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Canada's New Year Arrives.

Drawn for the Canadian Magazine
by Frederic W. Falls.

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THE FOURTH CENTURY OF CANADIAN HISTORY.*

BY O. A. HOWLAND, M.P.

MY learned predecessor in the chairmanship of the Historical Section of the Canadian Institute, Dr. Caniff, in his inaugural address a year ago, presented an able and earnest plea for the systematic collection and preservation of historical facts and relics relating to the Province of Ontario.

The subject is one which it would be a failure of duty to lose sight of. It should be continuously pressed and urged upon popular and official attention until the desired result is attained.

Not unconnected with it is the subject of this article;—the nearly approaching close of the fourth century since the discovery of the gulf of St. Lawrence. That event, I venture to characterize as the beginning of Canadian history.

It was a habit of our native Indian races, (borrowed by our woodland pioneers,) to direct their exploratory pathways from hill-top to hill-top. Each commanding summit enabled them to note the landmarks past, and to prospect for fresh ones in advance.

It is a practice which we may, as a nation, usefully imitate. The present is an epochal period of change and development in Canada. It is, moreover, marked by a collateral circum-

stance of singular interest. The approaching year 1897 will close the fourth century since the history of the region formerly known as British North America, and now embraced in the Dominion of Canada, was originated by its discovery by John Cabot on the 24th June, 1497.

It seems to be now sufficiently well established that John Cabot's voyage in 1497 antedates any other historically recorded discovery of the continental part of America; as that of Columbus, in 1492, resulted in the first historically recorded discovery of the island outposts—the West Indies.

It is necessary to emphasize the adjective *historical*, because of the existence of a number of prior but traditional or conjectural claims, more or less plausibly asserting discoveries prior to both Columbus and Cabot. We have the story, embalmed in the Sagas of the Northmen, of their mysterious landfall in the tenth century, somewhere on the New England coast; supposed remains of which near Boston have lately been reported upon by our learned townsman, Dr. Boyle. Another, and even earlier claim, extracted from an early manuscript, supposes a discovery of Mexico by an Irish monk, drifted thither in his leathern coracle, some time in the eighth century, and leaving traces of

* This article was embodied in an address recently delivered before the Historical Section of the Canadian Institute, Toronto.

his presence in traditionary and religious teachings found extant in Mexico by the Spaniards. A claim has been raised on behalf of a Portuguese discovery of Brazil early in the fifteenth century, the evidence for which has quite recently been assembled and argued with great zeal and ingenuity before the Royal Geographical Society, by an English scholar, Mr. H. G. Oldham, Cambridge lecturer on geography. Indeed, there is hardly a maritime nation of Europe, of that period, on behalf of which there has not been put forth a theory that some of its subjects did discover, or at least probably *might* have discovered America. But these obscure, traditional discoveries, if they took place, were utterly dissevered from the course of history. They possessed no more value or fruitfulness than the broken branches from West Indian trees, which, drifted by Atlantic currents upon the coasts of Spain or Iceland, may have supported the conjecture of a land beyond the sea. It was only from the recorded discoveries of Columbus and Cabot that historical results followed. It is only with them, therefore, that history has to do.

To no country did American discovery prove more important than to Great Britain, and nowhere did it ultimately work a greater revolution. In due time her peasantry and industries were to share the benefit of the rising wages. While the Spanish galleons were pouring great freights of precious metals into the lap of Europe, meantime the contagion of emulation spurred England's princes to ambition and her merchants to new enterprise; with those well-known results in the spread of the English language and race, of religious toleration and freedom of government, whose ultimate scope speculation hardly yet ventures to measure.

"Cosmography and the Art of Navigation," proudly writes the Elizabethan author of the *Voyages of Frobisher*

in 1578 "is now, in Her Majesty's reign, grown to his highest perfection." But in the time of King Henry VII., he states they were "very raw in England." Navigation, "then took (as it were), his beginning, (and ever since had had by little and little continual increase.)"

In this "raw" state of cosmography and the art of navigation in England, the nation was indebted to a foreigner for being enabled to claim a footing in the New World.

John Cabot, an Italian by birth, and a citizen of Venice, put the science and skill acquired as a native of the country which was then the western centre of the arts of commerce and civilization, and the leader in maritime enterprise, at the disposal of the nascent maritime power of the North. In the year 1496 proposals made by Cabot, then a resident of Bristol, one of the chief shipping ports of Britain, were acted upon by King Henry the VII., though in a manner marked by the King's accustomed financial prudence. A Royal Patent was granted to Cabot for the discovery—"at his own private cost and charge,"—of unknown lands in the Eastern, Western or Northern seas, with the right to occupy such territories, and have exclusive commerce with them, "paying to the king one-fifth part of all the profits." When Cabot obtained the Patent, he was probably in the position of an adventurer, richer in skill and conception than in purse. There is evidence that the funds he was to find for himself were furnished by substantial citizens of Bristol. The crew of eighteen was also chiefly English, and the ship, named the *Matthew*, no doubt also belonged to some of the substantial Bristol merchants.

Thus, at the outset of English occupation of the new continent in the west, there was impressed upon it that stamp of individual enterprise which continued to be its distinguishing character, and which predestined its ultimate triumph in the long com-

petition with rival foreign establishments, all initiated by governments, and hampered to the end by despotic control.

Armed with his *generous* commission from the thrifty king, in the early part of May, 1497 Cabot set sail from Bristol, with a company of eighteen to man his one small vessel. Its model, no doubt, was like that with which we were familiarized by the visit of the caravels in the summer of 1893, on their way to the Columbian Exhibition at Chicago. In that frail and perilous craft, John Cabot, probably accompanied by his son Sebastian, arrived at the northern extremity of Cape Breton on St. John's Day, the 24th of June, 1497. He must have laid a fairly direct course, with favorable winds, for he made the land in considerably less than two months, or not much over the average time of the north Atlantic voyage down to the middle of the eighteenth century. The records of John Cabot's expedition, derived at second hand, are obscure in description of localities and movements in a hitherto unknown region; but it is sufficiently clear that he led the way to the great northern estuary of the continent, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, about which and its tributary rivers so much history was thereafter to accumulate. His first landfall on the continent was on Cape Breton, where he planted the cross and the standard of the British king, Henry the Seventh, under whose commission he had sailed, with the flag of his own Venetian republic beneath it. He is reputed to have navigated northerly through the gulf, sighting Prince Edward Island, to which he gave its ancient name of St. John's Isle, and thence making his way out of the gulf by its northerly entrance, the Straits of Belle Isle, now constantly followed by Canadian shipping during the like summer months. Passing through that narrow strait, he would have had the Labrador coast on his left hand

and Newfoundland on his right. Either thence, or from Cape Breton direct, he shaped his return course for England, arriving after a brief absence of about three months.

Strong doubts have been thrown by Dr. E. E. Danson, in a learned and ingenious paper read before the Royal Society Canada (1894), upon this supposed extension of John Cabot's voyage into the Gulf. The identity of the discoverers of St. John's Isle with Prince Edward Island seems to be conclusively disproved. At the same time the learned writer establishes, critically and conclusively, the principal fact of Cabot's landfall in Cape Breton on the 24th June, 1497.

The English claim through John Cabot's discovery in 1497 was confirmed by a more extended voyage of his son Sabastian in the following year along the Atlantic coast, and was admitted on the face of the earliest Spanish maps of the world. On one prepared in 1500 by Juan de la Cosa, a companion of Columbus, what is now called Cape Breton is named *Cavo de Ynglaterra*, and along the coast appears the legend "*descubierta por Ingleses.*"

Edmund Burke stated in Parliament, during the debate over the American colonies, that the fact of Cabot's discovery was sufficiently certain "to establish a right to our settlements in North America." Five years before Cabot's discovery of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Columbus' discovery had been made known to the world. To the great adventure of Columbus, dazzling the mind of Europe with golden visions and the wealth of sunlit lands, priority of interest and renown will always attach. But it was an event only second to that in interest, and I believe one yet more auspicious to humanity, when John Cabot set the prow of his Bristol merchantman, bearing the flag of England, towards the dark waters and immeasurable forests of the north. Brief and obscure is the modest nar-

rative of his discovery, Yet it was a circumstance of no small importance, not merely as a matter of dry historical record, but as pregnant with the course of future events, that on that 24th of June, 1497, John Cabot took possession of the mouth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence for the English king, and set flying the red cross of St. George from the headland of Cape Breton. St. John's Day, June 24th. 1497, the date of Cabot's discovery, may fairly be taken as the true beginning of the history of Canada.

For what is the history of Canada? In its true scope I think it is to be regarded as the history of the series of European settlements attracted into the great northern estuary of the continent, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, spreading along its coasts and tributary waters, overflowing into the territories westward to the Pacific Ocean, and ultimately becoming grouped under the united government and common name of Canada. The history of Canada is the history of that Northern Mediterranean; of the various migrations and settlements; of rivalries and conflicts which attended its occupation by men springing from different European races; and of unification, first by conquest and cession, afterwards by the peaceful co-operative processes of time.

From the date of Cabot's discovery, European enterprise seems never to have quite lost its hold upon the new-found lands. Cabot brought home to England, whence the news spread over the maritime countries of Europe, glowing reports of the profusion of fish to be found in those western waters. The fact was recalled upon every subsequent map. An island or port upon the coast of Newfoundland, was, it is supposed, named by John or Sebastian Cabot, after the Baccalios fish well known to Basque and Breton fishermen. These sturdy mariners, attracted by the report, and already accustomed to extend their fishing ventures as far north as the

boisterous waters of Iceland, seem to have rapidly diverted their course westerly to the new fishing grounds beyond the Atlantic. The obscure enterprises of merchants and fishermen are not among the matters recorded in the histories of the period, which take little note of acts of daring or enterprise which were not performed under a royal warrant. Still, we meet with incidental traces of the presence of these continental fishermen. When Jacques Cartier made his voyage, under the auspices of the French crown, in 1535, his report refers to Cape Breton under the name of "the land of the Bretons." He also mentions the circumstance of meeting, on the coast of Newfoundland, certain shipping from La Rochelle. Both these references are recorded in a manner to indicate a certain notoriety in regard to the pre-existence of a Breton trade in that region. Recent patient explorers of sea-port records of the Norman and Breton ports, Honfleur, Rouen, and Dieppe, have brought to light the precise names of ships and ship owners that voyaged to Newfoundland waters, at least from the year 1506 onwards. Thus, the new-found land and the great estuary it guarded were never lost to European knowledge during the intervals between the English or Cabotian discoveries, in 1497 and 1498, and the voyages, under French auspices, of Verrazano, in 1524, and of Jacques Cartier, in 1535.

Verrazano's expedition merely followed the track of Sebastian Cabot up and down the Atlantic coast. Cartier took up the thread of exploration, under a commission from Francis the First of France. On his first voyage, in 1535, he traced the outlines of the Gulf of St. Lawrence to its north-western limit, rounding the island of Anticosti. A second voyage in the following year led him, (always in pursuit of the fleeting vision of a waterway to China), into the St. Lawrence itself, which mighty stream he followed still hopefully, until he left the

tides behind him, and his adventurous keel confronted the impassable barrier of the Lachine Rapids. His journey was not without reward. Cabot had brought back from his voyage the tale of a lonely land wherein he had encountered no inhabitants, although he had picked up some scanty traces of unseen, perhaps extinct, humanity. Cartier, on the other hand, discovered, on the smiling banks of the beautiful St. Lawrence, a country known to the natives, as it has ever since been known to the world, under the sonorous and pleasantly suggestive name of Canada. The meaning of the word Canada,—“Place of habitations,”—describes an inhabited country. While the mysterious volume of the great river maintained the tradition of a possible passage to the Orient, this “inhabited country” offered to European enterprise that additional link of interest, trade—the great bond of national intercourse and travel. Having in view the little note made of other than royal enterprises, the silence of history does not disturb the probability that the valuable and abundant peltries at once attracted shipping into the St. Lawrence waters; hence, that from Cartier’s discovery forward the French language continued to be heard at intervals by the inhabitants between Tadoussac and Quebec. Through trading visits, if not by establishments, the white race kept a footing, preparing the way for the regular colonization which was to begin under the command of the great Champlain more than a hundred years after the first discovery of the inland Mediterranean.

Champlain set out on his voyage in 1603, commissioned by the French king to establish posts and settlements, not apparently in the future Nouvelle France alone, but at such localities as he might select upon the unappropriated new continent.

At that moment the fruits to England of Cabot’s discovery seemed to be on the point of being lost. Let it

be remembered that to that date, the first years of the seventeenth century, perhaps had had some transient fishing stages erected here and there upon the coast of Newfoundland. These were flittings, obscure and unrecorded, of French traders in and out of the River St. Lawrence. No European settlement or post existed from Florida to Labrador. Could we see re-enacted before us in a visible drama the history of four fateful centuries, we should follow with breathless interest those colonial voyages of Champlain. His white sails move from harbor to harbor, like a winged spirit of destiny; now turning northwards to the Gulf, now hovering along the coast southwards as far as the neighborhood of Newport. A vast and vacant continent lies open to him. Where will he plant the lilies of France, bearing with them the shadow of the old régime, its withering reign and its exclusive religion? We watch him enter the lonely waters of Massachusetts Bay. The future sites of Boston and the other Puritan settlements, untenanted and unchosen, invite him. His foot seems to hesitate over Plymouth Rock. We recollect, as we watch, that the event of 1760 was prepared by the wear and tear of the persistent Puritan attacks issuing from Boston and Connecticut, the repeated sieges of Louisburg, the frontier warfare by Lake Champlain. We reckon the lavish Provincial contributions of men and money to campaign after campaign, culminating in that of 1759. We can hardly forbear to speculate upon the changed consequences had the Massachusetts Company found no footing north of Virginia, and had New France in consequence commenced with no eastern frontier between the St. Lawrence and the Atlantic Ocean.

Fate, however, had another history in store for these regions, and for the course of humanity. Not Boston Bay, but Quebec, with Nova Scotia, the gatepost of the St. Lawrence, was chosen

by Champlain, to be the citadel and centre of French settlement. Acadia did not extend further south than the opening of the Bay of Fundy. After establishing these outworks upon the Atlantic entrance, Champlain entered the Gulf, and following his pennon, the main wave of French settlement swept on through the valley of the St. Lawrence to Quebec and Montreal and the great lakes and the West.

Meantime, England was awaking tardily to the necessity of preserving for herself some fruits of her discoveries in the north-east of America. Champlain met, on the coast of New Brunswick, a ship of the British Navy, which was in fact engaged upon an errand similar to his own. At the time of these tentative expeditions, a temporary peace existed between the two countries, whose traditional jealousies, however, never slept. So far as the record shows, neither cannon shots nor courtesies were exchanged by the ships of the two nations. Sighting each other on those lonely seas, they sullenly passed by without sign of recognition. In the minds of both commanders, there may have been a gloomy prescience of the one hundred and eighty years of bloody rivalry which those yet untenanted regions were to occasion between the contending nations—a struggle ending not in 1760, but in 1783; for the recovery of Canada was the secret aim of the fleets sent to the assistance of the revolting colonies.

England had neglected, but not forgotten, her claim, resting upon the discoveries of the Cabots, to the region from Florida to Labrador, which France was claiming by virtue of Verrazano's exploration in 1524, following in the track of Sebastian Cabot's second voyage in 1498. A few years after Champlain's simultaneous voyage and encounter with the British ship on the coast of New Brunswick, the patent to the Massachusetts Company was granted by the British crown. Before long appeared the first

contingent of the Puritan emigrants, who were to become a thorn in the side of the French settlements founded by Champlain in Acadia and on the St. Lawrence.

How completely, nevertheless, must human foresight at that date have failed to project the singular and contradictory chain of cause and effect which was to evolve itself out of these events. Who, in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, could have foretold that Massachusetts, so far behind at the beginning of the race, should signally assist to bring the French settlements under the British flag; that shortly after that hour of triumph, New England should become separated from and hostile to the British Crown, with the French Crown as an ally; that the once rival settlements of France should become the nucleus of the most important link in the world-wide chain of a renewed and extended British Empire; and that—most strange of all—the fugitives, expelled for loyalty to Britain, from the separating English colonies, should in time stand side by side with the descendants of the French, in peace and in war, in the territories marked out by Champlain for the Dominion of New France, helping under the British Crown, to protect the rival language and religion from extinction at the hands of the revolted descendants of the English settlers of Massachusetts?

Regarding, then, the history of Canada as the history of European colonization upon the coasts of the St. Lawrence River and Gulf, we may regard the appearance of Cabot upon the eastern border of that region, as the preliminary landmark in our annals. The progress of Canada, as we review it in this light, is seen naturally dividing itself into successive stages, two of which, already accomplished, have led us to the threshold of a third. The first division is occupied with the period of discovery and colonization; the second is the period of union and

internal development; the third period, upon which we are now entering, is one in which we may expect to reap the fruits of union and development heretofore accomplished. We have become a nation, and as a nation are brought into developed relations with the people with whom we are constitutionally united, and into fresh relations with the other nations of the world. We might find in the earlier stages past our equivalent to the heroic period of classic European history. It was a scene of physical struggle and pioneer difficulties, of Indian ravages, and internecine war between the rival European settlements, ending in their merging into one people. The early narrative is rich in records of daring and devotion, full of semi-legendary adventure and romantic individuality. This pioneer or colonizing stage, beginning with the discovery by the Cabots, ends at the session of New France in 1760. Within this period falls the establishment of the various French and English settlements in Acadia and Canada, and the discoveries from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Mississippi.

The period was chiefly devoted to exploration, a pursuit which seems to have especially suited the French genius in that age. It was carried on enthusiastically and effectively by French missionaries, French merchant adventurers, and the native French-Canadian races which grew up in New France. Over all the continent the French-Canadian voyageur made himself known as a marked and picturesque feature of pioneer history. He has left his traces in local names and traditions, southward as far as Texas, north-westward along the lakes and plains to the Rocky Mountains, and across their seemingly impassable heights to the Pacific shores of Oregon and Washington. When John Jacob Astor, early in the present century, undertook his bold but unfortunate expedition to found Astoria on the Columbia, it was to Montreal

and its far-famed voyageurs that the Philadelphian fur-trader resorted to recruit the rank and file of his adventurous force. The pioneer qualities had become hereditary traits.

