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A LONE LAKELET IN MUSKOKA.

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EDUCATION VS. CRAM.

BY A. H. MORRISON.

“Nothing extenuate,
nor set down aught in malice.”

—*Othello*.

“WHAT is Truth?” once asked doubting Pilate. What is Education? may well be asked by some doubters of to-day.

It is strange how the very natures of entities frequently become transformed. It is equally strange how the meanings of words may be wrested from their original signification.

We see how, in evolution, the puny and acrid crab may be developed into the large and luscious sweeting. We have learned how, according to the law of degeneration, the very soul-essence, subtle, elevated, all-embracing, of such a term as *education* may be contorted and cribbed into the dwarfish limits of such a Calaban-monosyllable as *cram*.

That these two words have become synonymous terms to the average Canadian mind of to-day, there can be but little doubt; yet, that the words themselves, as regards innate and ultimate signification, are as wide as the poles asunder, can be as little a point of dispute.

For what is their pedigree and what their kinship?

Education, as the genealogy, *i. e.*, the etymology of the word, informs us, is a Classic, from the Latin: *educo*, *edu-*

cure; from *e*, out, and *duco*, *ducere* to lead; therefore, to lead out.

Cram, as the genealogy of the word informs us, is a Teuton, from the Anglo-Saxon: *crammian*, to stuff; therefore, to press or squeeze in.

Whether “to lead out” and “to squeeze in” be synonymous terms is a question that certain exponents of latter-day Canadian educational methods have decided to answer in the affirmative.

But a question of some significance yet remains. Is the ultimatum of these exponents of latter-day methods, of a truth, an all-authoritative and final one? Have others, more especially those in whose special interest all educational institutions are founded and maintained, any voice in the matter of deciding whether the terms are really synonymous, and whether the processes suggested by the two terms should be pursued on equal and parallel planes?

The answer is obvious. Those most interested, that is, those being educated, or having young people to educate, have a voice, and a very loud voice, in the matter, and it is full time that this voice were making itself heard, to combat, on the one hand, the open effrontery of political expedience, and, on the other, the secret, but no less self-interested and too often dangerous, hobby of private egotism, which, out-

side of the fact, that it is established by patronage as the educational Shechinah of the hour, has, not infrequently, little or nothing else to commend it for its high office.

Words are potent factors in the economy of the intelligence, and their true functions and applications should not be lightly tampered with, confused, or misapplied. They have souls as truly as have men. Many words, indeed, have more soul than have many men.

Having settled, to some extent, the etymology, the soul-meaning, and the relative merits, suggested rather than asserted, of the two words *Education* and *Cram*, it may, now, not be out of order to discuss a few questions, as to the relations these words and their meanings and methods bear to ourselves, the place they hold in the Departmental vocabulary of Canadian pedagogy, the influence they exercise in the great plan of public instruction, the extent to which the practice of the one may have encroached upon the province and therefore the practice of the other.

And this discussion will necessitate a few plain statements, questions, suggestions, and criticisms, with regard to some salient points in the Educational system of the Province as a whole. Here the word *Educational* is used in its broadest and most popular sense, viz., the means, whatever they may be, taken for the mental equipment of the so-called pupil or student for the intellectual conflict of life.

Let us begin at the beginning, with the system itself.

The Canadian system of education is certainly a very fine thing in theory, none, perhaps, superior; but, practically, in the hands of a political Head Master and his nominees and associates, it is not altogether the fine thing it appears in the dawn-light of a first experience.

When a system, deliberately and persistently, holds out inducements for young men, whether to the intellectual purple born or not, to quit good farms, and confiscate comfortable homes,

for the purpose of flooding city, town, and village with legal deed, questionable practice, political chicanery, and doubtful divinity, one may well question whether the term successful, in its true sense, should be applied to such a system.

We are training thousands of young men to be useless members of society or worse, not only non-producers themselves, but mere adventurous spiders, gorging themselves, whenever practicable, upon the life-blood of those who are producers. We are striving, might and main, to give thousands of young women, many of them of lowly origin, the education of ladies—save the mark!—and permitting them to starve upon the pittance of the sweating-house, as teachers—again, save the mark!--when they might be earning decent wages as domestic servants; starve, that is intellectually and socially, for the mere body, after all, is one of the last terms to be thought of in the equation of life:

$$\text{Body} - \text{Spirituality} = 0$$

$$\text{Body} + \text{Spirituality} = \text{Infinity.}$$

We are training trustees to be hard, sordid and grasping usurers, and those who depend upon trustees for employment to be truckling, underhand time-servers. "Give me \$50 per annum less than my friend, and ensure me his position, and the bonds of friendship may be dissolved, and honor may perish." Is this, or is it not, the educational legend of the hour?

Any scheme or special system of education to be a thoroughly successful one, should avoid trying to equalize the masses socially or intellectually—compliments and regrets to the talented author of "Looking Backward." This Utopia of universal leveldom has been often explored before, is being explored to-day, we know with what results. Here are a few instances for consideration, taken hap-hazard from the page of modern or contemporary history: The French Revolution, with *liberté, égalité, fraternité*, the Chicago dynamite outrages, German

Socialism, Russian Nihilism, the Negro problem, the Chinese difficulty, the Labor and Capital question.

In our Public Schools, what are our special systems doing? They are turning out tens of thousands of animated square-finished pegs to fill round offices, or animated round-finished pegs to fill square ones. All, or most, of the same stereotyped pattern. All of the same material. All with the same fuddled mentalities—little wonder, considering the air they breathe, and the stultifying process undergone—and all more or less useless. *Here* are five-hundred boys and girls, who have been taught book-keeping in a Public School. *There* is the head of a firm, who desires a competent book-keeper. Will he engage one of the Public School certificated, or will he look for a practical and practised hand, who has learned his trade at the fountain-head of all trade, hard-headed experience, not at the morbid desk of a \$250 school-marm, or the pretentious black-board of a beardless sciolist?

Here are five-hundred other boys and girls with different natures, intellects and tastes, of different birth, position and prospects.—What shall we do with them? Gather them up and chuck them all into the same mill: the gentleman or lady by divine right, the pauper or vagrant *ditto*, the prospective accountant, artist, musician, litterateur, professor, tradesman, farmer, mechanic, business-man, shop-girl, waitress, servant-maid; the clown, the imbecile, the industrious, the idle, the knave, the genius, the fool. In they go. The crank is turned by the other cranks, and after the grinding process, they emerge, no longer as individualities, but a sort of concrete, hit-or-miss patterned hybrids—crushed strawberry and cream, perhaps, without wit enough to skim the cream or grow the strawberries, or do anything, but wonder what Nature intended them for, and why Education, with a big E, has made them what they are, which latter process is

"The most unkindest cut of all,"

for they had been early taught to look upon Education, with a big E, theoretically, as a friend indeed and in need—why then, practically, should she bear them this bitter grudge?

Again, our system or scheme of Public School education tends to subordinate the individuality, the mental liberty of the instructor, to the autocratic fiat of an almost irresponsible inspectorate, which is, at once, too numerous, too interfering, and too domineering.

The teacher is not the free agent he should be. He is a mere passive machine in the hands of his immediate superior, and that superior is his inspector. What the functions of a school-board are, or what the duties of a Secretary, is an enigma to some. Truly, our masters are many!—The teacher has to obey orders and hold his tongue. The man best qualified to express an opinion on matters scholastic, and therefore to inform the public on such matters, the true, inward working of the system, is never heard from. He is practically muzzled. The inspectors do all the talking, and of course they use their own colors in embellishing the system. If the teacher open his lips, he is banned; he may pack up his household gods and go. We are overrun with Inspectors, many of whom, apparently, have little to do but air their own pedantic notions, harry their subordinates with reports, and bully those who show signs of a desire to exercise the divine right of personal freedom in their vocation.

A rigid system of education, like any other rigid system, is destructive of liberty, of the best personal effort, of the highest results. Under it, pupils do not do their best, their special talents get no chance; teachers do not do their best, their personalities are cramped, they are simply slave-drivers, exacting the tale of bricks without straw, at the autocratic bidding of some Pharaoh of the hour.

A rigid system of marking, as the result of daily class examination, is bad, nothing could be worse; for, of course, the reports, with which the teachers in many centres are pestered and overwhelmed, are founded upon these markings.

Let us examine some of the direct results of this periodical, often hourly, marking of lessons.

The teacher's time is wasted. Valuable moments are filched from instruction, to be frittered away in recording the standing of pupils, and this at the close of every lesson. A teacher's office is to teach, not to do second-class official work. Let the public thoroughly understand this.

This system of marking, necessitates payment by results, a thing bad in itself, worse in its effects. It handicaps the slow and the quick, the plodding and the superficial, the naturally dull and the naturally bright. It is pitting lame men against athletes in the arena of the class-room. What will be the inevitable result to the lame men? The slow pupils, that is the lame, acquire bad mental methods, there is no thoroughness; in the strife for marks they have to make a showing or be forever lost, hence, their work is hurried, superficial, ill-understood, ill-digested, in the worst sense of the word. This superficiality, engendered in the class-room, follows the unhappy subject like a shadow into his after life and into business. The natural consequence is, that in business, as in the school-room, he is a failure. Failure means discontent. Discontent begets unhappiness. Unhappiness leads to looseness, drunkenness, despair, ruin, suicide.

According to the present system of tuition, there is too much pencil work on slate or paper, as mere examination, too little teaching. It is extremely doubtful, whether, in some centres, more especially in the upper forms, there is any teaching at all in the true sense of the word. Lessons are assigned in the schoolroom. They are pre-

pared at home. Ten, eleven, twelve o'clock midnight, sees the pupils at their tasks; the strong, the weak, the callous, the nervous, now with a headache, now with disgust at their hearts, now in tears—children who should be in the sunshine by day and in their beds by nine o'clock at latest. The next morning finds them at their desks in the school-room. Examination begins. Scribble, scribble, scribble! Slates or paper; nothing oral, nothing of interest, nothing by way of supplement from the overseering, enlightened mind. There is no time. The examined scribble for bare life. "Facts, facts, facts, sirs," are wanted. No matter what the hand-writing is like, no matter what the spelling is like, no matter what the style of composition is like. Facts, facts are the all in all, the "open sesame" to the outer and healthful sunlight of knowledge and culture.

As a natural consequence, the spelling, the writing, and the composition are, in many cases, execrable. The examination over, the marking begins; that over, another slate or paper recitation is in order. So on through the weary hours. And the teacher, instead of being a mentally expanding agent, illustrative, explanatory, critical, is a mere pedagogic recording-machine, inscribing hourly on his registering tablets the number of marks obtained by his class of puppets in their automatic dance of intellectual death.

Many have no chance of ever arriving at anything like distinction in this march or jig of stultification by honest means, so, as all is fair in love and war, and this system of marking and instruction is a species of war—brains and predilection against time, cram, and common-sense—why, they do what others do in love and war, they cheat and lie. They have memoranda snugly concealed in secret nooks, books under desks, etc., etc., etc. Doubtless thumb-nails and wrist-bands do other duties than their natural ones. Lying becomes the rule, not the exception,

barefaced, unabashed falsehood. It grows with the pupils. Like the ill-formed business habits, it follows them into after life, dogging them like sleuth-hounds of evil, into the professions, to the polls, to the parliament! These boys are our future electors! These girls are our future honest women!

Well, some-one will say, this is a very bitter tirade against Provincial Education. Have you any antidote at hand, Mr. Caviiler? It is very easy to vilify, to break down, to demolish. How would you reconstruct? What fairer edifice would you raise upon the ruins of the system you assail?

Let us make, simply but emphatically, a preliminary statement. Men are *not* born equal, never *have been* equal never *will be* nor *can be* equal—once again, regrets but unqualified admiration to Mr. Bellamy ungrudgingly accorded.

Why should education, and here we include higher education, so-called, be, in a country like Canada, the one-sided jade she is? Does education consist simply in stuffing halting Greek and Latin, lop-sided mathematics, frowsy, archaic, Addisonian English, history, geography, Euclid, and priggish fashions into the heads of our young democracy? Is there nothing outside of the "humanities" worthy of being called Education? Has the mobile intelligence, the subtle instinct, the grand physique, the nimble, sensitive touch of the artisan, mechanic, artist, or musician nothing in common with the term? Does the ponderous hammer of "the village blacksmith" never smite out a syllable of it as it rings on through the centuries against the God-shaping anvil of Time? Does the facile finger of the moulder shape no letter of it, fashioning it deftly from the clay, ere embodying it as a thing of beauty or use in the stubborn, lasting metal? Does not the graver grave something of it on the block before him, to carry a message into the centuries to come? Does not the mariner trace its characters on the yeast waves, spell out its

legend from the story-book of the stars? Has not the miner to hew it, syllable by syllable, patiently, unfalteringly, everlastingly, from the earth-embowelled rocks? Does not the artist idealize it in his fadeless pigments, the musician utter it in his pulsing chords; the architect and the engineer elaborate it in the memorials of their great professions? Is not the Suez Canal deeper than a legal quibble, and the deck of an ocean leviathan broader than many theological dogmas? Does not Tubal Cain antedate Judge Jefferies, stupendous monstrosity as he was, and are not the Pyramids of Egypt older than even Osgoode Hall?

Twelve years ago, we were told that the population of the country was four millions some odd hundred thousands. A short time since, a census was taken, and we were told that the population, as a whole, had increased but half a million.

Again, twelve years ago, we were told that the City of Toronto numbered some 80,000 inhabitants. To-day, its population is nearly 200,000. Many cities, towns and villages have increased in population, not, perhaps, to the same comparative extent, but largely.

Why do we touch upon this topic at all in an article upon educational principle and method? Because it is, in a way, intimately, though seemingly, indirectly, connected with the subject. It is suggestive, first, of a fact, and then of a deduction arising from that fact, a corollary to the problem of population.

The fact is this, that, in twelve years, the population of the country, as a whole, has grown comparatively little, while that of many individual cities and towns has grown largely. This fact is alone well worth pondering. But what is the deduction to be drawn from the fact? One of two conclusions is inevitable. That the centres must have received the surplus supply either from within the country or without. Whichever it be, it is matter

of grave import. For, if the centres have been recruited from foreign sources, where are our own people? Have they sought other and fairer fields of labor? If, on the other hand, the centres have been recruited from within, what is becoming of our rural population? The answer is manifest. It must be shrinking. The young, and sometimes the old, are flocking to the cities, with not seldom disastrous results to the rural districts, while the professions and business callings are becoming over-crowded, ill-served and under-paid.

As to certain direct results of this centralizing of the population, the mayor of Toronto, in a late statement of views on municipal questions, says: "Our city population has increased 93 per cent., and our law expenses have increased 360 per cent." And again: "Ten years ago our police force numbered 132, to-day it numbers 286."

After all, is the great end of life to become a lawyer without clients, a doctor without patients, or an evangelist without converts? Is the great end of life to ape the gentleman without a single attribute worthy the name; or is it, as some fondly imagine, to attain to a possible wealth, wrung, not by patient toil through the proper channels of all self-acquired wealth, honesty and diligence, but from the unfortunate, the dupe, the needy, or, not infrequently, the fellow, but less fortunate, adventurer?

We prate of equality in this land of liberty, where the very name of aristocrat makes some sensitive noses twirl in ineffable derision to the skies, yet we are too good, many of us, to be either honest farmers or intelligent mechanics. We sneer at the airs and graces of the old-world gentry, yet who so great as some among us, at playing the rôle of that gentry? A pitiable, tenth-rate business it is to be sure, but it is rampant in our midst. We pride ourselves on our manliness and brotherliness and the dignity of

labor and the honor of the crooked finger and horny palm of toil; yet, with all our academies and institutions of learning, where is the industrial school, cognate and universal, which teaches students to be men as well as gentlemen, instructs them how to acquire a competency by honest means, instead of filching it from their fellow-creatures' pockets?

In all young, sparsely settled colonies like Canada, there should be an industrial school affiliated with every establishment of learning in the popular sense of the word. Geometry should go with the carpenter's rule and plane, and Greek with the Spartan code of frugality, integrity, loyalty and self-denial. And the legend of such an institution should be, not notoriety, but honor; not society, but man; not mere idle faith, but saving works. The Alumni, should, moreover, be instructed, that the "*divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will,*" has, in infinite wisdom, seen proper to set bounds to social communities, and that the irrevocable fiat, "thus far shalt thou come and no farther," of natural law cannot be annulled at a wish or in one generation. They should be told, that it is at least as honorable to be a laborer in a coal mine as a highwayman in a Chamber of Deputies.

What should be the aims of a true education? A higher intelligence and a higher morality. What are the aims of an education that is not true, but spurious? Cram and the bubble success in the examination halls.

What should be the motto inscribed above the portal of every school in the land?

An honest man is the noblest work of God.

What is the legend, implied if not expressed, too frequently found usurping that lofty vantage ground?

A certificated incompetent is the noblest product of cram.

Then, next to honesty, what shall be said of reverence—not the awe of

the occult, which is two-thirds fashion and one-third fear; but the true reverence of man for his superior fellow; reverence for the image of the Divinity in man, not the flunkey's reverence for mere wealth and tinsel; reverence for the white hairs of virtuous age, worth, nobility of character, learning, and all the beauty of science and art in nature and man, for its own sake, the excellent handiwork of the Invisible, more excellent because invisible, and manifest solely in its outward tendencies, crowning him king, who, without it, is a mere Philistine, and wresting from false monarchs the usurped insignia of their pretended royalty, leaving them beggared, outlawed Lears indeed?

Where is the reverence in childhood and youth for all that is superior in experience and learning? How many boys think it worth their while to lift their hats to Culture, or stand abashed in its most sovereign presence? Nay, rather, does not the bread-and-butter miss, scarcely into her teens, expect that august and consecrated Spirit to bend in lowly obeisance to *her* feminine conceits, demanding as a right, what is merely accorded her, on account of her sex and her weakness, as a privilege? Which privilege may be ultimately withdrawn, if that sex persist in arrogating to itself offices, emoluments, and professions, for which, as a rule, its members are not fitted either physically or mentally, but who are encouraged in their fallacious and mischievous course of conduct, by the cupidity of some, the sentimentality of others, and their own gullible, short-sighted egotism.

Speaking of a true education, what are the avenues by which the temple of that most austere and lovely deity, the goddess of learning, may be approached? Are they patience, laborious research, years of diligent, patient study, complete mastery of fundamentals, the acquisition of a thorough knowledge of the anatomy of the skeleton, before clothing its bare bones of

essentials with the tender and dimpled beauty of superficial accomplishments? Or, are they indecent haste, contempt for the arbitrary but imperative dicta of fundamental principle, impatient murmuring and rebellious distaste for the lengthy service in letters which marks the veteran, which decorates his presence with the insignia of an honorable refinement, and ensures him, mentally, a reward more subtle yet, that rare and priceless order of merit, on whose fair yet silent face is blazoned the unmistakable legend, "for distinguished conduct in the field,"—the bloodless battle-ground of intellectual and moral supremacy?

In the opinion of many who are yet clothed and in their right mind, the system wanted but one item to complete its catalogue of superficiality and folly. That item has lately been supplied, to wit, compulsory club-swinging in modern fashionable attire. Not only is the exercise in question a sight for Greeks and Gods to marvel at; but, through its instrumentality, there is room for grave surmise, that more than one Mr. Mold has been summoned to a premature exercise of his vocation by the side of his silent client.

One of the greatest banes of the present educational system is the examination hall, coupled with the certificate mania. They are a curse to young Canada, a blight on the rising generation.

A writer in the *Week*, commenting on the educational machinery of the Province, once said: "It runs too smoothly—there are too many inducements held out to the youth of both sexes in Ontario to enter upon studies, for which the majority of them, I by no means say all, are by nature and circumstances wholly unfitted."

Is this statement rational? Is it fair? At present, it is a well-known fact that there is a plethora of so-called qualified teachers throughout the Province, treading on one another's heels in the race for scholastic position, and often outbidding one another

in those slave-markets of cram, sections where the cupidity and animalism of trustees may be paramount to the claims of a generous enlightenment. Why should this be so? Are we educating our youth to be true citizens, cultured, conscientious, refined members of the body politic and social, or, are we merely holding out inducements in other slave-markets of cram, for votaries to renounce the righteousness of their honorable occupations on the farm, or at the counter, or peradventure, in the scullery, that they may, after a term of months, which should be years, be passed and labelled; "Certificated:—This side up with care; not to be shaken before engaged, lest the effervescence subside, once and for ever?"

A little learning is a dangerous thing. It is a little learning which is revolutionizing society, making men, ay, and women, ashamed of their manhood and womanhood, and dissatisfied with their occupations and birthrights. Half the social unrest of the present generation is directly attributable to the Henry Georges of the educational platform, who, without any of the ability which marks their prototype, recklessly fling open the doors of discontent, to give access to the iconoclasts of all that is best in tradition and culture; who would filch the sacred flame of wisdom from its vestal altars, without effort or acknowledgment, and magnify the apotheosis of cram at the expense of the aristocracy of legitimate learning and labor.

Are we then over-educating the masses? By no means. We are simply not educating them at all. We are merely charging them with the damaged powder of cheap clap-trap, that they may, by happy chance, explode periodically in the Examination Halls, with the least danger to those sphinx-like creatures, the propounders of the annual conundrums.

"Education," as we have endeavored to show from the very derivation of the word, means, "to lead out." In-

structors of Canadian youth are striving might and main to *cram in*. In the High Schools it is, moreover, the teacher who works, that is, who does the really useful work. The pupil is a mere baby in his hands, irresponsible, inane, flaccid, spoon-fed with the pap of stereotyped rigmarole, or depleted with the skim-milk of stale examination papers, to get an idea of the *style* (*sic*) of the probable examiners! This, education forsooth! Education is strong, self-reliant, robust, aggressive, fearless. But what is the outcome of all these labors, and all the surfeiting of the unfortunates in our hands? What is the direct result of Cram? Another contemptible, rhyming monosyllable,—Sham. *Cram* and *Sham* form the constellation of shoddy, the Gemini of humbug.

The Old World, as we well know, is full of sham. That terrible sinner, the old world! O Chicago, the virtuous! O Quebec, the Pure! Poor old lady! Her wrinkled visage must be saddened oftentimes indeed, by the load of suppositious infirmities superimposed upon the already very real burden of frailties she has to bear. Mrs. Stanley, the wife of the African explorer, wishing to purchase furs in Canada as the natural home, ascertained with surprise, that the articles in question are more expensive here than in Europe. "Well," she said, laughing, "the Old World is good for something after all, if it is only for cheaper furs." It was but a jest, yet something of a moral lurks within its depths.

"This Canada of ours" is a new country. What should be the concomitants of a new country? A fresh, fair, young soul, and an unsophisticated nature. There should be no such words as *cram* and *sham* for youth. These are the associates of age, of outworn pleasure, disappointment, satiety, the sign of the approaching end. Yet, what do we find? We find *cram* enough in all conscience. Has it yet cast its gruesome and enervating shadow over the fair landscape of Canadian

being? Has sham, too, fallen like a nightmare eclipse across the pathway of the western sun?

Let us leave the question for each to answer according to his conscience or his ability, and propound but one more in conclusion.

Do we not hear self-gratulation and self-glorification everywhere? Yet where is the proof of all the glory and all the gain? Where is the *Ultima Thule* of the educational process? Where is the pinnacle to the basement of learning? What should it be? Unhesitatingly, let it be said, a high literary taste and a standing literature. Where is either to-day in Canada? An echo answers, "Where?" Has any nation ever become truly great until she have given birth to a literature? Search the archives of the past for an answer. Will Canada, or any other nation to be, become truly great until she have a literature? Again, search the same archives for an answer. What inducements is Canada holding forth to literature, to its excellence of true culture and true refinement, to make it worth its while to settle in her midst, brooding over the land like a fair dove, softening asperities of being, enlightening dark places of intellect, elevating low phases of morality, sublimating human entities into something like the semblance of the Divine?

Politics, egotism and sectarian intolerance are lords indeed. Literature! We never heard of her. Who is she? Is she wealthy? Is she a church-member? Has she votes, property, place or power? Or is she a sorry, neglected wench, worn and footsore, a mere hand-maiden of party or sect,

seeking precarious subsistence from door to door, sometimes slipshod and vulgarly fulsome, sometimes pranked in grammarless jargon, a thing for foreigners to marvel at and scholars to deride, but otherwise, too often denied acknowledgment or remuneration, fain to turn her steps to other callings, where decency at least may be assured, and the wolf of want driven from the door.

This is a lugubrious outlook, surely, a strange homily to have followed such a text:

*"Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice."*

Happily, there is no night without the dawning. It is, indeed, not infrequently darkest before the dawn. That the present state of nebulous purpose and practice may be but the prelude to a glorious sunrise is the sincere wish of many a loyal heart; a wish that contains within itself the germ of a possible accomplishment; for, there are some fine traits in the Canadian national character, elements, which, if properly nurtured and judiciously developed, might combine to form a strong and great people, if only the youth of the country, its future hope and pride, be not dandled at the outset into national impotence by the inefficiency of cram, or corrupted into mere provincial thugs, Pharisees, or harlequins, by false teaching and false example in politics, in sectarianism, and in letters. That the clouds of superficiality and sham may, ere long, break and disperse before the strengthening beams of the sun of reason and truth is the sincere wish of all Canada's true friends.



BRITISH HOPES AND BRITISH DANGERS.

BY A. H. F. LEFROY.

THE British hope and the British danger are the two matters upon which depend the justification for the existence of the Imperial Federation League. For if the continuance of the Imperial Union is not destined to promote the material and other interests of the various communities which compose the Empire, then the cause which the members of the League are banded together to advance is not a good cause, but a bad cause—not a wise cause, but a foolish cause. And if the Imperial Union is certain to continue, and there is no reason for any uneasiness, then we are making much ado about nothing—we are disturbing ourselves and others very unnecessarily.

