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THE HALIFAX CRITIC.

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many as eleven seats in the House. In 1793 it could be proved that seventy members were returned by thirty-five places in which there were scarcely any electors at all, ninety members sat for forty-five places having less than fifty electors, and thirty-seven were elected by nineteen places with not over a hundred voters. These borough seats were to be bought for a lump sum from the corporation of the borough; they were sometimes, as in the case of Sudbury, advertised for sale, the prices rose or fell according to the probable duration of parliament; borough brokers negotiated the sales like the commission-merchants of to-day. As might be expected, members who paid for their seats were willing to turn an honest penny themselves by selling their votes in the House. And it could not be expected that they should feel responsible to the electors whom they had paid for their election.

Repeated attempts at parliamentary reform were made during the reign of Geo. III., but the king saw in the general corruption the surest means of maintaining his arbitrary power. Thus, with absolutism at the helm and venality at the prow, the political history of England during his reign is a dark tale of corruption and intrigue. The only wonder is that the misfortunes of the country were not greater.

With the one distinguished exception of the American Revolution, the country was remarkably prosperous in its foreign relations. The loss of the colonies in America was counter balanced by the extension of British power in Australia and Asia. In the early part of the reign Captain Cook had explored the scattered isles of Australasia, and brought the island continent under the aegis of Britain. In India, the struggle between France and England had led to the expulsion of the former; and when, in 1773, the talented but unscrupulous Warren Hastings became the first Governor-General of India, the power of England in Hindostan began to extend rapidly and irresistibly over the whole peninsula. That great social upheaval, the French Revolution, which caused almost every throne in Europe to tremble and not a few to fall, left England practically undisturbed. Napoleon, the Attila of modern Europe, sweeping like a cyclone over the face of the continent, found himself baffled by "that nation of shop-keepers," the English. The two proudest monuments in St. Paul's call to mind the victories of the Napoleonic contest. St. Vincent, the Nile, Copenhagen, Trafalgar, proclaim the genius of Nelson and the prowess of the British seaman. Around the triumphal funeral car of Wellington are emblazoned, among many others, the names Talavera, Busaco, Torres Vedras, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria and Waterloo.

Nor is it in foreign affairs alone that we must look for the glories of the reign of George III. That great religious revival led by Wesley and Whitfield was quickening the religious pulse of the nation at large. Vice, brutality, scepticism, and religious formalism characterized the beginning of the eighteenth century. The little band of zealous, devoted preachers taught by their words and their example higher ideas of duty to God and to man. Where their doctrines failed to convince, their conduct came to be respected and largely imitated. To the influence of this great religious movement may be traced several of the reforms of this and a later period. Beginning with the abolition of slavery in 1807, the philanthropic work went on beyond the limits of George's reign, bearing fruit ultimately in the reform of the criminal law and the total abolition of slavery throughout the British dominions. Commercially, too, there were many signs of progress. The application of steam-power to manufactures placed James Watt among the great benefactors of the human race. Arkwright, by inventing the spinning-frame, founded the cotton trade of the north of England. James Brindley engineered the first canal. In 1807, gas was turned to account in the lighting of London streets, and the same year saw the construction, in America, of the first steamboat.

With these facts in view, let us consider the general outlook at the time of George the Third's Jubilee, in 1811. The country is locked in a deadly struggle with a mighty foe, who has already trampled under foot most of the powers of Europe. The old king, who, with all his failings, had what he considered the good of England at heart, is worse than dead—he has been smitten with blindness and insanity. For fifty years, with an arbitrary will worthy of a Stuart, he has striven to restore the obsolete prerogatives of sovereignty. At the end of this half-century, commercial depression prevails, the nation is overwhelmed with debt, many reforms have been called for in vain. Catholic Emancipation has not yet been carried, though supported by the genius of Pitt. The criminal laws are so terribly severe that juries cannot be found to convict criminals. No less than one hundred and sixty crimes are punishable with death! The franchise law, as we have seen, is so woefully defective that various attempts have been made to reform it, but the opposition of the king has been fatal. The

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TWO JUBILEES.

BY N. C. JAMES.

"George, be king!" was the advice given to the third Brunswick sovereign by an ambitious mother. Imagine the dull and narrow mind, the strong will, and the untiring though misguided zeal of the young king George III., all directed to carrying out this piece of motherly advice; and you have some insight into his struggle against the constitutional principle, that the king reigns while the parliament governs. If George III. had not resolved to govern as well as reign, the progress of British constitutional development would not have been impeded, as it was, by more than half a century; and the British empire would include what is now the American republic. By surrounding himself with a body of secret, powerful and irresponsible advisers, by dismissing at will the chosen ministers of the people, by interfering with the parliamentary elections, by the distribution of titles, places, and emoluments among the members of parliament itself, the king managed to control the government of the country. The laws relating to the franchise were favorable to the return of a corrupt and venal parliament. While the bulk of the population was unrepresented, there were some noblemen who owned and controlled as

reign has been an eventful one abroad, and there is plenty of glory to think about, plenty of blood-bought victories have been won, plenty of foreign possessions added to the British crown. But the cost has been great, and the wise citizen is sighing for peace, knowing that there is much to be done at home.

"I will be good," was the childlike resolution of the little Princess Victoria, when she first learned that she was to inherit the throne of the greatest kingdom on earth. That earnest purpose has been the key-note of the Queen's life and aims. Need it be said that it has been fraught with even greater good to the people of England than George the Third's resolution to be a king was attended with evil? Seldom in the history of England has there been more urgent need of good example in high places than when Victoria came to the throne. Two drunken debauchees had just preceded her in that high station. Their companions were congenial, and their courts were largely formed after their tastes. Good people there were coming and going among the companions of royalty; but they were good under difficulties. We in this respectable age can scarcely imagine the coarseness, the extravagance, the low buffoonery, which centred in the palace and resorts of our sovereigns. Still less can we understand the easy indulgence shown to the royal vices by people who were themselves virtuous. Gamblers, prize fighters, jockeys, all whose occupations were supposed to require a low type of manliness, were esteemed the proper companions of princes. People smiled to see the King of England drive up to the prize-ring in company with one of the pugilists. The coarse practical jokes which the meagre wit of a drunken prince was capable of perpetrating were the admiration of his subjects. But the young Princess Victoria had been kept almost entirely away from the atmosphere of her uncle's court. Shortly after her accession, Greville wrote of her:—"It is, in fact, the remarkable union of *naïveté*, kindness, nature, good nature, with propriety and dignity, which makes her so admirable and so endearing to those about her as she certainly is. I have been repeatedly told that they are all warmly attached to her, but that all feel the impossibility of for a moment losing sight of the respect which they owe her." The influence of her strictly-ordered life began at a critical time in the history of the country. People were growing disgusted with royal debauchery. A change was taking place in public sentiment. Certain indications had set hopeful men thinking of a new and better era. The Reform Bill of 1832 had at length struck at the root of the great defects in the franchise. The effects of the reform of the criminal law in 1818 were becoming apparent in the steady diminution of crime. In 1833, a further philanthropic triumph was achieved in the abolition of slavery throughout the British dominions. The Catholic Emancipation Bill of 1829 had induced a more tolerant spirit among different religious bodies. About one hundred miles of railway were then in operation, and a few large steamers had already given ground for hopeful speculation as to the future modes of travel.

With the exception of a temporary depression of trade, all omens were favorable. In how far have the high expectations formed at the commencement of the reign been fulfilled? Speaking generally, the history of Victoria's reign has been a striking illustration of the truth that peace has its victories as well as war; nay more, that the bloodless victories of peace are infinitely greater, more lasting, more beneficent than the triumphs of war. During this period the whole system of national education has been built up. Even in 1851 the amount expended by government upon education was only £150,000; now the London school board alone expends seven times that amount on elementary education. In the colonies, too, the advance in popular instruction has been even greater. When we add to the influence of the schools the increased facilities for travel and for postal communication, the phenomenal growth and widening of the sphere of journalism, the founding of technological institutions, the establishment of telegraphic communication between nation and nation, between continent and continent, we can in some slight measure realize the improvement that has been made in the condition of the people. At the beginning of the Queen's reign the cost of sending a letter from London to Brighton was eightpence; to Aberdeen, one shilling threepence halfpenny; to Belfast, one and fourpence. Higher rates were charged if the letter was written on more than one side—a golden opportunity for the inquisitive official. Owing to the cheapness of the penny post, introduced by Sir Rowland Hill in 1839, the number of letters carried in 1875 was twelve times that of any year under the old system; and the increase continues. A writer in the *Family Herald* calls to mind an English village where, in 1852, the people did not know who the Duke of Wellington was; where such a thing as a newspaper had not been seen within the memory of man; where there were only one or two inhabitants who had ever seen a railway-engine! Now the latest events in American, European, or Asiatic affairs are known in all corners of England the day after they have occurred. When the first feeble, timid experiment with the electric telegraph was made in 1827 between Euston Square and Camden Town, the onlookers little dreamt that, in their own lifetime, the uttermost parts of the earth would be as the different wards of one city.

Any attempt at completeness in enumerating the triumphs of the present age would easily grow tedious. The direction of scientific research and the character of literary effort have been as distinctive of the times as the steam printing-press or the electric telegraph. The Victorian age is an era by itself—an era in which all phases of thought, scientific, literary, or religious, are in harmony with the altered conditions of life—an era in which the great nations of the earth are being drawn together by the interchange of thought, of labor, and of international courtesy.

A JUBILEE REVERIE.

BY C. E. FRASER.

It is not my wont to indulge in reveries; but during leisure hours I have sat aimlessly musing until my thoughts, guided by some unexplainable influence, have become centred and fixed upon some particular scenes or occurrences which had for years been buried in the deepest recesses of memory. It was thus with me on a bleak evening during the past winter I had fallen into a deep and prolonged reverie, and fancied myself again a boy in my native town of Windsor. During this waking dream the scenes of my youth passed rapidly before my mind's-eye, and, in my imagination, I again saw the old town as it then stood. There was the main street, with the three glorious elms which had so often attracted the attention of strangers; there, too, was the Haliburton block of buildings, which, since the removal of the Haliburton family to Clifton, had been used as a hotel, its wings having been subdivided into shops and offices. There, too, was the little brown house at the corner, over the site of which the apple-beds, trains of Annapolis now pass. The recollection of such familiar scenes recalled to my mind the occupants of these old-time Windsor dwellings, and at length my thoughts became fixed upon the shop of Isaac Lewis, which occupied one end of the low, brown corner-house to which I have referred. Isaac Lewis, its proprietor, a veritable Jew, was standing, as of yore, behind his little counter, vainly endeavoring to adjust his spectacles so that he might examine more closely one of the antiquated watches which he had taken from its accustomed place in the window. How long these self-same watches had hung there I know not; but, staring out as they did at every passer-by, I imagine their faces must have become as familiar to the inhabitants of Windsor as was that of the good-natured toll-gate keeper, Will Thom, or the old Jew himself. The watches, the window, the little shop, and Isaac Lewis appeared to stand out in bold relief against a background of many Windsor scenes. The old Jew, with his slight and bending form, and his dishevelled grey locks, his Hebrew nose and mouth, looking straight at me out of his keen, suspicious grey eyes, made me feel guilty and uncomfortable, although I cannot tell why. He was muttering as usual to himself, and I listened and heard him in half-audible tones repeat some remarks which he had addressed to me when I was a boy, and which I think may be of interest to some of my readers. "Each nation," said Isaac, "is proud of its great men, proud of its lawgivers, its writers of books, its holy men, and its mighty men of valor; but I say unto thee, my son, that the great men of this day and generation grasp but the shadow of the truths that have been revealed in Holy Writ. Lasting fame cannot be theirs until they understand the truths themselves; and as we go down the centuries their names and fame will be as if written upon water, while the fame of our great Jewish leaders, such as Moses and Samuel and King Solomon the Wise, will be known in the uttermost parts of the earth.

"Yea, my son, Jewish civilization has had its influence all down the ages; mankind may be unwilling to acknowledge it, but to my people despised and down-trodden as they have been and still are, the inhabitants of the world are indebted for their present enlightenment. Translate ye will the writings upon the tablets unearthed at Nineveh, interpret as ye will the hieroglyphics found on the tombs and monuments in the valley of the Nile; admire as ye will the laws and civilizations of Greece and Rome, and yet ye must admit that my people were exalted above these heathen nations, and that their civilizations, compared with that of my fathers, were a shadow unto sunshine. Yea, it is true, my son, that the great empire under whose flag my people have found peace and liberty, can yet gather many useful lessons from a closer examination of the Mosie law; and it may come to pass that these laws, antiquated as many of them appear, will yet form the basis for new imperial legislation, and mayhap prove the solder by which the unity of the empire may be preserved. O, father Moses, would that these Gentiles could understand and appreciate the law delivered to us by thee! In it are many things which are to them a sealed book. But it shall not always be thus; the day is even now at hand when that glorious institution, the jubilee of the children of Israel, shall be closely studied by the wisest men. If they could but now see the equity and justice of the laws which govern its proper observance, then indeed would the trumpet of the jubilee sound with gladness throughout the land, and the people would rejoice, as my fathers did rejoice, even three thousand years ago. That jubilee, my son, meant liberty and equality among the inhabitants of the Land of Canaan. With the first sound of the trumpet every Israelite's bondswoman and bondswoman was set at liberty, and once more came into possession of the lands which had been apportioned to their families by Joshua. During the year of jubilee no labor was performed upon the land; my fathers sowed not, neither did they reap; and through this wise provision the soil was given its needed rest, thus allowing it to regain its lost fertility, and preventing its becoming barren by reason of continuous harvesting.

"Through the institution of the jubilee, land monopoly was rendered impossible, and capital in land being available to all the people, industry reaped its full and just reward. List ye, my son, under such a law no family could remain for generations in abject poverty; for at the jubilee the lands with which they had parted, it may be from necessity, once again became their own property. Nor was this unfair to the persons who had become the temporary owners of the lands; for all purchases were based upon the law, and the law provided that in the jubilee year the land should revert to its original owners; and hence the prices paid by purchasers varied according to the nearness or remoteness of the ensuing jubilee."

Here the old man stopped, and after a prolonged silence, broken only by the unrythmical ticking of a dozen clocks, he continued slowly, as if

in profound thought: "Our laws were indeed just; the people have an inalienable right to the land, and individual monopoly is at variance with the spirit of equity; but many generations will come and go before the justice of this claim shall be generally recognized among the Gentiles."

As I now ponder over the old man's words, their full depth and significance appear to me in a new and striking light; and I see, for the first time, how closely his ideas agree with those of Mr. Henry George, and how strange it is that Mr. George's theory, that private ownership in land is prejudicial to the best interests of society, and utterly opposed to the fundamental principles of equity and justice, should have so startled the present generation, seeing that its truth had been acknowledged by the early writers of the Holy Scriptures, and by the framers of the Hebrew law. Few thinking men, I am convinced, will disagree with the principles laid down by Mr. George, but it is not probable that the truths which he has propounded will be accepted so long as the expediency of their adoption is questioned. When that day does come, however, the people who inaugurate the Grand National Land Reform should set apart the year in which it is introduced as a National Jubilee, as a mark of their recognition of the wisdom which inspired the Jewish law-givers to establish the institution of the jubilee in the land of Canaan.

THE DEVILED HAM.

BY ALEX. SWEET, EDITOR "TEXAS SILLINGS."

Among the very few things we do not know is how the expression "deviled ham" originated. It could not have originated with the Gadarene swine, that, being possessed of the devil, violently ran down a steep place into the sea: for they all perished, hence the subsequent pork could not be deviled from that cause. There is, however, a story told of a deviled ham in San Antonio, Texas, that is amusing, if not instructive.

It happened in 1855, when there were comparatively few Americans in this city. An old Mexican shoemaker, by the name of Pancho Hernandez, had a shop on the Military Plaza. He had a young, and rather good-looking wife. Pancho was a man of considerable influence, and was quite a favorite with the Americans, particularly those who ran for office. He spent much of his time with the Americans, and soon became so saturated with American civilization, that he preferred good old American whiskey to the vile Mezcal, on which his ancestors for hundreds of years had relied for inspiration. He even acquired a fondness for hash, and one day he actually brought home a large canvas-covered ham, much to the disgust of his wife, who exclaimed:—

"Ah! Pancho, those dogs of Gringos will be the death of you yet. You no longer find any pleasure in the juicy *tamale* of your ancestors. You no longer observe the Sabbath day to keep it holy by attending the service at the cock-pit like a good Christian, but you are off every Sunday with your American friends, playing billiards. And now you bring home that vile ham. I wish the devil had it, and all the Americans in the town."

"Excepting that tall one, with light hair, who never comes here except when I am away," observed Pancho, as he hung up the despised ham on a nail in the adobe wall. As Mrs. Hernandez refused to cook the ham, it hung on the wall for several weeks. One day while Pancho was absent, electing a new red-headed American, to whom Pancho had alluded, came in. He said he wanted to see Pancho, but he not being present, Mrs. Pancho seemed to answer the purpose just as well. In his eagerness to have her understand precisely what he wanted, he had inadvertently placed his arm around her neck, and had his mouth very close to her mouth, when she happened to notice the ham on the wall. *Valgame Dios!* It moved: it thopped about. The poor woman believed the devil was in the ham, and had come to carry her away. She omitted a yell that made the inhabitants wry out in the suburbs suppose that Indians were attacking the town. The auburn haired American went out through the window like a streak. Mrs. Pancho resolved to lead a new life, and keep her eye on that ham.

That very same day Pancho, who had been assisting in consolidating the Mexican vote, his wife being at church, was seared into comparative sobriety by seeing the ham wriggle. He rubbed his eyes and saw it wriggle again. The *diablo* was in the ham on account of the sins he, Pancho, had committed during the heat of the campaign, so Pancho strode hurriedly, with a howl on his lips, in search of a priest. Father Thomas Aquinas, a newly arrived prelate from the South of Ireland, was a very devout young man, but when Pancho begged him to come with bell, book, and candle to drive the devil out of a ham, he smiled so audibly that he interrupted an auctioneer's flow of eloquence on the opposite side of the plaza. When he got to Pancho's house, and saw that fine ham hanging on the wall, there were moistures in the corners of his mouth. He said he would have to take the ham to his room, where he had all the facilities for expelling the evil spirit. He was reaching out to remove it from the nail on the wall, when he recoiled with an ejaculation of horror, for the ham kicked at him.

"I forgot entirely we were in Lent, and forbidden to ate mate," muttered the conscience-stricken priest, as he crossed himself and started for the nearest church. The shoemaker's shop was empty. A black woolly head was inserted through the door, and Sam Johnsing, a reliable colored man, stealthily entered. He advanced toward the ham, and was just about to request it, when he saw it move. He, too, thought that the devil was in the ham, and he sauntered out as slowly as if fired out of a gun.

The excitement among the Mexican population was intense. A large

mob collected around the building, but nobody could be induced to enter, until a Texas ranger having put several bullets through the ham, another reckless American pushed it off the nail with a long pole, and then the cut was out of the bag.

In the soft adobe wall where the ham had been was a hole the size of a man's wrist, which was invisible as long as the ham was hanging on the wall. There was no ham at all in the yellow canvas cover. There was nothing inside the cover of the ham except the bone. The intelligent rats had performed a remarkable engineering feat of making a tunnel inside of the adobe wall, it coming out right behind the ham. They had then eaten a hole into the ham, climbed into it and eaten it all up, except the outside cover, which preserved the plump appearance of the ham, while inside it was as hollow and deceptive as the piety of Pancho, his wife, the red-headed American, the priest, and Sam Johnsing.

Pancho had frequently seen a large rat that several times ran out into the middle of the floor, looked up at the ham as if he was taking measurements and bearings of the exact position of the ham on the wall, and then ran back into his hole. That the rats should be able to hit the exact spot on the wall where the ham was hung shows that, as far as intelligence goes, they were probably ahead of Pancho, his wife, and all the rest of the crowd; anyhow, the rats no doubt, were quite as moral, which is the moral of this story.

THE BIRTH OF THE NORTH-WEST PROVINCES.

BY LE. COL. WAINSWRIGHT.

A man who was in his tenth year when the august and now venerable lady, who rules over us, came to the throne—who remembers the tremendous heat of the summer in which the Sailor King passed to his rest, and the phenomenal cold of the ensuing winter—who knew the *Great Western*, the second steamship that crossed the Atlantic,—who saw the *British Queen* and the ill-fated *President* on the stocks,—within whose recollection the old coaching days were not yet ended,—who has witnessed the grand evening procession of Mail Coaches (uniform in all their appointments, down to the color of their horses) from the General Post Office, which was a spectacle foreigners used to be taken to see—and who has, since those old days, seen a good deal of the world at large—has a memory stored with many reminiscences.

It cannot but be that some of them are of stirring events: but of those which it has fallen to my lot to witness, and more or less, to participate in, none perhaps exceed in interest for the future, the birth, so to speak, of two of those great Dependencies of the Crown, which bear testimony to the enterprize and organizing power of the people of the United Kingdoms.

It was my fortune to take part, in 1851, in the public ceremonies attending the erection of Victoria into a separate Colony. It is true that, at the time of her severance from New South Wales, she was already a flourishing district, with a population of 77,000. But her political birth dated from her independence, and the richness of her gold fields soon placed her first among those rapidly rising States, whose destiny is manifestly to share the great island continent, under some such form of federation as we are familiar with in North America. Her population now exceeds a million, and although there seems to have appeared, of late, some probability of her being eventually eclipsed by the older colony, she has led the van for thirty years, and lent to Australian colonization the impetus which has carried it beyond any human probability of stagnation in its advance.

Twenty years later I was fortunate enough to find myself in the Red River Expedition, which may, with perhaps even more definiteness, be spoken of as the birth of the North-West, for at that time there were probably not five hundred settled inhabitants of Winnipeg. Any estimate of the population of Manitoba and the Territories will, in all likelihood, be unreliable until the census of 1891; but the results of a near future, in view of the broad extent of territory now happily spanned by that great triumph of progress, the "Canadian Pacific," will doubtless be proportionately momentous to the growth of Australia.

It is a fatality attending ill conceived and unjustifiable insurrections that they only succeed in promoting the conditions against which they organize. The miscreant Riel, with the hoped-for aid of sympathisers from the rowdy element in Dakota, Minnesota, and Montana, aspired to keep the N. W. for the Half-Breed and the French. He only succeeded in ensuring its settlement by a preponderance of English blood, as immigration from Ontario and other Eastern Provinces flowed in at once, as soon as the bloodless success of the expedition was known, and the two Militia Battalions alone contributed between four and five hundred settlers of the best kind, not more than two hundred and fifty men of both regiments returning to the east when the force was disbanded in 1871.

The expeditionary force, though numerically small, was in the hands of a thorough organizer. It consisted of a picked battalion of the 60th Rifles, of seven companies of fifty men each: two Militia regiments, the "Ontario" and "Quebec" Rifles, of the same strength; a small detachment of Engineers and Artillery: and two mountain guns. Total not more than eleven hundred. There were in addition, a force of teamsters for the fifty miles of road between Port Arthur and Lake Shebandowan, and a couple of voyageurs for each boat when we got upon the lakes, to act as guides, and for the management of the boats in the rapids. These men, some of them Indians, some Half-Breed, were also of the greatest assistance on the fifty "portages" over which the boats and the thirty days' provisions and

stores they contained, had to be transported between Shebandowan and Fort Alexander on Lake Winnipeg, a distance of over six hundred miles.

The Force mustered at Toronto on the 1st May. Within a week, four companies (Ontario Rifles) were sent on, *via* Collingwood and Lake Huron, to the Sault Ste Marie, where they remained about three weeks, guarding and assisting the transport over the Canadian side of the large amount of stores there gathered together. This tedious duty was entailed on the Force by the unfriendly action of the United States Government, which refused to allow transit through the canal which evades the Sault on the American side. On ours it involves a portage of at least a quarter of a mile, and there is half or three quarters of a mile of shallow water beyond. Though American churlishness and national ill-will, however, seemed to derive extreme gratification from any embarrassment it could put in our way, our relations with the United States garrison opposite were of the most friendly and convivial character, and the national animus was somewhat deflected by the sharpness of an American steamboat captain, who, preferring his owner's advantage to spread-eagleism, evaded the orders, and under some pretense, got his boat through the canal, and immediately placed her at the disposal of the Canadian Government. A first rate fellow he was, and of course he made a pile of money, as he deserved (at least from our point of view) to do. The services he rendered us were invaluable.

Reaching Thunder Bay by detachments, the whole force lay encamped there for about a month. Never did I enjoy a month in camp so much. Supplies from Canada were abundant. The trout of the streams, and the splendid white-fish of Superior, added to our many table luxuries, and the glorious scenery and ever shifting lights and shadows were a perpetual feast to a lover of nature and art. There was plenty of work, but it only seasoned the enjoyment.