By the Conquest, the scattered settlements of various European origins became merged under one flag, preparatory to becoming consolidated by unity of interests and similarity of institutions. The period of consolidation embraces the constitutions of 1774, 1791, 1840, and 1867. They are the monuments marking the steps in a process of unification and constitutional development by common legislation, and of a growth of internal commerce and civilization. The progress was confirmed and accelerated by united resistance to foreign invasion in 1775, 1812, and 1866, and lost nothing by the educational effect of the internal struggles, which were necessary to shape constitutional development in accordance with the progress of the country in population and public spirit.

This period, following the Conquest, may be called the English period, devoted, as it was, as a whole, to constitutional and material development, in which the British races established an admitted pre-eminence. The planning of railways and canals, the growth of cities, shipping and industries, kept pace with the enlargement of the political machinery.

The present or third stage upon which we have fairly entered I might make bold to call the Canadian period, because the great lines of internal constitutional right and practice having been previously settled, the nation has begun to be occupied in united effort to secure a just position for itself in its external relations; while it also witnesses within itself the action and interaction of opinion of its various elements of population, differing and debating upon great internal questions of social and moral, rather than political, tendency. They are questions not singular or limited to

Canada, but such as are coming to occupy, in a constantly enlarging measure, the attention of all civilized countries. They are conflicts to be settled by reason, not by arms; battles in the air, rather than upon the solid earth.

Those who have made some study of past Canadian history, and who are at the same time alive to the events and changes going on around them, will agree without much difficulty that a moment of great interest, one which may perhaps be properly regarded as a turning-point, has arrived in our national career. We have seen within the last twelve months an unprecedented assemblage, representing the world-wide citizenship of our great modern Empire, holding its sittings at our national capital. We have seen it preparing great undertakings, of imperial moment and in an imperial spirit. Partly as a consequence of that assemblage, advancing contentions are being asserted, some on behalf of Canada, some on behalf of other colonies, some on behalf of the colonies as a whole, which must tend at no long date to a definite and logical ordering of this vast series of communities upon the basis of equal rights and mutual interests. A few weeks ago a vast assemblage took part in dedicating in the city of Toronto an effigy, in enduring bronze, of a statesman, whom all Canada acknowledged to be worthy of such honor: a man for whom Time, perhaps, has predestined a yet more lasting monument. More than any other one man in our history he contributed, by his patriotism, and his persistence in a farsighted policy, to preparing the place for Canada, within the Empire and before the world, which she is now on the point of assuming. It is perceived that the formative epoch is rapidly closing. A definitely new scene is opening, bringing, with larger prospects, the duty of appreciating them gravely, though hopefully.

Who, contemplating this remarkable

evolution, and attaching value to its results, can fail to grant a high degree of historic interest and national importance to that discovery of the Gulf of St. Lawrence by John Cabot, which laid the basis for the British claims to Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, New England, and Virginia, and which, at the same time, pointed the way to French colonization and explorations in the interior?

In less than three years we shall reach the end of the fourth century from the date of John Cabot's auspicious discovery. In what manner can we best show our recognition of its importance as an event in history, and of our indebtedness to it as the foundation of our existence as a nation, one of the constituents of an empire of free and happy nations. Scarcely a monument exists to recall Cabot and his deeds to our recollection. Cabot himself seems to have shown unusual modesty in exercising the privileges of a discoverer. With the exception of giving, according to the pious custom of the times, a name to St. John's Isle in honor of the saint on whose day the isle was discovered, and also noting the name of Baccalios upon the coast of Newfoundland, as a record of the abundance of fish in that locality, John Cabot seems to have refrained from attaching any names to the places he was the first to see or touch at. His own name was not perpetuated upon the scene of his explorations, either by himself or any of his successors.

The industrious, patriotic and scholarly first Governor of Upper Canada, seems to have been the first to recognize the duty England owed to the memory of the discoverer of British North America. By his direction the name of Cabot's Head was placed upon the map of Upper Canada by the Surveyor-General at the close of the last century. The north-western extremity of the western peninsula of Ontario, still known by that designation, was, perhaps, as fitting a single

geographical feature and situation as could be chosen for the commemorative purpose. The bold promontory, terminating the peninsula, and jutting far into the waters of Lake Huron, points onwards, by way of Lake Superior and the far west, the road to the distant Cipango and Cathay, which Cabot, like his predecessor Columbus, and his successors for more than a century, set out in the delusive hope of finding. The name "Cabotia" was at one time proposed as the designation for what was then more commonly known as British North America. It is to be found in that position on at least one published map known in Canada early in the present century. The late eccentric William Lyon Mackenzie, in his journal, *The Messenger*, seems to have been an advocate of the adoption of that name for the provinces. Again, in 1866, when the project of confederation was about to be carried out, and the subject for a name for the new Dominion was under discussion, the proposal of "Cabotia" was revived. Fortunately that means of honoring the discoverer was not approved. The imposition of a new name upon a long inhabited territory would not have been either convenient or appropriate. Wisely it was determined to apply to the whole Dominion, that ancient and prophetic designation: Canada—"the inhabited country"—which Cartier had adopted from the natives; which had besides become familiar to Europe and this continent, and which to a large portion of the inhabitants of the united Dominion had become a national, almost a racial name.

A statue of John Cabot ought to adorn some public place in the capital city of Ontario. It might fitly stand in front of our Provincial University, or in the midst of the beautiful square around which are grouped the numerous affiliated colleges. If its dedication were arranged for the year 1897, the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery, the cere-

monies might be converted into an educational event of the highest influence and interest, not only to ourselves, but I should hope to the inhabitants of the empire generally, and even to nations which have hitherto known and thought little of Canada or her historic or future relations to the world. Arrangements are already being made for the reception in that year of the British Association in Canada, under the auspices of the Canadian Institute. It would seem very appropriate, and not very difficult, to extend the occasion into a purely historical exhibition, commemorative of the momentous changes which have followed, and in a large measure resulted, from that discovery made in the grey day-break of St. John's Day, 1497. For the collections a purely historical exhibit might bring forth, and for attendant congresses and proceedings, a great part of the necessary space stands ready provided in the public institutions centralized in the pleasant neighborhood of the Queen's Park. An exhibition opening on the 24th of June, and continuing to the end of September, might find accommodation without inconvenience in the Parliament Buildings, the Provincial and affiliated universities and colleges.

I do not think it is out of the power of Canada to set on foot a national or even international commemoration worthy of the discovery and of its results.

A first resolution on the subject was introduced at a meeting of Historical Societies held at the Pioneer Lodge during the Toronto September Exhibition of 1894. The project has since been approved by a meeting of the Council of the Canadian Institute, authorizing communications to be opened with the authorities of the colleges on the subject of providing the necessary accommodation. It is to be hoped that the public spirit of the Provincial and city governments, and of private citizens will be aroused,

and that the Dominion Government and the sister Provinces will lend their friendly aid. Nothing so impracticably ambitious as an imitation of a general Industrial World's Fair need be aimed at. If such a project would have any real importance it would be quite beyond our means to attempt, and would certainly meet with a cold response from other countries. On the other hand, a purely historical exhibition is quite within the limits of our means, and I might add, of our claims upon the attention of the world. Already we have in Canada archaeological collections of great extent and interest. Our various public and university libraries are rich in appropriate materials. The historical societies and the Federal and State governments of the American Republic might be appealed to with confidence to contribute out of their invaluable collections. They would not refuse to thus practically exhibit their recognition of the alacrity with which the Canadian and Ontario Parliaments voted to contribute to the success of the Columbian Exhibition, at a time when so many other nations were hesitating and even discouraging the project. These repositories and the libraries and museums of Great Britain, public and private, must contain a collection of portraits, historical pictures, and documents, and other materials of immense interest, if brought together to illustrate the men, events, and manners of the successive periods of progress which led from the fifteenth century to the closing years of the nineteenth.

There is more reason to hope for such a response, not only from Great Britain, but from many foreign Governments, because such a vast exhibition, purely historical in character, fitting the closing years of the most marvellous century in history, has never yet taken place. In the Columbian Exhibition, the historical was less attended to than the industrial. As a

feature, it was practically lost in the dazzling immensity of that magnificently successful undertaking.

Toronto, with its central and accessible position in respect to the Continent, its inviting summer climate, its amplitude of houseroom, and the accommodation offered by its numerous public buildings, possesses many practical qualifications for holding such an Exhibition. Nor is it a site quite lacking in appropriate historic interest. The monument planted by the York Pioneers in the Exhibition Grounds marks the spot where Fort Rouille once overlooked the blue distances of Lake Ontario. But the French Fort, erected in the latter days of the old *régime*, was only an intermediate landmark between the present time and an immemorial antiquity of human occupation. The name, Toronto (perhaps as old as "Canada"), signifies the "meeting place of nations." The neck of the peninsula of Western Ontario was a prehistoric trade route between the Upper Lakes and Lake Ontario.

Two miles up the neighboring river, almost within the city limits, rises a pine-crowned bluff, (by some happy chance, still sacred from the axe) traditionally known as the Indian Burying Ground, and formerly rich in relics of the aborigines. It was the customary terminal camping-place of the tribes, beginning or ending their toilsome traverse, by tortuous and interrupted streams, across the watershed between Lakes Huron and Ontario.

Fort Rouille was planted to command this ancient communication. From its palisades could be seen the fleets of canoes leaving the lake for the brown current of the River Humber, often in those days crowded with the leaping salmon. Following a rule almost invariable in the experience of this continent, we find Indian sagacity anticipating the choice of commerce. On the sites of the wigwams of the past, stand the chief modern centres of civilization.

Not far from the memorial of Fort Rouille, the decaying blockhouses and ruinous abattis of the "Old Fort," recall an incident of the invasion of 1812. On the heights overlooking the city was fought the first skirmish in Upper Canada of the short-lived, but not unfruitful, rebellion of 1837.

As a monument, both of earlier and later times, stand the antiquated Parliament Buildings, still occupying, though abandoned, the site originally allotted for public purposes, by Governor Simcoe, on the plan of the town. They were the scene of some of the most interesting and critical debates, in the long struggle for the rights of colonial self-government, preceding the constitution of 1840.

With some fitness, therefore, may an invitation be extended to hold an Intercolonial Historical Exhibition, in honor of the discoverer of Canada, in Toronto, the prehistoric 'meeting place of nations.'

While disclaiming any desire to attempt a World's Fair in Toronto, it does not seem that it would be too great an effort for the Directors of our annual Industrial Fair to expand it for the occasion into a general industrial exhibition for the Dominion, perhaps participated in by all the colonies of the Empire, as a demonstration of some of the material results of that course of maritime discovery and exploration, of which Cabot's expedition was the forerunner.





BY KEPPELL STRANGE.

(Illustrated by A. G. Racey.)

It is always the same, always the same, always the same—begins and ends and begins.

Through all the long hours I sit and brood—amid the grated walls, the fiends that mock, the fools who gibber, and the strong, cruel men—and the grim walls vanish with the gibbering mimes and the curse and blow, and into the light there comes a youth—a happy, light-hearted child—with a future full of bright possibilities. And every morning rushes to meet the night, so quickly pass the days amid scenes so fair, and crowded, joyous life, and mother's love past comprehension. I see a lamp-lit room, with that mother sitting there, and that youth kneeling at her feet, as before a sacred shrine, their voices mingling in a simple, holy prayer, while the joy-bells of love and sweet affection ring in mine ears, intense almost as pain; and in the night, from out fair visions, loving eyes linger about the dreamer, and a voice, sweet as angel's whisper, murmurs on the air: "God bless and guard thee, mother's dearest one!"

Another youth appears by the side of him first seen, and these two are knit together by the ties of holy friendship and a common love for the beautiful and the true. Together they watch the sun painting the vap-

orous clouds with amber and purple and dazzling gold, while the dew-drops yet glisten in the long, tangled meadow-grass and the sylvan warblers raise their glad voices to the morning sky. They wander through miles of woodland, intermingled with undulating hills, silver streams and pretty villages, ivy-clad churches and moss-mantled tombs, meadow-lands and fields of waving corn. Propped on couch of moss and fern, fragrant as amaranth and moly of old, they lie, in the long, summer afternoons, beneath the cool, umbrageous foliage of the forest trees, where the stately elm, the spreading oak, the patrician beech and the other woodland monarchs have lived so long in close communion that their branches embrace and intertwine. And even so closely are the souls of these two interknit, and the communion of the trees echoes their soul-voices, while they build fair cities and stately palaces in the domain of thought, where only good prevails and all around is fair.

Time passes, and the friendship increases with the increasing years and the added cares of the day, and maturer thought and more defined aims. They are working together, side by side, their toil, their pleasure, their hours are united—one roof covers them in the sleep-time. A com-

mon vista stretches before them of toil in the seed-time, of plenteous reaping, and a well-filled garner of accomplishment at life's eventide. But whatever betide, whether of sun

and stars, like a vision of light from some fair world far away.

She smiles on both the same, and in sweet converse the bright hours fly by all too quickly; but in the slow hours come reveries and visions—and two only are walking in a pathway set with light. And these two friends are the same, and yet not the same, and they do not understand; and then it is not the same and they each know; but no outward show reveals the estrangement of the soul—and the hours go by.

In the circles of the moon there comes a time when one is filled with an exceeding great joy—a joy surpassing knowledge; only that fading friendship strikes a minor cord of sorrow: that gain, so precious to one, to the other brings loss and pain. And the rift widens.

The hours fly by with woven wings for one—that first youth—through dreams of love enchanting. The unclouded blue of heaven's high dome deepens, and the pale moon rides above amidst the myriad stars: she silvers the tips of the rustling foliage, and mirrors herself in the depths of a glassy lake, while the sweet, clear voice of the melodious nightingale floats upon the peaceful air of night—and thus, and then, in beauty's setting, is love revealed and glory glorified.

Is it but a dream, a fantasy; or do the angels sometimes hallow a spot of earth and transform it into a paradise?

Out of the darkness rises an old-world home, set in a garden fair, in the midst of a fertile valley hemmed in by wooded knolls. Every line, every character, each color and perfume and sound, every fine gradation of light and shade, is graven deeply into my very soul. I see the old rambling walls overset with rough warm stucco, to which cling ivy, jessamine, clematis and honeysuckle, roses,



"Through the long hours I sit and brood."

and shine or storm and stress, through placid waters or storm-tossed seas, the silken cords of love might ne'er unbind: nor dangerous reefs, nor jagged rocks, cut friendship's bonds in twain.

The hours fly by, and another face appears,—a sweet, girlish face, with wondrous eyes, like soul-windows, and fair, wind-kissed hair, and a mouth as the portal of beauty's temple, from whence issue sounds divine. Exceeding fair and graceful she appears, encircled with a halo of spotless purity—the type of glorified maidenhood. Her goodness, sweetness and pity holy and unfathomable. Hating nought but baseness and dishonor—and these, with an exceeding loathing.

She smiles on both the same—and these two sing in chorus her unmatchable divinity—beneath the broad sun, in the gloaming, beneath the moon

red and white and golden: the worn tiled roof, vari-colored and gay with patches of lichen and houseleek and moss: the swallows circling to their nests beneath the eaves; the sparrows twittering in the spoutings: the pigeons cooing among the tall chimneys and on the ridges; the pearly smoke lingering in the massed foliage of the trees; and the windows reflecting the dying glory of the sun.

It is a fair, spring evening. The sweet, smiling moon and the stars are out, and the garden is bathed in opalescent splendor: so peaceful, so calm, so holy. The incense from the sleeping flowers lingers awhile in its upward flight, perfuming all the earth. The violet, jonquil, and daisy, the sad-eyed pansy and forget-me-not, mingle with the tall hollyhock and quaint-cut yew, and plats of soft, deep grass, smooth as velvet. The pathways rise and fall, and wind under avenues of laburnum, yellow and purple: and lilac, and May-red and white; past odd nooks and shady bowers; from light to shadow, from shadow to light: where the brook plays sweet airs amidst the pebbles, and the trees murmur softly to the moon.

The hours fly by with woven wings in that enchanted garden. It is a summer night. These two I see wan-

dering, with hands clasped, through that fairy expanse; and the voice of Philomel is less sweet than that maiden's whisper, nor deems he that Paradise contains more of bliss than is his. Upon a rustic bench they sit them down, and for a while the silence is unbroken, save only for the subdued harmonies of nature's voices. The pearly moon reveals the wondrous beauty of the maiden, and the youth can do nought but gaze upon her face—thrilled with the tender love-light



A WOODLAND MONARCH.

of her eyes. To-morrow she will be his bride. To-morrow! Only a few slow, creeping hours. Soon will the night close-fold her raven wings, and

with the first blush of the morn they will meet again. Then, one other brief parting, then, a meeting for evermore.

wander through the pathway set with flowers. The branches of one fair rose-tree, whose frail blossoms the



"Those two I see wandering."

There comes a time for parting, sooner or later, soon or late—for those who love—happy those who part to meet again. Slowly they

moon-beams tip with silver, overset the narrow way, here they linger, and each for the other chooses a flower, as life's love pledge, to nestle near

each heart through all the future years.

And thus he passes into the night.

Is it but a dream, a fantasy—or was that friendship all a seeming, a mockery and a lie: the treacherous garb of hate? Was it all a seeming—or may love turn to enmity, and trust to betrayal, and desire conquer over all? What is this foul accusation

white and drawn: his hands twitch and clutch the rails, while all around is a sea of cruel eyes—eyes that wait, and watch and stare—like those of beasts of prey. At times he has been raving mad, but he is calm now; calm, with the sad calm of resignation and hopelessness. They have all forsaken him, one by one, even she—his guilt is written against him so plainly. And



"It is my mother!"

that drags the brimming cup of joy from the lover's lips and dashes it to the ground—this horror, that ends in a prison cell? Ah, devilish cunning of plot and plan, web enmeshed and forged,—unparalleled villainy! It burns like hot iron into the soul, and he dwells alone in the night amid shapes that are horrible and unreal.

I see someone in the dock, someone very like myself, with a face cold,

that black heart, he sits there and he knows, and they will not believe—such fiendish baseness cannot be, they say; and the mother, only the mother remains.

Hush! The jury has found him guilty. The judge pronounces his doom. They are leading him away to a prison cell. A woman screams and faints. My God, what a cry! "Poor woman," he says, "poor woman, per-

haps she is his mother!" His mother, his mother," he repeats, "why, it is my mother! And I, I am that out-cast!" And then he beats the ground and shakes aloud.

The stake that fiend played for has been won, and the wedding bells jangle, jangle, ever in his chains. "Honored, and happy, and fiend, and traitor: Judas and devil, and honored, and



"At last!"