Let me deal with the latter point first. It is by far the less important. For if the continuance of the Imperial Union is assured, and if it be destined to bring such benefits to the British race, as we believe it is, then even if it be that we are disturbing ourselves unnecessarily, what does it matter? At least we are occupying our minds with a very interesting subject.

But how does this matter stand? Is there no occasion for uneasiness? Is there no reason to be up and doing? That was not the opinion of the Hon. W. E. Forster, the founder of the League, and whom I may safely call one of the strongest minds among modern English statesmen. That is not the opinion of Mr. Goldwin Smith, who is forever telling us that it is the inevitable destiny of Canada to break away from the Empire. That is not the opinion of Sir Charles Dilke who, in his *Problems of Greater Britain*, warns us that "the danger in our path is that the enormous forces of European militarism may crush the old country and destroy the integrity of our

Empire before the growth of the newer communities that it contains has made it too strong for the attack." That is not the opinion of Mr. Parkin, than whom no man has had a better opportunity of ascertaining the feeling of the people of the various colonies and of the United Kingdom, and of their political leaders, and who tells us in his work on *Imperial Federation* that "it becomes more evident from day to day to those who watch carefully the current of events, that the continued unity of the Empire will only be gained—as great ends have ever been gained—after a severe struggle with contending forms of thought."

Consider a very few facts. In 1837, when the Queen came to the throne, the entire sea-going commerce of the Empire only amounted to the annual value of £210,000,000. Now it has already reached the enormous figure of £1,200,000,000. Of that £1,200,000,000, £740,000,000 represents the annual value of the sea-going commerce of the United Kingdom; £460,000,000 represents the annual value of that of the colonies and dependencies. So that the sea-going commerce of the colonies and dependencies is already of an annual value more than half that of the United Kingdom; and it is increasing nearly twice as fast. For the sea-going commerce of the colonies and dependencies has increased nine-fold in the last fifty years, whereas the sea-going commerce of the United Kingdom has only increased five-fold. Moreover, of the £460,000,000 representing the annual value of the sea-going commerce of the colonies and dependencies, £273,000,000 represents the annual value of the sea-going commerce of the colonies and dependencies between themselves and with foreign

countries. So that in this large proportion of the sea-going commerce of the Empire, the tax-payer of the United Kingdom has no direct interest whatever. Now all this gigantic sea-going commerce requires a proportionate naval defence, yet out of every pound sterling annually expended on this naval defence, the tax-payer of the United Kingdom pays 19s. 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ d., and the colonies and dependencies only contribute 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. Add to this that the total annual revenue of the United Kingdom is £89,000,000, while the annual revenue of the colonies and dependencies combined is already £105,000,000. Is that a condition of things that can continue?

Look at it in another aspect. Each of the great self-governing colonies is collecting round it a little cluster of foreign questions of its own. Here in Canada we have our disputes with the United States; in Newfoundland they have their disputes with France; in Australia they have their difficulties with the French in New Caledonia and the New Hebrides, and with the Germans in New Guinea; in South Africa they have their difficulties with the French in Madagascar, with the Portuguese and Germans on their own continent. Is it not inevitable that becoming, as we are, so powerful—beginning to think, as we are, so much of ourselves—and justly to think so much of ourselves—is it not inevitable that we shall shortly desire to have a more direct influence upon the foreign policy of the Empire? And how can we demand a direct influence upon the foreign policy of the Empire, unless we become part owners in the naval and military forces by which alone a foreign policy can ultimately be enforced?

Yes, it is inevitable that before very long the people of Canada, Australia and South Africa will be invited to nail the Union Jack to the mast-head, and once for all to amalgamate with each other and the rest of the Empire—to take up the full citizenship of the Empire, but also to bear a fair propor-

tion of its burdens. What will their answer be?

If that invitation—if the necessity for coming to a final determination—arrives in a time of war, I have no doubt what the answer will be. If the people of the colonies were to see the enemies of England gathering round her, their national feeling would awake, the hereditary loyalty of Canadians would blaze forth, the spirits of Australians would rise, and in the heat of the tumult the mighty imperial mass would be welded into one. No, the danger is that the time for coming to a final determination will arrive when all is peace—when all appears safe. Then there will be those who will pose as the peculiar friends of Great Britain—who will declare that none love England more than they do—but who will say to the people of Canada, and to the people of Australia, and to the people of South Africa: you have large territories, you have enormous resources, you have important interests peculiar to yourselves, and in which the rest of the Empire is not concerned; you should enter upon the path of separate nationality—it is better for you, it is better for Great Britain, it is better for all concerned. Will their voices prevail? Ought their voices to prevail? What is the British hope?

What is there in this conception of a united British Empire which so stirs the minds and warms the hearts of men? and not of your plain man only, but the strongest minds and the noblest hearts that the race has ever produced?

What was it that moved the mighty mind of Milton to write those lines which so fitly preface every number of the journal of the Imperial Federation League: “O, Thou, who of Thy free grace, didst build up this Britannick Empire to a glorious and enviable height, with all her daughter islands about her, stay us in this felicitie?” What was it that awoke the eloquence of Edmund Burke, when he declared

that to restore order and repose to an Empire so great as ours was "an undertaking that merely in the attempt would ennoble the flights of the highest genius, and obtain pardon for the efforts of the meanest understanding." What was it that inspired the muse of Alfred Tennyson when he wrote those lines :

"We've sailed wherever ships could sail,
We've founded many a mighty state,
Pray God our greatness may not fail
Through craven fears of being great?"

I don't think it was merely a feeling of national pride, though no one ever sympathized more with a noble and generous national pride than Tennyson—no one unless it was great Shakespeare himself. I am sure it was not any conception of the Empire as a huge trade organization, a gigantic joint-stock company for the production of wealth. Yet this trade aspect of the matter is most important. We know that what conduces to the material prosperity of a people, conduces also to its advancement in other and higher ways. We know that wealth produces leisure, and leisure in higher natures affords the opportunity of mental advancement. We know that wealth renders possible the collection of precious works of art, the founding of noble libraries. Therefore the trade aspect of the matter is a most important aspect. Now, what do we find?

Here we have within our own Empire the greatest market in the world. We have Great Britain with its population of 35,000,000 or 40,000,000, three quarters of whose working classes are artisans—Great Britain, which has to import every year fabulous quantities of food products from every quarter of the globe, amounting now to the enormous annual value of £153,000,000; Great Britain, which has to import in fabulous quantities the raw material for her manufactures,—timber, cotton, wool, flax, hemp and jute. So that the total imports into Great Britain every year are now com-

puted by Sir Julius Vogel, one of the greatest authorities on the subject, at no less a value than £435,000,000, almost the whole of which could be produced by her own colonies. On the other hand, we have vast territories such as Canada and Australia, containing the best wheat-growing areas, the greatest pastoral areas in the world, containing unlimited virgin resources, requiring only capital and men to develop them. What material for a trade combination have we here—greater than any that would be possible among foreign nations—a customs union, as Sir Julius Vogel says, covering 8,000,000 of square miles, and comprising even now more than 300,000,000 of people. And is it not obvious that the maintenance of the political union immensely increases the likelihood, the possibility of such a trade organization being arrived at? The Imperial ministers, the Imperial Parliament, though they have wisely divested themselves of all power to bring pressure upon the people of the colonies, yet from their position at the centre of affairs, by reason of the old Imperial prestige and the Imperial organization, have great advantages and facilities for devising and imposing upon the whole Empire any general arrangement of which the people of the Empire generally approved.

But again, of what character must our future trade chiefly be? In what direction must we chiefly look for great trade expansion in the future? Clearly in the direction of maritime trade. Already fifty per cent. of our trade in Canada, in spite of a high protective tariff, is maritime trade; seventy-seven per cent. of Australia's trade is maritime trade; eighty per cent. of New Zealand's; eighty-five per cent. of South Africa's. And all this maritime trade requires adequate naval protection. Now, do we derive any advantages from our Imperial connection in respect to the protection to our maritime trade? What is specially required for the protection of maritime

trade in these days of steam navigation is naval bases and coaling stations at appropriate places along the great trade routes. Glance at the map; eastward from Great Britain you have them—Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, Bombay, Trincomalee, Singapore, Hongkong. Southward along the west coast of Africa, and round by the Cape you have them—Sierra Leone, St. Helena, the Cape, Mauritius, and away to the great harbours of Australia, some of them already strongly fortified—King George's Sound, Melbourne, Brisbane, Thursday Island, and Auckland in New Zealand. Away to the west you have them—St. Lucia, Jamaica, Bermuda, Halifax, Vancouver, Esquimalt, and so back down the Pacific to Australia,—all of them won by the valour of our ancestors and under our own flag.

Thus we have the means for organizing a most complete system of naval defence for the maritime trade of the future, and at the least possible cost, by reason of the co-operation of all the parts. We have the means of organizing a joint system of naval and military defence, which shall not only defend our commerce, but shall render us unassailable by any power, and mean perpetual peace—the Pax Britannica established, humanly speaking, upon an unassailable footing, and an immense power of carrying on that secular agency for good in the world which Lord Rosebery has recently attributed to the Empire.

But pause for a moment to consider whether it is no advantage to the people of such countries as our own, or of Australia and South Africa, to move forward in our national life in close connection with such a country as Great Britain,—such countries as ours, where every man, and one might almost say every woman, has to work and to work hard for their living, where we have little time and little energy left for higher mental advancement, where it requires all our energies to develop the enormous resources of

the great territories in which we are as yet a mere handful. Is it no advantage to us to carry on our national life in close relation, in constant touch with Great Britain, with all its accumulated mental as well as material wealth, with England which has always been the fertile mother of heroes, with England which can show a roll of statesmen and of soldiers, of men of letters and of men of science, of poets and of philosophers—which it is not vain-glorious to say—which it is sober truth to say—can be equalled by no other nation in the world?

And now to sum up, what is the British hope? Look forward but a short generation or two—our sons, our grandsons will see it—millions upon millions of British subjects occupying some of the most favoured territories in the world, chiefly in the temperate zone, living on their own soil, under their own flag, carrying on an enormous trade with each other and with foreign nations, carrying on that trade in security and peace, possessed of vast naval and military strength,—able to withstand the great powers that are to be,—Russia, which it is computed will have in fifty years' time, in Europe alone, a population of 150,000,000, or the United States which will have a population of at least 130,000,000,—supreme in their naval and military strength, yet saved from any temptation to aggression by reason of the commercial pursuits and pacific tendencies of the people; safe from internecine strife by reason of the law-abiding character of the race, and the national willingness to submit to constituted authority; settling all their disputes between themselves before some imperial court of arbitration; founding their national life upon the basis of British law; carrying forward to their ultimate development the principles of British parliamentary government and popular liberty; living, in the words of Edmund Burke, in that "close affection which springs from common names, from similar

privileges, from kindred blood, and equal protection;" forming, in the words of the historian Lecky, "one free, industrial and pacific empire, holding the richest plains of Asia in subjection, blending all that is most venerable in an ancient civilization with the redundant energies of youthful societies." Yes, the glory of England shall not fade, unlike the powers of old she shall not decay, but expanded and developed into her magnificent Empire, she shall carry forward in the time to come her mission of advancement and civilization.

That is the British hope. What is the work of the League? Not so much

to construct schemes, to invent machinery, to devise a constitution for the Empire—not so much that—but rather this: to preach the gospel of the British hope to a British people, to do what in us lies to secure that when the time for final determination shall come, when we arrive at the parting of the ways, the mind of Canada shall be one mind,—the voice of Canada shall be one voice,—that so far as she is concerned she will forever preserve and maintain our glorious Empire.

[The substance of this article was embodied in an address delivered at the annual meeting of the Toronto branch of the Imperial Federation League, on March 22nd, 1893.]



LET US SMELT OUR OWN STEEL.

BY WM. HAMILTON MERRITT, F.G.S.,

Member Iron and Steel Institute, England, Late Commissioner Royal Commission on the Mineral Resources of Ontario, etc.

At the recent opening of the splendid new science schools at McGill University, Dr. Raymond, of New York, in a very eloquent speech, pointed out the great change that had come over the world in the last twenty years owing to the marvellous advance of science during that period. He stated that notwithstanding the fact that fifty per cent. of all existing appliances had been rendered obsolete owing to the rapid changes, yet in spite of it the world was growing rich for the first time in its long history. Dr. Raymond pointed to the Bessemer Converter, which revolutionized the making of steel, as the great factor of progress and wealth in the present age.

Was he aware that *we have not one in Canada*? I doubt it, for I think that for our shame he would have had pity, and would have spared our feelings.

We ought to produce every pound of railway or street car rail that is used in this country.

I do not think many of your readers are aware that during the last fiscal year (1892) we imported of iron and steel manufactures from

The United States	\$4,805,000
Great Britain.....	\$4,672,000
Total.....	\$9,477,000

We imported 83,000 tons of steel rails, valued at \$1,738,661.

We imported of pig iron from

	Tons
Great Britain.....	43,727
The United States.....	25,110
Total.....	68 918
Valued at \$886,485.	

We import of raw material (including steel rails) five times as much as we manufacture in our own country.

I boldly make the assertion that Canada's greatest deficiency lies in not producing her own iron and steel.

We have built magnificent railroad systems, have created splendid steamship lines, and are constantly projecting others. These may be said to be our greatest works, and what are they but *Iron and Steel*?

If we had produced it all in Canada, and were now manufacturing that which will be used in all the newly-projected railroads and steamship lines, to say nothing of what is required in a multitude of other things, there would be at least a million more people in Canada to-day.

We cannot point to any great nation in the world which does not manufacture its own iron and steel.

One who has never visited a "black country" cannot conceive the stupendous scale of each member of the family of industries that goes to make up the creation of iron and steel. There are the underground world teeming with miners to produce the ore and coal, the busy neighborhoods where the forests supply charcoal, the great traffic of these products by the railroads to some central point for smelting, the men day and night round the blast furnaces, the swarm of workmen at puddling and rolling the product, if iron, or converting the pig into steel and then rolling it. In all of these industries the consumption of nearly every other product is so prodigious that a thousand other trades are permanently benefited, from the farmer, who pro-

duces food for the workman, to the cloth-maker who turns out his Sunday clothes.

Let me quote a paragraph from the controversy between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Blaine. Mr. Blaine writes as follows: "Mr. Gladstone may argue for Great Britain as he will, but for the United States we must insist on being guided by facts and not by theories; we must insist on adhering to the teachings of experiments which 'have been carried forward by careful generalizations to well-grounded conclusions.'..... Mr. Gladstone boldly contends that 'keeping capital at home by protection is dear production, and is a delusion from top to bottom.' I take direct issue with him on that proposition. Between 1870 and the present time, considerably more than 100,000 miles of railroad have been built in the United States. The steel rail and other metal connected therewith involved so vast a sum of money that it could not have been raised to send out of the country in gold coin. The total cost could not have been less than \$500,000,000. We had a large interest to pay abroad on the public debt, and for nine years after 1870 gold was at a premium in the United States. During those years nearly 40,000 miles of railway were constructed, and to import English rail and pay for it with gold bought at a large premium would have been impossible. A very large proportion of the railway enterprises would of necessity have been abandoned if the export of gold to pay for the rails had been the condition precedent to their construction. But the manufacture of steel rails at home gave an immense stimulus to business. Tens of thousands of men were paid good wages, and great investments and great enrichments followed the line of the new road, and opened to the American people large fields for enterprise not theretofore accessible. I might ask Mr. Gladstone what he would have done with the labor of the thousands of men engaged in manu-

facturing rail, if it had been judged practicable to buy the rail in England? Fortunately he has given his answer in advance of the question, for he tells us that 'in America we produce more cloth and more iron at high prices, instead of more cereals and more cotton at low prices.'"

Yet we *rich Canadians* can well afford to send out money for our iron and steel and go on borrowing!! In the report of the recent Commission on the mineral resources of Ontario, some information was given about the question of Iron and Steel Smelting. The report states: "The industry is of first-class importance, and every proper means should be taken to secure its establishment in Ontario;" and that "it is unquestionably in a country's interest not only to smelt its own ores, but to refine and manufacture the metals, providing always that the various operations can be carried on economically and without taxing other interests indefinitely for their maintenance." There is little question in my mind that the Ontario Government should offer a bonus of say \$2 a ton for all iron and steel smelted in the Province for not less than ten years, and a liberal inducement to have the industry started immediately.

If we smelt with charcoal we have everything requisite in our midst close at hand, if we smelt with coke (and we could well do both) we need not bring the raw materials any further for smelting in Ontario than they are brought to Chicago, where the largest steel rail plant in the United States is situated.

The few notes given will have shown that there certainly exists a great gap in the chain of our national development, for who will deny that iron and steel are the back bone and sinews of a nation?

The next two questions which inevitably follow are:—

1. Can we make iron and steel; have we the materials?
2. Have we market for it if made?

I shall be obliged to answer these important questions shortly, but I think satisfactorily.

I shall not allude to Nova Scotia, where smelting is carried on, and where in more than one locality ore and coking coal occur at no great distance from one another.

With regard to Ontario, I may say that a few years ago I visited the Laurentian iron-producing district in New Jersey, and afterwards read a paper before the Canadian Institute, pointing out the mineralogical and geological similarity between that iron ore-producing belt which stretches from New Jersey round through the north of New York State, and continues on into our iron ore-producing territory in Eastern Ontario. The pleasing point to me, beside the similarity of their occurrence, was the proved permanency of these ore beds, one which I visited being worked at a depth of 600 feet, and in several places along a length of two and one-half miles. As a rule, abandonment of these deposits has come not so much from the lack of ore, or the exhaustion of the veins, but from heavy expenses, etc., when too great a depth has been reached.

The yield in 1890 was :—

	TONS.
For New York State.....	1,253,393
For New Jersey State.....	495,808
Total.....	1,749,201

Of this amount nearly all the New Jersey output was magnetite, 6,000 tons being red hematite, and in New York State 945,071 tons magnetite, 196,035 were hematite, 30,968 tons limonite, and 81,319 spathic ore.

I was able also to point out that as a rule these New Jersey ores contained more phosphorus than our Eastern Ontario ores.

The year after visiting the Vermillion, Goegebic, Menominee and Marquette iron ranges on the north-west and southern shores of Lake Superior I read a paper on these ranges for the same reason that I had treated on the

New Jersey deposits, namely, because it has been proved, in the case of the Vermillion range, that it runs into Canadian territory to the south-west of Port Arthur, and it is also by no means improbable that we may find similar ranges on the north or east shores of the lake, where we have vast areas of rocks of the same geological formation. In fact, as I was able to point out, the mode of occurrence and the formation (save the jasper) is very similar to the deposits at Sudbury, though the iron in the latter case is a sulphide instead of an oxide. This latter fact alone served to magnify in my opinion the importance of the Sudbury deposits.

A description of the magnitude and richness of the above-mentioned Lake Superior iron ranges would, if justice were done to them, read almost like a romance. In 1890 they produced 8,893,146 tons, this quantity would represent a train-load of iron ore passing a given point about every twenty minutes, day and night, for twelve months.

Year succeeds year, and yet still we remain content with a half-hearted "iron policy," and import our iron and steel from England or from the United States, save a very small proportion which is manufactured in Nova Scotia.

The following figures speak for themselves. Those of Canada have been available only for the last few years.

PRODUCTION OF PIG IRON IN UNITED STATES.

	Net Tons.
1860	919,770
1873	2,868,278
1882	5,178,122
1890	10,260,000
1891	9,000,000
	Gross Tons.
1892	9,157,000

PRODUCTION OF PIG IRON IN CANADA.

	Net Tons.
1887	24,827
1888	21,799
1889	25,921
1890	21,758
1891	20,153
	Gross Tons.
1892	22,584

Last calendar year the United States produced 146226 of a gross ton of pig iron *per capita* of the population. In Canada last fiscal year we produced 4676 of a gross ton of pig iron *per capita* of our population.

In the United States they produce 405 times as much pig iron as we produce in Canada, and yet their population is only thirteen times that of the Dominion; or, in the United States each person has 31.27 times as much pig iron manufactured for him in his own country as he would have if he had lived in Canada.

This comparison is drawn not for the purpose of belittling the efforts of those amongst us who are striving to build up our metallurgical industries, but to invite attention to the disparity which is exhibited in the working results, and which no one can believe legitimately exists in the possibilities of the two countries.

It will be remembered that, as stated in the beginning of this article, we import per annum over twelve million dollars' worth of iron and steel, and manufactures of the same.

I shall, lastly, briefly touch on the question of market. I merely allude to home market, for what foreign demand might spring up for a superior grade of nickel steel, did we make it, I shall not attempt to predict.

The fact that I have pointed out that, *per capita*, there is 31.27 times as much pig iron produced in the United States as there is in Canada, seems to prove one of two things, either that there is a great deficiency in Canada that can be legitimately made up by smelting and manufacture, or that the average Canadian is lower in the scale of civilization than I believe him to be.

I think that if the matter were investigated, it would be found that Canada uses *per capita* as much iron and steel as the United States.

As to the amount of the consumption, nothing more disinterested can be quoted as authority than the geologi-

cal survey of Canada. In the report for the year 1887-88, page 37 of Part S, we find that "during the years 1886 and 1887 respectively there were imported for consumption into Canada the equivalent of 345,000 tons of pig iron and 283,000 tons of steel. If to this is added the amount of pig iron consumed as such, it will be seen that, excluding all the iron and steel entering into such highly manufactured articles as cutlery, surgical instruments, edge tools, machinery of all kinds, engines and many other hardwares and manufactures, there was a total consumption equivalent in pig iron in 1886 and 1887, respectively, to about 415,000 tons and 356,000 tons. If made in the country, this quantity of pig iron would represent to our makers at actual prices a value of about \$5,000,000; it would necessitate a yearly supply from Canadian iron mines of 1,000,000 tons of ore, and, before this ore could be melted into pig iron, and further made into the different mercantile articles of iron and steel, which are now imported, it would also require about 3,000,000 tons of coal."

Taking this amount, say 400,000 tons (which we must believe is constantly increasing from year to year), we have the product of 27 to 28 blast furnaces being used per annum in Canada. Yet it is often said by people who do not investigate these matters, that one blast furnace would glut our market. I take the basis of furnace output, the standard (from English furnaces) adopted by Mr. Bartlett, and alluded to in his evidence before the Mining Commission, page 398. Mr. Bartlett is the author of a book on the manufacture, consumption and production of iron, steel and coal in Canada. It may be added that he is one of the ablest and most authoritative writers on the subject in Canada, from the standpoint of both theory and practice, and his evidence contains an epitome of many of the most important facts and statistics bearing upon it.

In 1879, after I had been for some time at smelting works in North Staffordshire, I wrote an article, "A Few Words about Iron," in the *Canadian Monthly*. In it I pointed out that iron of the finest quality was being produced at that time in North Staffordshire for \$5 a ton, while it was costing \$20 a ton at Pittsburg to smelt a bessemer grade, prices in both cases, not including management, interest, etc. I then stated that I was at a loss to know how we in Canada were to build up our iron and steel industries under a smaller protection than the United States.

I have yet to be enlightened on that point, and the existing state of affairs seems to indicate that no satisfactory basis has yet been arrived at. It would surely be better to have no protection than a protection which is a tax on the consumer, and yet will not build up a national industry.

The expenses in connection with the establishment of smelting works are so enormous that without a policy which says "We ARE going to smelt our own iron and steel," little can be hoped for.

But once such a policy is adopted, whether by protection or by bonus, and the gigantic industries connected with iron and steel manufacture can be set running, we shall have taken an even greater step in the commercial development of our country than we took when we built the Canadian Pacific Railway.

There is not one blast furnace in the whole Province of Ontario, and yet she uses about \$6,000,000 worth of imported iron and steel. We have fine ore deposits, ample flux, and abundance of wood for making charcoal.

The whole province would be benefited by our smelting our own iron and steel. Iron ore occurs in so many parts that it is difficult to say

what portion of the province might not be directly benefited by mining, while the whole Dominion would witness a general renewal of prosperity.

The Government of the United States insisted that rails of American manufacture should be used where Government grants were given, and every country in the world, without exception, has adopted most extreme policies of protection and bonus to build up their iron and steel manufacture. The whole history of the world points to the fact that in every country the iron and steel industry has been fostered in its initiatory stages by extraordinary measures on the parts of the governments—by bonus or by protection. The reason is obvious; the expense of starting the industry (and the multitude of industries connected with it) is immense. The cases of the policies adopted in the United States, France, Germany, Belgium, Russia, Italy, etc., in this direction are too well known to need more than a mere allusion. Even *Free Trade* England built up her iron industries by such slight "revenue tariffs" as \$31.63 a ton on bar iron, if in British ships, but if imported in foreign ships, \$38.56; iron slit or hammered into rods, less than $\frac{3}{4}$ in. square, \$93.33 per ton; wrought iron not otherwise enumerated, for every \$486 of value, \$243.33 per ton; wire not otherwise enumerated, \$577.92 per ton; hoop iron, \$115.58 per ton, etc.

The experience in all countries has been that after the iron and steel industries were once created and supplying the national wants, the duties or bonuses were gradually reduced.

What we need is a *steadfast, determined policy* that we shall smelt our own iron and steel, and not be dependent on the rest of the world for our large supplies of these important materials.

THE CANADIAN GIRL.

An Appreciative Medley.

BY HECTOR W. CHARLESWORTH.