About the middle of July, we began to move along the Shebandowan Road. In that region there is a thunderstorm about every other day in the summer time, and the road was "according." We were passed over it, company after company, making and repairing as we went. Great part of the country had been burned, and the heat and the flies were awful. The figures we cut after a day's handling of burnt timber, and struggles with red-clay, of which it took one shovel to clear another, were a caution. Wolseley rode up and down every now and then, and it was woe to the officer whom he found not working with his men.

On the 26th July, the leading companies of the "Ontario" Rifles embarked at Shebandowan. The 60th had gone ahead; the "Quebec" followed. A company was called a Brigade of Boats, of which there were six to the company. From that date to the 27th August, when the same leading companies landed at Fort Garry, was unceasing arduous work, loading and unloading, tracking up rapids, shooting down them, portaging boats and stores, and easing them over shallows, sometimes sailing merrily with "wet sheet and a flowing sea, and a breeze that followed fast," sometimes pulling wearily against foul winds and adverse currents. But the weather was generally fine, the service healthy, the scenery glorious, and the men willing and good-tempered. And I may here record my conviction derived from this expedition, and from subsequent service in the Mounted Police, of the advantage in every way to a campaigning force, of the absence of liquors, except for medical purposes.

The toilsome route lay through a long chain of minor lakes to Fort Frances, down the Rainy River, across the great Lake of the Woods—the scenery of which is like the Thousand Islands, tenfold magnified and beautified; then across Rat Portage into the Winnipeg; down that stream of wonderful beauty and grandeur, to Fort Alexander; then, across a corner of Lake Winnipeg, to the mouth of the Red River, up which some 55 miles, lies Fort Garry.

At Fort Alexander our ears were first saluted by that astounding chorus of dogs which breaks forth at every sound of bell or bugle, which afterwards became familiar enough to some of us, all over the N. W. Few animal concerts that I have ever heard can approach it in rampant discordance, except that of the parrot-house in the Zoological Gardens.

An officer of the Quebec Battalion, who was afterwards a Cabinet Minister of Manitoba, was said to have been scared out of his wits, *pro tem*, by a peculiar variation of canine vocalism under exceptionally favorable conditions. Of course the half-starved "huskies" and mongrels are adroit thieves, and are sure to insinuate themselves under the curtains of tents in search of spoil, especially at night. A big fellow thus got into the staff tent of the "Quebec," and thrusting his head into a large preserved meat tin, could not withdraw it. His awful howls in the hollow tin, the racket made by his frantic effort to extricate himself, and the pounding he inflicted on the hapless sleepers in the process, are said to have been a fair excuse for any one thinking the Evil One himself was among them.

The passage of the force from Shebandowan to Fort Garry occupied just a month. Col. Wolseley with the 60th, did it in about three days less, but the Militia were delayed by unavoidable circumstances, apart from which, they would have been well up, as they fully equalled the Regulars in working over the portages.

When Col. Wolseley reached the Lower Fort, nineteen miles below Fort Garry, he waited forty-eight hours for the van of the "Ontario's," and then had to proceed without them. Had it not been for this unfortunate delay, it is possible that Riel might have been surprised. It occurred in this way. The leading double brigade of the "Ontario's" had landed for the night on a point some fifteen miles from the mouth of the Red River, when a furious gale, with torrents of rain, came on with absolute suddenness. It blew straight on to the shore. Men were sent into the

boats at once, leaving supper half-cooked; some got round into a cove which the gale ought to have taken us into at first; some were driven away two or three miles to another part of the shore; two were hauled up, where they were, not having time to get off. Darkness came on at once, and till the next forenoon the commander did not know where three or four of his boats were. The storm continued without intermission for thirty-six hours, and a great deal of damage was done to provisions and stores. For that time it was impossible to stir, and the delay thus begun was protracted by a strong head wind and low water, which told heavily on the detachment all the way up the river, till it reached the Lower Fort. The wind, which lowered the water in the river, had heaped it up on the shore on which it had caught the boats, so that those which were run up had to be hauled up higher and higher all through the first night and the next day, and of course the extra work, wet and cold, told on the men.

Wolseley, on landing, endeavored to cut off communication with Fort Garry, but his force was small, and no doubt some of the Half-Breeds outflanked him, and spread the news. He impressed all the horses he could find, mounted some of his men, and when he advanced, spread his skirmishers as far into the country as possible. But there was at that time nearly half a mile of bare prairie between the fort and the nearest houses of Winnipeg; and as soon as Wolseley's advanced guard debouched on the plain, Riel and his august government crossed the Assiniboine by the ferry at the Fort, and rode for their lives for Pembina.

When the 60th entered the fort there was dead silence. The Hudson's Bay people affected to believe they did not know Riel had left, but were not very implicitly credited. It was thought they were afraid of both sides. They had more or less patted Riel on the back at first, and he and his ragamuffins had repaid them by living at free quarters at their expense all the winter, and levying a heavy cash contribution on them nearly at the last.

In fact, the august president and his government had been pretty drunk all the winter, and it was perhaps largely owing to their state of permanent excitement that Scott met his death, and that Dr. Schultze and Major Boulton narrowly escaped with their lives. The fort was full of the furniture and effects of loyalists, whose houses had been freely raided, even to their papers and correspondence, which were scattered about the rooms in a manner which plainly showed the state in which the Provisional Government had lived.

This state of organized lawlessness ceased at once with the arrival of the troops. Col. Wolseley and the regulars left on their homeward route within a few days, and the great room of the fort, which had for some months been the scene of the orgies of Riel, became the comfortable mess of the Ontario Rifles, where from time to time, for the next twelvemonth, governor, bishop, and other magnates stretched their legs beneath a civilized table, and sipped their wine in peace and prosperity, "none making them afraid;" where the ladies of Winnipeg and its vicinity, (more numerous than might have been expected in the "Great Lone Land,") enjoyed many a pleasant dance, and where Butler himself afterwards entertained us with fluent narratives of his adventurous trip to the "Wild North Land."

For the Great West Land was to be "Lone" no longer. With the advent of Governor (now Sir Adams) Archibald it was born anew into civilization and representative institutions. Mr. Archibald had arrived before Col. Wolseley's departure, and with his resolute yet conciliatory conduct of the difficult affairs of the nascent Province its successful emergence from semi barbarism must ever be associated.

His was not so light a task as many at the time thought. It might, perhaps, have been comparatively easy for an arbitrary ruler to override the cowed native population, and there would have been ample material support; for there was much acrimonious feeling among the troops on account of Riel's outrages, particularly the murder of Scott, and fully half the Quebec regiment were Ontario men, or English-speaking men of Quebec, quite as bitter as their brethren of the Upper Province. But, fortunately for the future quiet and best interests of the new country, Mr. Archibald was a statesman of the higher stamp, and he resolutely set his face against any manifestation of that race animosity which might so easily at the time, —and with the least encouragement, or even laxity on the part of the governing power, unquestionably would—have grown into violence and oppression.

Under his mild rule but firm hand law and order were gradually evolved from the barbaric chaos, and when I was detailed to command the guard of honor at the opening of the first Legislature of Manitoba I felt it to be, perhaps, the most interesting duty I had ever been called on to perform.

"Tempora mutantur," but we do not always change our opinions with them. It happened that, as temporary commander of a regiment, I had slightly differed with the governor on a point of military duty, but the lapse of seventeen years has in no wise changed the tenor of the thoughts which occupied my mind as I sat on horseback for half-an hour in front of the legislative chamber, and it is pleasant to-day to combine with a slight record of not the least event of Her Majesty's fifty years of sovereignty, a tribute to a statesman who has since fulfilled a double term of governorship of his native Province, and of whom his native Province has reason to be proud.

The Jubilee year of the Queen is not without its grave anxieties as to the future of the empire generally, and to Canadians, as to that of the Dominion, but we may surely hope that a merciful Providence will overrule party faction and violence for the ultimate good of all. Meantime may God preserve Her Majesty till her reign shall have become the longest in the glorious English annals!

IN THE TENT DOOR.

BY ELISS CARMAN.

I sat in the door of my tent and dreamed.

The waning light of the summer day
 Into a roseate splendor seemed
 To gather its beauty all one way;
 Whose beryl and azure and crimson, blent
 Into a glowing autumnal flame,
 With long hill shadows came over sea,
 An orient gilding for my tent.
 And over the strait of sea there came
 And up the shore and the meadow slope
 With purple grasses' waving bloom
 To broider curtain and door and rope
 With tender elusive hands of dream,
 Came the o'ershadowing wings of sleep.
 And through the colors of her loom
 I looked far out and saw the hills,—
 My own glad hills that ever keep
 Guard of my beautiful own glad stream.
 Their peaks were crowned with imperial sun.
 So far out in the west they rose,—
 The undiscovered diaphanous west.
 I deemed their leagues of vast repose,
 Where all desire and grief are one,
 Were bastions of a land of rest.
 There in that aureole of light
 I saw—yea, surely I did see
 One musing on the warm hill-side,
 Fresh as the dawn, serene like night,
 Whose vesture well I knew to be
 The fashion of raiment that women wear,
 Falling about her girlish waist.
 So beautiful and so grave-eyed,
 From wide brows looking out so far
 From the shadow of her wheat-gold hair,
 So calm, so undisturbed of haste,
 So very noiseless like a star,
 Yet brooding on river's and mountain's blue
 In unimpatient depth of thought:
 Her slim hands' quiet seemed to hold
 The beauty of the world in poise.
 And as the golden hours went by,
 Above a wide-leaved book she wrought,
 Some hints from nature rare and new—
 A rune or melody—to fold
 Into its pages, for long years
 To be a light unto the eyes
 And a strength unto the hearts of men,
 When heads should bow with blinding tears
 And piteous hands go forth in prayer
 For the return of their own wise
 Clear-souled interpreter again.

There too, as she rested, slowly came
 One whose strong manliness was bowed
 Strangely in ways youth knows not. Shale
 And twilight thoughtfulness profound
 Were over his face, whose beauty showed
 In its graven lines a compassionate mien
 And a hungering swift desire to know
 The warm sweet rains of pitying tears
 On the unplumbed deeps of a river heart.
 Where the upland frontage was bending low
 In driven hurrying waves of fern
 Which the wind at play made quiver and start,
 I saw him gladly come near and lean
 Full length in the grass by her, he laid
 His face against her shoulder's curve,
 Reading the legends she had found.
 And up the margins wide and white
 Were ferns and berries and ripe red leaves,
 And gleams of the river's blue blue sheen
 With its flakes of white cloud drifting there;
 And bending rows of gathered sheaves;
 Apples with bloom and leaf on them,
 Ruddy or gold in the slanting light,
 Hanging above the September green;
 Brown slopes of field against the sky,
 And sunny intervals in May
 With meadowy corners of violets,
 And wind-flowers—each in its delicate stem.
 There too she fashioned wondrously
 The sweet wake-robin nodding and shy,
 And trailing May-flowers under the moon,
 Fair as the dawn under lids of day—
 Like a dream the sleep of the year begets
 When the breaking streams are a flood with stir
 Of sweet soft rains on the willow buds
 Where snow-birds flit in the wake of the spring.
 And now the spotless page would cross
 A bough of resinous pine or fir
 With its subtle influence to bring
 Long draughts of health from the breezy woods.
 And now a maple branch would come,
 To light with its ruddy autumn cheer
 The heart of the autumn song she wove,
 And scatter its bright leaves one by one
 Down all the unscathed margin wide.
 And now, a glimpse of the winter's home,
 Where dead snow-l) harvests billow and veer
 As the hands of the harvesting whirl-winds guide
 When they rush or idler to drift and rove
 In the long-rayed light of the pale low sun.

An hour he watched her thus; then spoke,
 I think, for I saw his close-drawn lips
 Tremble and part, and he turned his head
 As one who fears for his life's control
 When the heart would speak and the will forbids.
 Then a strange rare light in her eyes awoke,
 Like the afterlight when the glad day slips
 To the bourne of its myriad fellow days
 And tender pity like dew is shed

From under the calm of its dreamy lids,
 The quiet compassion of her soul
 Made evening drift through her luminous gaze;
 Supremely gentle were the words
 Her lips, from reverent silence, made
 To float like a soft wind over him
 With fragrant healing for his pain.
 'Twas like the song his dear brown birds
 Would sing day long till the day grew dim,
 Where he wove his dreams in the flicker of shade
 On the brown pine floor of his forest home
 Only the sweeping odoriferous rain
 On his mountain paths in midsummer
 Had ever been half so kind to him
 With pitying murmur of shaken trees,
 Knowing how bitter his heart's lone grief,
 Since first he shouted his friend's name there
 In their own wild haunts, and the day's white dome
 Gave only echo for answer. "Dead,"
 Men told him; but he deemed not so;
 To the old abiding strong belief
 They had held together for years, he held,
 Though ever he fronted the keen wild breeze
 Sadly, going with bearded head
 Heavily now in his sorrow of heart.

So hearing her voice, the sad eyes grew
 Light as they never were light before;
 A smile came over the grave worn face
 As he arose and moved apart,
 Then I beheld him turn and go
 Bravely on with unflinching pace
 Up where the dark wood hills are light
 Unto a land that lies afar.

The aureole of her hair was bowed
 Over the ripe grass-blown she took
 Into her hands—to fold away
 In the snowy heart of her fragrant book,
 As you 'd fold the sun in a little cloud
 When the soul is done with the using of day.

Just a shut of the eyes!... The sun had gone,
 And where his radiance rose and gleamed
 Upward against the wheeling night,
 A single guardian luminous star
 In the silence of flawless beauty shone.

I sat in the door of my tent and dreamed.

CANADA FIRST.

BY PRINCIPAL GRANT, QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON.

Some time ago, there was a promising crop of "Canada First" Societies in Ontario, but I am not aware that they accomplished anything. Apparently there was nothing for them to do but "testify." The members must have found it monotonous to meet for the sole purpose of assuring each other that Canada was first in their affections. Probably, the general public felt that there was no need to protest so much, and that it might be assumed that the average Canadian was and would be true to his country. At any rate the Societies died out, and in consequence I have sometimes heard a wail to the effect that there is no national spirit in Canada. Is this a legitimate inference?

It may be said that where there is strong feeling, it will show itself. It may also be said that, now-a-days, it appears to be necessary to wear our hearts on our coat sleeves, and to attitudinize with regard to every virtue. Blue ribbons assure all men that you do not drink, and white crosses protest that you are pure. Curious aprons indicate love to humanity, orange scarfs show that you are a specially fervent Protestant, while the gorgeous uniform of the Knights of Pythias is a tribute to friendship. Why should we not organize a new Society, with red badges or tassels, to certify that we never tell lies, not even the whitest; or better still, let every one order at once a Joseph's coat of many colours; and so, by a short cut, let us all attain to perfection.

We are told that there is so much provincialism in Canada, and so little love of country, that something ought to be done. But when men get to the "something must be done condition," they are "in a parlous state." Formerly, when doctors were in doubt about a patient, they physicked him or bled him. Now, they let him alone, and trust to the curative forces of Nature. Still more, when a man is well, let him avoid the doctor, unless he has prepared for himself the epitaph that might be written on many a tombstone—"I was well; I would be better; here I lie." Let us have patience and hope. We are growing, and if slowly, perhaps all the better. The "go to, let us build a tower whose top shall reach to heaven, and let us make us a name," is not the way either to the celestial kingdoms or to a great and enduring name. Virtue is not cultivated by dead lifts, still less by forming Societies and passing grandiose resolutions. "A convention where no one would ask us to pass a resolution, would be the next best thing to heaven," was the plaintive comment of D. L. Moody, years before he was famous, with regard to some fussy members of a convention who had great faith in such cheap methods of regenerating the world; "We read not of the resolutions, but of the Acts of the Apostles," he continued. That brought down the house, and nothing more was heard of several resolutions on which eloquent speeches had been made by the movers.

Let us understand that the simple reason why we have not a profound national spirit is that we have as yet done little to be proud of. It is different with our neighbours. For well nigh a century, they looked back to the one notable thing they had done. They had wrested their independence from an unwilling mother country, and on every Fourth of July they made the most of that. Probably there were more accidents from fire

crackers and the various forms of gunpowder used to celebrate the day, than wounds inflicted in the whole Revolutionary War. The events of the struggle were served up to the people with every variety of seasoning in every kind of newspaper and periodical year after year. No subject was so popular. As they seemed never to tire of it, invention never flagged. New tales of patriot valour and Tory treachery were woven from year to year with kaleido-opic variety. But now, the nation feels that it did a bigger thing when it cast out slavery and saved the Union. Accordingly, the *Century* is filled from month to month with accounts of the battles of the war, and Abraham Lincoln's name is overshadowing that of George Washington. He is declared to be the consummate flower of American civilization, and from the extent to which the laudation has gone, we are enabled to understand how, in the misty past, our Scandinavian ancestors deified Odin and Thor, and others who had proved best and bravest. We, however, have had no common battles to fight since we became a people. The affairs that took place in connection with the North-west unpleasantness cannot be dignified with the name of battles, though no one would belittle for a moment the spirit that the men showed who marched from every Province to the Saskatchewan. For the first time since Confederation a common emotion thrilled every unselfish heart from Cape Breton to Vancouver. We felt that we were one people. It was well worth all that it cost to be assured of that. And, because he had been the instrumental though unwilling cause, I could not help feeling that even Riel might have been spared in the hour of victory. But the politicians had made such a mess of themselves in connection with the murder for which he should have been hanged, that they dared not take a bold course, and trust to the future for their vindication. No one would have given them credit for any higher motives than those which had actuated them on the previous occasion. But, enough has been said about Cut Knife and Batoche, and the Regina scaffold.

We have little of a past, except that which is common to us with the mother country. But has it not been said that happy is the people that has no history? Happy, but man can find something higher than happiness. He is made to seek blessedness. And he can find that, only along the pathway of tears and blood. Depend upon it, we have first a baptism to accomplish, if ever we are to do anything in the world.

All of us are naturally vain, therefore easily convinced that our country is something wonderful. And never were men more easily satisfied than in the nineteenth century, or more ready to rest their reputation upon nothing. Mr. Carnegie's "Triumphant Democracy" is as loud an illustration as could be desired of the boastful pride in Brummagem substitutes for greatness that vulgar people who have made a lot of money are not ashamed to air on the housetops. But we need not go to Pittsburg or to millionaires for our illustrations. They lie ready to our hand, wherever we go. How often I used to hear quite sensible men and women in Halifax brag of the harbour, as if they had made it all without any help, and of Nova Scotian apples, as if the flavour of the Gravenstein proved that they, who didn't know an apple tree from a gooseberry bush, were most superior persons. In Ontario, the usual post-prandial boast is of "our school system, acknowledged to be the best in the world," although its parents frankly admitted that it was borrowed; and although it has not produced, and is not likely to produce, the fruit of the Academy or the Porch. The *habitant* would be proud of the big church that dominates over the other buildings in the parish as a hen over her chickens, if he did not feel a little sore at the assessment which he cannot escape. In almost every city in the United States, the traveller is compelled by courtesy to visit "Our Court House," or "Our Lunatic Asylum," or some such excellent institution, "which of course you have often heard of." But of all subjects of gratulation, let me commend the following, at the same time formally certifying to its genuineness. An imposing ecclesiastical dignitary, in the course of conversation with whom reference happened to be made to the absurdity of some form of national conceit that came under our notice, gravely remarked that "we had reason, however, to be proud of being Canadians." "My son," he continued, as solemnly as if he were speaking in church, "has a cow that gives thirty-two quarts of milk a day, and he has refused ten thousand dollars for her!" After that, I could believe a friend who assured me that he had recently heard a minister add to his public prayer on behalf of the Queen a special petition for "our heaven-born Premier." When "Joe Howe" visited England, it was reported in some parts of the Province that Her Majesty had at once summoned him to form an administration, and no one seemed to think the report extraordinary.

But, is it true that our national life began in 1867, or that its roots go back at the farthest only a century, or in the case of Quebec to Cartier and Champlain? Is it right to assume that we have no share in any country save in this northern half of the American continent which we possess? When our fathers, from one cause or another, took ship for these new shores, won by the best blood of their kith and kin, were they less noble than their countrymen who remained at home? They did not think so. They took with them all the gear that they owned, and better than outward gear was that which could not be taken from them, that which was inseparable from their stout manhood and pure womanhood, all that their ancestors had gained and that had become incorporated with nerve and fibre and their very flesh and blood. Rich, with wealth invisible and unpurchasable, was each poor immigrant. The spirit of Liberty dwelt in him, and the spirit of that true Religion which elevates man by assuring him that he is the son of the Highest gave him unconquerable energy and hope. Nor was he without precious symbols of his vast wealth. He carried with him the open

Bible—best proof that freedom had indeed been gained, and the red cross flag that symbolized not only the past but the present, a common life, a common allegiance, and a common citizenship. He carried with him

The old laws of England; they
Whose reverend heads with age are grey,
Children of a wiser day

Not one jot or tittle of his inheritance was left behind. And we have not parted with our birthright. It belongs to us in Canada by a right as absolute, and a claim as unbroken and flawless, as that by which it is held in Wales and England, in Scotland and Ireland. We hold it under new conditions, and these conditions determine our point of view, but nothing more. Just as the people of Scotland judged the proposals of closer political and commercial union with England from a "Scotland First" standpoint, so must we decide upon every new proposal independently, or from a "Canada First" standpoint. But the union itself is sacred. We did not make it, and without such admittedly sufficient cause as violent usurpation of our rights, we cannot break it. The union must be preserved. Scotland in agreeing to an Act for closer union with England, kept her own courts of law, her own educational system from parish schools to university, her own church establishment. We, if we think proper, may continue to keep the right to regulate our tariff. There can be nothing more sacred to a tariff than in jurisprudence, education, and religion. But one thing we may not do. Our generation cannot alienate from its children what a hundred previous generations have built up and woven together. It is bad enough to have the English speaking race divided into two peoples, whom from time to time

Each speaks words of high disdain
And hatred to his heart's best brother.

But let the division go no farther. Shall we take a step that would lead to endless disintegration, with all its attendant confusions, complications and wars, or shall we hold our own and move forward—no matter how slowly, to the goal of a union of some kind between the mother country, the great colonies, the great dependencies, and the great Republic? When such a choice is presented to us, who can doubt on which side is the "stern daughter of the voice of God?"

At no time in history has the sacred unity of our common life been felt more than during the years that have just rounded into the Jubilee cycle of the Victorian epoch. And at no time in these fifty years has our unity been felt so strongly as now. Science has annihilated almost every obstacle that formerly prevented intercommunication. It is easier to send passengers and freight across the Atlantic, than to send them across Canada. Whether the debates are in Ottawa or Westminster, we read them next morning in the same newspaper. We are more interested, too, in such subjects as Home Rule, the Crofters, threatened aggressions on India, and French interference in Madagascar or in the New Hebrides, than in protracted wranglings on the gerrymandering of constituencies, hocus-poensings with the Franchise, the revising barristers' question, and scandals of any dimensions, from steel rails up to charters. We have interests in India and Australia, in Africa and China. Our ships sail on every sea. Our young men contend eagerly for commissions in the Imperial army. When Britain is at war, our militia regiments volunteer for service, and should she be seriously threatened, we would rise as one man. Our pulses beat time with every great thought that stirs the heart of our fellow-citizens across the sea. The invisible bonds that unite the Empire are silently multiplying, and their real strength will be known only when some one in authority ventures to propose that they should be severed. Literary jackals, and other gentry of the baser sort, who now howl unmelodiously at all who believe that there is such a thing as national honour, will then be silenced effectually.

Duty demands that we shall be true to our history. Duty also demands that we shall be true to our home. All of us must be Canada First men. O for something of the spirit that has animated the sons of Scotland for centuries, and that breathes in the fervent prayer, "God save Ireland," uttered by the poorest peasant and the servant girl far away from green Erin! Think what a home we have! Every Province is fair to see. Its sons and daughters are proud of the dear natal soil. Why, then, should not all taken together inspire loyalty even in souls least capable of patriotic emotion? I have sat on blocks of coal in the Picton mines, wandered through the glens of Cape Breton and round Cape North, and driven for a hundred miles under apple blossoms in the Cornwallis and Annapolis Valleys. I have seen the glory of our western mountains, and toiled through passes where the great cedars and Douglas pines of the Pacific slope hid sun and sky at noonday. And I say that, in the four thousand miles that extend between, there is everything that man can desire, and the promise of a mighty future. If we cannot make a country out of such materials, it is because we are not true to ourselves; and if we are not, be sure our sin will find us out.

THE PARSON'S HORSE.

BY I. ALLEN JACK.

A Paper Read before an audience in the Sunday School Room of Trinity Church, St. John, N. B., January 20, A. D., 1876, slightly revised.

