government supporters)	88
Kaishin-to (Progressionists)	35
Domei (Radicals)	19
Kishu-ha (followers of Mr. Mutsu)	8
Tohoku-ha (Popular Party)	12
Toyo-Jiyu-ha (Seceders from Fiyu-to)	3
Shiba (Independents)	14
Churitsu (Radical Independents)	10
Military Party	56
Chuo-Kosho (Social Reformers)	49
Rito Mushozoku (Tariff Reformers)	6

It will be seen at a glance that, at present, no party has control, and it may astonish my readers when I say that this in no way hampers the Government. The budget is annually submitted, and, with amusing regularity, rejected. The taxes are collected, nevertheless, and the Mikado never dreams of dismissing his Ministers and calling upon the leader of any of the parties to form a Government, because he well knows that the result would be the same. The men in office were the same who assisted the Emperor in all reforms, and they will continue to manage the affairs of state until the parties become consolidated. One reason that prevents a fusion at present is the false idea that politicians entertain of independence. This virtue has become so ridiculously appraised that, unless a man can prove himself independent by opposing the Ministers of the Crown he must, at any rate, be careful not to support them publicly or permanently. No politicians could construct a stable edifice of party Government out of a House composed as is the present, and yet, strange to say, all parties are clamoring for "responsible Cabinets." Once the budget is disposed of, the Japanese members who have defeated its adoption calmly set to work to discuss all other measures brought before them. Laws regulating trade and commerce, dealing with crime and criminals, etc., are treated in much the same way as in our parliament at Ottawa. No one for a moment dreams of rebellion because the Ministers of the Crown who

have failed to pass their budget refuse to resign. Everybody laughs and goes on with business.

There are no religious questions to agitate the country. Every man is free to worship at what altar he pleases, whether it be Buddhist, Shintoist, Catholic or Protestant. The schools are free to all, and the children of the different sects may, during certain hours, receive religious instruction by their own priests or ministers.

MOUNT ROYAL—A NOVEMBER WALK.

Past street and square: the city lies behind—
(Within its walls we'll leave our cares to rest);
The roadway curves toward the gleaming west,
Whence comes, with song and dance, the merry wind,
To match the joyous freedom of the mind;
'Tis true, the road in melting snow is dress'd,
That dead leaves vex the "gully" with unrest,
The ferns with frost are brown and interlined.

But when the branch is bare the view expands,
The lace-like twigs are strown with bits of sky;—
A silver-blue, in matchless harmony—
And strange new tints of brown bedeck the lands;
And fairy shades of gray bestrew the strands,
Where, like a sword, the river flashes by.

"The Pines" at length, and resinous perfumes,
(Like subtle incense flooding stately aisles)
Around, a wondrous landscape frowns and smiles;
Above, the firs, like warriors, wave their plumes;
Now, like a sentient thing, the vale assumes
A lone, lost mood, and now the hill beguiles
Its winding path – a-many varied miles
It searches for the peak the sun illumes.

Here Summer smiles with the declining sun,
And lingers coyly in the grass below,
And flashes where the sinuous waters flow;
But Winter walks the woods in garb gray-spun,
And wrestles with the wind in bitter fun,
And lieth prone amidst the scrambled snow.

One pathway of the many lures and leads
Through all the curtaining twigs; the wraiths of gray
Start up like spectres, and so steal away;
The birches amble by as milk-white steeds;
Here flits a bird and there a squirrel speeds
Through groves of oak and maple, sadly stay
Senescent flowers, where the woods array
Their aisles with carpeting of dusky weeds

To left and right come glimpses of the vale ;
The western skies with orange-crimson gleam,—
As to thine ear Romance repeats a tale,
They match their glories in some favored stream
And Silence stalks, a knight in blue-cold mail,
Through all this realm of solitude supreme.

Now, in the flutter of Night's raven wings,
The dead leaves palpitate, and all around
The air is pregnant with that mystic sound--
The deepening and darkening of things ;
The inquiet sense to ev'ry footstep clings
As of pursuit ; the moon lies on the ground
Awhile – a fay in tangled meshes bound—
Then, imp-like, on some pendulous branch it swings.

The white lights of the city !—it is well.
Here cluster pleasant memories for dole
Through all dark days ; so Beauty's sweet control
Pursues the blesséd into meanest cell ;
Like to a vestal lily she doth dwell
Within the tender garden of the soul.

AN ORIGINAL RETRIBUTION.

BY CHARLES NELSON JOHNSON.

At the point where the Nonquon River empties into Lake Scugog, nature has done much for the hunter. A wide expanse of rushes and wild rice on either side of the current forms a fitting abode for water fowl of every kind, while, in the cool depths of the dark blue water, the Muscalonge and gamey Black Bass live in perfect harmony with their universal mother.

Seeking out, with natural instinct, those rare places on the earth best suited to his primitive purpose, the Indian long ago built his wigwam in this region, and leaves to this day a tinge of his personality through the subtle influence of nomenclature. Nonquon was what he called his meagre attempt at a village on the bank of the river about a mile from its mouth, and Nonquon it remained (or rather "The Noncon," as newcomers termed it) till long after the white man had assumed the prerogative of his race, and the Indian had quietly moved on. Of late years, the post office authorities, with more practicality than poetry, have dubbed it something which to them may sound more civilized, but which to us certainly sounds less musical.

At the time of which we write, however, the despoiler had not yet set his mark on the place, and it was from the Nonquon village that a stalwart young white man stepped out one spring morning with an axe over his shoulder, and entered a piece of woods on the bank of the river. The clear ringing blows of the axe were soon heard echoing among the tall trees, and the sound came back pleasantly to the ears of the snug little housewife he had left in their shanty washing the breakfast dishes.

But presently the sound stopped, and the chopper turned his head from his work to see, approaching among the trees, the figure of a smaller man whom he evidently knew.

"Hello Pete," said he, "What's the news this morning?"

"Oh nothin' much," responded the new arrival, apparently ill at ease for some reason.

The young man watched him rather carelessly for a moment, expecting something further, and then went on chopping. The other, after standing in hesitation till the log was cut through, said in a constrained way:

"Lije, I guess you'll hev to come with me. I've got a warrant for you."

Pete was the constable, and instantly there arose in the young man's mind the memory of various fishing expeditions he had taken of late with jack-light and spear, which of course was against the law at this season.

All Nonquon went fishing in that way, and it was seldom a culprit was taken. There was a feeling among the people that the law was a little out of its element in this particular, and even the constable was accustomed to close his right eye meaningly when talking to intimate friends on the subject. Lije knew this, and was surprised at his visit this morning, but good-humoredly submitted to circumstances.

"All right, Pete; come along. Let's go up by the shanty so I can put away my axe, and tell Mandy."

As they walked toward the village, the constable seemed the more worried of the two. When the shanty was reached, and Mandy stopped her work to look inquiringly at the men, her husband laughed carelessly and said:

"Don't be scared, Mandy; I've got to go with Pete a little while. Guess somebody's been smelling that 'lunge cookin' this morning. I'd oughter sent you around a piece, Pete," said he, turning with a twinkle in his eye to his captor, "and then it 'd 'a' been all right."

The constable avoided his look and the quick-eyed Mandy suddenly asked:

"Is it goin' to be anything serious?"

"No," said her husband, with the utmost assurance, "it won't amount to anything. You jest git dinner as usual, and I'll be here to eat it with you."

He put his arm around her for a moment, and then kissing her, quickly hurried after the constable, as he saw evidence of breaking down on Mandy's part.

"Poor little girl," he said, tenderly, as the two walked away. "She gets scared so easy: the least thing upsets her lately."

"Lije, it ain't the fish," said the constable uneasily, when they were out of ear-shot of the shanty.

"What do you mean?" asked Lije, looking at him quickly.

"I didn't care to say anything about it till after we had got away from Mandy, but Lije, the warrant says you are going to appear for forgery."

"Forgery!!" exclaimed the young man, stopping suddenly and putting his hand on the constable's shoulder, as if to make sure he had heard aright, "Pete, haven't you made some mistake in your man? You sure it's my name on that warrant?"

"Oh yes, Lije, it's your name sure enough. 'Elijah J. Landger,'" reading from the warrant.

"Pete, there ain't another constable in ten counties that could take me on that warrant," said the young man viciously, "but I'll go anywheres with you. Jest send somebody back to tell Mandy how it is, and say to her not to worry any, for I'll come out all right."

II.

When the news spread around the Nonquon that Lije Landger was arrested for forgery, there was the wildest excitement. Forgery was considered almost worse than murder, and Lije had always borne so good a reputation that people could not understand why his name should be coupled with so foul a crime.

"Lije was about the last man in these diggins' that I'd 'a thought would do a trick like that," said one of a group who were discussing the news.

"Whose name do they say he forged?" asked another.

"Bexter & Brown's, down at Port Rowen, the firm that buys all our furs. Of course he knows their signature well enough on account o' dealin' with them so much, but I would n't 'a' thought it of Lije."

"Hev they any witnesses?"

"Yes, one, Steve Peenuck; says he seen him do it."

"If Steve Peenuck is a witness ag'in Lije, it'll go hard with him. Steve h'ain't forgot how Lije cut him out and took Mandy Page away from him and married her."

"Mandy would n't 'a' married Steve anyway."

"That don't make no difference. Steve thinks she would; so it's all the same to him, and I'd hate to be in Lije's shoes."

The sequel showed that the last speaker's suspicions were well founded.

When the County Court met at Whitford, about thirty miles from the Nonquon, Lije's case was the most important event of the session.

There seemed to be rather a weak case against the prisoner, till the last witness was called.

"Bring in Stephen Peenuck," said the lawyer, and a small, slim, wiry-looking individual took the stand.

The clerk went over the regular formula with the witness, but seemed to throw more than ordinary emphasis into it.

"Do you solemnly swear that the evidence you are about to give in this case is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?"

"I do," said Steve, kissing the book.

Then the lawyer began:

"Do you know the prisoner at the bar?"

"I do."

"What is his name?"

"Elijer Landger."

"Where were you on the night of May 2nd?"

"In the loft of a small shanty on the bank of the Nonquon River, about half a mile from its mouth."

"Was there any one else in the shanty?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Lije Landger."

"Did he know you were there?"

"No."

"What did you see him do?"

"He took a piece of paper out of his pocket with the name of 'Bexter & Brown' in writin' on it, and then tried to copy the name on some blank paper. He practised writin' it a great many times, and then tore the paper up and threw it under the table."

"Are these the torn bits of paper you see here?"

"Yes."

"What did he do then?"

"He took a long slip of paper and wrote an order on it for a big bill of goods on one of the stores in Port Rowen."

"Would you know that order if you saw it?"

"Yes."

"Is this it?"

"It is."

"What next?"

"He set the signature of 'Bexter & Brown' in front of him, and lookin' close at it, he copied it to the order as near as he could imitate it in his own hand."

There was intense excitement in the court room.

"You positively swear to this fact?"

"I positively swear to it."

The jury made short work of the prisoner. They were men who knew nothing of his past record, and thought a heavy sentence should be given him as a warning to others. That was the policy of justice in the early days of the county.

"We, the jury, find the defendant guilty."

He was sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary.

III.

Let us pass lightly over those seven years, much more lightly than did the prisoner.

One afternoon in the early part of June, Lije walked into the village store at the Nonquon, and coolly said, he guessed he'd have a "plug o' chewin' tobaccer."

It was his first appearance since the morning when the constable interrupted his chopping down by the river.

"Kin you tell me where my wife's folks live?" he asked of the storekeeper.

"Live right over there in the same place," was the answer.

"Well, I guess I'll go over and git 'quainted with my little girl." And he sauntered out.

His "little girl" was now nearly seven years old. Mandy had left him this blossom as a memento of her love. The baby was born shortly after his imprisonment, and the cruel blow of his sentence fell so heavily on the delicate woman, just at her critical moment, that she never revived. She died with his name lingering on her lips.

"Seen anything of Steve Peenuck lately?" Lije asked a day or two later, as he lounged carelessly against the counter in the store.

"No, haven't seen him for several years. Heard he was out Fenelon Falls way at last accounts."

Lije aimed some tobacco juice with wonderful precision at a box of saw-

dust, set for that purpose near the counter, and, taking himself listlessly out of the store door, was not seen around the Nonquon for several weeks.

Conjecture as to his whereabouts was frequent enough, but nothing definite was heard of him till one morning old Andy, the one-eyed Indian from the Island, was seen paddling his canoe up toward the village, and after landing and lifting out a huge maskinonge, walked with his characteristic rapid, but quiet tread in the direction of a knot of men lounging in front of the blacksmith's shop. After vainly trying to sell his fish, he incidentally imparted the information that a couple of men had moved into the old shanty down by Bascoe's Landing.

When asked if he knew them he answered:

"Don' know, mebbe, one look like Pee-nock."

Peenuck! The men glanced wonderingly at each other. The shanty referred to was the one in which Steve claimed to have seen Lije commit the forgery.

"And don't you know the other one?"

"Don' know, mebbe, big man, look like La'dger, don' know."

Here was a sensation to stir even the sleepy group of listeners. But the majority, on second reflection, thought that Andy must be mistaken, and that it was best not to get excited on the evidence presented. That Lije and Steve were really living together they could not believe, for the conviction had long ago settled itself among the Nonquonites that Steve had sworn falsely when he sent Lije to the penitentiary.

However, it turned out that Andy was right; the two men certainly occupied the shanty in company.

"Well, Steve is a bigger fool than I ever give him credit for to put himself in Lije's hands in that way. He'll be a dead man inside o' no time." This was the expression of one of the villagers, and the general sentiment of all of them.

But the dire prediction proved amiss. The summer passed away, the fall came, and Lije and Steve were living in apparent harmony at Bascoe's Landing.

One morning early in October, Lije stepped out of the shanty, and looking at the weather, called back indoors:

"Steve, this is goin' to be a good day for ducks. Git your gun and let's go down to the mouth and see if we can't get a crack at some o' them."

Steve came out with his gun under his arm, and, looking at Lije, said:

"Whar's yours?"

"Oh, I won't shoot any to-day. I'll jest row the boat and let you pop the birds."

Steve followed Lije down the river with a sort of hang-dog air that seemed to be growing on him of late.

When they stepped into the boat he tried to take the oars, but without a word Lije reached for them and was soon sweeping the boat down the river, with Steve sitting in the stern, his gun lying across his knees, and his eyes avoiding the open countenance of the rower.

It was still early in the morning, and the plash of the oars, alternating with the grating of the rowlocks, echoed over the water and among the reeds on the bank, starting into activity countless numbers of black birds, who fluttered away, chattering vigorously in their flight. An occasional mud hen dove out of sight at their approach, and several times a small flock of ducks rose and flew rapidly toward the lake. A cold reeking vapor hung over the water and filtered up through the rushes, and the air was filled with a pungent, though not unpleasant, odor from the herbs growing in the soft black loam on the shore.

"I'll land you on Beaver Meadow Point," said Lije, "and you can settle yourself down snug behind a clump

o' bushes, and then I'll row round the bend on the other side of the marsh, and scare out the ducks. They'll fly right over you on their way to Big Bay, and you can pepper 'em. When you get tired shootin' jest give me the signal, and I'll come back."

They had a good day, and, on the way home, Lije, who seemed in the best of humor, pointed at the pile of ducks in the boat and said:

"Tell you what, Steve, that ain't no slouch of a day's work, You're a corker for ducks, and no mistake."

"Would n't 'a' been likely to get many if you had n't placed me jest right, and then sent the ducks over me," answered Steve, looking away from his companion.

"Oh pshaw! 'tain't no credit to me; you're the boy that pulled the trigger, and you can't get ducks un'ess you shoot straight, I notice."

"Always the way," said Steve pettishly, "you're eternally givin' me the credit for everything, when it's always you that does the hardest of the work, and puts me in the way of gettin' all the praise."

There was a pause, and nothing was heard for a time but the regular sweep of the oars. Presently Steeve resumed:

"Lije, I'm gittin' tired of this kind o' thing. I've been goin' to speak for some time, and now I'm bound to. I want to ask you what it all means? Here we've been livin' together for some time now, and you 've been treatin' me jest like a prince—nothin' too good for me—and I want to know what it means. Any one would think I had done ye some wonderful good turn in my time and that you was tryin' to pay me back for it, when instid o' that, Lije you know 's well 's I do that I ——."

Just at that moment the boat, steered by Lije, ran bump against a projecting log and nearly upset.

"Look out for the ducks!" cried Lije, "We don't want to lose any of them fellers. Guess I must 'a' been lookin' too close at their pretty feathers to notice that log. I'll try and do better, Steve: 'tain't very consid'rit o' me to come so near spillin' all the birds you shot to-day."

And then he talked away, enlarging on the beauties of this and that particular bird till they had reached the landing.

"You jest take it easy, Steve, while I cook the supper. You've had a hard day's shootin', and tain't no fun to go slumpin' round among the bushes, watchin' these wild-eyed fellers."

After supper, Steve broke out once more:

"No use talkin', Lije, I've got to have my say. I can't stand this no longer: it'll kill me. I've got to tell ye something."

They were sitting in the dim light of the flickering fire, and Steve's face, as he spoke, was turned away from Lije.

"I've got to tell ye,' he went on, "how I come to swear as I did down at Whitford: how I come to make up such an infernal lie I hated ye, Lije—hated ye like pisen—from the time ye took Mandy away from me. I was bound to git ye into trouble in some way, and first thing I thought about was the forgery. I signed the order myself, and I knowed you was out fishin' the second of May, and so you could n't prove where ye was. You know the rest. I don t say I was sorry or glad when Mandy died, but I was most all-fired 'fraid to meet *you* again, so I went away from here I did n't think ye could find me, but when ye put yer hand on my shoulder at Bobcaygeon, and said, 'Steve, you come with me,' I knowed 'twas no use to shirk, so I come along. I fully expected you'd shoot me when ye got me back here to the old place, but 'stid o' that you 've been kinder to me than my own mother could 'a' been, and I don't know what to make of it. If ye intend to lead me on gradu'lly, and then some day throttle me and choke the life out o' me, I wish you'd hurry

up and throttle, for I'm wearin' out with this way o' livin."

He turned to see what effect his words had on Lije, but there was no Lije there.

He had been making his whole confession to the bare walls of the shanty. He had not heard Lije when he went out, but he felt that he had quietly left when he first began to talk. The thought maddened him. He had been burning to say this so long, and now it was all said to no purpose. "My God, my God," he groaned. "I wish he'd shoot me!"

He was sitting some time after, gloomily stooped in front of the fire, with his face buried in his hands, when Lije burst into the room with a ringing laugh, as if nothing of a depressing nature had ever happened.

"Well Steve, here's a good one on me. I was jest down here in the aidge of the woods gittin' some pine knots for the fire, and as I was comin' along back, not noticin' where I was steppin', one o' my feet sunk plump into a mud hole, and away I went sprawlin', firewood and all." And then he laughed again, and looked down comically at his bespattered clothing.

Steve turned away his head with a sigh and slunk off to bed.

A close observer might have judged that Lije had got both feet in a mudhole; and in fact, if anyone had been outside the shanty that night, he might have seen Lije, when he left the door, dash vigorously into the low timber along the river bank, and tear madly about among the trees and underbrush, as if battling with some terrible frenzy within him. After expending his energy in this way for some time, he turned toward the shanty again, and when it was reached, he paused and passed his hand across his damp forehead, as if to brush away his agitation. We have seen with what success, as he entered the shanty.

IV.

For a week after this, Steve moped drearily about the place and then suddenly was missing. He had run away from the Nonquon on account of the terrible uncertainty hanging over him. He was careful to study well his means of escape to avoid being followed, and reached Port Rowen so stealthily that he breathed freer than for many days before. Here he stayed over night, and in the morning felt almost hilarious at the thought of his deliverance. He remained secluded in the tavern all the morning, so that he felt no apprehension when he started out to take the stage which was to carry him further on his way. He had not gone a dozen rods, however, when he was conscious of a figure stepping up by his side, and he heard Lije speak in a careless, matter-of-fact way, at the same time looking out over Lake Scugog, as if studying the weather intently:

"Steve, it looks out there as if we was goin' to have a freeze-up before many days, and we 'd oughter have one more crack at the ducks this fall. When you git through with your bizness here, we'll go back to the Nonquon and try our hand down at Beaver Medder Point again."

"I'm through now," answered Steve, moodily, and the two men turned without another word, and by nightfall were once more at the door of their shanty.

As they entered, Steve seemed possessed of more than usual energy, and walked to the corner where his gun was standing, handed it to Lije, and said, with a strange twitching of his lips:

"Here Lije, for God's sake take this and shoot me. I'd ruther ye would. Take it and do it quick."

Lije reached for the gun, and walking to the door, pointed the muzzle out toward the evening star, twinkling in its uncertain light, just over the shanty door. Then looking with calm meaning straight in Steve's face, he fired both barrels into the air, and walking back, quietly put the empty gun in Steve's trembling hand.

The poor culprit knew from that time forth he had no need of fear of Lije.

But he was more ill at ease than ever. Lije's kindness became more pronounced, and manifested itself in every conceivable manner. Steve grew churlish and irritable with every one he met. The inhabitants of the village had never been very gracious to him since he came back from testifying against Lije, and now showed their ill-will on every occasion. Since the two men occupied the shanty together they had very little intercourse with outsiders, but now, for some reason, Steve took a fancy to go down to the village quite often, and Lije humored him in this as in everything else.

"Why, yes, Steve, we haint seen so much of the village as we might since we've been here, and it don't look quite sociable. We'll go down as often as you like."

And they went. It was to Steve the nearest semblance to relief. Here he could pick a quarrel and vent some of his spleen. But Lije always took his part in any wordy altercation, and this robbed Steve of half the comfort.

One day he became so abusive in the blacksmith's shop that the smith could stand it no longer, and, throwing down his hammer, started for Steve, with a vicious light in his eye.

"I'll pitch you into the gutter, you miserable liar and blackguard!" he cried in a fury, and was on the point of striking him when he was stopped by Lije, who placed himself between the two men and said:

"No, you don't, Pringle. You can't strike Steve when I'm around. He ain't any meaner 'n the rest of you, and he's smaller. It won't be well for any of you to touch him while I'm here." And he walked away with the crest-fallen Steve, who hated him worse at that moment than ever before.

He knew that the men would not quarrel with him after this, and he would be deprived of that solace.

Not a word was spoken on the way back to the shanty, but a dark scheme was brewing in Steve's mind. A vicious mood was on him all the evening, and in the quiet hours of the night when he thought Lije was asleep, he crept stealthily out of bed, and, taking a large hunter's knife in his hand, softly approached the bunk where Lije lay.

The embers from the dying fire sent flitting lights and shades around the room, and as Steve drew near Lije's bunk the shadow of the face lying on the pillow was outlined against the wall in a quivering uncertain light. Steve's attention was riveted to this dancing, grinning apparition on the wall. He began to tremble, and felt his resolution weakening. His eyes never once sought out the real face, he stared so much at the shadow.

"No use," he thought, despairingly, "if I pierced his body through and through, there's his shadow to haunt me always, and it would drive me crazy."

Just then a gust of wind howled outside and swept some dead leaves rustling against the window, and the next moment the knife was dropped, and he was in bed with the clothing clutched tightly about his face.

In the morning he was horrified to think how near he had been to murder. A revulsion of feeling set in, and he moaned to himself:

"What have I ever done to that man but injury? What has he ever shown me but kindness? My God, I must be an awful wretch! I wish he'd shoot me."

From that moment there was never a thought of vengeance in his mind; he was too completely crushed.

V.

The winter had passed slowly away, and the time for jack-light and spear was at hand. The ice in the river was broken up, and floated lazily toward the lake in ragged, honey-comb-

ed masses, jostling and scraping one another on their way. The water was higher than usual this spring and every one predicted good fishing. The large fish would come well up into the river, and could be taken more easily than in the lake or bay.

One afternoon, Steve started across the river to cut some "fat pine" for the torches to be in readiness as soon as the ice was completely out. If we look closely at the man as he walks down to the river, we shall see that the winter has told heavily on him. He is even thinner than before, and a haggard, weary look is on his face. He has perceptibly weakened, and something seems to be constantly gnawing away his energy. He is pettish and almost childish in his demeanor now-a-days. Lije humors every one of his many whims, and guards him like a stronger brother. He takes the heavy end of the burden in all their pursuits, hunting, trapping, fishing, cutting fire-wood,—everything. It was only to gratify a sudden whim of Steve's that Lije allowed him to cross the river alone to-day in quest of material for the jack-lights.

"Lije, I guess I'll go over and cut some 'fat pine.' Guess I'll go alone." "I'd ruther go alone," he added, looking up at Lije in a childish, appealing way.

"All right, Steve, only look out and steer clear o' the ice. If one of them big cakes 'd git under the side o' the boat it would send her over sure."

Steeve looked at him a moment with a peculiar light in his eye, and then turned toward the boat.

When about half-way across the river, he glanced stealthily from the corner, of his eye to see if Lije was watching him, and not seeing him about, a sudden, strange resolve showed itself in his countenance. He stood up in the boat. The small craft was now well surrounded by masses of ice, which grated along its side, and began to carry it down stream.

Steve's face wore a peculiar mixture of weakness and resolution. It seemed that he had little energy left, but what little he did have was summoned with dreadful determination for that one terrible moment: and he glanced alternately at the spot where he had left Lije in fear lest he should be seen, and then at the river in front of him, looking for an open space.

Presently a break in the ice showed him the clear water, and without a moment's hesitation he plunged headlong out of sight, and came up immediately beneath the mass of ice.

It seemed he must surely drown, for the ice held him securely under the water: but, just at the moment he plunged, a figure sprang from behind a clump of bushes on the shore, and Lije, dashing recklessly into the water, swam toward the boat. It was a desperate deed to attempt a rescue. The water was bitterly cold, and the river filled with ragged patches of ice which made it almost impossible for him to swim. But he appeared oblivious to everything around him, save the one object of reaching Steve, who, he knew, must be nearly exhausted under the float. He struggled in the ice like a monster sea-horse, grappling with the large pieces and pressing them aside, or clambering madly over them in his haste. A seething, churning mass heaved and sank in his wake, and he was soon near the boat, where he immediately dived beneath the ice and began groping around to find the victim.

Steve had been carried some distance from the boat, and it was almost in despair that Lije floundered around in search of him. But presently he reached him, and brought him, limp and helpless, to the surface. Then commenced another vigorous fight back through the ice with his burden, and by the time he reached the shore he was nearly exhausted and was bleeding fearfully from his contact with the ice. He did not stop a moment to consider his own condition, but hur-

riedly carried Steve to the shanty, and worked over him until he saw signs of life. When at last he had him out of danger the only remark that passed between them was Lije's off-hand—"Well, old boy, purty close call. You'll have to stay in bed for awhile."

And Steve did have to stay in bed. The exposnre told terribly on his weakened constitution, and he some how did not seem to gain strength. Lije did everything that lay in his power for the sick man, but he sank lower every day.

"Lije, I wish you would bring little Mandy over," he said one day.

Lije's little girl had been the only ray of sunshine in his life for the last few months. She was often a visitor at the shanty now, and both men loved her—each in his own different way. Lije loved her as only a lonely father can love his motherless child. He would often, when alone with her, strain her passionately to his broad breast, with a far-away, tender light in his eye; and there was a certain something in his nature when she was around that never displayed itself at other times. It was something indefinable, but something which Steve always recognized, and felt better for.

His love for the little girl was of a vastly different kind. He loved her because she hated him. Instinctively, she repelled him from the first, and her hatred was of such an open, frank nature that it gave him infinite relief. How he gloried in the fact that all of Lije's kind remonstrances could not affect her treatment of him. She would act spitefully toward him in the face of all the world.

Now, when he was sick, weak, and in despair, he wanted to see her. It would be a balm for the wound made by Lije's rescue and kind treatment.

"All right, Steve, I'll have her come over to-day. She can stay with us for awhile, if you'd like it."

Although Lije's kind offer robbed the occasion of half its pleasures, Steve said he should like it.

But when Lije led little Mandy up to his bedside he noticed a change in her demeanor toward him. Even the mind of a little child could not help comprehending something of the mysterious undermining going on in the man. How he had paled and shrunk since she saw him! How large his eyes looked! How helpless he seemed!

She looked up in wonder a moment into her father's face, and then, in somewhat of an awe-stricken manner, walked to the bed, and said:

"Steve, I'se sorry for what I done. I ain't goin' to throw no more mud at you, nor hit you no more." And then, seemingly in search of some kind of restitution, she looked around the room, and said, in her sweet, piping little voice: "Kin I bring you a drink of water, Steve?"