UNQUESTIONABLY the charm that lurks about Canadian girlhood differs little from the charm that girlhood in all ages and all countries has possessed. The enchantment that is upon Greek Homer's delicious tale of Nausicaa has been wafted down through the centuries like some rare and mystic perfume, and is exquisite and mysterious as ever in the English Hardy's pictures of girlhood to-day. The unrequited love of the maid with "a Pair of Blue Eyes" enchants as do the old stories of the dream maidens. The diaphanous charm of girlhood may perhaps for those who have sought a too intimate realization of it have faded, the enchantment vaped away, but still the poets dream on as always they did. In writing of Canadian girls I would not then be so rash as to claim any distinctively beautiful characteristics as peculiarly Canadian; and one is always recognizing in the literature of foreign countries some girl who seemed a Canadian—Heaven preserve us from the word some one tempted of the devil has made—Canadianne—pure and simple. True, some of the likenesses to be found are best kept to oneself; for there are a good many people who lack the humanizing faculty to understand one's discovering that some noble girl possesses the exact tendencies which, with environment propitious to that end, would make her such a Sappho as Daudet painted; but this process of tracing womanly tendencies leads as frequently to pleasant ends, and one is delighted to discover a Rosalind or a Desdemona among one's immediate acquaintances. Verily, all the heroines of romance are here in Canada.

Canada has produced no novelist with genius sufficiently strong and

penetrating to bring him fame. But the time for one is surely coming. Here is abundance of the material that enables the story-teller to enchant as well as to convince. The drama of human passion and sacrifice which seems to form the basis of all creative art is going on in our midst and awaiting the artist who will portray it. The Canadian girl is making sacrifices, dreaming dreams, breaking hearts, throbbing with passion, just as girls have been since the world began; and when the supreme simplifier springs up—Stevenson says that the great novelist is not he who depicts "life as it is," but rather one who makes a beautiful and simple exposition of one phase of life—on the advent of the simplifier, he will find a maidenhood glorious enough to tempt the brush of any artist. Perhaps the supreme simplifier whom Canada is to produce will be a woman.

We in Canada grow up so near to Nature that the little doings of men have somehow been viewed by our poets merely in relation to the vastness of Nature as we know her. The throbbing song of heartbeats is drowned by the music of trees and winds and many waters. Canada's people occupy a very small portion in the vast landscape of Canada herself, and no one cares to look too closely upon life while there is still so much of the green things of the earth to love. As a people we are yet callow; but in regarding the strong and independent womanhood who are to be the mothers of future Canadians, one cannot help feeling that he is justified in hoping for glorious things in the future.

What does seem to be the typical characteristic of Canada's girls is a sort of temperamental force which

belongs to all of them and which is full of promise to the nation. It has begun to show itself in many ways. We find in our women practical independence, strongly marked, combined with a demure regard for propriety and form, and partaking in no degree of the crude and vulgar revolt from restraint which begets the female stump orator. The Canadian girl is regarded abroad as a child of Na-

breeze. But Canadian girls are something more than irresponsible nymphs who are forever basking in the smiles of Nature. In addition to making religions for themselves, some are devoting considerable attention to the task of being "not like other girls."

Ah! this longing to stand apart from the throng; how a girl loves to imagine herself a new type, or an old type redivivus. A maiden will say ingenuously, "I am an old-fashioned girl." "An old-fashioned girl with modern tendencies, I should say," we reply. "No, I am simply old-fashioned,"—she insists. "But you analyse yourself, you know;" "I do not. There!" Many girls in Canada, and probably everywhere, are carried away by the craze of Marie Bashkirtseff, they are all deciding as to what sort of girls they are, usually before any of them have gone through any of experience's many crucibles.

The few girls who come to definite conclusions about themselves invariably decide at the same time that they are superior creatures. Heaven be thanked that though there are many girls who practise self-analysis, most of them learn that the only reliable way to find out about themselves is to live on and court experience.

It is said that the girls of the smaller cities of Canada are in danger of losing their frank charm through their anx-



MISS E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

ture. In the literary Mecca of New York she is always first of all "an authority on outdoor sports." At home she may have posed as an authority on Browning and Greek verbs, but to the editors at the point of gravitation she blooms forth as one who has shaken off some of the rusty shackles of social convention, and revels in the delights of sunlight and

iety to know life and grasp its problems. They are tackling the strong meat of "Therese Raquin," in revolt against the milk for babes, which has in the past been considered proper reading for the young person. It seems that the monotonous pleasures of the manufacturing towns are beginning to stale, and the girls have awakened to a desire to know what life is in

the centres, where the fierce breath of the multitude parches that which is fresh and beautiful, and that they are seeking such knowledge in the pages of the French novelists. These are not the old-fashioned girls. But we can gratefully reflect that these girls still retain the love of sun and air and freshness, and still cling to those outdoor pleasures which act as a balsam to a fevered mind. And, if like the old composers of sonatas, I may be



MISS JULIA ARTHUR.

permitted to go backward in the theme and tum-tum a little in the bass, I should call it the independence of temperament asserting itself in another guise. "Hey, dey," saith Mrs. Grundy, "you will be making excuses for profanity in the boarding-school, presently." Can it be that girlish independence is seeking this channel?

It is the strong, richly-colored beauty of the Canadian girl that is most delightful to contemplate. Beauty of form is more prevalent than beauty of face.

Here is a tall girl who reminds one of an exquisite tea-rose with a long, graceful stem. Her hair is touched with gold, her eyes are dark and warm, her face lights up with expressions that would fire a Raphaël or a Dante Gabriel Rossetti, to glorious flights of genius. Or another—a girl who is not so tall, and whose form is exquisitely rounded, whose hair is dark and silken, whose eyes in a moment of excitement are like a ray of sunlight in a glass of dark-red wine, whose cheeks are warm with the delicate hues of health. These are two contrasting types that are to be found in every social assembly in Canada, I think. Their forms are vigorous with a glow of health, and elastic with a sap of life. The expressions of the faces show more keenness of perception and general alertness than are characteristic of the English girl, and more health and magnetic glow than are possessed by the American girl.

A lively girl in boating flannels "bossing" a craft with feminine decision and crispness, is a pleasing vision and one often seen in Canada. To the reflective admirer of collective Canadian girlhood, she is all the more pleasing when she takes him for a sail and assumes supreme command. The Canadian girl shows a decided aptitude for commanding; there is none of the Anglo-Saxon belief that woman is the weaker vessel.

Woman's rights movements make small progress in Canada, because the Canadian woman gets what she wants without let or hindrance: because she has so many privileges, the right to vote on a subject in which she takes little or no interest seems not worth striving for. Canadian legislators are quicker to grant privileges to women than Canadian women are to demand them. The average girl possesses an impulsive force or magnetism that makes its conquests without strife.

It is this quality that is responsible

for the fact that, as enquiry has shown, the marriage of Canadian women to Englishmen seldom fails to result in a considerable measure of discontent and unhappiness, unless the girl has received her education abroad. Deep-rooted in the character of every English bred man lurks the idea that his wife is his chattel. "My wife, my horse, my dog," says he. In England it was once lawful to dispose of a wife by auction sale. Much of the common law of England is founded on the system of matrimonial barter practised by the Saxon ancestors of the English people. The common law awards commercial compensation to the Englishman for the loss of a wife's affections. So shrewd an observer as Max O'Rell has marked the subordinate position that an English wife occupies in the household; the English wife never fails either to educate her daughters to a state of submission. The wife-beaters are all Englishmen. In Canada our social and natural conditions have somewhat tended to entirely emancipate the girl from all degrees of subordination to her brother, short of mere physical supremacy. Perhaps the admixture of the liberality of the Scotch, the generosity and chivalry of the Irish, with the English customs, and the assimilation of the best social traits of many nations which is now going on in Canada, has had something to do with this happy result. The absence in Canada of rigid caste regulations, the diminution of that toadyism to superiors and tyranny to inferiors characteristic of England, and, above all, the freedom from restraint in education, has bred a Canadian independence and breezy self-reliance that assimilates poorly with the English desire to dominate. Miss Canada loves John Bull because he lets her alone. When, however, an Englishman marries a Canadian girl—very conscious, we may be sure, of the honor that the son of so glorious a nation is bestowing on a colonist—he is surprised to find that his wife is in the habit of asserting

herself with independence and good sense that are exasperating. All is well, if she is merely self-assertive to outsiders, but if she does not take kindly to a thoroughly subordinate position in the household, the quarrels attendant on matrimony in all countries are trebled in number, and bitter in the extreme. Seldom has there been a Canadian girl married to a man of English training who has not suffered many an unnecessary heartache in the early years of her married life. It is not that Englishmen are not all right at heart, but they do not understand



MISS ATTALLIE CLAIRE.

the sensitive pride of a Canadian woman; conquests that by a little sympathy could be made without strife become bitter fights at the introduction of a tone of command.

Turning of the channels through which the temperamental force of the Canadian girl has begun to show itself—I say begun, because the development along the lines of art has been almost wholly confined to the past ten or fifteen years—late years have seen the birth of a school of woman poets whose works show a breadth and virility unapproached by the woman-singers of the rest of the continent.

One of them, whose soul burned with passionate delight in the vigor and beauty and freedom of Canada and Canadian things, has already passed away. This was the late Isabelle Valancey Crawford, a poet whose fame among us came after her death; in the little work she left behind her are found passages so rich in color and warmth and beauty as to make the pale analytic verses of the magazine blue-stocking seem weak and colorless indeed. It is well-nigh impossible to secure a volume of Miss Crawford's poetry, and she is known solely through

A crane, belated, sailed across the moon :
On the bright, small, close-link'd lakes green
islets lay ;
Dusk knots of tangl'd vines, or maple boughs,
Or tuft'd cedars, toss'd upon the waves.

Or, turning elsewhere at random,
one finds something about

"Torn caves of mist, wall'd with a sudden gold,
Reseal'd as swift as seen—broad, shaggy
fronts,
Fire-ey'd and tossing on impatient horns
The wave impalpable—"

Miss Crawford's lines do not sound like a woman's at all. Her imagery is always grand and never grandiloquent; her lines burn pictures into the brain that cannot be forgotten, and in reading them one cannot help feeling that she wrote with a consciousness that her word-painting was for all time. Mr. Lighthall has regarded her in something the same light, for he suggests that her death in February, 1887, was caused by the fact that she received absolutely no recognition in her own country. And though her publisher is not of the same opinion, those who knew her say that she was one of those tensely-strung, highly sensitive organisms whom such matters would certainly affect. It is gratifying that such a tragedy would be impossible for a poet of her standing at the present time.

Miss Pauline Johnson has a heritage of aboriginal characteristics which make her the most Canadian of Canadian girls. Her work is so generally known as to require no quotation. In totally different tones, but with a breadth and force and freedom as notable, are the poems of Mrs. Harrison—"Seranus," the third of the women whose ringing notes have sounded forth with a national strength and beauty in the last decade. Her volume of song with its felicitous title of "Pine, Rose and Fleur-de-Lis," is well known. One of the strongest efforts in it is an ode to the memory of Isabelle Valancey Crawford, with whom she has much in common. But in addition to the richness of her songs of Nature, she has considerable passion



MISS CAROLINE MISKELL.

the selections incorporated in the "Songs of the Great Dominion." The gentlemen poets—many apologies for the phrase, sirs—in whom Canada is rich, have none of her dramatic forcefulness. She loved grandeur of the titanic description, and her passion for Nature in her richest colors was intense. She sings of

"A cusp'd dark wood caught in its black embrace
The valleys and the hill, and from its wilds
Spik'd with dark cedars, cried the whip-poor-will.

for humanity, especially for French-Canadian humanity, with all its romance and simplicity. Her songs of the habitant have a lyric clearness and a keen breath of life about them, inspiring as the songs of Beranger and the early Elizabethans are inspiring. And these three women, distinct individualities, unequalled in America for warmth and force, do not stand alone; there are many other women singers with the lyric freshness of expression, their songs flavored to a delicious but unclinging degree with color and enthusiasm.

The delicacy and strength woven in the exquisite mesh of Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald's poetry are as remarkable; and the force of this young lady, when she wrote as "Bel Thistlewaite," cannot be overlooked; she is a typical Canadian girl. There is Miss Helen Fairburn, of Montreal, as bright and as trenchant; while in a totally different key is the dreamy pantheism of Miss Helen Merrill, of Picton. A short lyric entitled "Sand Waifs," written on the celebrated sand dunes of Prince Edward county, and published obscurely in a work on that county edited by Miss Merrill, is characteristic and worth quoting:

Let me lie here so—with the sands of centuries
whirl'd round me,
Let me dream in the wind,
Of a time beyond all times ere the white sands
were sifted—
Swept ashore by the sea.

Let me dream—age follows age 'mid a whirl of
suns
And stars and moons—
Voices of strange men sound, and race after race
goes by
So follow the path of souls.

Let me lie here, so—I fain would dream always
On these white, eternal hills,
In gold-dripping suns and dead sands swirled,
Sifted and swept and swirled.

If this article aimed to comprehensively describe all the excellent things that the Canadian girl has done, the writer's task would be indeed vast.

One can but attempt to suggest the beauty and strength of Canadian girlhood that lies all around us. It would be folly to attempt to exhaust the list of Canadian women who have done things worthy of mention. The Canadian girl who has carried the fame of Canada's self-reliant girlhood into all countries is Mrs. Sarah Jeannette Duncan-Coates, the authoress of "A Social Departure" and "An American Girl in London." Her achievements are exactly typical of her nationality and training. She went around the world



MISS MARY KEEGAN.

and wrote a book about it as none else have done, preserving refreshing vitality and force, while at the same time never stepping across the line of good form and propriety. Other women of this continent have made the same journey and earned only a reputation for lack of femininity. Mrs. Coates, or it is more natural to call her Miss Duncan, with her crisp force is another of those striking girl-individualities that have sprung up during the recent period of rapid development.

To the stage, the realm which gives the opportunity for the most exquisite appeals to the imagination and finer instincts of humanity, the contributions of Canadian women have not been great in quantity, but the quality is excellent. It is not generally known that the greatest emotional actress native to this continent—the woman who, though she is now past her prime, can strike to the hearts of her audience with force that almost appals—is a native of Canada. I refer to Miss Clara Morris, whose mastery of pathos and womanly emotion is appreciated all over this continent. Her *Camille* has been debated upon, but is regarded unanimously as the most warmly-human portrayal of the character ever made by an English-speaking actress. Miss Morris went in her teens from western Ontario to Ohio, and shortly afterward appeared on the stage in the humblest capacity—for her educational advantages had been small. She was a ballet-girl for some time before her dramatic ability was discovered, and it is interesting to add that it was to Mr. McKee Rankin, another Canadian, that she owed the opportunity which advanced her to the position of one of America's greatest actresses.

Miss Julia Arthur, a native of Hamilton, Ontario, who with a short stage experience has become the leading lady of A. M. Palmer's Stock Company in New York, is another instance. She is an actress possessed of more dramatic force than any other leading lady in the American metropolis, except Ada Rehan. The free, broad manner in which she paints her effects, and her womanly incisiveness are particularly remarkable. She is a typical Canadian girl, well representing the type of finely-shaped face and spiritual expression often seen in Canada.

Miss Attalie Claire is a Toronto girl who with her voice and her personality conquered London. Her dramatic ability and breezy humor made her a popular favorite at once.

Another Toronto girl is Miss Edith

Kingdon, now the wife of the possessor of the late Jay Gould's millions. She left the stage at the very dawn of her artistic development; if she had remained she would now be occupying an exalted position amongst actresses. The story of the self-reliance and independence with which she actually forced her way into recognition is amusing and characteristic. Two younger girls who both have the "grip o' it," are Miss Caroline Miskel and Miss Mary Keegan. Miss Miskel is a representatively beautiful girl with a statuesque presence and great personal force. Her success in the twelve months she has been on the stage has been due to the typical Canadian ability to paddle one's own canoe; the same is true of Miss Keegan, who has not been heard in America yet, but who has, like Miss Claire, conquered London.

I hear it from New York that the Canadian girl approaches the metropolitan editor or the metropolitan manager with a womanly directness and independence that brings her what she wants without difficulty; this has been remarked in several American publications. The explanation is found in her ability to retain her good breeding and maintain her self-reliance. In art and music the story is the same, although the results are less remarked; perhaps Canadian women may still look to Madame Albani as their most noted exemplar, possessing as she does the most glorious voice that God has yet given to a woman of this continent. The lady artists have hardly yet begun to make their mark. But among them are numbered some of the most sympathetic painters in Canada, with an instance here and there of original strength and vitality. They will soon have outlived the purely dulcet period of creative art, and we can look to the future for some great achievements in this field.

It is to the future that we are all looking. The Canadian girl's position

and doings in the future are difficult to surmise. But she will rear noble sons for one thing, and that is even more important than voting. Her form, long-limbed, lithe and beautiful with health; her soul, strong and warm and human, will inspire the men of the future to noble things. Charles Mair, referring to Laura Se-

cord, sings, and we may quote his lines as appropriate to the Canadian girl of the present :

“ Ah ! faithful to death were the women of yore,
Have they fled with the past, to be heard of
no more ?
No, no ! Though this laurell'd one rests in the
grave,
We have maidens as true, we have matrons
as brave.”

A SONG.

Ah Endymion, thou art sleeping
Underneath the dreamy pines,
Where, by trembling branches broken,
Mystic moonlight ever shines ;
There the clouds like snowy billows,
Sweep across the swelling hills,
And the midnight song of slumber
Is the music of the rills.

Ah Endymion, youthful Hebe
Closes still thy misty eyes,
That they may not see the glory
Of the bending moon-lit skies,
Is it true that sweeter visions
Than of dreamy Latmos hill,
Radiant with light celestial,
All thy sleeping moments fill ?

Silent as through broken cloud-waves
Dian's glory softly shines,
I would come and kneel beside thee,
Underneath the dreamy pines.
By my hand should not be broken
Any bud of wood-bloom sweet,
Nor the lily's stem be bended
By the passing of my feet.

Ah Endymion, I am kneeling
In the moonlight white and still,
Where the pine-wood boughs are waving
On the dreamy Latmos hill.
Fain to call thee from thy sleeping
To a world as fair as this ;
Fain to break thy silent slumber
With the magic of a kiss.

—GERTRUDE BARTLETT.

IS CHOLERA COMING ?

BY PETER H. BRYCE, M.A., M.D., SECRETARY PROVINCIAL BOARD OF HEALTH,
AND DEPUTY REGISTRAR-GENERAL, ONTARIO.

EVER since the days of Hippocrates, the father of Medicine, those who have practised the healing art in Europe have told of a disease called cholera (from *χολη*, bile, and *ρεια*, to flow), characterized, as its name implies, by an effluxion of bile from the liver, and by causing a diarrhoea more or less acute. Until recently, medical writers have assumed that this severe disease so often spoken of must have been what is now called cholera Asiatica. There seems, however, much reason to doubt whether outbreaks of cholera Asiatica had ever been known in Europe before the present century, as history is silent regarding epidemics of the disease there. It is, hence, natural to suppose, as communication between Europe and India, the home of cholera Asiatica, was but slight before the advent of the present century, and then mostly only by the long sea voyage around the "Cape," that the epidemic which, starting in India in 1817, gradually pushed westward, reaching northern Europe in 1829, was the first occasion on which this Asiatic plague had ever shown its grim visage to the western world.

Hippocrates, in his treatise "De Aëribus," states that when the summer is wet diseases are of longer continuation, and that children are subject to convulsions and suffocation, and that men have dysenteries, diarrhoea and epial fevers, and therein illustrates what has long been recognised by physicians as the conditions under which cholera, *simplex* or *morbus*, has, if not its genesis, at least its opportunity to develop freely.

The frightful mortality, however, which attended the first epidemic appearance of cholera Asiatica in western

Europe speedily led medical observers to conclude that they had to deal with a plague whose coming and going was unknown; a disease "*monstrum horrendum, informe,*" and one before which medical science and experience appeared as helpless as were western arms against that whirlwind of destruction caused by Attila and his horde as they descended from the unknown steppes of Western Asia, conquering in their resistless march a large portion of modern Europe. Thus it was while that European physicians saw in many cases of cholera *Asiatica* symptoms and signs with which they were familiar in cholera *morbus* and cholera *infantum*, they soon recognized in this new disease one of those *mabadies fulminantes* which had only occasionally appeared in western Europe—as the plague in the fourteenth and seventeenth centuries. Unknown in its mode of transmission, seemingly as swift as the wind in its diffusion, sudden in its onset, and deadly in its attack, this disease had disarmed its victim by fear even before it made its fatal appearance. In a word, the people bowed before the mysterious visitant as to a scourge from the hand of the Almighty, and either prayed, hoping that the hand of the Destroyer might be stayed, or blasphemously bade him do his work—they meanwhile acting on the Epicurean maxim of "*Dum vivimus vivamus,*" or acted as others, of whom Boccaccio speaks regarding the plague in Florence, "Between these two rehearsed extremities of life there were others of more moderate temper, not being so daintily dieted as the first, nor drinking so dissolutely as the second, but used all things sufficient for their appetites,

and without shutting themselves up walked abroad—some carrying sweet nosegays of flowers in their hands, others odoriferous herbs, and others divers kinds of spiceries.”

Such, then, is cholera as it was known in its first appearance in Europe, in the epidemic extending from 1829 to 1837, the disease in the latter year dying out in every point over the immense territory which it had overrun during the period. Regarding this terrific explosion of the disease, we may use the trite maxim, “*Per aspera ad astra*”; for during this period sanitary science in England, its modern home, took its rise.

Through the efforts of a philosophic London lawyer, the late Sir Edwin Chadwick, some spasmodic sanitary investigations were made during this period as to the conditions of those parts of the city where the incidence of the disease was most severely felt, and, growing out of the need for statistics as an element in the enquiry, the work of collecting and registering vital statistics was begun in England in 1837.

The latter work has been continuous ever since, but with the disappearance of cholera in 1837 the public sanitary conscience became seared, and not until the next most severe epidemic of 1849, succeeding the typhus fever of 1847, was the English public aroused to the need of systematic health inspection under a permanent organization. Thus, in November of 1849 appeared the first annual report of the late John Simon, C.B., F.R.S., addressed to the City of London Council, he being the first Officer of Health for the city. Therein, in two remarkable papers, he dealt with the questions of “House Drainage and Water Supply.” Before this, indeed, sanitary committees had existed in many cities, and even in Canada comprehensive Health Acts had been passed after the cholera of 1832; but while their temporary enforcement may have effected something, sanitary progress

was impossible, so long as the view was held that cleaning-up became a necessity only when disease was actually present.

Such being the history in brief of cholera Asiatica as it has appeared to the western nations in this century, we may now properly refer to the disease in the place where it seems to have long existed, and where all modern epidemics of it have had their genesis.

All modern authorities seem agreed that *the home of cholera* is to be sought for in India, and perhaps more especially in lower India and the Indian Archipelago. Certain it is that at the present day cholera is endemic in lower Bengal, notably along the delta of the Ganges, and that, according apparently to the seasonal conditions of any year, it may tend to take on an epidemic character.

According to Deputy Surgeon-General Bellew, of the Indian army, who has written “The History of Cholera in India, from 1862 to 1881,” the disease appears in triennial cycles; but other observers fail to find sufficient evidence to sustain this theory. Certain it is, however, that it has periods of recrudescence, dependent partly upon atmospheric and seasonal conditions, and partly upon the movements of population. This is especially true as regards India, since time and again the annual fair at Hurdwar, a small town of 20,000 inhabitants, situated on the Ganges some thirteen miles from the point at which the Sacred River debouches from the defiles of the Himalayas, has been the occasion of outbreaks of the disease. Although the water of the river is very cold coming from the melting snows of the mountains, yet owing to its passage through a low-lying country abounding in dense jungles and swamps, it bears much suspended vegetable organic matter. For centuries the Ganges at this point has been viewed with peculiar veneration, and there yearly is held a fair or festival

to which pilgrims come from all parts of Hindustan for the purpose of bathing in its holy waters. Every twelfth year is a Kumbh Mela, and its festival is looked upon as a specially holy season. The sacred day is the 12th of April, and a bath at high noon of that day is held as being peculiarly auspicious. The details of the fair of 1892 may be illustrated by what occurred in 1867,—an epidemic year. The year 1866 was, according to Bellow, the first of a triennial cholera period. A number of outbreaks had occurred in different localities, but none was serious. The year 1867 was a Kumbh Mela, and some 3,000,000 people on the 11th of April were said to have been encamped on five square miles on the western side of the river at Hurdwar. No cholera practically had been reported in the camp up to that date—one or two persons only having died of diarrhoea. The bathing place was a space 650 feet long, by about 30 feet wide, shut off from the river by rails, which prevented the people getting into deep water. Into this space pilgrims crowded from morning to sunset. The water within this space was thick and dirty, partly from the ashes of the dead, brought by relatives to be deposited in the water of the river-god, and partly from the washing of the clothes and bodies of the bathers who were all decently, though lightly, clad. Pilgrims dip themselves under water three or four times, and then drink of the holy water whilst saying their prayers. The fakirs and traders had arrived on the ground for several weeks preceding the 12th, and having before that day performed their ablutions, were ready for business. On the 11th, there had been a down-pour of rain, and the water was loaded with organic matter, while the weather was hot and sultry. Nine cases of cholera were reported on the evening of the 12th. By the 15th, the encampment had disappeared. In the Punjab it was noticed that, in every large station

along the caravan routes, the first cases of cholera occurred in returning pilgrims. By the end of April in the Punjab alone 4,284 deaths had occurred, and by the end of 1867, 46,061.

This summary of the history of that serious outbreak of 1867 is practically a history of every epidemic outbreak of cholera we are acquainted with. Summed up, the conditions are, (1) some single centre or locality—a single specially filthy house, perhaps, where cases of cholera have been, it may be a year or more before, and where the germs of the disease have lain dormant in organic filth; (2) an atmospheric condition of moisture and heat, under which organic decomposition or microbic growth is specially rapid; (3) the reception into the system of the germs of the disease—or, as some are inclined to believe, even of the miasms produced by the free multiplication of the *spirillum* or germ of cholera in decaying organic matter—by ingestion of food or drink by one or more persons; (4) one or more undetected mild cases, before the conditions have been very favorable for its severer manifestations; (5) its dissemination by means of these first cases through the agency of the non-disinfected bowel discharges.