If there are any among my readers who have not visited Grand Falls on the River Saint John, New Brunswick, I certainly advise them to go there. I am told that the pleasantest time for such a visit is that season which can be scarcely called either spring or summer; when the north wind is beginning to lose its chilliness; when the sap is warm and plentiful in

every plant; and when the tassels of the birches, and the pussies, as the children call them, of the willows begin to fall. At that time the river is well supplied by the overflowing upper streams; the birds are singing their sweetest songs; and a large and varied and very beautiful collection of wild flowers makes the air most fragrant, hides the mouldering heaps of autumn leaves, and proves the truth of the Platonic doctrine, that from death is begotten life. Later in the year, the mosquito hums what naturalists tell us is his love song to his mate, but which sounds to the human being rather like the cry of battle; the sun is glaring and the air hot; and the great volume of angry water has begun perceptibly to shrink. At any season, indeed, the Falls and the surrounding scenery are most attractive, though in the depth of winter, our thoughts are led rather to consider Nature's scenes painted in the warmer tints, and we long for emerald fields and running waters, in place of the interminable white plains and the still, glazed lakes and rivers.

It is customary for most of us to lay out plans for the summer holidays, which, even if never carried into effect, are very nice to discuss. To those whose tastes lead them to seek for busy centres, for music halls, for galleries of art, and stately buildings, New Brunswick may not possess many attractions; but is it not at least a question whether summer is the proper season wherein to gratify these tastes?

When the days are long and the air is becoming warmer, the sparrows and the gray-birds forsake the yards, and seek the leafy hedges; even the pigeons make long journeys across the fields into the leafy coverts; and the crows and cranes are found as often in the woods or by the woodland streams as on the sea-coast among the weirs of men.

A not unpardonable dread of over-salted ham, which, with eggs, and occasionally that embryonic food known as "staggering Bob," are staple edibles on many rural tables, deter some persons from visiting country places. But when we visit them, we generally find that air and exercise give us the necessary appetite, and that ham and eggs, and even "staggering Bob" vanish from the board with wonderful rapidity. Besides, our country cousins sometimes "kill a beast," and the boy *sans* shoes and stockings, often catches strings of firm brook trout; and, while we leave behind us in the city "the cow with the iron tail," we are sure of milk or buttermilk, and we may partake of cream.

When I first visited the Falls, the line of railway was not quite completed; but now there is no difficulty in completing the journey by rail from Fredericton, a route which affords a good view of the Keswick River and valley, and of a long stretch of a very interesting portion of the River Saint John. On the occasion of my trip, I followed a different course, by driving through the midlands from Woodstock to the village of Tobique or Athurette. On this road you obtain frequent glimpses of Mars Hill, the highest mountain on the border of the neighboring State of Maine, and higher than any mountain in New Brunswick, and you will also see a number of splendid orchards, and some very lovely bits of landscape. By a short detour, which I made on foot along a road which follows the Presque Isle River, I almost crossed the boundary between Canada and Maine. It is said that somewhere in this neighborhood there formerly stood a tavern directly on the line, so that a thirsty inhabitant of Maine entering on the Maine side, and passing through the central plank of the floor of the building, might then take his beer or spirits, without infringing the prohibitory regulations of his state.

My companion and myself started from Tobique at midday, and after walking through a perfect wilderness, in which for miles we did not see a house, reached Grand Falls in time for tea, not very tired, but very hungry. Here we found the best of quarters, in a house over which Mr. Hammond then presided, but which is now under the charge of Miss Jennie Watson, where, I may observe, we tasted neither salt ham nor "staggering Bob." I should like to dwell upon the beauties and the wonders of the Falls, which I saw in daylight and beneath the splendor of a harvest moon hung in a cloudless sky. I should like to tell of the pretty French girls, some of whom, however, were dressed in garments of rather startling hue, one, for instance, in a light pink jacket, with a pea green-skirt. I should like to write of these and other matters, but space will not permit, and so I must refer to the principal subject of this paper, the Parson's horse. To my shame, I did not mark the points of beauty in this animal when I had the chance of seeing him; and as the sequel presently will show, his qualities were mainly proved in dense darkness.

"The motto of the Parson's horse was, "I shall find a way or make one." He possessed all the fire of Bucephalus, the endurance of Rozinante, and the genius of Pegasus. The manner in which I formed an intimate acquaintance with this steed and with his master, you presently shall learn.

When in the country I like to walk whenever the opportunity occurs. That old cob, vulgarly called shanks' mare, deserves one's confidence; she never kicks over the traces, acts as gently as you please in harness, and never is afflicted with any of the countless horse ails. A good walker is, in truth, most independent; he can take his time; he can chat conveniently with the farmers by the way, and can indulge, to his heart's content, in the pleasure of short cuts, made all the pleasanter by their uncertainty. But a walker is not worth much without a good substantial dinner, and had it not been for our friend, the Parson, who knew that we were on the road, we two pedestrians would have been in sorry plight.

The parson drove down before us in the morning, and, about fifteen miles from our starting point, and halfway to Tobique, we found him waiting for us at a hospitable private house, for there are no inns upon that road, where we had a capital repast. After dinner the horse was harnessed

and I and my companion were invited to occupy the waggon, but we preferred to walk, and kept pace with the parson's horse till we reached the Danish settlement, which is situated some four miles from the river. Some of you, perhaps, remember those gems of poetry which head the chapters in Pinnock's Goldsmith's History of England, and amongst them there is one somewhat shorter than a motto in a kiss, and far more pointed—

"The Danes! the Danes! the young and seed cry;
And mothers clasp their children as they fly."

We did not cry "The Danes;" we were not mothers; we had no children, and we did not fly, though in other particulars the quotation exactly describes our case. Still, as we walked quietly through the charming settlement, I could not help thinking of the grand old Vikings who invaded our mother land in the time gone by, and whose achievements induced Pinnock or Goldsmith to head this chapter with these awful lines. I could not refrain from mentally contrasting this peaceful immigration of farming Danes to a British colony with the invasion of England by their piratical ancestors.

Now Denmark, as the settlement is called, is beautifully situated. For a mile or so the land was cleared for a distance of some hundred yards on either side of the road, while behind the clearing were trees of the largest size, chiefly beech and maple, with occasional firs, pines and cedars. Between the forest and the road the colonists had planted oats, which had grown so high that we could scarcely see above them, and which, in places, encroached so far upon the fenceless highway that it could scarcely be called a thoroughfare. Through the oats we walked, drinking in the beauties of the scene, and marking here and there some little foreigner with wooden shoes and yellow hair, gazing at us with wondering blue eyes. When, however, we reached the end of the long track among the grain our difficulties began. Where was the road? If you look at some of the maps you will see it marked very plainly, but on the ground it is by no means easy to trace. We struck off on a line of grassy sward and brought up in the brambles; we avoided some large stones and ran into a swamp. At last we found a wheel track, but whether of a wheelbarrow or cart it was hard to say, for it was generally one continuous line without a parallel, and we followed this. If you were to train a fly to walk along the edges of the teeth of a long saw, originally straight but bent into as many folds as possible, and watch the movements of that fly, you would form a slight idea of the course we travelled. If the reader would seek high station in the world, with occasional plunges into humility, let me recommend the country above Tobique, on the eastern side of the Saint John. Perhaps you would wish to know if we enjoyed the journey; and I answer, certainly. Rarely have I beheld more rugged or more brilliant scenery. Great hills stretching away as far as the eye could reach, bristling with ancient rampikes, or blazing with sciret, or almost glittering with yellow leaves contrasted, here and there, with brown or regal purple. The flowering plants indeed were mostly withered, but not the larger ferns which commonly preserve in autumn that soft, almost translucent green which sets off a foreground to great advantage; and, when we reached the river, its swirling pools and foaming rapids added wildness of sound to that of aspect. The road along the river bank can be followed far more readily than that over which we had passed, at least in the daylight and for a certain distance, but at last the farms become less frequent, and you are driven to depend rather on a sort of instinct than on sight to find your way.

Imagine, then, our feelings when a pitchy night and a pelting rainstorm, in close companionship like Sintram's evil ones, came upon us. But fortunately at this juncture the parson, who had been visiting the Danish members of his flock, overtook us. We wondered how his little horse had possibly accomplished that rugged journey, though I do not wonder now, for we had not then been made acquainted with his powers. The parson insisted that we should mount his waggon, and we, not unwillingly, accepted his invitation. Trees to right of us; trees to left of us; trees in front of us. Underneath were boulders and treacherous holes, and outlets from the swamps, and mementos of former gales in the shape of prostrate trunks.

The river roared its loudest, but the antiphon from the winds and the never-ceasing rain almost silenced the voice of the stream. Now and then the waggon would tilt forward, or backward, or sideways to an angle of seventy, or eighty, or even ninety degrees, as it seemed to us. Now and then a branch would slap us in the face, with its wet, scale-like leaves, as if in anger at our entering the domains of the woodland deities. But that plucky little horse pushed on for one mortal hour, seeming now to climb straight over the tops of the trees, and now to burrow beneath their roots; and at last, by hook and crook, he brought us to our destination.

Would you wish to know whether this journey through the rain was pleasant? I should rather evade the question. In life the bitter must be taken with the sweet, and tourists, in their journeys, must accept the evil with the good. But I think I learned a moral to adorn my story. Whenever I hear of a clergyman in a rural parish who wants to build or renovate a church for his people I think of my friend the country parson, flying through the tangled forest with his wiry little horse; almost a wild huntsman in aspect, but a Christian in purpose; he and his horse doing their duty solitary, amid the solitary wilds. And I think to myself, if ever there is a man who deserves sympathy, encouragement and aid it is a country parson; and if ever there is an animal which ought to die in clover, it is a country parson's horse.

He that doth a base thing in zeal for his friend, burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

BATTLE OF MINAS, 1747.

BY SIR ADAM G. ARCHIBALD, K. C. M. G.

President of the Nova Scotia Historical Society.

One little episode in the war which in 1744 broke out between England and France, marks, in a striking manner, the courage and endurance of the foe with whom the British American provinces had to contend. The Canadian of that day was no unworthy representative of the gallant race to which he belongs.

We must premise a few words to explain the situation. When the war began, Cape Breton was a French possession, with Louisbourg, the strongest fortress in America, for its capital. In the second year of the war New England had fitted out an expedition against Louisbourg, which had resulted marvellously in the capture of that stronghold. The French, mortified beyond measure at their humiliating loss, determined upon the most ample revenge. In the following spring they fitted out, and dispatched from La Rochelle, the largest fleet they had ever sent across the Atlantic. It consisted of eleven ships of the line and twenty-four frigates, besides thirty-four transports and six ships, manned by seven thousand sailors, and carrying a land force of three thousand men. It was placed under the command of the Duke D'Anville, an able and experienced commander. He was instructed to retake Louisbourg, and dismantle it; then to proceed to Annapolis, and take that fort and garrison it; afterwards to go on to Boston and burn that city; then to ravage the coasts of the British provinces to the south; and to wind up his operations by going on to the West Indies and capturing some of the British sugar islands in the Gulf of Mexico. The plan of operations was communicated to the French authorities at Quebec, who were instructed to send to Nova Scotia a detachment of troops to co-operate with the Duke in the projected attack on Annapolis. Accordingly the Chevalier de Ramesay was sent from Quebec early in the spring, so as to reach this province by the time the French fleet should arrive in this harbor, then known as Chebucto, which had been assigned as the place of rendezvous for the ships. Finding, on reaching Nova Scotia, that the fleet had not arrived, de Ramesay proceeded to Annapolis and invested the fort, but, having no cannon, he was unable to institute a regular siege. After waiting some time, and seeing no prospect of success, and receiving no tidings of the French fleet, he retired first to Minas, (now Horton), and afterwards to Beaubassin, (now Fort Lawrence). On reaching that place, he found awaiting him there, orders from the Governor of Canada, directing him to repair at once with his men to Quebec. Accordingly he embarked his force in several small vessels and crossed over to St. John, with a view of proceeding thence to Quebec by the river. Before however he had made much progress up the St. John, he was overtaken by messengers from the Duke D'Anville, who had on the 9th September arrived at Chebucto with some three ships of his fleet, bringing orders to him to return to Nova Scotia with the force under his command. De Ramesay at once retraced his steps and appeared with his detachment a second time before Annapolis, ready to take part in an attack on that place. After some delay he learned that the fleet had left Chebucto for Annapolis, but he waited in vain for its arrival in the basin. After waiting some weeks he again withdrew his forces, first to Minas, and afterwards to Beaubassin, with a view to proceed thence to Quebec.

We need not narrate the series of misfortunes which befell the French fleet from the time of its despatch from La Rochelle till the departure from our shores of a shattered remnant of it to return to France. We need not speak of the dispersion of the ships by storm after storm on the passage out, nor of the loss of many of them by capture or of others by wreck. Nor need we tell of the frightful plague which prevailed on the passage, and which carried off over 1200 men before reaching our shores, and which continued even after arrival here till it consigned 1100 more of these unfortunates to graves on the shores of Bedford Basin. Neither need we dwell on the suicide of the Duke D'Anville within six days after his arrival in this harbor, nor of that of his successor, Admiral D'Estourville, who reached here with three more ships of the line on the afternoon of the very day on which the Duke D'Anville died, and was so worried by the disastrous condition of affairs that within two days from that time he ended his life by falling on his sword; nor on the misfortune which befell the Marquis de la Jonquiere, the third in command, when, on leaving Chebucto with the remnant of his expedition to proceed to Annapolis, he encountered another storm off Cape Sable, which compelled him to bear away for France. A more melancholy tale is not to be found in history. We mention it now only to introduce the story we have to tell of a gallant exploit performed by the detachment under De Ramesay, which had already appeared twice before Annapolis, and had twice retired to Beaubassin, without having done anything reflecting credit on the French arms.

Mascarene, who was Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia, had an uneasy time during the summer of 1746. The appearance of a French force twice before his fort, the rumors that reached him of the aims and intentions of the huge armament from France, the reports, received through the Acadians, of the arrival of French ships-of-war at Chebucto, and of their departure, some time afterwards for Annapolis, kept him during the whole season in a state of feverish excitement. He represented the condition of Nova Scotia to Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts, and solicited his aid. Shirley was sensible that the loss of this Province would seriously jeopardize New England, and did what he could to meet Mascarene's wishes. He succeeded in raising a body of 1000 volunteers to go to Nova Scotia with a view to over-

awe the Acadians at Minas, and to drive away the French from Beaubassin. Of this number, however, only 500 actually found their way to the Province, and they were of the quota furnished by Massachusetts. Shipwreck and other disasters prevented the volunteers of Rhode Island and New Hampshire from taking any part in the enterprise. The expedition was put in charge of Col. Arthur Noble, who had seen some military service. Noble was a native of Enniskillen, in Ireland. He had emigrated to Maine in his early days, and had obtained a grant of a considerable tract of land near the mouth of the Kennebec. There he had engaged in farming and trading, and had amassed a considerable fortune. He had built on his property one of those palisaded forts common in the frontier villages of that day as a protection against the savages. He was popular in his neighborhood. In 1745, when the expedition against Louisbourg was organized, he had been selected as Lieut.-Col. of a regiment raised for that service. At Louisbourg he had shown both ability and courage. He had led an attack upon a powerful battery situated on an islet at the mouth of Louisbourg harbor. He was repulsed, but not till after a hard struggle, in which he lost 189 of his men. His conduct on this occasion received the warm encomiums of his commander-in-chief. After the surrender he remained with his regiment at Louisbourg till relieved in the following spring by regulars from Gibraltar. He had been at home only a few months when he was called upon to take charge of the new expedition.

The 500 men from Massachusetts arrived in detachments at Annapolis in the fall and early winter of 1747. The path thence to Minas ran through bogs and swamps, which, on the arrival of the first detachment, were well nigh impassable. Mascarene, therefore, was anxious to forward the men to Minas by sea, and made several attempts to do so, but every time that his transports got out of the Basin of Annapolis, they were met by storms which drove them back again. Soon, however, the ground became stiff with frost, and he despatched a small body of troops by land, who arrived at Minas in November, and quartered themselves on the inhabitants. There still remained, however, at Annapolis, some 100 men. They were put on board some hired transports, together with cannon and munitions of war, and the frame of a block house, to be erected at Minas. Another attempt was made to proceed by water. The ships passed out of the Basin in safety, and directed their course up the Bay; but the season had now far advanced. The Bay was full of floating ice, which rushed up and down with the flow and ebb of the tide. As the ships approached Cape Split, the danger became greater. Through the narrow gorge between that point and the opposite shore, the waters of the wide Bay below, and of the broad Basin above, rush with frightful velocity, first one way, then another, carrying on their bosom huge bodies of ice. On approaching this point Noble felt that it was not right to risk the loss of his men by taking them further in the ships. He, accordingly, disembarked the whole force and landed on the edge of the north mountain, some forty miles below Minas. From that point he marched through the woods, in the direction of Minas, his men carrying 14 days' provisions on their backs. He crossed the mountain diagonally, through a dense forest, and in deep snow. On the eighth day, the party emerged on the level ground near Grand Pré.

In the meantime, the ships had proceeded on their voyage and had, through great perils, arrived with their stores at Minas almost as soon as the troops. Mascarene had sent up an officer with the first detachment to arrange for quarters. Everything, therefore, was ready for the remainder of the force when it arrived. The village of Grand Pré consisted of a string of houses, skirting the highway, and extending far in both directions from the church as a centre. The houses selected for quarters were twenty-four in number, not far from the centre of the village, but extending on the highway, a distance, in all, of well nigh a mile and a half. With one exception, they were small wooden huts, such as those now to be seen in the occupation of the poorer classes in Clare. The exception was a stone house, of rather greater dimension, but still by no means what could be called a large house. This Col. Noble subsequently made his guard house. On his arrival, he had hoisted the British flag on the church steeple, a proceeding which seems to have given some offence to the pious Acadians.

The weather continued to increase in severity. The ships had no sooner reached the landing place on the Gaspereau, than they were caught by the frost, and, in a single night, solidly embedded in ice. Noble thought that it was too late, when he arrived, to attempt the erection of his block-house then. He decided to put it off till the spring. He, therefore, left the frame and material on board, as also the powder and other munitions of war, except so much as were required for immediate use.

In a few days the men had recovered from their fatigues. They were in good health and spirits. The inhabitants had shown no hostile feeling. They had complied with the orders to furnish provisions. Everything seemed satisfactory. The men were looking forward to a pleasant winter. Noble had originally intended, if all the volunteers raised in New England had arrived, as expected, to proceed to Beaubassin, and dislodge the French from that place. On the 29th January, he wrote to Mascarene to that effect, but added that he was informed such an expedition was impracticable at that season of the year, and he thought he had good reason to believe his information correct.

During the winter months, especially after the first of January, passage across the Basin of Minas by ship is impossible. A vessel caught in the ice floes is helpless and hopeless. It is whirled up and down with the tide, and is either crushed between masses of floating ice-cakes, or is seized and imprisoned in a field of ice. The unhappy people on board such a vessel

have nothing to look forward to but wreck or starvation. There is no escape. The sea, therefore, was impassable, and by land there was no road. A trackless forest lay between Beaubassin and the head of Cobequid Bay; another intervened between this point and the upper Shubenacadie, and still a third between that River and the valley which lies between the North and South mountains. The winter had been severe. The snow lay deep in the woods. Mountain ranges, with deep gorges worn in their sides by descending torrents, tidal rivers open at their mouths, and to be crossed only on their upper waters, where bridged by the frost, presented obstacles to an enemy which, thought Noble, surely, man's only would encounter. The shortest land route between Beaubassin and Minas, allowing for the necessity of crossing the streams above the flow of the tide, was well on to 200 miles in length. This was what intervened between Col. Noble at Minas and DeLamesay at Beaubassin. The same causes which, in his mind, rendered it impracticable to proceed to Beaubassin, secured him, he believed, from attack where he was. He had as little to dread from DeLamesay as if his detachment were at Quebec. Still, he was not wholly neglectful of his position in the midst of a disaffected people. In the letter to Mascarene, from which we have already quoted, he says that he kept a body of scouts busy in reconnoitering the neighboring villages, so as to guard against possible danger. And on the very day after he wrote that letter, he, for some reason that does not appear, moved the main guard, which had been till then stationed at the house where he himself was quartered, to the stone house in which the cannon were mounted. Little idea had he, when he took that step, of the frightful disaster which was to fall upon him within the next twenty-four hours.

Let us now shift the scene for a little, and enquire what the French were about while the Provincials were settling themselves down comfortably in their winter quarters at Minas.

DeLamesay had still with him at Beaubassin a part of the force that he had conducted to that place on his retirement from Annapolis. On the 5th January, an Acadian from Minas arrived at Beaubassin. From him DeLamesay learned that a body of 250 soldiers from New England had arrived at Grand Pré, and had quartered themselves there for the winter, with the intention of building block houses, and fortifying themselves in the spring, that the Acadians had moved out of a number of their houses, and handed them over to the soldiers, who were dispersed all over the village. Then occurred to DeLamesay one of the boldest enterprises in history records. He called a council of his officers, laid his plans before them, and obtained their approval. Unfortunately for himself, he was unable to take part personally in the execution of his project. He had, on his retreat from Annapolis, in the previous summer severely injured his knee cap, and he was still unable to march, but his second in command, Captain Coulon DeVilliers, as brave and brilliant a soldier as himself, both fine specimens of French chivalry, readily undertook the task which his superior officer was reluctantly obliged to forego. The plan was to send a detachment of 300 men, 240 of them being Canadians, the rest Indians, on snow shoes, with provisions on their backs, to surprise, and if possible, capture the force, supposed to be 250 men, scattered in the different houses along the high road at Grand Pré. In four days the expedition was ready. They set out on their arduous march on the 12th January. They carried no tents with them. They had no shelter at night from the extreme cold of a Nova Scotian winter, except what they derived from holes in the snow, scooped out with their snow shoes. They began their daily march at early dawn. They kept on all day through the trackless forest, and sometimes, when the character of the ground permitted, they prolonged their march to a late hour of the night. They had little time during the day to warm the frozen food they carried on their backs. At nights they kindled fires, by which they could thaw and cook it; but after a long and weary march all day, they were too tired and sleepy to spend much time in this process. Many a meal they made on food thawed in their mouths. Yet these men never flinched from their task. Over the high mountains and deep gorges of the Cobequids, across rushing torrents descending from the mountain sides, over rocks and windfalls, all the way to the head of Cobequid Bay, then up what is now North River, to a point above the tide, thence over what we call Salmon River, and to the waters of the Shubenacadie above the tide, thence over the lofty hills and across the deep valleys of what is now Eastern Hants, they pursued their toilsome march till at last they emerged on the level country in the neighbourhood of Pisiquid (now Windsor). In all this long journey, except at the head of Cobequid Bay, at what is now Truro, there was not a settler to be found; but when they reached Pisiquid, they were among friends. But they were too wary to trust even friends. They arrived at Pisiquid at half-past nine o'clock on the morning of Friday, the 31st January, and their first act was to place guards on every road leading to Minas, so as to prevent any intelligence of their arrival from reaching the British commander. They rested all day at Pisiquid among their Acadian friends, who treated them kindly. Of these five and twenty volunteered to join the expedition. Coulon now learned to his amazement that the British force, instead of consisting of 250 men, as the habitant from Minas had informed DeLamesay, was really over double that number. A furious snow storm was raging when the expedition arrived at Pisiquid, which lasted all that day, and a great part of the next. During the thirty hours that the storm raged, at least four feet of fresh snow fell, over ground deeply covered by previous storms. The roads at Minas were completely blocked, and there was no communication between the different houses occupied by the British troops.

When Coulon, at Pisiquid, discovered the numbers of the enemy he

had to encounter, he might have been excused if he had felt a little disconcerted at the increased difficulty of the task that lay before him; but he seems never to have quailed.

From his Acadian friends he learned how the British soldiers were distributed. His force he considered too small to permit of an attack on all the twenty-four houses at the same time. He, therefore, selected ten of the number which were either occupied by officers, or in which officers lodged. He divided his followers into ten detachments, with a captain at the head of each, and, to each detachment, he allotted one or more of his Pisiquid recruits to guide it to the house it was to attack. In ten divisions, therefore, the party set out from Pisiquid about midnight, in a blinding snow storm. They reached the Gaspereau about 2 o'clock in the morning. They were now within a mile of Grand Pré: it was still snowing as hard as ever. This was a most lucky thing for them. Even at that early hour, if the sky had been clear, the movement of a large body of men could hardly have escaped notice, but in the storm the French approached Grand Pré without being seen by anybody. Not the slightest suspicion had the British troops of any enemy being within a hundred miles of them.