Steve turned his face to the wall and groaned. Here was his last solace gone.

He sank rapidly after that, and Lije soon determined on calling a doctor. There was none nearer than Port Rowen, and he seldom came so far as the Nonquon, the people of that region usually depending on their own ingenuity in sickness. Lije said nothing to Steve about medical aid, but hired old Andy, the Indian, to go to Port Rowen with a message to the doctor, which ended, "Be shure and cum, Munny no objic."

When the doctor arrived, Lije met him outside the shanty, and said:

"I've got a mighty sick man in there, and I want you to do your level best for him. Don't stop at nothin' to cure him. I've plenty to pay you with; and, 's I said when I sent for you, 'money 's no objic'."

But the medical man shook his head after he had examined the patient.

"No use," said he, "he's too far gone: no vitality left in him; complication of diseases. The exposure in the river was too much for him, and, what 's worse, he does not seem to care about getting better—refused point blank to take my medicine. You can't cure a

man unless he'll take your medicine. No, sir: you've done all you can, but your friend will never leave that bed alive."

A day or two later, Steve called Lije to his bedside, and said, in a weak, husky voice:

"Lije, I'm goin' fast, and I'm glad. I want ye to listen to me this time. Don't gi' me the slip—you won't gi' me the slip, will ye, Lije?" he added, looking up appealingly.

"No, Steve," said Lije, kindly. "Anything you like. I'll do whatever you want me to."

Steve instinctively winced at the kind words, but went on:

"Lije, you've more'n got even with me. Ye couldn't 'a' done it so well in any other way. If you'd fought me, and abused me, it'd been no more'n I expected, and it wouldn't 'a hurt me like this. This has been a *hell* to me, Lije, and every good turn you've done me has cut me like a knife. And, my God! how kind ye *have* been!" he exclaimed, looking up wonderingly at Lije. "What a friend ye could 'a' been to a man who deserved it! And, oh! Lije—I can't but say it—*what a husband you'd 'a' been to Mandy!*"

All this while Lije was looking out of the window, striving to keep command of himself, and the only evidence of feeling was a strange twitching of his lips at this reference to Mandy.

"I've noticed it more'n more when I see the way ye love little Mandy," Steve went on. "Ye jest worship that little girl, and you'd 'a' worshipped her mother, You'd 'a' done better for her than I ever would, Lije, and I wanted to tell ye that, and to tell ye I've deserved all my punishment. But, Lije, how kind you've been"—his mind seemingly growing weak, and wandering. "What a lot o' things you've done for me. Why, Lije, look! You're all scars now from the ice when ye pulled me out'n the river! Lije, don't let a preacher say anything at my fun'ral. Don't have no fun'ral; I ain't fit for it. Jest let me lay outside the shanty here, all by myself. Don't take me up to the buryin' ground—I'd rather lay here on the old Landin'. You'll let me lay here, won't ye, Lije? You'll bury me yerself, won't ye? I hain't used ye right, Lije; but you'll do it, I know ye will. Ye fought that ice for me—you've done everything for me—and you'll—you'll—let me lay here—won't ye?"

His voice was growing weaker at every word, and his breathing changed to a gurgling, uncertain sound in his throat. At one time he seemed almost gone for a moment; the lines on his face drew into a peculiar expres sion, which might have been taken for a smile, and his lips moved with the words:

"Ye—ye—got even with me, Li—."

But the name was never finished.

. . . . . .

One very early morning in June, old one-eyed Andy, the Indian, came paddling his canoe across Lake Scugog, and up the Nonquon River toward the village. He had trolled across the lake, and as far up the river as the current would permit, and had in his canoe several bass and one maskinonge.

As he approached Bascoe's Landing, he began to look curiously in the direction of the shanty. He had heard of Steve's death, and of Lije's departure from the Nonquon, a few days later, accompanied by little Mandy. The place was now of interest to him in the possibility it contained of cast-off articles which he might use. He landed and began to explore.

He picked up an old shoe, examined it critically, looked down at his own moccasined feet, as if making a comparison, and then threw away the shoe. The next thing that caught his eye was a fresh mound, lying under leeway of a clump of bushes. He walked up to it, and stuck the toe of his moccasin in the soft earth. Then a rough head-board, with some rude letters carved upon it, claimed his at-

tention. He stooped down and looked quizzically at the writing for a moment, and then turned away with a puzzled grunt—muttering to himself in his own native gibberish.

Possibly, when he saw the letters, the poor Indian vaguely regretted his inability to read, but even had the power been given him this morning, his understanding would have received little light. The legend on the board simply read:—

"KILD BI KINDNESS."

And in smaller characters at the extreme foot of the board:—

"IT WUS THE EZIEST WAY."

WINTER.

Congealed and dead, of heat devoid and life,
Doth swing this earthly ball midst frigid space;
The frost king cracks his lash, yet our big race
With heartier pulse-beats throbs amidst such strife,
And, throbbing, gains a sturdier being, rife
With meaning new of nobleness and grace.
Though snowy fields impede the axeman's pace,
With home is heat, and dearer—child and wife.
Then shake thy summer-sloth of flaccid ease;
Boreas rageth!—through thy limbs may glow
The rubric of a livelier, lustier flow,—
Triumph of life o'er frost! Yet me doth please
The trancing thought, soon shall these wind-swept trees
Hear robins' chorus, calling flowers to blow.

REUBEN BUTCHART.

Toronto, Feb. 6th, 1895.

THE NEWSPAPERS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY J. F. MORRIS FAWCETT.

ONE of the most striking features of the latter half of the nineteenth century is undoubtedly the rapid advance of Socialism. The term Socialism is used with very various significance; there are those who understand by it a desire for the general welfare of mankind: while many recognize but a slight distinction between a socialist and an anarchist. Probably the latter significance is the one most generally accepted, and this is, of course, owing to the fact that the name of Socialist has been adopted by the most unscrupulous ruffians in every civilized country.

Let me, then, say, that in making use of the term, I intend the higher kind of Socialism—the reverse of the system of *laissez faire*—in fact, paternal government under a new name.

Most governments now recognize it as their duty to undertake the education of the people, and this is Socialism in a mild form. Now, the object of education is not merely to enable people to earn a livelihood—they might do that, as they have done for ages past, without any knowledge of letters—the true object of education is to enlarge and elevate the mind. And if it is the duty of a State to teach its people to read, it is, surely, also its duty to see that they have access to literature of an elevating character, and to prohibit the publication of all that is degrading. The English Government discharges this duty, to some extent, by the Public Libraries' Act; and the Government of France has lately passed a law for the regulation of the Press.

But the colonies are considerably behind the countries of Europe in this matter, and England's oldest colony, of which I wish to say a few words, is, perhaps, the furthest behind of all. It is the boast of the "Fourth Estate" all the world over, that it is a power in the land; that some newspapers can make or mar a Ministry, and that the public journals are welcomed in those dilapidated habitations where the Sovereign may not enter. All this is very true; the influence of the Press for good or evil is enormous. Is it not, then, the duty of Government to see that this influence is exercised for good? The newspapers, to a large proportion of the population, form the only literature, and, therefore, it is an aspiration of Socialism of the highest order to maintain a healthy tone in the daily literature which is in everyone's hands.

For Government exercises its authority to prevent the adulteration of food, and there can, therefore, be no good reason why it should not endeavour to preserve purity in the newspapers, which are the only intellectual food which a large number of people are able to obtain. It will be seen that it is against the license, not the liberty, of the press, that these remarks are directed, for the freedom of the press would be no more impaired by the intervention of the State than is that of trade by the adulteration laws.

In Newfoundland the press does, and has done for many years past, incalculable harm; and the injury is two-fold, for not only has it a debasing influence on the people, but it blights the reputation of the colony abroad.

The Government makes an education grant, and there are very few, if any, of the last two generations who are unable to read. But in St. John's there is no free library, and, with the

exception of American paper-covered editions of modern novels, books are very dear, and often difficult to get. In the outports—that is to say all the settlements round the coast—books are not obtainable. English papers very seldom find their way to these remote places, and when they do, are of no great interest to people who have never been out of Newfoundland. The only literature, then, that the great majority of Newfoundlanders ever see is the production of the local press, and since these papers are sold for one cent., and are transmitted free through the post office, they are read by all. It is a well known fact that people of limited education have a great respect for, and often implicitly believe, what they see in print. Thus, incitement to riot and insurrection, and to class-hatred, together with disloyal sentiments, the foulest libels and the grossest slanders, are scattered broadcast over the land, and greedily devoured by people who have absolutely nothing else to read, and whose intelligence is not, perhaps, of the highest order.

We are apt to assume that the newspapers reflect more or less the character of the community, and in the case of Newfoundland such an assumption would not be entirely without justification, for the people are very much to blame in the matter. In the case of libel, it is next to impossible to obtain a verdict, unless the complainant can show that he has thereby suffered pecuniary loss. It is therefore to be concluded that Newfoundland juries consider loss of money a far more serious matter than loss of character.

Of course, in all places large allowance must be made to the press during elections. When political feeling runs high, even the most respectable papers often become violent, and, not infrequently, personal. But the stock-in-trade of the St. John's papers is personal abuse of the most unscrupulous nature, and both public and private persons are alike assailed. A member of the Government is appointed a governor of the Savings' Bank, and the Opposition paper immediately warns the public that deposits are not safe in his hands. The terms liar, thief, traitor, scoundrel, to say nothing of such expressions as "boodler" and "hoodlum," with the exact significance of which, I confess, I am not acquainted, may be seen in any paper you may happen to pick up.

In Newfoundland there is, properly speaking, no politics; neither party has any political principles worthy the name: it is merely a matter of "ins" and "outs." The mercantile party is called "Tory" by its opponents, who take to themselves the name of "Liberal." The so-called Liberal party in the House of Assembly consists principally of lawyers.

In all places, the interests of capital and labour are, to some extent, identical; there are cases, of course, where legislation, for instance, in the interest of capitalists, would not be proportionally beneficial to labour, and *vice versa*. But it is undoubtedly true that capital and labour cannot be in conflict with advantage to either, and this fact is especially remarkable in Newfoundland, which, in economic matters, is far behind the rest of the empire, it being one of the few places where the truck system still exists.

The merchant gives the fisherman supplies in advance. The fisherman then goes a-fishing. At the end of the season, a certain portion of the catch belongs to the owner of the schooner, and the remainder to the crew. But the crew have already had supplies from the merchant, which are now paid for in fish, and the balance, the amount of which, of course, depends on the catch, is generally sold to the merchant in exchange for supplies for the winter, cash playing, usually, a very small part in the transactions.

Now, what is the course taken by the "Liberal" press in this connection? It is this. It instils into the minds

of the fishermen, in season and out of season, that they are at the mercy of a hard-hearted set of merchants whose sole object in life is to amass wealth by grinding the faces of the poor—that they are robbed continually and systematically by these bad men. It will easily be believed that the fishermen are not averse to crediting such statements, and the result is too often lamentable. The fisherman comes, hat in hand, to the merchant, and humbly solicits supplies for his wife and little ones. Obtaining these, he sails away to the fisheries. Is he not the victim of a brutal, blood-sucking merchant? Certainly; the papers said so. Is he to toil and slave for such a monster? Certainly not. He will catch what he can, without over-exertion. He is fond of cash, and not averse to rum, and so some of the fish is transferred to the first foreign vessel he falls in with, in exchange for one or other of these commodities.

Now, I do not wish to be understood to imply that the merchant is a model of philanthropy, or that he grants supplies at "the lowest cash prices," but, it must be remembered, that he grants them in advance, and takes the risk of bad seasons.

The truck system is undoubtedly rotten, and is injurious to both merchant and fisherman. But what I do assert, and that without fear of contradiction, is, that no good end can be gained by the press teaching the fishermen to regard the merchants as their natural enemies, and this is what the "Liberal" press of Newfoundland endeavours to do, day by day, and year by year. Under the mask of sympathy for the fishermen, it strives by all means, fair occasionally, foul usually, to stir up, for political purposes, bitter feelings of hatred between the two great classes in the colony.

From the literary point of view, the merits of the Newfoundland papers are of the smallest. Huge type, capitals and italics (to borrow from Macaulay) do duty for eloquence. Their "leaders" are rather violent than clever. It is the general practice to fill up vacant spaces with anonymous letters on various topics, most frequently criticisms (*i. e.* virulent abuse) of Government officials, from the Governor down to the humblest constable or tide-waiter.

In addition to these, there is always a serial novel, generally of the "penny dreadful" order.

Good taste is perhaps a minor matter, but it may be well to illustrate the delicacy shown by one of the journals. A leading merchant of St. John's sending out invitations for a fancy dress ball, of course an entirely private affair, the *Telegram* suggested that he was giving this party in hopes of the dress materials being bought at his shop. Such impertinent remarks on private persons, respecting private affairs, are only too common.

It is a relief to be able to say that there is one good paper in the colony. The *Royal Gazette* is a production which would do credit to any community, but, unfortunately, it is only a weekly publication with a small circulation.

To those who are not familiar with these newspapers, the remarks that have been made may seem too severe, and some of the statements almost incredible, and I feel that anyone putting such forward should be able to give chapter and verse.

The *Evening Telegram*, on 30th May, 1894, contained a libel on the late Premier, which probably exceeded in vileness anything previously published in the colony. I refrain from giving the extract, which is not fit for anyone to read; suffice it to say that it referred to an alleged assault.

The following verses are from the same paper, which is the mouth-piece of the Liberal, or "Workingman's" party, and were published prior to the last general election. The names are those of some of the leading men in the colony:—

"Baine, Grieve, and Munroe sat down one night;
They were not quite fou'—just middlin' tight;
They were going to frame, as best they might,
The party manifesto."

The poem then goes on to show that they were unable of themselves to frame their manifesto, and concludes:

"Mun! fill up your glass and pass the wine;
'Twill brighten us up. Oh! look at the time!
We must telephone down for that cad Morine,
To write the manifesto.

"I hate the beggar. 'Tis against the grain
I send for him now; but he's got the brain,
And he'll do the job, which we've tried in vain,
Of writing the manifesto.

"All right, said Munroe, I hate him, too;
He's the bossest liar that ever I knew;
But 'tis lies we want, and 'tis lies will do:
He shall write the manifesto.

"What that document is we all know well;
'Tis a tissue of lies, as false as H—ll;
'Twill deceive no one except themsell,
That signed the manifesto."

Incitement to riot has been mentioned. In June, 1894, when, owing to the unseating of the Liberal party for bribery and corruption, the Government was in an abnormal condition, the *Evening Telegram* openly urged all importers to go to the wharf, and seize goods without payment of duty: and, following this advice, a mob attempted to do so on June 14th, but were unsuccessful, and the riot was put down.

During the present financial crisis, the Liberal Government obtained a loan from the Bank of Montreal. The following paragraph, in large print, appeared in the *Evening Herald*, the paper which supports the Tory party (January 7th, 1895):—

"Workingmen! Think of this. The *Silvia* yesterday brought two hundred thousand dollars ($200,000) to pay the Government officials their salaries. Bread-winners, why should this be? Why must you, with hungry wives and perishing children, starve, while wealthy, purse-proud "hangers-on" are paid in gold? How long more will you stand such treatment; why should they not do without their salaries as you have to do without bread? Workingmen, awake and demand your rights!!!"

A riot on the following day was the result. Very few people at that date were hungry, and certainly none were perishing.

Such was the action of the "Tory" press in a time of calamity, when, if ever, all parties might be expected to unite for the common good.

Nor was the "Liberal" press behind hand. The Imperial Government refused to burden the already heavily-taxed citizens of the United Kingdom with a loan to Newfoundland, without having an enquiry by Royal Commission, which, fearing the disclosures that would follow, the Newfoundland Government refused. The *Evening Telegram*, while filling its columns with letters and articles showing forth the advantages to Newfoundland of annexation to the United States, expressed itself as follows (January 10th, 1895):—

"The colony asked the Imperial Government for assistance in a crisis brought upon us by the dishonesty and extravagance of a few British merchants. And what is the Mother Country's reply? We refuse to help you in your difficulties; but we will send Marines and Bluejackets to shoot you down, should you, in your need and desperation, raise a hand against the bank thieves who have ruined you!!

"Talk about loyalty! How can you expect us to be loyal when we are treated with the utmost cruelty? Do you want us to kiss the hand that wields the rod? Ask us why Poland is not loyal to Russia, and we will tell you why the people of Newfoundland prefer Annexation to the condition of a Crown Colony!"

Such words would, under any circumstances, be unworthy of Britons, but, considering that Newfoundland, the oldest English colony, is the first self-governing community that has ever made such an appeal, and that it has been necessitated by the incapacity of its people to manage their own affairs, a little humility would certainly be more becoming.

The people of Newfoundland denounce these papers; they say that they are infamous, and a disgrace to the colony, and that they are ashamed to send them to friends abroad. And in so saying, there is no doubt that very many of them, at least, are sincere.

Nevertheless, the remedy, to a very great extent, lies in their hands. They have "enjoyed" the fullest form of responsible government for forty years, and they are at liberty to pass such laws, with regard to the press, as they please. The fact is, that no one has been willing to incur the responsibility, or to face the newspaper abuse which any attempt to reform the press would bring upon him.

It is a matter of congratulation that since the beginning of the present year the clergy of all denominations have united in an endeavor to check this great abuse. The following resolutions were lately read in most of the churches and chapels in St. John's:—

"Whereas, it has been for a length of time a matter of notoriety that the daily press in St. John's has been pursuing a course far transgressing the bounds of legitimate journalism, highly injurious to public morals, calculated to bring disgrace upon a Christian community, and to undo the best efforts of religious and secular teachers.

"Whereas, such corrupt and disgraceful practices (even in the presence of the calamity which now presses on us), have become more intensified in virulence, and so revolting in language and character, as to far exceed the usual freedom accorded to the press in civilized communities, in discussing public matters, while also assailing private character in vile and slanderous terms.

"Whereas, we cannot but ascribe, in a great measure, to this reprehensible tone the present divisions and strifes in political and social life, destroying that mutual confidence and respect which are ever the safeguards of communities.

"And whereas, such writings as those which we deprecate have, and must, if persisted in, continue to have a damaging effect upon our public credit, and character abroad;

"We, the clergymen of St. John's, adopt the following resolutions:—

"Resolved, that we hereby record our solemn protest against the continuance of this degraded style of journalism, which we regard as calculated to awaken and foster the worst passions of the human heart; to kindle animosities, hatreds, and a desire for revenge; to disturb the peace of families; and to inflict cruel and unmerited injuries on the reputation of individuals. In particular, we consider that its tendency is to pollute the minds of the young, and to counteract the teachings of church, school, and Christian home; to poison the minds of the whole community, and vitiate and degrade the public taste. While journalism of a proper kind has a wholesome and elevating influence, that to which we refer merits the abhorrence and condemnation of all Christian men and women.

"Resolved that we hereby earnestly call upon the people of our congregations to unite in discountenancing ths practices referred to by their most strenuous efforts, and by using the means which to them appear the most effective for putting an end to an evil which has long prevailed, and threatens to become more extended and ruinous.

"Resolved, that we agree to have these resolutions read to our congregations on a Sunday that may be found most convenient, and afterwards published.

"(Signed), Llewellyn, Newfonndland; J. Scott, Admr.; G. S. Milligan, D.D., President of Methodist Conference; Arthur C. F. Wood (C. of E), Chairman; W. Graham (Presbyterian), Secretary. Committee:—P. O'Brien, Roman Catholic Church; G. Ward

Siddall, Congregational; A. D. Morton, Methodist.

"Dated at St. John's, Newfoundland, this 15th day of January, 1895."

These resolutions, together with the extracts given above, will serve to give some idea of the character of the newspapers of Newfoundland, and it will be admitted that no community maintaining such a press can be in a healthy condition, or can expect to prosper.

It is no part of my purpose to assume the rôle of apologist for Newfoundland—brave man must he be, and able, who shall undertake to explain the events of the last few years in Newfoundland, without involving the characters of many of its leading men. But this is evident, that the press is the only means which outsiders have of judging of the affairs of the colony, and consequently, the colony suffers a great injustice; it is *not* so vile as the perusal of its newspapers would lead us to suppose.

The press of Newfoundland probably takes the palm for scurrility. But many of the newspapers in the United States are very objectionable, and in Canada, are not above reproach, while in England and France, there is certainly much room for improvement. It is not the purpose of the present article to discuss the merits or demerits of Socialism; there are and have been many distinguished men, such as Herbert Spencer and the late Professor Fawcett, who are strongly opposed to it. But the drift of modern legislation in the British Empire and in other countries, has undoubtedly been in its favor. This being so, the question I would urge is this: Is not the condition of the press a matter of supreme importance? Its influence is far more powerful and widespread than that of the pulpit; its influence for good or for evil is indeed enormous. Is it good for the State that, "the perverse disputings of men of corrupt minds, and destitute of the truth," should enter every home throughout the land?

For the State, without impairing the liberty of the press, to see that its influence over the newspapers be exercised in the interest of Truth and Morality would surely be an act of ideal Socialism, worthy the praise of all good men; for, the desire of all those who have the welfare of their fellow-creatures at heart is to see in their midst a press "*sans peur et sans reproche.*"

FORT TOWNSHEND, ST. JOHN'S, NFLD

THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA.

(Continued.)

For the hospitality which the cadets receive, they are allowed and encouraged to give a return. Entertainments, to which friends are invited, and at which each cadet appears in the character of host, are from time to time given by the staff and cadets at the college. By accepting and receiving hospitality, they are trained in those duties, regarding social intercourse, which form an important part of education.

Most persons will, I think, agree wth me that the course of training and discipline prescribed at the college is calculated to make the cadets truthful, manly, temperate and punctual. That this has been their actual tendency is proved by the experience of nearly twenty years. Living, as I do, in the City of Kingston, in close proximity to the college, I have had constant opportunity of observing the cadets, and of noting the effect of the college training in their characters; and I can venture to say that the system of education established by the college authorities has, on the whole, worked well, and has been faithfully carried out by the staff. The cadets, generally, are distinguished for their good behaviour and their courteous and respectful bearing. The discipline and drill to which they are subjected give them an erect and military bearing, and entirely banish that slouchiness which is the characteristic of some of our young men. The habits of order and discipline which they acquire in the college, independently of the scientific education which they receive, enable them, frequently, to secure a preference, in applications for employment, over men educated in other institutions. Those who have entered the Imperial service, have secured for the college a very high reputation in England, and some have achieved marked distinction. The names of Stairs and McKay stand high on the roll of honor. The former won the esteem and regard of Stanley, and was one of his most able and trusted lieutenants in his great African expedition. In his published narrative, Stanley speaks in the highest terms of Stair's capacity, readiness, cheerfulness, and devotion to duty. McKay was a man of similar stamp, who, though young, had been rapidly promoted and had had conferred upon him, the badge for distinguished service. They died in the discharge of duty. A monument in the cathedral at Kingston preserves their memory and that of another gallant cadet, in the following words:—

Sacred to the memory of the undermentioned officers, graduates of the Royal Military College of Canada,—

JOHN BRODIE MCKAY,

Captain Royal Engineers.

Born at Kingston, Ontario, 14th March, 1858. Served with distinction in Bechuanaland (1884-5), and as commanding Royal Engineer on the West Coast of Africa (1887-9). In recognition of his services in expeditions against the tribes near Sierra Leone he received the distinguished service order. Died of fever at Mombasa, on the 16th of April, 1891, while acting administrator of the Imperial British East Africa Company.

WILLIAM HENRY ROBINSON,

Captain Royal Engineers.

Born at St. John, New Brunswick, 18th July, 1863. Rendered valuable services as commanding Royal Engi-

neers, West Coast of Africa (1889-92). Killed in action, on the 14th March, 1892, whilst, with conspicuous bravery, blowing in the gate of the stockaded village of Tambi, near Sierra Leone.

WILLIAM GRANT STAIRS,
Captain, the Welsh Regiment.

Born at Halifax, Nova Scotia, July 1863. Lieutenant Royal Engineers, 1885-91. Served on the staff of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition 1887-90, under the leadership of H. M. Stanley, and exhibited great courage and devotion to duty. Died of fever, on the 9th June, 1892, at Chinde, Zambesi, whilst in command of the Katango Expedition sent out by the King of the Belgians.

This tablet is erected by their old comrades and friends of the Royal Military College of Canada, and by the friends of the deceased officers in the corps of Royal Engineers.

RICHARD WALKEM.

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE LIFE AND TRAINING.

BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON, ESQ., C.E.

A Graduate of 1880.

AFTER the lapse of nearly fifteen years since graduation, it might be assumed that the writer would have somewhat hazy ideas about the life and training at the Royal Military College. That assumption would, however, in no sense be true; for, looking back over fifteen years of active contact with the world, the four years of busy and truly happy life at that institution becomes pleasanter and the recollection more vivid as time rolls remorselessly on.

An outsider might pertinently ask: "What are the salient points of life and training at the Royal Military College? and why is it that such a marked 'esprit de corps' exists, not only at the college among the cadets, but the wide world over among the graduates?" That such a spirit does exist at the college is well-known, and that it exists among graduates is proved by the existence and popularity of the Royal Military College Club, which has a large membership, made up of graduates in every quarter of the globe. In the time of the writer the salient points of life at the college were early and regular hours (breakfast at 7 a.m.; lights out at 10 p.m.), numerous and long hours of study and drill; with a not too liberal allowance for recreation, for all kinds of which the college is naturally admirably situated. In the proper season every cadet not under the doctor's care had to turn out before breakfast for regular swimming parade; old Lake Ontario, just at the door, making a magnificent natural bath. As a consequence of this parade, all cadets became good swimmers—and many really expert ones—long before the end of their four years' course. The natural result of these regular hours and exercise, with plenty of wholesome but by no means luxurious food, was that cadets who joined as striplings, rapidly developed, in most cases, into magnificent specimens of young Canadian manhood, and in all cases into healthy, well-formed fellows; with the first and best of all things needful in the matter of life—the "mens sana in corpore sano."

So much for the physical side of life at the college; as for the mental side, one need only read over the extensive and comprehensive syllabus of training to know that graduates who only pass creditably in all the obligatory subjects, will have pretty well-filled storehouses of useful knowledge, and that those who take honors in the voluntary branches as well, must be second to none of the graduates from any institution in the world, in broad and useful mental equipment for any walk of life.

Even if it is afterwards decided to follow the special and intricate ranges of law or medicine, the R.M.C. training is by no means wasted, as the Ontario Law Society has decreed that a graduate is entitled to to be admitted as a student at law on the same conditions as a university graduate in Arts. The Ontario Medical Society has also made a concession, in that graduates are accepted as matriculants of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Should any graduate, and some have already done so, follow the study and practice of either law or medicine, the writer hesitates not to affirm his belief that such men will never regret their military college training, and will find the habits of methodical work and self-reliance there inculcated of inestimable value, even in these special branches of work apparently far removed from the military. In all other walks of life, in private practice, in public service, or in the service of large corporations—*par excellence* in railway work—prompt and cheerful obedience to orders, self reliance and readiness of resource in emergencies, such as one would expect, and can generally count upon from graduates of the Royal Military College, will always command respect and advancement.

COMPANY SERGEANT-MAJOR CHARLES FELIX JOSEPH BOUCHER DE BOUCHERVILLE, GOLD MEDALIST OF 1892.

In reference to the system of discipline in vogue, viz: that of giving senior cadets, of proved ability and character, charge of the daily routine of barrack life, the writer knows it has been urged that this system of placing one cadet over another is wrong; but it appears to him that a little candid consideration will prove to the most unmilitary mind that it not only is the only possible system for thoroughly grounding the cadets in all branches of military discipline, but also that it has a beneficial and inspiriting effect upon all the cadets, by the opening up in turn of positions of trust for deserving ones and teaching all the habits of obedience without which none are fit to command

The writer knows from personal experience, having gone through all the grades, from full private in the rear rank, to sergeant-major of a company, that at first it was extremely difficult, from a civilian point of view, to see the reason and justice in obeying orders, howsoever politely given, by a cadet in every sense only one's equal. It soon became a matter of course, and those who most cheerfully

conformed became in a very short time those who were most readily obeyed. There were naturally occasional lapses, when a cadet refused to obey what he thought an unreasonable order; but there was always more danger in giving such an order than in obeying it, as the cadet had the right of appeal to his superior officer, and it would in the end go ill with the senior who endeavored to exceed or harshly use his authority.

Much has been written for and against the college, and at times, its very "raison d'être" has been attacked: but to any student of history, it needs not to be told that as Canadians in the past have had to fight for their homes and firesides, so they may have to do in the future. In such an emergency, will it not be of incalculable value to have as many as possible of scientifically trained officers, who, no matter how long they may have been in civil life, will at once respond to their country's call?