Experimental investigations have, within the past ten years, made the fact, already suspected, abundantly evident that the germs of cholera, whether within or without the body, possess in their very nature a capacity for rapid multiplication during a short period, under favorable conditions, much greater probably than the germs of almost any other microbic disease. It is thus an easy matter to understand that, with organic filth in abundance in cities, towns and villages, especially in some of the crowded cities of the Orient, where, as in Cashmere, the height of the genealogical tree, and the length of the line and the influence of a man's ancestry, is measured by the size and varied contents of the

kitchen *midden*, the presence of germs of any specific character is all that is necessary, when heat and moisture, the two other conditions for their rapid multiplication are added, in order that the outbreak of the disease should be of that severe and explosive character which marks an epidemic of cholera.

Not only in eastern countries, however, have cholera epidemics been marked by such characters, but outbreaks in Europe since 1832 up to the most recent Hamburg epidemic, have also signified their dependence upon the presence of organic filth for their rapid development.

With a better sanitary administration and a greater intelligence amongst the people, it is to be expected that epidemics of cholera in Europe will only take place in any serious degree when the germs of the disease find some specially favoring condition for their reception into the human system, and one not readily controllable. This one condition now known to be occasionally present in the large cities of Europe, is some polluted public water supply.

The Government reports of the epidemic in London in 1849 refer especially to the polluted public wells; and many instances of outbreaks in smaller centres were traced to the same source. Here and there localized outbreaks occurred; but in few places indeed, when the town water supply was protected from pollution did any very serious outbreaks occur. Indeed since 1866 cholera has never obtained a serious hold in Great Britain, in consequence of the great development of sanitary administration in all parts of the United Kingdom. This fact is neatly summed up in a sentence by the late Sir John Simon in his annual report for 1875:

“Briefly, then, if the constantly developing and constantly accelerating commerce between India and the rest of the world is not to carry with it a constantly-increasing terror of pestil-

ence, the safeguards, I apprehend, will consist, not in contrivances of the nature of quarantine to maintain from time to time more or less seclusion of nation from nation, but rather in such progressive sanitary improvements on both sides as will reduce to a minimum on the one side the conditions which originate the infection, and on the other side the conditions which extend it.”

Having then illustrated the conditions which generate an outbreak of cholera, and having described its methods of dissemination and extension to epidemic proportions, a word may be said regarding the disease itself. To most of the present generation in America and especially in Canada, cholera as a disease is known only as a name, or from a knowledge of its affinities to cholera *nostras* and cholera *infantum*. Since 1854, cholera *Asiatica* cannot be said to have existed in Canada except in one or two isolated and transitory outbreaks. The name, however, both from the recollections of it in the minds of people living during 1832, 1849 and 1854, and from present newspaper literature, is still sufficient to excite an interest and create apprehensions in the minds of the public, enough to make reference to its clinical phenomena a proper part of this article. Its first manifestations in any outbreak are, as those common to the beginning of an outbreak of any disease, usually of a mild and often of a misleading character. The conditions favoring it will not as yet have been present in their intensity. If beginning in early summer, the heat is not usually great, nor the decomposition of organic matters rapid. Hence, cases of diarrhoea and other forms of gastric and intestinal disturbance of perhaps more than ordinary frequency and intensity will be all that is observable. An occasional death therefrom may have taken place; but not until the incidence of sultry, moist weather will anything like an explosion of the disease take place. Then

cases suddenly become more numerous, and instances of sudden seizures will be reported. Such consist of attacks of vomiting and cramps, followed by intense diarrhœas of a specific character, marked by what is commonly referred to as *rice-water* stools. Sudden and extreme prostration follows, and death, in some cases, within a very few hours, marks the true nature of the disease. Some writers of authority, as Surgeon-General Bellevue, divide symptoms into three stages, viz. :

(1.) *Malaise*, attended by dyspepsia, with slight looseness of the bowels and more or less flatulence, indicating derangement of the functions of the liver and change in the character of its special secretion. This form of the malady occurs at all times and seasons, varying in intensity, especially in epidemic seasons. Owing to the prolonged duration of the exciting causes during epidemic seasons, it shows a tendency to increased severity of symptoms, notably under neglect or careless treatment of the body while in this state, as by improper food, exposure to the weather, fatigue, etc.

(2.) *Diarrhœa*, often spoken of as dyspeptic or bilious diarrhœa, or premonitory diarrhœa. Such is of course only an aggravation of the preceding symptoms, usually dependent upon sultry weather suddenly followed by cold, or as a consequence of the neglect or careless treatment of the earlier stage. During this stage there is usually but little fever, while the copious diarrhœa may be painless, and, though occasionally hæmorrhagic, often is accompanied by a sensation of relief which is hailed as a good omen after the preceding *malaise* and depression. Such hopeful feelings may, however, prove most fallacious, and, leading to a neglect of the disease, may result only in a fatal termination through the onset of the third stage of,—

(3.) *Cholera*. The word used in its restricted sense means an effluxion or flow of bile, and is by many writers made applicable especially to the

malignant form of the disease. This is characterized by the symptoms of serous or hæmorrhagic diarrhœa, with suppression of the action of the kidneys. Such malignant form of the disease may, during epidemic seasons, mark some cases almost from the onset of the disease, and without the premonitory diarrhœa; but such cases are almost invariably precipitated by special causes, such as errors or excesses in eating and drinking, exposure to dampness and night air, loss of rest, overwork, physical exhaustion, etc. Such attacks are commonly ushered in by hot and cold sensations, or fever and chills; these are followed by giddiness or faintness, with giddiness of the head, and a small, rapid and weak pulse, accompanied by a peculiarly depressing sense of oppression or sinking at the stomach, along with a nauseating headache. The features become suddenly pallid and pinched, quickly succeeded by a lividity and pervaded by an expression of alarm. The breath is chill and dank, the voice thick and husky, and the skin cold and clammy. Externally the body seems lowered in temperature, while internally in the abdomen, a burning heat and fever is present. Accompanying, or quickly succeeding these symptoms, vomiting is present, usually of an acrid, bilious character, while the characteristic diarrhœa of an excessive and watery character follows. With this may come relief from the cramps previously often present; but, if so, the latter are soon replaced by excessive cramps in the limbs, with extreme restlessness and distress.

Such, then, briefly stated, is the symptomatology of cholera in its more important features, and enough to fully indicate, in a popular way, the characteristics of the disease.

During the last several years, studies in many bacteriological laboratories have served to greatly elucidate the *modus operandi* of the virus of cholera. It is known that during the multiplication and development of mi-

crobes, they elaborate from food materials, and apparently give off, as by-products or excretory materials, certain substances. These, in the case of disease-producing forms, as of diphtheria, tuberculosis, etc., have been designated as toxins or poisons, and by their absorption through the mucous membranes of the respiratory and digestive tracts, are assumed to be the means by which the phenomena of disease are produced. Received into the circulation, they presumably attack special portions of the nerve centres, and, in the case of cholera, set up the irritations of the digestive tract already indicated, as well as producing paralyzing effects on the organs of circulation. Along the lines of these recent investigations we are likewise to look for those results, already in some degree obtained, whereby *vaccines* against these various microbic diseases will serve to rob them of their virulence, and to produce results as beneficent as those flowing from the wonderful discovery of Jenner for protection against small-pox.

Having dealt with the phenomena of cholera as a disease, and with the principal conditions which have marked its outbreak and epidemic appearances in the past, and in its native haunts, it becomes of interest to discuss briefly the prospects of its appearance in Canada during 1893. With the many escapes since 1854 of Canada and the northern States of the Union, although ships have time and again, even so late as September, 1892, brought the disease to our Atlantic coast, we might, off-hand, say that this evidence is sufficient to assure us that it will not this season gain an entrance through any of the many possible avenues of communication with Europe; and probably the results might verify such statement. The question, however, as a scientific one, cannot be so decided, and certainly no government, no municipal council, and no health officer could, recognizing their several responsibilities, though

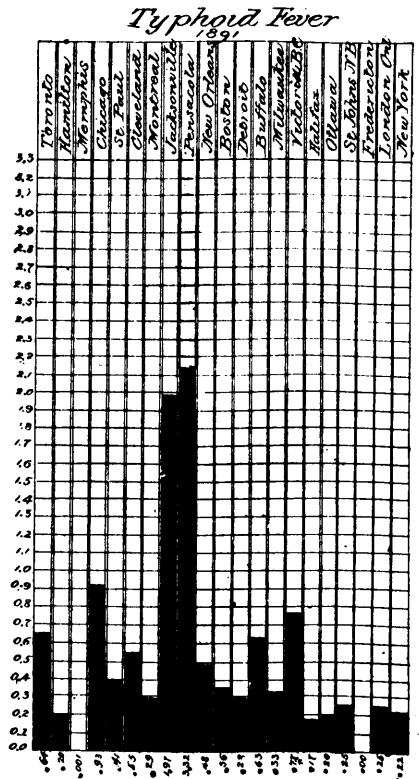
believing this, avoid the uncomfortable consciousness that the old proverb, "It is the unexpected that happens," might be illustrated in the present instance. In order, then, that we may clearly understand the problem, we have to remember (1) what conditions the dissemination of cholera; (2) to what extent does the disease at present exist in Europe; (3) what are the channels by which its progress westward may take place; (4) what degree of receptivity exists in the many crowded centres of population on this continent, and (5) what are the measures which are being taken in both Europe and America to oppose its spread.

We have already spoken of the point referred to in the first factor of the problem. With regard to the second, it may be said that the reports of the newspaper press, as well as the more accurate information received through medical and public health journals, indicate in the most positive manner that the disease had last autumn made its appearance in several hundred places in Germany, Austria, Holland, Belgium and France; that very imperfect information has shown its continued presence in many places in Russia during the winter, and its recrudescence within the last month in several centres from which emigrants are moving westward. Remembering, however, what conditions the epidemic spread of the disease, as regards temperature, it cannot be expected that cholera will, even if unopposed, make itself seriously felt in Europe till warm weather appears; although at date of writing, April 17th, telegraphic reports from Paris state the mortality there to be thirty per cent. in excess of the average, and that 150 deaths from cholera have occurred at Lorient, a town in north-western France. Regarding the third point, it may be said that the tendency of cholera to spread westward will be along the lines of continental commerce, especially in the matter of the transportation of emigrants from Russia and Eastern Ger-

many. This is principally by way of Hamburg, Stettin, Antwerp and Bremen, as seen in the fact that in 1891 some 190,000 steerage passengers sailed to New York from these ports alone.

With regard to the question of the receptivity of cities and towns in America for the germ of cholera—in other words, of the question of conditions favorable to its spread—one must speak with caution and discrimination. In many respects the cities of Canada and the Northern States are of recent construction, and are relatively free from the narrow streets, alleys and closed courts of the old cities of Europe. Air and sunlight enter houses in America to a degree unapproached in old continental cities and towns. Manufacturing is of comparatively recent development in America; population per acre, with a few exceptions, is relatively sparse; the streams have only in a few instances become polluted to a degree at all comparable to those of Northern Europe, and many cities have water supplies of first-class purity. The people generally have more intelligence, and submit with general readiness to health laws. In Canada, notably in Ontario, and recently in Quebec with its more recent provincial health organization, municipalities have developed rapidly, within recent years, a regard for municipal cleanliness, and a determination to have public water supplies of undoubted purity. If one is to judge, however, from the death rate per thousand from typhoid—and it is the only reliable criterion—the undeveloped state of municipal law, the lack of scientific knowledge of the dangers of pollution in the past and of the methods for protecting public water supplies, the system of annual elections, and the peculiar methods of municipal politics in American, and too often in Canadian cities, have, in many instances, enabled water works franchises to be given to companies, and to be constructed even by city fathers on a principle which has been

applied more to supplying quantity than quality.



This diagram illustrates, unfortunately, a fact, which in connection with the possible introduction of cholera, and its known intimate relations with polluted water, as seen in the Hamburg outbreak, does not make pleasant reading.

England has escaped, notwithstanding her extended commerce, since 1875, every European outbreak of cholera, and measures her freedom from danger practically by the quality of her public water supplies. At least one Ontario city may, with her record during the past three years from typhoid, lay these facts to heart and seriously ask herself whether, if cholera should unfortunately make its appearance in America, she can expect to keep free from its ravages.

The last point, referring to the

measures being taken to prevent the spread of cholera, is too large to admit of adequate consideration in this place. Germany has realized fully her danger, and Hamburg has not slumbered during the winter. A total of \$1,000,000 has been expended there since last summer for cholera purposes. Physicians, heads of families, shipmasters, etc., are required to report every case of suspected diarrhoea. Bacteriological examinations are made of the discharges from every suspected case for the germ of cholera. There are five cholera camps all equipped and ready for service, and, with the city hospitals, they have a capacity for 1,200 cases. All emigrants arriving at Hamburg for transport are said to be detained there several days for inspection, and all ships sailing for United States' ports have to have a clean bill of health before these emigrants are allowed to embark. A suspicious fact, however, and one requiring explanation, is the tendency seen on the part of certain shipping companies to bring these continental passengers into the United States *via* Canadian ports. It makes the necessity for most stringent quarantine at Canadian ports apparent. That much has been done at the great American ports during the past winter to prepare for cholera, is unquestionably true; but that New York, the great *entrepot*, is inadequately equipped for dealing thoroughly with the constant stream of importations there, is evident from the report of the Interstate Sanitary Conference held there on the 5th of the present month. The complaints recently made by the

Mayor of Halifax further show that a tendency to continue the old routine of *taking everything for granted*, is still evinced on the part of the quarantine authorities there; while the occurrence of two cases of small-pox on the 14th of April amongst immigrants by the SS Vancouver, in their passage to Manitoba *via* the Canadian Pacific Railway illustrates what may happen when summer comes. Much has, however, been done with a view to increasing the efficiency of the St. Lawrence quarantine, and with provision made for the routine disinfection of the effects and clothing of all immigrants, whether from infected countries or not, as required by an *Order-in-Council* published in the *Canada Gazette* of April 22nd, the Grosse Isle service will certainly do much to lessen any danger approaching Canada by that channel. Provincial and local boards in Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba, are showing commendable activity. Local sanitation, general cleaning up, cleansing or closing of wells and vaults, construction of isolation hospitals and disinfecting apparatus, greater attention to notification of infectious diseases by physicians, and an anxiety on the part of the individual public to avoid any possible causes of danger, all indicate that in Canada, cholera, unless it arrives in epidemic form from some cholera centre, which Chicago might readily become if the disease once got a foothold there, will be shorn in a large degree of those powers for evil which have made the name almost synonymous with Despair.



THE CANALS OF MARS.

BY S. E. PEAL, F.R.A.S., RAJINAI, SIBSAGAR, A-SAM, INDIA.

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the secrets of the rapid advance in all branches of industry and scientific research in our day, is the remarkable subdivision of labor. No man can hope to excel in all branches at once, still less to be an "admirable Crichton," and be equally well posted in all the scientific lore of our times. The "expert," by sticking to his particular branch, and partially ignoring others, wonderfully assists the general progress. But there are not wanting symptoms that this may at times be carried to an extreme, and the "Canals of Mars" would seem to be an instance where the astronomer might gain a little by noting the results of the work of geologists.

The question is one which involves the distribution of land and water on another globe, and hence does not interest the geologist on our own. Nevertheless, to the astronomer seeking a clue to the "distribution of land and water" on Mars, the latest discoveries of our geologists in this particular department, should have some interest. Yet, so far, one of the most remarkable discoveries in geology of recent times, which bears directly on this subject, seems to have escaped notice, *i.e.*, the permanence of continents and ocean basins. Formerly, it used to be supposed that our terrestrial ocean beds and continents had frequently, or at least occasionally, changed places. Or, as Tennyson expresses it:

—“Oh, earth, what changes hast thou seen !
There where the dull street roars hath been
The stillness of the central sea.”

For instance, our chalk was formed at the bottom of some former Atlantic: thousands of fathoms below the surface of our widely isolated oceanic islands, are the summits of vast ranges, on continents now submerged.

All this is now changed, not suddenly, but as the slow outcome of recent geological discovery and researches begun in the days of Charles Darwin, who was one of the first to notice that all true oceanic islands are volcanic. Neither on their surfaces, nor yet in the ejected *débris*, do they ever show a trace of stratified rock, though the latter is so often seen in the *ejecta* of terrestrial volcanoes on continents, or in shallow seas.

Mr. A. R. Wallace, in "Island Life," at page 330, says that "during the whole period of geologic time, as indicated by the fossiliferous rocks, our continents and oceans have, speaking broadly, been permanent features of our earth's surface." At page 150, he says "there is the strongest cumulative evidence, amounting almost to demonstration, that for all known geological periods, our continents and oceans have occupied the same general position they do now." Regarding the great ocean floors, Mr. J. Murray tells us that "the results of many lines of investigation seem to show that in the abysmal regions we have the most permanent areas of the earth's surface"—vast plains at a depth of about three miles, covering 8-16ths of the globe, which are subject to slow, steady subsidence; the shallower seas, covering 3-16ths and continents 5-16ths, being fluctuating regions.

Professor J. Geikie, in his address to Section E (Geography) at the British Association, (*Nature*, Aug. 11) said: "We must admit that the solid crust of the globe has always been subject to distortion, and this being so, we cannot doubt that the general trends of the world's coast lines must have been modified from time to time by movements of the lithosphere." It seems to be the general opinion that

SOUTH.



NORTH.

THE SUPPOSED CANALS OF MARS, AS OBSERVED BY SCHIAPARELLI.

the configuration of the lithosphere is due to the sinking in and crumpling up of the crust on the cooling and contracting nucleus. According to Professor Winchell, the trends (of the great world ridges and troughs) may have been the result of primitive tidal action. He was of opinion that the trans-meridional progress of the tidal swell, in early incrustive times, on our planet, would give the forming crust structural characteristics and aptitudes trending north and south. The earliest wrinkles to come into existence, therefore, would be meridional or sub-meridional, and such is certainly the prevailing direction of the most conspicuous earth-features. So far as geological research has gone, there is reason to believe that these elevated and depressed areas are of primeval antiquity, that they antedate the very oldest of the sedimentary formations. We may thus speak of the great world ridges as regions of dominant elevation, and of the profound oceanic troughs as areas of more or less persistent depression. Our globe is a cooling and contracting body, and depression must always be the prevailing movement of the lithosphere.

In regard to the cause for the persistent subsidence of ocean floors, M. Faye points out that "under the oceans the globe cools down more rapidly, and to a greater depth, than beneath the surface of the continents. At a depth of 4,000 metres, the ocean will still have a temperature not remote from zero Centigrade, while at a similar depth beneath the earth's crust the temperature would not be far from 150° C.

The great areas of subsidence and upheaval on our earth are very distinctly marked out by a lobed and meridional arrangement, due, as Professor G.H. Darwin thinks, to tidal rupture in early stages of crust formation—a view also put forward by Professor A. Winchell. There can be little doubt that these great recent discoveries, when taken together, give us the clue to

the cause for the present distribution of land and water on our earth. They are the results arrived at by our greatest geologists and mathematicians, and should, therefore, be of the highest value to all who desire to study or interpret the permanent features of other globes.

Tested by our moon, we find them borne out in the most remarkable manner. The steady, slow subsidence of the lunar *marea* or seas, is beautifully evidenced in the arrangement of the vast crevasses or fractures of the crust, called "clefts," in regard to which Mr. A. C. Ranyard in *Knowledge*, Sept., p. 173, says: "The evidence brought forward by Mr. Peal, with regard to the general subsidence of the great lunar *marea*, seems to me conclusive." And the evidence of pronounced meridional arrangement is equally clear. From Walter to Cassini, we seem to have evidence (of several kinds) of the existence on the prime meridian of a vast "meridional shoal," or submerged continent, (possibly the cause for the real libration), bordered on the east by Mares Nubium, O. Procellarum and Imbrium, while on the west we see Nectaris, Tranquilitatis and Serenitatis, each series having a meridional arrangement, and having towards each limb the well-known N. and S. series of vast walled plains. The great Sirsalis cleft, 400 miles in length, is a huge meridional anticlinal fracture of the crust. So that on our satellite, these two fundamental features are equally seen to be structural characteristics, and the slow persistent subsidence of ocean floors, together with the meridional arrangement of the land and sea areas, due to tidal distortion, or rupture, in the early stages of crust formation, are common features of the earth-moon system. But on Mars, which has no large satellite, and whereon the effect of solar tides, according to Professor Darwin, is "inconsiderable," one of these two features is practically absent, the result being a totally different

distribution of land and water. There is a conspicuous absence of large equatorial oceans, placed meridionally as our Atlantic and Pacific, and in lieu of them we see an equatorial girdle of land masses, and only two oceans, one on each pole.

This peculiar arrangement, there can hardly be a doubt, is due to the following causes: Firstly, that on Mars, the earlier phases of crust formation began at the poles, and, as time went on and further condensation took place, these sites became sea basins. By the slow subsidence of the floors of these polar oceans—which would be the coldest and densest portions of the crust—the emergence of the equatorial land-girdle would at last follow as a natural consequence. Secondly, the comparative continuity of this latter, again, would be assured by the absence of a large satellite, causing tidal rupture, as in our case, solar influence being, as Professor Darwin says, “inconsiderable.”

Thus the two features so conspicuously seen, as influencing the distribution of land and water on our earth, *i.e.*, permanence and subsidence of ocean floors, together with tidal distortion, inducing a sub-meridional arrangement, would seem to be valuable aids in interpreting the distribution of land and water on Mars. The above would account for the two polar ocean basins, the peculiar land-girdle about the equator, and lastly, for its being more or less intact, and not cut up by large water spaces or oceans.

But though “inconsiderable,” the solar influence would yet cause limited tides, a little before, during and after the equinoxes, and also tend to cause an “overspill” from one basin into the other, when one of the poles was turned towards the sun. Such tide-water, passing across the equatorial land-girdle, by the lowest levels, would cause channels or “canals,” which the “bore” would tend to straighten, especially if in alluvial strata.

At the equinoxes the tides would, during the daytime, be drawn up the canals, from *each* polar basin, on to the equatorial regions by solar attraction, the return flow taking place at night.

Thus, even with but limited tides, the effectual circulation of the water on Mars would probably much exceed that seen on our earth, and its heating by the solar rays, to a large extent, daily, in the tropics, be greater than with us.

The circulation of this heated water in each polar basin might well account for the smallness of the “polar caps,” the network of canals across the equator acting as an efficient water heater, mitigating thereby the rigors of the arctic and antarctic climates.

The occasional duplicity of the canals may possibly be due to the presence in them of a series of islands, like the sand “churs” of the Brahmaputra. This river is very seldom indeed found to flow in one channel, and some of the islands of more permanent nature, like the “Majuli,” or middle land, are 130 miles long by 10 to 20 broad. From an elevation of 20 or 50 miles, in fact, this river would undoubtedly present the appearance of a series of long loops. The singular feature of the whole case is, that, so far, there appears to have been no reference to the above, as a possible solution for the peculiar distribution of land and water in Mars, in any astronomical publication. But if the geological axiom of the permanent subsidence of ocean floors, so clearly seen on our earth (and moon) also applies to Mars, we can see at once that the completeness of the equatorial land-girdle is due to the absence of tidal rupture by a large satellite, and also an intelligible reason for the origin of the “canals” as *tideways*—open to the polar basins at each ends.

(Paper read before the Astronomical and Physical Society of Toronto.)

A TRIP AFTER BARK IN NORTHERN ONTARIO.

BY THOMAS C. BIRNIE.

AS MANY know, birch-bark is a very important thing among Indians and hunters; especially in a country that abounds in lakes and streams. With it they make many useful things, but above all, their canoes, which are as useful to the hunter of the woods as the horse is to the hunter of the plains.

The bark of the birch, like the bark of most trees, peels best in June. But the Indians, when they want a supply, generally put off getting it until July, on account of the bears. June is the month in which the bears mate, and though the Indian, at most times of the year, is only too glad to meet with bears, yet he knows that both bears and wolves, in places where they are numerous and have collected in large numbers, are dangerous at their time of mating. This is especially so with bears. They go tearing about the woods, often fighting with each other, and, absorbed as they are, neglect seeking their food, and often get very hungry. The she one, too, feels very important, attended by so many rugged gallants, and will attack indiscriminately everything she meets; and the he ones, anxious to secure her favor, eagerly back her up, making it very dangerous to meet with a herd at such a time, and the Indians are careful to avoid their haunts at this season of the year.

But June had passed, and we hoped the bears had become less savage, and as our two Indian friends, Wig-e-maway and Nan-e-bo-tho, were about starting for a supply of bark, Ned and I thought we would join them, for we wished to see the part of the country they were to visit, having some thoughts of starting a hunting and trading station there the following

fall. It must not be thought that the right kind of bark can be got any where about the forest: sometimes the Indians go hundreds of miles for it, and the place to which we intended to go was very distant. It could have been got nearer, but getting it nearer would require an overland journey, and the longer distance was the easiest, as it was by water, with the exception of a few portages we would have to pass.

Our route lay up a river—the Maw-e-net-e-che-mon, the name signifying, "They chased him with a canoe." And here our Indian friends told us one of their lingering traditions of the terrible Iroquois. And it is very pleasant to travel up a wild river with an Indian, whose confidence you have gained, and who is well acquainted with the traditions of his tribe, and the past and present history of the place. The language of the Indians is very expressive, and enables them to give a concise name to a place, describing its character, or any incident connected with it; and many a place is marked with a name which makes it a Gettysburg or Waterloo to them. This makes a trip up their wild routes, with an intelligent Indian for a companion, a very enjoyable one.