Then follow ten long years, when only impressive memory-pauses relieve the suffering soul. Ten long years of torture and degradation, and one purpose only to feed his thoughts.

happy, and married, to her who loved you, to her you love so." Thus it goes, always, and always, and always. Day, hour, minute, insult, loathing, toil, privation, succeed and fail, their acute-

ness dulled by the monotony of pain, and the one thought that excludes all others,—the purposewrought of wrong and bitter hate. And a voice whispers, whispers without, within, in field and cell, all the days and through the nights: "Your mother is dead, he

And at length he is free, and once again he reaches his boyhood's home.

I see a glorious mansion, set in a wide stretch of valley, leading to wooded heights, where the waters wander and the moon looks down. I see a figure crouching in the shade



"And thus he passed into the night again for evermore."

killed her: your mother is dead; he broke her heart: she died dishonored, in agony; your mother is dead, he murdered her: he has stolen your liberty, your honor; he has stolen your loved one, your wife; he is a fiend, he is accursed—kill him, kill him, kill him!"

with the lust of hate and the lust of blood in his eyes, and ever he mutters over and over to himself, "At last, at last!" He creeps across the lawn, slowly, softly, muttering, muttering; "You within there, you within, at last, at last!" Ever and anon he pauses and crouches behind a bush on the

damp grass, and feels and fondles a gleaming blade of steel, and mutters, mutters: "Ten years, mother, love, liberty, honor—pain, pain, ten years—at last, at last!" Slowly still and creeping, with every nerve tense and in accord, he nears the casement and the light and glare within the room, where the lamplight gleams and the ruddy fire glows, and the happy family are gathered. He sees her sitting there, as his mother used to sit, and kneeling at her feet, in their robes of night, are three little childish forms. Listen, they are repeating a prayer after her, as he used to repeat it after his mother—the same prayer; he had almost forgotten it: "Our Father which art in heaven," and "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us," and "Deliver us from evil. For Thine is the Kingdom." And "God bless my papa, and keep him from harm throughout this night!" Ah, the innocent and trusting, they cling about the father with good-night kisses and tender names,

and the mother's eyes are filled with love and pride and peace.

Ah, the innocent, the trusting, the innocent.

He cannot, he cannot do it. He knows not why, but the tears fall thick and fast, like rain; something akin to joy and triumph transforms him as he turns away; and thus he passes into the night again for evermore.

I see the grey dawn breaking, breaking, so cold, so pitiless, on a poor man who is not old, as years are counted, but, oh, so cold in suffering—so old, so worn, so gray. He is counting, counting, counting, always ten, always ten. Hush! His heart is broken and bleeding,—I know. They say he is mad, and they take him to where the fools gibber, the fiends mock and strong men are cruel, cruel—but they do not know, how can they know? But I know.

It is always the same, always the same, always the same—begins and ends and begins.



RECENT FICTION IN BRITAIN.*

BY G. MERCER ADAM.

NOT without trepidation do we approach the subject of fiction. And this not because of the legion of writers who have worked and are working in this prolific field, but because of the unspeakable character of not a few latter-day novels. The "new woman" has taken possession of the field, and the shades of the Jane Austens, Charlotte Brontes and George Eliots of a by-gone age may well lift their brows in surprise at what their modern-day sisters are giving to the world in the guise of this once favorite form of recreational reading. The degeneracy of the novel in the hands of the new woman is not assuring that when the sex comes politically into its own, we shall see an ideal condition of society, ethical and social. If the feminine "up-to-date" novel is to be the result of the revolt of the sex, we can well understand the anxiety of the more conservative women, whose innate delicacy is shocked at the loathsome tendencies of the sisterhood, to hold aloof from, if they cannot stem, the movement for emancipation, which to their wholesome minds means license. Stale by this time, no doubt, is domestic infelicity as a theme for the writer of fiction, though why the novel, in the hands least of all of a woman, should become the vehicle for the revolting outpourings of a medical treatise, or for the depicting of inconceivably callous pictures of the effects of disease-smitten heredity, is beyond decent conjecture. That this class of fiction is written is, we confess, not so great a surprise (for any one with a taste for defilement), as that it is everywhere read, talked of, and laud-

ed even in reputable journals, and by people who are known to be fastidious in regard to personal cleanliness. Time was when the stage was pointed to with reproach for its indecencies and immoral associations, but compared with the fictional horrors of the type of "A Superfluous Woman," and even with those of "Keynotes," "A Yellow Aster," and "The Heavenly Twins," the stage is much less objectionable, and exercises, in the main, a wholesomer influence. The outpourings of this class of fiction, if the defiling stream is to continue, would reconcile us to a censorship of the press, which should be despotic as well as stern. Indeed, if morals and decency are to be preserved, some autocratic interposition will become imperative, such perhaps as Macaulay hinted at in his day with regard to revolutionary violence, when he suggested that if it were allowed to go unchecked, the world might find it necessary to destroy liberty in order to preserve civilization. It is said, we know, for these objectionable novels, that they are clever, and on that account, if not exempt from censure for violating decency and good taste, are to be tolerated; while in any case they are strong enough to carry the sins of their authors. Reasoning so mischievous as this is not to be argued with, either on the score of morals or of art. We can only trust that the vogue will soon pass that has given such examples of fiction as we have cited their temporary notoriety, and that the mind of the conventional votary of the novel will recover its tone and return to wholesomer reading.

In these strictures, it is proper to say, that while they are suggested by the character and tendencies of the

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novels that have recently come from the female pen, the sex is by no means the sole sinner and violator of the proprieties. Not a few of the latter-day creations of the masculine pen are marked by the same degeneracy which we deplore in the novels of certain female writers, while a like excuse is made for their objectionable character on the score that they are cynical and clever. This is specially true of novels of the realistic order, such, for instance, as George Moore's "Esther Waters," in which, however masterly the art of the story, one has to wade through scenes of such revolting detail as make parts of the book abhorrent to the pure-minded reader. Mr. Benson's "Dodo" and "The Rubicon" are further instances of the ruthless length popular writers of the cynical school go in sketching character, where feminine cleverness and social brilliance are set against every qualification that unfits a woman for home and a reputable life. The effort to be realistic, and to depict actual life with an unsparing hand, is in truth an unpleasantly painful one, and leads the modern novelist into many an extravagance and libel on the race. Even Mr. Hardy, great writer as he is, has been led away by this dangerous gift—witness his "Tess of the D'Urbervilles"—into unpleasant paths which he hitherto knew not, and to the depicting of unsavory details, which he was not given to in his earlier creations.

Happily, the novelists of the older dispensation have not all departed, nor has a beneficent fate failed to transmit to the successors of a Thackeray and a Scott the traditions and tone of their wholesomer art. In this field of purer fiction many are the novelists still left to us whose writings diffuse no vitiated atmosphere, nor do they embellish their work with the realism of the dissecting-room, or flavor it in the purlieus of a sewer. Very remote from such taintings are the themes treated of by writers such

as Black, Besant, Barrie, Baring-Gould, James Payn, R. L. Stevenson, J. H. Shorthouse, and George Macdonald; or by Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Walford, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Rhoda Broughton. These writers, among many others whose savor is good, have each a constituency of readers of unquestioned taste, and their collective influence, added to that of the higher criticism, must be potent in keeping clean the main stream of modern novel-writing. Nor does the commerce of literature of to-day know only the demand for the baser fiction. Not unsound at heart is the society that still devours the novels of Scott, appreciates the biting but wholesome satire of Thackeray, and laughs over the kindly caricatures of Dickens.

Of the gallant school of Scott, there have recently arisen two new writers—Mr. Stanley J. Weyman, author of "A Gentleman of France," and other stirring tales, and, on his historical side, Dr. A. Conan Doyle; for the latter combines, with the creation of historical romances, the writing of thrilling detective stories, which he has carried to a high art. Mr. Weyman is a vivid and strikingly picturesque writer, who has achieved success almost at a single bound. The age and country that seem to attract him most is mediæval France, and his pictures of the period, in the work we have mentioned, and in "Under the Red Robe," are instinct with the life and movement of a romantic time. His other novels are "The New Rector," "The House of the Wolf," and "The Story of Francis Cludde," which have much of the fascination, as well as the lively movement, of the author's more famous tales. Conan Doyle, as we have said, presents himself in two aspects to the novel-reader. In "The White Company," a work not unlikely to have inspired Mr. Weyman, and in "Micah Clarke: a Tale of the Monmouth Rebellion," we have stories of fascinating historic interest, as well as great dramatic skill in narration. In

"The Sign of the Four," "A Study in Scarlet," and in his enthralling series of Sherlock Holmes' ingenious mysteries, the author more than rivals Gaborian in imaginative power and mastery of the mental process of analysis in the manipulation of the detective story.

Mr. R. L. Stevenson, in "Kidnapped," "David Balfour" (Catriona), and "The Master of Ballantrae," makes a happy approach to the consummate art of Sir Walter, in dealing with Scotland in Jacobite times and its types of high-spirited Highland and Lowland character. Mr. Stevenson* seems to have made his home now in Samoa, and his later books have not dealt with the "land of the heather." We can ill afford to lose his adventurous tread on his native heath, even though the gain be to throw the halo of romance over the Southern Seas. Of the same literary lineage, and deriving his inspiration from both Scott and Stevenson, is Mr. S. R. Crockett, the Pennecuik minister, whose romance of Galloway—"The Raiders"—has much to remind one of Rob Roy, Alan Breck, and other outlawed catarans of Scotia's moors and hills. "The Stickit Minister and Some Common Men," by the same writer, is somewhat in the vein of J. M. Barrie, that modern master of Scottish fiction. Few novels of humble Scottish life have borne so unmistakably the marks of genius as those entitled "The Little Minister" and "A Window in Thrums." "The Little Minister" is, in its way, a masterpiece, strong, vivid, and intensely human, the rugged Doric in which it is written imparting to it both dignity and pathos. In "A Window in Thrums," and "Auld Licht Idylls," Mr. Barrie has sketched for us, with inimitable fidelity and humor, the simple annals of the Scottish village, and with kindly sympathy for its "pawky" moral types. The Scottish novelists of an

earlier day, William Black and George Macdonald, have not been so frequently heard from of late as one could wish, while Robert Buchanan, another master of the craft, has recently been drawn into the polemics of literature, pleasingly relieved by writing for the stage. In the latter field, we can, in passing, only mention the admirable comedies of Arthur Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones, which prove that the modern stage is not altogether left to its inanities, or to the *jeu-d'esprit* work and catchy airs of collaborating librettists and musical composers. With these lighter effusions, we must be pardoned for bracketing Mr. A. W. Ward's scholarly "History of English Dramatic Literature to the death of Queen Anne," and Henry Irving's cultured lectures on "The Drama."

Few writers of fiction have more deservedly won high place than has W. E. Norris, whose novels deal with essentially modern and English topics always artistically constructed, and written with polished ease and occasional epigrammatic force. His later stories, "His Grace" and "The Countess Radna," are delightful reading. S. Baring-Gould is another able writer of fiction, with a marked individuality and vigorous power of sketching character, chiefly of the Devon type. His more recent novels are Mrs. Curgenvin, and "Cheap Jack Zita," the scene of the latter being the fen districts of Ely. James Payn, Walter Besant, and Grant Allen continue to charm their *clientèle* by their periodic appearances, and can always be trusted to give them something worth reading. In "Perlycross," the author of "Lorna Doone" still comes short of producing a rival to his Exmoor classic; nor has George Meredith quite risen to the heights of "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" though he steadily enlarges the circle of his cultured readers. Mr. Meredith, it is trite to say, wants translating for the stolid novel-reader; but though he is caviare to the general it is worth while to

*A report of this gifted writer's death has been received since this article was put into type.

know him, if for no other purpose than to confound the Philistinism which is intolerant of culture and impatient with any marked variations in mental idiosyncrasy. "Lord Ormont and His Aminta," it may be said, is a measurable return to Mr. Meredith's earlier and less brain-taxing manner. The author of "The Deemster," "The Bondman," and other Manx stories, has fully established his claim to be ranked among the first novelists of the day. In another vein than these powerful novels, Mr. Hall Caine has produced "The Scapegoat," an absorbing romance of Morocco, with at least one finely-drawn character in Israel ben Oliel, the statuesque figure of the book, set in the background of a touching and impressive story.

The period continues to be full of promise of young writers, who have begun well, and are likely to make names for themselves in the realm of fiction. Among these may be mentioned Anthony Hope, author of two entertaining stories, "Mr. Witt's Widow" and "The Prisoner of Zenda;" Gilbert Parker, whose "Pierre and His People" opens a new field of romance in Indian and Half-breed life in the solitudes of the Hudson Bay Territories; Percy White, in "Mr. Bailey-Martin," the audacious biography of an English snob; and J. Maclaren Cobban in "Master of His Fate," and "A Soldier and a Gentleman." Since Mr. Rider Haggard exchanged army life in Zululand for literature, he has been a rather weird and magical figure in fiction. His wildly romantic stories have had a great, but it would seem a passing, vogue. Much more healthy have been the breezy sea tales of W. Clark Russell, who has done for the merchant-marine service what Maryat did for the Navy. Nor must we omit notice of Mr. McCarthy's contributions in the field of political and social romance, which are always entertaining, and written with animation and good taste. Rudyard Kipling is a writer of whose personality and clever

work we have also to take stock among the literary gains of the era. So versatile and full of resource is he, that one hardly knows where and in what field of work he will not turn up. His latest excursion has been an exceedingly amusing dash into Æsop's animal kingdom of allegory, though Æsop, we may be sure, never dreamed of endowing his animal life with the felicitous qualities which characterize the menagerie of "The Jungle Book." Kipling's "Anglo-Indian Tales," like his "Barrack-Room Ballads," are marked by an epithet and phrase-making power, of which he is a master. Equally notable are his unflinching humor, virile strength of style, and faculty of writing picturesque and animated narrative.

Large and varied is the legitimate work of women in the domain of the novel. In the literary activities of the time this seems, as we have already said, to be their pre-empted field, which, in these latter days, and in an especial degree, they have made their own. Nor can there be doubt that the sex possesses many of the gifts essential to success in the writing of fiction. Besides their qualities of literary style—a certain grace and lightness of touch—they usually bring to novel-writing a freshness of theme, insight, observation, and a power of depicting romantic scenes and the emotions which passion kindles, which lend attractiveness to their work, and, when they keep from girding at the other sex, and refrain from "revealing souls," make it both wholesome and entertaining. Their chief stumbling-block is a want of humor, which leads many an otherwise able writer to take herself and her subject too seriously, especially when she becomes didactic, as in the *tendenz* novel, or leaves the rôle of the romancist for that of the realist. This is the serious defect of Mrs. Humphry Ward, who is regarded, and in many respects justly, as the George Eliot of the time, and of not a few others of her

sex who have taken to the writing of the propagandist novel, or, in popular phrase, the "novel with a purpose." It may be replied that the age is a serious one, and so it is; but is it well to make it more serious still by abolishing humor? Besides, is the novel the legitimate place for the discussion of the serious problems which have of late invaded it? We think not. Notwithstanding the defect we have referred to, Mrs. Ward is a person to be reckoned with among the more serious latter-day novelists. Her "Robert Elsmere" has been spoken of as "an epoch-making book." If it is this, it is so in relation to the author, rather than, as we think, to the subject of the book as a theme in fiction. In that now famous novel, as well as in its successors, "David Grieve" and "Marcella," we see a great talent at work, with a passion for truth, and manifest sympathy for the strivings after it in broadly educated, cultured minds, as well as intense interest in the social and religious problems of the time. "Robert Elsmere" took with the public by its daring, unorthodox treatment of theological questions; "David Grieve" was read because it had been written by Mrs. Ward; "Marcella," however, stands on a footing of its own, and from a literary as well as an artistic point of view is far more satisfactory, though the book, like its predecessors, is too weighty for a novel, and, in our judgment, lacks those qualities inseparable from a great and abiding work of fiction,—imagination, and humor.

Of the less ambitious but more attractive novelists of the serious school are the women who write under the pen-names of Edna Lyall, Maxwell Gray, and Ralph Iron (Olive Schreiner.) The first of these has done admirable work in "Donovan," "We Two," and "In the Golden Days." They are inspiring stories, with a fine atmosphere of elevated, earnest thought. The author of "The Silence

of Dean Maitland" and the "Last Sentence" is a writer of unusual power, whose work is instinct with the thought of one who has looked deeply into the problems of life. The author of "Dreams" and "The Story of an African Farm" belongs to the meditative class of writers of which William Smith, in his "Thorndale; or, the Conflict of Opinion," is a notable example. The longer story is told with remarkable vigor and a deep undertone of feeling, in a series of broodings over the problems, as it has been phrased, "which trouble a strong intelligence and an imaginative ambition remote from any possibility of culture." Among writers who have recently come under this class we are dealing with are Adeline Sergeant and John Strange Winter. The former has opened a new vein in "The Story of a Penitent Soul," a novel constructed on strong lines and told with real pathos; the latter has turned from the writing of charming army stories to discoursing on religious problems, if we are to take "The Soul of the Bishop" as a sample of the fiction we are henceforth to have from Mrs. Stannard. The success of Beatrice Harraden's "Ships that Pass in the Night" is due in part, to a poetic title, and in part to the novel but sympathetic picture presented in the story, of the meeting at a German health resort of a hypochondriac old bachelor and an invalid old maid. The dialogue between the two is human and kindly. Margaret L. Woods, author of that remarkable tale, "A Village Tragedy," has enhanced her fame by the publication of "Esther Vanhomrigh," a novel dealing with the age of Swift and his relations with "Stella" and "Vanessa." Mrs. Woods, in this clever character-study, has thoroughly humanized the historic story, if she has not succeeded in taking it out of the region of the enigmatic. One thing she *has* done is to make Swift and his period more real to the reader, while

he is wisely considerate towards the reputations at stake.