That they will respond, and promptly, was proved during our North-west Rebellion, when nearly every graduate up to that time was either at the front, or had volunteered to go at the first opportunity. Several graduates were wounded in action, and that they rendered efficient and valuable services the official dispatches amply testify.

If, then, this scientific training can be given, as is being done, while at the same time fitting men for success in civil and military life, surely the Royal Military College deserves and will get the loyal and hearty support of every patriotic Canadian.

One word about employment of graduates: the writer does not think that every graduate has a claim on the Government for work, nor does he believe that the higher class of graduates will often be long out of work; but he does feel strongly of the opinion that worthy graduates desirous of Government employment should be given preference for all vacant positions which they are undoubtedly well qualified to fill.

Let the Government, then, be alive to the justice of giving reasonable encouragement in the way of remunerative employment to deserving graduates. Let the college be maintained in the most efficient manner, and in accordance with the spirit of the times. Let "forward to still greater excellence" be ever the watchword; for to stand still would be to retrograde, which every member of the staff, and every graduate and cadet, would sincerely deplore. Granted the above-mentioned broad and liberal maintenance, results will then rest with the staff, graduates and cadets; every deserving one of whom will guard the honor and reputation of the college as his own; and every right-thinking man in the country will loyally support that deserving institution, our dear old Royal Military College. Long may it continue to flourish.

ANOTHER GRADUATE'S VIEWS.

BY R. W. LEONARD, ESQ., A GRADUATE OF 1883.

It seems but a very short time since the writer presented himself for examination for entrance to the Royal Military College, in a dilapidated office in the interesting "Old Fort" at Toronto. Yet, when we now meet at the annual gatherings of the Royal Military College Graduates' Club, to cherish the friendships born in the happy college days of our dwelling together in the old "Stone Frigate," we see, in many of our old comrades, staid fathers of families—men worthily filling positions of responsibility, and becomingly adorned by the silvering frosts of time.

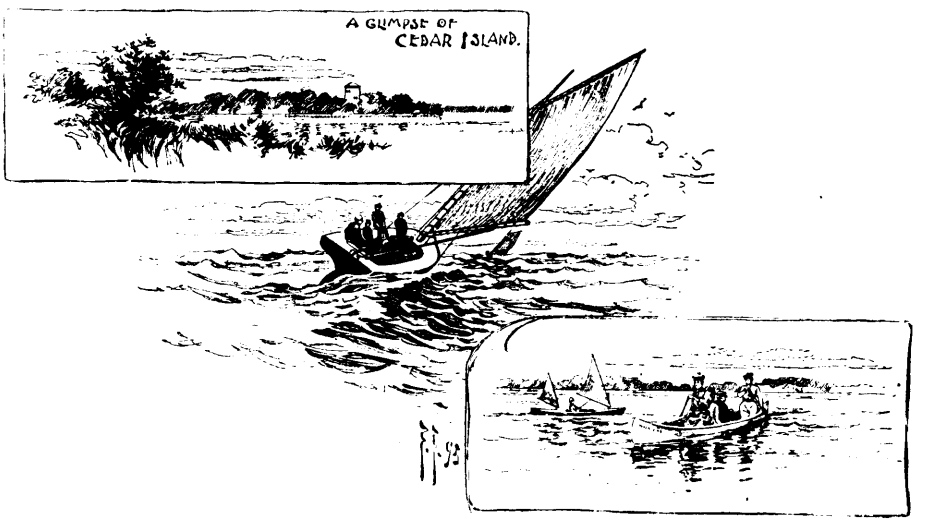
A few weeks after our examination, we were ordered to report at the college for duty, on a certain date, by some person indicated by an undecipherable signature. We afterwards had

many opportunities of learning the personality of "The Major," who, as staff-adjutant, was responsible for the discipline and drill of the cadets, and was a terror to evil doers generally. Before "The Major," we took the oath of allegiance, and were duly enrolled as "Gentlemen Cadets of the Royal Military College of Canada," and entered on a four years' course in such military and civil studies and physical training as was considered sufficient to fit four of the class to take commissions in any branch of H. M. regular forces. Since only four commissions were offered, those of us who were not desirous of military employment were allowed to take up civil engineering, and such other voluntary studies as we considered would assist us in private life. But to return to our "recruit year." We were fitted with our uniforms in the course of a few days, and our civilian clothing was locked away with our trunks until we should go home on our next furlough. We were initiated into the mysteries of the "goose step," and squad drill, under that most terrible of drill inspectors, who ever inspired awe into the heart of a recruit—"Old Johnnie." He has gone the way of all flesh now; but may the college never want as zealous an instructor. We all remember the day he told an awkward (or mischievous) cadet: "If you would do as you should do, you should not do as you do do," and his wrathful indignation on another occasion, when teaching us the drill of mounting heavy guns with the aid of a gyn, a mischievous cadet said: "Yes, sergeant-major, I understand all about the gun and the gun sling, and the gyn, but where is the *gin sling?*"

There is another initiation, however, which we experienced a few days after joining. In the evening we were paraded in the corridors of the barracks by no less a personage than the awe-inspiring drill sergeant-major above alluded to—or, at least, by one of the cadets, who had imitated his dress, speech and gesture so cleverly as to defy detection. We were marched into the coal cellar, and kept in darkness; then one at a time we were taken before the court, which consisted of most of the titled dignitaries of the European and African armies and navies combined—got up in very imposing uniforms, and assembled in the eastern end of that old smoking-room so dear to the memories of those who remember it as it existed years ago. Here we were lectured on the propriety of recruits conducting themselves in a respectful manner towards all placed in authority, especially towards cadets in the senior classes; and, in case a recruit had exhibited a spirit of rebellion, or of unseemly familiarity, he was warned of the dreadful consequences of such conduct. Each candidate was requested to sing, dance, or tell a yarn for the edification of the assembled court—after which, without further ceremony, he was considered initiated. In very exceptional cases, when a cadet had incurred the especial displeasure of the court (which consisted of selected members of the senior classes) he received some slight punishment meant to impress upon him the necessity of conducting himself as a gentleman amongst gentlemen. *Fagging* or *hazing*, and such childish practices, were unknown.

In recalling the life at the Royal Military College, very many memories come back which are pleasant to think of, and a few which are not so pleasant.

How cold even a summer morning can be over on Point Frederick, only those of us can know who used to parade regularly at 6.30 a.m. to be taught swimming by an instructor; but how we enjoyed a plunge off the same bathing-wharf after a hot game of football or cricket! What an enjoyable hour we spent in the winter evenings in the gymnasium, learning fencing, boxing, single stick and gymnastics, under probably the best in-



AQUATIC SPORTS, R.M.C.

structor in Canada! The hard-fought football and cricket matches we played, and the merry dinners in the mess-room in the evening! We shall always remember some of those dinners. The splendid ice-boating and skating in the winter; the sailing and rowing in the summer; the glorious summer days we spent surveying, geologizing, or sketching; the negro minstrels and athletic tournaments; and the annual ball, by which we acknowledged the hospitality and kindness of our many friends in Kingston: the rifle and artillery matches; the riding-lessons; the glee club in the winter, and the songs on summer evenings out in the boats, or on the benches in front of the old barracks, are, for most of us, the pleasantest memories of four very happy years.

There are other memories, too—many of them of solid hard work in studies, and of subsequent stiff examinations; of the military engineering drill, when we built shelter trenches and field redoubts, military bridges and pontoons; of the various punishments, from an extra drill to close arrest, when the culprit was fain, it might be, to solace himself by twanging a banjo during the hours of duty.

There are also sad memories of old comrades who have gone before us, especially of three (whose names are linked on a tablet in Rochester Cathedral in England, and on another in St. George's Cathedral in Kingston), who lost their lives in Africa in the service of the empire and to the honor of all Canada. There are others also who have reflected credit on the college, but whose work has not brought them so prominently into public notice.

But our last year comes and brings with it the honors and responsibilities of non-commissioned officers, who must necessarily be entrusted largely with the discipline of the institution. Here we—who have been taught so well to obey—first learn to command. The final examinations come on in time, and those of us who come near the head of the list are called upon to decide upon one of the most important issues of our lives.

"Shall I accept a commission in the English army, or shall I remain in Canada and take my chances in civil engineering, or in law, or medicine, or in business?" is a very grave question for a young man to decide.

It strikes most people as inexplicable that, though the institution is maintained by the Canadian Government, it is only the home government which officially and effectively recognizes the value of the education imparted at the Royal Military College. It is true that a very limited number of graduates have found their way into the service of the Dominion Government, but in a hap-hazard sort of way, and *very* seldom, for the reason that they have been educated in an institution specially maintained for the training of men for such positions.

This want of system has not tended to keep the best men in the service of Canada; but those interested in the welfare of the college now feel reassured by the statement of the present Minister of Militia and Defence to the effect that—with a view to increasing the efficiency and utility of the institution—henceforth a liberal apportionment of appointments to the Canadian public service will be offered to Royal Military College graduates.

In the meantime we graduates can only continue to show, as we have shown in the past, that we can compete successfully with all comers in the battle of life. This is the best recommendation that can be given for the Royal Military College of Canada.

VIEWS OF CADETS.

BY COMPANY SERGEANT-MAJOR G. R. FRITH, R. M. C.

THE Royal Military College, probably from the unique position which it occupies among the educational institutions of Canada, is, to most people, an unknown quantity. The very fact of its being a military college, with a duly organised military staff, seems to act as a veil around it, which few, excepting those having relatives there, care to pierce. This is most unfortunate in every way. It limits the deserved popularity of the college with the country at large: and not unnaturally so, for people can hardly be expected to take very much interest in an institution of which they know almost nothing, and they are prepared to believe anything which may be published about the college and its interior economy, just as the ordinary newspaper reader is apt to believe anything published by the press which may for the time being excite comment, because he is not in a position to be better informed.

To this ignorance, perhaps, may be ascribed the comparative smallness of the number of candidates for cadetships.

Again, from the fact of so little beyond its mere existence being known, the college is often confounded with schools of military instruction such as are established at Toronto, Kingston, and elsewhere chiefly to insure uniformity in the drills and exercises and regimental details of the different branches of the service.

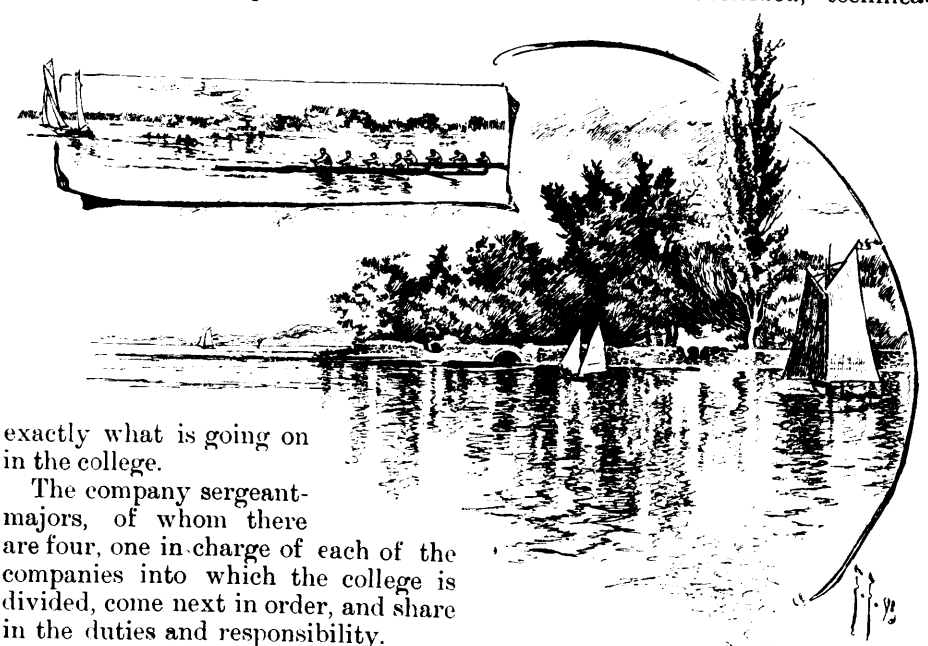
To clear away, to some extent, the mist which screens our college, and to give our readers a clearer view of how cadets regard it and its methods is what is now attempted.

In the situation of the college we are certainly most fortunate. We are neither lost in the country nor exposed to the grime and impurities of a city. We occupy a peninsula jutting into Lake Ontario just where its waters narrow to form the great St. Lawrence river. We enjoy rural air and surroundings, with the social advantages of town life. For a Dominion College, Kingston is particularly suitable on account of its central location.

As the discipline maintained in any college, and above all in a military college, is the very foundation upon which all else must rest, it may be well to deal with this now.

The organization of the college as regards discipline may be compared to that of a regiment: for a regular chain of responsibility prevails from the commandant down to the youngest recruit. Naturally, in the case of

the two junior classes, the responsibility is small, just as that of a private in a regiment is small; but with the senior classes the responsibility increases from the junior corporal up to the battalion sergeant-major. The battalion sergeant-major is the senior cadet of the college, and to the coveted honor of his position attaches the important responsibility that upon his office mainly rests the maintenance of the college discipline. This provision seems a wise one, for being one of the cadets, the battalion sergeant-major is in a position to know exactly what is going on in the college.



The company sergeant-majors, of whom there are four, one in charge of each of the companies into which the college is divided, come next in order, and share in the duties and responsibility.

This responsibility, which the organization of the college places upon the cadets themselves, engenders in each individual the feeling that good order and the welfare of the college are very largely dependent on individual action and conduct: and thus creates a lively general interest in the maintenance of discipline, and keen sensitiveness as to its being brought into disrepute.

Few, it may be assumed, will deny that such a system can be otherwise than beneficial to those brought under its influence, whatever may be their future path in life. If, by some, the propriety be questioned of placing too much responsibility upon the cadets themselves in a case in which the welfare of an important public institution is concerned, it may be answered that here, as in the United States, England and elsewhere, the principle followed has proved a sound one.

With regard to the college studies, a mistaken idea seems prevalent—that they are of a purely military character. This is far from being the case, although from the very nature of the college, and to fulfil the objects for which it was established, technical military studies must occupy a very large share of its curriculum. But in point of time, technical military studies do not occupy so important a place as some less technical subjects do; and even to one who intends adopting a purely civilian life, much of the time expended on military subjects will be found by no means wasted. Particularly is this the case with military engineering and military topography, which widely overlap civil engineering and surveying. The principles of construction and procedure, and details of drawing as

practised by the military engineer and topographer, are practically identical with those followed by the civil engineer and surveyor.

The non-military subjects comprise mathematics and mechanics, science, practical geometry, French, English, drawing and civil engineering. These are, every one, required in the military departments, and thus answer a double purpose. They qualify a man thoroughly for learning the military profession, while they enable him to leave college with a liberal education and fitted to fill the highest positions in the country. With reference to our actual habits of study, there is a rule in the "Standing Orders," which compels a cadet to have his light out by 10.30 every night. As a consequence, a system of study exists which appeals to the hearts of cadets, and surely should to those of all young men. It is this:—Three two-hour lectures, as a rule, are ordered to be attended every day, except Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday. On the two latter days two two-hour lectures are given, and the rest of the day, from half-past two till tattoo, is free. Now, these lectures absolutely must be attended, unless one is on the sick list. But it is understood that part of each lecture shall be devoted to completing notes and investigating what has just been expounded. So, when the command "Dismiss" is given, at 8 o'clock in the evening, the cadet knows that his work for the day is done. After tea he may employ himself as he wills, without "taking thought for the morrow." For those who are anxious to do specially well, and for the backward ones, there is an hour or so before tattoo (10 p.m.), to review the day's work. But woe betide him whose light is found burning after 10.30, unless he be a non-commissioned officer, who is allowed a half-hour longer. Thus, there is no excuse for ruined constitutions caused by over study, and when examination draws near, it takes but little "swotting," or cramming, to freshen up the work of the term.

Probably the part of our duties which seems most attractive is the bodily training. The recruit begins with club-swinging, dumb-bell exercise, an occasional swimming drill, and gymnastics. At this stage of his career he is also put through squad drill to smarten him up and make him learn to carry his uniform like a soldier. Swimming is part of the schedule of drills, and cadets are encouraged to learn, both by the proximity and safeness of the bathing wharf and by an allowance of marks for excellence in the natatory art. As soon as the recruits know their drill, the class is joined with one or more of the senior classes for the purpose of combined drill on certain days of the week. Before his first year is over, the cadet is advanced as far as single-stick drill, and will feel at home with any of the appliances in the gymnasium. In his next year, the work becomes rather more attractive, and foils and bayonets supplant single-sticks and clubs. Finally, in his last year, cavalry sword drill and riding form a delightful kind of exercise. On the closing day of the year, generally about the 28th of June, there are various competitions with foil, single-stick, sword and bayonet. Equally interesting exhibitions are given in the other departments. Such engineering exploits as the felling of trees by gun-cotton, and the blowing up of boats by a submarine mine, are watched by hundreds of onlookers. Next comes a march past with the field guns, then the infantry drill is gone through, and one feels proud to be a cadet, as the march past and various evolutions are almost faultless. Prize-giving ends the day. No! the end is not yet. We have still to bid farewell to the graduating class. Those of them who are especially popular are "shifted" off the parade grounds to their rooms, that is, are carried bodily away by their friends and admirers. And then the dinner! No

graduate will ever forget his last dinner at the R. M. C., nor the closing with song the happy four years he has spent behind Fort Frederick's guns.

As to sports, much may be said, for in them the interest is general. The college is splendidly situated for all kinds of sport in summer or winter, and is fairly equipped for all.

After the summer vacation, every one gets to work at football; a captain and committee are elected, and practice begins. The recruits are turned out and expected to play, great interest being taken in them, while likely players are looked for. Our team is generally entered in the Ontario Rugby Football Union, so that we always have some matches ahead of us, and others are often arranged with teams from Montreal or Toronto. Keen interest is taken in the game by the friends of the college, as well as by the cadets themselves, and a good-sized crowd, including Kingston's "400," is generally on the ground to enliven the scene.

In the fall, the Rifle Club also organizes for the year. Rifle practices are held as often as possible on our own ranges, which consist of two targets, with the parapet of Fort Frederick as butts. The matches are generally held in the late autumn, and small cash prizes, taken from the club exchequer, are competed for. These practices greatly improve our shooting, and are of use to those who intend trying for one of the five college badges given yearly for the best scores at annual practice.

At the same time the Boat Club begins operations. This club was organized in the early days of the college, when some racing shells were purchased, and from time to time more were added, until now there repose in the club boat-house one six-oar, two four-oars, two double sculls, and one single scull. For some years the club flourished; then it fell to pieces, and for one or two years no care whatever was taken of the boats. Lately, however, it has been revived, the shells have been repaired, and several canoes purchased, so that now the club is as good as it was in its palmiest days. But it is not necessary to belong to the Boat Club to enjoy the pleasures of boating. The club has a boat-house of its own, but the college also has a boat-house, which is open to any private skiffs or canoes, of which latter there are quite a number at the college.

The college also owns two sailing yachts, which are at the disposal of the cadets. The larger is a "Mackinaw," and the smaller a sloop. The use of these is thoroughly appreciated, and in any weather that is not absolutely dangerous they may be seen on the waters of the bay.

We have two tennis courts, and any one may use them, the system followed being "first come, first served." It is generally in the spring months that tennis is played, and then the courts are seldom vacant. In winter there is plenty of skating and hockey, and the college rink is well patronized. Our hockey teams are usually entered in the Ontario Hockey Association, and several matches are thereby secured.

As soon as the harbor freezes, the ice boats are brought into use. There is no sport more enjoyable than this, and there are very few places better for it than Kingston harbor.

When the snow comes, it turns the long and steep glacis of Fort Henry, just opposite the college, into a superb toboggan slide, which is soon utilized. And toboggan parties, with a dance at the end, are of frequent occurrence.

Then there is snow shoeing, which is not only a sport, but also a part of our drill.

With spring comes cricket, and at cricket we shine, nearly always having a good team, and, consequently, a good record at the end of the season.

We have a bathing shed, and a portion of the college wharf is set aside

for bathing purposes, so that we can always have a swim when we like.

There is a well-equipped reading room at our disposal: on its cushioned benches we can sit and read the Toronto, Montreal, and Kingston dailies, as well as all the illustrated papers, English and American magazines, and also comic and military papers. The reading-room also contains a piano and tables, and is a favorite resort of an evening, when there may be seen, some reading and chatting, and others indulging their musical tastes, while smoking is general—all presenting an animated scene, and saying as plainly as can be that the life of a cadet at the R.M.C. is a happy one.

A description of our college life would be incomplete without some reference to the lighter forms of recreation, such as music, dancing and theatricals. We are allowed every possible license in regard to giving entertainments, going to concerts, balls, etc., provided no infringement is made on the hours of study. On Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings passes, are granted freely to cadets of all ranks, who are not on duty or under punishment. In case of a large ball, or an exceptionally good concert, permission is obtainable to remain till the close of the performance.

1 2 3 4

WINTER DRESS.

1. Cadet, Drill Order. 2. Cadet, Walking Out. 3. Sergeant. 4. Company Sergeant-Major

If we wish to give a dance, the sanction of the commandant must first be obtained. The affair is then left entirely in our own hands. It is to be feared that the energy shown in preparing for one of these events rather exceeds that which, as a rule, we expend on the more sober part of our education. But this is excusable, when we consider how seldom these *shines* take place. The June ball is *the* dance, par excellence, of the year, as all will testify, who have taken part. It comes off four or five days before the

end of the collegiate year, when exams. have become a thing of the past. Preparations begin several days before, in order that every pains may be taken to beautify the main building, its approaches, halls and reception rooms.

No trouble is thought too great for cadets to take in order to make the whole affair, from start to finish, as complete as possible. It is always a huge success, and is regarded, by Kingston people at least, as one of the most brilliant events of the year.

Several smaller dances are given during the year, by the commandant and staff, as well as by the cadets. In return for these efforts to entertain our friends in Kingston and elsewhere, we are asked out frequently to teas and dances, and meet with exceptional kindness on all sides. Every year a piano is hired and paid for by subscription. It is used by those who are musically inclined, and also at small dances, which often occur at the wind-up of an At-home or skating party. A minstrel show is generally given at Easter, and affords great pleasure to the towns-people, who come in throngs to laugh at and with us. For this, whatever talent exists in the college is unsparingly pressed into service, and often men who have never hitherto imagined themselves good for anything of the kind find themselves appearing before the public. A string orchestra was begun in 1892, and gradually grew to a membership of seven.

We employ our spare time in the evenings with whist, singing, and music contributed by piano, violins, banjos, mandolins and other instruments of the kind. The latter have become so popular as to almost form part of the equipment of any cadet who has the faintest idea of music, and, occasionally, of one who has not.

With that most delightful subject, music, let us close this account of our college doings, hoping they may sound

1 2 3 4 5

SUMMER DRESS.

1. Cadet. Walking out. 2. Cadet. Undress. 3. Cadet. Marching order 4. Company Sergeant-Major. 5. Sergeant.

as attractive to the reader as they are to those whose life, for a time, they form.

BY SERGEANT A. S. EVANS R.M.C. AND CORPORAL G. H. KIRKPATRICK R.M.C.

THE Royal Military College is intended as a school for young Canadians, whose ultimate aim may be either a commission in the Imperial or Canadian regular forces, or a place in one of the scientific professions.

As it is an essentially military institution, the first thing to be noticed is its system of discipline.

Our duties are laid down plainly in the college standing orders, which contain everything needful for the guidance of both staff and cadets. In accordance with these orders, the cadets are divided into four companies, two of which are in the right wing, and two in the left.

An officer of the superior military staff, with the rank of captain, is placed in charge of each wing. His duties are to look after the administration of everything connected with it, recommending or refusing passes, requisitions, etc., punishing, if need be, or in extreme cases referring to the commandant those who have done the "things they ought not to have done."

Each company is immediately looked after by a company sergeant-major, assisted by four other cadet non-commissioned officers. The duties of these are to see that their companies are kept in an efficient state, that each cadet makes his bed, and makes tidy his room before the first "attendance," and that he appears on parade neat and clean. They have also to call all rolls of their company, and to take between them such duties as that of battalion orderly, whose work it is to look after parades and make out reports.

The battalion sergeant-major is the senior cadet in the college. It is his special duty to see that nothing goes wrong among the cadets. He is responsible for all irregularities which may occur. He is, moreover, supposed to act as a mentor to junior cadets who, when newly joined, often need the advice and friendly help of a veteran.

These N.C.O. ranks are greatly coveted by the cadets, for besides the distinction of stripes and braid, each rank carries increased privileges with it.

By standing orders we are allowed to have mess extras, such as game, potted meats, eggs, etc., at meal times and at other stated hours. Beer is also an extra. But this is allowed at dinner time alone, and then only with the written sanction of parents or guardian.

There is a limit, varying with the rank of the cadet, beyond which his bill may not pass. When he reaches that, he is said to be restricted, that is, unable to obtain any more extras for that month.

The orderly room is the cadet's *bête noir*, and rarely can a graduate boast that he has not, at some time during his course, stood before the officer of his wing, charged with certain offences against the regulations. C.B., or confinement to barracks for a certain number of days, is the usual punishment. It involves two extra drills in full marching order every day, and a loss of five conduct marks *per diem*, as well as the restriction of leave, which its name indicates.

The conduct marks are of great importance. Five hundred a year are given to each cadet. For every punishment a certain number are taken off, and at the end of the year the cadet with the largest number left, stands, *ceteris paribus*, the best chance for promotion.

In the matter of study no man need over-exert himself, but, for all that, most cadets get through a large amount of useful and scientific work during the four years' course, a great deal of which possesses extreme practical interest. This applies notably

to the subjects of engineering (military and civil), artillery and science. It is child's play for a graduate to superintend the building of a bridge, and, as for using pick and shovel, even navvies would be close run to maintain their record for hard and rapid working. These accomplishments owe their existence to the teaching of military engineering. A model shed and government ground furnish materials for putting into practice the theories of the lecture room. It is astonishing to see a man, with no previous habits of study, finding by experience how greatly the hands and brain can assist each other. Signalling drill constitutes a branch of military engineering in which cadets are thoroughly trained. Artillery is dealt with in the second and third years. The theory is thoroughly taught, and every measure is employed to perfect the cadets in drill. For theory, valuable prizes are given, and for practical artillery badges are awarded, some of them given by the Canadian Artillery Association. In addition, a silver cup, given by the Ontario Artillery Association, is competed for, yearly, at a firing practice with field guns. Science forms a most important study, beginning in the third year and becoming more and more comprehensive as the course nears its close. Military topography and surveying are attractive subjects, as they give the cadet many a pleasant outing in the spring and autumn, when he is engaged in sketching or surveying the neighboring country. The remaining military subjects in which we receive lectures are military administration, military law, tactics and strategy. Among these is included the history of warfare from early days, the latest discoveries concerning all kinds of fighting, and the discussion of actual happenings of the present day, such as the Japan-China war.

Even in such a purely military subject as artillery, the course has been so planned that it may be useful to those who do not intend to pursue a military life as well as to those who do. And to gain this desirable result there is abundant opportunity without interference with the divergent aims of cadets, for the principles of mechanics, of metal and wood working, of the composition and management of explosives, etc., are alike, whether applied by a military man or by a civilian.

In the case of civil subjects—all auxiliary to military efficiency—the cadet has the choice of several courses. He may take up civil engineering or architecture; or, if he should so desire, he may devote more time to chemistry and physics, or geology and mineralogy, or he may take as many of these as he wishes. The most advanced technical parts of some of the military subjects are also, in the same sense, voluntary. In mathematics the course may be made as difficult, or, with a minimum limit, as easy as a cadet pleases, according to the number of voluntary sections he enters on. Thus, one comparatively weaker in mathematics and stronger in other subjects, has a fair chance of successfully getting through the examinations. The only drawback to this system of *voluntaries* seems to be that, owing to the large number of marks allotted to them, many are almost obliged to take up subjects which they would not otherwise take, being influenced by dread of falling behind in the class competition.

On the other hand, it seems only fair to those who are able and willing to do the extra work which voluntary subjects entail, that they should have all the advantages, as regards marks, which they may be able to get.

While no punishments are inflicted on cadets for not working during the year—in this respect their treatment resembling the custom of universities—the necessity for passing the examinations, and the competition for commissions in H.M. service, are generally incentive enough to make the

cadets keep up, at least the minimum amount of work required for passing the examinations.