Now you come to a falls: it is "The place where Big Otter sleeps." Big Otter was an Indian hunter, who, in the excitement of the chase, ventured too far, and was swept over these falls, and, as is the Indians' custom in such cases, when they find the body, they bury it near the place. You go and take a look at the lone grave. It is a lonely spot, but when you think of the human bones you have seen tossed about by rude and careless workmen, or carted away from some cemetery

that has become too valuable to let the dead rest there in peace, you think Big Otter sleeps well beneath the pine trees, with the wild, free winds singing a requiem in their tops.

Or you come to a wild, rocky lake, amidst whose yawning chasms the storm wind shrieks and howls, while the echoing thunder reverberates from rock to rock. It is "Lake Ween-daw-goo"—"the dwelling-place of the spirit of the thunder-storm." You must pass it reverently, or the spirit will come, enveloped in dark clouds, lashing the waters into fury, and roaring and shooting fire at you.

Or, as you paddle along, you come to a creek of dark, polluted water slowly oozing out into the river from a small lake of a very dreary and desolate appearance. Some grim rocks and bare sandhills are seen, but the Indians tell you no living thing is found in its waters, or anything verdant seen about its shores. It is "The place of death." Whatever we may think of the Indian from the degraded specimens we have seen of him, it is literally true that he "sees God in clouds and hears Him in the wind." To him "millions of spirits walk the earth both while we wake and while we sleep," and though they may not be spirits that correspond with our ideas, to him they are realities, surrounding him on every hand. Left to his own communings in his lonely wanderings amidst the mysteries of nature, everything around him is alive with the invisible and every odd-looking thing he sees is the home of some spirit, ready to do him good or do him harm. It is no wonder, then, that such a place as this excites his superstition and becomes the abode of an evil spirit, or that his fancy has supplied it with one coming down in the traditions from long ago.

They tell you that long ago this part of the country was the residence of a celebrated pow-wow (medicine man), noted for his skill, and feared and hated for the way in which he used it. A number of the Indians, at different

times, had suffered through his influence with the evil one. At last, Shaw-wun-e-ge-lihik, a much-loved chief, sickened and died of a disease mysterious to the Indians. Suspicion was at once fastened on Wah-wun, the pow-wow, and in a secret council the Indians resolved to put him to death. Stealthily they crept up to him in the dead of night, and, pouncing on him, secured him before he could get his medicine bag (they think the potent spell lies hidden in it), and brought him before the chiefs and old men of the nation, who condemned him to be burnt to death for sorcery. Poor Wah-wun, naturally bitter and vindictive, had his evil passions aroused by such barbarous treatment, and while the flames were gathering around him, true to his character, he bequeathed to them his curse. He said: "May the evil spirit curse you. May your hearts be faint in time of battle, and your scalps ornaments in the wigwams of your enemies. May the evil mind that dwells in the marsh light on you and blast your corn, blight your children and kill your game," and then Wah-wun's spirit went off in a black cloud and settled down here, lived here and has ever since remained, trying to put his curse into execution.

Thus we journeyed on, sometimes passing through lakes wild and rugged-looking, while others were beautiful as fairy-land, crowned with lovely islands, the shores lined with park-like plains, beneath which lay smooth, sandy beaches, and where, in the distance, might be seen the stately moose, or the lonely bear, as it paced its solitary way in search of some new feeding-ground.

Then, again, we would pass up some quiet stretch of the river, where the water animals, attending to the wants of their young, would enliven the scene. Thousands of birds along the banks made the woods vocal with their joyous songs; and it seemed very strange to meet with the companions of your childhood's home in such a

place as this. You expected to see wild and savage creatures. It is nothing to see the bear or the wolf. But to see the darling little humming bird that flitted about the honey-suckle that entwined your mother's door, or hear the sweet song of the robin that gladdened your childhood's days, seemed strange indeed; but it was all very pleasant. And so was the paddle against the swift-flowing rapid, and the camp by the waterfall, whose never-ceasing murmur soothed you to rest.

Passing on, we came to a great wild rice marsh, where thousands and hundreds of thousands of wild geese and ducks were congregated, many of them with broods of young ones. Some of these marshes are of vast extent, and are the favorite resort of innumerable water-fowl. It is well known how anxious the migratory birds are to return to the north, and, no sooner does the spring open up a spot of water, than geese and ducks begin flocking to it, and before the ice and snow are all gone, thousands may be seen together in flocks, presenting a scene of life and joy greatly in contrast with the dreary aspect of the place a few weeks before. Here they breed and multiply, luxuriating in the plenty and security of their wild northern home, at first living on the old rice still lying in the water, and the succulent grasses which soon start to grow in it. But it is not until the rice begins to ripen that they revel in the abundance which is spread around them. Then the young ones have learnt they have wings, and seem delighted to use them; the old ones, too, seem to know the necessity of their young being practised for their long coming flight, and morning and evening flocks numbering thousands and tens of thousands may be seen flying from one part of the marsh to another. But, though they are preparing for their long journey, they are in no hurry to leave, and it is only when the ice begins to close in the rice-fields,

they show uneasiness, which is a sign they are about to depart. And after marshalling their hosts—sometimes a number of broods together, sometimes only a single one—they rise up above the obstructing trees and hills, and wing their way to the sunny south.

Nor alone to the wild geese and ducks is the wild rice marsh a prize. The Indians, too, value it very highly, not only as a game preserve, but also for the rice, of which they are very fond, and often gather it and store it away for winter's use. We read of the inhabitants of the Nile sowing their crops from boats, but here we may see the harvesting done in canoes. The rice grows in the water and the Indians sail through it, bending the heads of the rice over their canoe, and threshing it out with their paddles, the grain falling into their canoe.

They have two methods of preparing it. One is to simply dry and winnow it; in the other, which involves a great deal more labor, they roast it in their kettles, and then pound it in a mortar. The last method makes it much the better, as it takes the black skin off and makes it a very palatable dish, not only relished by the Indians, but in places not too distant where it is sometimes brought, the whites readily buy it for three dollars a bushel.

The rice-gathering is often a time of merry-making, and makes a picnic which others than Indians would greatly enjoy. Happening at a time of the year when the forest is thoroughly enjoyable, men, women and children have a happy time. The "lords of creation" go off shooting geese and ducks, while the women are busy attending to the rice. The boys and girls do pretty much as they please, and, like white boys and girls, some of them are too lazy to do more than lounge around, while the more industrious ones either help their mothers or go with their fathers and take their first lesson in the hunter's art, while some few of the boys, who are yet to become the noted

hunters of the tribe, strike out for themselves, and if they are lucky enough to return at night with a wild goose hanging at their girdle, which they have captured with their bow and arrow, they become the heroes of the hour, and rightly so, for they have achieved a difficult task. But all seem very happy, feasting on ducks and geese, and enjoying their "outing" quite as much as their pale-faced brethren could do.

After a rather tiresome paddle over the tortuous course of the river in its windings through the marsh, we came to a falls, which the Indians call "Re-che-wa-saw-qua-sing—The place that can be seen from afar." Here the river tumbles over a ledge of rocks, one may say, right into the marsh. A swell in the ledge of rocks divides the river, and causes it to flow over in two channels. On the little island thus formed, an immense pine tree towers aloft and makes a very prominent land-mark that can be seen from afar. And, probably, what has impressed these lone travellers more deeply, you come within a few miles of this tree hours before you reach it. Indeed, at once place you are nearer to it than you are an hour later, though you may have paddled hard all the time, a bend of the river sending you very far out of your way.

Leaving here after a short day's paddle, we reached a beautiful basin, a little below a lake. Here we camped, and, as it was Saturday night, and we intended to remain until Monday, we made a little extra preparation for our comfort. Our two Indian friends had left us and gone on to the lake, where they had an uncle by the name of Me-no-ma-na living, and where they intended spending the next day. They gave us an invitation to go with them, assuring us of a hearty welcome, but we said we would rather remain where we were, but would call up and see their uncle the next day; and they, knowing the next day was one we held in respect, importuned us no further.

After they had gone and we had made preparations for our stay, we took a stroll about the place. It was a lovely evening and a lovely spot to enjoy it. The basin is a very pretty one. The land on the side upon which we were encamped ran back for a quarter of a mile or more, nearly level. No fallen trees or brush lay on the ground, and there was very little undergrowth, but enough of small pine trees grew scattering about to make a grateful shade. The ground was covered with a carpet of many-colored mosses, which gave the whole place the appearance of a fine park. The other side was high; hill after hill rose up till the last was lost in the blue distance. At the lower end of the basin, a curiously-formed cliff of rocks rose up, garlanded with twining plants. It was a place one might expect to find associated with a legend, and the Indians tell a story very much like one we have all heard about other places, of a beautiful maiden who threw herself from this rock. Sometime after dark we saw a light coming down the river a little distance from the shore. It was a son of Me-no-ma-na hunting deer with a light.

When the weather becomes hot and the water warm, deer often flock to it to paddle about in it, and feed on the water-plants, especially in places where the flies are bad; and the Indians then often slaughter them in great numbers. They attach two clapboards, eight or ten inches wide and about eighteen inches long, to a staff, one in a horizontal, the other in a perpendicular position, and then fasten the staff, like a little mast, in their canoe. They place the torch—a cotton rag twisted and saturated with turpentine,—or, if not able to get that, a piece of very resinous pine wood—on the horizontal board, thus making a kind of dark lantern, which enables them to see anything ahead of them, while they and their canoe are hidden in the darkness. A dark

night is best, and it must be calm, not only to keep the light from blowing out, but to prevent the scent of the boatman being carried to the deer. Then, a person can approach very near a deer standing on the water's edge, so near that I have known the animal, when fired at, in its sudden consternation to spring right on the canoe. Before you get used to it, it seems very strange to see a wild deer standing in open view, gazing at you without offering to move, while you sail up to within a few feet of it.

This is an easy method of hunting deer, but one that does not bring much credit to the hunter. When the Indians wish to speak contemptuously of one, they say "he hunts with a light."

The next day we went to see our friends' uncle. We found him located on a beautiful lake, and living in a snug little log house, with potatoes and other vegetables growing around him. We thought it a hunter's paradise. Here he was surrounded with game, and when he wanted a deer, all he had to do was to put a torch in his canoe, or call out his dogs, when one would soon be got; or, if he wanted a partridge, or a duck, it was to be found at his very door; or fish, the lake was full of them. In the trapping time, the surrounding country was full of fur, and we could not help wondering why so few Indians adopted his plan of life. The red men, like ourselves and the "gulls and crows," like to flock together and gather into settlements, where necessarily the game becomes scarce for miles around.

Poor Me-no-ma-na was in trouble. He was a pow-wow, and we found him with a hawk's skin fastened to the wall, busy chanting and beating his drum to it, invoking its aid to save his son, a young man of seventeen or eighteen, who lay on a mat near by, apparently far gone in consumption. When we came in, he ceased his weird music, and knowing how these things appeared to us, with natural good

breeding he apologized, telling us not to mind, but he had to do something to try and save his son. To some the scene might have appeared absurd, if not ludicrous; to us it did not, for we felt he only voiced the wail and the weakness common to humanity in the presence of death, and the hawk's skin to the Indians is no more than the images and pictures in some of our churches are to us, and to which some of us bow down; for hawk skins to them, as the images and pictures to us, only represent the unseen spirit which lies beyond our ken.

It may be thought their pow-wows are a set of impostors who deceive their brethren, but this is not so. The pow-wows and other Indians believe it a gift from their mun-e-doo, or gods; or rather that some god has taken them into its special favor, and when that god has made itself known by appearing to them in their dreams in the shape of some beast, or bird, or reptile, they procure the skin of that creature, and drying it, put it in their medicine bag, and ever afterwards, when they seek their protector's help, they hang the skin up, and appeal to it.

Out of respect to poor old Me-no-ma-na and his trouble, we did not stay long, but, promising to meet our friends there early next morning, we returned to our camp.

The Indians have a burying-ground here, to which the different hunting parties, from far and near, bring any of their number who happen to die when out on their hunting trips. Towards evening we paid it a visit. Their manner of making their graves is very tasteful, considering their rude means, and looks quite picturesque in the lovely places they often choose for the last resting-place of their friends. They heap up the ground over the grave as we do, then place four small logs of wood around the border, and roof it over with clap-boards split from the cedar tree; and then enclose the whole with a fence formed from logs

of wood of about an equal size, standing endwise and made even at the top. At the head of the grave they drive down a stake, hewn smooth on the inside, and on it paint figures descriptive of the person who lies beneath. Some of these figures are very striking and beautiful. We noticed one tiny grave, and on the stake a blossom, broken and hanging down, was painted—a most appropriate emblem of the dusky little darling who lay beneath.

After our walk, we sat down on the bank of the river to enjoy the fine prospect before us. Before long a large buck, which had taken to the river to escape the wolves, came swimming past. As he floated by he was a tempting sight, with his large, spreading horns, and had it been another day our hunting instincts might have been aroused, but as it was we let him go in peace.

After the sun went down, the water animals of different kinds came from their hiding-places and commenced their gambols and their search for food. We watched them till it became too dark to see; then we repaired to our camp, spent a while in conversation, and retired to our humble but sweet bed of cedar boughs to sleep.

The next morning the wind threatened to be ahead, and, as we wished to get across the lake before it blew hard, we started shortly after day-break.

When we reached the old pow-wow's, we found our friends ready and waiting for us. After two hours' paddling we reached the other side of the lake, with appetites sharpened for our breakfast.

After breakfast we entered a large creek which ran through a low, rich flat, covered with rank ferns and umbrageous elms and soft maples. Deer frequented these flats in large numbers and had well-beaten paths running in different directions. And along with the tracks of deer were the tracks of wolves. For in any place, especially attractive to deer, there, too, are sure to be wolves. And as we passed along, more than once

our ears were assailed with the low, mournful howl of a wolf strayed from the pack, or the more dismal yells they make when banded together. But we did not wonder to find wolves plentiful, for not only the paths told us deer were numerous, but every little while, as we passed round a bend of the winding stream, a deer would bound off with a snort, perhaps not twenty feet away. We nearly ran on top of one which was lying in the water hiding from the wolves.

When one looked into this wild flat with so thick a covering of wide spreading trees and dense undergrowth, he felt it was a perfect lair for wild beasts, and as he listened to the dismal yell of wolves he was ready to wonder how deer could willingly frequent such a place. But, strange as it may appear, deer are not disturbed at the voice of their enemy; when a little distance off, in fact, they do not seem to know what it is, and men may shout and wolves howl within thirty or forty rods of them without giving them much concern. Yet deer are quick, remarkably quick, to distinguish between the falling of a branch or the noise of the trees shaken by the wind, and the breaking of a stick by being trodden on. To the first sounds they pay no attention, while the last sound puts them on the alert at once, and yet the report of a gun or the sharp shout of a man, at equally close distances, gives them no alarm. It is true it attracts them, and is often used by the hunter to stop them when they are passing on the run, but it is their curiosity, not their fear, that is aroused. It would seem that nature provides them with an instinct that helps to secure them from immediate danger, while it leaves them free from the distressing fears a real knowledge of their situation would inspire. This is a merciful provision, and it enables them to enjoy their life while it lasts. Then, nature has taught them that water is a refuge from their great enemy the wolf; and, when they are pursued, to it they run,

and if a lake is within reach they are safe. A river, unless a large one, affords them less security, for the wolves, if hard by, will follow down the stream on both sides and often get them in the end; though sometimes they catch a tartar in so doing, for if the deer is a large one, and it comes to a shoal, it will remain there, and if the wolves come out to it and the water is not too shallow, the deer will defend itself so dexterously with both hind and fore feet that the would-be destroyer often becomes the destroyed. They will also flee to a creek when hard pressed, though that is not often of much avail. Yet even here they sometimes baffle their pursuers; for nature has endowed them with a good deal of cunning, and they use many devices to hide their scent, not only lying under water with their noses alone sticking out, but sometimes finding their way under an overhanging bank, in order to reach which they must have wholly submerged themselves; and, last of all, if they are annoyed too much, they entirely desert the place, and seek another where they can find more peace. So, we see, the yell of the wolf as it resounds in some dismal swamp, is not as terrible to them as might be supposed.

These flats extended for eight or ten miles, and were the resort not only of bears, deer and wolves, but, what pleased us more, we saw numerous signs of beaver, otter and mink as we passed along, and as we were nearing our destination, we hoped to have some fun as well as profit among them at some future time.

Farther on, the land turned higher, and soon evergreens lined the banks of the stream. Here we saw numerous signs of bears, some of them of very recent origin. The signs grew more and more plentiful as we passed along, showing that the bears had had a high time here a few weeks before, and our Indian friends congratulated themselves on having put off their trip as long as they had.

Bears have a curious habit in their mating season, of reaching up and biting the evergreen trees along their line of march, and tearing off the bark. Some of the Indians call it their "blaze," or mark. They say the he-bears, now and again, as they march along, stand on their hind legs, and, reaching up as high as they can, bite the tree, as a sign to any bears that may follow, as much as to say, "If you can reach that, it may be safe for you to follow, but if not, you had better stay behind." Others, not quite so imaginative, say it is to clean their teeth; but as they only do it at this time of the year, I think it is because they like the taste of the sap, which flows copiously under the bark at this season. Or it may be from some propensity such as makes a cat scratch a chair or table leg, or a dog, at certain times, scratch up the ground—the cause of which nobody seems to know.

But now a break in the trees showed us a lake was near, at which we all rejoiced, for we were weary after our day's paddle, and now were nearing our journey's end. We soon entered the lake, and, passing over to an island, camped for the night.

We were all in good humor, and after feasting on a beaver the Indians had shot during the day, our conversation gradually turned upon bears and bear-hunting. This led to stories about them in their mating season, and as the Indians have a genuine dread of them then, it has led to many traditional tales, many of which would eclipse the adventures of Sinbad the Sailor. The Indian is so accustomed to fall back on legends to answer the many questions which suggest themselves to his circumstantial mind, that he is prone to the marvellous, and when on the mythical, nothing is too extravagant to exceed his belief. When conversing with you on a subject within his reach, he shows himself an observant being, and traces cause and effect with a great deal of

accuracy, but question him on something beyond his knowledge, and he at once flies to the supernatural, and will tell you the wildest tales in support of his views. He will relate a personal adventure without exaggeration, in a calm, rational way, but let him turn to a traditional one, and nothing is too strange or impossible for him to narrate as fact. Our friend, Wig-e-maw-way, for instance, bore deep scars received from a bear in an encounter in which he nearly lost his life. Yet he would tell this story in a simple, truthful way, but let him get to a story of "long time ago," and he would become excited at once, and his flashing eye, impassioned manner, and wild gesticulation, in the dim, shadowy light of a camp-fire, made a picture any artist might covet.

The next morning the Indians went after their birch-bark, while we launched forth to take a survey of the lake and pick out a location for our future home.

There is something very fascinating in coasting around a wild lake which the eye of the white man has never seen before. A strange thrill passes through you as you look on waters which have danced and played in the sunlight for thousands of years, and now seem to leap with a fresh joy as they meet you for the first time. And these solemn old hills, which were old when Adam was young, seem to stare at you and wonder at the new thing which now comes to disturb their repose. And could they speak, what a tale they could tell!

But aside from the interest we take in looking at the work nature has done when she was young, and which has only now been revealed to us, there is a pleasure which none but the rover knows, in exploring a wild lake. Not only are new sights and scenes presenting themselves as you round every bend in the shore, but here its wild denizens, unaccustomed to the presence of man, are often abroad in daytime, and in the security of their

will home, act out their native moods. It is one thing to see a wild animal in its native wilds, and another to see it the pet or prisoner of man, where it soon loses the characteristics so necessary to its existence in its wild habitat regions. It was a very pleasing thing to me—and I think would be to many of my readers—to see the beaver working at its dam, or busy bringing in its winter stores, or, what might be of more interest, to see young deer or wolves on the beach skipping about like playful lambs or happy dogs. It looks so strange and different from what you expect, that it is hard to think they are the wild and savage creatures that they are. But let your presence become known, and all is changed. One wild stare, and away they fly into the thicket.

Or, if you want to leave this world, and dwell among goblins and ghosts, coast around some wild, lonely lake, alone in your little dugout, as night is coming on and the wild creatures of these wild places are leaving their lairs. As the gloom thickens, the fierce yells of wolves ring out from the top of a neighboring hill, or the scream of a lynx is heard from an adjacent thicket. Silence is hardly restored before strange, unearthly sounds come from a marsh, accompanied by the splashings of uncanny creatures at play. Then the lone, weird cry of the loon, in answer to the ghostly hootings of the great horned owl, breaks the stillness of the night, and you find your way to the camp, ceasing to wonder that the Indian lives in a world of spirits.

We returned from our cruise well pleased with all we saw, and could easily believe what our friends told us, that the country, far and near, abounded in game. And as the place was well situated to catch the hunters who passed on beyond, and as these passages would be before and after the hunting season, we expected to be able to do a little trading without interfering much with our own hunt.

The lake, too, was a beautiful one ; dotted with pretty islands, and in every way adapted to make a pleasant forest home. The only thing against it was its name. The Indians called it *Min-e-gob-e-shing*, "the place of the big eyes." The name did not suggest pleasant memories, for the "big eyes" were the frozen, swollen eyes of an unfortunate hunter, who perished here from exhaustion and cold ; and as the lake hereafter would be "our lake," and as it was a bright, cheerful one, we called it *Pretty Lake*.

When we returned to our camp, we found our friends had already arrived with their bark, ready for a start homeward the following morning. So, after a good night's sleep, we started down the creek on our return journey.

When we drew near the old *pow-wow's* he appeared with his face blackened, and then *Wig-e-maw-way* said, "*Pe-na-she*, the *pow-wow's* son, is dead." And so it was. He had passed away the night after we had left, and now lay arrayed for his burial. The old man had put away his drum and his hawk's skin, as now of no avail, and he sat with a heavy heart mourning for his first-born son. But no outward manifestations bespoke the struggle within, and he calmly spoke to us about his son's death. He said he had seen *Ne-wak-e*, a distant and unfriendly *pow-wow*, prowling around there in the shape of a black dog. Soon afterward his son fell sick, and in spite of all he could do, grew worse and worse ; for *Ne-wak-e's* god was stronger than his own, and his son's body grew so full of pain and weakness that he was glad to leave it, much as he loved chasing the wild deer, or hunting the moose and the beaver.

A number of the friends had collected and we felt they would rather be alone than have strangers among them at such a time as this, so we told our two friends we would go on to the burying ground and camp there, and help them to lay *Pe-na-she* away the next day.

Taking the old man by the hand, we silently bade him good-bye, and proceeded on our way to our old camping-ground.

On visiting the burying-ground next morning, we found a deep grave had been dug, to hide *Pe-na-she's* body, as the Indians said, from the wolves and the fishers, for they are very careful of their dead, and the reputation of our "resurrectionists," has travelled far and near among them, and fills them with horror. They say "the wolf, the fisher and the white man's doctor are the only brutes that rob the grave."

About ten o'clock we saw the canoes coming on their solemn journey with the dead to its last home on earth. It was a simple sight, but to us one more impressive than would be the grandest pageant made at the burial of a monarch. There was no sham or display here. All was sincere ; for whatever the Indians lack, they have faith, and they were now with their loved one on the first stage of his last and lonely journey. They knew *Pe-na-she* hated to leave his friends and his hunting-grounds. The song of the birds was still pleasant to him. And as the fawn lingers about the place where its mother has been killed, so his spirit would linger about the grave for six moons, hating to leave his body, and fearful of starting on the unknown journey to the spirit land. But at last his body would waste away, and he would have to go ; and then they could see him travelling day after day and week after week towards the setting sun. And would he be able to walk the slippery pole that lies across the dreadful river that separates this world from the one beyond ? Or would he fall off and be carried by the rushing torrent into the dreadful abyss ? They hoped it would be well with their son and brother, but their hearts were sad.

The canoes soon arrived ; and the dead hunter, lying in his birch-bark coffin, was carried to the grave. He

was dressed in all his finery, his hunting belt strapped around him, with his tomahawk and knife fastened to it and his gun laid by his side.

Soon he was lowered into his grave, and the last solemn "feast with the dead" commenced. A little fire was made at the head of the grave, and all sat down around it. The food was passed around and eaten in silence, for Pe-na-she was now in the land of silence; and why should we disturb his spirit with our noisy talk.

A way down to the coffin had been dug out at the side of the grave. After the feast was finished, the old pow-wow went down and carefully adjusting the things lying beside the young hunter and left some medicine, in case he might need it before he reached the spirit land. Then the old mother went down with some food and a pair of moccasins, and with a mother's tenderness placed them with her dead son. But, less stoical than the father, as she left she gave a dismal howl, which probably sounded better to savage than civilized ears. Last of all, a young maiden timidly stepped down and placed a wild rose on his breast, which eloquently told the story so well-known to all human hearts. Now a birch bark cover was placed over

the coffin, some slabs placed over it, and the grave filled in. When all was done, a pole was stuck in the ground leaning over the head of the grave, and some food left hanging to it, that Pe-na-she's spirit might not want while it hovered about the grave.

It is hard for us to sympathize with those who have been trained into a different way of thinking from ourselves, and, perhaps, some of my white friends will laugh at the story I have told. But to me it was deeply interesting. It was simple nature's grappling with the mystery of life and death, and if they have solved the great problem to their satisfaction, why should we laugh at them? Do we not try to solve it ourselves? And, perhaps the Great Father smiles at our attempts as we do at their's, and in the end it may be found that they were as near the truth as the wise ones among ourselves, who tell us we shall "float as airy nothings in the illimitable void." Be that as it may, I left the old pow-wow with feelings more akin to all mankind, and I hoped that he and I might find our way through the darkness, and, at last, meet in the happy hunting country that lies beyond the grave.