Coulon had reserved for attack by the party he headed, the house occupied by Col. Noble, and some four or five subordinate officers. He was guided to the spot by one of his Pisiquid Acadians. The sentry was at his post, but the falling snow prevented him from seeing the party approaching the house he was guarding. The first notice of the attack was a shot which killed the sentinel. Then came a series of discharges of firearms on this and the other houses selected for attack. Noble and his officers, who were in bed and asleep when the first shot was fired, jumped up at once and seized their arms. In a moment the door was smashed open and the struggle began. The officers fought in their shirts, as they had sprung from their beds. Presently, Noble received two severe flesh wounds. The blood spurted from his wounds, and he began to feel faint. The assailants observing that he was disabled, called to him by name to come out, promising to give him quarter. He refused to do so, and had already returned the fire three times, when a bullet entered his forehead. He fell to the floor, and died instantly. His brother was killed at the same time. Meanwhile, Coulon, who led the attack, had been shot through the arm, and fainting from loss of blood, had been carried to the Gaspereau, where the French surgeon attended him. M. de la Corne succeeded to the command. The struggle for the possession of the house continued. At last De la Corne and his troops forced their way in, and made prisoners of all the inmates that still survived. One young lieutenant, a nephew of Lord Lechmere, who was confined to his bed by a fever, was shot where he lay. Another lieutenant, attempting to escape from the house, had a bayonet thrust through his heart. Capt. Howe, who had been sent up from Annapolis to carry out the arrangements made for provisioning the troops, and who lodged in the house with Col. Noble, was severely wounded by a shot through the arm.

Meanwhile, the other houses that had been marked for destruction, had been taken, all except one, in which there was a cannon. A number of Indians were engaged in the attack on this house, but four of them were killed by the first discharge of the cannon: the rest immediately abandoned the attack, and the house escaped.

In the meantime the alarm spread to the houses not selected for attack. The soldiers who were lodged in them rushed to the assistance of their comrades. But what could men do with four feet of snow to impede their movements? Noble had brought snow shoes with his men from Annapolis, but by an unlucky mischance, had left them in the vessels, and he could not get at them, except by cutting through the ranks of the enemy. The English then made an attack on the house now occupied by La Corne, where their dead Colonel lay, in hopes to recapture it. But in the meantime La Corne had received a strong reinforcement, and was able to repel the attack. The Provincials then made for the stone house, which contained the cannon, resolved on a stand there; but the house was too small for so large a number, which still amounted to over 350. A detachment of some 200 of them shortly afterwards sallied out of the house, and charged a body of French. They fought bravely, though up to their armpits in snow. From half-past three in the morning till half-past three in the afternoon the battle raged. For twelve long hours these poor people, many of them only half clad, all without food since the night before, fought their foe.

Meanwhile, poor Howe, who was a prisoner in Coulon's hands, was like to die from loss of blood. The French surgeon was attending Coulon and other wounded men at Gaspereau. La Corne pitying Howe, who was really a non-combatant, consented, at his request, to send a flag to the stone house to ask leave for the British surgeon to come over to dress his wound, and suggesting a suspension of arms till the surgeon should return. This was about half-past three. The request was granted, and the surgeon sent. He was soon ready to return. But in the meantime the British in the stone house took stock of their situation. Of their ammunition they had left only eight rounds of powder, and as many of balls. Their stores of provisions, and all the other munitions of war, were in the ships. They themselves were penned up in a house too small to hold them, and had neither food nor ammunition. The enemy were between them and the Gaspereau. If they attempted to wallow through a mile and a-half of deep snow, the French and Indians, mounted on snow shoes, would shoot them down like pheasants in a battue. Capt. Goldthwaite had succeeded to the command on the death of Col. Noble. He collected his officers around him in his narrow precincts. In the circumstances, he had no room to consult them apart from the soldiers. It was a council of war, in which officers and men alike

took part. There was but one opinion. Nothing remained but to propose a capitulation.

On the return of the surgeon Goldthwaite sent a flag of truce to La Corne. It was agreed that there should be a suspension of arms till 9 o'clock next morning, with a view to treat for a capitulation. Next morning this was offered on certain terms. La Corne in turn held a council-of-war. The council decided to do nothing till Coulon was consulted. He thereupon sent a messenger to Coulon to ascertain his wishes. In reply Coulon said he would be content with whatever his officers should think best. The council then decided to accept the terms with some modification. An agreement was thereupon signed by Goldthwaite and his officers on the one part, and by LaCorne and his officers on the other. Next morning Coulon at Gaspereau added his signature to the paper. The terms were that the British should march out of the Stone house with the honors of war, drums beating and flags flying, passing through a lane of 60 French soldiers, lining the road from the Stone house to the highway—that within 48 hours the British should set off for Annapolis with six days' provisions—that they should be escorted by guides to the furthest house in Minas, some seven miles distant, that other guides should conduct them thence through the forest to the first of the houses on the Annapolis River—that the stores and munitions of war at Minas, and the ships and their contents, should be handed over to Coulon, and that the capitulating force should not for six months to come serve in any operations at Minas, Pisiquid, Cobequid or Chiegnecto.

The French carried out the capitulation in entire good faith. Their treatment of the prisoners was beyond all exception. They soothed the sufferings of the wounded by every possible attention. They used every kindness and courtesy towards the brave men who had fought so well under such adverse circumstances. In the eyes of the British, Canadians had hitherto seemed on a par with their savage allies. Our men were surprised now to find them showing so much kindness and sympathy to a fallen foe. Mascarene a few days afterwards wrote a letter in French to Capt. Howe, which he allowed him to show to Coulon and his officers, expressing his high sense of the kindness and attention received at the hands of the French.

The articles of capitulation were signed on Sunday. On Monday the British were to have buried their dead, but the weather continuing bad the following day was allowed for the purpose. The British devoted Tuesday to that melancholy duty. A grave was dug at the foot of a bank near the church. In this all of the dead were buried except Col. Noble and his brother. Their remains were interred a little further up the hill between two large apple trees, which were still standing and bearing fruit within the memory of men now living. The stump of the survivor of these trees was removed only a few years ago, and nothing now remains to mark the last resting-place of the brave men so suddenly and unexpectedly called to their last account. Surely this is not creditable to the Province in whose service they fell.

Capt. Howe soon became a favorite with the Canadian officers. He was a man of rare accomplishments. Easy and graceful in manner, and familiar with the French language, he had lived on pleasant terms with the Acadians. He was a member of the Council at Annapolis, and held in high esteem by his colleagues, who immediately took steps to procure his exchange. He was at once released on parole, and some time afterwards exchanged; Governor Shirley marking his estimation of Howe, by sending five Canadians to Quebec in exchange for him. Howe soon recovered of his wound, but only to fall a victim, some years later on, to an act of the foulest treachery, perpetrated on the banks of the Missiquash by a ruffian of the worst type, Le Loutre's favorite Indian chief.

The force under Coulon did not remain long at Minas. Before departing they burnt the frame and materials of the block house, broke the trunnions of the cannon so as to render them useless, set fire to one of the vessels, and presented the other to an Acadian who had been one of their active assistants. They destroyed everything belonging to the British force that could not be conveniently taken to Beaubassin. They were anxious to return before the spring, when the melting snows would increase the difficulty of their march. So soon, therefore, as Coulon was sufficiently recovered from his wound to stand the journey, they set out from Minas. They left that place on the 12th of February, and arrived safely at Beaubassin on the 25th, thus making the journey in 13 days, being four less than they had spent in coming.

It is impossible not to admire the gallant exploit of the French-Canadians. It is quite true that its success was determined by contingencies that could not have been foreseen. The French could hardly have hoped to arrive at Minas without the British commander having some notice of their approach. At all events they had no reason to expect that no surprise would be so absolute and entire as that which actually occurred. Indeed such a surprise would have been impossible but for the extraordinary snow-storm which came so opportunely for the French. But then the enterprise itself is so much the more heroic, that the difficulties that might reasonably have been expected were so much greater than those that were actually met with.

On the other hand, while giving Col. Noble and his men full credit for their bravery in a fight carried on under such adverse conditions, it is impossible to acquit the British commander of gross neglect in not making better provision against possible surprise. He had abundant provisions. He had ample supplies of ammunition. He had snowshoes for every man of his corps. But he might as well have had none of these things. They were so placed as to be as useless as if they did not exist. Had his men

been quartered together in a central locality, instead of being scattered in a long line—had he put his stores in a place where they could have been got at, he could have repelled, with the force he had under him, any attack that could have been made upon him. The enemy were exhausted by a long and toilsome march; his men were fresh. If the first attack had been repelled the enemy would have been without food or resource. They would have been driven into the forest, to perish of cold or hunger. Noble had ample time for making some such preparations. He had been some weeks at Minas before he wrote to Mascarene the letter from which we quote. A single week, devoted to this object, would have made his position impregnable. But his great mistake was to suppose that a march which he would not venture on, was absolutely impracticable.

It is said that some of the Acadians at Minas warned him that the French would be upon him. If this be true, it makes his neglect more reprehensible. It would show a blind confidence in his own judgment. It would prove that, he believed, what he could not do, nobody else could.

The French had been sadly depressed by the unparalleled disasters which had occurred to the fleet under D'Anville. In that case, however, the hand of Providence had been heavy. It is impossible to prevail against storms, and fever, and plague. But here was a case of a different kind. It was one in which energy and enterprise, dauntless courage and persistent toil, were the principal factors in securing success. It was a case in which a body of Canadians, exhausted by toil and want of food, had discomfited more than double their number of British provincials. It was a case of prowess in which the French might well pride themselves. There was no event of the year which did so much to elate that people, and inspire them with the determination to put forth new efforts to get possession of this coveted Province.

THE POETIC OUTLOOK IN CANADA.

BY PROF. C. G. D. ROBERTS, KINGS COLLEGE, WINDSOR, N. S.

Not before the diffusion of the flush of national life,—not before the sense of exultation that comes from a consciousness of national individuality, and strength, and purpose, need any country look to produce the flower of true poetic achievement. It is only of late that Canada, maturing slowly here in her strenuous north, has begun to lift herself up with something of this exultant sense of manhood. At the same time appears what I believe are justified in regarding as the faithful promise of a Canadian imaginative literature, vigorous and wholesome, and for this cosmopolitan age, very reasonably distinctive. In our whole field of intellectual effort a spring-time stirring is manifest, but my present concern is with those acres only from which we are to expect a poetic harvest. Nothing like an exhaustive survey is to be attempted here. I must be content to support my point by two or three selected instances.

About a year ago there appeared in Toronto, under the title of "Tecumseh," a dramatic poem of much force and beauty. The author is Mr. Charles Mair, who, in his boyhood, published a volume of crude, but promising fragments and brief lyrics. From that time till just before the production of "Tecumseh," he buried himself in the wilds of the North-West, and was utterly removed from the sweep and stress of life in the modern world. Hence we may look upon him as now making a new beginning, and may regard his new work as a product of the new times. Viewed in this light, and as an earnest of future achievement, its defects, which are a certain provincialism of tone and a lack of sympathy with modern mental attitudes, sink into unimportance, and its excellences, which are those of imagination, vigor, sincerity, and freshness, become deeply significant for us who are watching for the new light within our borders. By his long security from attrition with other minds, he has preserved his individuality in all its sharpness of line and angle. He shows the influence of scarce any master saving Shakespeare, and him he has studied not unworthily. His illustrations are native and new, got at first hand: his atmosphere and coloring unmistakably Canadian; his patriotism full-blooded and fervid. His utterance is such as fits the lips of a son of this land of splendid heritage and heroic stock; it is forceful, straightforward, and virile. It is a vigorous voice that speaks thus through the mouth of "Tecumseh":—

"We must now
Pack all our energies. Our eyes and ears
No more must idle with the hour, but work
As carriers to the brain, where we shall store
As in an arsenal, deep schemes of war."

And it is the voice of a poet that tells us how—

"The passionate or calm pageants of the skies
No artist drew; but in the autumn west
Innumerable faces of fair cloud
Vanished in silent darkness with the day."

At the furthest remove from such work as this, in all points of aim and motive, are the poems of Mr. Phillips Stewart, just published by Kegan, Paul, Trench & Co. These poems have none of the joyous outlook, the fervor and confidence, the variety of sentiment, the insistent local flavor, of Mr. Mair's verse. They are the work of a boy, not yet arrived at sufficient strength to enable him to rise out of the gloom of a past of loss and grief. Mr. Stewart has been brought under the shadow of such sorrows as could not but deeply color the art of even the least subjective of singers. He shows as little desire to be Canadian in his song as does Keats in his to be English. He has not yet attained much range, either in mood, method, or

expression. Nevertheless, this verse, with all its limitations, bears upon it, I believe, the unquestionable stamp of genius. The quality which no imitation and no effort can catch, and concerning which, unless we deny the existence of absolute beauty, there can be no dispute, here makes its presence felt. Here is a simple and direct sincerity of feeling, coupled with a cadence and fall which take the ear an instant captive. And in the phrase-music there is a distinctive quality which even the poet's manifest adoration of Keats is not sufficient to obscure. For purity of style and classic objectivity, take this from "De Profundis":—

I hear another song
Than thine, — a song that floated o'er thy breast,
How oft in vanished years! It floats again
Unto mine ear. I hear the wondrous lyre
Of the blind bard, and see the Grecian throng
About Troy's lofty walls, and Hector slain,
The white-stained face and blackened crest,
And great Achilles crumbling on his pyre.
Then comes Ulysses sighing for his home
Afar, leaving the ruins of old Troy
For Ithaca, where oft, a glad-faced boy,
He played amid the ripening vines, and heard
His father's voice ere he begin to roam
The weary waves. His heart is stirred
With thoughts of home, and son, and wife;
And ever Circe holds him in her arms."

To feel the spell of that natural magic in which our English poetry is more rich than any other literature, let one linger a little over this enchanting lyric, so strangely entitled "Hope":—

"In shadowy calm the boat
Sleeps by the dreaming oar;
The green hills are afloat
Beside the silver shore.

Youth loists the white-winged sail,
Love takes the longing oar;—
The oft-told fairy tale
Beside the silver shore!

Soft lip to lip, and heart
To heart, and hand to hand,
And wistful eyes depart
Unto another strand:

And lovely as a star
They tremble o'er the wave,
With eager wings afar
Unto the joys they crave.

In a sweet trance they fare
Unto the wind and rain,
With wind-tossed waves of hair,
And ne'er return again.

And at the drifting side
Changed faces in the deep
They see, and changing tide,
Like phantoms in a sleep.

Slow hands furl the torn sail
Without one silver gleam,
And, sad and wan and pale,
They gaze into a dream."

Two other names which I desire to consider in this survey are those of poets who have not yet formally challenged criticism by putting forth their verse in book form. I refer to Mr. Bliss Carman and Mr. A. Lampman. These two young poets, who are perhaps the most encouraging product of our new-born enthusiasm, and the most effectual support of what I claim in my opening paragraph, are entirely unlike each other in their genius; but they possess in common certain characteristics which enable me, for purposes of this review, to couple their names. They are alike in the possession of an earnestness, purpose, passion, and lyrical affluence, which remove them from the dilettante tendency of the day. They show technical skill, artistic conscience, and the breadth that comes from culture; they have the essential gift, imagination; and their inspiration, for the most part, is of the soil and of the life about them. Mr. Carman's genius, in particular, is autochthonous. Faithful to its source in atmosphere, color, and local setting, it is, nevertheless, free from our besetting fault of provincialism. In advancing such high claims as these, I might justly be expected to substantiate them by quotations; but the limits of my present space forbid more than a single extract from each, and that of the briefest. This flawless quatrain, called "Bulrushes," is from Mr. Carman:—

"When soft rich breezes bill the drowsing land
Where dragon flies float down across the stream,
Erect and swarthy in the blue light stand
These sentinels of summer's murmurous dream."

And this delicious lyric from Mr. Lampman, under the title of "Bird-Voices," renders the very quintessence of its theme:—

"The robin and sparrow a wing, in silver-throated accord;
The low soft breath of a flute, and the deep short pick of a chord,
A golden chord and a flute, where the throat of the oriole swells
Fieldward, and out of the blue the passing of bobolink bells."

Mr. Carman and Mr. Lampman have won recognition in the best American magazines, as the *Century* and *Atlantic Monthly*; and of Mr. Carman's "Low Tide on Grand Pic," which lately appeared in the latter periodical, the *Boston Beacon* says:—"Bliss Carman's poem certainly seems to herald a new poet."

THE BATTLE-CALL OF THE ANTICHRIST.*

BY FRANCIS BLAKE CROFTON.

"But one of the soldiers with a spear piered His side, and forthwith came there out blood and water."—St. John, xiv, 34.

A forethought of the fated reign of peace
Fell on the soul of Antichrist, I dreamed;
And his brow darkened, and his hate-lit eyes
Aloft glared lurid through the mist of space.
Then vast and shadowy rose the Lord of War
And shook his right hand at the far White Throne,
Thinking unutterable blasphemies,
Anon he gazed upon our shuddering world,
The while, with voice that fires or freezes souls,
He sent a circling summons on the winds
And thus to battle called his myrmidons:—

"Rouse, despot trembling for a blood-bought crown!
The smouldering flame that threatens thine own house
Hurl at another's; lead thy people on
With flaring lights of glory to their doom:
(Ever the spear
Pierces the spirit of the Prince of Peace!)

"Yoke Victory to thy chariot and ride on,
Trampling the pride of nations, Conqueror!
Let thy maimed warriors writhe alone; for thou
Art scorn of God for his vile images
(And scorn of mine
For Him who pleads for them at God's right hand).

"Pause not to reek the ruin thou hast made:
Is not the comet's course foredoomed, and thine?
One deathless name outweighs a million deaths;
And orphans' sighs are mute in the acclaim
Of multitudes.
What is the grief of Christ to me or thee?"

"Aspiring statesman, watch thy time to break
The trustful slumber of a rival race
By sudden protest; shunning all the pangs
And weariness of warfare, buy thy fame
With others' blood,
(For human blood flowed in the veins of Christ).

"Flushed with a spotless triumph, patriots,
From meek defence pass on to stern revenge
And urge the war of races and bequeath
A heritage of hatred to your sons,
(For motherland
Stabbing His soul who came not to destroy.")

"Wake, silent trump of holy discord! Sword
Of God and Gideon, hew the Gentiles down!
Smite for the love of graceless babes unborn
Clash, rival crosses, mock the Crucified
Blaze, lethal fires,
(I will accept the incense that He loathes!)

"Poets sublime who sway the souls of men
Sing still of arms and human hecatombs
And wrath and glory and the pride of race:
Let rhymssters tumbale of love, pity, peace,
(Sing ye the spear
That glances from its victims to Christ's heart!)

"And thou, enthusiast, whose genius caught
The soul of Revolution and enchained
Its fiery essence in a song, thy strains
Again shall stir rapt throngs to fratricide:
(To arms! to arms!
Christ mocks me with His pity from His throne!)

"Sound, trump and drum and life and clarion,
Sound to the rhythmic march of warriors,
With Christian benedictions on their pride,
And tender smiles upon their waving plumes,
(Marching in pomp
To wound the wearied spirit of their Christ!)

"Oh, pygmy pomp and blazon of man's war!
When Michael strove with Satan 'mid the stars,
There were seraphic deeds and agonies,
And not this earthly death! Nathless I crave
Great heaps of slain—
The sin of His own slayers tortured Him.

"Hail to thy memory: war of wars, that jarred
Awhile the calm of heaven, when Pride and Hate,
Galled by the still rebuke of endless love,
Rose, fought and fell; and to thy memory hail,
Symbolic spear:
That wounded the dead Christ on Calvary.

"Dear is the murderer's dagger: dear the rack
That strains the frame of one who testifies
With his last breath to Christ; dearest the spear
That stabbed Him on the Cross and stabs Him still,
Each thrust a balm
To soothe my sleepless memory in Hell."

NOTE. Most of the verses following the prelude of this poem appeared, but with many differences, in *The Canadian Monthly*. Declining rhyme unsuited to the solemnity of the subject, the writer has acted on a suggestion made by Sir E. B. Lytton in the preface to his "Lost Tales of Miletus," and has adopted an unconventional blank verse stanza. Some of the Fathers held that the Antichrist will be an arch-heretic, either an incarnation of Satan himself, or the son of Satan and the counterpart of Christ. To conceive him to be the Spirit of War, the exact antithesis to the Prince of Peace, does not seem to be very fanciful. "I am the Spirit of God" is the pregnant expression put by Aflert in the mouth of the first Napoleon: "Son lo signor di Dio; messun mi toseli!" The other allusions (to the author of the "Marseillaise," etc.) will be apparent to the average reader.

A VISION.

BY THE MOST REV. C. O'BRIEN, ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX.

In youth ere my steps did rove,
 My mind oft strange fancies wove—
 Sitting near my mother's knee,
 I thought I saw a dark sea,
 Foam flecked in spots; and then calm
 Smooth stretches, where winds of balm
 Softly murmured by the side
 Of loud-voiced gales: and each tried
 The wide sea to rule. In vain
 Wild blasts, bearing in their train
 Night and storms, rushed o'er the foam
 And waves to the peaceful home
 Of the soft Zephyrs; though loud
 Their angry cry, dark the cloud
 They bore, the soft breezes play
 Fearless in the light of day:
 Now hide their heads as in sport,
 And now, when the loud report
 Of storms is o'er, they come out
 And gleefully play about,
 And charm to a placid mood
 The gales, erst loud-voiced and rude.

 And there sailed many formed ships
 Athwart the sea; here one dips
 The foam beneath; another soon,
 Hurling, caught by a typhoon,
 Breaks the rocks against; and yet
 Some float, till the sun has set,
 O'er the same tide. In calm spots
 Some sport, mid forget-me-nots
 Which here and there, fitly strew
 The dark stream with their quiet blue.

 But as I gazed, a change
 Came o'er the vision; a strange
 Form appeared the ships among; then
 Nor sails nor hulls were seen; men,
 Men alone, were floating there,
 Some bright, some with sullen air.
 They strove; then apace they died,
 Some in calm, some in rough tide.
 Much I wondered at the sight;
 And then, child-like, prayed for light.
 A voice spake above the strife,
 "That sea, O my child, is life."

FIFTY YEARS OF FRENCH-CANADIAN AUTHORSHIP.

BY GEORGE STEWART, JR., D. C. L.

Fifty years ago French Canada had no literature of its own, but a vigorous press and patriotic statesmen exemplified the life, movement, and intellectual and moral activity of the people in a way that commanded attention. Printed books, of course, were to be had in plenty, but though they treated of Lower Canada, and dwelt extensively on her splendid historical past, her noble sacrifices for church and state, her missionary progress and mental development, yet these studies were not the work of native authors, but the result of researches made by foreign students. Most of the books were written by priests and travellers from old France, and though these works are copious enough, very few of them are trustworthy as regards facts. The contests of the periods which they describe developed antagonisms, and prejudice and partisanship color deeply the various narratives. Still the early printed books are not devoid of value, though as true chronicles they hardly claim our respect. Of unity and sympathy there is little, but as expressions of current partisan feeling on the different transactions and movements of the time the books often throw light, which the investigator will not fail to prize. With the aid of official documents, now easy of access, he will find little difficulty to satisfy his mind as regards facts.

Fifty years ago the mental activity of the people of Lower Canada found full expression in the arena of politics. Her public men were engaged in working out the great problem of responsible government, though, at that time, her Papineaus and Nelsons, her Lafontaine and Neilsons, did not dream of the liberty which the people of Canada to-day enjoy. The newspaper and the pamphlet, and occasionally the ballad, formed the literature of the period. There was no great variety in the subject matter of this letter-press, which reached the reader, in one form and another, almost every day. It continually told of the struggle for political life which was going on among the politicians, and romance, poetry, history and philosophy stood aside for statesmanship.

Practical work in French-Canadian authorship may be said to date from the coronation of Queen Victoria, and it must be confessed—and the confession is made with the highest pleasure—that during the half century of Her Majesty's reign the literary activity of the French writers in Canada has been very great. Hardly a branch of authorship has remained untouched. In poetry, perhaps, the highest merit has been reached. Cremazie's flights have never been surpassed by his *confidés*. His poetry is dignified, graceful in style, and full of fire. Among his compatriots his fame burns brightly, and he is the true exponent of their hopes, aims and aspirations. Of a more rugged type is Frechette, the laureate of the French Academy, whose muse, however, can be as delicate and refined as it often is impassioned and strong. Frechette easily occupies the second place in the affections of his people, though scholars regard his work as more even and more correct when tested by the canons of criticism than that of Cremazie. Neither poet has written a single long poem, short pieces and

sonnets illustrating their methods and literary products for the most part. After Cremazie and Frechette, and I place the names in this order—the accepted rule among French-Canadians themselves—comes a numerous train of poets, occupying the position of minor singers of various grades. Much of the work which is produced by these poets is very good. The texture is not always strong in fibre, but of grace and fancy and music the poems are seldom deficient. The French-Canadian ear is keen for melody, and all poets of the race are musicians to a greater or less extent. They may not all play instruments, but they can sing, and they are quick to detect a false note or a halting line, and their poetry always scans. Of course, the best of them has given us no great poetic drama like Heavysse's "Saul," or Charles Mair's "Tecumseh," but in the way of light and fanciful love songs, sonnets to womanly beauty, and addresses to patriotic sentiment, the French certainly hold ground on which few of our English poets may enter, with the single exceptions of Charles Roberts and John Roade. Of purely classical poetry the French have given us but few exemplars, while of poems which breathe the teachings of Christianity to a superlative degree the verses of Judge Routhier are the best examples.