The physical training received at the college is certainly equal, and probably superior, to that given at any other college or school in Canada. This is, of course, largely due to its military organization. The regular hours observed must have a good effect upon one; and the regular drills supply a definite amount of daily exercise. In the case of the two junior classes, drill occupies two hours each day. Except on half holidays, when afternoon drill is missed, the exercise consists in either infantry or artillery drill, gymnastics, fencing, etc. It is one of the unwritten laws of the college that recruits must spend half an hour each day in the gymnasium; and a very wise custom it is.

The senior classes do not get nearly so much drill as the two junior classes. The second class is drilled only in the afternoons; while, in the first class, riding is substituted for infantry drill.

Few cadets escape without a fair number of extra drills which have to be gone through before breakfast. These drills are given as punishments for breaches of discipline, and are one of the means which the non-commissioned officers have at their command to enforce observance of the college regulations.

With regard to sports—the cadets have many advantages. The college is splendidly situated for aquatic sports, and there are good foot ball and cricket grounds, and a rifle range. In winter there is a hockey rink, and a toboggan slide.

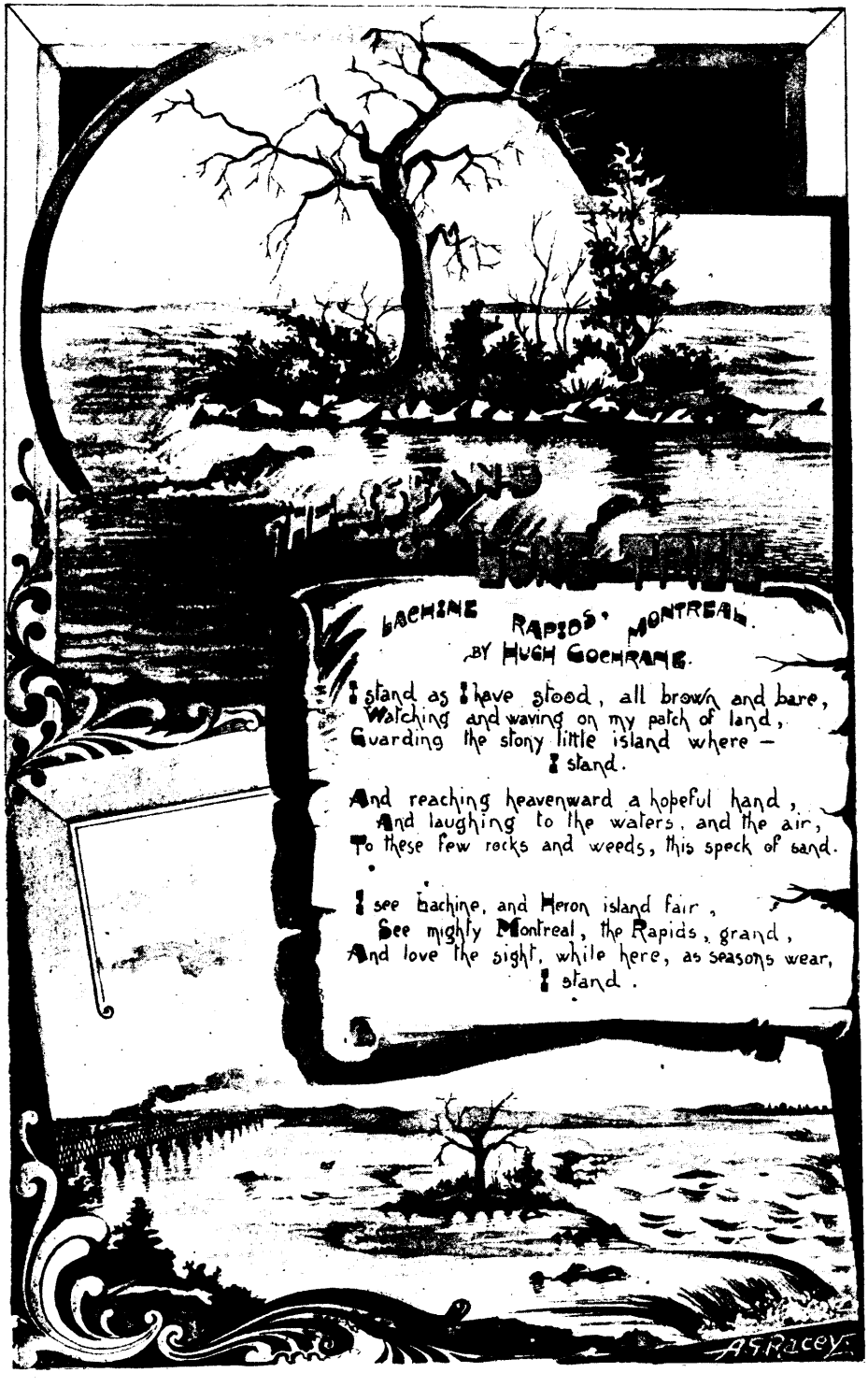
The college enters a team in the Ontario Rugby Union—last year one in the senior and another in the junior series. A hockey team is also entered in the Ontario Hockey Association series. If the college hockey and football teams have sorrowfully to admit that during the past few years they can only claim to have assisted their opponents to win well-earned laurels, they have some consolation in the reflection that the college standard-bearers have of necessity been selected, not from amongst some hundreds, as are those of the Queen's and Toronto Universities and Osgoode Hall, but from amongst rather less than the very modest number of sixty. Yet, even with this great disadvantage in the choice of capable knights, the Royal Military College representatives in 1892 lost to such Titans as Queen's sent forth to do battle for her, only a single point in two matches.

In *track* athletics, the college holds its own with other Canadian colleges and universities, and its annual sports, usually held in autumn, compare most favorably with those held at other colleges, notwithstanding their preponderance of numbers.

To one just entering on manhood, with its impatience of restraint, a four years' submission to education under military control may suggest an extremely trying ordeal. But the Royal Military College cadet has not found it to be so. As a rule, he is a well-contented being. He may grumble at times, not because he labors under hardships, but because he neither is, nor pretends to be, superior to humanity.

His regret is keen when the time at last arrives for leave-taking; and, in passing out as a graduate, he takes with him a goodly store of happy reminiscences, which preserve, ever fresh, his affectionate interest in all that concerns his *Alma Mater*.

The delight he takes in revisiting, at all possible opportunities, his old college, and the warm and boisterously cheery reception always awaiting the coming of an *old boy*, plainly tell how enjoyable is Royal Military College life.


LACHINE RAPIDS, MONTREAL.
BY HUGH COCHRANE.
I stand as I have stood, all brown and bare,
Watching and waving on my patch of land,
Guarding the stony little island where —
I stand.
And reaching heavenward a hopeful hand,
And laughing to the waters, and the air,
To these few rocks and weeds, this speck of sand.
I see Lachine, and Heron island fair,
See mighty Montreal, the Rapids, grand,
And love the sight, while here, as seasons wear,
I stand.
A.S. Racey

AN ARAB DINNER.

BY REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

EGYPT is a land of steady habits, in a sense perhaps somewhat different from that in which this has so often been affirmed of New England. Its people are not given to change. They are content to live as their fathers lived, to use the implements which they used, and to work as they worked. They plough with the ploughs which were in use two thousand years ago, and probably their mattocks and their spades differ not from those that were in use in the days of Rameses the Great. They have had a history, or at least their country has, and they are proud of it; and their reverence for those who have gone before them—the men who reared those monuments in the shape of pyramids, temples, and tombs which are among the wonders of the world—is too great for them to be easily induced to depart from those of their manners and customs which have survived the wreck of ages and have come down to the present. They marry their wives without ever having seen them before the ceremony is completed, as their fathers did in the remote ages of antiquity; and, following the same example, they keep them carefully secluded and veiled from the eye of man ever after, so that if they have beauty no one shall share with them the pleasure of seeing it, and if they have deformities, they shall be forever concealed from all other eyes but their own. Their ancestors, following the example of the animal creation generally, reserved the gay and bright clothing for the male sex, and clothed the females in less conspicuous colors, and the men of to-day make a far more picturesque appearance than their wives. A group of Arab women, but for the peculiarity of their veils, might easily be mistaken for a company of nuns, while their husbands in their many-colored and flowing robes, would be more likely to be taken for bishops and archbishops, if not for persons of higher worldly distinction.

This love of the antique, of the venerable, is seen in the manners and customs of the Arab home. When the Westerner enters it, everything is new to him. If he is young and supple enough to wind his legs gracefully around each other and to sit tailor-fashion it will add to his comfort. Without this accomplishment he will probably find himself but ill at ease. A luxurious Turkish rug or a magnificent divan is a most comfortable thing to one who knows how to use it; but most people from Europe or America would find it more convenient to hang themselves on chairs, as the Japanese phrase is, than to squat upon either of these. But, to tell the truth, most of the Arabs of the wealthy class have so far deferred to the habits and customs of the outside world as to have furnished themselves with the means of setting their guests at ease in this respect. The chair is among the innovations which are finding their way into the Egyptian house. The table, too, is becoming more elevated than it was formerly. Until recently it was only a few inches above the floor; now, in the best houses, it is as high as in Europe or America. This, however, may be only for the accommodation of strangers. It is doubtful whether the head of the house, when he takes his solitary meal, or even dines with his Arab friends, uses a table which makes the chair a necessity, and there is good reason to believe that neither of these innovations—the chair or the elevated table

—has found its way into the harem, or women's apartment, where change never comes, or, if it comes at all, comes very slowly.

The description of an Arab dinner party, if the picture of it were accurate and life-like, would illustrate the foregoing observations. Such an entertainment carries one back into the distant past. It is the kind of entertainment which Abraham gave to the strangers who called upon him prior to the destruction of the Cities of the Plain, and in entertaining whom he afterward found that he had entertained angels unawares. Or, to come many centuries nearer to our own times, it is the kind of meal that the Author of Christianity took with his disciples on the night in which he was betrayed, when, from the common dish, he took a sop and handed it to Judas the betrayer. In the reception which the host usually gives to his guests, and the gravity of his deportment, the memory of those antique times, when hospitality partook of the nature of religion, is strikingly recalled. You, and your company—the guests—have been introduced by a common friend. The host gravely thanks his friend for having given him the pleasure of meeting so many good people. You do not understand his language, and he does not understand yours; and you apologise for having to address him through an interpreter. He answers gravely: "Where hearts are united they need no interpreter." You say something that indicates that you scarcely dare to claim the privilege of friends; but he reminds you that "a man's friends are the friends of his friend," thus applying to the social relationships of life the geometrical axiom that things that are equal to the same thing are equal to one another.

These scraps of conversation are not, however, to be regarded as part of a stereotyped formulary. They form part of a conversation which actually took place in the city of Alexandria only the other day between an Arab in high position and a company of friends who had been introduced to him by a common friend. The host at the feast which I am about to describe, unlike the person of whom I have been writing, understood the language of his guests. He is, in fact, an officer of the British Government, and an indispensable qualification for the duties of his office is that he be able to understand and speak both the English and the Arabic. He is not only a diplomat himself, but his father before him was the medium of communication between the British and the Egyptian governments. He is, in the proper sense of the term, an Arab gentleman, and the whole of his deportment on the occasion of which I write, and on several others on which I had the privilege of meeting him, showed that he was worthy of that appellation.

When the guests arrived they were received in a neatly furnished room, in which that indispensable article of Eastern luxury, the divan, formed a principal part. The simplicity of the reception was its principal charm. It was as free from formality or affectation as it could be. It was just such a reception and introduction to a few chosen friends of the host who had been invited to meet us as had the effect of setting the strangers instantly at ease. All the Arabs present were of the official class, and most, if not all of them, understood English. There was no difficulty, therefore, in expressing the thought and sentiment suitable to the occasion. But we had been invited to dinner—an Arab dinner, as was expressly stipulated in the terms of the invitation—there was therefore little time for conversation before the time for the principal event arrived. The announcement that the dinner was about to be served, and that it was time for us to repair to the "eating room," as the French have it, came to us in a somewhat novel form. An Arab servant in long flow-

ing robes entered with napkins and handed one to each of us. The host then led the way to the dining-room, outside of the door of which stood a servant with a large basin, soap, and ewer from which he was ready to pour the water to wash our hands before we went to the table—a part of the proceeding, which, as the sequel will show, was not all unnecessary.

The ancient Pharisees may have laid too much stress upon washing before meat. Their error, probably, was in exalting a merely decent and sanitary proceeding into a religious ceremony. Besides, it was not so much the filth of the flesh as of the spirit that they vainly hoped to get rid of by this baptism of the hands. Their notion, evidently, was that, in the market place and in the bazaar, they came in contact with their fellowmen, who were not as holy as they were, and it was necessary to undergo a process of ceremonial purification to rid themselves of the defilement contracted in this way. But surely anyone who has gone through an Egyptian town, and who has touched and handled the multitudinous wares that he has been pressed to buy, does not need—or at least ought not to need—any superstitious considerations to impress him with the importance of the washing of the hands as a preparation for the dinner table. The revelations of modern science in respect to the manner in which diseases are propagated exalts this into something like a sacred duty.

The hand-washing being accomplished with commendable thoroughness, the guests, carrying the napkins with them, surrounded the table, which was circular in form, the upper part of it brazen, surrounded by a slightly elevated rim. Each person was furnished with a spoon, but with neither knife, fork, nor plate. Each one was furnished with a good substantial piece of excellent bread. Then the courses commenced. The first, of course, consisted of soup. This was served in a large bowl placed in the centre of the table, and each helped himself with his spoon. But this was the only dish that was disposed of in this way; and it was, I presume, only in deference to a sort of imperious necessity, that the intervention of the spoon between the hand and the article of diet has come to be allowed. Indeed, it is doubtful whether soup, especially soup to be taken alone, is not a modern innovation in the East. Anything that cannot be eaten with the fingers seems to be out of place on an oriental table.

The soup, it must be said, on this occasion was excellent, as were, indeed, all the dishes which followed. The next course was mutton, excellent in quality and well cooked, and in rather too big pieces to be easily managed by the unassisted finger by one who had not been initiated into this mode of eating. However, our excellent host, with great courtesy, led the way, and showed us how the necessary separations were to be effected by tearing the larger pieces asunder. With genuine kindliness and hospitality, he searched out the most savory morsels, and with his own fingers passed them to his guests. The writer felt himself particularly flattered in being one of the first at the table to be honored with this kind of attention. At the same time that the first course of meat was brought on, several dishes containing an excellent salad, pungent, but savory, were put upon the table—one for every three or four guests; but as this salad was minced very fine, and rendered liquid, with what, for anything that I know to the contrary, was oil and vinegar, we were under the necessity of using pieces of bread to assist our fingers in its manipulation.

An excellent vegetable course consisted of a preparation of rice and cabbage cooked together. The cabbage was stuffed with the rice in some unique way, designed, no doubt, to assist the fingers in passing it to the

mouth. Another vegetable course interjected between the different preparations of mutton which came to the table, consisted of beans, in a common dish, of course, which was placed in the middle of the table, the only thing of which there was more than one dish being the salad. Here, one earnestly coveted a fork; but with the assistance of a bit of bread, and a rather dexterous use of the digits, we managed even the beans. Another dish, which I can hardly trust myself to describe, consisted of some sort of sausages, and while they were savory and toothsome, they seemed to be specially fitted for the fingers. Unfortunately my memory for dishes is not good. I can seldom remember from one meal-time to another what I have eaten. I am afraid, therefore, that I shall pass by some of the chief delicacies of this unique occasion without giving them the attention which they deserve, and which I would be certainly disposed to give them if my memory would but serve me,

There is one thing which deserves honorable mention, and that could not, without a grave dereliction of duty, be passed over in silence. After sundry other courses of less importance, we had served up a roast turkey. It was a specially fine bird, and was well cooked, as it deserved to be. But it was brought upon the table without the mark of a knife upon it. The reader will readily imagine our consternation when we were invited each to help himself. But our courteous and attentive host, perceiving our embarrassment, came again promptly to our rescue. Taking hold of one side of the breast with thumb and finger, he stripped the skin off from it, and then repeated the operation on the other side. Then, ground being broken to this extent, he proceeded to pull down and loosen, with the same natural implements, a portion of the flesh. And at this point, partially relieved from our embarrassment, having seen how the egg could be made to stand upon its end, we all began to try the experiment ourselves. The result was, that though it could not be said truthfully that the turkey was torn limb from limb, the flesh was literally picked from its bones.

The dessert was in keeping with the courses which preceded it. It comprised two or three different preparations of rice, each preparation made with skill, and some excellent fruit. Enough, however, has been written to show that among the Arabs, at least, hospitality has not become one of the lost arts. Of course, our prejudices led us to suppose that if this excellent dinner had been served in Western fashion, it would have been a great improvement.

However, we are moderns; these people are ancients. We are of mushroom growth, the product of a night; they are deeply rooted in the past. We have aspirations, but little or no memories; perhaps they lack in the matter of aspiration, but they dwell reverently and lovingly on the memories of the past. Our obliging host told us, with a touch of melancholy, that some of his people were adopting the table manners and customs of the English: but, he added: "I continue to tread in the footsteps of my fathers." This was, perhaps, carrying conservatism too far, but there is something in it that one cannot but respect.

At the conclusion of the meal, the servant, with his ewer and basin, reappeared, and knelt down before each guest, while he washed his hands and mouth. And the thoroughness with which this was done by our Arab friends was admirable. They not only washed our mouths outwardly, but inwardly, bestowing time and care upon the operation. This may account in part for the excellence of the teeth of the Arabians. Now and again you find an Arab whose teeth have been broken, or knocked out by accident; but the most of them have

admirable teeth. Besides, with the poorer sort of Arabs, their teeth are not worn out with eating. They live on little. Many a one of them, I am told, lives a whole day on half a piastre, or two and a half cents a day. A poor fellow, who earns twelve cents a day, has often to support himself and family on it. A piece of bread, a piece of sugar-cane a little grass or clover, that he shares with the donkey, constitute his frugal meal. But I am writing of the well-to-do Arab. He takes care of his mouth and his teeth. As regularly as he eats, the mouth is thoroughly washed, the teeth rubbed and cleansed, and the result is good teeth, and, I fancy, good digestion down to old age. According to our ideas, this would be better attended to in the privacy of our own chamber. This, however, is a question of taste. There are people who think that eating itself is not so interesting a process to look at that it should be done in the presence of others. On a question of this kind, surely one may be excused for not expressing too decided an opinion.

There will, no doubt, be difference of opinion about this Arab dinner. To me, I must confess, it was a matter of very considerable interest. I shall not, and I am sure the party of which I had the honor to be a humble member will not, soon forget the debt of gratitude we owe to our kind Arab host for his genuine Oriental hospitality. It will be cherished among the most pleasing recollections of a visit to the land of the Pharaohs, full of nothing but pleasant recollections.

CAIRO, EGYPT, Feb. 6th, 1895.

SACRAMENT WEEK IN THE LAKE MEGANTIC REGION.

BY MARGARET ROSS.

AMONG the Lewismen who have colonized the Lake Megantic region of the Eastern Townships, the old Highland custom of administering communion but once a year still prevails. The services in connection with this rite extend over a period of five days, commencing on Thursday and ending the Monday following, and are conducted chiefly in the Gaelic language. Sacrament week is generally appointed for some time in July or August, and is made the occasion for a great deal of visiting. As each township holds its annual sacrament—it is never called communion—the inhabitants are prepared for an influx of visitors from the neighboring townships, and it is not at all an uncommon occurrence for the old people to walk from twenty to thirty miles on these occasions, which are considered times of great refreshing.

These people are nearly all connected with each other. They are very clannish, and possess little variety in the way of names. John MacLeod (Red John) may not be a blood relation of John MacLeod (Crooked Finger), but his wife's cousin, Donald McDonald (Devil), is married to Peggy "*Nighean Domhnull*" (Donald's daughter), daughter of Donald McDonald (Murdoch's son), whose cousin, Kate Christy, is married to John MacLeod (Crooked Finger). This connection renders it imperative that you speak most respectfully of John MacLeod (Red John) to John MacLeod (Crooked Finger).

During the week preceding Sacrament Sunday a great deal of shopping is done, and the village store is rendered as tempting as possible. Scotch people, however, are not easily persuaded to part with their coppers. Clay pipes are given away when asked for, but the old Scotchman is too proud to be an object of charity, without making some kind of protest. He walks into the store, rubs his chin reflectively, and says: "*Am bheil canach buidhe agad?*" (Have you got cotton?") The storekeeper jerks the cotton off the shelf and spreads it out. The old man pulls a corner of it in every direction, ravels a thread, and looks at it dubiously, and then puts his hands in his pockets and walks to the other side of the store, where groceries are kept. Here he asks, in dignified English, for some "Jampan tea;" tastes it, smells it, shakes his head, and turns towards the door. He does not go out, however, but comes back and says, as an afterthought, "She'll dake a bibe." He gets his pipe, and retains his self-respect.

Two or more ministers from other Gaelic congregations are invited to assist the minister of the township in which sacrament is held. Occasionally a leading light from some other church is invited to officiate, but, as a rule, the sermon of the city divine is much too short, and he starts his services punctually—two faults a Lewisman cannot pass over.

The week-day services are well attended, but chiefly by the older people and by intending communicants. Thursday is known as Fast Day (*Latha trasg*), though the services, as well as those of Saturday and Monday, are of the ordinary character. Next to Sunday, Friday or Question Day (*Latha na ceist*), is the most important of the series. There is no preaching, but after the usual preliminary services some communicant gives out a verse of Scripture bearing

on Christian experience, and on which he wants light. He asks for marks of the truth of that verse in the experience of Christians present. The presiding minister "opens the question,' after which he calls on those believed to be eminent Christians—usually elders from that and other congregations—to give their opinions. A good deal of delay is here occasioned by the difficulty of persuading these good souls to get on their feet. They have usually plenty to say, and take a long time to say it: indeed, have confidently expected to be called on, and would feel much chagrin if not asked to "speak to the question.' Two motives influence the man in his reluctance to rise. It is a mark of humility to asseverate that he is unworthy, that he is incompetent, that others can speak more to edification than he. Then, again, he knows that he will be listened to by the ministers and many laymen supposed to be deep theologians, and that for any slip he may make he will surely be called to account. However, after many shakes of the head, and much apparent unwillingness, he finally expounds his views, and not infrequently speaks with a loftiness of language and vigor of thought, characteristic of those who have made the Bible a life study. From five to eight are usually asked to "speak to the question," which is closed by a second minister, who criticizes the opinions given, speaking in approval of the points he considers good; but woe to the unfortunate elder whose theology, as the minister understands it, is not sound.

On Sunday every person who is able to walk, or to sit up to be driven, goes to church. At ten o'clock the worshippers commence to congregate in the churchyard. They come from settlements four, five, and six miles away from their church, which is built in the village of their township. All along the sides of the roads leading into the village old women are sitting, putting on the shoes and stockings they have carried that far under their shawls. Each wears a white cap, tied under the chin, and whose only ornament is a broad, black band just back of the frill that frames her ruddy old face. It is a rare occurrence to see one of the old men walking with his *cailleach* (old woman) to prayers: he prefers to walk about six feet in front of her and talk back. It is a still rarer occurrence to see any of the old people in a conveyance. They have been accustomed to walk all their lives; habit is too strong for them, and they cannot be persuaded to enter a buggy.

As they reach their destination, a prolonged hand-shaking takes place. The hand-shake of a Lewisman is a sort of manual gymnastic, and takes about three minutes to accomplish. He grasps your hand and shakes it vigorously, while he says: "*Cia mar tha thu fein*" ("How do you do?") If you have been initiated into the delights of the language of Heaven you answer: "*Tha gu slan*," ("Very well;") and at each successive inquiry your hand is grasped lower down, well shaken, the clasp relaxed to be tightened still lower down, and so on, till your finger tips are reached when you are left to wonder how many joints have been dislocated by the process

After the preliminary greetings they gather in little groups round the churchyard and village, some seating themselves on the logs of the church wood-pile, others on the platform of the village hay scales, and soon the air is filled with an ever increasing cackle of Gaelic. By half-past ten, buggies containing the middle-aged married people and a large contingent of young men and maidens are driven to the church, the occupants assisted out, and the horses fastened to fences in the vicinity of the church.

At eleven o'clock the visiting ministers emerge from the manse and go to their respective pulpits. The English sermon is to be preached in the church, which is already crowded to

suffocation. The Gælic sermon is to be delivered from a platform erected for the occasion in an adjoining grove, where seats for the worshippers have been improvised from rough boards. There is no church in that part of the province which will accommodate a Gælic congregation on Sacrament Sunday. The seats have long been filled by old women, and this part of the grove is a sea of white caps. Crowds pour in, content to sit on the ground if only within hearing distance from the minister's platform.

At the church many are seated under the open windows to listen to the sermon they cannot get inside to hear; and many of those inside the church cannot understand a word of English. They have chosen the English service to-day, because the one selected to preach is their old minister, who, twenty years ago preached to them, scolded them, bullied them, loved them dearly, and finally left them, to take a charge in Ontario, where he could better educate his growing family. He comes to them every year at sacrament time, carrying back with him a trunk full of woollen socks. He walks briskly up the aisle with the erect bearing of a young man, notwithstanding his seventy-two summers; mounts the pulpit steps, opens the Bible, and with a nod of approval at the large congregation, says: "We will sing to the praise and the glory of God a portion of the 90th Psalm." He reads the first four stanzas—that number being the limit, no matter how abrupt the ending—and looks down into the precentor's box, where sits a diminutive Scotchman. He does not seem satisfied with trusting the key-note to the little singer, for he mutters something in Gælic, intelligible only to the precentor, and nods significantly at a young man sitting in the front pew. The young man looks cross; but old memories are strong—he knows that if he does not start the singing he will be ordered from the pulpit to do so. He jerks himself up, hums a note or two and starts, in a clear tenor voice, the old air "Martyrdom." He sings the first line alone, for the young people of the congregation are rising and finding the place, while the old people are settling themselves more stubbornly in their seats—not even for their old pastor will they countenance the new-fangled notion of standing to sing.

"And as a tale that has been told,
So we our years do spend."

As they sing these grand lines, the walls of the old church seem fairly bursting with the volume of sound. And how they enjoy that singing! The choirmaster of a city church would stand appalled, but they sing literally "to the praise and glory of God." The old minister rises, nods approval of the singing, and reads the 53rd chapter of Isaiah. Then follows the long first prayer, during which all stand; no one has as yet dared any innovation on that custom. Then follows a New Testament chapter, another psalm, and the text is given out.

This is the old minister's opportunity. In his own pulpit he dare not preach longer than forty or fifty minutes; here he enjoys his old-time privilege, and preaches for one hour and thirty-five minutes. The sermon over, two elders go around with collection boxes fastened to the ends of long sticks. They poke these boxes into each seat, and every one puts in a copper. If any worshipper shows a disposition to ignore the box, it is shaken vigorously under his nose. Another long prayer follows the collection, after which the 2nd paraphrase is sung, and the congregation adjourns to the grove where the Gælic service is being conducted and where the sacrament is to be administered.

Here the preacher has reached that part of his sermon known as the exhortation. His eyes are closed and he is chanting his sentences in peculiar minor cadences. The large body of his hearers—old men and women—are rocking themselves to and fro.

wiping their eyes, and shaking their heads. A person listening for the first time would think they were in the depths of woe, but this is always the ending of a Gælic sermon; any other would be most unsatisfactory. Although the preacher's eyes are closed, he is fully alive to the fine effect of his exhortation, and would, no doubt, prolong it, but for the arrival of the English congregation. He resumes his natural speaking voice as he gives out another paraphrase and requests the communicants to take their places at the communion tables. The precentor rises, chants in Gælic each line, and the congregation, except those moving to the tables, remain seated as they sing. One can hardly believe that it is the old air, "Hebron," they are singing, so many quaint turns are introduced. Few, except the old people, sing—this is their service, and they have it all their own way. They start each line half a note below the first note and slide up, and each succeeding note is reached by a turn or chromatic. They all seem to know just where the variations come in, and there is no discord.

The communicants are, by the time the singing is over, seated at the tables, of which there are two, each about fifty feet long, and covered with spotless linen. The elders take up the tokens, and the minister proceeds to "fence the tables:" after which the elements are served. This part of the service has to be repeated three or four times, as the number of communicants is very large. The communion service is all in Gælic, for the communicants, with five or six exceptions, are old people the greater number of whom do not understand English. All the worshippers remain till the end, and all are very reverent. One of the ministers addresses the communicants, then the benediction is pronounced, and what a torrent of Gælic breaks forth! The old favorite who preached the English sermon stands, hatless, among the congregation, shaking hands, and talking Gælic vehemently. Hundreds of eager eyes are watching for an opportunity to get in a word and a handshake, when, with an emphatic "You *must* come to dinner, sir," from the impatient young man who started the singing, the reluctant old minister is dragged into a small white cottage near the church.