The present, and we might add the past, generation owe much to Mrs. Oliphant's industrious pen for the delight of many charming stories in the highways and byways of fiction. Her sphere is the "quiet circles of modest gentility," and her gift the power of portraying social types and the romance of domestic life with a fine perception, a sure touch, and the faculty of interesting the reader. With all her productiveness, her work is always well and carefully finished, never rising very much above, and rarely ever falling below, a certain high and even standard. Among the best of her later novels are "The Heir Presumptive and the Heir Apparent" and "The Cuckoo in the Nest." Somewhat on the same high plane stands Mrs. Walford, who has written a series of charming stories, the best of which perhaps are "Mr. Smith" and "The Mischief of Monica;" Mrs. Alexander, whose best-known work is "The Wooing O't;" Florence Marryat, author of "How Like a Woman;" and the late Jessie Fothergill, author of "The First Violin" and "Oriole's Daughter." Two other writers of promise are Laurence Alma Tadema, daughter of the famous art-

ist, whose laurels rest upon "The Wings of Icarus," and Mrs. Craigie, the clever satirist of "A Bundle of Life," and better known under the nom de plume of John Oliver Hobbes. Miss Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell), "Ouida," Mrs. Hungerford ("The Duchess"), and Florence Warden, are authors too familiar to the reader to call for comment. A new name, of Canadian origin and Anglo-Indian domicile, is that of Sara Jeanette Duncan (Mrs. Everard Cotes), whose bright stories, "A Social Departure" and "An American Girl in London," have deservedly won fame for this interesting writer. Her later works are "The Simple Adventures of a Mem-Sahib" and "A Daughter of To-Day." In an age much given to probing the mysteries that surround us, fiction has naturally concerned itself with the occult. The high priestess of the new religion is Marie Corelli, author of "Ardath," "Wormwood," "The Romance of Two Worlds," and "The Soul of Lilith." Her writings, which have the merit of an attractive style and much elevation of thought, are pervaded by an element of mysticism and the supernatural, very fascinating to the reader who longs to peer behind the veil of the flesh.



MARS AND JUPITER.

BY FRANK L. BLAKE, D.L.S.,

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SHINING with a ruddy glow in our midnight sky, the planet Mars and giant Jupiter rule supreme, being the most conspicuous of the celestial bodies, (with the exception of the Moon), visible during our autumn nights. Jupiter rises in the eastern horizon considerably later, and will eventually surpass Mars in beauty and brilliancy, as the two approach conjunction.

Mars has always been an object of great interest to astronomers, owing to its comparatively close approach to our Earth at opposition, or, in other words, when it is on the same side of the Sun as we are, and exterior to us, and consequently near enough to allow of a close study of its physical features to be made to the best advantage.

Mars is the fourth planet in order of distance from the Sun, and the next outside the orbit of the Earth, and it moves in a path around the Sun, at a mean distance of about 140 millions of miles, in about 687 days, thus making the Martian year very nearly equal to two of our years. This path around the Sun is not circular, but elliptical, and has considerable eccentricity—much more than the Earth's orbit. Owing to this, it is only 128 millions of miles from the Sun at perihelion, or nearest approach, while at aphelion, or farthest point, it is 154 millions of miles distant.

If the period of revolution of Mars in its orbit were exactly two years, it would make one revolution while the Earth made two, and they would come together at regular intervals of two years; but, as it goes a little faster than this, it takes the Earth about fifty days on the average over the

two years to catch up to it, so that oppositions occur in various portions of its orbit, and owing to its eccentricity, the distance from the Earth to Mars varies considerably at successive oppositions. Now, when an opposition occurs while Mars is at perihelion, it is only about 35 millions of miles from us, while at an opposition in aphelion, the planet is some 62 millions of miles distant. An opposition about the end of August occurs while Mars is at perihelion, and that is therefore the best time for observing that planet; and it was at one of these that Professor Hall made the discovery of two tiny moons revolving around it.

Mars resembles our Earth in its physical features more than any of the other planets, though the proportion of land to water is much greater than on the Earth. There is no reason why human life should not exist there, perhaps of an order superior to what we have on the Earth. Speculation may be made freely upon life on this most interesting planet, and we may safely speculate, without the fear of contradiction, if we keep within the bounds of the possibility of life existing there under the physical aspects as shown in our telescopes.

There is no doubt that Mars has arrived at a stage in its existence not yet reached by the Earth, but which has been passed by the Moon. According to the nebular hypothesis of the formation of the solar system, cosmic matter, existing in space in inconceivable tenuity, has gradually, through long ages, collected together until a nebulous, vaporous mass has been formed, extending, it may be, far beyond the present known

limits of our system. During this formation a whirling motion would naturally be induced, and most probably the nebulae would not be of the same density, but have several points of more or less condensation. In course of time the mass, by gradual shrinkage, would begin to assume the shape of nebulae, with small, well-defined nuclei, the condensation at the centre beginning to glow and assume an incandescent appearance, and the same conditions occurring at the minor points of condensation. The whirling motion would be faster at the central points or nuclei. After a time, by continual shrinking, these nuclei would eventually become separated, and the matter belonging to each would contract on its own centre, and gradually become a fiery liquid mass, thus forming the different planets, but greatly in excess of their present volume.

In the course of ages of various lengths, according to the sizes of the different masses thus separated, the several planets and the central nucleus or sun would arrive at a point where condensation would no longer take place, and, cooling by radiation, would exceed the heat caused by contraction; a crust would begin to form on the liquid mass, beginning much like the formation of a scum, and gradually thickening until a solid surface, like that of our Earth, was formed, and which eventually would continue to thicken until the whole became a cold solid. The Moon is very nearly, if not quite, in that state at present.

The satellites or moons which revolve around most of the planets, have been formed in a similar manner, the planets acting as central masses in their own comparatively small whirling motions; and centres of condensation have taken place just the same as in the larger mass, and these have condensed and formed moons. The stream of asteroids or small planets which revolve around the Sun between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, have

no doubt condensed in the same zone on numerous small points of condensation comparatively close together.

Now, in accordance with this theory, we may easily arrive by analogy at something like the conditions which exist at the Sun and different planets, by comparing the known state of our own Earth, its shape and mass, with the known sizes and masses of the various planets.

The Sun, we know, is a glowing liquid mass of immense size, surrounded by an envelope of fiery vapor. Changes are continually going on. Immense eruptions and whirlwinds or cyclones of gases and metals reduced to the vaporous or molten state, occur on so vast a scale that our fiercest hurricanes, compared with them, are nothing more than calms. No life such as exists on our globe can be there.

Of Mercury we know very little, its close proximity to the Sun allowing of but small opportunity to study its features. No markings on its surface can be detected with certainty. The heat it receives from the Sun is very much greater than that received by the Earth, and if its atmosphere be of the same density and condition as ours, human life would be scorched out in very short time.

The planet Venus approaches the Earth more nearly in size than any of the other planets, being but a few miles smaller in diameter. At her periods of elongation she is one of the most brilliant objects in the sky, and for similar reasons to those which apply to Mercury, although somewhat modified, as her distance from the Sun is greater, nothing satisfactorily as to her physical condition can be ascertained. She is apparently surrounded by a dense atmosphere filled with masses of vapor, which in the upper regions form into thick impervious clouds that reflect the sunlight more brilliantly than would the unobstructed surface, much as the snow-white cumulus clouds in our own atmosphere, with the sun shining brightly

on them, reflect the light. This atmosphere, densely laden with clouds, no doubt absorbs a great deal of the solar heat. Her climate is, most likely, a great deal more humid and warm than ours; perhaps there is no land, or if there is land, it is only in small detached pieces, and teeming with soft, rank vegetation dripping with moisture from the excessive warm humidity. However, this is mere speculation; and it is doubtful if any glimpse has ever been had below the heavily moisture-laden atmosphere. Venus, apparently, has not reached that period of her life which corresponds with that of the Earth, but is in that state in which our globe was just prior to the advent of the creation, by the fiat of the Almighty, of our continents, oceans and seas.

Our Earth has passed the period of scum formation on liquid matter, and has a crust estimated by some geologists to be about 2,000 miles thick. The interior is still in a molten condition, as is evidenced by the action of volcanoes, which are nothing more than funnels reaching down to the liquid mass and acting as vent holes for the escape, in the shape of streams of lava, of the bubbling matter within.

The Moon has apparently cooled down, perhaps to the centre; all the water has disappeared, and there is no indication of any atmosphere whatever. Not a particle of vegetation can be seen. It is, in fact, a dead world. Its surface is very rough; ranges of mountains and extinct volcanic peaks dot its face very thickly in places: these, together with the basins or beds of what were apparently at one time oceans and seas, make up what to the naked eye is commonly called the "Man in the Moon."

The next planet to the Earth in order of distance from the sun is Mars, which presents a ruddy appearance to the eye; but in the telescope this appearance vanishes to a great extent. It requires a rather large glass and good atmospheric conditions

to study its surface well. This planet shows well defined markings that are supposed to be land and water, and also at the poles white patches are seen, which evidently are masses of snow, judging from the fluctuations in size they undergo according to the change of seasons. The time of the rotation of Mars on its axis has been very accurately determined, and does not differ much from that of the Earth, and its inclination to the plane of its orbit is only a little greater than ours, so that the seasons are somewhat similar, but nearly double the length of ours. The soil of Mars is of a reddish nature, resembling our red clay, and should be very productive, and if the human race goes on improving as time advances, the inhabitants there are as far ahead of us in social life, and in the arts and sciences, as we are of, say, the savages of the interior of Africa.

Owing to the planet's small size,—some 4,000 miles in diameter,—it has passed through the present stages of our existence, and human life has advanced beyond what it is on the Earth. We may imagine people there to have enormous lung and chest development, owing to the rarer atmosphere, and that they have solved most of the problems that are exercising us now. Electricity is better understood, and is applied almost universally. Great air ships, propelled by electricity, may be moving with the greatest rapidity and ease through the air. Flying machines of the lightest structure, and worked by the same agency, are perhaps used by everyone, man there living as much in the air as on the land. The waters are not navigated as we navigate ours: boats propelled by wind and steam are too slow, and railways are a thing of the past. The age in Mars is an electrical one, in the fullest sense of that term.

On the other hand, life, owing to the rarity of the atmosphere, may have dwindled down to the extent

of only organisms being able to live that do not require the amount of air that higher types do; or, the human race may have passed through all the phases of existence that have occurred on the earth, and attained to the highest state of perfection within the power of man, and then gradually and steadily, through the long stretches of time, declined as the planet cooled and lost more and more of its water and air, and was rendered less habitable, until only a small remnant, the survival of the more robust, now are left, and perhaps live in a state approaching that of the aborigines of Australia. All this is purely conjectural, for the optical power at our command does not enable us to distinguish more than markings on the surface, indicating land and water and snow at the poles, with certain patches supposed to be clouds on account of their changing position.

In the planet Jupiter we have an illustration of a world that is still partially in the liquid state at the surface. This immense globe has apparently arrived at that state in which a crust is beginning to form much after the manner of large loose cakes of ice floating about in the Arctic seas, only a great deal more scattered. These cakes are not, like those of the polar waters, cold solid masses, but are more like red-hot iron in a plastic condition, and they are of immense size. The large red spot that has been visible for some years may be regarded as one of these. In a telescope, even of moderate power, Jupiter and his moons present a grand view. At times the four satellites—we do not here consider the recently discovered fifth moon, as it is a very difficult object in the very largest of telescopes—may be

seen strung out in a line on either side of the planet, while at other times one or more may be on one side, and the others on the other, or one may in its revolution around the parent orb be either in front or behind it, or else immersed in its shadow. All these different positions form interesting occasions for telescopic study and observation.

Jupiter has a rapid revolution around its axis, and, in consequence, the vapour, or whatever is emitted from its hot, molten surface, is drawn into belts, which extend around the equatorial regions. These belts are distinctly visible in almost any telescope where a magnifying power of 70 or more can be obtained.

On Jupiter, under these conditions, nothing can exist in a state of life as it does here, and we may with certainty conclude that the planet is still in too hot a state for habitation, and that it will be vast ages yet before it will arrive at the life-supporting conditions of this earth.

If we glance at the different members of the solar system and view them in the light of the nebular hypothesis, and what our telescopes reveal of their physical features, we may, I think, safely come to the conclusion that with the exception of Mars, and perhaps Venus and the satellites of Jupiter, none of them, other than the earth, are in a fit state for the support of life as we know it. What exists in the vast stellar systems outside of our own system, insignificant when compared to them, we shall probably never find out; but this we may be certain of:—that God has never created such immense and innumerable star masses simply for the purpose of studding our night sky with points of light.



CRUMBS.

BY H. CAMERON NELLES WILSON.

"AIN'T it a beauty, now, Martha?"

"Yes, as chickens go. But I reckon it won't live long with a leg like that. Don't Speckle take any notice on't yet?"

"No, nor she won't, unless I'm mistook."

The candle, which Crumbs held in his hand, flickered and quavered, casting weird shadows about the cow-stable; one moment it lit up the stalls, revealing the drowsy, steaming cattle, asleep, or watching the proceedings with their large wondering eyes; a pile of turnips in the corner would show up distinctly for a moment, and then fade away into darkness and the shadows; the rakes and hoes hanging upon the stone walls looked like straggling legs and arms in the semi-darkness.

"Good night for spooks!" said Crumbs, abruptly, after he had safely deposited the lame chicken in a miniature pile of straw at the bottom of a barrel.

"Lor! No!" Martha exclaimed, covering her rosy face with her apron, and almost dropping her milk-pail at the prospect of meeting anything so uncanny as a spook.

Without the stable, the cold November rain could be heard falling with monotonous persistency; the trees were moaning loud "wi' angry sigh," and the door rattled on its hinges; little puddles of water had formed all over the barn-yard, and the straw-stacks looked like isolated barges. The few boards from the stables to the garden gate had almost sunk from view; Martha and Crumbs on their way to the house, hopped from one plank to the next with accuracy born of experience, finding their way along by intuitive perception rather

than by any visible agency: the lights in the farm-house kitchen served as their guide.

"My! Ain't a fire refreshin?" exclaimed Martha, as she passed the glowing fireplace.

"Fetch a chair, Crumbs," said she, "and we'll crack some o' them hickory nuts."

Martha sat gazing at the glowing logs, one arm resting upon her knee and the other wrapped snugly in a corner of her checked apron.

She was past thirty—a large strapping woman, with an abundance of brown hair coiled neatly in a faded net; her plump cheeks had that enviable pinky freshness which tells of the fields and the sun and brisk breezes; her hands were brown and muscular (Martha was far-famed as a corn-husker); altogether she had that comfortable appearance suggestive of a happy, cheery disposition. She had lived with Farmer Stubbins for years, and had, owing to her fondness for her mistress, refused many an offer to leave Hillcrest Farm and to settle down in a house of her own.

Crumbs would be thirteen next Christmastide; he had been left on Farmer Stubbins' doorstep one blustering January night, and though four stalwart, growing boys of his own graced his hearth and home, he and his good-wife found they had room in their hearts for one more, and so Crumbs remained. He had looked such a helpless bundle of humanity that he had forthwith been christened Crumbs by the boys—and Crumbs he was called.

He possessed that ragged and untidy picturesqueness which invariably betokens true genius. His hair was of a straw color, which, when the sun

fell on his philosophical head, as it often did shine, assumed a tinge that very nearly approached red; his eyes were his chief charm—they were of a deep blue, expressive, tender, and sometimes wistfully pathetic. His mouth was too large, but that defect was forgotten completely when he indulged in one of his cheery bursts of laughter. His clothes had that made-over appearance, which is unmistakable. In summer, he wore a straw hat, part of the crown of which had been eaten by rats one night when he had left it in the barn; indeed, the sun that glistened on the first fall of snow often beamed upon Crumb's straw hat, and the first April showers fell benignly on its yellow crown; and when, with many regrets, it was banished for its winter slumbers to a shelf in the apple cellar, its place was supplied by a worn-out sheep-skin cap, from which every vestige of wool had long since vanished.

Crumbs was indeed a philosopher; he was the envy of all the boys and farm-hands the country round; his knowledge was extensive and varied; sage he was to a degree; no one could find the latest nest hidden by the wandering hen-turkey with the same celerity as Crumbs; and when the nest was found, no one could insert his hands among the thorns of the blackberry bushes, secure the spotted eggs, and escape with as few scratches as he carried away on his brown hands. No one could tell with the same unflinching perception that Crumbs evinced, which of the golden, nodding shocks of wheat would be the most likely hiding-place for field-mice, and no one could capture the hasty rodents with the same skilfulness and agility as the young philosopher exercised.

He was ambitious, too, and the height of beatitude, the consummation of his mildest longings, aspired to and ended in the prospect of possessing a pair of boots of his very own—boots bought for himself—boots

in which his feet could rest quietly without having to hunt in the darkness for the compartments respectively allotted to toes and to heels. It had always been Crumbs' fortune to fall heir to the discarded foot-wear of Farmer Stubbins' sons, the youngest of whom was twelve years his senior, so very often the boot and foot combination was not of the most satisfactory order.

He was somewhat of a taxidermist, and an entomologist of a truly scientific turn of mind.

His room in the attic of the homestead was a source of never-failing enjoyment to Crumbs and his friends. A huge hornet's nest hung suspended from the rafters by a bit of faded green ribbon, one of Martha's contributions to his sanctum; a ground hog's skin was stretched on the wall drying; he was going to make a mat out of it to put before his fireplace—into which, by his imaginative faculties, the rusty stove-pipe running through his room was transformed; birds' nests (unheard of numbers on one small branch), adorned every conceivable nook and cranny; on a red card he had a string of birds' eggs—pilferings from farm, meadow and orchard; an oriole, which he himself had stuffed, reposed in a wildly terrified manner on the small table in one corner—it was a work of art: boot-buttons formed eyes of a brilliancy not inferior to that imparted to nature herself; hairpins, supplied by Martha, furnished most life-like legs; to be sure, bits of the straw with which it was stuffed protruded from more than one orifice, but on the whole it was a highly respectable specimen of bird-hood; innumerable puff-balls, pieces of fungus, beautified by Crumbs' artistic endeavors; an owl's beak, one foot of the big gobbler that had formed Thanksgiving dinner at the farm; the backbone of a lake salmon, and countless other treasures, furnished his cosy nest.

But Crumbs had one possession dearer than all others; it was the

neglected chicken of Speckle's latest brood, a poor unfortunate that had been tramped on by the big drake, and, as a result, limped along as best it could with one straight and one crooked leg. During the last summer Speckle had proudly hatched and reared two families of little Speckles, and "Jane," (for so Crumbs called his wounded pet, in honor of Martha, who rejoiced in that name as a second title, as was shown by her daily textbook), had been one of four who composed Speckle's most recent attempts at farmyard colonization. They had first opened their eyes—or rather, their shells—upon an unsympathetic world during the second week in October, when the pumpkins were glistening beside the corn-shocks and the hazel-nuts formed brown patches amid their varied foliage; so, at the time of our story, only three weeks had passed over Jane's fluffy, gold-brown head. Crumbs had become devotedly attached to his invalid friend, and found that Martha was as true a sympathizer with and as ardent an admirer of her feathered namesake as he could wish. When he had time, he would take his pet during the warm noonday to some sunny grass-plot, where it could hop about, catching stray bugs and belated worms. But as winter came on, these lively hunts had to cease, and Jane was allowed to explore the mysteries of the granary.