In fiction Lower Canada takes fair rank, but like English Canada—if I may use the term for purposes of comparison—she is still looking for her great novelist. Of story-tellers she has more than we have, and in merit they will compare well with ours, though she has not yet produced a Haliburton or even a James DeMille. "Charles Guerin," by Dr. P. J. J. Chauveau, is chiefly noted for its excellent descriptions of the manners and customs of French Canada. As a novel it lacks many essential elements of success. The movement is not brisk, and the character-drawing is done by an artist of the second class. As an early contribution to the fiction of the country, however, it proved a pretty good beginning, and if Dr. Chauveau has written no more stories since then, but has turned his attention to history and stronger literary food, the same thing may be said of Francis Parkman and John Lothrop Motley, whose entrance on the field of romance and adventure ended with one venture each. Still, as a picture of our home life, "Charles Guerin" has its usefulness. "Jacques et Marie," by Napoleon Bourassa, artist and litterateur, is a story of a much higher type. It deals with war, sacrifice, patriotism and banishment, and in parts is remarkably well done, notwithstanding the fact that its author lacks style. Style, of course, he has, but it is not easy, and his story reads sometimes like an essay. As it treats of the banishment of the Acadians, from the Abbe-Raynal point of view, the reader must be prepared to accept a good deal on trust. Mr. Longfellow's beautiful poem, too, has had its influence on Mr. Bourassa's mind, and we have, in his tale, the poetic rather than the sternly historical aspect of the situation. His materials were ample and full of color, and he has told a very pretty, though sad, story, of the life and adventures of a people who will always fill a picturesque position in our history. Joseph Marmette's early novels lacked spontaneity and knowledge of the social life with which he attempted to deal. He took up historical subjects, such as the Intendant Bigot's career in Quebec, and the fortunes and vicissitudes of Count Frontenac. It is not always easy to invest an historical novel with the sort of interest which commends fiction to the reader of high-spiced romance. Mr. Marmette had many difficulties to overcome. He was a student, and he learned of men and women in society through books and memoirs. He had travelled little. The outer world was to him a sealed book, and the gay *salon* of gilded high-born dames, and the intrigues of a peculiarly vicious court, though not lacking in attractiveness as studies, proved beyond his strength to depict. His stories of fifteen or more years ago, are deficient in grace and form, and though dramatic enough in a way, they do not interest the reader deeply. Of later years he has done better, though his diction is still stilted, and his characters want body and artistic movement. *Francois de Bienville*, which furnishes a romantic picture of Frontenac's time, is, perhaps, Marmette's best novel, and is freer from mannerisms than others from his pen. One other novelist I may mention, who has represented Canadian life and episode in a somewhat striking way. Mr. Pamphile Le May, the poet, and translator of Longfellow's "Evangeline," has written about half-a-dozen long stories. "L'Affaire Sougraine," which is founded on fact, and was really in the reader's hands while the Indian "Sougraine" was undergoing his trial at the assizes for the murder of his wife, is the most dramatic of the series. It is a tolerably clever piece of work, and highly realistic, but the author fails in making his characters talk in an interesting manner. Mr. Le May is singularly scanty in his vocabulary, and his descriptions of scenery seldom rise above the commonplace. "Picoune Le Maudit" is a less sombre romance, but none of our French-Canadian novelists write with the dash and nerve of their brothers in France, who affect every school of fiction, and do their work with spirit and vivacity at least. Quebec has yet to welcome her Cable, her "Charles Egbert Craddock," and her Bret Harte.

In historical writing French Canada has done very well under the reign of the Queen. M. Abbe Faillon we cannot claim. He was a Sulpician priest of very great ability, and his really remarkable work, the *Histoire de la Colonie Francaise en Canada*, though a monument to the labors and trials of his order in Montreal, is a book of powerful interest and value. On three separate occasions the Abbe visited Canada, living in the country several years, and consulting materials wherever he found them. The archives of the Propaganda at Rome, and the various departments in Paris, readily yielded their treasures to him also. But though Faillon cannot be claimed by the French-Canadians, they can point with pride to two of their sons, the Abbe Ferland, who furnishes the best ecclesiastical history of the country, and Francois Xavier Garneau, the distinctively national

historian of Quebec. Michael Bibaud, Louis P. Turcotte, the Abbe Casgrain, Benjamin Sulte, and Mr. James McPherson LeMoine have also contributed liberally to the historical literature of Lower Canada. Garneau and Ferland and Bibaud are, from their training, thoroughly partizan, but the English reader, expecting this, will spare his strictures. Sulte and Casgrain are more liberal in feeling and execution, but it must not be forgotten that the latter is Francis Parkman's chief questioner in Canada. The Abbe Bois sent historical studies to the press several years ago, and only ceased to write when paralysis and disease interposed. The Abbe Tanguay's principal work is a genealogical dictionary, a monument of labor and research, carefully done, and representing the toil of more than a quarter of a century of time. The Abbe Lavardiere, one of the ripest scholars in the Canadian priesthood, and a real ornament to the letters of his age, completed Ferland's history, when that able divine laid down his pen in death, and also edited, with notes, the admirable edition of Champlain, which the University of Laval published for a limited circle of readers and students. Altogether the showing is very notable and strong, and in this department of literature, certainly, French Canada may be justly praised. There are many others who have written papers and essays on various periods of local and provincial history, and the story of the rebellion of 1837 has been treated in single volumes by Carrier, David and Globensky.

Few books of travel have been written by French-Canadians, but those which we have are exceedingly well done. Mr. Faucher de St. Maurice has dealt with the Gulfs of St. Lawrence and Mexico, Judge Routhier has written two large volumes of his travels in Europe, and a third, completing the series, is said to be now in press. Mr. Joseph Tasso has published a readable account of the North-West in two volumes, and very many small books, relating experiences in different sections of the country, owe their paternity to Lower Canadian authors. To this field may be added works by the Abbe Casgrain, DeGaspo and Sulte.

The drama has found worthy exponents in Louis Frechette and Felix Marchand. Their plays have been represented on the stage, and attracted large audiences, Mr. Frechette's "Papineau" being especially well received, and provoking the utmost enthusiasm. To science Charles Baillarge, the Abbes Hamel and Laffamme, Mr. Deville and M. St. Cyr have made extensive contributions, while in philology we have the studies of Oscar Dunn and Napoleon Legendre.

French literature is vigorously prosecuted in Quebec province. The local government has aided young writers by purchasing copies of their books and presenting them to the children of the schools as prizes. Large volumes of valuable manuscripts and documents relating to the early history of the country, the missionary services of the Jesuits, and court and council proceedings for three hundred years, have been published by the authorities, and placed within reach for consultation and examination. And all this has been done, and the literature which has been briefly outlined in this Jubilee number of THE CRITIC, has grown and thrived, during the half century covered by the reign of our Queen. Before Her Majesty ascended the throne we had no authorship of any value among the French of Canada. During her reign the nucleus of a literature which promises well, has been formed. Its possibilities in time are likely to be great.

MOSCOW, "THE HOLY."

BY A. H. LEONOWENS, HALIFAX.

Every nation has a hearth, so to speak, a centre where the national heart beats, and from which radiate the deeper sentiments and virtues of the race. What Westminster, with its time-hallowed associations, is to an Englishman, the Kremlin, with its beauty of form, color, its historic and religious associations, is to the passionate and imaginative Muscovite.

Originally all Moscow was within the curious dented walls called the Kremlin. Now it is the nucleus around which has grown a truly magnificent and densely-populated city. It would be difficult to decide to what style of architecture its walls, towers, battlements, gates and churches belong. Although one cannot help noticing that while the body of the Russian churches is Byzantine, the form of the cupolas is borrowed from the Persians, and that the ornamentations are partly moresque and partly gothic. Nevertheless, the beautiful Kremlin, as it stands, is to a true Russian a holy spot. It is the heart of Moscow, which is the heart of the Russias. Here his ancestors fought and toiled and struggled in their long conflict against the golden hordes of Asia. Here they are entombed, here their courage in the face of danger, their indifference to life when honor was at stake, their patriotic ardor, their love of liberty and lion-hearted bravery in battle are immortalized. If he wishes to spend a quiet hour he goes to the Kremlin. On a fine summer's night you will see here many a solitary individual in silent contemplation. A stalwart peasant in his rough, shaggy sheep-skin, which he wears for warmth in winter and for covering in summer, a proud boyar in his handsome military cloak and sword, or some well-to-do merchant in his distinctive dress, or perchance a black monk, in his queer tall hat, flowing veil, long hair, and black frock, a most strange figure, seated on one of the many benches of the terrace, gazing on the path that extends along the edge of the hill on which the Kremlin stands, seemingly oblivious of the noisy world below with all its pleasures and follies, wholly given up to the enchantment of the place and hour. If he hears the calls and measured steps of the watchmen, as they patrol their respective rounds, the rumbling of equipages varied by the shouts of the drivers beneath his feet, or the conversation of the promenaders on the banks of the river mingling

with the merry songs of the boatmen gliding up and down on their bright waves, he hardly notes them, nor the clouds which ever and anon cover the moon, shrouding the gay Moskwa river and the distant houses in momentary gloom. On the heights of the Kremlin all is hushed and full of peace after the sunset hour. The golden domes of the churches glitter, and the sky-piercing cross of Veliki Ivan burns like a star in the heavens. Here all differences and distinctions are lost in the one feeling of our common humanity. The spot is charged with spiritual greatness. It has been for ages the refuge and sanctuary of national virtue. Those strange, ancient cathedrals, in which sleep, as if in their nightly beds, the imperishable bodies of Christian Saints, those gorgeous palaces of the Russian Czars, whose triple walls and arched gateways, and that one above all others, with the wondrous picture of the Virgin and Holy Child, under which none can pass without uncovering and bowing, attest that the name of Christ rules supreme in this stronghold of the Russias. Here is the ancient church of Michaelofsky, where sleep the earthly remains of the good Prince Michael and of the brave boyar Fedor, who sealed their faith in Christ Jesus in the presence of the savage Batu Khan; yonder are the ancient towers of the monastery of Simienoff, the spot where a signal victory was gained over the Tartar hordes. There the church of St. Sergius, who, by his prayers and entreaties, moved the warriors of the Don to overcome in a life and death struggle that ruthless Tartar prince Mamai. To the left rises another tall belfry and tower, called the "Newly Saved," which tells of another and yet greater triumph over the last of the Khans, and the abolition of the golden tax exacted by him from every professing Christian. Beneath its walls is the tragic "Red Place," a circular tribunal of stone, where that fearful massacre of the rebellious strelitzes or Russian musketeers took place. Just in front of this dark tribunal are the twin statues of Prince Pojarski and Minin, the cattle dealer, whose united efforts liberated "Moscow the Holy" from the Polish yoke. Here Ivan the Terrible trod under foot the image of the grand Khan, to which he was commanded to do homage. In that wonderful cathedral of "Our Lady of Assumption" the young, fair-haired and blue-eyed Prince Michael, the first of the Romanoffs, was crowned emperor of the Russias by the people. This cathedral, partly in the Byzantine and partly in the Lombard style of architecture, is the most venerable and venerated of Russian cathedrals. Its ornamentation is purely symbolic; every curve and line and circle, every pillar, shrine, altar and picture is typical of some deep, spiritual truth, its walls, roofs, façades and ceiling, from the foundation to the cupola, are literally covered with rare pictures and curious symbolic figures. Its floor is of agate, and the "iconostas or altar screen," like the Jewish Holy of Holies—beyond which no female is permitted to pass—forms the frame work to the most holy pictures of Russia. Here hangs a picture of the Virgin of Vladimier, with a dark skin, and three-handed—typical of the Trinity—said to have been painted by the Apostle St. Luke, and adorned with most costly gems. According to tradition it was brought in the year of our Lord 453 from Jerusalem to Constantinople, thence to Kief by Prince Vladimir, and thence to Moscow. Another, and yet more sacred picture, that of our Saviour, believed to have been painted by the Greek Emperor Emanuel, and held in the deepest veneration, occupies the right of the screen, with a huge jewelled Bible, and no end of other treasures. One of the most interesting things to me in this cathedral is an exquisite jasper cup, containing the "Mir," or sacred oil used in baptism, coronations, and marriages of royal personages. The "Mir or Chrism" is prepared with great solemnity every third year by the high priests and metropolitans of Moscow. It is composed of thirty-nine different elements, among which oil, wax, white and red wines, gums and essences, and, above all, an infinitesimal portion of the true "alabaster," are intermingled, to be distributed on application to the priests and bishops of the Russian dioceses. At the baptism of an infant, which I happened to witness, after the various rites of marching round the font, waving lighted torches, chanting and praying over the child, the priest crosses, with a small camel's hair brush dipped in the chrism, the mouth, the eyes, ears, hands, feet, back and breast of the child, offering up at each touch a singularly beautiful supplication that the eyes may see only what is pure and good, the ears admit no profane sound, that the mouth may be preserved from all unholy conversation, the hands from evil doing, and the little feet from the path of the ungodly. The iconostas has three doors communicating with the altar, two on each side for the clerks and members of the choir, and one in the middle through which none but the priests enter to offer the sacraments and preach the gospel. The choir stands on either side on a raised platform to chant the responses, and to sing with one voice the canticles and psalms of the Russo-Greek Church, and no one that has once heard can ever forget the wonderful power and melody, without any aid of instruments, with which these simple hymns and responses are given. Yet another very curious picture is that of the Iberian Virgin, formerly of Mount Athos, now preserved in a little chapel outside the gate leading to the "Red Place." It brings in a princely revenue to the church. It rides in a silver gilt coach and six pair of white horses: its postillions are magnificently dressed in cloth of gold, with uncovered heads. Every devout Muscovite feels it necessary to receive a yearly visit from the Iberian Virgin, for which he pays the church a handsome fee; hence she may be seen riding about in state all day, and even at all hours of the night, visiting the rich or the poor, the sick, dying, or even the condemned criminals who may need her intercession or prayers.

It would be impossible in this brief space to do anything like justice to the magnificence, wealth and beauty of the various other churches and monasteries, or to the barbaric splendor of the palaces, senate chamber, synod hall, arsenal, college, imperial treasury, and museum contained within

the Kremlin of Moscow; suffice it to say that they all differ more or less in their style of architecture, form and color, and thus afford a more varied and picturesque view than any other city in Europe.

The Kremlin also possesses many striking memorials of the retreat of the first Napoleon; the most noticeable are the hundreds of cannons which were captured from the French army, and which, with their high-sounding, pretentious names, such as the "Eagle," the "Conqueror," the "Invincible," contrast strangely enough with their present humble position.

The church of Our Saviour, outside of the Kremlin, must not be passed over in silence. It was begun seventy years ago to commemorate the defeat of Napoleon, and was only just finished when I was in Moscow in 1881. With the exception of St. Isaac's in St. Petersburg, it is the most magnificent structure in Russia. Its architect, Paul Tonn, when on his death-bed, caused himself to be carried on a litter within the church and all round it, at the sight of his life-long admiration and study. Stirred to the depth of his soul with joy he closed his eyes and murmured, "Now let me die rejoicing." To enter into any description of this building here would be impossible. It is only those who have been trained to a sense of the ideal beauty of form, proportion, symmetry and color can appreciate this noble structure, with its impressive religious and symbolic decorations. The frescoes and paintings within and without are replete with every kind of beauty, and the whole is spiritualized with imagination ardent and passionate beyond all words.

From the Sparrow Hill, whence the vanguard of Napoleon's army obtained their first glimpse of this ancient Russian capital, and which with what disastrous results to themselves and the fair city they had marched a thousand miles to destroy, the most magnificent view of Moscow is to be had.

The atmosphere of the north is so clear, and the city so free from smoke, that not a line or tint of its picturesque and highly-colored architecture is lost. High above the masses of buildings rises the Kremlin, a pyramid of brilliant, flashing cupolas, domes, and spires of gold, bright blue, silver, spangled with huge stars, and glittering with crosses of burnished gold. The sombre grey of the walls is relieved by the green slopes and numerous gardens, filled with splendid trees, found in the heart of the city, while the most varied and charming effects are produced by the colored roofs of the Russian houses.

Life in Russia may be said to bear a striking resemblance to her architecture. It is startling, bizarre, and more oriental than occidental. Its churches, cathedrals and shrines, while Christian in sentiment, are almost pagan in form and decoration. Its palaces are gorgeous and equipped with splendor, but in their interior arrangement, especially the "terim" or private apartments for the queens and their daughters, they are almost semi-barbaric and quite out of keeping with European ideas. So with its government, it is apparently modelled on western ideas of law, order, justice, and the rights of the individual, but its administration is as purely arbitrary as that of any oriental despot. The words "Svobodnaya Rossia, Free Russia," is on every lip: while, in fact, so far as the large towns are concerned, Russia is one of the most enslaved of European nations.

The heroic figure of St. George and the Dragon has been borne in almost every age by Russian princes, grand dukes and czars. His badge embellished every cross, amulet, and charm worn by the pious, but like the Hindoo Krishna, it shares with the images of the Holy Trinity and the Virgin, the love and veneration of this superstitious race. Yet another orientalism is that everywhere you meet shrines of the Virgin, in the railway station, in the post-office: even in the filthy lockups, where tipsy mujicks can be heard yelling all day and night, are pictures of the Virgin or of some Saint, with a little oil lamp flickering before each, and a never ceasing procession of bare-headed Russians bowing and crossing themselves before it. As in India, so in Russia, pigeons infest the road, and flock about your feet; they are sacred as symbolic of the Holy Ghost, and none dare to molest them. The fear of bad luck, the evil eye, sorcery and witchcraft, make almost every Russian wear turquoise rings, opal pins, or a bit of scarlet cloth in his pocket, so as to ward off all or any of these malign influences. A Russian will start in horror if he upsets a spoonful of salt, or sees the moon over the wrong shoulder, or meets a funeral or even a stranger. I threw a poor Russian merchant into a state of violent agitation by politely informing him that I was a stranger and an Englishwoman, bound like himself on a visit to the Troitza Monastery. He sprang to his feet, crossed himself repeatedly, and retreated precipitately from the railway carriage, in which he had met me. Yet another oriental characteristic is that a Russian, even when a notorious thief and highwayman, is found to be a pious and Saint-fearing man. Before entering upon some deed of violence and bloodshed he, like the well-known Thuggs of India, will offer prayers and propitiatory offerings to the Virgin and to his patronymic Saint, thus, having bribed his dieties and forestalled their vengeance, he proceeds with a clean conscience to do his worst.

Self-sacrifice is regarded as a cardinal virtue, and the surest sign of a perfected Christian character is to become insane. I have seen men living like wild beasts, in caves, dens, or mud hovels, covered with filth and vermin, bearing innumerable cruciform patches on their soiled and tattered garments, who are regarded with the deepest veneration, since it is believed that they have gone mad from love of Christ. These men win for themselves a curious kind of fame, which draws all hearts to them. They are worshipped because of their wretchedness and abject poverty; men will stop them to kiss their hands, women will kneel at their feet and crave a blessing, and after death they swell the list of the canonized saints of the Russo-Greek Church.

Although in some form or other all Christian churches commend self-sacrifice, there is no nation on the earth, save the Hindoo, that has given such appalling examples of self-abnegation as the Russian. Her calendar is full to overflowing with stories past belief of their self-imposed tortures and martyrdoms. The catacombs of Kief, Moscow, Solovetsk, Kazan and Jaroslaf, abound in these self-immolated saints, and some may be seen to this day on their way to saintship entombed alive.

About fifty miles from Moscow, on the plateau of Troitza, stands a most extraordinary monastic village called Gothsemans. A sluggish, marshy lake separates the monastery from the catacombs, where deep down, shut out from the light of day, extend miles and miles of vaults containing the bodies of men and women who have suffered some form or other of self-imposed martyrdom. And, though the museum and treasury of this monastery are the richest the world ever saw, the monks attached to them, clothed in coarse woollen garments, live on food of the simplest kind, and practice every form of self-imposed penance.

Then again, the gift of working miracles is greater than even the power of self-sacrifice.

From end to end of Russia, as in the East, there are enshrined saints, whose dead bodies perform miracles at every hour and all the year round. Hundred of thousands of pilgrims flock to these wonder-working shrines, pour out their offerings of gold and silver, and return in the full faith that they are cured of long standing diseases.

Like the East too, Russia is the most uncomfortable place to travel in. Such railways as are there run more or less in straight lines from terminus to terminus without any reference to the towns that may happen to be along their route, and even where the station bears the name of the town, it may be five or six miles distant. In addition to this inconvenience, a feeling of "suspicion" seems to pervade the atmosphere. A secret police, that charmed circle through which the Czar can see, hear, and reach every individual in his vast empire, is not only closely drawn about his own person, but round about the forty-nine provinces, besides the Kingdom of Poland, the Grand Duchy of Finland, the vast empire of Siberia, the Khantes and the principalities of the Caucasus, so that from the frontiers of Russia in the South to Solovetsk in the far-off North, suspicion is a secret force, against which there is no appeal, and to which the rights of man, whether human or divine, must equally give way. The same contradiction attends the Russian passport, designed ostensibly for the safe conduct of the traveller, it is converted into the most barfaced system of official extortion and espionage. Press censorship is also carried to an absurd length, any book condemned by the censor is ruthlessly mutilated, whole pages of history or politics are torn out, without regard to the rights of the author, the buyer, or the reader, while strangers arriving in Russia are stripped of all books and papers, which are returned or not, as the censor may think fit.

In many of the country inns the traveller is expected to bring his own bedding, sheets, towelling, etc., and one of the most amusing sights at the railway stations is to see the mattress, pillows, blankets, etc., of some Russian prince tumbling out of the railway carriage windows. In large cities, such as Moscow and St. Petersburg, beds are found with all the conveniences of European hotels, but even here they are of modern innovation, and to this day many well-to-do houses are unfurnished with beds, bath-rooms, and other conveniences of modern life. The peasants all over Russia sleep on shelves hung from the ceiling, or slabs built for that purpose on the top of their stoves; middle-class people and servants, even in grand palaces, curl themselves up in their sheepskins and lie down near the stove in winter, and anywhere in summer. Soldiers sleep on wooden cots without bedding, and it is only within the last few years that students in the great schools and colleges have been allowed the luxury of beds.

The greatest hardship, however, is the cooking. In smaller towns for dinner you will be served with cold fish soup, made with cabbages, small beer, cider, and salted cucumbers; or fish stewed in rancid butter and vinegar, or hashed veal mixed with spices, swimming in grease. Oatmeal boiled in oil is a favorite dish in the far north, and takes the place of meat, quawass or home brewed beer, Koumys, or fermented mare's milk, and caviare, the roes of certain fish salted, are among the most esteemed of national delicacies.

When invited to dinner by a nobleman in Russia, you are ushered into a small room, where stands a tiny table spread with a few dainties, caviare, ham, salt fish, cheese, bread, cut in tiny bits, and liquours. No chairs are provided, the guests stand around and partake of various morsels. An Englishman on one occasion astonished his host by disposing of all the dainties spread on the table. When he had finished and was reflecting what a queer dinner he had had, the adjoining door was thrown open and he beheld a magnificent chamber, in which was served a princely dinner in the European style.

Card playing, and above all, gambling, are favorite amusements. In the north during the long winter evenings the well-to-do classes do almost nothing else but gamble from early morning to night.

Music, singing and dancing are universally cultivated; some of the national airs being singularly wild, pathetic and sweet. The figures of their dances are charming, and many colored scarfs, handkerchiefs and ribbons are used with wonderful effect in dancing; while the peasant girls often accompany themselves with their guitars, playing and dancing at one and the same time, and keeping perfect time with their feet.

Yet another likeness to the orient is that in Russia everything worth having is obtained by favor, and to this may be added many other oriental

characteristics such as the egotism, selfishness, blinded doggedness, and obstinacy of the present Czar.

No matter what the genius or attainment of a Russian youth, there is for him no future, save through the patronage of some nobleman who has influence at court, or any outlet, save through a servile and almost crushing self-abasement. It is this pernicious system of patronage which tends to uproot all the nobler illusions of the Russian youth; to dwarf his intellectual development as well as his moral nature. It is this which leads young and earnest students to join the great and over-increasing ranks of Nihilists, to form plots, conspiracies and secret machinations, with all their harrowing and dismal consequences.