It is a quarter to three o'clock; the people disperse to their homes in the surrounding settlements, and sacrament is an event of the past.

BURIED UNDER AN AVALANCHE.

(An Experience in British Columbia.)

BY JOHN C. WERNER.

In the spring of the year 1881 a great excitement prevailed in British Columbia and Washington Territory over the alleged discovery of rich deposits of gold in the mountains at the head of the Skeena and Stikeen rivers. A party of old prospectors had made the find during the previous year, and, although they tried to keep it quiet during the winter they spent in Victoria, the secret leaked out, and in the spring a rush was made to the new El Dorado. All sorts and conditions of men, Jews and Gentiles, miners and gamblers, shopkeepers and sailors, flocked thither, bent on making their fortune. A few miles up the Skeena river was soon founded a town, to which was given the imposing name of Shakespeare, and from thence a constant stream of fortune-hunters flowed towards the "diggins," which were situated fifty miles up the mountains. I was, at the time, second mate of a bark, which I left to join the heterogeneous crowd on board the steamer bound for Shakespeare. I had about three hundred dollars in cash with me, and soon procured a "fit out," and in a short time was on my way to the mountains.

How we toiled and struggled for a bare existence that summer, how disappointment followed upon disappointment, with seldom a gleam of encouragement, has nothing to do with this story. In the fall of the year, the crowd had greatly diminished; most of them returning broken and dispirited; while a few, very few though, were richer than when they arrived. I had, like others, staked out a claim, which I had worked with varying success for some time, when I became acquainted with a young fellow who had, for several years, followed up every rush, and who, if he had not made much money, had gained a great deal of experience, and together we were doing fairly well, when the exodus set in. The owners of some of the adjoining claims then proposed that we should club together and lay in a good stock of provisions and stay over the winter. As our new partners were men who had spent the best part of their lives in the mountains, and were seemingly "passing honest," I accepted their proposal, and, instead of returning to Victoria, as I had intended, I remained in the fastnesses of the Baldheaded mountains.

Lumber was plentiful, and before the snow had covered the ground we built a roomy and comfortable log house and laid in a goodly supply of firewood. We could not do much gold-digging during the winter, and our time was spent in interchanging visits, playing poker for small stakes, and spinning yarns. Occasionally some one would sally out with his rifle and bring in a deer or a bear, and in this way our larder was kept well stocked. As all my partners and neighbors were old hunters and miners, and I was the only "tenderfoot" among them, I had at first to figure as a butt for their rather coarse witticisms, until one day, over some trouble about a poker game, I made a demonstration that rather surprised them, and from that time forward I had a considerable amount of respect shown to me.

We were now getting well on into February, 1882, and had had for nearly two months no communication with the outside world; the weather had

been terrible, even for this region: snow fell almost every day, and all the passes and trails were impassible. But, for the last two days the weather had changed, and it was now freezing hard, so that the crust of the snow was as solid as ice. Our life, after our isolation was complete, had been to me rather dull, and I was willing to engage in any adventure that promised to break the monotony. Hearing one of the old stagers declare his intention to start down to the town the next day, and if possible return with letters and papers for the boys, I volunteered to accompany him. The expostulations of my partners only strengthened my purpose, and I prepared for my journey in hot haste. But, during the night, a thaw set in, and in the morning the other man refused to proceed, as it was no longer safe, he said. After vainly attempting to make the old fellow alter his mind, I concluded to start alone, principally because I thought everybody would laugh at me if I hung back after all my eager preparations. As the road was nearly all down hill, I calculated that I would be able to accomplish the journey in a day, if no accident happened, for I had made a pair of snowshoes, on which I was a good performer. I received a great deal of advice about the course I should take, and was especially admonished not to make any noise going down the mountains, for the slightest concussion in the air might start the snow, and I would be buried by an avalanche before I had time to escape. No objections were made or any difficulties put in my way when they saw that I was in earnest; and when I left at seven o'clock in the morning they gave me three hearty cheers.

I carried a swag containing two blankets, a change of clothing, and two days' provisions, so that I was not burdened with a heavy load. I had also a short Winchester rifle, with the chamber full of cartridges. For the first two hours I glided along at a good pace, for the snow was still hard and it was all down hill. At 3.30 p.m., I had got as far as the river, but had still fifteen miles before me. The mountains on the bank of the river ended here abruptly in a high peak called the Devil's Toe. This peak was at least 150 feet in height, and very steep; and, in the narrow space intervening between it and the river, a log house had been built under the lee of a low precipice which nearly overhung the cabin, and which was separated from it by a space of 15 feet or a little more. It contained only one room, and had a fire-place at one end. The door was in the middle of the side fronting the river, with a small enclosed stoop or shed outside; the window, consisting of an aperture a foot square, and closed with a shutter, was opposite the door and towards the mountain. The house was substantially built of heavy logs, and boarded over on the outside. It had a ceiling, and a fixed ladder leading to the loft over it. I determined to stay here over night, for I had the worst part of the road before me, and I did not care about risking life and limbs in the darkness. I found nobody living in the cabin, but, as the door only closed with a wooden hasp, I made free to enter. The outside shed was full of fire-wood. I found a quantity of straw in one corner inside, several barrels and an iron bucket in another; and half a dozen pieces of bacon were hanging near the fire-place. I opened the shutter to let in some fresh air, for the room had a damp and unwholesome smell, and then made a fire. Taking the bucket and filling it with snow, I put it over the fire to melt, for it would be too difficult to procure any water from the river.

A fox now approached the door, and was watching my proceedings, and, without thinking on what I was doing, I raised my rifle and knocked him over. As I stepped forward to pick him up, I heard a dull, rumbling sound overhead, and, looking up, it

seemed to me that the whole mountain was toppling over and tumbling down on me, sweeping everything before it, snow, rocks and trees, in one immense mass. I had just time to throw myself inside the cabin and shut the door when the hut was overwhelmed and all was darkness. I expected to see the cabin collapse under the terrible weight that must have been on it, but it withstood the pressure. After the first shock all was still as death. I had thrown myself on the ground inside the door, and the stillness was so intense that I could hear my heart thumping.

It took some time before I could collect my scattered senses and examine my position. I had escaped with my life for the present—that was one thing to be thankful for,—but, if I had to endure a lingering death, the present respite was no boon. I had seen a rude lamp standing on a cask when I first entered the house, and this I lighted, but it gave only a faint light. A lot of snow had come down the chimney and extinguished the fire, and more of it had come in through the open window, which was now closed with a solid bank of snow. I went to the door, and tried to open it, but I could not move it, although I used my whole strength; but, as it opened outwards, no doubt an immense mass of snow, which defied my puny efforts, was pressing against it. I thrust my rifle up the chimney, but it struck against something hard a short distance up, and I supposed the chimney above the roof was broken off and part of it had fallen inwards.

The air was still pure; but how long would it remain so? Buried alive! The thought maddened me! I could not expect any relief for a month at least, and by that time it would, in all likelihood, be too late. Even if I had provisions enough to sustain me, the air would give out, and I would die a slow and lingering death. I searched round the room, but found no tool or anything with which I could dig myself out. The door I could not open, and the window presented a wall of snow. I overhauled the stores, and found one barrel containing some flour; another had some cornmeal in it; evidently there was enough food to last me a considerable time.

I lighted the fire again. At first it would not burn, though the smoke filled the room; but after a while it began to flicker up. The smoke disappeared gradually, and, to my great relief, I saw that it had an outlet somewhere up the chimney, and consequently I would not be deprived of fresh air. This put new life and hope into me.

I looked at my watch, and found it was 9 o'clock. I had some cold venison and some hard bread in my bag, and made a good supper, and immediately afterwards fell asleep. But I awoke shivering with cold, and the dead silence and the darkness were appalling. I tried to sleep again and imagine that my situation was only a horrid dream; but I could not do it; it was too real, and I had to get up and face it. I struck a match—I had only one block, and I had to be careful of them—and saw it was 7.40—in the morning, I supposed. I kindled a fire, and saw that it would burn if I did not put too much wood on at a time. Then I scraped some snow from the window and melted it, and took some flour and made a few dampers. I had a pouch full of tobacco; so I lighted my pipe and calmed my overwrought feelings. I was not in such a bad predicament after all. If the house held together—and I could not see why it should not, for it had stood the first shock—I had only to husband my resources until I was relieved, which I was sure to be, sooner or later. I was in a disagreeable position, true enough; but I was safe and sound; I was young and healthy, and could stand a lot of hardship.

I began to whistle, but somehow the whistling died out ignominiously, and I fell into the other extreme, and

was in a fair way to having a good cry. The worst of it was the continued darkness. I could not afford to keep the fire going all the time, but had it banked up with ashes during the day, and it went out almost every night. The oil had given out in a few days, and after that it was constant night. To mark the flight of time, I made a notch in a log for every twenty-four hours, and I was careful to keep my watch going. After the first ten days, I slept fourteen hours out of the twenty-four, and the rest of the time employed myself with my culinary affairs and in walking up and down the cabin singing and reciting to myself. Day after day passed, but whether it snowed or rained, whether or not the sun was shining, or whether or not it was blowing a gale, was entirely unknown to me. I knew the air was getting milder, and the snowbank outside the window was melting, and that was all.

Twenty-nine days had passed, and I had food for only about two days more; the firewood was finished also. I had made up all the flour and meal into damper before the firewood gave out, and this was now my only fare. The food and the confinement were beginning to tell upon me, and I was becoming feverish and listless. Many times I would start up suddenly in my sleep, imagining that somebody was calling me, and my disappointment was fearful when I awoke in the tomb-like silence. Another day passed, and I remained prostrate on my blankets, too sick to sit up: the snow melted of itself in the bucket now, and this was the only nourishment I took. Two more days of suffering elapsed, and I had given up all hope. I could not sleep now, and the most horrible fantasies hovered constantly before me; I could see figures dancing in the dark, grotesque, but dreadful to behold, beings all eyes and no legs, and others all legs and nothing else, and I shrank beneath the blankets. How I suffered during these days!

All at once, during one of my spells —night or day, I did not know which, for my watch had run down—I heard voices. Thinking they were the goblins, I had buried myself under the blankets, when suddenly the door was flung open, and the blessed sunlight streamed through the aperture. Several persons entered, and, seeing me, started back in astonishment. "Halloa! what have we here?" said one. I could not speak at first. They soon saw what a state I was in, and, holding me up, poured some whiskey into my mouth. This revived me, and I began to thank them in extravagant terms for my delivery. They looked at each other with some surprise.

"What have we delivered you from, pard?" asked the one who had first spoken. "What have you been doing, and how did you get here?"

"Goodness," I cried, "can't you see that I was buried here by an avalanche, and that but for your timely help in digging me out, I would have perished."

They looked at each other again, and finally broke out in a loud laugh.

"Some mistake here, I guess," said the former speaker, after their mirth was exhausted. "You may have had an avalanche here, but you have surely not been buried in it, and we did not dig you out, either. I passed by here a couple of weeks ago, and the place was as free of snow then as now, except at the back of the house; if I had supposed that anybody had been living here, I would have called in."

I looked at him incredulously. I thought he was making fun of me and my distress.

"Look here," said he, and, taking me by the arm, he led me outside the house.

No snow was to be seen, except on the more distant mountains, and the sun was shining brightly on the ground, which was already dressing for summer. The daylight hurt my eyes and made me dizzy, and I had to return to the cabin to get accustomed

to the light. The rough but kindly miners gave me food, and boiled some coffee, while I related to them my vicissitudes, at which they were highly amused.

The avalanche that I had seen in its rapid descent had shot over the cabin into the river, and only the loose snow had tumbled on the roof, and from there slid down into the space between the cabin and the rock, and filled it up. The branch of a tree had lodged outside the door, which it had jammed so hard that I could not open it in my hasty attempt to do so; if I had kept on trying, no doubt I would have loosened the obstacle and opened the door. Instead of thoroughly ascertaining my position, I had taken it for granted that I had been overwhelmed by the avalanche, and been buried under it; and thus had suffered incarceration for 35 days, the actual time I spent inside the hut, for nothing.

After I had recovered myself a little, I continued my way to Shakespeare. The story had got ahead of me, however, and wherever I went, I had to hear about "the tenderfoot and the avalanche" — exaggerated, of course, in the telling—and as I could not silence a multitude, I concluded that mining was not my forte, and so left in disgust for Puget Sound, where I shipped for Callao.

YOKOHAMA.

THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

BY P. F. CRONIN.

ALTHOUGH Grand Trunk trains have been running in Canada since 1853—forty years ago—this country was for long not given a place in international comparisons of railway mileage. It is but a short while to glance back over; but, if the general progress which Canada has made be measured according to the way our territory has been quickly provided with railways, it is a wonderful period, indeed. It holds almost the whole story of our industrial development, a development so marvellously rapid and successful that it has arrested the attention of all the world.

Our age is not yet so far advanced, nor is the invention of the steam engine so old, that we can have forgotten the fact that the first railway was the first great wonder of the nineteenth century, and, advanced as we are, it cannot be said that electricity has discounted the steam engine, more than that the increasing railway mileage of the globe has exceeded the most sanguine expectations of George Stephenson's day and generation, This girding of the earth with the iron road is still the undiminishing wonder of the century. The latest statistics published show that there were at the beginning of 1893, 406,416 miles of railway on the surface of our planet, or one mile of railway to every 3,516 inhabitants; and this increase of mileage is steadily gaining upon the increase of population. The United Kingdom, which gave the fourth largest contribution by countries to this mileage, claimed 20,018 miles, whilst Canada, coming into the competition somewhat late in the railway age, had 15,320 miles, or over thirty miles for every 10,000 population. The importance of this conspicuous position which Canada holds to-day, in summing up the railway development of the countries of the globe will be better appreciated when it is remembered that our railway building did not begin in earnest till a little before the Intercolonial Railway was opened for traffic. This, too, discloses various interesting points of view offering illustrations of the management of the line upon which the development of interprovincial trade primarily depended.

The building of the Intercolonial Railway was the foundation of Confederation. To that, in a word, is also due the presence of a system of state railways on the North American continent. In touching upon this subject, it is impossible to overlook the interesting points of comparison which were last year brought in review before the world, in regard to the matter of good and bad management of state railways in British colonies. In a year of great depression, it was not, perhaps, remarkable that the Australian colonies should find their financial difficulties vastly increased by their railway losses. But it was remarkable that a very considerable share of those losses should have been brought home to the bad management of the railways in government hands. Many strange instances of what passed for business ability in Australian railways have since been made public in the press, some instances being so utterly ridiculous as to expose the whole case in support of state railways to the most damaging style of attack. Fortunately this was prevented by the Canadian instance of wise and judicious economy in the management of the Intercolonial Railway, fully and frankly acknowledged, by friends and foes alike, to be to the credit of Mr.

Haggart, Minister of Railways and Canals. The gross earnings of the road for the year amounted to $3,065,689; the expenditure was $3,045,317, making the excess of earnings over expenditure, $20,182. The expenditure, it is worthy of remark, was less than that of the previous year by $394,059. So much for the masterly object-lesson in good railway management which has been afforded to Australian state railways in this instructive contrast.

In general, the Intercolonial Railway has played a great part in the era of activity which dawned at Confederation The construction of the line had the whole policy of Confederation in view. It united the Maritime Provinces to *Canada*, as our fellow-Canadians down by the sea used to speak of Quebec and Ontario in those days. True, the allusion did not disappear with the opening of the road for traffic: it died upon our ears slowly.

When I attended the funeral of the late Sir John Thompson, at Halifax, the statement was solemnly made to me by a prominent member of the House of Commons, that the Nova Scotian fashion of alluding to the inhabitants of the Western Provinces of the Dominion as *Canadians*, really survived up to the day when the whole country mourned, in his native city, over the new-made grave of Canada's foremost son.

However, the railway, unquestionably, was the first real bond forged to perpetuate the union. In this aspect it is a national monument, and as such must ever have a strong historical claim upon posterity. In our day, when, "does-it-pay?" is the most significant question that language can frame, we are prone to speak of the pre-eminence of the Intercolonial from the business point of view only, and we praise it entirely as a good investment for the country, and as a direct route, unexcelled for comfort, and all that a perfect railway service means on a trip to some of the most desirable pleasure resorts in reach within the bounds of the continent.

In his very readable book "Railways and Other Ways," published recently by Williamson & Co., Toronto, Mr. Myles Pennington, now the oldest railway official in Canada, includes an extremely interesting historical chapter on the Intercolonial. He mentions the fact that the railway was constructed under the commissionership of Mr. C. J. Brydges, then General Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, and also, that from the time it was first opened for traffic as a through line its connection was necessarily with the Grand Trunk at Riviere du Loup, and its business, therefore, closely identified with the latter road. Mr. Pennington adds that at first the Intercolonial "had its western terminus at Riviere du Loup; but it was found to be in the interest both of the Intercolonial and Grand Trunk that the former should extend to Levis, opposite Quebec, and to attain that end the Grand Trunk disposed of the section of their line from Levis to Riviere du Loup to the Government of Canada."

According to the latest report of the Minister of Railways and Canals, the mileage of both divisions of the Intercolonial Railway, or, in other words, all the Government railway now operated in Canada, is 1,397 miles. The operations of this great system are not merely of an inter-provincial character, as some writers have suggested; but, indicating the trade policy of the Government at Ottawa, the railway touches six Atlantic ocean ports, and is the support of the regularly increasing passenger trade and commerce of Canada with the Mother Country and the West Indies. The Atlantic ocean ports are:—Point du Chéne, Pictou, Halifax, St. John, Sydney and North Sydney. What the accumulated traffic of the Government railways amounts to can better be given in figures—it is the most comprehensive way of dealing with such matters.

During the last year under official review, the number of passengers carried was 1,292,878. There was an increase in the through passenger business, from the previous year, of 4,968, although the total number of passengers had fallen off by 4,854. The operations of the year in freight traffic do not present similar features, for, whilst there was an increase in local freight, the through freight indicated a decrease. The total amounted to 1,338,000 tons, or an increase in the traffic of the year of 123,505 tons, notwithstanding that the decrease in the through traffic was 156,340 tons. That the railway must be an important factor in the future expansion of passenger and freight business, both with Britain and the West Indies, does not need saying here. It is quite impossible to overlook the signs of the times given at the meeting of the Intercolonial Conference at Ottawa last summer, the report thereupon of Lord Jersey to the Imperial Government, the urgent recommendations made regarding the construction of fast steamships for a new mail line on the Atlantic, and the strikingly favorable reception of the report of the Imperial representative by the British press and public. These are lines of national advancement which no one now doubts we are soon to enter upon, and as for the practical part which the Intercolonial Railway must then assume, it is very well worth while now to look at what the management of the road is doing at the present to keep it efficiently abreast of the grand design of the Imperial movement that has already brought the British people, living at the most remote ends of the earth, so much closer to each other, by reason of Canada's advantageous geographical position and her admitted possession of conspicuous railway enterprise.

A kindred building up of trade, although along lines quite distinct, may be looked for between Canada and the West Indies. There is already abundant evidence of this in official reports laid before Parliament, the most interesting of them being the report of the Department of Trade and Commerce for the three months of 1894, ending September 30th. In this return there are included the reports of Mr. G. Eustace Burke, the Canadian Commercial Agent at Kingston, Jamaica; Mr. H. Ogilvie Bennett, Commercial Agent at Antigua; Mr. S. L. Horsford, Commercial Agent at St. Kitts; Mr. Darnley C. DaCosta, Commercial Agent at Bridgetown, Barbadoes; Mr. Edgar Tripp, Commercial Agent at Trinidad, and Mr. Edwin McLeod, Commercial Agent at Demerara. The United States Consul, in his report to his Government, affirms the reports of these Canadian agents, when he, in dealing with the trade between Canada and Jamaica, says: "Canada's efforts to build up a trade with Jamaica are evidently not to be fruitless. The island's imports from Canada increased 12 per cent. in 1891, and 26 per cent. in 1892. Canada controls the fish trade, and is a close competitor with the United States in the supply of wagons and carriages. She sends something of almost everything to the Jamaicans."

The Kingston (Jamaica) *Standard*, speaking of the Canada-Jamaica trade, says:—

"We believe that our trade with Canada is capable of considerable expansion, and we are glad to know that great improvement has taken place since regular communication was established by Pickford & Black's West India Steamship Line between Halifax, Bermuda, Turk's Island and Jamaica. Regular communication with Halifax has led, not only to a considerable increase in the export of the island produce, but has also had the effect of supplying the community with fish and other food stuffs of a better quality, and in better condition, while the regularity of the importation has tended to keep down the prices, to the material benefit of the consumers."

Expressions like these might be multiplied almost without end. But there is another feature of steamship communication with the West Indies which may be more interesting to readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

The observation may be made here that Messrs. Pickford and Black's steamships are under mail contracts with the Government of Canada and the West India Islands. They call at Bermuda, Turk's Island, Jamaica, St. Thomas, St. Croix, St. Kitts, Antigua, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbadoes, Trinidad, Demerara, and Cuba. Here, then, are suggestions of the most delightful winter climate in the world. In the semi-tropical Bermudas the winter scenery is charmingly picturesque, and the winter amusements are hardly less attractive, either for robust or invalid visitors. The direct cable to Halifax keeps the Canadian tourist in quick communication with home and friends.

HOTEL FRONTENAC, QUEBEC.

Then there is the tropical luxury of St. Kitts; the natural loveliness, and comfortable civilization of Jamaica, the delightful surroundings of Santa Cruz; the English air of Antigua: the moun-

tain views around Dominica, and incomparably salubrious Barbadoes. There have been writers many who have given us flowery descriptions of life in the West Indies—and "Kit," the clever lady representative of *The Daily Mail and Empire*, has been distinguishing herself among the number of such writers; but, after all, these descriptions are only artificial when compared with that of Moore, in the following lines, written to "Nea," beside this or that "flowery bank:"

'Twas noon, and every orange bud
Hung languid o'er the crystal flood,
Faint as the lids of maiden eyes
Beneath a lover's burning sighs!
Oh! for a naiad's sparry bower
To shade me in that glowing hour.

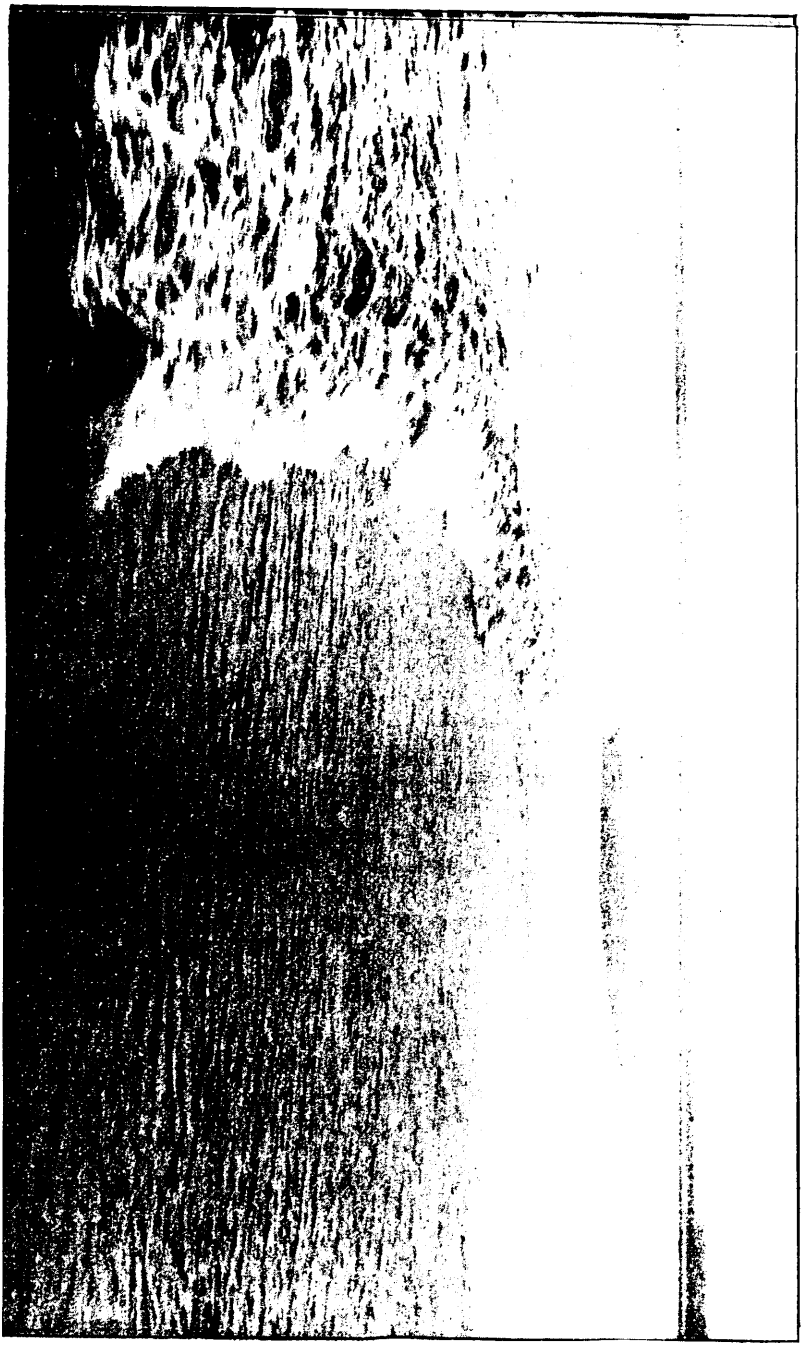
The connections at Halifax of the Intercolonial are made with the mail steamers of the Canadian lines for England. And with Canadian and English people the ocean passage to and from Halifax has always been held in high favor, and certain it is that when the new fast steamers are put upon this route, the advantages of the short passage may well defy all other competition. Connections are also made at Halifax with steamers for Portland. Boston, and other United States ports. Rail connections are, of course, made with the Dominion Atlantic Railway, which runs through picturesque "Evangeline land," the richest district in America in poetic and historic associations. What a flood of old events recur on the sight of the beautiful Gaspereau Valley, Grand Pré, Horton Landing, and Cape Blomidon. Halifax itself is one of the most interesting of places. The Intercolonial gives communication with everywhere, but the visitor will not want to depart before he has taken in the view from the Citadel and bathed in Cow Bay. The environs of Halifax, thanks to the hold which the Imperial authorities have upon the city, are the admiration of all tourists, and they are not surprised it should be so, when they are told how the military authorities are always engaged dressing nature to more advantage. At Halifax the Intercolonial Railway and the Imperial authorities have made a new Cronstadt in America.

It is not too much to add here that the Intercolonial Railway has reached its present splendid efficiency, and its reputation for safety, speed and comfort under Government supervision. Mr. Haggart, the responsible Minister, not only takes the most active interest in the road, but Mr. Collingwood Schreiber, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of Railways and Canals, and Mr. David Pottinger, the General Manager of the Canadian Government Railways, fully deserve their reputation as officials, than whom none better qualified to bring the highest efficiency into the service in every department are to be found in any country. Nor would the mention of capable officials be adequate without including Mr. N. Weatherston, the Western Agent at Toronto.

Although in the arrangement of this article I have given precedence to the scenery and climate of the West Indies, and to the attractions of the seaside resorts accessible from Halifax, it is not through any lack of appreciation on my part of what the region along the line of the Intercolonial between Riviere du Loup and Campbellton offers both to the tourist and the sportsman. I have been fascinated by the magic restfulness, in spring time, of some valley scene which the dreams of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, could not improve upon. The mountain peak yonder still wore its winter cap of whitest snow, while hillside and valley, gaily decked in the tenderest green of the season, resounded to the jocund harmony of the roving sylphs of nature, and the noise of falling and running waters, not long released from icy fetters, seemed to shout in another language of music the glory of being free. I have seen

the green, shadowy forests of New Brunswick, under the heat of the

des Chaleurs, and one's highest ideal was to let life slumber on from day to



THE BORE, HEIGHT 6 FT. 6 IN., AT MONCTON, N.B.

summer noonday, stretching leagues away by the blue waters of the Baie

day in utter forgetfulness of aught else than the companionship of the

feathered rovers of the glade and the

. . . fragrant turf and flowers, as wild
and fair
As ever dressed a bank, or scented summer
air.