THE GRAY NORTH SEA.

1891

THE GRAY NORTH SEA.

(With Illustration by the Author.)

THE sky is cold by the gray North Sea,
And the voice of the waves is a dirge to me ;
And the rocks are rude that stoop to the main,
'Neath the murk of mist and the swoop of rain ;
They stoop and scowl, thro' the curtain gray,
From the dim of dawn to the dark of day :
The beach is barren and bleak the sand,
And the weed is dank as a dead man's hand ;
It pulses and floats on the sullen tide,
Like dishevell'd locks of a drownèd bride,
And the dirge is drear of the gray North Sea,
And its voice is harsh as a voice may be.

The waves wash in, and the waves wash out,
And they swirl and eddy the rocks about ;
They scan the shingle, they search the shore,
And mutter a plaint by the strand evermore.
What do they say to the night and me,
These restless waves of the gray North Sea ?
Do they tell of the warrior Vikings bold,
The hardy Norsemen, of ballads old ?
Do they whisper of love by the lonely shore,
Or speak of the sons of song and lore,
That have lived and loved and sung amain,
To the wail of wind, and the drift of rain,
By the rolling hills of the yeasty plain ?

Tarry, O billows ! Your sorrowing show,
As hither and thither ye darkly flow ;
Stay but a moment, ye Northern wind,
To leave but a guess of thy grief behind ;
Settle ye night, o'er the gray North Sea,
But whisper thy care to the dark and me.
Nay, that were vain, for thou can'st not say,
O waters sullen, O cloud-rack gray !
But, tho' breakers harry, and tempests start,
I'll read me the rune of thy restless heart,
Down by the deep where the surges be,
Thy secret of terror, thou gray North Sea !

A miser is stooping above his store,
And he fingers his treasure o'er and o'er ;
A miser is stooping above the beach,
And he laps the guerdon within his reach ;
A golden hoard, a glamour of gold,
Tho' the one be young, and the one be old ;
For the miser's love is of years and cares,—
But the billow togeth with silken hairs.

The sky is cold by the gray North Sea,
And the petrel pipeth plaintively,
A wail for the living,—a dirge for the dead,—
For the dross of earth, and the golden head ;
But thy secret erst is no secret now,
This rune of thine, with the marble brow !

Deliver the prize thou has reft from me,
'Tis my treasure-trove, O thou false North Sea !
Restore the lost to the lips of love,
Tho' the tempest's scowl be black above ;
Fling up white arms to the stooping cloud,
Lay bare white bosoms and cry aloud,
And writhe in thine anguish, keen and cold,
Round the tangled locks,—the runes of gold ;
But yield thee thy burden of mystery,
And go on thine errand, thou gray North Sea !

—A. H. MORRISON.



GLIMPSES OF BERMUDA.

BY FANNY HARWOOD.

A TRIP to the Bermuda Islands, the land of the lily and the rose, is well worthy of the taking at least once in a lifetime. The climate, during the winter and spring months, is all that could be desired, while the exquisite colors of sea and sky, mingled with the dark cedar foliage and white coral houses, cannot possibly be imagined; it must be seen to be appreciated. The spring of 1892 being particularly unpleasant, I determined to

Hamilton, the principal town. The course of the steamer, as she nears the Capital, is through innumerable islands. It is said that there are as many islands as there are days in the year; and the passage through the winding, intricate channel is very interesting. The wharf at Hamilton was crowded with gaily-dressed people, ladies in light summer costumes, men in tennis flannels, and natives ready to come on board and give assistance.

We, on the "Orinoco," expected to be at once on shore, but were disappointed, for no gangway or bridge was thrown out to the steamer; only two long poles, which were soon covered with black men, who, to our astonishment and amusement, began to make a bridge for us with planks and ropes. This year, it is said, a pier has been built out to meet the steamer, and saves at least three quarters of an hour's delay in landing. On getting ashore, we drove off at once to the Princess Hotel, one of the large hotels in Hamilton. The hotel is delight-



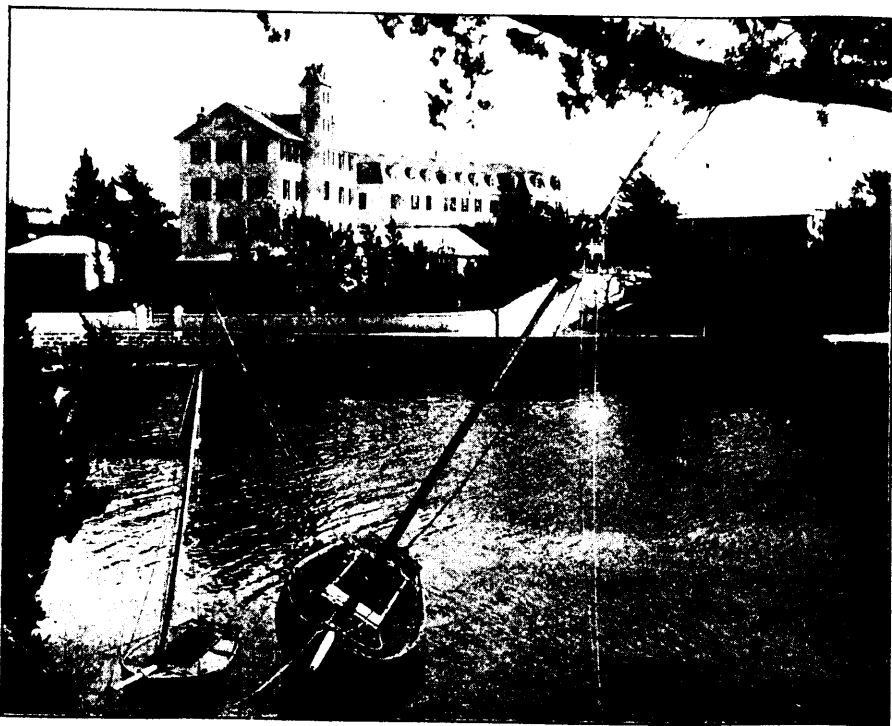
MAKING A BRIDGE TO THE STEAMER.

fully situated beside the water, and has a large grove of palmetto and oleander trees near it, which, with a broad, well kept coral drive, as an approach, produces a very favorable impression on arriving. The other large hotel, "The Hamilton," is in the town, and some little distance from the sea, and is preferred by many who do not care to be so near the water's edge.

Hamilton itself is not a very large

town, the population being only about 15,000, but during the winter, and especially between the 15th of March and the 15th of April, it is crowded with visitors, many having to be turned away from the hotels for want of room, and all the boarding-houses, of which there are a great many, being full. Many people take small cottages, hire a native servant, and keep house for themselves; and those whom

also stand ready for those who care for driving. Sail boats and row boats are collected round the steps leading down to the water, and parties of friends take them and go off, either for the day, or for two or three hours' coral-fishing or oyster-catching. These amusements are always practicable during the spring, for the weather is nearly always favorable, and the sun is gloriously bright and warm.



THE PRINCESS HOTEL.

I met, who had been sufficiently fortunate to secure a cottage, found it more pleasant than hotel life. But, in a place like Bermuda, hotel life is very amusing, and particularly at the big hotels, for there is always something going on. Every morning the broad drive in front of the hotel is filled with donkey boys, with their little carts, waiting to be hired, but woe betide the unlucky being who hires a donkey and does not understand how to make it go. Very nice carriages

My first few days were spent in walking about Hamilton and enjoying the sunshine and semi-tropical life,— a very pleasant experience after an eastern-Canada winter. One of the favorite walks is Cedar Avenue, which is near the Hamilton Hotel, and is a beautiful archway of cedars. It is entered from Victoria Park, always open to the public, with well-kept gardens, and a band stand, where the regimental band gives concerts every Friday afternoon. The Governor's

residence is at the other end of the avenue, and is interesting and generally open to visitors. A little further on, along a lovely walk, is the village of Pembroke. Pembroke church is one of the most frequented churches in Hamilton, and the poinsettea trees in the churchyard, when covered with their scarlet leaves, are worth going a long distance to see. There are a number of small villages within easy walking distance of Hamilton, which are all pretty and interesting, particularly the little village of Devonshire, where there is a most picturesque, old church and churchyard. The old church is not used now. In the centre of the churchyard stands an old cedar tree, said to be two hundred years old, with a flourishing young cedar growing out of the old trunk. Paget, also, is a pretty village, opposite Hamilton, and reached either by a boat, rowed by a black man, or by a ferry, leaving every half hour, or by a walk or drive through Hamilton, past the Royal Palms, which are five beautiful granite palms standing by the roadside, and round the bay along a road lined with coral cottages and pretty residences, where flowers grow in great luxuriance. Banana patches, groves of aloe or century plant and palmetto trees and palms make the drive very varied and interesting, especially to one from the north. At Paget there is also a pretty church, with pleasant grounds about it. A little beyond Flatts, another village with picturesque ruins scattered about, is a place called the Devil's Hole, where about forty varieties of fish are kept. When a sufficient number of people are collected, the caretaker feeds the fish with loaves of bread, and the fish fall over each other

and jump some distance out of the water in their eagerness for the food. The angel fish there are exquisite-looking creatures, of a bright metallic blue and yellow, and their fins being spread out give them the appearance of flying fish.

The drive to St. George's, which is twelve miles from Hamilton, at the other end of the long, thin island, which, by the way, is by far the largest of the Bermuda group, is one of the most beautiful in the entire group of islands. The north shore road, which we took, follows the seaside the



IN THE "NORWOOD" GROUNDS.

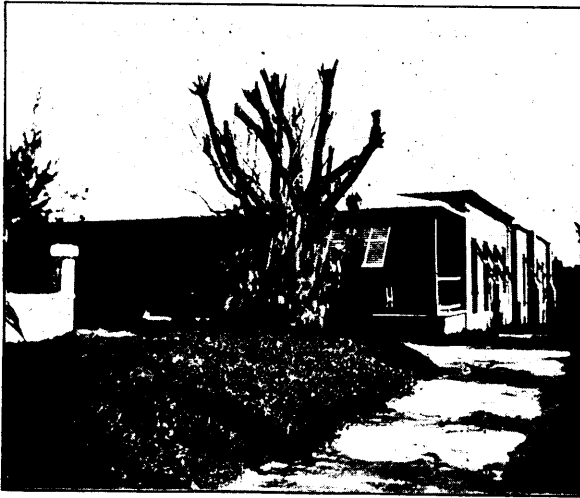
entire way, and we could never tire of beholding the wonderful blue of the water on one side, and the contrasts of cedars and palmettoes and white coral cottages and quarries on the other. Nearly every cottage has its own little quarry beside it, where the blocks out of which it was made were cut. These blocks when freshly cut are very white and dazzling. At St. George's there is a very old church, in which is an old communion service belonging to the reign of Queen Anne. There are some beautiful palms in the Governor's gardens also, and in the wall a tomb, in which is said to be buried the heart of Sir George Somers, whose ship-

wreck here in 1609 was the occasion of the colonizing of the island a few years later. The south shore road from Hamilton gives one an idea of the scenery on the other side of the island. That on the south shore is much more tropical, as it is sheltered from the winds, while the north shore in some places has a very weather-beaten look. The roads all over the island are very good, being entirely of coral, and in some places being literally cut through the coral rock. They are always kept in good order, but the glare of the sun on the white stone is very trying to the eyes. Any one

excursion is to Prospect, where the regiment is stationed. Built on the heights, the village commands a magnificent view. On Sunday the garrison chapel is crowded with strangers, and when the service is over, the band plays in the grounds for an hour.

Among the great beauties of Bermuda are its lily fields. About the end of March or the beginning of April they are in their glory—every lily-patch is in full bloom, and the scent is at times almost overpowering. Many boxes of lilies are sent out of Bermuda at this season, and those visitors who leave about the middle of April, travel back to New York amid thousands of boxes of lilies and onions,—the two great exports of the Island.

The show place of Hamilton is "Norwood," the residence of General Hastings. "Fairy Land," as it is called, which is in the grounds, is a most exquisite little islet, the banks of which are overgrown with mangrove bushes, and many varieties of aquatic plants. A pleasant way of visiting Fairy Land is to hire one of the black boys, with his boat, and be taken in and out of the little bays. Through a glass, provided by the boatman, one can see the



A BERMUDA COTTAGE.

walking or driving much should provide himself with dark glasses or a thick veil. It is interesting to note that Bermuda is the most northern point at which the coral insect still carries on the work of piling up its submarine architecture.

One beautiful excursion, which we unfortunately had not time to make, is to Somerset and Ireland island, where the great dockyard is. A large arsenal establishment and a great basin, which will accommodate a whole fleet at anchor, and an enormous floating dry dock, are the principal features of interest there. Another favorite ex-

bottom of the water, which is a garden of growing corals and anemones and variegated shells, around which the fish disport themselves. By moonlight, a row there is said, by those who have taken it, to be beautiful beyond description. A great many of the other residences are well worth seeing. The owners take much pride in them, and some of the gardens are kept in beautiful order, although in Bermuda there is great difficulty in making a garden, there being only a thin coating of earth on the solid rock, and additional earth having to be brought, in many cases, a long distance.

The Bermudas are far out in the ocean, six hundred miles from the Carolina coast, and an equal distance from Nova Scotia on the one hand and the south of Florida on the other. They are far, too, from other islands, and although the islands and islets that make up the low-lying group are numbered by hundreds, they are embraced within a space of twenty miles in length by six miles in breadth, and have a land surface of only 12,000 acres, or scarcely a thousand more than the Canadian Island of Pelee in Lake Erie. The group is lonely enough in situation; but excepting in a sense which does not often occur to one, the situation does not impress itself on the mind of a visitor, for there is so much to see and admire in this Venice-like place, in the blue sky, transparent water, white coral soil and rich tropical vegetation, and, after all, if one wishes to hear from home, there is the telegraph cable to Halifax, and friends in Canada can be communicated with in a few hours at most. And the climate is delicious. Scarcely ever chilly, its winter is like a Quebec or Ontario early summer, but much more equable, and in the hottest month of summer, or even in June and September, owing to the constant sea breeze, the thermometer never marks so high as in southern Canada; in fact, even 90° in

the shade is scarcely ever known, nor is the constantly great moisture of the air felt to be oppressive.

And here a visitor meets everywhere with kindness, and when he



OUR BOATMAN.

has the good fortune to become acquainted with many of the residents, he is treated with so much of genuine hospitality as to make a visit to Bermuda one of the pleasantest memories of life.



TALES OF WAYSIDE INNS.

NO. II.—THE WITNESS'S TALE.

BY HENRY LYE.

NEITHER the Rhine nor any other river is comparable with the Niagara for its rapidly changing, yet ever interesting scenery. Sometimes it is magnificent in its majesty. Here it is beautiful in its tints and shadows; there it is dreadful and even appalling in its intense and resistless vehemence.

The eloquence of a Gough or the pencil of a Bierstadt alike fail in the attempt to describe its wonders; and Fenimore Cooper or Walter Scott might attempt to blend its legends, its traditions and its historic events, and remain dissatisfied at his want of power to do them reasonable justice. Poets, painters, historians and novelists have alike fallen under its spell, to despair of their skill, and have thrown themselves into the vortex of its mighty cataract as sacrifice to irresistible majesty.

Had Niagara been known to the Greeks, we should never have read of the Olympus or of the Styx. No Syren could lure to destruction so surely as its swift-gliding current; no *Parcæ* could be so resistless as its snake-like rapids; no thundering so continuous as the ever-resounding roar of its mighty falls; no vengeance, no chimera so direful as its all-destroying whirlpool, and yet, withal, the Niagara is as full of beauty as of sublimity. After all its mad tumult and rage we find, from Queenston to Lake Ontario, the calm and peace as of a life whose long warfare is o'er, and whose beauty and happiness are earned by being purged from all earthly dross.

Happily renowned will be the man or woman who becomes the Homer-Shakespeare-Scott-Cooper-Tennyson-Whittier of the Niagara. From Fort Erie to Fort Massasaugua, each of

the forty miles of its course furnishes scenes of tragedies, legends of derring-do, memories of brave deeds by women and by men—the whole presenting a field into which longing eyes have been cast by many whose hearts have failed them when they have essayed to enter it; and, therefore, I am like one of the rear guard of the Tuscan army, in that I cry "Forward," while those in the van are crying "Back."

A short distance below the International Railway Bridge, at Fort Erie, there was one of the cleanest, quietest and in every way most comfortable little inns to be found on this continent—just one of those places you find with surprised delight and leave with lingering regret, determining to return to its grateful shade whenever opportunity may occur.

Here, on one of my visits, I met an invalid from some part of the United States, who told me this tale of his experiences as a witness in Canada, an experience which, he said, led him to abandon Ontario as a place of residence.

We sat by the river—shaded by a stately elm which grew on the banks, the murmur of the bees in a linden tree that spread its fragrance around us mingling with the murmur of the waters, as they glided hurrying by—when he commenced.

"I am a person of some means, which do not depend on my own exertions. I am generally credited with a good moral character, and as being of a peaceful disposition—quiet and somewhat reserved in my habits, content to oblige my neighbors without prying into or busying myself in their private affairs. I was staying at

this inn, about two years ago, when two persons arrived, apparently from different directions. It was clear they met here by appointment, and for the purpose of discussing some matters of business, as they often met in a private room, and whenever seen together were reading and talking over long, legal-looking documents.

I met them at meal times, and once or twice outside as they were slowly walking about and talking, but I did not attempt to learn the nature of their business, so was somewhat surprised when, one evening after supper, I was asked by one of them to witness their signatures to some documents which appeared to be in duplicate, filling several type-written pages. I was told that my signature was a mere matter of form. Each of them signed in my presence, and I affixed my signature as witness, but neither of the parties volunteered any explanation of the subject matter of the documents, nor made any remarks which would give me any idea of their contents.

After the completion of the documents, of which each of them took one, we sat for some time and partook of wine and cigars, which one of the gentlemen had ordered, but our conversation was altogether about the scenery, the weather, fishing and such like general or impersonal topics, and then we retired to our neat little bed-chambers, which were filled with the perfume of the honeysuckle and the roses growing in the garden below.

On the next morning we went on our several ways, and I gave the matter no more thought until about a year or so afterwards, when I was startled by being served with two subpoenas, one at the instance of each of the parties, to give evidence in the case of *Orr vs. Dee*. I think you will agree with me that I could not well be more ignorant of the matter apparently in dispute, more innocent as to its cause, or less interested in the result, so, believing that "Those who

make the quarrels should be the only ones to fight," I refused to receive the subpoenas or the conduct money, and said I did not intend to have anything to do with the matter.

When the case came up for trial I was not there, so the counsel on both sides demanded the issue of a bench warrant against me, which was served by an officer who did not seem to be enjoying his life over much, and yet was not inclined to have much sympathy for others, for, when I yet refused to meddle in a dispute in which I was not interested, or to stir one foot in the direction of the court which was trying to mix me up in its disagreeable litigation, he took possession of me by main force, and, when I defended myself and my clothing from his clutches, he handcuffed me, so that I was obliged to accompany him.

When we arrived at X—, I was taken to the court-room, and, when the case in progress was closed, that of *Orr vs. Dee* was called.

The counsel for the plaintiff, in opening the case, explained that this was a suit for the performance of a contract contained in an agreement, made in duplicate after a very voluminous correspondence between the parties, and which, at a conference between them, had resulted in the acceptance by the defendant of all the propositions and views set forth in the letters written by the plaintiff, of which letters copies would be laid before the court and duly proved, if the defendant refused or neglected to produce them.

He then went on to explain that the defendant contended that the agreement as produced by the plaintiff was not the agreement really consummated between the parties, and that the defendant produced another document, asserting it to be the true agreement entered into on the day of its date, asserting that this was substantiated and corroborated by the letters which he had addressed to the plaintiff from time to time before an interview was

had, and that it was the belief that his views were to be adopted which led him to consent to meet the plaintiff, at a place mutually convenient, for the purpose of completing the documents.

This had, to me, an ugly sound, and confirmed me in my determination to keep myself out of the quarrel.

It may conduce to the appreciation of the subsequent proceedings to explain here that, although neither of the counsel on either side had had any conversation with me, yet each believed the other had, and that I was in a very bad situation, because if I had known sufficient of the contents of the documents to establish either that produced by the plaintiff or that produced by the defendant, then the opposing counsel would treat me as an adverse witness; so, as a matter of precaution, both the counsel for the plaintiff and the counsel for the defendant treated me as an adverse witness from the beginning, on the principle that, if I established his case, well and good, but if the contrary, he would not be too much prejudiced by my evidence.

My name was called, and I was told to go up into the witness box. No sooner had I taken my stand there than the clerk pushed a book into my hand and told me I swore, which I promptly denied, as I do not use any profane language. Then he asked me if I was a Tinker or a Tunker or something of that sort. I could not understand what he meant, so I told him he had better look out if he intended to insult me. This seemed to quiet him, so he now asked me if I had conscientious objections to taking the oath, to which I replied that I had reasonable respect for the third commandment. Then he said I could "affirm." I told him I preferred to mind my own business, and that I would not interfere in the matter one way or another.

This seemed to make him mad, and he began telling the judge that I was a bad man whom they had been obliged

to bring before the court by a bench warrant, and had had to manacle for resisting the officer in charge, and that now I would neither swear, nor affirm nor nothing.

His Lordship, without more ado, committed me to the jail until I would consent to give evidence, to which I observed that it was none of my business, and I wished to keep clear of other men's quarrels. This did not avail me, however, so down I went, not willingly, nor yet making any disturbance or outcry, but being forcibly hauled by two constables, who appeared to rejoice in my troubles and to have no respect for my clothes, which by this time had suffered severely.

I am sure no one could have tried more earnestly or persistently to keep out of mischief, but notwithstanding all this, I was kept in jail for two days, when the case was again called up. I was brought into the courtroom once more and placed upright in the pillory or whatever you may call the place where the witness has to stand on his feet for days together, whilst the judges, the criminals, the lawyers and the jurymen are furnished with comfortable seats.

I don't know what sort of a hocus-pocus they then went through, but after a little while the counsel who had explained the plaintiff's case pushed a paper into my hands and asked me if that was my signature, to which I replied, "Yes."

"Did you see the plaintiff and the defendant sign that document?"

"I saw those signatures affixed."

"Do you see the persons in the court room who signed it?"

"I do."

"Which are they?"

I pointed them out, but I could not be sure which was the plaintiff and which the defendant.

I thought I had already trouble enough about a matter which did not concern me one iota, but I now began to experience the real misery of the

lot of a witness who neither knows nor cares anything about the matter in dispute. The counsel now took the document and began turning over its pages.

"You were staying at the same inn as the plaintiff and defendant for some days?"

"Yes, I was."

"You remember that they held long conversations during that time?"

"I do."

"And they finally came to an agreement?"

"I suppose so."

"You *suppose so*?" then thundered the mighty voice of the lawyer. "Why don't you answer plainly, 'Yes' or 'No.' Have you not sense enough to know that they did?"

"I only know——," I stammered out, when, in a voice which brought down a large piece of the ceiling, he shouted, "Answer me, 'Yes' or 'No.' Let us have none of your shuffling. Did they come to an agreement?"

"Well——." But it did not appear to be "well," for, in a voice, the suppressed rage and the sarcasm of which would have increased the fame of Garrick or Irving, he began:

"I don't want your 'wells' nor your 'supposes.' I want a plain, straightforward answer without any prevarication!"

"I am not 'prevaricating,'" I said, in the attempt to explain that I did not know anything more about the matter.

The counsel then threw back both sides of his gown and his coat, and putting his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, he said, in tones which sounded like the thunder afar off mingled with some buttermilk, "Are you a born idiot, or are you assuming idiocy on this occasion for the purpose of insulting the court?"

This seemed to wake up the judge, who had not been giving much attention up to this time, and apparently had not noticed what had gone before.

The judge then turned to me, and

with a frown which burst my collar and loosed one of my shoe laces, intimated to me that if I did not at once answer the question, he would again commit me for contempt of court.

The old joke on the subject flashed through my mind, but I did not attempt any reply, nor, in fact, had I time, as again came the awful demand, "Now, answer my question."

"I was going to tell you——." But I got no further, as the counsel now jumped towards me with both feet and shrieked, "Answer my question, 'Yes' or 'No.'"

I naturally hesitated a moment, when there came forth, in tones which reminded me now of the stealthy approach of a burglar coming up the stairs, and now of the impending calamity of a night-mare, "Is it impossible for you to tell the truth? My question is a very simple one," and then, with another yell, "Did they come to an agreement?"

"I don't know," I replied, thinking that this was the plain fact of the case, but this did not mend matters, as now, with one foot on a chair and one hand in his breeches' pocket, the eminent counsel, with the incisiveness of a gang-saw cutting a whole log into boards without making anys awdust: "You were in the company of these men for several days, they had several discussions, you witnessed their signatures to this document, and yet you dare to come before this court and swear that you don't know whether they arrived at any agreement or not. What is the court to infer from all this except that you are deliberately lying?"

I now appealed to the judge, and asked him if witnesses were brought to that court to be insulted.

The judge very kindly explained to me that every person was, by the law, held to be innocent until he was proved to be guilty, *except a witness*, and that, although a lawyer dare not use insulting language concerning the court or the opposing counsel, or the

jury, or even a prisoner in the dock, yet he had a perfect and long-established right to use any term of approbium he might think fit when addressing a witness, and the court could not interfere.

Seeing that his lordship now spoke in a reasonable tone of voice, and seemed to regret his inability, I answered him to the effect that if he had no power to protect a witness from insult, if he would kindly adjourn the court for about fifteen minutes, I would settle the matter with the lawyer myself.