Many of the so-called Nihilist plots have been found to be nothing more than some childish intrigue to obtain personal freedom in such matters as buying foreign books under the ban of the government censor. A thoroughly educated Russian girl is as fine and charming a specimen of womanhood as one could desire to meet. If she is prone to be restless and undisciplined it is a fault of her education rather than of character. She certainly possesses a steely durability, a courage almost masculine, and a self-devotion Oriental in its abandon, which nerves her to perish in the cause she has at heart, rather than live a life of ease and pleasure. It is only by studying these wonderful feminine characteristics that we are enabled to understand the many forms of patriotic devotion amounting to wild infatuation and self-sacrifice, so common among the Russian women.

The last attempt on the life of the Czar brings the Nihilists again into prominence, and it will have the effect of exposing the female students of Russian colleges to much cruel police espionage. There is no more interesting figure in Russia than a lady student. She generally has her hair cut short, her dress is almost like a Quaker's in its quiet tones and extreme simplicity. She is invariably a thorough musician and passionately fond of music, and they are one and all inveterate smokers. Russian girls take to the fragrant weed like Kalmucks. I have met them in groups on moonlight evenings, seated in some picturesque garden nook, smoking in quiet, pensive thought, regardless of everything around them, and there is nothing more touching than their air of settled sadness. I learned that not a few of these students were girls of noble family who had broken away from home, and were studying under assumed names. The difficulties which some of them have had to contend with to obtain even the privilege of college education reads more like a chapter out of a romance than as belonging to our work-a-day world. A very beautiful, dark-eyed young girl, whom I met at Moscow, was the daughter of the governor of Vologda, who was sent to a convent by her family, to be out of the way of some restless spirits with whom she had come into sympathetic contact. Disguised as a peasant she escaped from the convent. She then worked her way to Varna as a cabin boy, served a year in a hotel as "boots;" when money enough had been saved she purchased suitable clothes and took service as a nursery governess in an English nobleman's family, and lived for some time at the country seat of one of her mother's relatives, high in the English peerage, in this capacity without being known. As soon as she had saved a small sum she went to Paris and fitted herself to be a teacher. She now prepares girls for the high school at Moscow. The place where she resides is a loft over a cart maker's shop, which is fitted up as dormitory and living room for about twenty young girls, a part of which serves as a refectory, and where the meals are cooked at a large stove. Each girl takes a turn at cooking, washing, mending, shopping. The table at which dinner is served is made of boards placed on trestles. When the evening meal is over all sit down to study under the guidance of this singularly enthusiastic teacher. These young students are not Nihilists, but they have an earnest love of freedom, which may at any time lead the more courageous and receptive of them to join the great army of conspirators.

Orientalism again appears in their strange marriage customs. The most peculiar of which are the "Bridal Fairs," as they are called, held on certain market days, where young girls assemble to be examined, and then courted by their future husbands, and married off by their parents and guardians to the best advantage: that is to the highest bidder; as well as in the almost total seclusion of women, of the trading and middle classes within their own houses. One must know a Russian of either class very well before he will venture to invite you to partake of a meal with his family. Nevertheless, it must be confessed, that with all these oriental tendencies, the Russian has many and striking virtues. He is brave, religious, reverential, polite, and deeply patriotic. In order to see him at his best, one must visit a "Mir," or village commune; based on the most ancient Aryan system of land tenure. A "Mir" is in fact a tiny republic, a state within a state, and the provinces over which they extend are, without doubt, rich in national and patriotic virtues.

Every "Mir" divides equally the land, the field, the forest, but unlike the Celtic and Gaelic Septs, the Russian "Mir" has no hereditary chief. He is elected and deposed by the will of the people of the "Mir." The land, the most lasting property, is held in common, hence the "Mir" or commune holds it forever, and in equal shares. Every household has a fair division of the commune property, so much field, so much wood, so much for kitchen garden, and this bond of association, like every true principle, passes into higher relations beyond the village commune; eight or ten "Mirs" join themselves into a canton, and so each circle is protected, intact, self-governed, forming a strong and powerful republic, in the midst of a most despotic and arbitrary government.

These "Mirs" have derived from ancient times a code of laws which even the Czar himself cannot infringe with impunity. They have the power

to choose their own elders, hold their own courts, inflict their own fines, and make their own laws; hence the peasants of these "Mirs" are by far the finest men to be found in Russia—handsome, generous, free, and brave, exercising powers which were theirs by birthright from time immemorial, which the state has not given, and which it dares not take away. It is only within these "Mirs" that there is found neither extreme poverty, and its concomitants, vice and degradation, on the one hand, nor excessive wealth on the other.

The influence of these "Mirs" in the heart of this great empire is something so obvious, unique, and unmistakable, that it is not difficult to forecast that here lies the genius of the great Slavonic race, friendly to liberty, and to national and personal independence.

The emancipation of the Russian serf deemed as an act of pure philanthropy, did not affect the "Mirs," which remained in the same primitive condition, but the serfs of the great landed proprietors. It was, without doubt, the direct result of the Crimean war. The Czar determined that Russia should have an educated army; that every soldier should understand military instructions; and fight with the same intelligence and skill as did the English and French soldiers. To this end, forty millions of an almost unlettered peasantry were freed, and the government began the work of educating her millions.

Normal schools are now established all over the empire, to which every communal village sends a number of young men and women to be educated and trained as teachers; and before long, Russia will, no doubt, have an army as intelligent and well educated as are the soldiers of France, Germany and England.

In a new work on Russia by M. Strelbitsky, it is stated that the late unhappy Czar left Russia the largest empire in the world; that her possessions in Europe and Asia form a single and undivided territory, a fact of unequalled importance both for perfect defence and vigorous administration; that the object of the Russian government in making advances in Central Asia is not the ultimate conquest of India, but a policy of trade and commerce, since both the civilization and manufactures of Russia are suited to eastern ideas and eastern markets.

Now, whether these aggressions are dictated by a duo regard to the extension of Russian commerce, or by unbridled lust of conquest, whether the means employed to secure this end are morally justifiable or not, are questions which will not admit of discussion in this brief sketch, this one thing, however, is evident, that the subjugation of Central Asia, hitherto the arena of wild plundering hordes and the scene of most fearful forms of oppression, by any civilized Christian power, however imperfect its forms of administration may be, is a vast gain to our common humanity, and hence none can deny that Russia has a future before her so great that no one can realize what she may yet become. Let us hope that the course of events, too strong for any human helmsman, may prove a blessing to this great empire as well as to the world at large.

A LOST CAUSE.

BY ALICE JONES.

The quiet of a summer afternoon brooded over the seaport town of Halifax, in the year of our Lord, 1783; over the war ships lying at anchor, over the beach astir in the morning hours with auctions, even over the famous hotels, the great and its newer rival the little Pontac, where the event of the day, the three o'clock dinner, was, ended, and the British officers were either drinking within, or had joined the city magnates in their lounge on the market house piazza.

Stately bewigged magnates these latter, rivalling the officers in the splendours of their laced coats, and dignified the courtesies exchanged between the two parties.

But amongst the gathering might be seen small groups of men with sad careworn faces, and whether they were of the King's scarlet or not, with coats that had apparently seen hard service. These men, moodily smoking their pipes in silence, or talking in small groups apart, were the American, or as they were soon to be called, the United Empire Loyalists, men who, in these June days, were awakening from the long nightmare of strife to find themselves homeless exiles—all the surroundings of their lives swept away in the storm; lucky, if some faithful heart were left to share their exile. Naturally, the current of talk ran in one channel. Stirring times have few general interests; and from the different groups came such snatches of sentences as "at the evacuation of Boston," "when last I talked with Sir Guy Carleton."

Amidst the stir, two young men talked apart. One, Paul De La Tour, the foreign type of whose pale face and clear cut aquiline features made him doubly a stranger amongst the more stolid Saxon looks of those around him, was speaking to a ruddy-faced young fellow, whose cheerfulness did not seem to have suffered from the shabbiness of his clothes.

"No Harry, 'tis no use to tempt me," De La Tour was saying. "My decision is made. I cannot settle down in this northern wilderness without one effort to obtain some compensation from the British Government for all that I have lost for them. Lord Cornwallis assured me that my chances were doubled if I were there on the spot, and I am promised a passage in the homeward bound fleet. So 'tis all settled."

"Stick to your own idea then," said the other, "but no hanging around great men's doors for me. I will e'en take with what content I can the little they have given me; and as for this grant of land at Annapolis, why,

They say the soil is wondrous good, and the Weldons and Johnsons are here, so that it may almost seem like the old home." He sighed, and added—"that is if my cousins were there." With an impulsive movement, he started from his seat, and stood by his friend who leant against the piazza railing.

"My God!" he said in a husky voice. "It is hard on a man to be kicking his heels here in idleness, not even knowing if those girls and old folks are safe away from the rebels; and my uncle such a marked man! Not a word would he leave out of the prayer for King George, though Washington marched his men into the aisle with bayonets fixed. 'Tis all very fine to talk of settling down, but many a night I vow to myself to go back to that God-forsaken land, even though they string me up for it, to seek those who have been parents and sisters to me. I were a coward else."

De La Tour spoke more calmly, though his face had darkened responsively.

"They would hang you for certain, whereas they can scarcely harm an old man and feeble woman, but," with sudden energy, "If you go, Parker, I go."

"God bless you, De La Tour, for a brave man. But if I, a simple soldier, ran a risk in returning, what would you do, whose name was a terror to every rebel in the Carolinas, and whom Lord Cornwallis had to save from their vengeance by smuggling you off in the *Bombula*. No, while they keep their present bloodthirsty humour, you cannot see that old country again, though 'twas like you to offer it. But what's all this?" as a movement spread around them.

Turning, they saw that all eyes were fixed on a small schooner from which a boat had put out. A crowd was gathering on the shore, and the magic words, "more refugees," sent the Americans hurrying down with the speed of those who think to see home faces in a strange land. The two young men followed the crowd, who stood almost in silence, with here and there among them one whose pale face and trembling lips told what was half feared, half hoped.

"There are women in the boat," said an onlooker.

"And an old man," said another.

But the silence was startled by a shout from Parker, as he rushed down to where the ripples splashed around his feet.

"It is them," he shouted. "It is my uncle and cousins." And as he stood waving his shabby beaver towards the boat, not a smile was raised by the impulsiveness of his action. Nay, there were some eyes that were no dryer than those of the honest fellow himself. Even the group of British officers only jested in a careful undertone. "Faith and I might get my feet wet, and wear out my best beaver, to welcome such pretty cousins," said one of them, as the boat drew near. For now the passengers who were exchanging joyous signals with Harry Parker could be plainly seen by all. They were four in number. One old man whose stately bearing and noble face were obscured, but not hidden, by the ragged blue surcoat, torn and stained with sea-water, and by the uncurled tow-coloured wig and limp beaver which he wore.

The clothing of the pale matron at his side, and of the two girls opposite, was not more elegant than his own. Ragged petticoats, shabby baize nightgowns, hats battered out of all form, hid alike the faded grace of the mother and the fresh charms of her daughters; but what mattered that when, their feet once more on solid land, they stood together, cousin Harry talking and embracing them in turn, the women weeping tears of joy at the sight of a home face, while the old parson's voice was very tremulous as, holding his nephew's hand, he repeated, "My boy, my boy!" Weary and stained, standing there shelterless, in their uncouth ragged clothing, these simple, kindly hearts yet knew one of those blessed moments of life when love makes all things bearable.

The women folk were pale and worn with the privations of the voyage, and yet pale as they might be, surely a rich color rose in the cheeks of Rachel, the eldest daughter, as De La Tour, the young southerner, stepped up to his friend's side, and bowed low.

"What, Paul De La Tour, as well as my honest Harry," said the worthy divine. "Nay, but the Lord nath been gracious to raise us up friends in a strange land. My children, rejoice with me in this."

And it certainly looked as though his wish were obeyed by his daughter Rachel, as she stood with her hand in De La Tour's, her shining grey eyes raised to his. The young man's voice and manner were deferential and warm almost to tenderness.

"My kind and gentle nurse," he said. "To think that we meet again thus, after two years of battle and misfortune, exiles in this strange land."

"This welcome makes up for it all." Rachel said softly, then, as fearing she had said too much, her colour deepening, "I mean," she stammered; "when we expected to see only strange faces, to find you and my cousin awaiting us. It was a welcome indeed," and her eyes shone softer through tears.

As they spoke, her sister Esther was leaning against her, her arm drawn through hers. There were no tears in her eyes, but she stood looking at De La Tour with a smile that had in it a touch of mischief. The smile, the fixed gaze, drew his gaze to hers. The sight of the girl seemed to bewilder him.

"Why," he said perplexedly, "it cannot be that this is my little play-fellow, Esther, and yet,"—"and yet," she said, "I was waiting to see when you would recognize me, but you were altogether taken up with Rachel. And yet I think that for old acquaintance sake, you might deign me a word."

"'Twas a face from which most men would welcome a smile or glance.

If the oval and modeling were a shade less perfect than her sister's, the hazel eyes had in them a fire which Rachel's soft grey ones never had. Esther's smile had in it witchery, instead of tenderness; her manner was that of one who carelessly takes men's hearts as her right, to play with as a toy, or to guard as a treasure according to her sovereign will.

De La Tour was enough man of the world to see at a glance that his child friend was now one of those queens against whose rule there is no rebellion, and he bowed low.

"The deigning is not for me. 'Tis for beauty to speak and to deign," he said in the flowing fashion of the day in which he yet felt an admiring touch of earnest. "Though I think I may well be pardoned when the change which the two years has wrought is so wondrous. The resemblance, though, should have told me, that always remains."

Esther laughed again. "I knew it was so," she said, "and Rachel will have it that we are not alike now."

The beautiful glow had faded from Rachel's face. "Oh, no," she was beginning, when Harry broke in.

"Was it not strange, cousin Rachel, that just as you were casting anchor, De La Tour and I were debating how to obtain tidings of you; and when I said that I must go back to that country of rebellion to bring you off, what must he say but that he would risk his neck as well for your sakes. So you see that you fair damsels had two knights in your service."

Grey eyes and hazel spoke their thanks eloquently; but it was Rachel's lips that were tremulous, while Esther said smiling, "Our knights must have our colors."

But while the young folks talked, Madam Emslie, spent with fatigue, leant on the arm of her husband, who, good man, stood staring about him with the bewildered air natural in one setting foot on a strange shore without the prospect of a home, or of money to procure one.

It was Rachel, who, catching sight of her mother's face, said with a pang of self-reproach—

"Oh, Harry, we stand and talk while my mother is ready to drop, and yet I know not where she can rest. My father hopes for assistance from an old friend, the Rector of St. Paul's, but we cannot go to him thus. Is it not so, father?"

"Yes indeed," answered the old man sadly. "We might go up to that inn, but indeed there is but one of our scanty supply of guineas left. So, nephew, use thy wits to help us in our plight, though I grieve to burden thy youth with our distress."

"Nay, but uncle, my one poor room is at your service"—Harry began, but De La Tour interrupted him:

"There are two vacant rooms in Harry's and my lodgings, and if he will guide you thither, I will hurry on and prepare them for you."

And it was only Rachel who understood that while both were equally willing to give up what shelter they had to them, De La Tour's quicker wit had interposed to prevent their knowing of the sacrifice. For herself, she would not have accepted it, but one glance at her mother's tired face made her silently follow the little procession townwards.

The rooms where the Emslie family found refuge were small and bare enough, for the young men had not reached Halifax in much better plight than themselves; but, simple as they were, they seemed a blessed shelter to those worn out with the hardships of travel, and safe at last from hostility and insult.

In doors there was no dread of the intrusion of hostile soldiery—abroad they had not to face angry and cruel words from those once friends and neighbors. Instead, they had kindly help and sympathy from all. From the first De La Tour and Harry saw that they wanted for nothing, and outside help came speedily. First appeared Dr. Breynton, the worthy rector of St. Paul's, with aid for his brother clergyman, and he soon despatched his womenfolk to supply the need of feminine belongings.

Rachel first saw her mother smile again when she could smooth the folds of a clean chintz bedgown, for she was one of those dainty souls with whom cleanliness is next to godliness, and both are essentials of life.

She herself breathed a sigh of relief, looking at the heap of rags at her feet, and Esther fluttered wild with joy before the glass, arranging her kerchief with coquettish care.

"Rachel! hurry and put this pin in? I must show myself to Cousin Harry and Captain De La Tour. They will hardly know me without those hateful rags," and off she swept, a dainty picture in her quilted petticoat and a calico bedgown, her elbow sleeves and muslin neckerchief showing the whitest, roundest arms in the world.

Thus help came to them in their need, and in a week or so the House of Assembly voted fifty pounds to relieve their wants; while the worthy Doctor received, as assistant to his friend the rector, a salary sufficient to supply their simple needs.

All this would have been less likely to happen had it been a few months later, and October instead of June, for by that time the arrival of destitute families was so familiar a thing to the Halifax citizens, that perforce, their assistance must grow less effectual, but to do them justice they at all times did what was in their power for the suffering Loyalists, though unable to do for hundreds all that they had done for twenties. But in these spring days the stately divine and his pretty daughters became the pets of the town fashionables, and the fine ladies came in their chaise to visit Madam Emslie and bid the girls to feast, where the British officers soon found them out and formed a court around them, so that "the sisters" became a fashionable toast; Esther, however, by the power of her gay ways and

ready tongue-talking, taking rank as chief favorite. Amongst these new admirers Parker and De La Tour kept the near place which relationship and friendship gave them. They it was whose constant visits cheered Madam Emslie's invalid life—they who formed the girls' daily escort in their walks by the seashore—they who shared all the details of their simple home life.

But after a while a change seemed to come over Harry. Often when on a rainy day De La Tour would sit and read to the sisters, busy over their stitching, of the woes of Clarissa Harlowe, or the splendors of Sir Charles Grandison, Harry would be off drinking with the British officers at the Great Pontac, to appear latter with reddened face and unsteady gait. The inactive life did not suit him, and De La Tour began to urge him to go off to his grant of land, and so save the remnant of his fortune from the gambler's table.

These remonstrances were but sulkily met, for the friendship which had grown and strengthened with the perils of warfare and the gloomy days of Yorktown, was now strained by the pressure of civilized life. Honestly as Harry admired his friend, he perhaps found it no easier than other folks to play second fiddle, but all the same this was inevitable.

De La Tour was a man familiar with the great world, who could dance a minuet, and sigh over the latest play or novel, and seem at home in any lady's drawing-room; while poor Harry, who could fight and jest among men with equal facility, found himself strangely awkward when he attempted to join in any of the stately colonial gaieties, and felt an unacknowledged grudge against his friend for his social successes.

And so it came about that De La Tour often danced with the sisters at Government House balls, or walked with them in some gay party to one of the tea-houses to the north of the town, though Harry was absent, and though De La Tour was sorry that it should be so, in these summer days his mind was so full of other thoughts that he had but passing ones to give to his comrade.

The change to this summer dallying might have disturbed tougher hearts than his, after the two years of peril and adventure, when he had tirelessly led his devoted band through the forests and swamps of the Carolinas—two years ended by the Yorktown disaster and the flight from his native land. Throughout that time he had kept the remembrance of the three months of illness, spent in the Emslie's New England home—of the fair face and gentle skill of his nurse, Rachel.

In many a solitary night watch he had relived that day when, the rebels having had tidings of his whereabouts, he had been carried out to a dense pinewood, and all day long, as he lay with his helpless leg, Rachel had sat by him, her face lit with a dauntless courage, while the shouts of their enemies echoed around the house and meadows. In such moments he had often dwelt on the idea that when the war was over, and he once more in possession of the family plantation, he would go north and win her for his wife—but in these July days he rejoiced that fate had ordered otherwise, for he knew now that the tender admiration which he had ever felt for Rachel was as starlight to sunshine before the strength of the passion for Esther, which possessed him like a fever. For one smile or kind glance from her he was willing to lay his manhood down for those small feet to trample upon—for one promise from her lips he would count the world well lost, and deem a home in the Nova Scotian wilderness a veritable paradise.

One early summer morning he had gone to the Emslie's house, only to find that the sisters had already started with a gay party to dine at a tea-house on the Windsor road, and jealous thoughts of a certain English baronet hurried his feet as he instinctively followed them thither.

His fears were justified. As he followed the pathway between the fantastically clipt shrubs towards the central pavilion, from which gay voices sounded, he caught sight of a certain pink petticoat in a shady corner, and the vision of a red coat beside it caused his mouth to set in an unpleasantly grim fashion.

Rachel was standing on the pavilion steps amid a gaily clad group, of which Lady Faulkner, the Governor's wife, was one, and De La Tour had enough command over himself to answer the great lady's playful rebukes for his tardiness with his usual grace.

"I had three servants beating the town for you this morning, Captain De La Tour, but to no avail to discover your retreat, and so you must not blame me if your favorite place is lost to you," and she sent a significant glance toward the shady pathway.

De La Tour grew pale as he answered, "A soldier must learn to bear the reverses of fortune—but your ladyship's kindness in remembering me is none the less. The Governor must bear the blame of my absence, though, for I was closeted with him on business."

"I will scold him when I get home," said the lady, and then he was free to turn to Rachel.

"Will you not walk with me?" he said, his self-absorbed suffering instinctively craving sympathy, and together they strolled down a path which led away from Esther toward a seat.

Wrapt in his own sorrows as he was, De La Tour's attention was caught by the pale and worn air of his companion, and, with a touch of compunction for his late indifference, he said gently, "Your face hardly matches this gay scene—you look weary and unlike your usual cheerful self."

The eyes that she raised to his were wistful. "It troubles me to be away from my mother. She grows weaker daily, and, I know, craves to have me beside her. I only came to day because I cannot bear for Esther to be always alone among these strangers."

"And cannot she do without her pleasures while her mother lies sick?" he asked bitterly.

The eyes raised to seek his sympathy dropped again to her clasped hands. Rachel's woman's wit was quick to know that it was love's wayward humor to blame its idol—love that craved for contradiction—and giving him that, as she would have given him all else that he desired, she said gently.

"Ah, no, you must not think her heartless. 'Tis I, who have not the courage to tell her that our mother's days are numbered. She is so young, and has known so few bright days."

Her quiet sorrows would have touched De La Tour if he had not been so self-absorbed. As it was, he said sullenly:

"And so for want of a little courage you allow her to spend her mother's last days in a fashion she must ever repent, and to be made the town's talk by that wild Englishman. Can you be capable, Rachel, of scheming to see her a baronet's wife?"

Beneath a calm exterior Rachel's nature was a fiery one, and now she flashed out.

"Captain De La Tour, I will not hear such words from you. What right have you to judge our actions thus, or to follow my sister with a gloomy face if she speaks to any save yourself? The child has grown up to a sad life in these days of warfare, and now you grudge her the smallest pleasure."

De La Tour seemed suddenly aware of his transgressions. "Forgive me, Rachel," he said, sadly—"I was a brute to speak thus to you. God knows I grudge her nothing," then with a sudden outbreak of emotion, "but, oh, Rachel! You must know how I adore her! You must know that my whole life is set on the chance of winning her! I am so desperately in earnest that these men who hang around and play at worship nearly madden me. In her presence I am helpless and awkward as the merest country bumpkin."

Screened by the foliage from the other groups, he hid his face on his crossed arms on the back of the bench.

Rachel sat very still watching the shadows of a rosebush playing on the pathway, and hearing the voice of a gay little song that shifted towards her from one of the groups. At last, gathering her forces in a supreme effort, she spoke.

"I have known from the first," she began—her voice sounding strange to her own ears—"that you loved her. I felt, as we stood that first day on the beach, that it would be so."

"And you were glad?" De La Tour asked eagerly.

Rachel could not have grown paler as she answered.

"What could I better wish my sister than a strong man to protect her in these weary days?"

"God knows how I would protect her. But have I any chance? You must know if she thinks kindly of me? Sisters know all each other's thoughts, do they not?"

Rachel smiled a ghost of a smile.

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness," she quoted irrelevantly, then, "She thinks kindly of you," she said—"but whether she loves you I know not. She is young, and is tasting her first pleasures, but I doubt not that with time and patience you can teach her to love you. It is a lesson a woman easily learns."

De La Tour never noticed the bitterness of her words. "Oh, if but time and patience are needed, I will serve for her as Jacob served for Rachel." A shudder ran over Rachel. "But what lies heavy at my heart is, that the fleet must so soon sail, and that if I would win back a penny of my lost fortune, I must go with it."

"You set your fortune above her, then?"

"'Tis for her sake I would save it."

At that moment Rachel saw her sister coming alone down the path towards them, and with a sudden impulse she rose to her feet, while De La Tour sat staring into her face as though therein he read inspiration. Truly, standing there, there was in the pallor of her beauty a weird power which would have fixed the eyes of most men.

"Tell her now that you love her. Do not let her repulse you. Use all the power of your man's will to make her give you her promise."