But I have seen those soft valleys in a rarer and more fairylike transformation, when one of the not infrequent silver thaws, which occur in late December, had changed every clump of birches into a grotto hung with innumerable clusters of crystals; and the whole appearance of the forest might be described in the words of Cowper's "Winter's Morning Walk:"

Silently as a dream the fabric rose;
No sound of hammer or of saws was there;
Ice upon ice, the well adjusted parts
Were soon conjoined, nor other cement
asked
Than water interfused to make them one.
Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all hues,
Illumined every side; a watery light
Gleamed through the clear transparency that
seemed
Another moon new risen, or meteor fallen
From Heaven to Earth, of lambent flame
serene.

But it is for the sportsman, with gun or rod, that this region means a veritable paradise. The tourist, whose objects are only sight-seeing and health-seeking, will find to gratify his wandering longings, at any time of the year, but specially in the golden summer, along the line of the Intercolonial Railway, sights and sensations without stint. As he will invariably affect the seaside as the objective point of his migrations, he will doubtless begin the tour at quaint and ancient Quebec. There are, we are told, only four beautiful cities in the whole of the British Empire. Another estimate, which has reduced the number to two, mentions only Edinburgh and Quebec, and this gives patriotic Englishmen and Irishmen the opportunity to divide the rest of the glory among themselves, share and share alike, for the Irishman will be grievously "put upon" should Dublin be omitted from the list of four. And Scotsmen and Canadians may still continue to dispute the rival claims of Edinburgh and Quebec to pre-eminence; but in whatever respects the comparison may be judged to favor "Auld Reekie," it can hardly be denied that its advantages are attached more to its title of the "Modern Athens" than to any historic glories it can boast over the brave old capital of French Canada, with its crowding associations of centuries when France and England struggled for supremacy in the New World. Those associations are more vivid and real in Quebec than any echoes of Scottish story which the visitor to Edinburgh hears in the breeze that sings round the walls of its picturesque castle. Then again, where, in all the world, can such a view be commanded as that afforded by Quebec from the opposite side of the broad St. Lawrence? Citadel, chateau, clustering pointed gables, and glistening roofs, present, reared aloft upon the noble cliffs, a picture such as can nowhere else be beheld. Blue skies overhead, and old Father Lawrence rolling his giant flood, in stretches as wide as the eye can take in towards the ocean; whilst all around is the civilization of the French Empire under Louis XIV. The sights of Quebec are too many and too attractive to be taken up and dismissed in a paragraph of a short article of this kind. Visitors have to see for themselves the historic treasures of the Basilica, the old 17th century church of Notre Dame des Victories, and the famous old Convent of the Ursulines; they must walk over the historic ground where Wolfe fell, determined to do and die for King and duty. The inscription on his monument simply tells:—"Here died Wolfe victorious,"—and his victory was complete, for, although Quebec retains to this day the language, customs and religion of the plantations sent out by Louis, England's war was not upon these nor, so long as Qnebec remains one of the gems of the British Empire, will Englishmen wish that the old-time echoes should die upon this historic atmosphere.

For tourists seeking health-giving air, sea bathing, and the best of fishing, commend me again—as everyone who has remembrances of a charming holiday in that delightful region will wish commended—to the favorite resorts of the Lower St. Lawrence and Baie des Chaleurs.

NORTH-WEST ARM, HALIFAX.

The trip over the Intercolonial begins, at Levis, under the most comfortable circumstances. The newest and most elegant buffet, parlor, and sleeping cars to be found upon any line in America—the home as this continent is of luxurious travelling—are on hand. Attendants as polite as one will find on the railways of Germany and Austria are on the Intercolonial trains. The next passenger beside you may be an American, an Englishman, an Australian, or a Russian. In late years travel on the Intercolonial is praised

by visitors from all parts of the world. The country they are travelling through is not only beautiful in itself, but it possesses a perfect library of legendary lore, which the traveller from abroad will do well to dip into. Under such circumstances, travelling is a joy and luxury to mind and eye and brain and body. Every station on the way is a summer resort. Riviere du Loup—the connecting point with Murray Bay, Tadousac, and the incomparable Saguenay River, Cacouna, the Saratoga of Canada, as it has been named by Montreal society, Bic, Rimouski, where the ocean steamers receive and land their mails and passengers, Little Metis, Lake Metapediac—clear, placid, beautiful, like a mirror framed among the mountains, more lovely than any Alpine water which the poets sung of in days before the new world was known to them—the Restigouche River, forming part of the New Brunswick boundary, fair Dalhousie, at its mouth, on the glorious Baie des Chaleurs, and the coast scenery of Gaspé; these hold more surprises for tourists than any route by rail or steamer that may be taken elsewhere in the old world or in the new. I had the pleasure and good fortune to meet, on the occasion of my first visit to these resorts of the Lower St. Lawrence and Gulf, the chronicler of his Province, Mr. J. M. LeMoine, of Quebec. "What," said he, speaking of the St. Lawrence, "would Canada be without this main artery of commerce; embracing on both banks, from Quebec to Cape Gaspe, more than one thousand miles of seaboard, lined by innumerable settlements, thriving villages, rising towns, dotted in its whole length with numberless fertile and picturesque islands, each having its peculiar history, its wild legend of the forest or the sea; its thrilling incidents of naval warfare; possibly its harassing tale of shipwrecks and death!"

What "incense-breathing morns," what hazy noons, what lazy evenings, have been spent here? Nothing could improve them, if I might omit the racy conversation of a born story-teller.

As Le Moine puts it in his "Chronicles," one of the chief amusements at Gaspe Basin during the summer months is bobbing for mackerel just outside the Basin in the Bay. That, by the way, is exciting enough; so many of us wish to divide our thoughts with the mazy legendery and romance of the Cape that frowns upon our obtrusive listlessness; and if, by any possibility, monotony may find entrance upon such an idle existence, the mackerel fishing may at any hour be changed for sport on the streams which descend to the coast, and which abound with trout and salmon in the season.

Among all the summer resorts of the Lower St. Lawrence, to my mind incomparable beauty has been bestowed upon Bic. The heroine of Mr. Brooke's "Emily Montague," on viewing it in 1867, exclaimed: "I wish I were queen of Bic;" and many a gentle visitor, since, has given fervent expression to the more modest aspiration: "I wish I were queen of a summer cottage at Bic." The village sleeps on the low-lying shore, and is cut off from the country inland by a lofty, leafy mountain, which is at once a barricade and an environment of enchantingly diversified vegetation. The Bay of Bic is a sheltered haven whose waters are never disturbed by the storms that occasionally bring wrath upon the face of old St. Lawrence; the streams in the neighborhood are stocked with fish; birds of various kinds swarm in the mountain glades. Nature, here, is prodigal of every gift that may attract the sportsman, the idler, or the naturalist. It is, too, precisely the place for children, and for family security away from home.

Bic, by the way, is one of the old seignories, having been granted by Count de Frontenac to Charles Denis de Vitré, in 1675. In the early twen-

ties of this century, it belonged to Azariah Pritchard, and in the fifties it became the property of the present owner, W. D. Campbell, of Quebec. It was from the old seignory of Bic that the French watched for the arrival of Wolfe's fleet in the St. Lawrence, and it was near Bic that the fleet cast anchor upon the bed of the broad river. The perfect shelter which the harbor enjoys is afforded by a number of islands at the entrance. Some of them are historic spots. L'Islet au Massacre, witnessed, a couple of centuries back, one of the most horrible scenes mentioned in the annals of the Indian tribal wars.

All the country from Riviere du Loup, onward, is full of noble game: the moose still finds there, one of the very few homes the North-American continent to-day affords to this kingly race of the primeval forest. The game laws of the Province of Quebec now prohibit moose and caribou shooting from the 1st of February to the 1st of September, and deer shooting from the 1st of January to the 1st of October. The season is long enough to satisfy sportsmen, but not too long, for the game is plentiful in all the region between St. Alexandre and Campbellton, and is especially so in the Lake Temiscouata District, thirty-eight miles from Riviere du Loup, and accessible by rail. It is not pretended that legitimate hunting can ever interfere with the perpetuation of these grandly prolific game forests. Land and water game tribes are included in this statement, for the lakes and rivers teem with fish, and the more sportsmen who come in season, the better for the future of shooting and fishing. The wealth of these yields of nature has been proved by many distinguished persons. H.R.H. Prince Arthur, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Dunraven, Count Turenne, are names that occur to my recollection on the moment. No Governor-General of Canada has ever been known to seek for sport elsewhere in the Dominion. Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, of Quebec, in the excellent chapter on sport in Canada which he has written for M. Karl Baedeker, says the fishing on these tributary waters of the St. Lawrence is open to all, and it is at its best from the latter part of June to the end of July, though the trout continue till the end of September to run up the rivers for the purpose of spawning. All these lakes and streams are easily reached by means of the Intercolonial Railway, which forms the direct route to the fishing, hunting, and summer resorts of the Lower St. Lawrence and Baie des Chaleurs, as well as to those of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Both of these provinces abound in lakes and rivers, all of them stocked with large-sized trout. These lakes and rivers are free to all legitimate fishermen, and no eastern fisherman can lay claim to the rank of veteran, who has not cast a fly on the pools of the Restigouche, Nepisquit, Mirimichi, and Tobique.

Among the many fine descriptions by writers who have sought out the beautiful places of the Maritime Provinces, I cannot refrain from acknowledging the delight of reading the sketches of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, and Mr. Frank Bolles, the latter's books, reprinted from his frequent contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly*. These writers are both Americans; but may their love for Canada never grow less.

Charles Dudley Warner's little book "Baddeck and That Sort of Thing," reminds me that, in speaking of tourist travel on the Intercolonial, the growing popularity of the Cape Breton division of the road, and the loveliness it whirls us on to, must not be forgotten. Connection is made with the Cape Breton division at Truro, where the line begins at once to follow the valley of the Salmon river, one of the most picturesque rivers in the three provinces. Pictou, New Glasgow and Antigonish, are stations *en route*, before the Gut of Canso, which divides

Cape Breton from the mainland, is reached. The most delightful summer climate is enjoyed in Cape Breton, and since many of the prosperous players and literary people of the United States have found out the fact, it is no longer likely to remain a secret from the fashionable crowds. Last year I was delighted, not having, like Mr. Kennan, or Mr. Dudley Warner, the fee simple of a cottage at Baddeck, to find that a fine new hotel had been erected at Sidney since my previous visit a few years ago. As for the sights, every one knows they are to be found in the beautiful Bras d'Or Lakes, and in the site of historic Louisburg. And these, be it said, are almost matchless sights. I hear preparations are being made for a grand naval review, in the coming summer, opposite Louisburg, to commemorate the final siege of the stout fortress. The American, British and French fleets are expected to participate in the demonstrations arranged to mark the unveiling of an historical monument, and I would imagine, that since the great fight was fought, no more inspiring spectacle than this which is proposed has been witnessed in American waters.

I HEARD HER SING.

I heard her sing! Ah yes, I heard her sing!
And through my glasses saw her tremble so
Her voice was shaken like the flutt'ring wing
Of some poor wounded bird. They did not know—
They who sat idly listening to her song—
Why she should disappoint their fashionable throng.

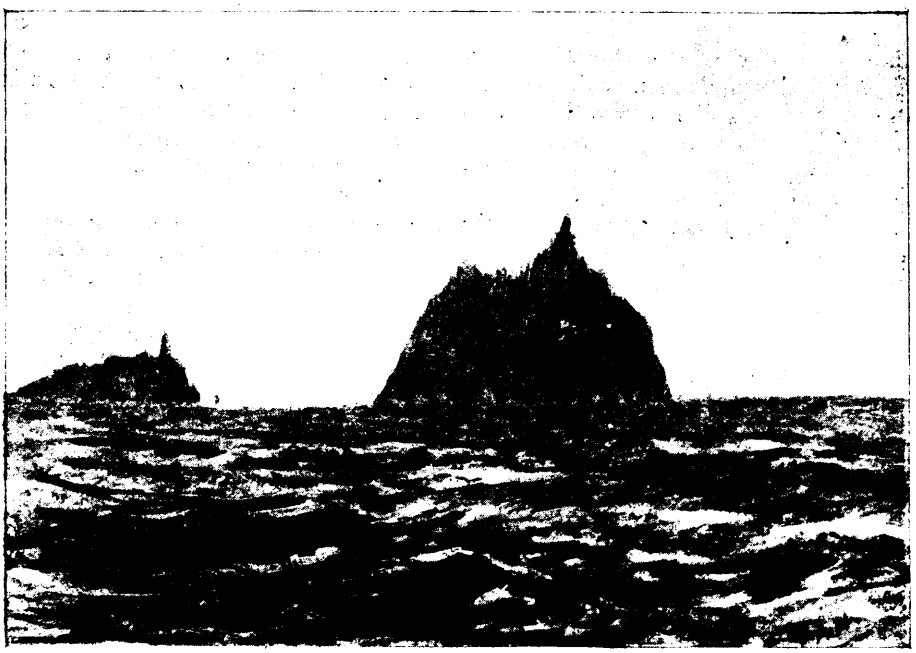
But I who watched her struggle like a soul
Borne down to darkness from a life of light:
Who saw her vainly strive to play the rôle
Of careless gaiety with laughter bright:
Who knew the weakness wasting her the while;
I cursed the fate that thus compelled her lips to smile.

What irony of life that she must sing,
And smile between the ripples of her song;
As if she found this world a pleasant thing,
And all her path with sunlight strewn along;
While only by the mastery of art,
She hid the tears that burned within her drooping heart.

I saw them in the boxes turn away,
As if her falt'ring notes had wearied them;
I saw them laugh and talk together—they
Who were not fit to touch her garments' hem—
The while she struggled bravely on until
The curtain fell, and all the darkened house was still.

How strangely ordered is this narrow round
Of life wherein we walk our little day,
That she, whose voice such melody of sound,
Could make for others, must her sweet gift lay
At feet of them, who, listening, care for nought
Save the amusement which their gold has idly bought.

STUART LIVINGSTON.



THE SKELLIGS—OFF VALENTIA, IRELAND.

LAYING A SUBMARINE CABLE.

BY FREDERIC ADAM HAMILTON.

"MOUNTAINS, however great to human eyes," it has been remarked, "are but wrinkles on the face of the earth." It may be added that the ocean is but a film.

Taking the earth's diameter as our standard, the relative proportions of the heights and depths are indeed such as to dwarf the Himalayas in our imagination and diminish the profundity of the great waters. Coming back, however, as we must do, to a practical consideration of the immensities by which we are surrounded, and measuring these by our liliputian stride, we see what a small creature man is on the face of the earth, and how microscopic are the dimensions of his grandest structures.

Among his greatest triumphs are, therefore, to be counted those which have set at naught the magnitudes of nature. Difficulties that were regarded as insurmountable are overcome, one by one lengthening the list of his conquests. The world grows smaller as man increases in mental stature.

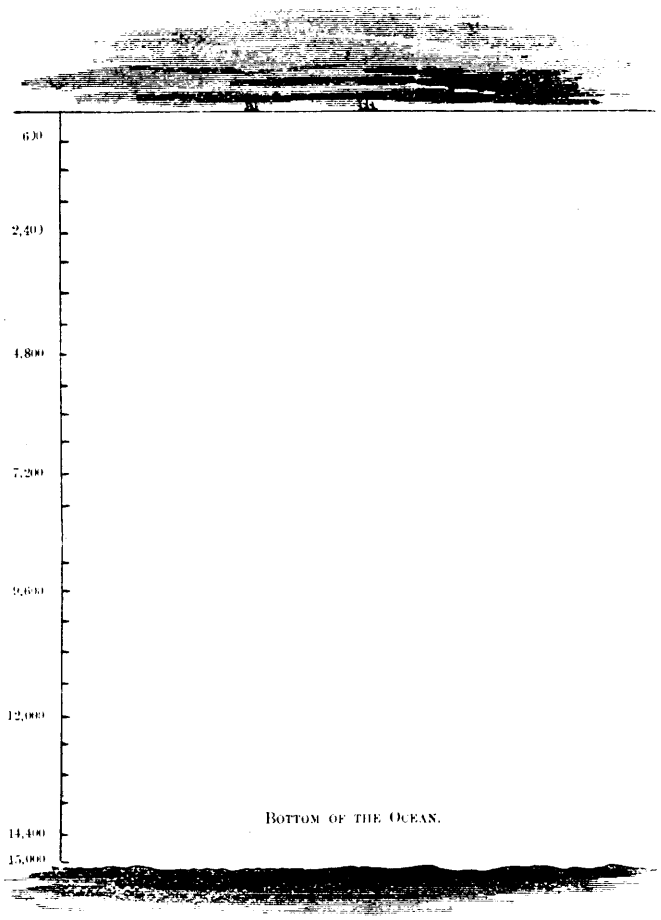
The annexed diagram will convey an idea of the proportion which a large steamer bears to the depth of the ocean. A vessel 300 feet in length is but a midget on the surface of the water, and yet this midget drops her little hook, pays out a tiny thread, and raises a gossamer from the extremest depths.

Looking back thirty-eight years or more to the vanishing point of the field of his vision, the writer sees, in clear perspective, a picture of events unparalleled in the history of man's achievements.

In 1858 was solved the problem of connecting Europe and America. Like the caravels of four hundred years ago, the *Niagara* and the *Agamemnon* had

shown the way, and in 1866 the *Great Eastern's* first and second cables bound the two hemispheres together with ties which will never be severed.

Nothing short of telegraphic communication with the antipodes would now satisfy, and soon Tasmania gladly seized the line held out to her by her sister colony Victoria.



RELATIVE SIZE OF A VESSEL 300 FEET IN LENGTH TO THE DEPTH OF THE OCEAN.

In 1869, the *Great Eastern's* third triumph in the Atlantic, the longest cable of any yet laid, united France and the Great Republic.

In 1870, the novel sight of a telegraph station sixty miles from land was presented by a ship moored in the "chops of the Channel." The laying of the cable from the Cornish coast to the *Brisk*, formerly of Her Majesty's navy, was a memorable event in the writer's experience.

A new significance has recently been given to this by a Royal Commission having been appointed to inquire into and report on the best means of establishing communication with lightships. It is now a matter for congratulation that lighthouses on isolated rocks and lightships will soon be armed with the means of procuring assistance for the mariner.

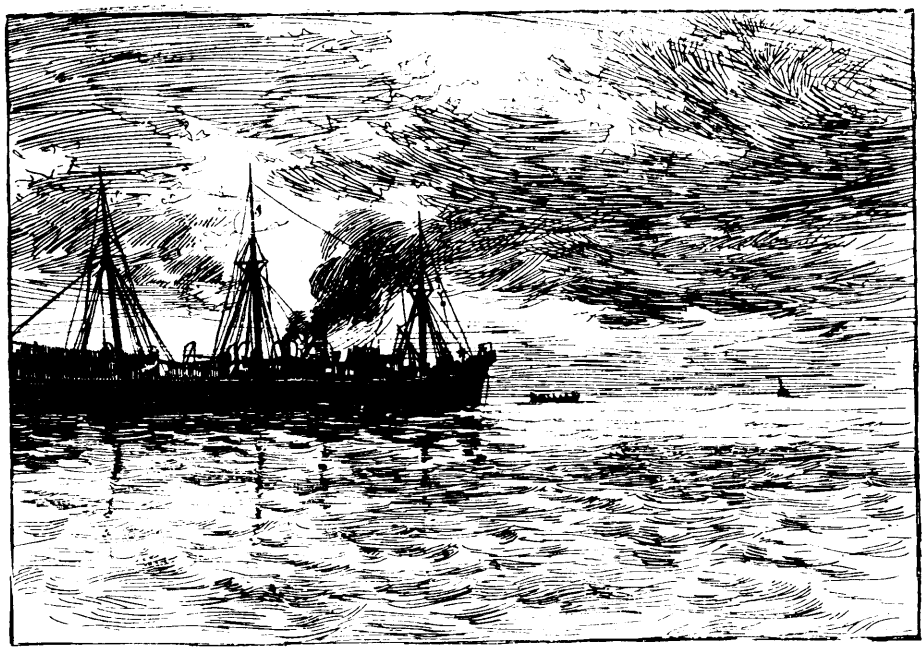
During the seventies no less than 1640 tons of copper wire were laid in the North Atlantic alone, and a fleet of steamers received their cargoes from the busy factories on the Thames, and distributed them from shore to shore in nearly every quarter of the globe. Space will not admit of more than a glance at the events witnessed during that decade.

The waters of the Red Sea were divided by a cable stretching from Suez to Aden, and the gentle gradients of the Indian Ocean became the resting-place for the great ship's fourth cable.

The cable expeditions of 1873-4 are especially memorable in the annals of submarine telegraphy. In both these years the *Great Eastern* continued to

play her rôle in the various scenes enacted in the North Atlantic, and it was in 1874 that the steamer Faraday began the career of usefulness which she has continued ever since, and is following to this day.

Those who are familiar with the romantic scenery on the south-west coast of Ireland, between Dursey Head and the Blaskets, will recognize in the accompanying sketch the features of those remarkable rocks the "Skelligs": the Great Skellig with its needle's eye, through which the monks of old wended their way to the place of prayer near the summit of the rock, 700 feet above the water, and the Little Skellig with its flying buttresses, beneath which the whirling eddies of an ever breaking sea hiss like the surface of a boiling cauldron. The vicinity of these rocks has been the scene of many an interesting event in connection with cable laying.



PICKING UP A BUOY.

In great cable expeditions, such as those of the North Atlantic, several ships are employed, vessels whose light draft will enable them to approach the land, carry the shore ends, while the main cable is consigned to the largest steamer of the fleet. Landing the shore end is an operation of easy accomplishment in some cases, and in others, one of no small difficulty. The ship being placed in the desired position, the cable is coiled on a raft and paid out, or it is floated on buoys and hauled to the land by means of a line rove through a block on shore and thence led to the picking-up gear on board the ship.

Having landed the end of the cable and secured it in the cable house, where the electricians have fitted up the various instruments required for testing and signaling, we leave them to their mysteries. One anchor is already "catted" and the chain on the other "hove short." By the time we are alongside, the paying-out drum, around which the cable is wound several times to prevent slipping, is beginning to revolve, the propellor is churning the water into eddying

froth, and, as the ship gathers way, the ensign is dipped in salutation to our well-wishers on shore.

The boatswain's chirpy pipe calls "high enough" as the boat swings in the davits, and the leadsman's plaintive song is echoed from the cliffs. Soon the headland is brought abeam, and the rolling swell of the western ocean is opened out. The cable comes snaking out of the tank, like a huge boa-constrictor, and wends it way over the various wheels provided for its guidance. From its coil of horizontal flakes in the tank, to the stern sheave, whence it dives into the sea, it is the object of the most respectful solicitude; careful hands hold it down on the coil until the proper time comes for releasing each portion of the flake, for should a foul occur, the angry python would play havoc in the tank and on those that work therein. As the cable is led from the coil up through the guides over the centre of the tank, any entanglement of one portion of the coil with another part is apt to result in a gigantic "snag" of inextricable confusion. Kinks, hitches and enormous "sheep shanks" are hove together as if by the hands of a furious Titan, and, before the ship's way can be stopped, the cable's egress from the tank is barred by the accumulated tangle

Immediately on the fouling of a flake, "full speed astern" is yelled from below, and re-echoed along the deck; but the minutes seem like hours as the tension on the cable grows greater and greater. The thud, thud, of the screw joins in the chorus of creaking and straining machinery and fittings. The monster below has writhed itself into a mass of twisted and distorted bends, which nothing short of a surgical operation can remove. Amid all this excitement the electricians watch the spot of light,*

* A magnet with a mirror attached is suspended within a coil of insulated wire, through which the current passes. The deflecton of the magnet is observed by means of a ray of light thrown upon the mirror from a lamp placed behind a screen with a narrow slit in it. The raflection of the beam of light from the mirror on a divided scale enables the observer to read the amount of deflection. This instrument is called a galvanometer.

and when calm, if not quiet, is restored, they complacently report "insulation perfect," or "cable faulty." In either case, the saw has to do its work, for the damaged portion of the cable must be removed. The huge serpent is laid upon a block of wood while four stout arms ply the instrument, and a son of Neptune lubricates the saw. A sudden howl from one of the "sawyers" gives rise to an alarm on his account, which is changed to derisive mirth when it is discovered that the electricians, not being duly notified of the order to cut the cable, have left the current on, so that the holder of the bow end of the saw experiences an unexpected and startling sensation. Malisons not loud, but deep, are invoked on the innocent inmates of the "lightning shop" who have now taken off the current, but confidence is not restored until the absence of the sanguinary "thing" is solemnly assured.

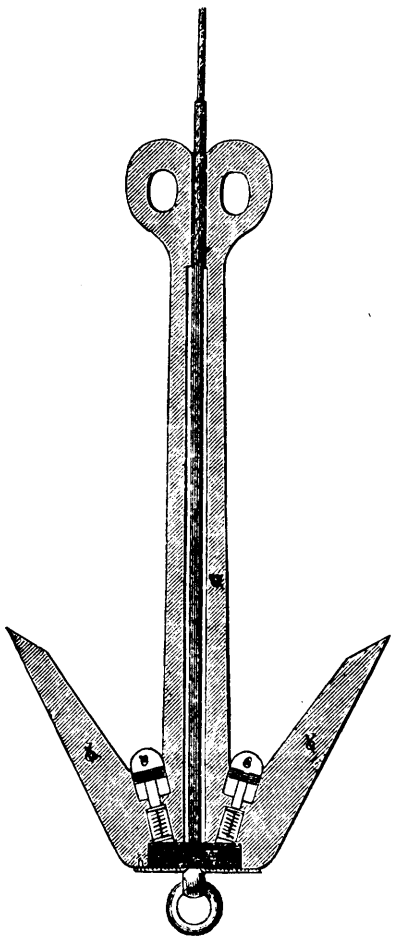
Having removed the injured cable, the next operation consists in making the joint and splice between the "tank" end and "sea" end of the cable.

The conductor is scarfed, lapped, bound together and soldered, and, after being carefully smoothed and cleaned, is covered with the gutta percha insulator. The completed joint is then immersed in cold water to harden it, after which the electrical tests are recontinued, while the splice is being made. As the shore end cable has an inner and an outer armor, the work of splicing occupies a considerable time, and fully three hours elapse from the moment when the mishap in the tank occurs until paying out is renewed.

At length the counter, by means of which the revolutions of the paying-out drums are numbered, indicates that the shore end is nearly expended. Soon the intermediate cable goes trailing after its stout predecessor, and the speed of the vessel is increased. The line of cable, with the position of the

splice, is carefully plotted on the chart, and memoranda of the angles and bearings, with the depth of water at intervals along the track, are entered in the log book.

The prescribed length of the intermediate cable being laid, the end is buoyed. The ship with the main cable then picks up the buoy, takes the end on board, splices it to her cable, and steams away on her course, paying out at the rate of six to seven miles an hour.



SECTION OF GRAPNEL.

On June 15th, 1873, in latitude 52° 12′ 50″ N., longitude 12 18′ 16″ W. the writer left the steamer *Robert Lowe*, from whose tanks 93 miles of cable had been laid, and after visiting the *Hibernia*, then "lying to" about a mile from her consorts, boarded the *Great Eastern*. The noble proportions of the great ship, as she rose and dipped on the long Atlantic swell, were emphasized by the contrast between her and the other vessels of the fleet.

The large steamers *Hibernia* and *Edinburgh* and the *Robert Lowe*, were like two gannets and a Mother Carey's chick near a huge albatross.

The bones of the *Great Eastern* are now distributed among the dealers in old iron, the *Hibernia* lies broken-backed on a reef off Maranhan, and the skeleton of the *Robert Lowe* is corroding in St. Mary's Bay, Newfoundland, where, alas! half her crew perished.

The end buoyed by the *Robert Lowe* was taken on board and the splice made. The cable ran merrily out from the leviathan's tank as she followed the great circle across the Atlantic. On the 26th the steamer *Gulnare* was sighted in Latitude 49° 26′ N., and Longitude 51° 30′ W., where she had taken up position to look out for the ship for which she had performed a like service four years before on the southern edge of the Grand Bank. The *Great Eastern's* task was finished early the next morning, when the cable was buoyed in Latitude 48° 56′ 30″ N., and Longitude 52° 8′ 10″, 1,693 miles of cable having been laid in twelve days.

The course thence, throughout the day, lay through a great white squadron of magnificent icebergs. That night, the loud report of guns, the splash of anchors, and the rattling of chain cables, announced to the expectant inhabitants of Hearts Content the arrival of an expedition that eclipsed all its predecessors, in their snug little harbor. On July 1st, the Newfoundland shore end was landed from the *Hibernia*, whose task it was to complete the new line. With the *Gulnare* in company, she stood down the bay towards the *Eastern's*

buoys, and, but for fog, would have finished her work the next day. At midnight on the 3rd, however, the final splice was made. During the momentary silence that preceded the order to slip the bight, the wash of the sea against an iceberg was the only sound that broke the stillness. An instant later three hearty cheers rang forth, as the cable settled down to its resting-place in the soft mud, 900 feet beneath us.