One night as Crumbs was coming home from the village store he met Jim Leigh, the son of a neighboring farmer, who was deeply jealous, and still more deeply afraid of Crumbs. Jim greeted him with a boyish "How de do!" and then, when he thought Crumbs was too far distant to turn back, he yelled saucily, "I say, Woodpecker, how's yer bandy-legged pipkin gettin' on?"

Jim Leigh had been mistaken for once in his life, and turn Crumbs did with a vengeance. With well-feigned bravery and clenched fists, Jim ad-

vanced to meet him; two bright spots shone in Crumbs' cheeks, and, without waiting to parley, he rushed into the fray with all the gusto of youth backed by a quickly rising temper. Each rolled the other several times round in the dust; punches, impelled by pugilistic ardor, were freely and generously exchanged; pinches were administered with a zest that spoke volumes; at last Crumbs gained the upper-hand, or, to be more correct, he secured his opponent's ear, and long and loud were the groans and supplications that issued from the dusty throat of Jim Leigh.

"There, now, take *that*, and *that*, and *that*!" said Crumbs, emphasizing his words by sundry kicks, inflicted by a pair of boots erstwhile possessed by the second representative of the Stubbins' family. Take them Jim Leigh did with as good grace as he could command, and with them he imbibed a realization of the strength of Crumbs' fists, and the quality of the boots which adorned Crumbs' feet; and when he perceived that the ordeal was over, he departed on his way, rejoicing that he had anything left to take its departure, and inwardly vowing vengeance, deep and lasting, against the victor.

It was about ten o'clock before Crumbs reached home; he had one or two cuts on his face, but otherwise he was uninjured; he was also in a state of mind to look with favor upon the world in general and himself in particular. He went straight to the barn, and to Jane's roosting-place. Having found her, he caressed her softly, rubbing his injured cheek against her downy feathers. Jane gave several 'chucks' of pleasure, and pecked gently at his scratched nose. In return for her affectionate demonstrations he related to her in soothing whispers the story of his night's adventures; Jane seemed to appreciate the graphic account, and Crumbs declared that her three tail-feathers quivered with angry emotions when

he told her the names to which they had been subjected.

He then went to the house, where Martha's sympathetic fears had to be set at rest and the pains of his scratches alleviated by court plaster. Martha bathed his face with warm water, muttering imprecations the while on "that Leigh imp," and threatening to "break every bone in his rascally neck," when she could get near enough. Mrs. Stubbins was tearfully agitated, and insisted on rubbing salve on the wounds, which Crumbs scorned as being "nothin' but skin *irrigations!*"

The winter months passed by, and the enmity between Jim Leigh and Crumbs thrived and was fostered tenderly by the former, though Crumbs had almost forgotten about the fight and its causes. Spring blossoms bloomed and perished, and summer flowers took their place. One sunny June day, Crumbs rushed into the house with face aglow, tore into the kitchen, causing Martha to raise her hands from a pan of flaky dough and utter:

"Lor! What now! Seen a spook?"

Crumbs did not reply; but depositing a fresh, white egg upon the table, he said, breathlessly, "Jane did it!"

"Bless us! I heerd her cacklin' down by the coach-house, but I thought Thomson's dog had skeerd her. When will wonders cease?"

For two weeks each day Crumbs brought a fresh laid egg to Martha, who carefully deposited it in the kitchen cupboard; then, one morning, instead of the customary egg, he conveyed to the house the startling information that Jane wanted to set. Her maternal instincts had been aroused, and she limped among the other hens with an air of proud superiority.

The eggs were restored to the nest by the coach-house, and in three weeks Jane was seen issuing from head-quarters with eight fluffy balls following in her train. As soon as Crumbs perceived his new possessions

he grabbed the proud hen and implanted four hearty kisses upon her motherly head. Jane accepted his congratulations with satisfaction expressed by a succession of maternal 'clucks', and then marched off to teach her progeny the art of scratching for worms.

Summer had come and gone: autumn glories, manifold and beautiful, had faded away; dull gold sunsets, purple clouds and radiant orchards had given place to cheerless skies, snow-sprinkled meadows and chilly winds: Christmas was fast approaching.

Crumbs had prospered; he had sold Jane's family to Father Stubbins for a good sum, and his ambitions were to be realized—the boots were to be his. He was revelling in the prospect; five dollars were securely hidden in his room. Boots, a new tie for Martha, fur-tipped gloves for Mrs. Stubbins, presents for all the rest. Crumbs chuckled as he folded the bill after gazing at it for the twentieth time—and only two days more till Christmas.

The snow was falling very softly, shrouding the rail fences and the trees, as Crumbs wended his way towards the village; he plodded along with difficulty, bending his head and the sheep-skin cap so that the wind would not bite his face.

There was quite a crowd in the store: Thomson's two daughters were giggling and laughing in the corner over some intended purchases; old Steve Goodall sat on the vinegar cask, smoking his pipe with calm indifference; and, leaning over the counter, as Crumbs opened the door, was Jim Leigh: some jackets were spread on the counter for his inspection and as Crumbs caught sight of them, Jim rose considerably in his opinion, for he knew that he was buying the jacket for none other than the tired, patient mother who was toiling at her sewing to provide a home for herself and her boy.

Crumbs asked to be shown some boots; with ill-suppressed excitement he took off one of the clod-hoppers in which he had tramped through the snow and slush. When he had selected a pair that had caught his fancy three weeks before, he perched on one of the high stools and slipped his foot into one boot with deepest pleasure; it was a proud moment for him; the boots fitted perfectly.

During the interesting proceedings between Crumbs and the shop-assistant, the store had been gradually deserted, till only Crumbs and Jim remained. The boots were done up in a piece of brown paper and placed upon the counter; Crumbs then busied himself in the choice of a tie for Martha; he was not sure whether she would like rose-color or blue best, and was deliberating upon the respective good qualities of the two ties, when he heard Jim Leigh say:

"No. It's more than I've got."

Crumbs turned in time to see his quondam enemy going out of the door; and as he disappeared into the darkness, he was sure he saw him brush his sleeve across his eyes.

The jacket lay upon the counter, and not far from it the parcel containing the new boots. Jim's words were ringing in his ears as he said to the kindly woman behind the counter: "I say, Mrs. Sprague, what's the price of them jackets?"

"Three-fifty, and a bargain at that," said Mistress Sprague, as she leaned towards her customer, with her iron-gray wig on one side of her head, and her gaily-trimmed cap on the other. "Yes," she continued, shifting her glasses, "they *is* beauties."

"Well, I'll take one of them 'stead of the boots. And will you be so kind as to send it to Mrs. Leigh in

the morning when Charlie goes for the milk. Don't say nothin' about it, or who's from."

Crumbs paid for the jacket, and having made a few small purchases with the remainder of his chicken money, he started for home. After he had closed the door, he poked his head in again, partly to wish Mrs. Sprague a merry Christmas, and partly to take a last, longing look at the paper parcel on the counter.

"Well, he's a rum un," said Mrs. Sprague, shaking her head till the gay head-dress quivered wildly, and her hirsute adornment did the same in an equally brisk degree.

"Charlie, here! Take them boots as quick as you can down to farmer Stubbins.' Get there before Crumbs if you can; the boy deserves to have them boots as a gift."

* * * * *

Christmas morning dawned bright and clear; the village bells clanged loudly, and the little church, with its simple decorations, was almost filled. Crumbs entered rather shyly; the new boots squeaked like a whole detachment of field-mice, and his cheeks were a burning crimson as he took his seat in the Stubbins' family pew. The first person he saw was Mrs. Leigh, looking sweetly happy in her new jacket, and as Crumbs caught her eye for a moment, her usually sad face beamed with a radiant joy.

The service was quickly over; Crumbs paused in the porch to thank Mrs. Sprague for her grand surprise, and as he was talking to her he felt both his hands seized. He turned, to find Mrs. Leigh vainly trying to express her deep-felt gratitude, and to hear Jim say, in a voice that craved forgiveness: "Crumbs, you're a brick!"

MY DEAD SELF.

A Canadian Tale.

BY R. F. DIXON.

CHAP I.

I WAS sitting in the reading-room of a Detroit hotel, smoking a cigar, when something caught my eye in the columns of a city newspaper lying near by. I took up the paper, and running my eye down the column, found a paragraph and read the following:

"FATAL RAILROAD ACCIDENT AT HIGDEN, ONT!—On Thursday, Mr. Wm. Horseman, a commercial traveller residing in Brighton, Ont., was run over by the east bound morning express, and fatally injured. The unfortunate man, it appears, was crossing the track and was struck by the cow-catcher, and thrown forward on the rails, after which the whole train passed over his body, mangling him horribly. As soon as possible, the train was stopped and the remains were carefully gathered up and cofined, and forwarded to his family in Brighton, where the interment takes place on Saturday. Deceased, who was universally and deservedly liked and respected by his brethren of the road, leaves a wife and one child, an infant, and was about thirty years of age. Although mangled beyond all recognition, no doubt exists, whatever, as to his identity. He had just alighted from the west-going accommodation, and was on his way to the village, where he was expected that day by several customers."

The blank astonishment with which I read this paragraph may be faintly imagined, when it is understood that I, the reader, was the individual referred to therein; I, William Horseman, commercial traveller of Brighton, Ontario, in a state of excellent health and absolutely sound in body

and limbs. I read the paragraph over a second time, and after spelling over the name a couple of times to make sure I was not mistaken, and pinching myself in the fleshy part of the leg, I laid down the paper to consider the first step necessary to be taken towards enlightening and undeceiving the public in general, and my own friends, blood and otherwise, in particular.

My poor little wife's distress, of course, first flashed before my imagination. And with a consolatory telegram in my mind, I half rose from my chair. But a sudden thought caused me to relapse into my seat. The shock of a telegram might be serious. And, of course, as she had long ere this learned the terrible news there was not the urgency there might otherwise have been. Now that she had been fairly plunged into the abyss of woe, an hour more or less was not of such surpassing importance, as to make it worth the while risking the effect of a telegram. It is commonly said that people never die of joy, but a shock is a shock for all that. Sudden good news strikes about as hard as sudden bad news, and a wrench, whether upward or downward, is a wrench.

Consequently I sat down again to consider some other and more gradual and less "shocking" manner of breaking the joyful news to my bereaved wife. And thus it was that on some demon-inspired thoughts, the little practical joke, or whatever you like to call it, here recorded, began to shape itself in my imagination.

To make matters perfectly clear, I may say that I was spending the day

in Detroit, where on my own responsibility I had gone in hopes of hunting up a certain absconding debtor of the firm. I had, however, failed to find him, and was now waiting for my supper, after taking which I purposed recrossing into Canada and resuming my regular beat. I had been due that day at Higden, a small place of a few hundred inhabitants, not a hundred miles from the River St. Clair. And it was no doubt largely owing to this fact that the mistake already recorded had arisen. During the five or six years I had been on the road this was absolutely the first time I had failed to present myself, as previously promised, to the day and the hour. But in expectation of making a brilliant stroke for the firm, I had, on "information received," made this dash across the lines, and so missed my appointment.

Who my "double" was I hadn't, of course, the faintest glimmering suspicion. And to simplify matters I may say here, that his identity was never established.

But what of the "demon-inspired" scheme that was now shaping itself in my brain. Nothing more or less than that having effectually disguised myself I should attend my own funeral, which took place on the following Saturday in Brighton. Then I could repair to my own house and, as opportunity presented, reveal myself. It isn't, on an average, say more than once in a lifetime that such an opportunity is afforded a man of assisting at his own obsequies. Besides that, it was more than probable that I would gather incidentally a good deal of valuable information as to my own personal peculiarities, history, characteristics, virtues and failings. Such an enlightening and possible disillusionment would, I couldn't help feeling, be "worth millions" to a man. To use the language of a celebrated historian, I would be able to read my own character "in the cold, clear light of the judgment of posterity."

And then the study of my "widow's" attitude would be most interesting and suggestive. Although I can affirm with my hand on my heart that we were in general a most affectionate and united couple, yet we were only, after all, of mortal mould. Our married life, therefore, had been diversified by those occasional little "livelinesses," those *via amantium*, which a classical writer has so well and truly called the "revival of love," and without which I boldly affirm married life is not worth the living. Only the previous day, and just before our parting, we had had one of those little matrimonial "tiffs," subsequently made up, that had occasioned a little plain speaking, on the part of my wife, on the subject of my undeniably quick temper. That I have an irritable temper, like most warm-hearted, generous men, I must freely confess, but I hardly think it justified, on that occasion at all events, the characterization by my wife as "bearish," "cranky," "savage," etc., etc.

However, as already stated, everything had been duly made up. We had parted on the most affectionate terms, and my last recollection of her as I turned the corner to the station, had been as standing on the door step and waving kisses to me with all the demonstrative energy of a six months' bride.

That the trick, therefore, that I contemplated playing off was a mean and contemptible one, and somewhat cruel, I cannot deny. But the temptation of attending one's own funeral, and talking to one's own widow was too strong to be resisted. Accordingly I hatched up the following plan:—Shaving off my somewhat scrubby whiskers and moustache, I would procure a thick luxuriant black beard, side whiskers and moustache, and stay all night in my present hotel, where, fortunately, I hadn't as yet registered. Early next morning I would cross to the Canadian side by the ferry, and there, by a roundabout

route take the slow train to Brighton late on Friday night. I would be able to ascertain the hour of the funeral on the following day. I might possibly run across a few brother commercials on their way home. There was a possible element of risk in this, I thought at first. But a glance in the looking-glass after the assumption of my disguise, the details of the procuring of which is no part of the story, reassured me. No one, I felt convinced, could, unless by an intuition of penetration more than human, have identified the fine-looking, full jet-black-bearded, luxuriantly whiskered, middle-aged man, with the straggling hay-colored, whiskered, beardless young fellow of eight or nine and twenty, known for the last four or five years on the road as William Horseman, and now proclaimed throughout the Dominion as the unfortunate victim of a fatal railway accident.

My plan was favored, moreover, by the fact that I was totally unacquainted in Detroit and the neighboring Canadian town.

So, with a confident and dignified air, as became the possessor of such a pair of whiskers and patriarchal beard, I walked up to the station on the Canadian side, took my ticket, and boarded the train.

CHAP. II.

It was not until I had travelled for several hours, and was within one station of Higden, that my disguise was put to any severe practical test. Among the off-and-on-getting passengers I had only recognized two, and they mere chance acquaintances, a couple of Toronto commercials. But at a small place recently boomed up by some oil discoveries into the dignity of a village, of some hundreds of inhabitants, named Derrick City, came suddenly and unexpectedly the first real test.

As we got fairly settled on the siding to wait for the east bound express, I heard the sound of familiar voices.

Then the car door opened and in walked two brother commercials, both Brighton men, and exceedingly well and intimately known to me. Scarcely a trip had I made without running across them. I had spent hours in their company, and one of them had been a frequent visitor at my house.

Both of them were characters in their humble way. "Jock" Fraser was a big, rawboned, coarse-grained Scotchman, chuck full of capital stories, flavored to suit every palate, a great fund of quaint racy sayings, of unbounded good nature and overflowing animal spirits, a most pathetic and impressive singer of Scotch songs, a tremendous consumer of tobacco, a discreet lover of good whiskey, a furious Grit and Presbyterian, about thirty-seven or eight years of age, and one of the most successful and popular travellers in his line (hardware), on the road.

Billy Nichols was in many respects the exact antithesis to Fraser. He was a chubby-faced, pot-bellied, bushy-whiskered little cockney Englishman, with about as much humor or music in his soul as a Chinaman, decidedly "uncertain" temper, stubborn and self-conceited beyond the capabilities of the English language to faintly indicate, a bachelor and professional "lady killer," a red hot Tory and High Churchman, about forty years of age, and yet, somehow or other in his own way, a very successful traveller in his line, which was the same as mine, viz: boots and shoes.

Like a great many more dissimilarly constituted people, these two men were sworn cronies, and, whenever practical, inseparable companions. Differing as widely as the poles on almost every conceivable speculative question, they were continually arguing. Smoking cars, hotel parlors, bar-rooms and bed-chambers, had for the last seven or eight years resounded with the din and clangor of their wordy warfare, without, I believe,

impairing their friendship by one degree or imperilling it for a second. In fact, I think their differences rather tended to cement their friendship. To certain kinds of minds a common difference is a great bond of union. Like a debt owed by one to the other, it binds men together by a common, if reversed, interest. It is like two men pulling against each other on the same rope.

A regular field night between these two men in some village hotel, after the work of the day was done, used to afford immense and unspeakable enjoyment to the "boys." Lately it had got to be an established custom among the "boys" to start some good solid controversial subject, generally political or religious, for the purpose of starting these two "war horses" on the tilt at each other.

It was delicious to see the two men, at the height and climax of an argument, rise to their feet and solemnly defy each other,—the little Englishman capering about with clenched fists and flashing eyes and upturned face; the huge, ruggedly-hewn Scotchman towering above the other, like one of his native mountains, immovable and immobile as a granite monument, rolling back his defiance. Then, after a great deal of slapping of fists on open palms, frantic appeals for a moment's hearing from the Englishman, mutual charges of prejudice and oneness, Jack's face would suddenly clear up. "Let's cut a long story short with a drink," he would say, in his broadest Scotch. There would be an immediate adjournment to the bar-room, where, not at all unlikely, the whole subject would be reopened and re-argued, peace only being restored by a second judicious pouring of whiskey on the troubled waters by Billy or one of the brethren.

But I must ask you to pardon an old foggy for dwelling on the memory of these brave, merry, old days. The glory, so alas! they tell me is largely

departed from the life of a traveller, and the jolly, rollicking old days, when the "boys" dwelt together like brethren, are now forever passed. However, this is neither here nor there.

The two men above described then entered the car. As usual, they were arguing. "I tell you, Billy," I heard Fraser say, as the door opened, "you're talking rubbish. You can no more make a country richer by protection than a man can make his pants longer by cutting a piece off one end and sewing it on to the other. It's robbing ten men to make one man richer."