I saw a half-twinkle in the judge's eyes, but he answered quietly, "The case must go on."

The lawyer, however, seemed to think he had better look out for his bones, so he addressed the judge to the effect that I had intimated an intention to commit an assault, and that I should be bound over to keep the peace.

The judge now admonished me that I must not seek any personal satisfaction from the learned counsel, nor commit any breach of the peace, or I would be very severely dealt with, as lawyers and lunatics are privileged persons, who are not held accountable for their language.

Well, those two lawyers—first the counsel for the plaintiff, and then the counsel for the defendant—badgered me for two long days, and neither of them would allow me to explain that all I knew about the matter was that I had witnessed the signatures. I was kept on my feet during the whole of those two days of mental and physical agony. I have been in the doctor's hands ever since, and came to this inn for the benefit of its quiet situation.

When I was removed from this purgatory, pillory, stocks, hades, or whatever you may call a witness box, I felt sufficiently interested in the case to desire to know what it was all about; so sat down and listened whilst it was shown that the plaintiff and the defendant each produced what purported

to be one of the duplicates of an agreement signed by both parties and witnessed by me. Those duplicates did not agree except in the first and last pages. Both were type-written by the same class of a machine; each agreed with the letters written by the party producing it; each party brought the stenographer who had prepared duplicates of an agreement; each of these produced his original notes to show that his was the genuine document.

There appeared to be no question as to the fact of the parties having met, as each contended for his own version of an agreement arrived at and executed; but it was evident that *one* of these had substituted the pages intervening between the first and last of the documents produced by him.

The judge told the jury to give a verdict for the party they believed, but did not charge in favor of either. The jury retired, and after a very long time sent word that they were evenly divided, and that there was no possibility of their arriving at a verdict.

The judge then made a long speech, promising to draw the attention of the Government to the necessity for better provision for the identification of type-written documents by the simple expedient of requiring every page to be signed or initialled.

I am not sufficiently versed in Canadian law matters to know what became of the suit, but as I was afraid lest I should have again to give evidence in it, I determined to leave Canada. You see if I am served with a subpoena here I can be across the border in half an hour, and I don't think a bench warrant will fetch me back again to be stigmatised as a scoundrel of my vices."

My intention in repeating this tale is to draw public attention to the cruel and cowardly treatment of witnesses, and to the terrible danger presented by the present practice of preparing important documents by typewriters.

BOOKS AND POINTS.

BY HELEN A. HICKS.

"Books for good manners."—*As you like it.*
"Points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia
can learnedly handle."—*Winter's Tale.*

THAT every articularly-speaking human being has in him the stuff for at least one three-volume work of fiction, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes declares to be one of his cherished beliefs. Assuming this as a fact, and given also a conscience which would permit him without qualm to make copy of his friends, Mr. William Bell Scott might have stood higher in the literary world as the author of a three-volume duodecimo novel, than he now figures as the garrulous and somewhat egotistic father of his Autobiographical Notes. What characters he might have given us! Harold Skimpole, though by no means one of the best of Dickens' creations, has always been doubly interesting, because he was supposed to stand for Leigh Hunt. Mr. Scott had plenty of quite as good material to his hand, celebrities who, discreetly but thinly veiled, might have afforded amusement for a generation; but he has preferred to give them to us under their real names, and with all their little weaknesses, together with his own opinion of them appended. It is to be supposed that the old man, himself a little of an artist and a little of a poet, meant all this kindly. The result, however, has been almost as disastrous to the literary hero-worshipper as was Froude's *Life of Carlyle*. The most effectual image-breaker seems after all to be the unconscious one, and Mr. Scott's tendency to "stippling" on the weak points of his artistic and literary friends leaves us with many illusions dispelled. We learn with regret, mingled with much laughter, that Professor John Wilson wrote vapid verse, was fond of cock-fighting,

and carried "game eggs" to church in his coat-tail pockets; and our surprise increases when we are told that Carlyle said of him, "Ha! Christopher was a good deal of a man, no doubt, but the whiskey was too much for him!" Mr. Scott once had the temerity to criticize "Heroes and Hero-Worship" to its author, and the reply he received from the sage of Chelsea led him to make the remark that "Carlyle not only felt himself wiser and better than other people, but he had a pleasure in letting it be seen that he thought so." Carlyle after all was only an able shoemaker who stuck to the last, and he was a monomaniac besides. Mrs. Carlyle wore a low dress when it was not the fashion, and held the erroneous opinion that she was a *raconteuse*. We are told that William Motherwell was a genial creature with a Conservative craze, who believed that "Toryism was bound up with poetry." Charles Lamb's writing was, like himself, essentially middle-class. Tennyson had settled everything in his own mind, and therefore did not care to hear other people's opinions. Ruskin left the Hogarth Club because the members invested in a billiard table and he could play no games. Mrs. Siddons was "a woman without a heart, a monster in nature!" Leigh Hunt "could not argue and would not develop a charge." Rossetti was so solicitous for a favorable reception of his poems that he always worked the oracle by having laudatory notices prepared for the leading journals, under his supervision. He also stole the title for his poem, "The Stream's Secret," from Scott. Alma Tadema had the atrocious habit of rising before anyone else in the house, rushing out to bathe under a waterfall twenty feet

high, and returning, shouting to the still sleeping members of the household to look alive and turn out. George Eliot owed all her keenness in delineation of character to Lewes. When everybody was talking of their marriage, Carlyle eased his mind by saying: "Ah! *George Eliot* is a female writer of books like myself and himself. I got one of them and tried to read it, but it would not do. Poor Lewes! Poor fellow!" Mr. Scott was good enough to remark, though, that George Eliot was "the most bland and amiable of plain women, and most excellent in conversation, not finding it necessary to be always saying fine things."

It is refreshing to learn, however, that when Mr. Scott was not employed in sonnet or picture-making, or in assisting his friends Swinburn and Rossetti with their political effusions, he was bent on the charitable purpose of discovering some new genius to the world. Both Millais and Holman Hunt were his debtors for encouragement, and Walt Whitman owed his recognition in England to Scott's perception of his merits. A copy of "Leaves of Grass" was sent him as a curiosity. "Instantly," he says, "I perceived the advent of a new poet, a new American and a new teacher, and I invested in several copies." As almost all the recognition poor old Walt ever got came from England, the good gray poet had reason to be eternally grateful to his benefactor. It was "Dearest Scotus," too, who revealed to Rossetti the fact that he was a poet by temperament rather than a painter. "Lifted to a rhetorical moment I said much, affirming that the value of his paintings lay in their poetry, that he was a poet by birth-right, not a painter. After this I found there was established in his mind a new prevailing idea, and when we left for London he had begun to write out many of his lost poems, his memory being so good."

And yet, after this, and all his stric-

tures on poetry and art, Mr. Scott modestly remarks that he really supposes he was not born to put the world right, and has no desire to set the Thames on fire! Can he, too, have arrived at that tranquilizing and blessed conviction of native dulness, which is the greatest of earthly comforts? But no, the position is not tenable.

Considering the vast amount of unremitting labor and the great talents which have been devoted to it, the creed of "Art for art's sake" seems to have had a surprisingly slender hold on the popular imagination. Balzac and Flaubert have sown, the Goncourts and all the young Symbolists have watered, yet the plain, simple common folk, whom Lincoln thought God must have loved because He made so many of them, have promulgated a gospel for themselves, more easily understood than this essentially aristocratic literary creed. It is the gospel of the commonplace, and its good tidings are not artistic but ethical. Among Anglo-Saxon nations a literature has always been more valued for the teaching it conveys than for the form it displays. Some time ago Tennyson sounded a warning note against "the poisonous honey brought from France," the sweets of which Swinburne and the young men who followed him showed so much fondness for; and in the period of review and final summing up of opinion which has followed the laureate's death, one of the chief sources of interest has been in the ethical value of his poetry and the revelations of his friends concerning his religious faith. Mrs. Weld, who is a niece of Lady Tennyson, says, in a paper entitled, "Talks with Tennyson," which appeared in the March number of *The Contemporary Review*, that Tennyson loved to talk of spiritual matters, and that "no clergyman was a more earnest student of the Bible."

"I believe," he is reported as say-

ing, "that beside our material body we possess an immaterial body, something like what the ancient Egyptians called the *Ka*. I do not care to make distinctions between the soul and the spirit as men did in days of old, though, perhaps, the spirit is the best word to use of our higher nature, that nature which I believe in Christ to have been truly divine, the very presence of the Father, the only God, dwelling in the perfect man. We shall have much to learn in a future world, and I think we shall all be children to begin with when we get to heaven, whatever our age when we die, and shall grow on there from childhood to the prime of life, at which we shall remain for ever. My idea of heaven is to be engaged in perpetual ministry to souls in this and other worlds."

This last recalls to mind Browning's conception of the future life:

"What if heaven be that, fair and strong
At life's best, with our eyes upturned,
Whither life's flower is first discerned,
We, fixed so, ever should so abide?"

One stanza in Tennyson's "Ancient Sage" is quoted as expressing his philosophy of faith better than anything else he has written:

"Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,
And cling to Faith beyond, to forms of Faith?
She reels not in the storm of warring words,
She brightens at the clash of 'Yes' and 'No,'
She sees the best that glimmers through the worst,
She feels the sun is hid but for a night,
She spies the summer through the winter's bud,
She tastes the fruits before the blossom falls,
She hears the lark within the songless egg,
She finds the fountain, where they wailed
'Mirage.'"

This is the positive faith in Tennyson which must have succeeded that time when, in the attempt to "solve the riddle of the painful earth," he was only able to "stretch blind hands," and "faintly trust the larger hope."

When John Bull has a grievance he writes to the *Times*. The middle-class Frenchman has taken a different

way of righting his wrongs. He pours them into the ear of some popular and sympathetic journalist, who is expected forthwith to take all the responsibility attaching to them on his own shoulders. M. Francisque Sarcey, the dramatic critic, has lately been tormented by the confessions of scores of French matrons who swear by the nine gods that life with its vulgar and never-ending cares, is a burden too heavy to be borne, and who request the oracle to kindly indicate the speediest and most efficacious means of getting rid of it. Mr. Sarcey has contented himself with replying in the words of Alfred de Musset, that

"Il n'est de vulgaire douleur
Que celle d'une âme vulgaire."

What can have become of French gallantry?

In the death of Hippolite Adolphe Taine, France has lost another of her literary veterans of glory. He was the man who was so well known to Englishmen on account of the great interest which the works of English writers possessed for him. The author of that "History of English Literature" which brought upon him the charge of atheism by the Bishop of Orleans, also wrote critical essays on English Idealism and English Positivism as exemplified by Carlyle and John Stuart Mill. He was the first to apply successfully the method of the *milieu*, originated by Sainte-Beuve, to literary criticism. "M. Taine," Theodore Child said of him not long ago, "is an intellect; he is a realist in the spirit of Flaubert and Goncourt, a documentary analyzer who seems to consider that what is most truly existent is the visible and tangible man, with his flesh, nerves and blood, his senses and his appetites. M. Taine is now the emeritus constructor of a vast philosophical system from which the tide of contemporary thought has retired, leaving it high and dry, but

imposing still. And so he continues, far from the hubbub of contemporary interests and ideas, building new wings and massive towers to magnify the volume of his work, and on Thursdays the curious loungers may recognize him as he passes, with small steps, on his way to the Institute, a man of mediocre aspect, with blurred and fugacious features, in which we distinguish two eyes of prodigious clearness and pronounced obliquity, blinking and squinting behind spectacles. M. Taine is one of the few famous Frenchmen who resist all the snares and assaults of interviewers, and who persist in refusing to allow their portraits to be sold or published."

THE SONG OF THE TOILER.

OH! number not at eve thy deeds,
 Nor with the morn thy works proclaim :
 In silence sow the golden seeds,
 And reap with songs the grain.

Count not thine alms as yellow gold,
 Nor for the garnered harvest wait :
 The ripe seeds drop, and buds unfold
 Their blossoms soon or late.

Yet answer not for recompense
 The morning call that comes to thee :
 Labor is thine, and bitter sense
 Of failure oft thy fee.

Still in the hollows of thy hands,
 Bring of thy store of bread and gold ;
 But write not even on the sands
 Thy deeds, though manifold.

Good deeds to Heaven's chancel rise,
 And, though none know when years requite,
 Ever our poor self-sacrifice
 Bringeth its sure delight.

Yet weary feet that find no ease,
 And restless souls that long for light,
 And hearts that strive in vain for peace,
 Are with us day and night.

Shall we not strive through cloud and stress,
 Though all men's love be in eclipse,
 And naught of simple tenderness
 Comfort our trembling lips ?

'Midst weary days and years, not rouse
 The power to rise above mean cares ?
 Surely God's angels kiss the brows
 Of toilers unawares.

Surely rich blessings reach strong men
 Who pledge their faith where duty lies,
 Toiling and asking, faithful when
 Silence alone replies.

—W. T. TASSIE.

FORT NELSON AND HUDSON'S BAY.

BY D. B. READ, Q.C.

SINCE Hudson's Bay and the surrounding territories became geographically and politically a part of the Dominion of Canada, all eyes are turned in that direction. The valuable fisheries that exist there, and the fact that a railway or railways are being built from Winnipeg to the coast of the bay are sufficient reasons for endeavoring to make ourselves familiar with that region. We ought to know its early history and the conflicts that have taken place, and especially between the English and the French, resulting in the occupation of the coast country and the far interior of the Hudson's Bay country, and of posts and places, forts and trade houses, by the British and the Dominion.

We learn from French sources that in 1545, only eleven years after Jacques Cartier's discovery of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and his visit to Montreal, one Alphonse, a native of Xaintonge, in France, fired with ambition and love of discovery, made a voyage to the North coast, but that Jean Bourdon penetrated still farther, and that in 1656, with a vessel of thirty tons burden, he explored the whole coast of Labrador, and then went on his course till he reached the Strait of Hudson's Bay, which he succeeded in getting through, then entered the great bay, and went on till he reached the head of these waters, after having made a circuit of seven to eight hundred leagues (French), and that the place he reached was but one hundred and thirty leagues from Quebec by land.

This voyage of Bourdon was made for the purpose of establishing a trade with the Indians of Hudson's Bay.

In 1661, the Indians having become aware that there was a nation of

strangers (not Indians) in their vicinity, sent deputies by land to Quebec, with a view of entering into trade with the French, and at the same time asked that a missionary might be sent to them.

Viscount d'Argenson, who was at that time the French Governor at Quebec, received the application of the Indian chiefs with grace, and undertook to send to their country a Jesuit Father named Dablon, together with Mr. de la Valliere, a gentleman of Normandy, accompanied by Dennis Guyon, Deprez Coutie, and Francois Pelletier. The names of these gentlemen are familiar to the French-Canadians of the present day, both in a civil and political capacity. These gentlemen thought to make the journey, and for that purpose engaged Indians of the Saguenay to pilot them to their destination.

This expedition, however, turned out disastrously; the Indians after making some attempt to conduct them on their journey being obliged to confess that they did not know the route, refused to proceed in the enterprise. In 1663, the Indians, still anxious to get up a trade with the French, sent to Quebec to request Mr. d'Avagour, the then Governor, to send them some Frenchmen, with whom they could establish trade relations.

The Governor this time sent five men, who made their way to the bay by land, and took possession in the name of the King of France. On this occasion they planted a cross on a height of land; they also placed at the foot of a large tree the King's arms engraven on brass.

The English now had their turn. In the year 1686, two French Canadian gentlemen named Des Grozeliere

and De Radisson conceived what was then considered a chimerical idea, the establishing of trading posts even at the extreme western or south-western part of the bay coast. With this object in view they determined to take a different course from former expeditions. They adopted the Lake Superior route, the Lake of the Woods, Lake Winnipeg and the Nelson river, and in this way reached the bay at the mouth of the Nelson river. Thus it was demonstrated that the bay could be reached as well by the Superior route as by the Straits.

These French-Canadians afterwards applied to the French Government at Quebec, and to the home government in France, to allow them to conduct ships to the heart of the fur countries by way of Hudson's Straits. Both Governments refused their application. They then proceeded to Boston in the British colony of Massachusetts, thence to London, where they were received by British merchants, who were but too glad to engage them in the cause of establishing a trade with the Indians in the region of Hudson's Bay.

Mr. Gillam, connected with the Newfoundland trade, was entrusted with the duty of prosecuting the discovery, and to interest himself on the side of the English traders. He sailed in the "Nonsuch" ketch into Baffin's Bay in 1667 to the height of 75 degrees north, and from thence southward to 51 degrees, whence he entered a river, to which he gave the name of Prince Rupert, and finding the Indians favorable he erected a small fort there. This success induced the English Company shortly afterwards to establish forts or trading posts at Monsipi and at Kichichouanne.

As I gather from French accounts, the two French-Canadians, Des Grozeliars and De Radisson, accompanied Gillam on his expedition.

The planting of Fort Rupert on the coast of the bay was the first attempt the English made in establishing trade with the Hudson's Bay ; and was really

the foundation of the Hudson's Bay Company, that great trading company which so long governed the North-west and monopolized the trade in that country.

The persons interested in the vessel which took Gillam and his associates to the coast, upon the return of Gillam applied for a patent to Charles the Second, who granted them the Hudson's Bay charter, dated the 2nd May, 1670.

Thus we have presented the singular fact that two French-Canadians, by their enterprise in visiting the coast by way of Lake Superior, baffled by the French and French Colonial Governments, threw themselves into the hands of London merchants, who became the founders and proprietors of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The London company, having got their grant, were not slow in availing themselves of their privileges, and soon erected a fort or trading post at the mouth of the Nelson river, which was interchangeably, as between the French and English, called Fort Bourbon or Fort Nelson. The question as to who was to secure the trade with the Indians of Hudson's Bay was daily growing in importance.

Des Grozeliars and De Radisson, who had succeeded in giving a foothold to the English on the coast, were adventurers, as ready to serve the English as the French, or the French as the English, as best suited their interest. Leaving the service of the English they went to France, and, as the French historians say, repented of the mistake they had made in discovering to the English the advantages of Hudson's Bay, obtained pardon from the French king, promised to do better for the future, and returned to Canada.

The patronage of the King of France having been obtained, a French, or French-Canadian Company was formed for the purpose of contesting the claims of the English in Hudson's Bay, and to turn the trade in the direction of Quebec and France to the exclusion of the English.

Des Grozeliers and De Radisson were given the command of two vessels to trade with the natives of the Hudson's Bay region.

These two vessels succeeded in reaching the Saint Thérèse river, now called the Hayes river, which the map will show flows into Hudson's Bay at or near the debouchure of the Nelson river. Here they built a fort after the fashion of forts of that day, about seven leagues from Fort Nelson.

Three days after the arrival of the two vessels which Des Grozeliers and De Radisson commanded, there arrived from Boston another colonial barque, but this time it was from the British colony of Massachusetts. Still four days afterwards, another English vessel arrived from London, and anchored in the Nelson river near the Boston vessel. The French and English colonists fraternized. The colonists were jealous of the English, and the French historian alleges that becoming apprehensive that they would be seized by the English and made prizes of, they put themselves under their protection.

The English on the London vessel endeavored to make a landing near Fort Nelson, but were opposed by the holders of the fort. The ice beat so furiously against their vessels that they were compelled to cut their cables and sail out into the bay, where they were shipwrecked with the loss of forty men.

Des Grozeliers and De Radisson of the French vessels entered into a treaty with the Indians, left eight men to guard the fort and departed for Quebec.

A misunderstanding soon sprang up between Des Grozeliers and De Radisson and the French or French-Canadian Company, and the adventurers threw up all connection with the company, set out for Paris, and put themselves in the hands of Lord Preston, the British Ambassador at Paris.

The French story is that Lord Preston employed all the means at his disposal to induce the adventurers to go

to London to unfold their designs, and succeeded.

Des Grozeliers and De Radisson offered the English traders in London to restore to them Fort Nelson, which they would have no difficulty in doing, inasmuch as they had left one Chouard, nephew of De Radisson and son of Des Grozeliers, in charge of the fort.

What is called the treachery of Des Grozeliers and De Radisson obliged the French company to take other measures, if they wished to build up a trade with the Indians of Hudson's Bay: accordingly, in the following year, the company sent two small vessels into the bay. These vessels were under the command of M. de la Martinière, who on reaching Fort Nelson, was surprised to find it in possession of the English. Martinière wintered six months in the river Matcispi, opposite Fort Nelson, made a treaty with the Indians and on the 16th July set sail for Quebec: he would have remained longer in the Hudson's Bay country to await assistance from France, but his people apprehended danger from want of provisions, and being in danger of being blocked in by ice for the winter, set fire to the fort and left. In the course of his return voyage to Quebec, he fell in on the coast of Labrador with an English ketch, which was making its way to bay, but was obliged to succumb to the Martinière and his companions. The English ketch became the prize of the French voyager.

In the year 1685, the French company having laid before the King of France a statement of the action, or, as termed by them, the usurpation of the English, in having rendered themselves possessors of Fort Nelson, obtained from His Majesty and his council a concession of the full and exclusive enjoyment of the river Saint Thérèse (Hayes river).

In 1686, the Chevalier-de-Troyes captain of infantry at Quebec, accompanied by three Canadian brothers

and many others, set out from Quebec on foot, with the design of making conquest of the three English forts at Rupert, Monsipi and Kichichouanne. They started on their journey in the month of March, carrying on their backs their canoes and provisions, and, after many trials, arrived before Monsipi on the 20th June. The French relater of the incidents of this perilous and fatiguing march says, "Il fallait etre Canadien pour supporter les incommoditez d'une si longue traverse."

It would be too long for a magazine article to enter into all the details of this undertaking: it is sufficient to say that the English fort fell under the blows administered by the French Canadians, and that Troyes and D'Iberville, the commanders of the expedition, and indeed, all their compatriots, gained much éclat for the parts they played in the enterprize.

To judge of the magnitude of the undertaking, one has to take into account the rough and wooded country the French Canadians had to traverse, with but themselves to do the carrying of the boats, and provide commisariat for the successful accomplishment of their mission.

Having succeeded in taking the three forts to which I have referred, the French could well afford to lie on their oars for awhile, even though the Hudson Bay Company by the occupation of Fort Nelson should be enabled to diminish their catch of fish or deprive them of a goodly number of beaver skins, martin, loup marins or sea wolf, caribou and deer, and the skins of the many other wild animals which infested the woods and forests surrounding Hudson's Bay.

Here I may make a diversion, to make special allusion to the beaver or "castor," the national emblem of Canada. Of all the animals in the Northwest, the beaver was held in the greatest reverence—that was because of its capacity for hard work, perseverance and skill in building houses for themselves, and for the wonderful intelli-

gence they displayed in all their operations. Monsieur de Bacqueville de la Potherie, cousin of the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France in 1722, who accompanied the expedition to which I have referred, in one of his letters giving a detailed account of the voyage, also gives a detailed account of this animal, of its haunts, how it worked, felling trees for its winter hut, how it provided means of escape in case of flood or the burglarious action of other animals, and indeed, of all its qualities of architect, carpenter, joiner, mason and all other mechanical arts required in the construction of houses. Writing of the castor (beaver), he says: "Elle est si admirable que l'on reconnoit en lui l'autorité d'un maitre absolu, et véritable caractère d'un Père de famille, et le genie d'un habile Architecte; aussi les sauvages disent que c'est un esprit et non pas un animal."

We will now return to Fort Nelson. This fort, the importance of which was recognized both by the French and English, we have seen fell into the hands of the English of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1687, and had since been under their control.

In 1694, the French and French Canadians having possessed themselves of the Forts Kichichouanne, Rupert and Monsipi, now turned their attention to the capturing of Fort Nelson. The King of France supplied the Quebec company with two vessels, the *Poli* and the *Salamander*, to lead an expedition for the recovery of this fort. D'Iberville was given the command, and proceeded to Quebec where he engaged one hundred and twenty French Canadians to go with him to Fort Nelson. He and his compatriots set out from Quebec on the eighth of August, and arrived before the fort on the twenty-fourth of September. D'Iberville besieged the fort for eight days, and then bombarded the fortifications for eight days. The garrison was not a very large one, only fifty-six men. On the 12th of October,

the fire of the besiegers becoming too hot for the besieged, the fort with the garrison of fifty-six men and fifty pieces of cannon was surrendered, and the Quebec company became master of the field.

At the end of fifteen months, D'Iberville returned to France, leaving one La Forêt governor of the place.

In 1696, the English appeared before the fort with four vessels of war and one gun boat. La Forêt disputed their landing as well as he was able; all, however, of no avail, as the garrison was soon compelled to surrender the fort, making it a stipulation that they should retain the beaver skins in the fort; a stipulation which, the French say, the English failed to keep, and took the beaver skins and an Iroquois Indian Chief with them to England.

The French government, incensed at the conduct of the English, now determined to make vigorous efforts to re-establish their authority at Fort Nelson. For this purpose, the King sent out a squadron of four prime vessels, the *Pelican*, the *Palmier*, the *Weesph* and *Le Profond*, with instructions to capture Fort Nelson at all hazards.

These vessels, after a voyage of nearly six months, arrived in view of Fort Nelson on the 3rd September, 1697.

Two days afterwards, they were surprised to find three ships, under full sail, coming up the Hudson's Bay. These ships were the English ships, the *Hampshire*, fifty-six cannons and 250 men; the *Dering*, of thirty-five guns, and the *Hudson Bay*, of thirty-two guns.