The account of the operations immediately following the laying of the 1873 cable, must here be passed over. Two cables were laid between Placentia, Newfoundland, and Sidney, Cape Breton, from the *Hibernia*, *Edinburgh* and *Kangaroo*. We then returned to the *Great Eastern* at Hearts Content. On July 31st the great wakes of her paddles and propellor streaked the bay, as we set forth on a quest which concluded the year's events we have been sketching.

The reminiscences of several weeks spent on one position in mid-ocean, on board the *Great Eastern*, during an attempt to repair the cable of 1865, would alone furnish material for an instructive and interesting story.

The year 1874 found the *Great Eastern* and the *Faraday* laying cables across the ocean, the former ship paying out from Newfoundland to Ireland, and the latter vessel stretching her line between the Green Isle and the rocky shores of Nova Scotia, continuing thence to the New Hampshire coast.

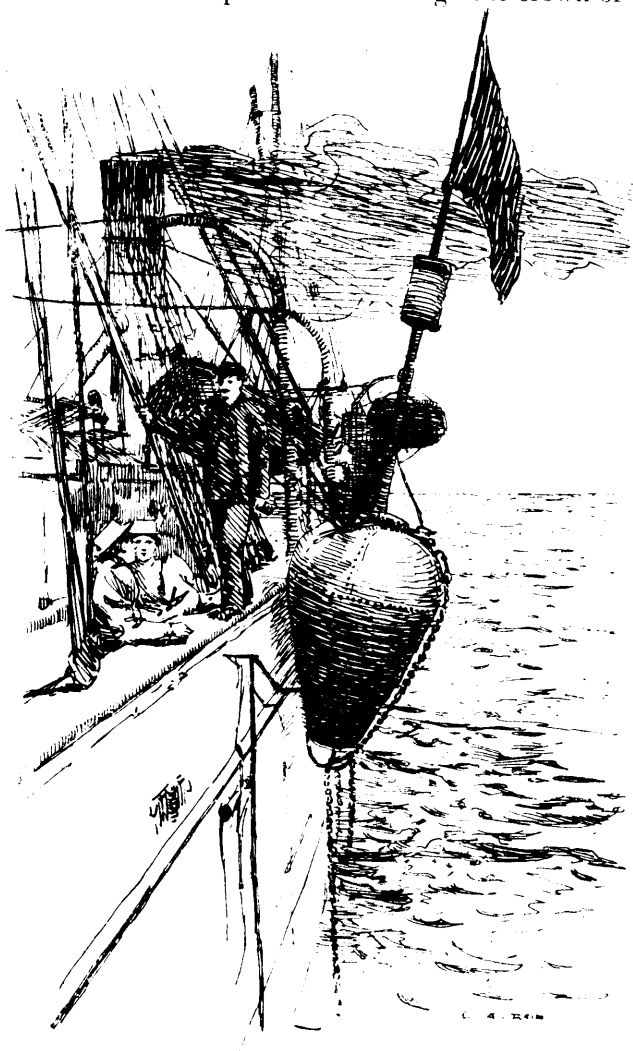
In 1879, the *Faraday* added 3,500 miles to the Transatlantic Cable systems, connecting France, the United States and Canada by cables touching at the Island of St. Pierre. Since then, seven more main cables have been added to the list, besides many miles of local cables on both sides of the Atlantic. The Bermudas, the Bahamas and the Azores are no longer isolated, nor have the Magdalen Islands and Anticosti, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, been left out in the cold. So much for the sub-marine cables of the North Atlantic, thus far. What shall be said of the great loops around the African coasts, and the stretch of line across the deep valley between that continent and Brazil, of the life lines along both sides of South America, and of the islands strung together between Florida and Venezuela?

Three hundred meridians of the globe are traversed by the electric wave. Who shall call a halt before the remaining sixty are covered? The completion of telegraphic communication around the globe has long been regarded as both necessary and practicable from a commercial point of view and from a political standpoint. The experience acquired in relation to the cables of the North and South Atlantic has been such as to justify the conclusion that the conditions in the Pacific are favorable, and that there need be no apprehension regarding the safety of cables in that ocean. The testimony of the highest authorities establishes the fact that the bottom of the sea is remarkably free from rock, and the general contour is soft and rounded, the gradients being by no means steep. These are the characteristics of the North and South Atlantic, the Mediterranean Sea and the Indian Ocean.

GRAPNEL ABOUT TO HOOK CABLE.

The floor in the deep Atlantic consists of *globegerina* ooze, on which the cables do not appear to deteriorate to any great extent: but even on the summits of the ranges dividing this ocean into two great valleys, where the outcrop of rock has proved antiferruginous, the iron wires have held out for many years in spite of the imperfections characterizing some of the early cables, and not altogether absent

from the more modern ones. It has been shown that a cable can be laid across the "roaring forties" without halt or hitch, and it now remains to prove that the operation of repairing in deep water is no longer the difficult and almost hopeless undertaking of years gone by. The electrician has come to the aid of the cable companies and provided them with the means of restoring their damaged property with comparative ease and certainty.



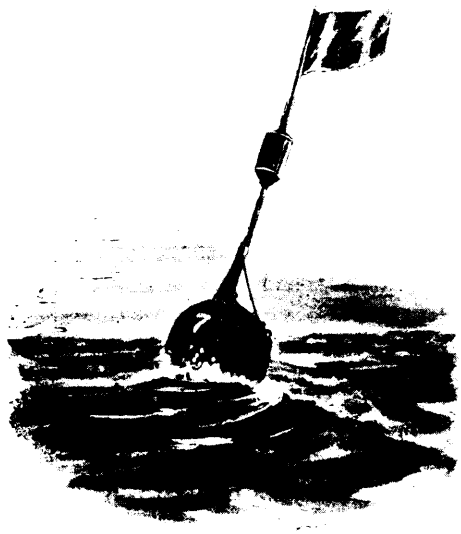
MARK BUOY READY FOR BEING SHIPPED.

The Automatic Grapnel, which, by means of electricity, indicates immediately the moment a cable is hooked, should here be mentioned. The principle of this grapnel will be readily understood on referring to the illustration given. An insulated disc or contact plate of soft metal placed in the crown of the grapnel is connected with the core of the rope. A push, caused to project by means of a spiral spring, is fitted between each prong and the shank of the grapnel. A needle point, at the inner extremity of the push, is driven in through the india-rubber insulator, in which the contact plate is embedded, whenever pressure is applied to the head of the push. When the pressure is removed, the minute hole, made by the needle point, closes and insulation is restored. It will thus be seen that the presence of the cable on the grapnel will be immediately indicated on board the ship when the circuit is completed by the metal disc and the point of the push being brought in contact. Whether the cable is strong enough to bear lifting or not, it is desirable to know the moment it is hooked. A great advantage is also gained by being sure that the ship has not dragged through the cable and is towing her grapnel away from it. Such mistakes have occurred time and again, when the dynamometer has failed to indicate the slight strain produced by an old and rotten cable.

The following account of a repair is selected as an instance of what has been effected in deep water. Other and similar cases could be cited, but one will suffice.

The Brest-St. Pierre cable of 1869 having failed, the repairing steamer called at St. Pierre to enable the writer to determine the length of cable to the break, which was found to be 1,442 miles from St. Pierre. At 8.30 a.m., August 3rd, we started for the position of the fracture, and at 2.55 p.m., on the 8th, placed a mark buoy near the line of cable, in latitude 47° 51′ 45″ N., and longitude 30° 40′ W., in 1,847 fathoms.

Another sounding, to the eastward, gave a depth of 1,623 fathoms, with rocky bottom; and a series of soundings to the eastward and westward of the mark buoy, disclosed a range sloping somewhat abruptly towards the east: but of easy gradient on the



A MARK BUOY, MOORED IN 1847 FATHOMS.

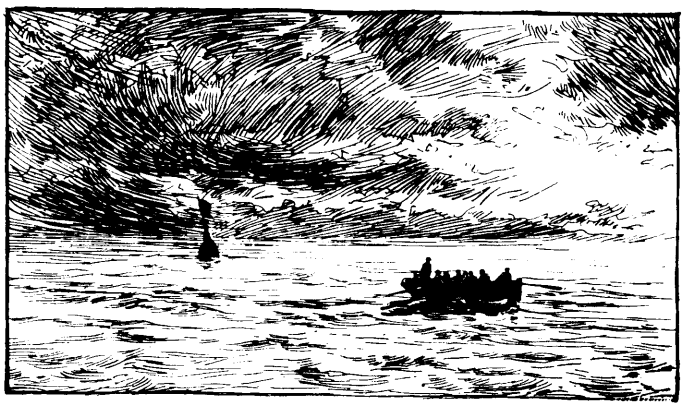
western side. On the 9th, a buoy was moored two miles to the westward of the first mark, in 1,967 fathoms, and another line of soundings was taken to the eastward. At 4.30 a.m., on the 12th, we began lowering the grapnel, and at 5.45 a.m., commenced the first tow with 2,250 fathoms of rope out. A slow drag was made to the westward of the fracture, and in a southerly direction At 12.52 p.m. the bell in circuit with the grapnel rang, and continued to ring for one minute. The indication then ceased until 1 h. 3′ 15″ p.m., when the pushes in the grapnel were once more depressed. The bell now rang steadily and continuously, and we began heaving in the grapnel rope. Thirty minutes later the dynamometer began to show a rising strain. The bight of the cable was buoyed 500 fathoms from the bottom. On the 13th, a cutting grapnel was towed across the line to the eastward of the buoyed bight, and that portion of the cable eastward to the fracture cut-off. The buoy was next taken on board, and the grapnel rope hove in until the cable was raised to the surface.

At 4.30 p.m. we spoke to St. Pierre, and then spliced the sea end to the cable on board. A new track to the northward of the old line was selected. While paying out, an unfortunate accident occurred: the cable was broken and lost, four and a-half miles having been paid out. A mark buoy was now placed on the position of the end.

On the 15th, another mark buoy was dropped in 1,563 fathoms, four miles to the north-eastward of our first buoy, and a series of soundings taken. On the 16th, an unsuccessful tow was made over rocky ground. Early on the 17th, we began trailing the grapnel in search of the cable on the eastern side of the fracture, and at 7.45 a.m., we were cheered by the ringing of the bell. The bight of the cable was raised 1,146 fathoms from the bottom, and 915 from the surface. Furious squalls of wind and rain, with vivid lightning and crashing thunder, followed by a dead calm, and succeeded by a stiffening breeze and rising sea, indicated that the centre of a storm had passed over us. The gale proved of short duration, for on the 19th we took up the work again, and

hove in on the grapnel rope buoyed on the 17th.

While the bight was being raised the strain suddenly fell, and by taking bearing of the mark buoy, it was seen that the cable had parted to the eastward. A length of nearly a mile was hove in on the western side of the place were the cable was hooked, and a mile and a-third on the other side. The greater portion of the one mile length was deteriorated, the iron wires being corroded and the hemp impregnated with rust. It is worthy of remark, that although the ground in this vicinity is rough, and the gradient steep — the soundings showing a mountainous formation — not the slightest sign of abrasion was visible on the cable. The depth at the position of the break is 1,600 fathoms, and a mile to the eastward the soundings show 2,000 fathoms. Fractures are often attributed to abrasion, but the real cause is more often due to quite a different action. The fact is that the iron wires corrode, usually on an outcrop of rock, as in this instance, and the natural result is the untwisting of the cable on either side of the weakened spot, and the consequent severing of the core.

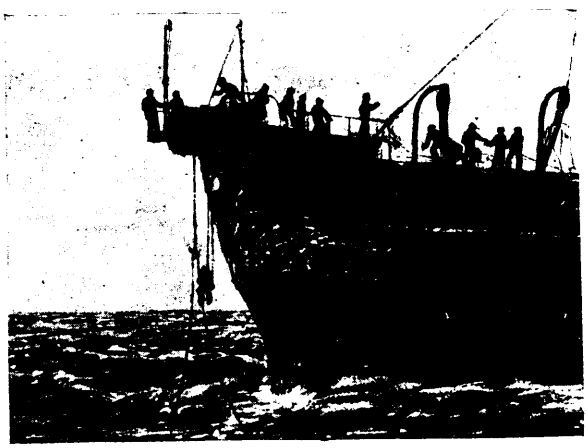


CUTTER RETURNING AFTER PUTTING LIGHTS ON BUOY.

The recovery of the eastern side of the original fracture established its exact position, which was found to be 1,442 miles of cable from St. Pierre, and precisely coincided with the result of the tests. Another buoy now had to be placed to mark the position of the broken end on the eastern side of the scene of operations. The anchor of this buoy found bottom at 2,078 fathoms. A fresh south-east gale, and other disturbing influences, delayed the work until the 24th, when the grapnel once more followed the trail two and a-quarter statute miles beneath us. After a tow of three hours, a decisive ringing of the bell announced the caller we were expecting, and soon the picking-up machinery rang merrily as it gathered in the slack of the rope. The cable, however, parted when the bight had been raised 450 fathoms. Another careful tow of two hours' duration further along the line, in a depth of 1,976 fathoms, brought the grapnel against the cable, and once more our hopes ran high, as the bell responded to the signal from the depths below. On this occasion the cable was raised to within 70 fathoms of the surface when again it parted, a length of 390 fathoms being on one side of the grapnel and 950 on the other.

Sunday, August 25th, brought a similar experience. During this tow the strain on the grapnel rope having increased, we began picking up; but the indications ceased, and, as the grapnel bell remained silent, it was evident that the pull on the rope was due to stiff ground. Half an hour later the presence of the cable on the grapnel was again communicated through the rope, but no extra strain was shown on the dynamometer. Once more the cable was

raised nearly to the surface, but only a few broken wires remained on the grapnel. The day following we began the seventh tow, and, after a two hours' drag, our reliable searcher signalled "cable hooked." The bight was raised 175 fathoms from the bottom, and buoyed. A mark buoy was also placed near this position. A fresh south-westerly breeze and a lumpy sea held us in check the next day. At daylight on the 28th, the bight buoy was taken on board. Again the cable gave way, and again the grapnel had to be towed across the line, the ship, of course, being "fleeted" farther to the eastward. Three hours and a-half later the long drag was brought to an end by the cheerful sound of the bell. The electrician having satisfied himself that the indication on the instrument in circuit with the grapnel is due to the cable, announces the fact by ringing an electric bell placed near the bows. This simple act of pressing a key in the testing room imparts a thrill fore and aft. The silence that



RAISING THE CABLE.

prevails during the wearisome monotony of waiting, hour after hour, for the wished for nibble at the hook—while the vessel creeps slowly astern towards the line of cable—is, as if by magic, suddenly broken. The engine-room gong sounds in rapid succession the signals "Stop," "Slow ahead," "Half speed," "Full speed," and the scene changes from quietude and listlessness to one of bustle and excitement. The thump of the propeller is heard and felt, and the snorting engine of the picking-up gear now begins its work, the rythmic clank and ring of the machine telling that the slack of the grapnel rope is being gathered in, as the ship is slowly brought into position over the cable.

The ant-like swarming of the crew peoples the deck with life; the watch below comes blinking into the sunshine, and cooks, stewards, and idlers—if there be any such—emerge from their respective nooks and corners. The dog evinces his delight, and the dozing cats, on the coils of rope, awake and yawn. And now, as the grapnel rope "grows" up and down, the alert navigator on the bridge takes bearings of the buoys, while the reel of pianoforte wire is being unwound by the sounding weight, as it speeds on its way to the land of the *foraminifera*.

Bustle and good humor once more prevail, as the watch begin coiling the rope abaft the drum. On this occasion, another disappointment threatened us. The outer layer of the grapnel rope parted on the drum, thus bringing all the strain on the inner strands which, fortunately, proved equal to the task. Four years of constant use had told upon this length of rope. Careful heaving raised the bight of the cable 279 fathoms, the strain indicated on the dynamometer stood at 80 cwt., 69 of which represented the weight of rope and grapnel, so that the strain on the latter amounted to 11 cwt. The bight was then buoyed, and a cutting grapnel towed across the line to the westward of the buoy.

Friday, Aug. 30th, was a lucky day. At 5.45 a.m. we began winding in the grapnel rope, watching with eager eyes the deflection of the indicator in the grapnel circuit, and noting from time to time the strain shown on the dynamometer. At 7.10 a.m., the strain, while the picking-up machine was stopped, stood at 75 cwt, the weight of rope and grapnel being 45.8 cwt. And now the strain on the grapnel rope, and on the nerves, went steadily up, until the tension on the latter, in spite of our long familiarity with this deep sea fishing, was akin to that which those of the "gentle craft," perhaps, alone experience.

The intervals between the puff-puff of the laboring engine of the picking-up gear are now longer, and, as the ship rises on a gentle swell, the undulations of which are watched with anxious glances, heaving-in is momentarily suspended. Slowly and cautiously, foot by foot, the knitted sinews of its strands, now hard as iron, the straining rope comes dripping in, over the bow sheave, over, under, and over the guides of the dynamometer, thence around the drum, each revolution of which means three more fathoms of rope hove in. Now, "100 fathoms" is called. A quarter of an hour later, only 50 fathoms more remain outside the sheave. At length a glimpse is caught of the grapnel, distorted by refraction, and soon the prongs, with their precious burden, emerge from the water.

Fifteen minutes later, the patient watchers at the cable-house on the French coast, more than twelve hundred miles away, promptly answer the ship's call. An hour later, and we begin paying out to the westward. In three hours more, the cable is buoyed in 1,720 fathoms, seven and a half miles having been laid. The western end, lost on the 13th, had now to be recovered.

Sept. 2nd found us with the grapnel once more, ferreting away on the bottom in 1,900 fathoms, and in a few hours we received a call. Three and a half hours heaving brought the cable to the bows, and soon afterwards St. Pierre was called, and a prompt reply received. The splice was made, and paying-out began, but no hope of finishing the repair that day could be entertained, as the wind freshened from the south-east. The cable was, therefore, buoyed after twenty miles had been paid out, and another period of waiting began. Three days later, September 3rd, we took the western cable buoy on board, and having made the splice, began filling in the gap of ten miles between us and the eastern cable buoy. That afternoon we joined together what rust had put asunder, and the traffic between Europe and America, on this cable, was resumed. And now comes the important operation of slipping the final splice.

Slip ropes are attached along the cable and secured to the "bitts," and the "strops" which held the cable while the splice was being made, are cast off.

The slip ropes are then carefully slacked away and "stopped" along the cable as it is guided towards the bow sheaves.

The careful boatswain, with hands high in air, keeps the precious loop from catching against obstructions. With eyes fixed on the two parts of the cable in front of him, he raises his feet over obstacles real and imaginary, and, as he strides, with legs wide apart to steady himself, his gait suggests an effort to walk through long grass in the early morning. At length the bight of the cable is passed over the sheave, and soon, at the word "cut," the slip ropes are severed and the final splice begins its ninety minutes journey to the bottom, ten thousand feet below. The mark buoys are next taken on board, their moorings hove in, with strange creatures in the mushroom shaped anchors, and, at last, we leave Mount Minia and the scene of our four weeks of deep-sea fishing.

LIKE A MOUNTAIN PATH.

A Virginia Dialect Story.

BY MAUD L. RADFORD.

"GAWGY all'ys makes me think of a young pine tree used to be in our front ya'd at home," Mr. Grey said, watching Georgia come swinging up the path towards the house. "She has the same wide reach-like."

"She 'minds me of a cat," said her mother. "All'ys turning round in some onexpected way, 'nough to make a body's head swim. Seems-like I never can count fur whar she'll be nex'"

Georgia came up, and stood beside her parents. She was half a head taller than they, and her mother thought that was why they secretly looked up to her and admired her. She was a handsome girl, with a complexion of a rich thistle-down creaminess, and light-colored, impassive eyes that could grow very dark and threatening.

"Mist' Hay mout be right smart of a walker in his own country, but he caint do these-here mountains," laughed Georgia in her clear, loud voice, which echoed back from the hills.

"Reckon not," snorted Mr. Grey.

"He sta'ted up with me while back, and I lef' him long 'hind," she went on lazily.

"Glad of it," Mrs. Grey said, approvingly. "Wish't you'd keep 'way from him all the time."

Georgia knotted her black brows.

"Seems like you ah onreasonable in this, Maw. Nicest chap here."

"Sich nonsinse!" began her father.

"Wal, I don't keer," said Georgia, obstinately. "Ez I hev said, 'en shall keep on a-sayin', he sort of 'tracts me."

"But you aint seen him but four weeks," Mrs. Grey said, querulously.

"That ain't nothin': don't take me long to git 'quainted," returned Georgia, cheerfully. "He knows such lots of things out'n books, Maw." And Georgia went into a reverie and tried to remember what he had compared her to just now. Luna, she thought he had said.

Her parents vexedly watched her smiling face.

"Good lan'!" cried Mrs. Grey, "I b'lieve my Maw'd hev took a stick to me if I hed acted sich-a-way when I was young."

Georgia smiled at the two little people.

"Glad she aint my Maw," she said, "Paw en Maw, I've tol' Mist' Hay I'll go home from chu'ch with him nex' Sunday evenin'."

"You jist caint do it, Gawgy," said her mother amazedly. "What about Jake? He has took you home ev'y Sunday for two years."

"Aint no reason why he should keep on a-doin it," Georgia retorted. "I ah gittin' tired of Jake." She did not add that Mr. Hay's opinion of Jake had materially influenced her own.

"I hev knowed Jake, boy en man, en I aint tired of him yit," Mr. Grey said, gravely.

"But he aint a cou'tin' you," laughed Georgia, saucily. "If he war, that mout make diff'ence." She moved slowly into the house.

"Mebbe Mist' Hay does know things out'n books," said Mrs. Grey, anxiously, "but the folks that hire him down to the store aint pleased with his ways. They say he aint got a head fur wuk of no kind."

"No good to tell Gawgy that," rejoined her husband. "Caint tell whar she gits her stubbornness from."

"Mist' Hay talks a heap to Maimie Roach when she comes into the store, but Gawgy says he don't keer fur her. He said so."

"I wish't Gawgy 'd come roun' to Jake. He don't know things out'n books. He caint read hardly, which is more'n I kin do anyhow, and Gawgy don't think she's better'n me."

"It mus' be becuz he ah new," Mrs. Grey said, comfortingly. "She'll git over it. I don't reckon she'll come home with Mist' Hay, Sunday. She ah on'y foolin'."

On Sunday afternoon or "evenin'," as these Virginians phrased it, when church was over, Mrs. Grey looked all around for Georgia, but the girl was nowhere in sight.

"Oh, Jake," she called to the sunburned man who stood near her. "Aint seen Gawgy, hev you? I hev ben a-standin' by the door here. Seems like I'd hev seen her if she'd come out."

"I hev seen her," answered Jake, briefly.

"Wal, when ah you a-goin' to take her home? We ah goin' to hev comp'ny fur supper, en I want her to he'p. You mus' stay, Jake, en"—

"Gawgy ah gone, Miz Grey," Jake said slowly, as he walked out of the hearing of the rest of the congregation, followed by the questioning woman.

"But when'd she go, Jake? Seemslike I ought hev seen her."

"Miz Grey," Jake said, in a voice that was hardly steady, "she went out'n the side door, en cut cross the woods with Mist' Hay."

"Sho-nough?"

"Yes 'm, she did. Miz Grey, I hev stood a heap from Gawgy. She has treated me mighty bad heaps of times, but I all'ys let it go. I aint said nothin' this month, while she has been carryin' on with Mr. Hay, ez I calculated she'd get over it like she hes 'fore. If she hed walked out'n the front door I could have stood it, but to sneak away so, 't hout tellin' me—no, 'm I caint stand it."

His square, honest face was firm and fixed.

"Reckon she don't mean nothin' by this, Jake," Mrs. Grey explained, eagerly. "She'll git over it."

"Yes 'm, but I caint. Mighty sorry, fur you-all ben so good. Some time I'll git to visitin' you-all agin when Gawgy ah settled. Reckon Mist' Hay ah good 'nough, so we won't talk 'bout it. Good evenin'."

Mr. Grey was very angry at Georgia, but his wife was cooler and waited for developments.

"We caint do nothin' with the girl, anyhow, Paw," she argued, "so don't le's talk sharp tell we hev to."

A few guarded suggestions, then, were the only scoldings Georgia received. She was singularly elastic in her nature. She would see a suspicious redness about her mother's eyes, and gather that the poor woman was worried over her wayward conduct, which consisted in going for walks and rides with Mr. Hay at all sorts of inconvenient times, more especially when she had been desired to attend to some household tasks. On such occasions a faint touch of remorse would come over her, and she would be tender and affectionate and helpful to her parents for a day or two. Then she would do something more rebelious than ever, till the gentle old couple were in utter despair.

Why she liked Mr. Hay she did not really know. When he asked her that, she had a ready answer. It was his book-learning, his brown eyes, his store clothes, possibly. He was a well-appearing young man.

It was the greatest pleasure of Georgia's life now to go walking with him through the dim woods in the long, quiet summer evenings. She knew every foot of the land near her home. There was one mossy rock under a bending sycamore where she and Jake used to sit, but she never went with the new sweetheart there. She told herself that it was because she was

ashamed of her past courtship with Jake. Once when she and Mr. Hay walked near the rock, she saw Jake sitting alone there. The sight angered her, and her eyes grew dark.

"Gosh, Gawgyah," laughed Mr. Hay, "You look like a tiger now, if your hair war pulled round here." He tore down her large knot of chestnut hair, and looked a long time at the picture he had made. Under different circumstances, Mr. Hay might have made a good artist. As it was, he could only make pictures with people. Georgia was a willing enough lay-figure. Mr. Hay liked to put people in mental attitudes, too. It was too bad he did not know what psychology meant.

"You are prettier than any of the others," he said.

"You all'ys say that. I hate to hev you like me fur my face. I shell grow ol'. Us folks do."

"That's a long time 'way," he answered, carelessly, and rambled off into a story some of the girls had told him.

"I wish't you wouldn't talk of the others sich a heap," she said, jealously. "When you aint with me, you ah all'ys with some of them. Maimie's paw is richer 'n mine, and Jennie's, but they aint so pretty ez me. You hev said so."

He laughed, quite conscious of his power over this girl.

"'Cuz when I aint got you I hev to hev some 'musement. I'd be wild thinkin' of you if I didn't," he explained, lazily.

There was a good deal of reserve affection in Georgia. It took occasions like this to bring it out.

So the weeks went by, happily for Georgia; scarcely so joyously for her parents.

"'Clare to it," Mrs. Grey said to her husband, "I git skeered ev'y time Gawgy hes ben with him that she'll come back en tell me when she ah goin' to mar'y him."

Jake had not been to visit them for a long time, but one night as Mr. and Mrs. Grey sat on the porch they heard his step on the gravelled walk.

"Seems queer not to hear his whistle," Mr. Grey said, with that close attention to details that most country people possess.

"Gawgy here?" Jake asked.

"'Bout time she war. She went up to see her cousins."

Jake had never heard of breaking news gently. He blurted out: "Miz Grey, 'm, I hev, fur sartin, news that Mist' Hay hes run off with Maimie Roach en got mar'd in Whitechapel. Her Paw is awful mad, but her Maw reckons he'll furgive 'em. If he does, Mist' Hay'll heve to live with her folks, fur the folks down to the store say he hes to leave thar."

"Oh, poor Gawgy." Mr. Grey let his head fall in his hands. His wife's sobbing was the only sound heard for a time, till Georgia's voice came to them in a little song.

"Go meet her," said Jake, suddenly, to Mrs. Grey. "Go tell her. You ah her Maw. I will go home."

After a long time the mother and child came into the house. But it was Mrs. Gray whose heart seemed broken, and Georgia whose head was erect and voice firm.

Gawgy," said her father, putting his arm up over her neck, "Would you like to tek a trip 'way, honey, till you git over it?"

"Thanky, Paw, no suh. I'll stay here tell folks hev done talkin', en then, mebbe, I shell go 'way. I shell go up stars now." She walked steadily from the room, and then turned back.

"Don't le' me ever hear his name agin," she said. On'y I know even if he did mar'y her, en never asked me to hev him, thet he loves me bes'.

On Sunday Georgia went to church, and was so gay that the curious people decided for the most part that she did not care. Jake took his old place by her side.

"Gawgy," he whispered, "I ah sho

nough proud of you, en if you let the ol' times come back—."