"Look here, Fraser, you don't know what you're talking about," replied Billy. "You've been loading yourself up with a lot of twaddle out of the *Globe*."

"Well," said Fraser, "let's get settled before we go into that question. I'm crazy for a smoke."

They sat down on a seat just behind me. I waited till they got their pipes filled and steadily going, and then, before they could resume their argument, turned round and said in a somewhat disguised voice: "You had a very sad accident in this neighborhood the day before yesterday, hadn't you?"

I saw the cockney dart a momentary second look at me as I spoke.

"Yes," answered the Scotchman, who was in a genial home-returning mood. "Yes, a commercial traveller of the name of Horseman,—William Horseman; travelled in the boot and shoe line for Bagley & Winterbottom of Brighton."

"Oh, indeed; what sort of a looking man was he?"

"Not much to look at," replied the Scotchman, with a readiness and directness of a slap in the face, "a medium-sized, scrubby-whiskered man, small-featured and insignificant-looking. He used to go by the name of 'Wise Willie' among the boys. You see, he was a good deal struck upon himself, was poor Horseman: never

would argue; always laying down the law like a judge; one of those kind of fellows that saw so much of both sides of the question that he couldn't come down to the level of ordinary men, and so we used to call him 'Wise Willie.' But for all that," added Fraser, a little self-reproachfully, and apparently only for form's sake, "there were worse fellows than poor Billy Horseman."

In half-a-dozen words I had got more insight into the popular estimate of my character than I could have dreamed in a lifetime. And to my profound astonishment I learned for the first time that I had been honored with a nickname.

"Left any family?" I asked.

"Yes, a wife and one child, and a mighty good-looking woman, too," he added.

"Pretty well provided for?" I asked. "You see," I continued, by way of explanation, "I'm a connection of his, although I've never seen him."

"Yes, I believe he's left his widow pretty well fixed," replied the Scotchman. "He was in three or four insurance societies. I wouldn't be surprised if it would tot up to a matter of eight or ten thousand dollars. Say, Billy," he continued, turning suddenly to the Cockney, who had been digging out his pipe, and slapping it on the knee, "Say, Billy, there's a chance for you—a rich, handsome, young widow. I'll give you an introduction."

"No, thank you, no widows for me," replied the horrid little cad, with an upward toss of his pug nose.

I confess my fingers itched to throttle the fellow, and it cost me a real struggle to keep from plucking my disguise away. But having gone into the thing, I was bound to go through with it.

"Well, if there is no widow good enough for you, you little pot-bellied, bull-headed, pug-nosed, Cockney scrub, who have you got your eye

on?" asked the Scotchman, playfully.

"Speak for yourself, you great, lubbering, bullet-headed, whiskey-soaked, psalm-singing, goggle-eyed Scotch rebel," responded Billy, pleasantly. "But you were talking about Horseman, weren't you. Do you want my opinion of him?"

He gave a silent assent to the question.

"Well, the man's dead and gone, and I don't want to say anything bad about him, but I always considered him a conceited, over-bearing, under-handed snob, who thought he had a mission to set everything right. And he was as full of low, sneaking tricks as—an egg's full of meat," he concluded, relapsing into one of the old-fashioned, stock illustrations of his early youth.

"Tut, tut, Billy, that's a little too rough on a dead man. And this gentleman was a relation of his."

I hastened to explain that the relationship was distant.

"Well, I'm sorry for it," said Billy, who was one of that common type of Englishmen who would have sooner had his tongue cut out by the roots than allow it to shape a retraction of anything, however lightly spoken. "I'm sorry for it, but it isn't a tenth part of what I could say about the fellow."

Of the deep and deadly grudge cherished against me on the part of Nichols, I may say, I had never previously had the faintest suspicion. We had always been friendly and even cordial in our relationship, and although rivals in business, had never come, as far as I could remember, into direct collision. Little, however, had I dreamed of the volcano of hate that for years had slumbered in the little man's breast.

The train's starting to move put an end to our conversation. At the third or fourth station the two men got out. As at their entrance, they were fiercely arguing, this time, if I remember aright, on the subject of

'Apostolic Succession, and the last words I heard Billy say, were: "You great, hulking, dunderhead, can't you see that you haven't a leg to stand on."

To which the other replied, with a tremendous slap on the back:

"Have a cigar, Billy, I'll take your word for it. Let's put up at Murphy's."—

Where I have no doubt the discussion was renewed in all its bearings.

CHAPTER III.

Until I reached a town, distant about twenty miles from Brighton, I met no more of my old acquaintances. As I had to change cars there, I waited about the town until evening, and the early spring night had closed in, when I boarded the slow train for Brighton.

I ensconced myself in the little smoking car. Hardly had I settled myself when the door opened, and in walked another exceedingly well-known brother commercial.

He was of a totally different type from either Nichols or Fraser. A Canadian by birth, and somewhere in the neighborhood of fifty years of age, he was a tall, straight and rather cadaverous man, very dark, and almost clean shaven, with a long neck and features to match. Although quite intimate with him, he was not a favorite of mine by any means. Despite the somewhat frigid estimate formed of my character by Fraser, I was a companionable man, and could thoroughly appreciate joviality and "off-handedness" in others. But George Hobbs, so smiling, soft-spoken and complaisant, always warned me off. There was an undertone of sarcasm that seemed to run through his conversation. Besides this, he neither smoked nor "indulged," was scrupulously correct in his language, never expressed a decided opinion upon any subject, never fully agreed or fully disagreed with you. Altogether a most unsatisfactory sort of a man, and yet one whose candid opinion about my-

self I instinctively felt would be very interesting.

So, by way of introduction, I leaned over the back of my seat and offered him the daily paper, which I had just finished reading. He accepted it with a courteous acknowledgment, and we naturally and easily fell into a conversation on the weather. Then, watching my chance, I said: "That was a very sad accident you had up at Higden the other day?"

He looked at me in such a mystified way that I added by way of explanation:

"I mean the death of Mr. Horseman, the commercial traveller, killed by the express"

"Oh, yes," he said, "I had quite forgotten it. Yes, a very sad affair. Well insured. I believe."

I realized at that moment strikingly and almost startlingly the oft-quoted, trite saying, that the world misses no one after he is gone; and I was foolish enough to feel a little nettled.

"Well acquainted with him." I asked, as carelessly as I could.

"Yes, I knew poor Horseman pretty well; although he wasn't the kind of man I cared particularly for."

"Oh, indeed," I said, considerably nettled this time.

"You see he was one of those kind of men that thought themselves better than other people, because he knew who his grandfather was."

In answer to my enquiring look, he proceeded: "He presumes too much on his pedigree. His father was a Church of England minister, somewhere down east, whose father, I believe, had been an admiral, or a colonel, or something of that sort, at the battle of Waterloo, and poor Horseman used to brag a good deal about it when he got a chance. He used to show his family crest, and say that his ancestors came to England with William the Conqueror, or William, Prince of Orange. I believe he went by the name of 'Gentleman Billy' among some of the fellows."

So this had been the result of my very occasional and guarded references to my family history, and I had actually been the possessor of two nick-names.

"What was his personal appearance?" I asked. "Fine-looking man?"

"No, anything but that," replied Hobbs, who spoke with a decision and directness of statement quite unprecedented in my experience of him. He was a small, insignificant-looking man, with a washed-out, whitey-brown complexion: thin, straggling whiskers, the color of dead grass, and a greenish-grey eye. He had a fine-looking wife, however. It is queer what she saw in him, but it beats everything how those fine-looking women throw themselves away on little runts of men. There'll be a fine chance there for some smart young fellow.

The train began to whistle, and Hobbs to wistfully finger the paper. So on my own part, having had a quite strong enough dose, I left him, and, to get away from the oppressive heat of the stove, took a seat at the far end of the car.

I was meditating on the vanity of human life, and the marvellous power all of us possess of self-deception, and our wonderful unconsciousness of the real estimate our fellow-men form in regard to us, when the train having stopped at a siding to let an express pass, someone from the seat behind leaned over and touched me on the shoulder.

I looked hastily round; and saw a fine-looking, full-bearded, middle-aged man. "Can I have a word with you?" he asked, in a low and rather excited tone.

I readily granted his request, and he left his seat and sat down beside me.

"You must excuse me, sir, as a total stranger, for speaking to you, but I overheard your conversation regarding the late Mr. Horseman. My name is Barkley. I live, when at home, in a place called Oaktown, about half-

way between Mountainville and Toronto."

"Oh, indeed," I said politely, with a vague sense of having heard the name before. "Were you acquainted with the late Mr. Horseman?"

"Not personally, although I knew him by sight, but I knew his wife very well before she married."

In a moment the whole thing flashed across my mind. So this was the "rich, handsome old bachelor" that my wife occasionally used to mysteriously allude to as being ready at one time to "break his neck" (to use her own expression) for sake of her, and whom I had had the distinguished honor of cutting out. I looked at him with a new interest. He was an exceedingly well-preserved man of forty-eight, faultlessly dressed, with irreproachable linen, a dark-brown beard, just getting grey, aquiline nose, and brown eyes,—a decidedly handsome man. There was about him, however, that pernicketty primness of dress and manner, and that slow, measured manner of talking, that unerringly indicates the old bachelor. He was a perfect specimen of what Sir Walter Scott calls a "beau garcon."

"Have you seen her lately?" I asked.

"No, never since her marriage," he answered with a sigh, "but as she has no relations, and I've known her since she was a child, I have come up to the funeral, and shall probably call upon her."

"Take care, Mr. Barkley," I said, slyly. "Widows are proverbially dangerous, and as the saying is, an old flame is easily rekindled."

He looked at me intently, and half-suspiciously for a moment, then, lowering his voice, he said: "Are you a friend of the family?"

"Yes, I'm a distant relation, although I never saw Horseman. I'm going to the funeral."

"Well, in that case," he said, with a look that was intended to be hugely sly: "I don't mind telling you that

perhaps you have made greater mistakes in your life than you did a minute ago. A nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse." And he gave another sly look, which I must admit made me experience a sudden desire to kick him. Truly there is no fool like an old fool. And yet I am bound to say the man was apparently a thoroughly good fellow underneath, handsome, refined in appearance and manner, and quite pardonably self-confident as to his acceptability with the average woman.

"Yes," he continued, with another sigh, and collapsing into sentimentality again, "Yes, poor girl, she's sat on my knee many a time."

"The deuce she had," I thought, with a sudden, shooting pang of jealousy. "What next?"

"As a child of course, I mean," he hastened to add, observing my startled expression. "I may say I've known her all her life. I doubt she hadn't the happiest of lives with poor Horseman."

"What do you mean?" I cried, half forgetting myself. The plot was thickening. Like Sir Mungo Malagrowther, I was getting it 'on baith haffits.'

"Hush, hush," he said, glancing over to where Hobbs sat, "Perhaps I am mistaken, but I heard it rumored that Horseman was a man of very violent temper, and led her a dreadful life."

"Where did you hear that? Not from or through her?"

"Oh, no," he replied hastily. "I heard it from a friend of mine, a commercial traveller, who used to live at Brighton. He used to visit at the house a good deal. He is now in the States."

Surely that couldn't be my old bosom friend, George Dillon. And yet the coincidence was too close to admit of a reasonable doubt. George Dillon, whom in abject pennilessness I had befriended and opened my house to, for whom I had obtained his first situation, and who on parting with me

some nine months previously had declared, with tears in his eyes, that he owed everything in life to my generosity!

"Yes," continued Barkley, in his prim, old-maidish way, "this individual informed me that they used to have dreadful quarrels, and that he had more than once heard Horseman use very strong language towards her."

"A lot," thought I parenthetically to myself, "do you know about such matters, you old goose."

And he said he several times felt like condoling with her on the subject of her husband's unhappy temper.

"I would like to see the man who would dare to 'condole' with my wife on any such subject," I thought, with a grim smile behind my false moustache.

"But," concluded Barkley, who, I began dimly to suspect, was, with all his good looks, one of those namby-pamby twaddling 'old maids' of men that women detest, and only marry in self-defence—"but" (with a comfortable sigh), "perhaps it's been all for the best. Who knows?"

I felt I would have given a good deal to be able safely to say: "Look here, you old drivelling donkey; Maria Horseman wouldn't marry you if you were the Czar of Russia."

But for the dozenth time I restrained myself, and said, "I suppose you will be calling upon the widow as soon as possible after the funeral."

"Yes, I shall spend Sunday in Brighton, and call upon her on Monday to pay my respects."

"I'll put a spoke in your wheel, my old boy," I thought grimly to myself.

Next moment the moving train put an end to our conversation. Unless under compulsion or protest, I never carry on a conversation on a moving train. The moonstruck, lovesick Barkley made one or two attempts to renew the conversation, but after one or two snubs, subsided.

We reached Brighton about seven. I put up at an obscure hotel, and having ascertained, by sending a messenger to the clergyman, the hour of the funeral, smoked my pipe and then turned in at an early hour.

CHAP. IV.

The funeral was appointed for three o'clock from the house. This, reckoning the inevitable delay, would make the funeral cortege due at the cemetery about four. Having to "draw the line" somewhere, I decided not to go to the house, and so wended my way to the cemetery, where I owned a lot, in which reposed the mortal remains of our infant son.

I reached the cemetery about half-past three, and found a couple of men toiling at my grave. It was somewhere in the middle of March, and the frost being still deep in the now bare ground, it was not the easiest of jobs. I overheard more than one muttered curse as the men pounded with their picks and jarred their arms.

What a thought it was that men half grudged their fellow-men the graves they lay in. Here was my last earthly resting-place grudgingly prepared by grumbling hirelings, with as little feeling as if they were digging a foundation for a house. I stood and watched them, and for the fifth or sixth time realized to the very innermost marrow of my bones the vanity of human life.

As I was thus musing, I happened to look up, and recognized the caretaker of the cemetery.

"Pretty tough job, that," I said, looking at the grave.

"Yes, but they've got over the worst now," he said. "Pity, if the fellow had to be killed, he hadn't waited till the frost was out of the ground," he said, with a brutal laugh. "The winter's no time for planting, anyway."

I almost shuddered at the man's language, which, probably, considering

everything, was natural enough. All men come in time to regard the most solemn and momentous events of life in a professional light. You could hardly expect a man in his position to be very profoundly impressed with such a commonplace event as the digging of a grave. It would be like a butcher moralizing ever the death of a calf, or a parson of forty summers over a wedding.

"Did you know the late Mr. Horseman," I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "and by the same token I've good reason to remember him, because he owes a balance on that lot of seven dollars and fifty cents."

"I'll pay you that now," I said, putting my hand in my pocket. "You see, I'm a relation of his," I continued, "and I'll take upon me to settle it before he's put in the ground."

The money was paid, and a receipt duly made out.

Shortly afterwards, the procession entered the cemetery. It was, I must confess, disappointingly small, and consisted of only seven vehicles, counting the hearse and the clergyman's rig. There were no females. Among those present, as the newspaper reporters say, I "noticed" Jock Fraser and Billy Nichols; Mr. Barkley, looking very washed-out and "made up" by daylight; Mr. Winterblossom, the junior partner of the firm; several clerks and a couple of the packers from the warehouse, about half-a-dozen fellow-commercial, one of the wardens at the church where I worshipped, and others.

As the hearse stopped to disgorge the coffin at the nearest point to the grave, I noticed Barkley whisper to the undertaker and point to me. The undertaker at once approached me.

"You're a relation of the deceased, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes, but only distant."

"You wouldn't mind following the coffin, would you? Mr. and Mrs. Horseman have no near relations, and

you're the only blood relation here, I believe."

And thus I became chief mourner at my own funeral.

The six pall-bearers were Mr. Winterblossom, Jock Fraser and Nichols, Barkley (so soon to be undeceived), the churchwarden and one of the warehouse clerks, a young Englishman of the name of Stanley.

I stood by the grave while the service was being read, heard my body committed to the ground, and the frozen clods, according to the barbarous and hideous custom, rattle on the lid of the coffin, then the benediction.

Even for an assemblage of mere acquaintances, the gathering, I thought, separated with unusual alacrity. I lingered for a while behind the rest, as became a blood relation and chief mourner, and then turning my back on the half-filled grave, walked to the gate of the cemetery.

Four or five men, including Fraser and Nichols, were standing just outside the gate waiting for their cabs. As usual, Fraser and Nichols were at it hammer and tongs, arguing this time on Imperial Federation.

"Shut up Billy and give us a rest," I heard another of the travellers say, "I believe you'd argue on the way to be hanged, Billy."

Billy turned promptly around upon the speaker, a big, burly brother Englishman, like a bantam cock upon a gobbler.

"Well," interposed Fraser, who, like a good-hearted fellow, I suppose, felt he had to say something, "that's the last of poor Billy Horseman, but it's the road we've all got to travel. But," addressing Nichols and the rest, "come round to my place to-night for a game of poker, and I'll sing you a Scotch song that'll make your hair stand on end." And so they separated to their respective cabs.

Declining, with some difficulty, an invitation to return with Barkley to his hotel for tea, I waited until the cabs and hearse were well out of the

sight, and then started on a leisurely walk to my own house, pondering by the way the most fitting manner of achieving the *denouement* of my little plot. I was, I honestly confess, growing a little tired of the affair. I had heard quite enough of my own shortcomings and insignificance to last me for the next twenty years. And I had realized to the fullest extent, my utter unimportance in society, and the exceedingly small place that I filled in the estimation and affection of those whom I had hitherto regarded as my warm, personal friends.

I reached my own house in the course of about half an hour's walk. As I crossed the street, the door opened, and the clergyman who had officiated at the funeral came out, and walked off in the opposite direction. Evidently, he had lost no time in obeying the Scriptural injunction as to the consolation of the widow. He was well and not favorably known to me, being one of those mincing, moustached young fellows, whose whole manhood (if they ever had any) is smothered in affectation and vanity. A single man he was; however, prodigiously admired by my wife as the very pink of clerical propriety. In short, he was one of these creatures known and admired by the ladies, and despised of his fellow-men as a "nice man." "What the Dickens," thought I to myself, "is this airified, dandified, young humbug doing in my house." And yet the man was only doing his duty.

I knocked at my own door, and enquired for my wife of the answering servant girl, with a coolness that I suppose the practice of the last twenty-four hours had given me, but which I certainly had not anticipated.

Mrs. Horseman was in, but did not receive any callers. I presented myself as a relation of the late Mr. Horseman and was very anxious to see his widow on very important business.

I was shown into the parlor by the girl, who, I observed, eyed me closely

and curiously, while she carried my message to my wife.