With these words she was gone from his side, and as De La Tour went forward to meet his approaching pet, his pulses were throbbing too fiercely for him to give any thought to the strangeness of her manner.

The sisters were not alone until they had reached their room that evening. Then Esther rushed to her sister, still blushing and dimpling with the echo of her lover's words.

"He says that you know—that you encouraged him," she began, breathlessly. "Naughty Rachel, why could you not leave me as I was?"

"And yet you look happy now," Rachel said, holding her by both arms, and looking into her rosy face.

"It is so nice to be made love to and he does it so well. He is a charming lover, if he were only not so desperately in earnest. It frightens me to be loved like that," and a wistful look replaced her dimples.

Rachel did not pause to reassure her. "But you are pledged to him?" she asked, unaware how her clasp on her sister's arm had tightened.

"Don't pull my wrist off! Yes, I am pledged. He would have it so, and he says that he can teach me to love him, and that he will always make me happy. It is very nice, and yet, ah, Rachel, it was so pleasant as it was before," and she sighed lightly.

But Esther must have admiration from her audience, even if it were only her sister. It was as the breath of life to her.

"Why do you stand staring at me like an owl?" she said, pouting. "You have grown so strange since our troubles are ended, and we have begun to enjoy ourselves, I sometimes think that you do not love me any more. You might kiss me, and seem glad that I am so happy." And the ready, easy tears of girlhood sprang up in the hazel eyes. No tears shone in Rachel's as she drew her sister to her and kissed her once.

"God bless you, and make you his happiness," she whispered; then in her ordinary voice, "I must go back to our mother," she said.

Again Esther pouted. She felt as though Rachel were taking such an important event too quietly, and longed for an appreciative listener to whom to retail De La Tour's ardent speeches. She had so often fancied the first love words she would listen to, and lo, they were even more charming than in her dreams.

Not that in those dreams she had ever contemplated yielding to the first wooer. She had seen herself cruel and capricious, driving many to despair before she honored one with her hand. But she had counted without the charm of De La Tour's words, the power of his strong personality over her weaker nature; had counted, too, without the vanity which made so keen the enjoyment of her conquest. How sweet it was to see kneeling at her feet, entreating for her love as for his life, the stately gentleman in the place, one famous for his noble French name, and large southern estates, lost by his loyalty, as well as for the reckless daring and cool skill of his military deeds. De La Tour's Horse were dreaded all through the Carolinas, and the perils which their fame had brought upon their leader, both at Yorktown and New York, before reaching the haven of the loyal colonies, had further added to the romance of his name. What wonder that for such a lover a girl should give up the dreams of conquest, and be happy in his adoration.

And so Esther and De La Tour were betrothed, and her parents rejoiced that their spoiled darling had found one to care for her whom they could so well trust. Unworldly as they were, they knew that the greatness of De La Tour's sacrifices for loyalty gave him claims which the British government must recognize, and those were the days of rosy visions among the Loyalists. There was nothing that England would not do for those who had lost so much for her. The Americans would be forced to give back their estates, they would be paid full compensation for them, they would receive large grants of land or money, these were some of the visions that consoled the sufferers. And so all were hopeful, and the good old doctor blessed his child in a tremulous voice, and Madam Emslie roused herself from the stillness of weakness to smile upon her daughter's happiness, and to De La Tour the summer days passed in a Paradise, and if Madam Emslie grew daily weaker, and Rachel paler and sadder, he saw it not, for his whole soul was wrapped in the charms of the girl, glorified by him with the halo of idealism.

But hours and days pass alike to the happiness of satisfied love or the languor of a fading life, and before the September winds were aroused the day had come when De La Tour was to sail with the homeward-bound fleet.

Esther wept passionately for the loss of her lover, and it seemed well-nigh impossible for De La Tour to tear himself away from her. Twice he rushed back, distracted with emotion. "You will guard her for me," he said, as he wrung Rachel's hand, and she, pale as himself, answered, "With my life." On an overclouded, windy evening, the two girls stood on the harbor shore to see the ships sail seaward.

One by one they passed, their white sails phantom-like in the twilight. At last "Look up, Esther!" Rachel cried; "here is the *Bulldog*, and see that handkerchief waving. It is he; wave yours now."

"I cannot," Esther sobbed. "It seems like the end," and her hand hung at her side.

"So it is! You must wave it! He is sure to watch for it!" and seizing her sister's handkerchief fluttered it in the air, her eyes strained to watch the white speck that wafted loving greetings—but not to her.

The white speck faded, the evening shadows wrapped the ship. Rachel's eyes ached in their effort to follow it into the twilight.

"Look, Esther! It is nearly gone!" but Esther sobbed with her face hidden against her sister.

"Let us go home," she said; "it is so dreary here by the sea."

With one long seaward glance Rachel turned to go, but as they gained the footpath Esther paused.

"See," she said, "that next ship is the *Defiance*. Sir Geoffrey Palmer is on board. I wonder if he sees us."

Without a sign that she had heard Esther speak Rachel passed on, and Esther followed her.

It often happens that any one change occurring amongst a group seems but the warning of others to follow. So now with De La Tour's departure. If that in itself had not broken up their pleasant summer customs it was aided by the absence of the officers who had worshipped at the shrine of the sisters, gone too in the English fleet.

As though these various losses were not hard enough on Esther after the summer triumphs, it was just then that Harry chose to go and take possession of his grant of land at Annapolis. He was not a very valued slave, indeed had hardly been counted as a slave at all of late, and had grown restive under the change; but he could have been easily called back, and it was like his stupidity to go away just then.

However, he was gone, and it was only part of the general dreariness in these autumn days, when the town was crowded with destitute refugees, and

the doctor stretched the capabilities of their home to the utmost, and Rachel passed every moment that she could spare away from her mother's bedside amongst the sufferers. Many a sigh did Esther cast back to the summer's junketings. No more such pleasures now, for Doctor Emslie, with that singleness of heart which ever marked him, expected the family time and money to be lavished on those who needed help even more than they had themselves three months ago. To do her justice, although Esther sighed after lost pleasures, she was as tender hearted as Rachel towards the sick mothers and fretful children, and worked as hard to relieve their wants.

The girls worked bravely, but with the first snows came a time when their mother needed all their cares, and before Christmas the feeble flame of life had flickered out, and they were motherless. "Your father is growing old, and Esther is but a child; you will care for them, Rachel," she had whispered with failing breath; and Rachel had answered steadily, "Do not fear, sweetheart; God will help me to care for them."

A year later and the December snows were whirling around a lonely farmhouse that stood in one of the fertile Annapolis valleys, not far from the village of that name which the Loyalists had a year ago begun to build.

Nova Scotian ideas are not as a rule progressive, and yet we would probably think that little farmhouse of a hundred years ago a rather crazy structure, though Harry Parker had been a proud man on the day when he saw it finished. His pride and delight were mainly in the fact that it was the future home of his uncle and cousins. Dr. Emslie, with the true priestly spirit which ever distinguished him, had felt his heart glow at the tidings of the spiritual privations endured by the Loyalists in their new homes. Old friends and neighbors called for him to come to them. Halifax contained but sad associations. Why should they not go and make a home for Harry on his new farm? And so for the last three months they had all dwelt in the little farmhouse, and while the old man rode over the countryside on his bony white mare to visit his scattered flock, while Harry worked with might and main to gather in his first crops, the sisters were busy indoors with household tasks, the autumn days too short for all that had to be accomplished to make their winter comfort. It was the first snowstorm, and already the drifts were piling in fantastic curves around the log fences, while the darkness gathered apace, and the north wind moaned drearily around the house. The long, low room, half kitchen half living room, was made cheerful by the great fire of logs blazing on its open hearth.

Harry had just brought in a fresh armful of logs; which, skillfully piled on, had sent the orange flames roaring higher in search of fresh prey. This done, he stood to watch his work and to talk with Esther, who knelt before the fire, busy roasting an apple which she had hung from a string.

"You will surely give me half of it, cousin?" he said.

"What for? For nearly roasting me out?" she asked, with a pettish gesture, and yet an upward smile.

Rachel heard their voices, as she stood at the window, peering out into the white desolation. All the afternoon she had been spinning, but as with the twilight the storm increased, she pushed aside her wheel and wandered from window to window.

"Cousin Harry," she said at last, "it is strange my father does not come. It is growing dark, and the snow gets deeper and deeper. I wish he were here."

Harry turned from the bright firelit face to soothe Rachel.

"He could hardly have been here before now, if he has ridden to the Wetmore's farm. And he may have stayed there late, for the messenger said that the good man could scarcely last out the day."

Rachel sighed. "Another life that the war has shortened. Yes, my father ever loved him, and would be with him to the end. But I wish that he might come before darkness sets in."

As in answer to her wish, at that moment the gaunt white horse and the rider in the well known blue cloak appeared, pushing their weary way through the drifts. Rachel left the room to meet her father, and in a few moments was back again, a letter in her hand.

"Here, Esther. My father has brought you a letter from De La Tour."

In those days any letter was a rare event, how much more so one from a lover over the seas.

Esther sprang to her feet, and, seizing it, tore it open, dimpling and blushing over it, as she once had for De La Tour's love words.

"Is he well?" Rachel asked at length, an eager suspense in her eyes.

"Oh, yes; at least he seems so," half absently, then in a brighter voice,

"the dear fellow, what sweet things he says. Listen, Rachel: 'Day and night the sweetest of faces is ever before me; the brown eyes shine upon me like radiant stars; the lips curve in that smile unequalled by Venus herself; they seem to whisper words of tenderness—'"

"That were best kept for yourself," said Rachel, impatiently.

Esther started at the harshness of her tone.

"That is always the way when I want to tell you what he has said. You are very unsympathetic."

The door opened, and their father and Harry entered.

"Well, and what has the wanderer to say for himself?" Harry asked in his cheery fashion.

"I have read all the nice parts. The rest is but a lot of stupid politics. Here, Rachel, read it to them," and, tossing the letter to her sister, Esther dropped to her seat before the fire.

A swift, sudden flush crossed Rachel's face as, taking the letter, she leant down so that the firelight shone on its closely-written pages, and read aloud. It was written in the form of a diary, tracing the course of events

from day to day, and as she read she passed over places where De La Tour had broken away from the life around him to dwell on his love, and longing for his absent sweetheart, to recall tender memories and dream of a future together.

"I do my best to pass the days of waiting, which go so slowly, by visiting the sights of the town. Yesterday I saw Westminster Hall, and visited Vauxhall Gardens, dining with a fellow refugee, the poor wretch worse provided than myself for waiting. To-day I dined with Governor Hutchinson in company with other Massachusetts refugees. Several of them had heard of our betrothal, and warmed my heart by speaking of your good father's virtues. Afterwards we walked in Hyde Park. A whole army of sufferers for loyalty are here, lamenting their own and their country's fate. Nothing in this country pleases them. The fires are not to be compared to our American ones of oak and walnut. 'Would that I were away,' I heard one poor fellow say."

Then came a later date. "I have been to Windsor and have seen the procession of peers for the Duchess of Kingston's trial. At the New England Coffee House I hear all the news. Alas! all there are sad enough at the banishment and confiscation acts. They end all chances of seeing the old home again, and to many a poor wretch mean despair. I am far better off than most, for Lord North has interested himself for me, and I am already in receipt of my military half pay. They offered me a captain's commission in the regulars, but my one object is to make a home for my bride, and I could not condemn her to share the hardships of a soldier's life. I have good hopes of a sufficient grant of money to start us in comfort on the grounds allotted to me at Shelburne—this new town for whose future there are such brave prophecies."

Later on, his courage seeming to fail, he wrote: "The tidings and rumors from America are most agitating; one's heart sickens with hopes and fears. To-day it was rumored that Washington was dead. Alas! it was untrue. I cannot but be mortified to hear Englishmen talk of Americans as a sort of serfs. I am wearied of sights, and sick at heart of a sojourn among those doubly foreigners to me. New refugees daily arrive to recount their sufferings. Many of my friends have sunk under their privations, and are dead. I long to be away, and yet dare not go. If it were not for the need to be on the spot to use what influence I have, I would be off to my mother in Jersey. I am thankful that she has found a haven amongst French faces. She says that there she means to end her days, and that sometime I must come to show her my bride."

The letter ended with: "Do not think me cowardly, sweetheart, for thus complaining at the fate which keeps me away from you. I try to keep a brave face to fate, and look to the spring to bring me back to you. Tell Rachel that I will know how to thank her for the care that she takes of my treasure, and bid Harry not forget his old comrade. My duty to your honored father."

Rachel stopped, and for a moment the crackling of the fire was the only sound. The hearts of all were full, save perhaps Esther's, who gazed into the fire with an absent smile. It was not her heartedness that caused her to dwell on De La Tour's devotion to her, instead of his and his friends' sorrows. Growing up amongst the miseries of civil war, the things that had eaten their way into Rachel's soul had only taught her pleasure-loving nature to grasp at every possible alleviation. It was not her fault that she was born for joy not sorrow, and that she instinctively grasped at the flowers of life and shunned the shadows.

Harry viciously kicked a half burnt log as he muttered: "'Tis a cursed shame to think of so many brave fellows eating their hearts out over there, when we might all of us have taken ship and gone back to strike one more blow for king and country. Let the Britishers give up! Defeat did not mean to them what it meant to us! We might have struck one blow after they had fled."

Rachel flashed responsive to the fire of his words. "Oh," she said, clasping her hands, "how glorious to have succeeded where all England's power had failed."

But the old man sighed and shook his head.

"Idle words, my children. Would ye accuse Lord Cornwallis and Sir Harry Clinton of abandoning our cause while there was one hope left? They are wise and good soldiers, and ye fought your best like brave men under them. Now 'tis your part as brave men to accept the reward of the God of battles, and to face with courage your new life in a new land. And 'tis the women's part, my daughter, to cheer the men with their patience, and not to join them in useless repining."

"Yes, father," said Rachel, submissively; and as she moved towards the dark corner where stood her spinning-wheel, no one saw that the tears were running down her face.

The winter snows had melted from around the farmhouse, and the spring had broken over the fair valleys where the Acadian farmers had once lived and worked, before De La Tour came, eager for a sight of Esther's face e'er starting to prepare their new home.

Then, as the full glory of the ripened summer was on the wane, came the wedding day, and in the splendor of a September morning, Rachel stood dressing her sister for the ceremony. No bridal tears or pallor were about Esther, never was she more radiant than now, as she stood before her mirror. Her eyes shone like stars, a soft colour glowed in her cheeks.

"It is a pleasure to have such stuff near one," she said gaily, as the rustling folds of her wedding gown fell into place around the supple young figure, and, truly, most women would have delighted to touch softly the

precious glistening stuff. The gown had been brought from England by De La Tour, a gift from his mother to the bride. The pointed bodice and looped up overskirt were of a silvery brocade, too light for grey, too soft for white, spotted with miniature bunches of pink roses. The petticoat was of quilted rose-coloured silk, the elbow frills and dainty kerchief of the finest Mechlin. Not a perfection was wanting, from the long loose gloves to the white satin shoes.

Never before had Esther worn such a dress, and often during the past three months had she pulled aside the silver paper wrappings to gaze on her treasure, and to dream of the day when she should wear it. At last it was here, and she stood arrayed in all her bridal splendor. Long and dreamily she gazed at herself in the glass, then a triumphant smile broke out.

"He will be satisfied with my looks, I think, Rachel."

"He were hard to please, else," answered Rachel, smoothing down the shining folds.

She was very white this morning, and dark circles under them gave her eyes a feverish glow.

"Oh, Rachel, I am so happy. I never thought one could be so happy,"

Esther cried, flinging her arms around her sister's neck.

For a moment the two girls clung together, a tumult of feeling in each breast. Sisterly love was perhaps then first with both. Up to now their lives had been lived so closely together, henceforth they were to go on apart.

"May to-day be the beginning of many happy ones, sweetheart. There are few women so loved as you are," Rachel whispered, tenderly.

Esther loosed her arms, the depth of feeling had passed.

"We must not crush our finery," she said, with a laugh. "Will you lace my bodice for me, and pull the tucker up on the shoulders. Oh!" with a little shriek, "how deathly cold your hands are. What is the matter with you?" and she stared at her sister, startled.

"My hands are always cold when I am tired, you ought to know that. And I suppose I tired myself yesterday over the wedding feast."

"You look tired enough," Esther said, discontentedly. "You are as white as an egg, and will do no justice to your pretty dress. Though perhaps you will be rosy enough when the Shelburne gallants appear," she added, gaily.

Rachel smiled a wan smile, but answered nothing. The bodice was laced, the toilette finished to the last dainty touch.

"Sister," said Esther, "there is ten o'clock striking. They can hardly be here for another hour, and we have nothing to do save wait all that time. How still the house is. I wish at least that Harry were here to see me in my finery. He would be better than none."

But Harry had ridden forth on the preceding day with some young fellows of the neighborhood, old New England friends, to meet De La Tour and the gallant cavalcade that rode with him from Shelburne, sup with them, and ride together their last stage on the wedding morning. No lack was there of courtly gallants in the new Loyalist town of Shelburne, men who for King George had abandoned riches and power, and the very pick of these were to ride forth with De La Tour, the noted leader of the South Carolina lancers.

To the waiting girls, the noontide stillness seemed unusual and oppressive. Esther tried to busy herself with laying out the riding pelisse in which she was to set out for her new home. Rachel leant out of the casement, the soft breeze playing around her head like a caress, her ruby red satin gown seeming to draw up the color from the stiff rows of hollyhocks below. Thus she was the first to hear the shrill cry of Juba, the negro boy, perched on the fence.

"Here they come, missus; here they come."

A whirl of dust, a clatter of hoofs, but surely 'tis but one horse and rider. Straining her ears for further sounds, she saw Harry Parker sweep round the turn of the road, and it hardly needed the sight of his upturned face, white, haggard, wild as one distraught, to tell her that the woeful dreams of the night before, the morning's haunting prevision of disaster were somehow realized. She drew her head in and faced her sister.

"Here is Harry," she said quietly, "ridden on, no doubt, to tell us that the others are in sight. No, you must not come down," as Esther made a movement towards the door. "You must not be there when they come. My father or De La Tour must come and fetch you. Wait while I speak to Harry and warn my father."

"But I want to show myself to Harry," Esther began, but Rachel passed from the room so swiftly, that as Harry dismounted, he saw her standing in the doorway, a strange figure in the morning sunshine, in her rich red draperies, and with her white set face.

"Is he dead," she whispered, as he came up to her. And poor Harry, expecting only to break in upon mirth and good cheer, stared amazed at this prevision of disaster.

"Why?" he stammered.

"My dream last night told me that sorrow had come. I saw his face." Her wild eyes told the horror at her heart.

"Is he dead?" she asked again. And with a grasp like steel upon his wrist, she drew Harry into the living room. He dropped into a chair, and leant his head upon his crossed arms.

"No, he is not dead," he said moodily. "At least, not unless he has managed to make an end of himself since I left. They had taken his sword and pistols from him before then."

Rachel staggered against the wall. "For the love of God, tell me all," she cried wildly.

Harry sat upright with the energy of despair. "Yes, I must tell you,

for who but you can break it to that wretched girl upstairs. Is she waiting for him now in her wedding gown? Well, her gay bridegroom is a husband this morning, with a dainty wife, with red cheeks and black eyes, the bride-maid at the Royal George, a bridegroom who is raving, and vowing to kill himself or the landlord, or fight to the death with me, his old friend." He broke down with a sob. His words sounded brutal, but they were but the outcome of despair.

"What does it mean," Rachel moaned feebly.

Harry went on in the same half-scolding, half-desperate fashion.

"What does it mean? Why, it means that those gay blades from Shelburne must needs play the devil in their cups last night. I saw that mischief was coming, and spoke a word to De La Tour, but he was their host, and could stint nothing. The wine flowed like water; the landlord drank with us; not a man was sober. When towards the small hours, the devil put it into some one's head to have a rehearsal of to-day's wedding. The poor little wretch of a bar-maid was dragged in, the landlord propped up with chairs, and De La Tour made to go through the whole ceremony. Most of us slept where we fell, and this morning I was shaken awake by the trembling landlord to the pleasant tidings, that he being one of the magistrates appointed, under that cursed new Act, to solemnize marriages, the farce of the night before was a legal ceremony."

A long, wild shriek sounded from the passage, a shriek that brought the old doctor in trembling haste from his study, to find his youngest child stretched upon the floor in her bridal array. Rachel tried to raise her, but with wild shrieks and sobs, and wilder laughter, she repulsed her; and it was long before, the very passion of her grief exhausting itself, she could be raised and carried to her room.

Late that night, when Esther lay sleeping like a worn-out child, Rachel stood at the open doorway, letting the soft darkness unfold her, if perchance it might bring peace to her spirit. She still wore the red satin, in which she had that morning dressed herself, and the light from inside touched its folds with fiery streams. Her arms and neck were bare, and to any passer-by, she might have seemed the spectre of some French court dame returning to the scene of some secret crime, rather than the old parson's daughter, Rachel Emslie. Standing there, she heard the echo of a footstep, and Harry came softly around from the farm buildings.

"How is she now?" he asked eagerly.

"She is worn out and sleeping. I think that she may sleep all night."

"'Tis but waking to her sorrow on the morn."

"But it gives her strength to bear it," then, hesitating for a moment, "you have seen him," she asked.

"Yes, he is in the village now, I tried to make him leave to night, but he would not stir."

"Why does he wait?"

In both hearts there was the same dark thought of danger to them in his neighborhood, of worse sorrow to be guarded against.

Harry's voice was husky as he answered: "He begged on his knees and with tears—he, the terror of a whole state, with a woman's tears, to see her but to say farewell. And I, his old comrade, swore to him by all I hold sacred, that he should only pass to a sight of her face over my dead body. Was I right?"

"Yes," came softly as a sigh of the night wind.

"But I have pledged my word to ontreat you to see him."

"I! Oh Harry, I cannot!" she cried wildly, clinging to his arm.

"My poor girl, 'Tis hard on you, and yet believe me, 'twere a Christian charity to him."

"It will kill me to see his pain," she sobbed, then with an effort, "but I will do it, Harry."

"That is right. Then to-morrow at noon go down to the three-acre wood lot. He will be there. And now to bed my poor Rachel, and get some rest after this heavy day. Would the sun had never risen on it."

They parted, and the silence of the night settled down over the farmhouse.

On the morrow, at noon, Rachel made her way down through the dry brown meadows to the maple wood, where the leaves were already showing red and gold. The sleepy sunshine lay like a blessing over the land, a blessing of peace and fruition, but it was unshared by the human hearts sore with life's combat.

The foliage having lost its summer density, as Rachel sank upon a moss-covered log to regain strength, she could see De La Tour's figure coming towards her through its shining vistas. The tall dark figure seemed a gloom upon the fair day, and as he drew near she read that in his face which made her shiver in the sunshine. The haggard and livid features, the eyes in which glowed so sullen a fire, the droop of the whole figure, those were the outward tokens of the deep waters which had submerged his life. He spoke in a hollow, unnatural voice, as if using a strong self-restraint.

"I trust it was not too much to ask that you should once more look on the wretch who has worked such mischief."

Rachel had risen. "Not you! not you!" she said, holding out her hands as though appealing against some judgment, but he waved his own as though to set aside the plea.

"Mine! Through the weakest folly my life long sin and remorse. But what avails that now. Tell me of her."

"What is there to tell. Spent with her sorrow, she lies to-day white and still, scarce answering a yes or no."

He turned from her and leant against a tree, his strong frame shaken by the might of his passions. She must breathe some word of comfort.

"But that must pass. To-morrow she will be stronger again." She paused, then with a sob went on. "I dared not—I could not if I had dared, ask her for one word or token for you; but," she drew one hand from under her apron, "I brought you a curl of hair which I cut this morning as she slept."

Groveling before her, with wild tears kissing the hand that held such a treasure, this abasement of the strong man was a haunting memory to Rachel's after life. Presently he was able to speak with outward calm.

"In an hour I start on the road that leads me away from her. Last night I swore that, in spite of all God or man's laws, I would carry her off!" Rachel shuddered to hear what she had already guessed.

"In those hours I went down into hell, and was tempted of the furies." The echo of that dread hour was still in his voice. "But now you need not fear, I am sane again. I see the road, and walk on it with bleeding feet. To-day I ride to the accursed inn where my bride," he laughed, "awaits me. Poor wretch! It was not her sin, and she is an honest girl they say. I will take her home to my mother's care, and then I will try for the commission offered me last year."

"And you would desert the poor girl?"

"Desert her," he said, fiercely, "am I not giving her my name and the shelter of my mother's home? If over the day comes that I can bear to look upon her face—"

"God grant it may."

"God grant that before it comes I may be lying on some battlefield, my face upturned to the stars. And now farewell, Rachel, for I have far to ride to-day. God bless you for your goodness to a desperate man."

As he turned and left her, Rachel dropped upon the old log and hid her face from the brightness of the day.