"Don't talk of it, Jake," she said, with a sob. "I shant mar'y; I don't seem to keer fur things ez I did"

What Georgia felt during the next month no one quite knew. She acted as usual, met Mr. Hay unconcernedly when he came back with his wife, and from her outward appearance no one would have supposed that anything had happened to hurt her. But her mother had heard her sobbing in bed.

One night she spoke to her father.

"Paw, I caint stand it. I shell go off, but it shell not cost you money. I shell wuk. I don't know what I shell do yit."

"No, no, Gawgy."

"Yes, suh, I shell go to Richmond, I reckon. Maw—Paw, le'me go tomorrow. I caint b'ar it."

She dashed out of the house and wandered up and down the woods where she and Mr. Hay had so often walked. After a time she came back and looked in the kitchen window. The old people sat there in silence. Her father's head was bowed, and her mother wept.

"How kin I leave 'em?" she thought. "If they hed any one e'se I wouldn't keer. I mout's well make 'em happy." She started down the mountain path towards Jake's home.

"I'll tell him I'll hev him," she said to herself. 'I all'ys liked him, en missed him when he didn't come. Seems like I feel to him like I do to somethin' I'd all'ys seen round. Reckon how I'd miss our pump if it war took away." She laughed harshly, and stumbled o'er a root.

"My life is like this here path," she went on, "right smooth fur a long ways, en then a li'le 'ceitful grass with dirty mud that I can't see underneath, en then lumps en bumps en tree-roots, some that I see, en some that I don't, en yit I stumble over 'em all."

She unconsciously tied up her fallen hair in the knot Mr. Hay had praised.

"But Jake ah good," she finished, wearily, "I like him, en I caint love agin, en his farm ah nex' our'n, en Paw en Maw like him. En I wish I war dead."

She met Jake half-way down the road.

"Jake," she said, "you kin hev the ol' times back."

"Kin we?" he cried, happily. "Then let's go to the woods en back to our own li'le seat under the sycamore."

Georgia gave a slight shiver, and turned back with him.

GABLE ENDS.

JEAN STUART'S ENCOUNTER WITH DOUGAL McTAVISH.

In one of the rural towns in Scotland there dwells a maiden lady advanced in years, who is so frequently asked the question, why she never got married, that she feels haunted by it. She sits down in her apartments, which consist of but two rooms, and soliloquizes, and in the midst of her soliloquy she is interrupted by some one knocking at the door, who proves on investigation to be Dougal McTavish, a gentleman also advanced in years, and above average weight.

"Am aften askit the quaistion," said Jean, talking to herself, "why I never got mairiet, and I seldom care tae aunser sae personal an interrogation, or tae talk on sic'na tender subject ava There is a great mony raisons why I never got mairiet, bit the maist parteecular ane is because naebody ever askit me, and losh, if ever I wis askit sic a quaiston I dinna ken what I'd dae, I wad be sae faint. I'm thinkin' my verra hairt wad be fit to leave

its apairtments, and gang wanderin' aboot till 't wad laund i' my mooth: the verra thocht o' 't a'maist gauns me tremble wi' fear. I've nae doot bit great lots o' men, if they kenned aboot me, wad be aifter me tooth an' nail, tryin tae wun my affections, for I'm sic a bonnie craiture. Bit if sic a thing should happen, I'm feart that I wad be scairt oot o' my wits. There 's some ane knockin' at the door the noo. Whaever can it be? Maybee its ane o' they naisty men; I'll joost gang and see." She proceeds to the door, full of excitement, and enquires, "Wha's there, I say. Wha's there?"

"It's me, Jean. Will you no let me in?" replies a voice from without.

"Yes; bit wha's *me*? I canna tell by that who ye 're."

"Can ye no tell my voice?"

"Deed I'm sure I canna, and gin ye'll no be awa frae aboot the hoose, I'll pit the dog on ye."

"Oh, Jean, dinna do that; I'm wantin' tae be freends wi' ye. Dye no ken me. I'm Dougal McTavish, and I'm anxious tae see you on verra parteecular business. Gin ye'll only let me in, I'm sure I'll no faush ye ava."

"Ha! ha! ha! Dougal, is 't you. Losh, I think I'm daft no tae hae kenned it afore; bit joost 'hod say,' Dougal, for a meenit, till I fix mysel up, I'm no braw enouch tae present mysel tae sic 'na gentleman as ye are.'

"Oh Jean, hurry up, and dinna hod me shivverin oot here in the cauld."

Jean, who is anxious to appear very enticing to Dougal, endeavors to make her toilet as brief as possible, which is no easy task to perform. Her face and hands are sadly in need of attention; her hair is to be combed and placed in proper position, and there are other things necessary to assist in adding to the appearance of a woman.

"B-r-r-r-r-gh. Are ye never gaun tae get through? I'm awfu.ies cauld."

"Joost a meenit, Dougal; I'll no be lang noo."

"I canna; am a' tremblin'."

"Mon, dinna be sae impatient and act like a jouk. Now, Dougal, am a' fit; joost stop ye till I unbolt the door."

After the door is opened sufficiently to allow a person to enter whose avoirdupois reaches almost two hundred and fifty pounds, Dougal steps cautiously upon Jean's kitchen floor, as the capacity of the house is not such that will insure the safety of one who carries so much surplus flesh.

"How are ye the day, Jean?"

"Deed, Dougal, I'm no verra weel. How are ye yersel?"

"Oh, I'm gye upset. Ye ken I'm a' alone syne my puir auld mither gaid awa an' left me, bit I only hope she's in a better laund, an' I feel sure she is, poor auld body; the last words she spak' tae me were tae be sure and be a guid mon, an' no greet aboot; bit, Oh, Jean, I canna help it. I've naebody tae keep me company, naebody tae dae my bakin' an' mendin', or shew on my buttons, and tend tae things when I'm awa from the hoose. I've a' they things tae dae mysel'."

"I'm sure it's ower bad, Dougal, that ye should be pit till 't i' sic a way. Bit never mind, my mon; cheer up, and dinna fret aboot it; ye'll be a' richt. Joost dinna let they things trouble ye; I ken its hard tae bide, but we've a' got oor ain bit grievances, and while we may think oor ain the worst, yet we can aye find some ane in a waur perdicament than oursel."

"Aye, bit ye ken, I'm sae lonely that I dinna ken what in the warl' I'm tae dae. I'm joost aboot fit tae pit end tae mysel."

"Mon, dinna be sic a fule as tae dae a thing like that."

"Well, what am I tae dae?"

"I wad gang aboot and seek some bonnie bit lassie tae be ye're wife."

"Weel, Jean," replied Dougal, becoming very much embarrassed, "I've aye been thinkin' o' dain' something lik' that, but I darna venture, ye ken; I'm sae auld, and besides, I dinna ken how I'm tae gang aboot sic a caper."

"Whist mon, whist, dinna let me hear ye speak that way. There's great lots o' lassies wad jump at the chaunce o' ye, ye're sic a bonnie big mon, wi' sic black een—Losh, am a'maist gaun daft aboot ye mysel',' said Jean, laughing.

"D'ye ken, Jean, my errant ower the day was tae talk tae ye onna this verra subject," answered Dougal, in saying which his embarrassment increased. "I've been i' the ghumps for a week syne an' I've been thinkin' it ower how I was tae gang aboot it; sae, a' at once, as if struck by a muckle clap o' thunner, I

thocht aboot yersel ; I thocht—that—that is I thocht, ahem—that as ye were a body —o' a, ahem—great deal o' experience an' common sense, that ah—ye micht gie me a bit haund oot o' the deeficulty."

"Deed, Dougal, I'm sure I wad be ower gled tae help sic'na gentleman as ye are," said Jean, brightening up.

"Weel, I may joost as weel tell ye what I wanted ye tae dae. Ye ken, there is Jaunet McCrae, a bonnie bit lassie wi' lots o' siller, and ah—joost aboot, ah—the richt age tae mak' a guid wife. I was thinkin' ye micht gang, ah—that is, I wis wantin' ye tae gang an' coax her a wee, an' gie me a bit haund tae gaun tak' me."

This proposal did not meet with Jean's approval, as she had expected something of a very different character. However, she bore up wonderfully at this very trying moment, and her true nature was exposed when, in the following terms, she replied to Dougal's request :

"Dougal McTavish ; ye'er naething but a beast. D' ye think that I'm gaun tae dae ought that will gaur a' the folk o' the toon tae clatter aboot me? D'ye think that I'm gaun tae try and get the bit lassies tae think weel o' ye, an' tae gang daft aboot ye. Na, na, Jean Stuart's no ane o' that soort ; sae be aff frae aboot the place, ye naisty, dirty montebank that ye are."

Dougal waited for no further invitation to leave, and amidst a shower of old boots, scrubbing brushes, and other housekeeping utensils, took his departure, and Jean soliloquized :

"Weel, weel, that's joost the way am aye fixed. I've often been i' the verra midst o' expectation, and aye been disappointed, and that's joost ane o' the raisons why I never got mairiet."

NEIL BURTON.

ANECDOTES.

A CELEBRATED DUEL.—The Lord Mayor having stated that Mr. Ruthven was not qualified to serve in Parliament, Mr. Ruthven gave him the lie, on the hustings in Dublin, in 1835. The Lord Mayor endeavored to get an apology, but without effect, and he therefore resigned his civil office and sent a challenge to Mr. Ruthven, which, being accepted, led to the following very extraordinary duel at Dollymount, beyond Clontarf.

The well-known Ebenezer Jacob, ex-M. P., the friend of Mr. Ruthven, was delighted at the prospect of a fight, and conducted the matter so admirably that he had the parties ready at noon precisely, ready for action. Only three friends on each side were permitted to attend. Captain Cottingham, the Lord Mayor's friend, wished to fix 2 o'clock, but Jacob would not hear of such idle delay. "No, by G—," exclaimed he, "If my friend Ruthven is to be shot, the sooner it is done the better, as we must see about another candidate immediately. G—'s blood, man ! you wouldn't have us lose the election ! "

This logic, Capt. C. could not resist. Jacob won the toss, and issued his ultimatum in the decisive tone of an adept. "Gentlemen," said he, "mind me ; I shall give the word quick, and, if either of you hang fire an instant I shall make it a personal affair. Fire ! "

The shots passed harmlessly ; Capt. C. then demanded an apology, but Jacob peremptorily refused to listen to any such nonsense, and another pair of pistols were discharged with as little effect. Capt. C. again humanely applied for an apology or explanation, but Jacob was immovable. "Gentlemen," said he, "I'm determined that my friend Ruthven stand there to be shot at 'till he sinks in the wet sand, but the divil a word of explanation or apology you'll get out of him or me, 'till the repeal of the union, if you choose firing at him so long. If you don't like that, take your man away ; but there Ruthven shall stay at all hazards, 'till the field is his own." The friends of the Lord Mayor, thinking he had done enough, took him away, finding it useless to argue any longer with Jacob. Ruthven and he returned to Dublin afterwards, and were met by their friends who were heartily rejoiced when they found nothing but an old hole in Ruthven's hat.

ECONOMY AND CIVILITY.—The great chancery lawyer, Trevor, among his other qualities, had a great love of economy. He had dined by himself one day, at the Rolls, and was drinking his wine, when his cousin Roderic was unexpectedly introduced by a side door. "You rascal!" exclaimed Trevor to the servant. "Have you

brought my cousin, Roderic Lloyd, Prothonotary of North Wales, Marshall to Baron Price, and a hundred grand things, up my back stairs? Take him instantly down my back stairs, and bring him up my front stairs." In vain Roderic remonstrated; and while he was being conveyed down the back and up the front, his honor removed the bottle and glasses.

RECEIPT FOR MAKING WHITE CROWS OR RAVENS.—"Rub, with the fat of a white cat, some crows' eggs—those new laid are the best; let the eggs also be done over with the brains of the said cat; afterwards set them to be hatched by a very white pullet that has never hatched before; during the whole time she must be kept impervious to the sun, and the place must be hung with white linen clothes, and the crows or ravens produced from these eggs will be white"!!!

This precious article may be found in a work printed in Edinburgh, in 1777, in two vols, (page 139, vol. I.) entitled:—"The Young Ladies' School of Arts," by Mrs Hannah Robertson, with beautiful engravings that would not disgrace the present day.

HIS MASTER UP.—"Is your master up?" asked an early visitor of the Marquis of Blandford's valet. "Yes sir," rejoined the valet, with great innocence, "the butler and I carried him up about 3 o'clock."

ADMIRAL DUNCAN'S ADDRESS to the officers who came on board his ship for instructions previous to the engagement with Admiral de Winter, was both humorous and laconic. "Gentlemen, you see a severe *Winter* approaching; I have only to advise you to keep up a good fire."

AN ACTOR'S STORY.—Liston asked Matthews to play for his benefit; the latter excused himself, as he had to act elsewhere.

"I would if I could," said the mimic, "but I can't split myself in half."

"Umph! I don't know that," said Liston, "I have often seen you *play in two pieces.*"

REGARD FOR THE CHARACTER AFTER DEATH.—Sergt. Weir of the Scots Greys was pay-sergeant of his troop, and might have excused himself as such from serving in action at the Battle of Waterloo, but requested leave to charge with the regiment. When found dead by Corporal Scott of the same regiment, he had his name written on his forehead, with his own hand, dipped in his own blood, that it might not be imagined he had disappeared with the money of the troop.

THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE POUNDS A LINE.—James Smith, one of the authors of the celebrated "Rejected Addresses," was better paid for a trifling exertion of his versatile muse than any poet since the world began. One day he met the late Mr. Strachan, the King's Printer, at a dinner party, and him he found suffering from gout and old age, though his intellectual faculties remained unimpaired; and the next morning he transmitted to him the following *jeu d'esprit*:—

"Your lower limbs seemed far from stout
When last I saw you walk;
The cause I presently found out
When you began to talk.
The power that props the body's length
In due proportion spread,
In you mounts upwards, and the strength
All settles in the head."

This compliment proved so highly acceptable to the old gentleman, that he made an immediate codicil to his will, by which he bequeathed to the writer the sum of three thousand pounds, being at the rate of three hundred and seventy-five pounds sterling for each line.

A GOOD IRISH BULL.—Colonel Kemyss, of the 40th Regiment, was remarkable for the studied pomposity of his diction. One day, observing that a careless man in the ranks had a particularly dirty face, which appeared not to have been washed for a twelve month, he was exceedingly indignant at so gross a violation of military propriety. "Take him," said he to the corporal, who was an Irishman, "Take the man and lave him in the waters of the Guadiana." After some time, the corporal returned. "What have you done with the man I sent with you?" inquired the Colonel. Up flew the corporal's right hand across the peak of his cap—"Sure, an't plaise y'r honnur, and didn't y'r honnur tell me to *lave* him in the river? and, sure enough, I left him in the river, and

there he is now, according to y'r honnur's orders." The bystanders, and even the Colonel himself, could hardly repress a smile at the facetious mistake of the honest corporal, who looked innocence itself, and wondered what there could be to laugh at.

PHILIP LAWDESHAYNE.

MR. HAMILTON'S SKETCH OF BROWN.

Editor of the Canadian Magazine.

DEAR SIR—Please publish the enclosed reply to Mr. James Cleland Hamilton's article on John Brown, as a matter of justice to my own part of the United States. I am a native of Virginia; was a slave owner, as were my forefathers from the earliest times, and live upon the inherited lands, bought by a loyal ancestor in the days of George III. In 1860, I married into the family of Thos. Jefferson—married his great granddaughter, a niece of Thos. Jefferson Randolph. Hence, I know the olden status of our slave society well; indeed, I have been practically ruined by the war, and its sad results, and I claim the right to be heard in defence of a lost but good status of governmental order.

Respectfully yours,
JAMES L. HUBARD.

Colleen, Nelson Co., Va.,
Feb., 1895.

Perhaps the reading of one side of the John Brown story led Mr. James Cleland Hamilton into some grave mistakes and aspersions of our Southern people, as they appear in his article in the December No. of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE! He writes, in an almost exulting strain, of "the overthrow of the proud southern oligarchy," as if he were an enemy of our Southern white people, and, in depicting the "Harper's Ferry affair," does not go far enough. He might have stated, in the words of Mr Alexander Boteler, of Virginia, that "no true history of our civil war can be written that does not assign the commencement of it to the capture of Harper's Ferry by John Brown." Mr. Frederick Douglass, in a speech at that place, years ago, also claimed that it "ended all compromises."

Hence, historically, we have the Harper's Ferry homicides, and the treason of the Republican party against the Government of the United States, preceding and overriding the capture of Fort Sumpter, which latter was unattended with bloodshed. Indeed, the Harper's Ferry attack had been preceded by the killing of a United States soldier on the streets of Boston, in an effort to oppose governmental authority, a short time before, and by one of the same class of "freedom shriekers."

Mr. Hamilton omitted to state that the first man killed by John Brown and his party at Harper's Ferry was *a negro man*, the porter of the Baltimore & Ohio Railway at that point. In exalting the subject of his sketch, he says: "He fought in the spirit of Joshua and Gideon," forgetting that Joshua and Gideon never fought for the liberation of negro slaves, but, *on the contrary, drove the blacks out of Canaan*, and took their lands from them as a punishment for their idolatries and abominations! That it was as clearly the design of God that the descendants of these same idolatrous *blacks* (idolatrous in Africa now), should have been brought to the West Indies and our country, to be trained *through slavery* into the industries and Christianity, none can doubt who wisely interpret the ways of our Creator!

It was in our Southern country that the first opposition to slavery occurred, and it was written against by Jefferson and George Mason, followed by Dr. Franklin, who, however, was opposed to abolishing other people's slaves without paying for them—a just man! Such was Washington's feeling, and John Randolph's—both of whom freed their slaves by their wills, but did not disturb the opinions of others on the subject. Later, Wilberforce—"the nigger agitator and drawing-room Christian"—as Carlyle called him, wrote so much against the abuses of the slave trade that the British Government determined to discontinue it, and to emancipate the slaves in her colonies. This it did by giving some little time, and by paying the owners for their slaves! It also provided against anarchy, by qualifying the suffrage and providing Governor's Councils in the colonies, composed of men of responsibility and intelligence. With a rare generosity, the Virginia Legislature,

in 1832, moved to gradually emancipate the slaves of Virginia by *giving* freedom to all after reaching a certain age, through an Act of the Legislature to be submitted to the people for adoption. This Act was within *two votes* of being adopted by the Legislature, when the continued *interference* and *zeal* of the abolitionists from Boston who were wintering in Richmond, disgusted some of the members so much that they defeated the bill. So much for Puritan intermeddling in Virginian affairs! It is known that Henry Clay was in favor of gradual emancipation in Kentucky. But such noble-minded men in the South were not brusque enough for the venal and hot-headed demagogues of Massachusetts, whose cheap philanthropy looked to abrupt abolition without preparation for it, or compensation to the landowners. In other words, though their part of the Union was as guilty of the wrongs of slavery as ours (for their people had bought and sold slaves), they were eager to put other people's chattels in the public road, and keep theirs untouched—or, rather the money equivalent—the same in substance. Ministers disgraced their pulpits by lying tirades against the conduct of Southern slave-owners.

By the well-informed, the subordination of the blacks in the South was known to be, with few exceptions, a mild form of servitude. The slaves were well fed, well clothed, and well housed, and had their gardens, fowls, etc., by which to make something for themselves. It was to the interest of their masters to take care of them, and they did. The negro slaves were indeed better off than many tramps, laborers, and labor seekers amongst the whites of the present time. Even Charles Sumner admitted, on an estate near Nashville, that were he convinced that slaves generally were as well to do as those around him, he "would have cause to change his opinion as to slavery." Well, they were generally just as well off—admitting some abuses of negro-traders and a few vile persons, to constitute exceptions. Indeed, the negroes were in the main satisfied with their lot! The writer can call to mind estate after estate in Virginia where the master, his family and servants, *were all happy*. It was the general lot of all, and there was but a small margin of profit, such was the expense of providing for so large a number. But the taxes were light, our magistracy dignified and inexpensive, and a wholesome order prevailed throughout the state. Unpretending gentlemen set good examples in every neighborhood. And *such* is the society—the society that furnished Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Munroe and Marshall to our American history, that Mr. Hamilton would feign describe as "the proud southern oligarchy," whose "overthrow" he seems to enjoy. What glory can he find in the stealing of $4,000,000,000 worth of negroes—using them as the flank of a repression party for thirty years, and paying their former owners nothing for them, or any damages for scattering their labor to the winds?

That the war and even subsequent spoiliation proved a money-making job for the abolitionists is plain (too plain for the *entsagen* of history), but how can this add any eclat to "that beautiful nigger agony and civil war of theirs," as Carlyle called it? The least known portion of modern history is that which might be written to disclose the economical laws, sound order and general happiness of black and white during the continuance of negro slavery The most glaring shame known in American history is to be found in the abolition, without compensation, of slavery in the United States, and the pensioning of the troops of the abolishing side, without one cent of expenditure out of the general revenues for the wounded and helpless of the other side. That a great deal more of ill-gotten wealth was accumulated by some abolitionists, through exaggerated statements and the appropriating of our improved negroes to their political purposes, than their forefathers made in the transportation from the coasts of Guinea, is conspicuously evident. Their zeal, too, was in proportion to their profits.

But wrong runs into wrong. They have subjected most of the people to the idolatry of gold and a dependence upon money-changers. In the transition from African slavery to this new slavery of the American people, where is the general good to be found? Even in our prostration from war and other causes, we of the South have done more for the negro, educationally and otherwise, than any socie-

ties elsewhere on the earth, and whilst we were honorably entitled to a gradual emancipation, or some compensation for enforced loss of property, we regret none of the just happiness negroes enjoy in the free state. Yet, why should the friends of John Brown extol him for violating the laws of God and his country? The "love" of "thy neighbor" includes love of master and of slave. As the laws stood, the inhabitants of all the states were entitled to go into the territories with their property in slaves or other kind, and equally. But it seems, from Mr. Hamilton's sketch, that John Brown regarded the slaves as "prisoners of war: their masters' tyrants." Then he must have had *monsters* for his *teachers!* Had he lived amongst the old slave owners of Virginia, the Carolinas or Georgia, for a few years, he would have changed his opinions, and, doubtless (as other Northern men did), have become a generous slave-owner—thus saving his own life and the lives of others. It was proper for Mr. Hamilton to say. "It was not of his own choice that he left his farm and went into the bloody arena." In other words, he was instigated by other men (not of God!) who put him forward whilst they stood at a safe distance, making (or *to* make) more than they allowed him and his followers! This, too, in utter disregard of Carlyle's admonition that "all modern ideas of liberty tend only to anarchy and social dissolution." That the loss of a million of lives upon battle fields and $6,500,000,000 of property, the wretchedness of thousands of homes, and untold woe to millions, came from the initiatory acts of John Brown, Mr. Hamilton might have portrayed with vividness. But that he should have been willing to drag the little town of Chatham into some historical connection with the "John Brown raid" seems strange! Intelligent citizens of the United States, both North and South, have generally credited the Canadians with the possession of an unusually good Government—with dignity throughout!

J. L. HUBARD.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Life and Times of Major-General Sir Isaac Brock, K.B. By D. B. Read, Q. C. Toronto: William Briggs.

If apology were needed for this latest addition to Canadian historical literature it might be found in the words of Col. FitzGibbon, quoted on p. 254 of the book, who, in giving an official account of the removal from Fort George of the remains of Sir Isaac Brock and his aide-de-camp, Col. Macdonell to the monument on Queenston Heights, 13th Oct., 1824, says:—"What I witnessed on this day would have fully confirmed me in the opinion, had confirmation been wanting, that the public feeling in this province has been permanently improved and elevated by Sir Isaac Brock's conduct and actions while governing its inhabitants."

Subsequent history has shown the correctness of Col. FitzGibbon's views, and nothing can be more fitting than that a son of the Province, a descendant of two United Empire Loyalist families, should be the writer of this, the first *Life of Brock* from a Canadian point of view. When Tupper's *Life of Brock* appeared, now nearly half a century ago, it was hailed with enthusiasm, both in England and Canada, and few respectable libraries, public or private, were without a copy. The work is now out of print, and copies are scarce; so that the present book is an absolute need for the use of Canadians, and of the Province wherein Brock's finest characteristics were brought into play and for whose welfare his blood was shed. In his preface the author finely says:—"It was his genius which laid out the plan for opposing the large forces employed in the hopeless task of conquering Canada. Brock bravely fell leading his troops, in the first campaign, but his spiri

hovered over and inspired the men fighting for their hearths and homes to the end of the war."

He further says :—"That the memory of the General commanding, and of those who aided him in his arduous labors in the field, may ever be preserved, is the constant wish of all Canadians," and this latter aim Mr. Read has kept in view throughout the book ; names here are embalmed that belong to the earlier epoch of the Province—the Macdonell's, Babys, Ryersons, Robinsons, Nichol, Bostwick, Rolph, Hatt, Heward, McLean, Dickson, Chisholm, Brant, Tecumseh, and a score of others, most of whom have descendants still among us, and all of whom gave a good account of themselves when the defence of the Province called for their aid.

Within half a dozen pages is contained the record of the birth, parentage, and early life of Brock, and Chapter II. brings him to Canada as Senior Lieut.-Colonel of the 49th Reg't. (now the 1st Royal Berkshire Regiment), into which he had exchanged from the 8th King's Royal Regiment (now the King's Liverpool Regiment), in 1791. "In the fall of 1805—Trafalgar year—Brock was made full Colonel of the Regiment, and, on receiving this promotion, proceeded at once to England on leave, where he had an opportunity of laying before His Royal Highness the Duke of York, Commander in-Chief, the outlines of a plan for the formation of a veteran battalion to serve in the Canadas." Of this plan the author wisely gives the full text, shewing, as it does, the far-sighted and practical views of the man on whom, chiefly, at that period, depended the defence of both the Canadas. His Royal Highness conveyed to Colonel Brock "his thanks for the communication of his very sensible observations respecting the distribution of troops in Canada, and which His Royal Highness will not fail to take into consideration at a seasonable opportunity."

A couple of years later, Brock received, as Commander of the Forces in Upper Canada, a proposal from Colonel Macdonell, of Aberchalder, himself a veteran of the Royal Canadian Volunteers, for raising a corps among the Scottish settlers—nearly all old soldiers of the Revolutionary War—in the Glengarry district ; a proposal he supported in a strong letter to the Hon. William Wyndham, Secretary of War, in Downing-street. Mr. Read seizes this occasion to give a highly interesting and graphic account of the Macdonells of Glengarry, and their services to the British Government, both before and after their settlement as U. E. Loyalists in Canada. He then proceeds to sketch, with a firm and vigorous hand, under the head of "England and the Liberty of Europe," the political situation on both continents, Europe and America, and shows conclusively what excellent reason Brock had for his uneasiness in view of the unprepared state of Canada in case of war being declared by the neighboring Republic. While in Lower Canada, Brock perceived a coolness towards British interests among the French-Canadians, which had been greatly augmented by the attitude of the Governor, Sir James Craig, who, while an able and just man, lacked the sympathy necessary for dealing with a people who had not even the consolation of having been conquered, but had been handed over to another power without even a by-your leave. This condition of things in the Lower Province intensified the dangers of the situation, and our author deals with the period well.

On June 4th, 1811, Brock was made a Major-General on the staff of British North America. "At this time the Duke of York was at the head of the English Army, very much to the satisfaction of the English people" The brave doings in Europe naturally led Brock to desire fields wherein he could develop the talents he was conscious of, and he applied for leave. But though he knew it not, the fate of Canada was in his hands, and Mr. Madison's speech of the 5th November, 1811, left no further doubt as to the intention of his government.

The exciting period of the war of 1812-15 is comparatively known, but in the brilliance of his military exploits and the tragic circumstances of his death, the genius of Brock as a Civil Governor and administrator is generally lost. Mair, in his fine drama of *Tecumseh*, gave us a taste of it, but Mr. Read has gone into this part of the hero's career very adequately, and has earned the thanks of the true student by doing so. Of our Indian allies, our author has a great deal to say, throwing thereby much light on the conduct and loyalty of a people often too lightly held. Nor is the fact that a large and important section of the American people were strongly opposed to the war overlooked. The text of their remonstrance to the Government is given, and the attitude of the Opposition press shown. The Battle of Queenston and the death of Brock bring to a close the career of the "Hero of Upper Canada," a title conferred by the people he saved. The honors conferred by the Home Government, the monuments raised to his memory by a grateful country, and the sad details of these occasions, form not the least interesting portion of this reliable book. To many the portrait which graces the front page will prove a treasure ; it is taken from an oil painting executed, from authentic sources, by J. W. L Forster, of Toronto. Several illustrations are scattered through the volume, the covers of which are ornamented with fac similes of the Brock token issued in 1816.

S. A. C.