The parlor was much as I had left it, except that every visible relic of my occupation thereof had been religiously removed. Sympathizing feminine hands, no doubt, had removed my picture from the wall and the centre table. My pipe of state, a tasselled, curiously carved affair, which I very occasionally smoked, and which also adorned the wall of the room, had disappeared, as likewise an absurd, brilliantly embroidered smoking cap, worked by my wife's own "fair hands," in the days of our courtship, and worn to match the pipe. Sundry other articles, fitted, no doubt, to evoke harrowing reminiscences in the mind of my heart-broken widow, had vanished.

While I was taking stock of these matters, and rather grimly speculating as to the depth of my wife's feelings on the subject of her "irreparable loss," the servant reappeared and bade me follow her.

I was ushered into a little back parlor, commonly used by us in the absence of company. My wife, attired in deepest mourning, rose from the arm-chair in which, as became one so grievously bereaved, she was half reclining, and made me a bow.

I positively started at my wife's appearance. Always an uncommonly good-looking woman, she looked charming beyond all my powers of description. Her marble pallor and dark ringed eyes and pensive expression, joined with her severely handsome dress, combined to make her by all odds one of the most bewitching women I had ever had the good fortune to behold. And her attractiveness was by no means lessened by the thought that all these evidences of overwhelming grief were on account of the "irreparable loss" of my own self. And it was then I began dimly to realize how a handsome young widow holds the average man in the hollow of her hand. As it was, I fell

madly and consumedly in love at first sight with my own widow.

I returned her bow and said in a carefully disguised voice:

"I must apologize madam, for intruding upon you at a time like this, when you are crushed under the burden of this great sorrow, but I think I can explain it to your satisfaction."

As I proceeded, I saw an eager, startled expression overspread her face. She sat up, gave a sort of gasp, and pressed her hand upon her left side.

"I see you are startled by the tone of my voice, madam, which I am told closely resembles that of your late lamented husband. But considering the fact that we were cousins—I am one of the Horsemen of Prince Edward Island—this is not surprising."

She drew a deep breath, and sinking back in her chair, signed me to proceed.

"My object in calling upon you is this: I am at present engaged in collecting materials for a work entitled 'the Knights of the Road,' containing an alphabetical collection of the lives of eminent Canadian commercial travellers. Hearing of the sad death of your husband, I at once prepared a sketch of his life, which I purpose submitting to your approval. I am also anxious for some particulars as to his personal characteristics, which are always interesting. My excuse for this rather unseasonable call is that I am called away east this evening by telegraph on urgent business. If you have no objection I will proceed to read you what I have already jotted down."

More than once, whilst I was speaking, my wife visibly started. I produced from my breast pocket an imaginary biography of myself which I had scribbled on the train the previous day, and read:

"William Horseman was born in the year 1855 in the town of Thebes, Ontario. His father, Rev. John Horseman, was a very well known and widely

respected clergyman of the Church of England, who came of a very ancient English family settled for many years in the county of Sussex, and he was the youngest son of General Horseman, a distinguished Waterloo veteran. The subject of our sketch, after receiving his education in the Grammar school of his native town, entered the employment of Messrs. Pendleton & Gibbs, Toronto, in whose service he remained five years, whence, followed by the regrets and sincere good-will of his former employers, he removed to Brighton, having accepted the position of western commercial traveller for Messrs. Bagley and Winterblossom, the well known boot and shoe firm of that town. He had for five years discharged the duties of his position to the perfect satisfaction of his employers."

"But I will spare you this," I said, laying down my note book. "Now as to your late lamented husband's personal characteristics," I continued: "He was a man of good appearance, very popular on the road, I suppose." "Yes indeed," murmured my wife, pressing her handkerchief to her eyes.

"A very genial man and even tempered, I understand?" I said enquiringly.

"O yes," gasped my wife, with a sudden choking sob. "He had the temper of an angel."

I applied myself to my note-book for several minutes, and then, laying down my pencil, said: "How will this do?"

I read:—

"Personally, Mr. Horseman was a man of fine presence, and exceedingly popular among the firm's customers and his professional brethren. Of remarkably sweet and even temper, he was in every respect a model husband and father, and his married life was singularly unchequered by those matrimonial jars, which in the case of less happily constituted men, poison and embitter the lives of so

many couples. Scrupulous in his language—"

Here I paused and looked enquiringly at my wife, who was silently weeping. "How will that do, not too strong, is it?" I asked.

"O no, not half strong enough," responded my wife, in broken accents. "If you had only known him!"

"Of remarkably sweet and even temper," I repeated, as if thinking aloud, and then in my natural voice, and looking my wife full in the face, I said: "Isn't that laying it on just a leetle too thick, Maria."

My wife started to her feet with a shriek, clasping her hands upon her breast, and then, with a scream that rang through the house from cellar to attic, woke the baby up-stairs and brought the servant girl rushing into the room, fainted dead away.

And so in the most approved dramatic style ended this cruel and ghastly hoax.

On the whole I may say I decidedly gained by my little escapade. I have only to repeat the concluding lines of my obituary, which I have long since learned by heart, to turn the tables at any moment upon my wife. And as Barkley never made his promised call upon the "widow," I have always been able to mysteriously allude to the man on whose knee she used to sit before she knew me, and whom the first news of her widowhood brought, on the lightning wings of resuscitated love, to her side.

I have also been completely cured of the temptation to brag never so mildly about my family, although from what I have since ascertained, I feel persuaded that Hobbs grossly exaggerated matters, and that my nickname was the creation of his own brain. It is a common habit with some men to fasten nicknames in this way upon others, and just as natural for them as it is for the puffing adder to blow its venom from a safe distance.

Jock Fraser expiated his plain-

spokenness by an oyster supper to the boys, and several dozens of Bass' ale and a box of cigars to myself. Characteristically enough, Billy Nichols vowed that he knew me from the very first moment I opened my mouth in the train. Which, though possible, isn't probable, although Billy, as Jock Fraser says, "isn't, by at least twelve and a half per cent., the fool he looks."

Barkley, as already stated, left without calling upon "the widow." About a twelvemonth later he suc-

cumbed to the blandishments of some "grass widow" in his own town, with whom he mysteriously disappeared, presumably to the States, and has never since been heard of. I can't say I very deeply deplored his downfall. For apart from his milksoppishness, his confounded impudence and lack of delicacy in his contemplated renewal of his suit before I was cold in my supposed grave, disgusted me. But wouldn't my "widow" have promptly sent him to the right about. I think I see her.

WHERE THAME WINDETH.

The call to early morning pray'r
 Hath rung from gray church tow'r ;
 The anvil-beats sound on the air ;
 The forge-fire glows in Vulcan's bow'r—
 The smithy's tree-clad bow'r.

The forge-fire gleams as in a bow'r ;
 The milk-pail chinks anear ;
 The sun is climbing up to pow'r ;
 The grass still hides a pearly tear,
 Still hides a last-night's tear.

The grass still hides a diamond tear ;
 The lark is in the sky ;
 The squirrel through the leaves doth peer ;
 The stoat doth prey and gambol nigh,
 Doth play right merrily.

The stoat doth play and gambol nigh ;
 The thrush in thicket sings ;
 The field mouse peeps ; the rat runs by ;
 The scythe through all the meadow rings,—
 It swishes and it rings.

The scythe through all the meadow rings ;
 The blackbird pipes a tune ;
 Above the banks, where ivy clings,
 The fragrant hedge doth speak of June,
 Doth tell of coming June.

The scented hedge doth whisper June ;
 The meadow banner waves ;

The sexton's spade spells out in rune
 Its story drear of tombs and graves,
 Among the tombs and graves —

Its irksome tale of tombs and graves.
 The idle lock is green
 With lichen, moss; the bent rush leaves
 Its broad leaves in the water's sheen —
 In broken shade and sheen —

Its leaves in broken shade and sheen;
 The weir is white with foam;
 The kingfisher's among the green;
 The stately lady sits at home,
 The lady sits at home.

The stately lady sits at home,
 The moments slowly pass;
 She sits as pond'ring o'er a tome;
 Her thoughts are far away, alas!
 Are far away, alas!

Her thoughts are far away, alas!
 (Her lord rides o'er the wold)
 It cometh then and there to pass
 She shivereth, as if a-cold —
 Affrighted and a-cold.

A something turns her heart a-cold,
 And chills her soul to fear;
 As to herself she hath foretold:
 Before her stands a shape severe,
 A youth of mien severe.

There standeth one of mien severe,
 And moved by wrath and hate:
 "An hireling's tale hath brought me here;
 Long years you left me to my fate,
 My dark and dreary fate.

"Long years you left me to my fate,
 (For shame is worse than crime.)
 The secret hid'n in wedded state
 Bethought thee till the end of time,
 Until the end of time,

"Bethought thee till the end of time
 I ne'er might vex thy troth,
 And all thy life a pleasing rhyme —
 Nor did thy conscience rise in wrath,
 In bitterness and wrath?

"Nor did thy conscience rise in wrath,
 Nor felt thy soul its flame?
 With wealth and pow'r, in fashion's froth,
 To me thou gav'st not e'en a name —
 I bear an alien name.

“To me thou gav’st not e’en a name,
 And I had none to own,
 Had none to love and none to claim,
 A pointed outcast and alone—
 Despised and alone.

“An outcast I and all alone !—”
 The lady’s cheek is pale,
 Her eyes are fixed ; she maketh moan ;
 Her haughty lord hath heard the tale—
 The coarse-clad peasant’s tale.

Her lord had heard the shameful tale ;
 His soul is hot with flame ;
 His teeth are set ; he doth not rail ;
 And, oh, but for a word of blame—
 Not e’en a word of blame.

Alas, not e’en reproof and blame—
 A word of blame in sooth ;
 The weir’s wild minstrelsy doth frame
 Her dying song of death and ruth,
 A dirge of death and ruth.

A requiem of death and ruth,
 The waters fret and yearn ;
 The wind is sweet as love and truth,
 It softly woos the moss and fern—
 The stippled moss and fern.

It dallies with the moss and fern ;
 The crescent moon looks down,
 Remorse has lessons one must learn ;
 And far away the lights of town—
 The irksome lights of town.

Across the leagues, the glare of town,
 And one doth moan and stare—
 Where armour glints and dark brows frown,
 And vesper bell doth call to pray’r—
 The sinner call to pray’r.

The vesper bell doth call to pray’r ;
 So sweetly doth it call,
 We’ll bow our heads and enter there,
 And pray that God may help us all,—
 That Christ will save us all.

KEPPELL STRANGE.



BEHIND THE READING DESK.

BY THOMAS O'HAGAN, M.A., PH.D.

READING has of late years become a very popular factor in the entertainment of the people. Scarcely a programme is now made up in which the elocutionist does not figure. But with this widespread demand for reading has set in a manifest degeneracy in the character of the readings which obtain at our public entertainments.



MARGUERITE DUNN.

There was a time when reading meant literary interpretation crowned by every grace of mind and soul—the consummate flower of true culture and scholarship: now, however, it has lost this primary and very essential signification, and means a hundred other things, but not this one thing necessary.

I attribute this evil that has of late years possessed our Reading Desk to the innumerable “shoddy” schools of elocution which have sprung up across the border in well nigh every city of the Republic—schools whose sole aim is to grist out graduates bearing in every part of their elocutionary outfit the trade mark of their respective

schools as distinctly emphasized as the brand upon a Texas steer. This is notably an age of sham, as is evidenced in the aged patriarch who dyes his hair to cheat high heaven in the bestowal of her gift of kindly but frosty years, that he may thereby the better coquette with the things of the earth.

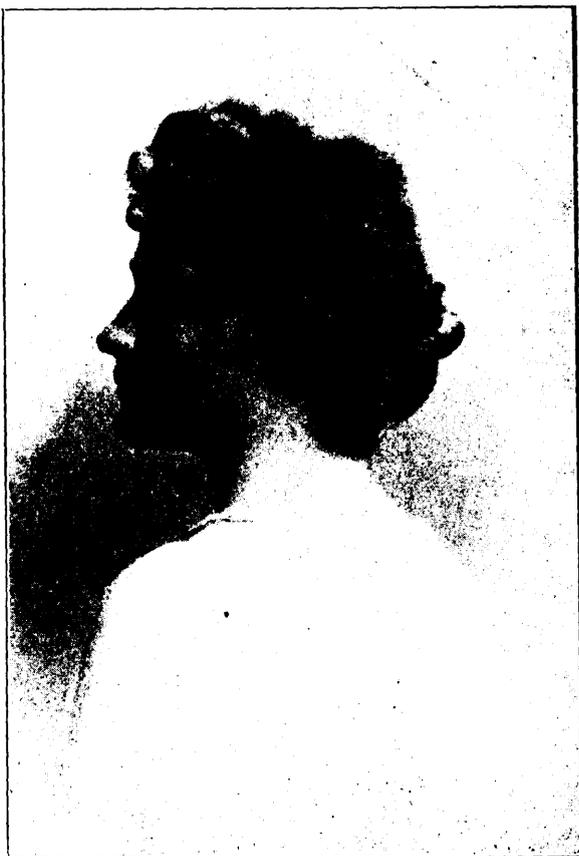
I remember in my boyhood of being privileged to hear the great English reader, Bellew, and I have treasured up the memory of that delightful evening ever since. I am not much given to the admiration of things English, but I must confess that nearly all the *really* great readers I have ever heard have hailed from that “tight little island.” As the scholar, emerging from Cambridge, or Oxford, or Trinity, Dublin, has much less sham in his educational make up than the

graduate of any other institution I know of, so the English reader carries about him a polish, a culture, a grace and ease of manner, as well as a genuine scholarship, which are but vaguely seen in the readers of our land!

Let it be remembered that I am not

arraigning all the American Schools of Elocution and Oratory for their inefficiency, nor am I contending that we have no good readers in this country. No: the evil lies in the multitude of poor schools, and, as a logical concomitant, in the multitude of inferior readers that infest the land. There are at present in this goodly Province of Ontario, whose people are of such intellectual stature as to attract the eyes of the foremost nations of Europe at the World's Fair, no less than twenty readers who, if the press of the country is to be believed, are nothing less than *new editions* on an *improved modern plan* of Bellew, Brandam, Vandenhoff, and Mrs. Scott Siddons, with a suspicion of Garrick, Kean, and Henry Irving thrown in—for flavor I suppose. But when you see and hear many of those readers, the scales suddenly drop from your eyes, and you cannot, even with the aid of a search warrant, find the "glorious voice," the "charming presence," the "magnetic personality," or the "tear and laughter-provoking faculties" so copiously dilated upon and presented to a gullible public by the over-generous but indiscriminate press of the country. The reason for this "*sham*" and "*fakism*" is very obvious. To fill the public eye, unmindful of the public heart, is the aim of the reader of to-day. Readers are too nervously anxious to mount the ladder of public fame, and refuse to move slowly and surely along the plane of honest, faithful and solid work, which, in elocution, as in every other study, is sure in the end to bring the best reward.

Again, the elocutionists of to-day no longer take their selections from the masterpieces of literature, but watch current literature for catchpenny pieces, and are overjoyed when they can drag into a recital the aid of a musical accompaniment—a substitute for the lack of their own soul power, coaxed out of the bosom of a piano, or from the strong throats of an orches-



EFFIE ELAINE HEXT.

tra. The idea of planting a background of music for a recital of such a poem as "King Robert of Sicily," is absurd in the extreme, and an indignity offered to art—and this I heard a well known American reader from Boston do a short time ago.

We have a few Canadian readers who are faithful interpreters, doing legitimate work, worthy of the Read-

ing Desk, and it is noticeable that they not only wear well with the public, but, with increase of years devoted to their art, they are acquiring an increase of fame. In the interest of the noble art of reading, may their numbers increase!



MRS. AGNES KNOX BLACK.

It is also a great and good thing for an elocutionist to know his or her limitations. So capable and accomplished a reader as Mr. Belford, who read with such acceptance in this country a few years ago, knew this. Mr. Belford had studied his powers,

and once in conversation with the writer, he remarked when discussing Shakesperean readers: "I know I can't read Shakespeare. When I read the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius, it sounds to my ears like a wrangle between Smith and Jones."

This was indeed too self-deprecatory, as any person will acknowledge who has ever heard Mr. Belford in a Shakesperean reading. No doubt Mr. Belford was lacking in the temper and voice requisite for a great Shakesperean reader. But his good judgment, taste and scholarship, bore him across bridges which would have sunk beneath the heavy and rude step of self conceit.

The best beginning in preparation for the work of the Reading Desk, is an assimilation of the spirit of the great masterpieces of prose and poetry. In fact, if you start out in this way you will find it comparatively easy to have all other things added unto you. Voice is a God-given gift, and should receive careful cultivation, not for one or two years in an elocution school, but throughout life. But voice is meaningless without soul power—it is *vox et prater ea nihil*. How then can one add to his or her soul power? Through the means of a wide experience of human life, and by holding daily and hourly converse with the eternal, the absolute, the permanent in literature.

Let a reader read aloud daily for two hours the best thought to be found in Browning, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Burns, Moore, Longfellow, Whittier, Shakespeare, and such prose writers as Ruskin, Newman, Carlyle, and James Russell Lowell, and I will guarantee that such a reader will have a voice and soul tuned and toned to the needs and responsibilities of the Reading Desk. Mere seasons of vocal culture or scraps of recitation bear

little fruit. The true spirit of literature can not be wooed in such a way.

"We get no good
In being ungenerous even to a book,
And calculating profits—so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong into a book's profound,
Impassion'd for its beauty and salt of truth—
'Tis then we get the right good from a book."

In regard to the readers of to-day, they may be properly divided into two classes: legitimate readers and mere entertainers. Legitimate readers aim to interpret literature, whether along the line of the dramatic, the pathetic, or the humorous, resorting to no clap-trap or adventitious means of music or costume, or vulgarized facial expression, in order to split the ears of the groundlings and bring down the house, sometimes reading above the tastes of the great body of the audience, but never descending to the low ideals of the vulgar few—even for the purpose of winning a momentary triumph. The chief aim of the entertainer being to please, the character of his or her readings—if readings they may be called—must vary according to the class of audience assembled in the hall. It is possible the audience in some instances may come out as to a circus for a "jolly good time!" and then, of course, the nearer the reader approaches to a clown the more acceptable he will be—the richer his conquests for the evening. If he is a good mimic—a very secondary thing in a great reader—he will feed them for perhaps an hour on that kind of chaff, and then leave the platform with the feeling that he not only has demeaned himself, but, what is worse, has made a fool of himself, while the audience all the time has paid the usual admission fee to see the performance. Yet bad as this is, there is a step lower in the work of platform

elocution—or rather entertainment. It is where the entertainer, lacking soul power, as well as good taste and good sense, rolls off venerable jokes as a fitting equation for his share in the evening's performance.