Mr. de Bacqueville, one of the officers of the expedition, gives a full and particular account of all the manœuvres of the French squadron till it reached Fort Nelson, and made war upon the English and their vessels, amidst the ice of Hudson's Bay and on land up to that time more frequented by the Esquimaux, bears, wolves and other wild animals than by civilized

people. His account of this outward-bound voyage, and all its incidents, from its beginning to its termination, though most interesting, can only receive a short notice here. Suffice it to say, that Serigni, Lieutenant of *Le Palmier*, with this expedition, on its setting out from Rochelle, on the 7th of April, 1697, found himself in command of the fleet, owing to the absence of D'Iberville, who had been occupied conducting an enterprise for capturing the English forts or trading-houses on the coasts of Newfoundland and Cape Breton. It was the King's instruction that D'Iberville should be placed in command at Plaisance, a large and beautiful bay of Newfoundland, and be responsible for the success of the expedition to Hudson's Bay.

When the French squadron arrived at Plaisance, they found that D'Iberville was absent, making war on the English settlements in Acadia (Nova Scotia). Before M. d'Iberville arrived at Plaisance, M. Du Brouillon, governor of the place, had made an unsuccessful attempt to take St. John's (Newfoundland) by sea, and had returned to his government. When M. d'Iberville came back, Du Brouillon and he concerted together as to the best means to be taken to possess themselves of the island. The plan adopted was a combined attack to reduce St. John's, the principal place of the island. M. d'Iberville appointed Montigni, lieutenant of a Canadian infantry company, to be his lieutenant; and then, with Du Brouillon in command of a detachment, the combined forces took up their winter march. The enterprise proved successful and St. John's fell, under and by the skilful management of an able commander. Whatever credit was to be taken out of the capture belonged to the French Canadians, to whom D'Iberville had given the foremost place in the campaign. D'Iberville also had in his retinue Pierre Jeanbeoville, an Abenaki Indian Chief, and L'Abbé Baudoin, who rendered much service in inspiring the

Canadians with increased courage by administering to them the rite of absolution before engaging in battle. The operations for the reduction of Newfoundland resulted in the taking of upwards of thirty harbors and fishing-places in the hands of the French. This was a great blow to the English commerce in Newfoundland, which thereby became crippled and well nigh lost to the British nation.

To return to Hudson's Bay. We have said that the opposing English and French squadrons met before Fort Nelson on the 3rd of September. As soon as the English came within fighting distance of the French they formed themselves into line of battle. The combat soon commenced in earnest.

The French had determined to have Fort Nelson or die in the attempt. They first attacked the *Hampshire*, then the *Dering*, and soon the *Hudson's Bay*.

The sea fight between the opposing ships was well sustained by both sides for several hours.

The result, however, was against the English. The *Hampshire* was sunk, the *Hudson's Bay* struck her flag, and the *Dering* put to sea, no longer able to withstand the prowess of the French arms.

The treaty of Rigswick was signed that year, and left the French in possession of all the forts on Hudson's Bay.

During the next fifteen years, the English trade was restricted, but by the treaty of Utrecht, A.D. 1713, all

the territories of the bay were ceded to the English.

The Hudson's Bay Company were at once restored to the rights and privileges which they had enjoyed under the patent of Charles II., A.D. 1670; these rights and privileges they enjoyed uninterruptedly, in the exercise of which they amassed great wealth, for a period of more than one hundred and fifty years.

On the 19th day of November, 1869, the company, by deed, surrendered to Her Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain, all the rights of government and other rights, privileges, liberties, franchises, powers and authorities which had been granted to the company by patent of Charles II., and by an order in council, dated at Windsor, on the 23rd day of June, 1870, Her Majesty in council, granted to the Dominion of Canada, Rupert's Land and the North-western Territory, by virtue of which, under certain conditions and reservations, Canada became possessed of the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company.

As we have seen, French Canadians had much to do in the outset in opening up the Hudson's Bay trade with the Indians, and it would seem no more than justice that the Dominion of Canada, occupied, as it is, by a mixed people, of Anglo Saxon and Norman descent, should be restored to their own in the possession of the territories, rights and privileges of the Hudson's Bay Company.



TO HISTORY UNKNOWN.

BY STELLA EUGÉNIE ASLING.

I.

"AND now it is your turn, Ouida." But dreamy, dark-eyed Ouida did not reply just then.

We were a party of school girls, and had been spending the day at the lake shore of Penetanguishene, just near the Provincial Reformatory for boys. We had been all through that great stone building, entered our names in the visitors' book, and had been led through the lofty corridors and spacious dormitories by the guard. We had seen the school-rooms, music-rooms and chapels; looked with interest at the manufacturing of matches and furniture; peeped into the kitchen, tasted the bread baked by the boys, and altogether had thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. But the day came to a close, and so, while waiting for the boat, we sat on the shore in the evening twilight and told all the stories we could remember of the early days of the locality—when Governor Simcoe had first stationed troops at Penetanguishene, when the first settlers had "jobbed" and "fished" and "hunted" and lived from hand to mouth.

"Ouida, we're waiting for your story," says Clara, impatiently. "We all know yours will be the best, for your nurse, Madame Bienville, has crammed your brain with legends since your infancy. Do you see ghosts flitting among those shadowy islands, that you are looking across there so earnestly?"

"I'm trying to pierce the mists of two hundred and fifty years," Ouida answered, smiling. "You laugh at my faith and my traditions, yet,

"Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human;

That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not;
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened,
Listen to this simple story':

"It dates back to before the time of which you have been speaking," she continued. "No man lives who remembers the time. It was before Penetanguishene rose in its terraced beauty, or that massive stone structure threw long shadows over the water; when the south-west corner of the bay was called Wenrio, and the spot on which we are sitting was known as Ihonitaria.

Here a peaceful nation dwelt, cultivated their land and lived in harmony with one another.

II.

One morning, when the birds were singing their sweet matins, when the flowers had just awakened to the first warm kisses of the sunshine, a little canoe shot out from the rude wharf of Wenrio. Lightly and gracefully as the swan, it glided over the water, turned the bend in the bay and approached the landing at Ihonitaria. The occupant of the canoe was a young girl about sixteen: A very child of nature was this wild flower of the forest, and our great "creative mother" had lavishly heaped her gifts upon this—her favorite child. Her eyes were large, and soft and brown, like those of a gazelle. Braids of dark, glossy hair crowned her head, and her face was radiant with health and innocent joy.

After a time she laid the paddle down in the bottom of the canoe and looked over into the calm water. Did

a mirror in the most sumptuous apartment in the civilized lands reflect a more perfect picture? And yet, as she looked, her face recalled a dim memory of a dead mother. An expression of pensive sadness crept into the depths of her dark eyes, but only for a moment; the next, she listened for a moment to the song of the birds, then joined her sweet voice to theirs, and singing, continued her way.

Suddenly she looked to the top of the hill: the song was hushed, the paddle remained motionless. A plumed warrior, more kingly than anything she has ever seen or dreamed of, is leaping lightly over stones and fallen trees down the hill-side.

He saw her, too. As he approached, the canoe touched the landing, and lightly and gracefully as a leopard, she sprang from it. Then, erect, and with a queenly dignity, she stood before him; for, was she not the daughter of the chief of the Hurons, and the acknowledged beauty of her tribe?

And, silently, with a low bow, Eugène d'Aillebout acknowledged her sovereignty as he would have a princess of the Parisian court.

III.

Eugène d'Aillebout belonged to one of the noblest families of France. His love for adventure had brought him to Canada. He was a model of knightly chivalry, dauntless personal bravery, and patriotism—a good representative, in fact, of those early emigrants whose adventures and achievements have been called "The Prose Epic of the Canadian Nation."

For a moment they looked at each other in silence. He came from a court where pomp, fashion and licentiousness reigned supreme, and he had found a young creature as graceful, innocent, and free from guile as a young fawn. She saw before her a man—a king! from that far away land which the priest, Jean de Brebœuf, had told her of, but which she had found it hard to realize ever existed.

The stranger was the first to break the silence. "Will the daughter of the Hurons direct my steps to the habitations of her people?"

To his surprise she answered him with a clear musical voice, in French.

"The warrior of the white-skin will follow the trail till he sees the smoke rising from the wigwams of my tribe."

"Pardon me, but you speak our language well. May I ask who was your teacher?"

"Father Brebœuf. Twelve times have the snows melted and the flowers bloomed since he found me one day playing here with the sand and stones, building a fort. He took me by the hand and told me to come in to my mother. She was lying, white and still, upon the bed. My father was bending over her. When we went in she opened her eyes and said faintly, 'Little White Wing, I'm going to leave, and you are not to be called White Wing any more, but Elimere; the priest says so.' He baptised me then, and all the time the death angel lay crouched behind her ready to carry away the white-winged spirit of life. At last her lips moved, she smiled faintly and was gone.

"That was in the moon of the falling leaf; and when the snows covered the ground, the dark death angel moved among the people, and there was mourning in the wigwams of the Hurons. But when the spring came we left the houses and built new ones at Wenrio, and Father Brebœuf was as good to me as my own father, and taught me the French language."

Not till then did she remember she had been talking to a stranger. She drew herself up with a haughty grace and said, coldly:

"The Warrior of the pale-face will be long in making his journey. The sun is showering his fiery arrows to the earth, and the flowers are no longer sparkling with dew."

Eugène did not mind the delay. He would have been quite willing to

have listened longer to the quaint language and sweet voice of the speaker. But she had dismissed him; so he smiled as he answered that "the journey was not long. He was stationed at Fort Sainte Marie."

IV.

Fort Sainte Marie was built by Jean de Brebœuf and the other priests as a central station from which the truths of Christianity might radiate. It was situated on the bank of the River Wye, where it issues from Mud Lake. The fortifications formed a parallelogram of 175x90 feet.

The interior included church, refectory, lodges, kitchen, and places of retreat for meditation.

The first thought that came to Elimere when she awakened the next morning was, that it was the Sabbath; and the next brought a flush to her cheek—she would see her plumed warrior at mass.

With great care she arranged her tresses, and fastened among the glossy braids, bunches of wild June roses. She selected her most prettily ornamented moccasins. Then by her father's side she tripped along through the great forest to Sainte Marie. The flowers had been freshly baptized with dew, and gave forth their sweetest fragrance. The birds waked the echoes of the forest with their song. The sombre balsams mingled their dark foliage with the silvery birch and maple. Ferns linked in hidden nooks, and the little squirrels frisked about and played among the branches. Through this scene of primeval beauty they continued, till the sparkling, rippling little River Wye was seen through the branches of the trees.

A canoe was coming rapidly along and in it was a person who had never been absent from Elimere's thoughts that morning—Eugène d'Aillebout.

He stopped and took them in; and together they continued their way up the stream.

How pleasant that row was! Eugène talked to them of sunny France—the land of flowers and sunshine, gardens and chateaux, meadows and vineyards, till the crosses on the bastions of St. Marie appeared in sight; and from the grey tower the bell pealed solemnly forth, awakening strange thoughts of unearthly lands, as it floated down the river, tarried in the woods, and at last died away in the bosom of the forest.

As the bell ceased ringing, the little party landed, and entered the church.

The sunlight stole softly in through the windows; crept over altar, and chancel-rail, and candlestick; and wrapped in a yellow glory the form of Elimere, as she knelt by the cavalier's side.

Eugène looked at her with admiration, mingled with reverence. He thought he had never seen a more perfect young creature. Her hands were clasped in prayer, and a light almost divine rested on her upturned face. No premonition of the fearful drama, that, in the time to come, was to be enacted, came to her in that peaceful Sabbath stillness.

The Ave Marie was sung. The incense rose, and rested above the altar, like the amen above some perfect prayer. The crowd dispersed, and Elimere was gone.

V.

It was evening in the lake region. The sun cast a farewell glance over sky, blue water, and shadowy island, and over the Little Lake near the Indian trail. It was so perfect—that little lake, with the smooth stretch of velvet green encircling it. Great oaks and maples on the hilltop loomed up against the sky like giant sentinels, keeping watch and ward of the enchanted lake below. It had no apparent inlet or outlet, and lay there with scarcely a ripple on its surface, sleeping quietly year after year.

The sun has scarcely given his good-

night nod, when the moon rises slowly and serenely above the tree-tops and looks down into the calm water beneath. She sees something else to-night besides the sleeping lake and drowsy water-lilies. A deer comes down to the water's edge and looks up at her with its pensive eyes. But another object attracts her attention. A canoe is floating along in the silvery path. The man sees the love which he feels reflected in the soft radiance of the dark eyes opposite. "What need of words, when heart to heart responds?" The moon knows that in the future there will be a bitter parting, and long days of separation, and looks down at them with pitying tenderness. But they are happy in this blissful present, and the canoe floats on in the track of the moon-beams.

* * * * *

From its wide sweep across the ice-bound lake the storm broke in sudden fury over the little village of Wenrio. It shook the frail bark lodges as if it would tear them from their foundations.

One solitary light glimmered out on the darkness—from the lodge of the Huron Chief.

Elimere went to the door and peered anxiously out into the night. A cloud of snow blew into her face; with a shiver she closed the door and returned to her father's bedside. No one would venture out in such a storm. She will be alone with her dying father.

"Elimere?"

"Yes, father."

Consciousness has returned to the sick man at last. She kneels by the bed, clasps one hand in hers, and fans the fevered brow.

The chief lies there with eyes awake, and conscious, his parted lips dry and parched by the feverish breath.

How long Elimere kneels there she knows not; but the door opens at last and Eugène is there.

Ah! she knew he would come. He

who goes about on errands of mercy would never desert her.

The hours wear on. The breath comes in quick, short gasps now. Elimere's position never changes. Her long, black hair hangs loosely about her shoulders. Her large, bright eyes are fixed on him in astonished fear.

At last there comes a moment when there is a gasp—a quick-drawn sigh, and all is over.

When the days of mourning among the Hurons are ended, the Chief is laid in a grave under the hemlocks at Fort Sainte Marie.

VI.

In the dusky twilight of a winter afternoon, a figure might be seen creeping along in the fading light, now glancing stealthily around, now moving cautiously forward, till he reaches the lodge which for twelve years Elimere has called home.

He opened the door with the quietness which characterizes men of his race, and, having assured himself that no one but the object of his search was around, entered.

Elimere, quite unconscious of the intrusion, was calmly sitting embroidering a pair of leggings. A moment later, and a burly chief was at her feet. With a startled cry she sprang up. Who was this hideous-looking warrior, and what did he want of her?

With a dim smile the dusky chief looked at her, and in words which he vainly endeavored to make gentle, said:

"Black wolf, the chief of the Iroquois, has heard of the beauty of Elimere, and would make her his bride."

The wife of Black Wolf, indeed! She drew herself up proudly, and with withering contempt answered:

"And Elimere has heard of the treacherous character of Black Wolf. His heart knows neither pity nor fear. His claws are sharp as eagle's talons, and his fangs are dripping with innocent blood."

Anger flashed for a moment from

his eyes, but he answered with a cringing smile:

"The voice of Elimere is sweet as the musical waters of the fountain. Her lips are red as sumach berries. Her hair is black as the wing of the raven when the sun showers his golden arrows upon it. When Black Wolf returns from the weary hunt, the starry eyes of Elimere shall make his wigwam bright."

"Elimere of the Hurons will never become the bride of the Iroquois Chief. How dare you thus remain in my presence?"

"When the faun has no longer the protecting care of the buck, the wolf steals from his covert to seize the prey he would have for his own."

A sickening fear almost overcame her. What did his ambiguous words mean? But she said, haughtily:

"The words of Black Wolf are like the prattle of the papoose. Let his speech end. He shall take the trail to the Iroquois country, and nevermore enter the lodge of the Hurons."

And, quietly as he had entered, the chief departs. Was he deterred in his purpose? Far from it. His plans were too deeply laid to be so easily frustrated by the sharp words of a dusky maiden. Are not his followers even now mustering to arms in the Iroquois country; and was he angry at the words so severely spoken? Evidently not. He admired the spirit which called them forth, and smiled as he thought of the haughty grace. Her equal was not to be found in his country.

VII.

And how did Elimere come out of the ordeal? When he had gone, the courage which had sustained her gave way, and she fell sobbing to the floor. A great fear overcame her. She felt that the Iroquois Chief had some determined purpose in view. Did he intend to carry her off to his country? With a shudder she thought of a life spent with that ugly chief. One

thought was uppermost in her mind—escape. But where was she to find safety? If it came to the worst, her people were no match for the blood-thirsty Iroquois.

Fort Sainte Marie!—like a ray of sunshine came the thought. The fort was well pallisaded. Cannon were there, and armed men; among them Eugène. If she could only reach it, all would be well.

She will go! Hastily wrapping herself in furs, she sets out on her journey. Soon the lights of the village have disappeared, and she is out in the wintry night—alone. The drifts have covered the trail, and it is with difficulty that she can find her way. The night grows blacker. The wind becomes more piercing, and every low tree or shrub Elimere fancies may be the Iroquois Chief.

At last the way becomes completely blocked. A stupor is creeping over her. Her tired limbs refuse to move. Far behind her she hears a sound. Black Wolf is following her. Of what use to try further? So she quietly waits her fate.

Nearer, and nearer, comes the sound. Half-unconsciously she sees a sled drawn by dogs; and a voice with the accent she loves so dearly is saying: "Elimere, as I live! and whatever is she doing out here in the storm?"

It is Eugène d'Aillebout. Her knight—her deliverer. As she is lifted into the sleigh, a figure retreats further into the shadow. Black Wolf has witnessed the meeting, and another link is forged which will bind the chains of captivity stronger.

VIII.

A wild, dark sky, in which a few stars gleam faintly; a hurrying of clouds to and fro, revealing the moon for a moment, and then veiling her face with a curtain of inky blackness; a blinding torrent of sleet, and a wailing of the tortured trees in the tem-

pest. But hark! mingling with the howlings of the March storm is another sound. There is the tread of one thousand warriors; the waving of eagle feathers; the mutter of suppressed voices; and a clanking of tomahawks, spears, and war-clubs, as the dusky line of Iroquois move on to their bloody work—the surprise and massacre of the Hurons at Fort St. Ignace.

When they reached the fort all was still as the grave. But soon above the wail of the tempest came the cries of the panic-stricken inmates.

A few only escaped to St. Louis, a town nearer Ste. Marie. There they told the horrible tale. The inhabitants fled, except the decrepit, the sick, the priests and eighty warriors, who calmly waited the onset. Just after sunrise it came.

Twice were the assailants repulsed, but in the third attempt they managed to force the palisades and proceeded to massacre their victims. They then set fire to the town, burning with it all the old and infirm who were unable to escape from the houses.

Fort Ste. Marie stood guard all day and all night expecting an attack, but none came.

During the day the rain ceased; the wind lulled itself to rest. Towards evening, the snow fell silently, softly down and covered the blackened ruins in a mantle of purity. In the morning the snow lay white and deep; so deep, that Elinere standing by her father's grave under the snow-crowned hemlocks was unconscious of approaching footsteps till Eugène stood beside her.

"I have come to say good-bye, dear. Three hundred warriors have joined us from Ste. Madeline, and we are going to pay those assassins up for their foul work of yesterday morning.

"To-morrow was to have been the happiest day of my life, when I would have claimed my sweet young bride. But now—There, don't cry, darling.

All may yet be well. Good-bye again. God grant it may not be forever."

"Farewell, true heart."

Hand clasps hand, heart reads heart in an agony of sorrow, and they are parted. Who shall say when to meet again?

The Hurons divided into bands, and surprised and defeated two hundred Iroquois who were advancing to make an attack on Fort Ste. Marie.

The Iroquois made for the ruined Fort of St. Louis. But the avenging Hurons gave them no quarter. They killed many, captured some, and put the remnant to flight.

News of the disaster was carried to the main body at St. Ignace, and a vengeful attack was made on the Hurons at St. Louis.

What words can describe the fearful battle which followed.

Foremost in the fight was Eugène. One thought was ever uppermost—if they should fail there, the consequences to Ste. Marie. And with the energy of despair he led on his followers.

Far into the night the fight lasted, but neither the valor of patriotism nor the energy of despair could avail the doomed defenders. The Iroquois at last forced the defences, but they took but twenty captives. All the rest had fought to the death. Nor was it vainly they had striven. The Iroquois had been so weakened that the intended attack on Ste. Marie was abandoned.

Father Brebœuf was stripped of his sacrificial vestments. His body was hacked with tomahawks and knives; yet he uttered no word of complaint.

The other prisoners (except a few who were reserved to carry the baggage) were thrown into the burning buildings and the savages departed, laughing with demoniacal delight at the dying shrieks of their roasting victims.

IX.

The solemn silence of midnight enveloped the dwellings of the Iroquois. In a wigwam a little apart from the

others, a white-browed warrior lay sleeping. With his hair tossed back from his forehead, his arm thrown carelessly over his head, he lay wrapped in profound slumber.

See! in that midnight darkness a hand lifts a corner of one of the skins, and a savage face peers in. Then, with a step as light as the fall of autumn leaves, Black Wolf enters.

For a moment he scans quietly the face of the sleeper. Then he bends forward and lays his hand on the white man's heart. Still no stir. Was there ever a surer mark for a knife? and he knows just where to strike deep and sure. And then there will be an end to that life which he hates with all the hatred of his savage nature.

"Ah," he mutters, "only for you I would have taken more scalps. I would have captured Sainte Marie and so gained the prize for which my heart craves. Now my followers say your life shall not be taken. They shall see.

A knife flashes through the gloom. The chief's right hand is raised aloft ready to strike.

But, lo! the sleeper turns, and murmurs in his sleep the word, "Elimere."

Was a gentle chord touched in that grim chief's nature? Or did the name recall the words, his "fangs are dripping with innocent blood." The knife is lowered, his hand drops by his side, and as he turns away he whispers, "Not yet."

A few days later, Black Wolf met a stranger looking for Eugène d'Aillebout, who, he said, had fallen heir to an estate. His return to Quebec was anxiously looked for by a large retinue, who were waiting to accompany him to France.

It was not the chief's purpose to tell the messenger that he had *Sieur d'Aillebout* in captivity. So he sent him to another nation. In the meantime he would mature his plans and carry them into effect.

* * *

Summer had come again to the lake region, and preparations had been made by the priests to establish Fort Sainte Marie at Choendoe (Christian Island). In a few days the remnant of Hurons would begin their journey to the new mission.

A great longing seized Elimere to see the little lake before leaving. Not till its calm beauty burst upon her view did she fully realize the utter desolation of the country. In a voice of deepest anguish she cried:

"Oh, my people, you have been hunted like the hind in autumn; like the hind of the forest you have been captured and slain, and in all these months where is Eugène? Like the firs among the leafless trees of winter, so is my love among our nations. He was brave as a lion, gentle as a doe, yet he was seized by men more fierce than wolves at evening.

"Blow, O north wind! Waft a message to my love, and tell him that by the lake of water-lilies Elimere waits alone.

"Our lodges are desolate, and our gardens become a waste. When the snows melted in spring the streams ran blood. The maize waves no longer in the breeze. The grass has withered and the summer fruits have failed."

"Elimere!"

With a glad cry of surprise she turned and stood face to face with Eugène.

"Oh, Eugène, did you come at my call? I was so lonely I cried aloud! I thought there was no ear to hear but the pines."

"I went to the fort and they told me you had come here, so I followed."

"But where have you been so long?"

"I was taken captive with some others that fearful day. We were made to carry all the baggage, and when we arrived at the Iroquois towns my companions were brained. I waited for my turn to come, thinking every hour would be my last. But the weary months crept on, and one day I was surprised at the plan which

Black Wolf proposed. I was to enter with him for a canoe race. The winner was to claim you, darling. You see he gave you no voice in the matter. But I had to consent. It was the price of my freedom."

"But, Eugène, you will win."

"I shall do my best, though they say no one can beat the chief in a canoe. The contest is to be to-morrow morning; the starting-point, Present Island."

Before the sun was well up next morning, a number of Hurons made for the Island, anxious to witness the race.

By six o'clock all is ready. The contestants are waiting. They glance anxiously across to the Point, now and then to a flag fluttering to the breeze. The one who lays it at Elimere's feet claims her hand.

At a given signal the canoes shoot out. With the rapidity of lightning they fly over the water. Ah, see! the chief is ahead. He is winning. Now they are nearing the flag, and Eugène is slowly but surely gaining. He has reserved all his strength for this final struggle. He reaches the goal; he seizes the flag, and is returning. Loud cheers are sent across the water. But now the chief speeds on with blind fury. He reaches Eugène's side, raises his oar, and, before the spectators are aware, strikes his unsuspecting victim with the fury of a demon, and overturns the canoe. Then, with a fiendish yell, he seizes the flag and makes for the shore. But, swiftly, silently, an arrow flies from the bow of an enraged Huron and lodges in his breast. With an unearthly cry, he throws up his arms, falls into the water, and the chief of the Iroquois is seen no more.

But who is this that comes struggling, dripping to the shore. It is Eugène. Willing hands lift him and lay him on the grass. Eager hands rub him till he glows with returning life. In the excitement, a stranger is not noticed till he is standing among them. It is the messenger from Quebec to convey to Eugène the tidings that as his brother had died he had succeeded to the estate.

And so, without further delay, a very primitive wedding took place at Sainte Marie, and Eugène and Elimere left for their new home.

Ouida's story had been interrupted as we boarded the boat, and she finished it just as we were passing Present Island. Almost instinctively we crept closer together as we looked at the sombre trees in the moonlight, half expecting the spirit of the departed chief to be peering at us from among the shadows.

As we landed, Midland looked like an enchanted city in the misty light, and with our thoughts still full of the dusky maiden, we looked across to the wood which encircled the little lake.

Ah! beautiful, dark-eyed Elimere, in your stately Parisian home did you think that two hundred years would elapse before the lake region would again teem with life, before the little lake would be a meeting-place for a happy maiden and lover, or a little birch bark canoe would go floating about among the water-lilies; that when that wilderness would again echo with the stirring notes of happy home-life, your life, and that of your nation would have become an unreal dream for ever and for ever?