More than a year had gone, and Esther reigned as Harry's wife in the farmhouse, while Rachel and her father had moved into the new parsonage before tidings came to Rachel, in a black-edged letter written in Madame De La Tour's fine French handwriting, that De La Tour's wish was fulfilled, and that he had died a soldier's death.

Rachel had taken the letter into the maple wood, where she had once met him, and then, sitting on the old log, as she finished reading the letter of the heart-broken mother, she breathed out the words of the burial prayer: "We give Thee hearty thanks that it hath pleased Thee to deliver our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world."

Rachel lived to be a white-haired woman, to see Esther's children and grandchildren grow up around her, to see her sister go before her to the grave, and yet the personal stay of her life was finished that day in the maple wood.

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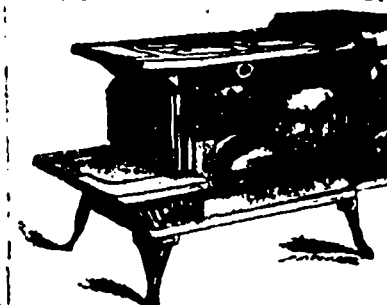
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The broad sea spread before us like a dream
 To which the river of our being flowed,
 I close my eyes, and Lo! the white sands gleam,
 The scent of thistles thick along the road
 Wraps round me softly like an incense-cloud
 Offered, unceasing, on the eternal hills;
 Fade far away earth's toil and tumult loud,
 And Nature's voice my troubled spirit stills.
 Again I see the waves dash in and fall
 In cool white foam along the thirsty sand,
 Again I hear the echoing laugh and call
 Where glad girls breast the breakers hand in hand
 Again I hear the poems that we said,
 We three, soft murmuring through the ocean's roar,
 While traitor time with stealthy footsteps fled
 Unknown, unmissed, along the sunny shore.
 I see it all; the level sands, the sea,
 The dark rocks' clustered masses at our right,
 Green fields behind us, and there comes to me
 The scent of thistles through this autumn night.
 A day that I will never all forget!
 A day put by and kept like some pressed leaf,
 Or garnered grain for winter use, and yet—
 Must there be always thistles in the sheaf?

THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD.

BY HON. J. W. LONGLEY.

In celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the reign of Queen Victoria, our thoughts should be in the direction of union, of advancement, of the consolidation of the moral forces of the world. These fifty years have witnessed a great development in the British empire, but a still greater in the English race. While the British Islands have made great progress, and while the Colonies which owe allegiance to the empire have made giant strides, until some of them are now assuming national proportions, it must not be kept out of mind that there is another great English-speaking country which has pushed forward in population, wealth and power at a more rapid rate than even the empire itself. The United States to-day contain nearly one-half of the English speaking world.

Seeing the great destiny manifestly in store for our race, and the great influence it is exerting in the world in the direction of civilization, religion and peace, it is well to look forward to a re-union of the separated families in the interests of the race, and for the happiness and well-being of the world.

An unfortunate accident caused the flower of the English Colonies in North America to separate from the empire a little over one hundred years ago. The incidents attending the separation caused bitterness and ill-feeling between the parent and the orphaned child, and these sentiments survived for many generations. Each has lived and prospered without the other, and each is now compelled to recognize the greatness of the other.

The past fifty years have wrought a great change in the sentiments of the people of the two countries. In 1837 there was much ill-feeling in the United States against Great Britain; in 1887 there is very little. In 1837, there were few people who were friendly, in 1887 the general sentiment is friendly. The governments of the two countries are on the most cordial terms. When the citizens of the United States gathered to celebrate the centenary of the surrender of Yorktown, which secured to them their independence, they saluted the British flag amid the plaudits of the nation. When Garfield was stricken by an assassin, the British Queen conveyed the sympathy of the whole empire in touching terms to the dead President's widow. When General Grant, the hero of the Civil War, died, he was given a funeral and awarded a niche in the great national sarcophagus—Westminster Abbey. These fifty years have done much to efface the early bitterness between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Has not the time arrived when we can contemplate with satisfaction and hope a re-union between the two countries? We have faults to find with some phases of the institutions of our great neighbor, but, in the main, the United States have worked out the problem of popular government with most wonderful results. Their institutions are not retrograding, but improving. An independent class has arisen which demands, of both parties, men of pure character and patriotic aims. Events now in progress in Great Britain indicate that all the trying vicissitudes of popular government, which have so taxed the resources of American statesmen during the past century are now to be worked out in the British Islands. It has only been within the past two years that the masses have secured the exercise of the franchise, and already Hodgo upsets the calculations of the best English politicians. Upon the whole, nothing is to be feared from a union between the English-speaking people of the United States and the Empire.

On the other hand, there is much to be said in its favor. Commercially it would be mutually advantageous. The relations between the Dominion of Canada and the United States, commercially and otherwise, are such that it is sometimes difficult to ascertain the boundary lines between the two countries. As Canada increases in power and importance, the difficulties of maintaining the frontier and regulating trade are likely to multiply. But, beyond all these considerations is the higher one of the great mission of the English race. To-day we find the English language encircling the world. Wherever the English flag waves, and the English race is located,

there perch civilization, enlightenment and Christianity. There is no reason why such a people as those of the United States, who are fast becoming foremost in civilization, art, literature and culture; whose aspirations are for freedom, equality and peace; should not join hands with the empire in carrying forward the reign of justice, virtue, and universal peace and good will. Accident caused their separation one hundred years ago. Policy and the interests of mankind demand their re-union to-day.

Let no Canadian imagine that he can afford to be indifferent to the sixty millions of people who share with his country the occupancy and control of this great continent. Our interests are bound up with theirs in a thousand ways, and our fortunes are interwoven with theirs. With unrestricted commercial intercourse with them our prosperity must be greatly enhanced.

On this Jubilee year, when we are contemplating with just complacency the progress and greatness of the empire to which we belong, and have faith that a glorious future yet lies before it, it is surely not Utopian to look forward with pleasure to a re-union of all its forces. Race and language are the great base upon which rests national unity. It is a conception not more grand than practicable that the English race should be reunited in aim, mission and destiny. Such a union would contribute in large measure to the peace and well-being of the world.

CANADIAN VERSE.

BY EDMUND COLLINS, EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK "EPOCH."

Before M. Frechette came home from France, bearing the laurel crown for *Les Fleurs Boréales* and *Les Oiseaux de Neige*, people smiled when anybody spoke of "Canadian poetry." Academies are not the best judges of verse, but it seems to me that the Hundred Immortals of the French Academy certainly showed the right kind of perception when they discovered the "genuine thing" in M. Frechette's verse. They found, they said, culture, imagination, ease and the singing impulse; but, in addition to all these qualities, they recognized the presence of "something else" which they could not define or fathom. That something was the local flavor, the aroma of flowers unknown to French nostrils; the music of birds and breezes never heard even in the fair land of France. So they put the crown upon his head, and he returned to Canada.

Then, of course, the good people of Canada took up the question of native verse, and declared that there must be "something in it" after all. They found that M. Frechette was not the only songster even on the banks of the St. Lawrence. M. Pamphile Le May had a note and an impulse of his own; M. Pouisson trilled his Canadian song; and many others of less power were found to be singing in the French-Canadian choir; and when the public had come to recognize that we really had poets in Canada, they began to take stock, carefully, of every singer. Then it was that a young English-Canadian came before them with a volume of verse and asked their attention. The poet was Charles G. D. Roberts, and his book was "Orion and Other Poems." After reading this volume the people found that a rival had arisen for M. Frechette. Roberts had not struck as many chords as the French poet had done: his muse was not so diaphanous, his fancies were not so numerous; but his work had more of that quality which endures and takes hold of the thought of men.

Roberts' verse was stronger; its pulse was fuller; the heart in it was larger; its music was more even, and more sonorous and vibrant. Its color was richer too, and it was truer, and its outline was surer and more decisive; and the imagination had stronger wings. Frechette's work was the more popular; Roberts did not write for popularity. He worked for his Art and his Ideals. His book did not make its way rapidly, but it made it surely.

Roberts, however, was not alone. Mrs McLean published a book which she named "The Coming of the Princess," and the delight which her volume afforded was almost constant from the line

"A little bird woke singing in the night,"

to the end of the volume.

Mr. C. P. Mulvany was not born in Canada, but the best years of his life were spent there. He associated himself with Dr. Chandler in the publication of a work which, if I remember the title correctly, was called "Lyrics, Sonnets and Songs." But it matters little about the name. There was evidence in this of what Mulvany might have done under more fortunate stars. But for all his lyric gifts Mulvany was a sloven; he lacked the capacity "for taking trouble," and his work was woefully uneven. But his note was as true as the song of the bobolink.

Miss Machar has written some charming things, but her piety and her didacticism have ruined her as a poet. I do not object to religion and piety, but I think that if one or the other dominates a poet that that poet should write hymns.

Charles Heavyside was a poet, and if his poem "Saul" had culture to the same degree as it exhibits genius it would have lived. But even the amazing imagination and the towering genius of Dore cannot save his pictures. They lack what Heavyside's verse lacks.

Charles Mair has written the finest drama ever produced in Canada, but it remains to be seen whether Canadians will "let it die" or not.

John Read is a very cultivated poet, but I find him, often, lacking in strength. Nevertheless, he has done some work which is entitled to a high place.

Charles Sangster stands probably lowest among the Canadian poets of repute; yet he is one of the very best known of them all. I find his verses

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in nearly all of the school books. Mr Sangster, however, has written some very sweet verse; indeed, I might say that some of it is very musical. His chief fault is his fluency.

I have in this brief paper addressed myself only to the chief ones among those who have published their verse in book form. Canada has many other singers of excellent promise; indeed I have one in mind whose work is full of noble promise.

I am proud, as a Canadian, of the reception which has been given in the United States to Mr. Roberts' latest book, "In Divers Tones." One of the leading literary papers in New York has declared that it stands among the best books of verse printed for the last twenty years in the English language, and declares that it is an honor to our New World literature. The other leading literary papers have likewise received it in terms of the highest commendation.

SKETCHES OF LIFE IN VENEZUELA.

BY HOWARD CLARK.

Cocorote is a charming hamlet situated at the foot of the mountains, a league from San Felipe, one of the principal inland cities of Venezuela. Below, and in front of it, stretch the Llanos, the great inland plains of South America, affording pasturage to immense herds of cattle and horses, while in its immediate vicinity and stretching up the mountains in its rear are plantations of cacao and coffee, sugar cane and maize. Numerous clear mountain streams supply unlimited means of irrigation, and the rich soil yields in profusion not only tropical fruits and vegetables, but grapes, apples, peaches and pears, that in their lusciousness and flavor rival the products of the temperate zones. It is a land literally "flowing with milk and honey," and when it is added that, owing to its elevation above the sea, and to its being cut off by the mountains from the miasmatic-laden winds of the lowlands near the coast, it enjoys an equable, healthy climate, it might be imagined a veritable Garden of Eden. Still very few natives of northern climes could have remained long contented in Cocorote.

The absence of congenial society, (that society which we all rail at and abuse when we have it at command, and yet so long for when beyond our reach), the difference in the manners and the customs of the people, the peaceful monotony of existence, would soon pall on a vigorous nature, and he would long for the strife and turmoil, even the bitter heart-burnings and rebuffs, poverty and toil of what we are pleased to call more civilized life.

Cocorote had been founded by Don Pedro Lush, or, in plain English, Peter Lush. Lush had come out from England as a young man in 1830 to do the baking for the great Cobra Copper Company. The Cobra Company soon came to an untimely end, but Lush remained in Venezuela, and, starting a bakery in Puerto Cabello, in time amassed a large fortune. Since Venezuela has become a so-called republic the Spanish title of Don has become public property, and is generally applied to all wealthy citizens. In this way, as plain Peter Lush accumulated money, he, by common consent, became known as Don Pedro. Asthma had driven Don Pedro to seek the rarefied air of the interior, and he had purchased a large tract of land near San Felipe. Being possessed of a certain amount of dry humor he named his estate Cocorote, which being Anglicized means old rubbish. By his energy he soon brought the neglected coffee and cacao plantations into a state of high cultivation, and, as he gave employment to numbers of laborers, and opened a general store, quite a village had sprung up around his establishment. In ten years he had doubled his fortune, had married a beautiful Señorita (they are always beautiful—in fiction) and had been blessed (t) with three children. Don Pedro at this time was a happy and prosperous man, but one day he made a fatal mistake—he became a citizen of Venezuela. For a time he found that it was a glorious thing to be a free and independent citizen of the great republic of Venezuela. His aristocratic Spanish neighbors, who had previously looked down upon him as a plebeian foreigner, began to take a deep interest in his welfare. They flocked down upon him with their servants and horses, and did full justice to his generous hospitality. They even expressed a willingness to borrow his money and buy his goods on credit, but Don Pedro could not think of trespassing on their politeness to this extent, and so his money remained locked up and his goods in stock. Suddenly one of the revolutions for which the country is famed broke out, and a band of gallant cavaliers honored Don Pedro with a visit. They were magnificently mounted; their Mexican saddles and bridles were studded with gold and jewels; large silver spurs with cruel-looking rowels were strapped to their heels, and they were dressed in uniforms enriched with a profusion of gold lace. Their arrival should have made Don Pedro feel happy, but somehow it did not. Don Raphael, the leader of the party, in whose veins ran the bluest of the blue blood of Spain, quickly dismounted and embraced Don Pedro in true Venezuelan fashion, calling him friend, brother and citizen. He then explained that a grave crisis had arisen, in which it behooved all good citizens to lend their aid in putting down anarchy and rebellion. Don Pedro was too old to take the field, but it would delight his heart to know that he could help the good cause along by furnishing the real sinews of war—i. e. money. A loan of twenty-five thousand dollars was all that was needed, and he knew that Don Pedro would feel honored in furnishing the amount. An acknowledgment would be given, and the government would some day repay the loan with heavy interest. Don Pedro mildly intimated that his feelings of patriotism did not lead him so far as to wish to part with his cash, but a whispered order from Don Raphael was suddenly followed by

the cocking of several formidable looking blunderbusses, which changed Don Pedro's mind, and he agreed to furnish the needful. He ordered his servants to provide refreshments for his brother-citizens, and then paid over to Don Raphael the money in hard cash, receiving in return a most formal receipt. His guests lingered about, evincing no desire to depart, and their reasons for delay were soon made apparent. A large drove of pack donkeys was seen approaching, followed by *burros* (donkey drivers) and a body of *pones* (native laborers). In a few minutes, urged on by the cracking of whips and shouts of *burro curamba*, and other oaths, much more vigorous and disgusting, the donkeys filed into the courtyard, followed by the drivers and *pones*. Don Raphael now explained that supplies were needed as well as cash, and, needless to say, Don Pedro had to place his goods, as he had his money, *a su orden, Señor*, (at your order, Señor). The shelves were soon cleared of goods, which were quickly strapped on the pack saddles, and the donkeys were driven away almost staggering under the weight of their loads. After tenderly embracing Don Pedro, the cavaliers followed by Don Raphael, mounted their horses and galloped away, the air resounding with their lusty *vivas*. Poor Don Pedro! how bitterly did he curse the day when he had renounced allegiance to good Queen Victoria and had become a free and independent Venezuelan. He saw, when too late, that he had made a fatal mistake. As a British subject he could have gone to Puerto Cabello and the English consul would have forced the authorities to restore him his goods and money, increased by a large sum for damages. Nay more, he knew that if he had remained a British subject he would never have been molested. All honor to Her Gracious Majesty for the full protection afforded her subjects in foreign lands. It is here that Britain admittedly excels all other nations. But Don Pedro had severed the link that bound him to his native land, and where could he look for justice? Echo answers—"Where?" He roamed through the pillaged shop, he peered hopelessly into his empty safe, and then thanked Heaven that the bulk of his money was securely deposited in London banks.

But Don Pedro's troubles did not end here. A party of revolutionists under a fierce negro leader, (a general whose naturally repulsive features had been rendered frightful by the loss of his nose), descended upon Cocorote. All of Don Pedro's servants took to the bush, but they were captured and impressed. His horses and cattle were seized and driven off; a sugar cane plantation fired and burned; and he himself narrowly escaped being shot for supplying money and stores to the government party. In time the revolutionists triumphed and assumed the reins of government, leaving Don Pedro a constant claimant for damages that were never satisfied.

About the year 1866 I found myself in the vicinity of Cocorote as one of the members of a surveying party employed in laying out a line of railway in the Aroa Valley. Our headquarters at La Luz (the light) were distant only thirty miles from Cocorote, but, as it was necessary to cross a steep mountain range in going from one place to the other, communication was seldom attempted. Mr. C. Campbell Downes, chief engineer, Mr. Palmer, his assistant, two Hindoo or Coolie servants, and the writer, then a youth of seventeen, made up the party. We were all well mounted, and several pack mules and two pack oxen carried our tent, baggage and stores. The railway is now constructed, and connects Tucacas, a seaport, with the celebrated Aroa copper mines, sixty miles in the interior. The Comba Company had in 1830 built a large brick house three miles from La Luz, known as the *casa de tejas* (tiled house), and as it was still in a habitable condition, we had it cleaned up, and took possession. It stood a lasting monument to the old company's folly, as every brick used in its construction had been imported from England at an estimated cost of one pound each. In 1834 or 1835 it had been the scene of a sad massacre. Several thousand pounds in silver had been received by the company's officials, about a dozen of whom lived in the "tiled house," and had been carelessly piled in the dining room in full view of the natives. The same evening, while the Englishmen were at dinner, the natives armed with *machetes*, (long wood knives which they always carry), broke in upon them, and cut them all down before the officers could secure their weapons in an adjoining room. One of the officers was a famous swordsman, and seizing a carving knife he tried to cut his way to the door of his room where his trusty sword was hanging. He fought like a lion at bay, wounding several of the natives, but the odds against him were too heavy, and he fell almost hacked to pieces. Not an Englishman survived to tell the tale, but the indignation aroused by the cowardly slaughter stirred the Venezuelan government to action, and all the natives implicated were arrested and promptly executed.

When we took possession of the house over thirty years after, the marks of the machetes were plainly visible deeply dented in the walls and doors, and the floors were still stained with blood. I am not superstitious, but I must confess that a creeping sensation came over me as I turned into my hammock, which was slung in the very room where the murders had been committed, and I found sleep out of the question. The room was infested with bats, which occasionally flew in my face, and a company of howling monkeys in the woods in the rear of the house, made night hideous with their ceaseless cries. I was up at daylight and out of the house, and was rewarded by witnessing a glorious tropical sunrise. The "tiled house" was sufficiently elevated to give a fine view down the valley. The dense tropical forest extended to La Luz, which was just discernable in the distance. Its thatched houses and fields of waving sugar cane and maize, its coffee and cacao plantations, protected by tall shade trees, were glorified by the morning sun. The air was cool and bracing, flocks of gaily plumaged birds swept by on their way to their feeding grounds, while some macaws, perched on tall trees, kept up an incessant chattering. As I

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gazed upon the fair scene I felt strangely exhilarated and forgot for the moment that I was in the Aroa Valley, too truly called the valley of death. That the heavily perfumed air was rank with miasma, and that every breath inhaled carried the germs of *calentura* (fever) into the system. With a loud coo-ee Mr. Downes made his appearance, dressed only in pyjamas and undershirt. He was a fine specimen of the English gentleman. Sturdily built, with large head and regular features, his handsome brown beard falling on his breast, he was pleasant to look upon. He had been educated at Eaton and Oxford, had passed years in India and Australia, and was one of the most interesting men in conversation that I have ever met. Mr. Palmer, a tall quiet man, crusted round with a reserve that it was hard to penetrate and reach the sterling qualities beneath, followed Mr. Downes out, and we together walked down the hill to a rushing mountain torrent, where a refreshing bath in the cold water nerved us up for the arduous duties of the day. Captain Prince, manager of the mines three miles above, rode up as we returned to the house and took coffee with us. He was a very clever young Cornishman, with rather rough manners, but as steadfast a friend as the world could produce. Mr. Downes was an old camper out, and we were more comfortably provided for in the wilds of Venezuela than if stopping at a swell English hotel. Dinner was the great meal of the day, and in its preparation Sammy Moussoon, the Hindoo cook, spared no pains. Regular courses of soups, fish, curried fowls and meats puddings and desserts, were always provided, and the cooking could not have been excelled. Our huntsmen supplied wild pigs, antelopes, turkeys, and other game; the water-teemed with fish; fowls and eggs were plentiful, and we had besides large stores of jams and jellies, and canned provisions to draw upon. Snowy table linen and every table requisite, made the meals doubly delightful, while Mr. Downes' watchful body servant waited on the table and provided for our wants almost before we could express them. Trained Coolie or Hindoo servants are certainly the best in the world. With their attendance, camping out becomes a real luxury. A bottle of hiss or claret added zest to the meals, and then stretching our selves in our hammocks we pulled away at fragrant cigars and spun yarns until bed time. But *calentura* (fever), that dread scourge of Venezuela, soon put an end to our comfort and brought us face to face with death. Both Mr. Downes and Palmer were stricken down with the pestilence in its most dangerous form, and in less than two days Mr. Palmer was dead, and Mr. Downes at death's door. Poor Palmer, when too ill to read, had handed me his sweetheart's last letter, and as I read it aloud great tears coursed down his cheeks, and in agony he cried, "This is too hard, too hard. My God, must I die and leave her!" But it was so fated, and, when a few weeks after the sad news was received in a quiet English home, one stricken heart the more was added to the world's vast number.

Affairs were now in a desperate condition, and on consultation Captain Prince and I determined that the only hope for Mr. Downes was removal across the mountains to Cocorote. The natives said that the journey was an impossibility, that a sick man stretched in his hammock could never be carried over mountain roads, which in places were almost perpendicular ascents, up which it was necessary to hoist horses with slings. But a life was at stake, and we decided to proceed at all hazards. I should like to describe that two days' journey over the mountains, the details of which after the lapse of years still remain imprinted on my memory, but space forbids. Suffice it to say that all difficulties were overcome, and that in spite of Mr. Downes' piteous prayers to halt and let him die in peace, we reached Cocorote in safety, where we were comfortably lodged in one of Don Pedro's large houses. The Don proved the soul of hospitality, and every comfort that the country could produce was provided for our patient. He was soon out of danger, and while he was convalescent Captain Prince and I had very little to do but amuse ourselves, and we certainly had a jolly good time. In the mornings and evenings we took exhilarating gallops over the level plains. We were welcome guests in every house, and sweet Señoritas, of mixed Spanish and Indian blood, charmed us with their lovely eyes, or sang captivating Spanish ballads to the accompaniment of tinkling guitars. Fandangos were frequent, where we had our choice of partners, and in a round of pleasures poor Palmer's death was almost forgotten. The last day of our stay was the Queen's birthday, and as Don Pedro's waning loyalty had been fanned into life by rumors of an impending revolution and the arrival of English guests, he was in a humor to celebrate the event with due honors. He gave his *peons* a holiday, and provided them with powder and fire-crackers. We were all present at daylight when the English flag was hoisted, and, as it floated to the breeze from the top of a tall staff, the natives commenced a deafening fusillade, which, with their love of noise, they kept up with the greatest gusto all day and far into the night. Don Pedro opened his house to all, and refreshments were furnished to the natives without stint. Sports whiled away the afternoon and in the evening we were the honored guests at a grand banquet. When the cloth had been removed, the Don brewed a wonderful punch, in which Her Majesty was loyally toasted, with a hip, hip, hurrah! given with a will that fairly astonished the natives. Speeches were then indulged in, and when the eloquence of the party had been exhausted we passed out into the clear night air to witness a display of fireworks. Don Pedro's last words as we bid him good night were, "I made a fatal mistake in renouncing my allegiance to Her Majesty. God bless her," and, Yankee though I may be, I cordially express the sentiments of my countrymen when I reiterate, "God bless her."

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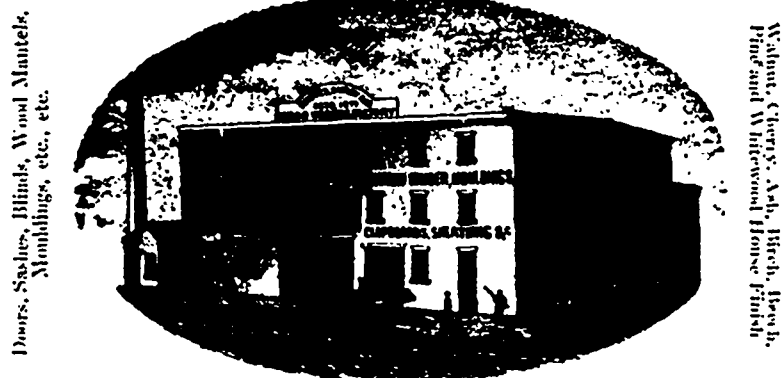
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