Another feature of "*fakism*" which marks some of the readers of to-day is the generous publication which they



LAURA M. MACGILLIVRAY.

give to the great event of having once rubbed against the garment or gown of nobility. None of our great readers in the past seem to have been anxious to appear in favor-bestowed drawing-rooms: but then of course,

they were simply readers, while our elocutionists of to-day add to this the undesirable gift of the *fakir*. I would rather touch the heart of a rough, tough newsboy, perched upon a back

arts cannot flourish without being breathed upon by kings and noblemen.

What remains for the readers of this country is to grow strong and



LAURETTA A. BOWES.

seat in one of our entertainment halls, and receive his honest and sincere applause, than the exclusive commendation of such a "conspiracy of fool's fashions, and refined hardness of heart." It is a pity, indeed, if the

great through their own genius, studiously cultivating, along the line of honest, faithful work, the particular gifts and endowments with which each has been blessed.

THE CANADIAN THEMISTOCLES.

BY W. F. MACLEAN, M.P.

PLUTARCH'S LIVES: "As for moral philosophy and the polite arts he [Themistocles, when a boy], learned them but slowly, and with little satisfaction; but instructions in political knowledge and the administration of public affairs he received with an attention above his years: because they suited his genius. When, therefore, he was laughed at, long after, in company where free scope was given to raillery, by persons who passed as more accomplished in what was called genteel breeding, he was obliged to answer them with some asperity. " 'Tis true I never learned how to tune a harp, or play upon a lute, but I know how to raise a small and inconsiderable state to glory and greatness."

"Themistocles was a follower of Mnesiphilus . . . a professor of what was called wisdom, which consisted in a knowledge of the arts of government and the practical part of political prudence."

"In the first sallies of youth he was irregular and unsteady, as he followed his own disposition without any restraints. Helived in extremes, and those extremes were often of the worst kind. But he seemed to apologize for this afterwards, when he observed that the wildest colts make the best horses."

"This [the public production of a tragedy at his own expense], gained him popularity; and what added to it, was his charging his memory with the names of the citizens, so that he readily called each by his own name."

"But that which rounded most of all to his honor . . . was reconciling the several Grecian states to each other."

"At the next Olympic games [after the defeat of the Persians], as soon as Themistocles appeared in the ring, the champions were overlooked by the spectators, who kept their eyes upon him all day, and pointed him out to strangers with the utmost admiration and applause. This incense was extremely grateful to him; and he acknowledged to his friends that he then reaped the fruits of his labors."

"At last the Athenians . . . banished him by the ostracism."

Pat as these extracts from Plutarch, the most entertaining of all biographers, are to Sir John Macdonald, it is not my intention to strain the parallel. It is only in the most general way that I would call the man, whose life Mr. Pope* has written so well and so eloquently, the Canadian Themistocles.

The Greeks as a people, more so in their public men, were the most acute politicians the world has known. We draw many of our political terms from their language. Statecraft, political sagacity, or, as Plutarch calls it, "political prudence," party strategy, were all fine arts in which they excelled. With them moral exactitude was not necessarily joined with political sagacity. But political sagacity was the one thing the Greeks looked for in their public men. Aristides the Just, the rival of Themistocles, we are told, "managed the concerns of government with inflexible justice," and, therefore, managed them only for a time, and soon went into banishment. Aristides did not possess this very complex and essentially requisite characteristic of "political sagacity." With Pericles and Themistocles it ran from every pore.

Sir John Macdonald, more so than any other Canadian, as much as any public man on the American continent, was surcharged with this political prudence. In his case, political sagacity meant a thorough knowledge of men and how to handle them, of men in the mass and individuals as they came shot out from the lot—and most of all, in having the knack of carrying on the government. A statesman, one of those who have made themselves famous, is a man not of a principle or principles, but who has an end in view, and carries on the public affairs at the same time. Another name than statesman must be invented for those men who are in public life, and make a stand for a principle. Themistocles had no great principle at heart, but he always had two ends in view, one to carry on the government, the other—best expressed in the phrase of Plut-

*Memoirs of the Right Honorable Sir John Alexander Macdonald, G.C.B., First Prime Minister of the Dominion of Canada. By Joseph Pope. Two Volumes. Ottawa: J. Durie & Son

arch quoted above, "to raise a small and inconsiderable state to glory and greatness," and "to reconcile the several Grecian states to each other."

Sir John had two ends in view, to govern the Canadian people, and at the same time to weld the provinces into a whole. He had no great principle ever at stake. He never went out of office for a principle. But he had for rival a man who was always talking of a principle or principles, to wit, Mr. George Brown. George Brown got hold of the ideas of representation by population, of free trade, of the severance of church and state; and of these and other "principles" he was ever writing, ever talking, ever berating others for 'not seeing them just in the same light as he did. To all his principles, Mr. Brown imparted a moral significance, and regarded those who did not see them in his way as immoral and enemies of the public well-being. To misapply an excellent phrase from the German, he delighted in "the castigation of the moral principle." Not that his methods were much if at all superior to Sir John Macdonald's, but he was always declaiming and writing about the principles he wished to see realized, and attacking those who would not agree with him. Whoever disagreed with him, he thought dishonest. But he himself, he asked the people to think, was, like Aristides, always just.

Such a man as George Brown is not a statesman. He is not one to be entrusted with administering a state, or carrying on the government. Such men are much more than agitators; they are excellent citizens; perhaps of a higher type of mind, but they are not statesmen. They have their place, they confer great benefit on their fellows, and they fill a public function; they regulate and keep up to their work the men who are able and competent, by the possession of political sagacity, to carry on the affairs of the country. Sir John Macdonald, much as he might deny it, would have never

been the man he was, or accomplished what he did, had it not been for George Brown. And it is just here where Mr. Pope is weak: he does not give George Brown his proper measure; he belittles him and his powers, exaggerates his weaknesses and errors. George Brown was a wonderful force, was the stimulus John A. Macdonald needed, and was heart and soul for Canada as his light went: he rendered her magnificent services, but comes not within the category of statesmen. George Brown, in a word, had no political sagacity. Nor has Hon. Edward Blake, the Canadian public man who has displayed, away and above all others, the greatest intellectual force. Mr. Mackenzie had a good deal of political sagacity, but George Brown frightened it out of him. Sir Oliver Mowat has plenty of it. His admirers imagine that Hon. Mr. Laurier is similarly endowed, because he is a parliamentarian and a finished orator, has an attractive personage and engaging manners. But none of these constitute political sagacity, though they often accompany it.

Of what, then, did Sir John Macdonald's political sagacity consist? First of all, as I have said above, in a knowledge of the Canadian people and of their representative individuals, and how to handle them. Next, in a thorough recognition of the fact that Canadians were of two tongues, English and French: of more races, Irish and Scotch as well; of two creeds, Protestant and Roman Catholic; and that in regard to race and creed, on which they were likely often to divide, they divided almost equally, and that, consequently, government was only possible on the lines of compromise, and still better realized by conciliation, rather than by the one-sided enforcement of what George Brown and William Lyon Mackenzie before him, would call a principle. Sir John Macdonald was always compromising, always conciliating, and *par consequence* always violating one or more, often

all, of the "great principles" of his storming opponent; but he was also always governing the country, carrying on its affairs, gradually accomplishing the high end he had in view—the consolidation of British North America. He trusted to time rather than to the exploitation of principles, to accomplish good for the Canadian people. George Brown stands in bronze, to-day, in the Queen's Park at Toronto, as the great advocate of Reform principles, while close beside him, also in bronze, stands Sir John Macdonald, as the founder of the Confederation. But George Brown must rank as an assistant—sometimes not even that—in his rival's great work of nation-building.

Sir John's political sagacity was best illustrated, as Mr. Laurier very aptly pointed out, in his management of his own party. "I doubt," said the eloquent leader of the Opposition, "if in the management of a party, William Pitt had to contend with difficulties equal to those that Sir John Macdonald had to contend with."

And having got this far in showing that Sir John Macdonald was possessed in a remarkable degree of political sagacity: was never an advocate of political principles, so called, but was always carrying on the government of the country by a policy of compromise and conciliation, and always working to the goal of a British North American consolidation, let us see what kind of a man he was in detail, and how his biographer has done his work.

Sir John Macdonald was well-bred, in the best sense of that term. He came of Highland stock, of people of strong, inherited characteristics, and long used to mental discipline, and of a people who had a high opinion of themselves. Self-respect is a strong Highland characteristic, but that word does not well express it. A Highlander accepts his lot, however low, but he himself pays, and expects others to pay, the highest deference to

his self. His self is something equal to any other self, and may rise to any place and position, and though he is in lowly surroundings, he respects a self that for any act of his or his father's, might be the highest in the land. A Highlander regards himself of a noble line. As Macaulay delighted to tell us, it is never any trouble to him to be a gentleman, though his definition of that term is not quite of the modern Saxon significance. Sir John's forefathers were, nevertheless, ordinary Highland folk. His grandfather kept a store a hundred years ago in Dornoch, the shire town of Sutherlandshire, a town of which he was provost; his father drifted south, tried the cotton trade in Glasgow, but failed, and, like other families that we could name under similar experience, he sailed with his wife and two boys, one our "John A.," then five years of age, to try his fortunes in America. This Hugh Macdonald for twenty years passed a precarious existence as store-keeper and mill-owner in Kingston or about the Bay of Quinté. Sir John Macdonald had for a mother a remarkable woman, whose portrait shows us whence he got his pronounced physiognomy.

Here is Sir John's origin and rise, as told by Mr. Pope:

"He left school at an age when many boys begin their studies. He did this in order that he might assist in supporting his parents and sisters. * * * Life with him in those days was a struggle: and all the glamor with which it is sought to be invested by writers who begin their accounts of him by mysterious allusions to the mailed barons of his line, is quite out of place. His grandfather was a merchant in a Highland village. His father served his apprenticeship in his grandfather's shop, and he himself was compelled to begin the battle of life when a mere lad. Sir John owed nothing to birth or fortune—not that he thought little of either in themselves, but it is the sim-

ple truth to say that he attained the eminent position which he afterwards occupied solely by his own exertions. He was proud of this fact, and those who sought to flatter him by asserting the contrary knew little of the man."

Certainly Sir John could not claim "birth or fortune" in the sense used by Mr. Pope, but, as to birth in the sense of being descended from a line of people of strong and high characteristics, he could, and doubtless did, think himself the equal of any. The late R. W. Phipps used often to say: "Sir John, by his ways and looks is an offshoot of the Stuarts, the last of their line." It was mere fancy of his. Sir John had lots of breeding, as the term goes; he was never at a loss in the company of diplomats, peers, or sovereigns, indeed, seemed to be more at ease than any of themselves. Sir John had a great fund of polish and politeness, however he came by it, and the ease of a man always in high affairs and the upper world. But he never set up to be any one other than John A. Macdonald, son of the somewhat shiftless Hugh of that ilk, who had failed in the cotton trade in Glasgow, and had drifted with his family into a Canadian backwoods' settlement on the Bay of Quinté.

Sir John had a distinguished appearance. He was tall, slight, dark, with rich, black, curling locks, not of a beautiful face, but certainly a striking one. It carried lots of expression, and at times seemed to throw off scintillations of its brilliance. MacCarthy's statue, in the Queen's Park, has a squatty look about the shoulders that the old man never had. His son, Hugh John, of Winnipeg, though much shorter in stature and blonde in color, is a true copy. He has the great nose, the same style of hair: most significant of all, the same peek to the head, the same smacking of the lips. I shall never forget a view I had of them in '91, the father and son, sitting together at the one desk in the Commons, when both were members.

All the world over would not produce such a peculiar cock and cockerel. It could hardly be said that Sir John had a Celtic cast of countenance, for there appeared in these pages a few months back the portrait of an Indian Chief of our own North-West who could have been the other Dromio to Sir John's. If all Sir John's photographs and portraits appear unsatisfactory, it is partly because his expression never was twice the same. Dickson Patterson's portrait of him is, to my mind, much the best. Sir John was generally very carefully dressed, loved to the last to be jaunty, and had a trick of pulling himself together when he would emerge from a car, come into a hall, or enter the House of Commons.

Sir John's habits have often been discussed. He grew up in a part of the country where and when there was plenty of hard drinking of Canadian whiskey. He succumbed like others to the temptation at times. Mr. Pope does not hide the fact, nor does he drag it forward into prominence, a thing which political opponents most unwarrantably did. He also loved to hear a broad story. But all this aside, he was the best and most exemplary instance of "a reformed man" in the last fifteen years of his life that was to be found in all Canada, and that is saying much for one who had passed through so much temptation; and like Themistocles, he could say that the wildest colts sometimes made the best horses. But Sir John's habits need no apology: political sagacity, public service, thank God for it, are shown mixed with all other traits. What a miserable world this would be if only the highest virtues went to those who had none of the little vices. How bankrupt we would be. But it is from Jove himself we get the term jovial.

Sir John had a wonderful influence over many men. They would go through fire and water to serve him, did serve him; and got, some of them, little or no reward. But they served

him because they loved him, and because, with all his great powers, they saw in him their own frailties. He abounded in the right kind of charity. And speaking of the love his friends and followers had for him, Mr. Pope dwells on the "old guard" and the old loyalty to the chief. So it was, but there were dark days also, when even those who afterwards enrolled themselves in the guard passed by on the other side. If ever there was a man in low water, it was Sir John as I saw him one day in the winter of 1875, coming out of the House into the bitter air, dressed in an old Red River sash and coat, and the old historic mink-skin cap, tottering down the hill to the eastern gateway alone, others passing him with a wide sweep. The lesson of Sir John's life is that he pulled himself out of those days and trials into higher and more solid footing. But Sir John's real "old guard" were not the men who stood with him at Ottawa, but the greater old guard who stood and fought for him in every township year after year, and to whom a call by name or a nod of the head was all the recompense they got and yet the recompense they most prized.

Mr. Pope gives us no clear idea of how Sir John maintained himself when devoting so much of his time to public life. And he strains a point in one of his foot-notes to indicate his chief's annoyance at others getting into debt. Sir John in his day had to put his name to notes and had to seek extensions, and was hard enough up at times, owing to neglect of his own affairs. And this brings me to one reason of Sir John's success: he was the one professional politician in Canada in the proper sense of that term. He devoted himself to public life and public affairs. He studied them, he fitted himself for them, like Themistocles, as quoted above. No other Canadian has done it in the same way. George Brown was a journalist, a farmer on a big scale, and at times an

agitator. Sir John was never anything else than a politician. Others have devoted their time much to law as a profession, and less to politics as a side issue.

Sir John himself had leaders in Sir Allan MacNab and in William H. Draper. His conduct toward the former has been criticized, but of this I am not able to speak. Mr. Draper had a high opinion of the young Kingston lawyer as he bloomed into a politician. But Sir John as a leader thought little of his colleagues. His favorites were all followers. I think he thought as highly of Tom White as he ever thought of any colleague, and he was a much younger man, one for an old one to lean on. Sir John had a trick of "running down" in private nearly every colleague he ever had. His correspondence, such as we have seen, is of that character, and it would appear that Mr. Pope has suppressed much that is still more derogatory of others. Mr. Pope is weak when he shares Sir John's hatred of some, his contempt for others, of his colleagues and rivals. Because Sir John was unjust to Bishop Strachan, George Brown, John Hillyard Cameron, Alexander Campbell, Sir George Cartier, and many others, Mr. Pope should have avoided the same injustice. Sir John insisted on submission, brooked no rivals, kept himself strong by getting others by the ear, as many great men have done before and will do hereafter.

It is no wonder that the friends of the late John Hillyard Cameron—he has a widow, one son, and two daughters surviving him—feel outraged by the publication in Mr. Pope's book of the private letter written to Capt. James Strachan, eldest son of the Bishop, and dealing with the rising politicians of the day. The flippant remarks contained in that letter are no reflection whatever of Sir John's later opinion of Mr. Cameron. To Mr. Cameron and his extraordinary eloquence, Sir John was indebted for

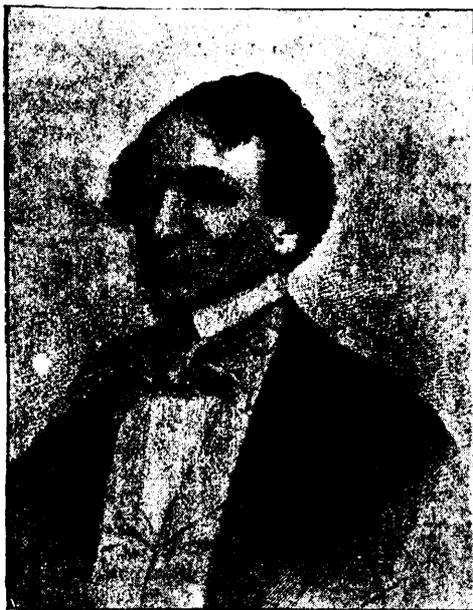
more than one ringing defence on the floor of Parliament, and it was this Mr. Cameron who was the chosen chairman of the Pacific Scandal Committee. Had Sir John been alive, his consent to the publication of the letter would never have been obtained. If a second edition of the book is called for, it is to be hoped Mr. Pope will see the wisdom of excluding this unfortunate letter. No doubt he put it into print as a cook, with an insipid dish, introduces a sprinkling from the cruet stand, but he should have resisted the temptation. The letter was written when press copies of letters were unknown, nor had Sir John at that time a secretary to copy it for him. Such luxuries were unknown in the fifties. How then did this letter come to light? The reader shall know. When Captain Strachan's letters were overhauled, his executors found this letter, and sent it down to Sir John at Ottawa to show him how time sometimes changed opinions, and he desired him to burn it after perusal: instead, Sir John kept it, and his biographer, though made aware of the circumstances, and in spite of a caution to the contrary, unfortunately has the questionable taste to publish it.

Sir John has been praised for his statesmanship, and for this I, too, give him all praise. But his statesmanship was limited to two things: carrying on the government when no one else could do it and do it so well and so continuously, and forging the country together. He originated no great principle. He appropriated, however, freely from others when an opportunity offered, or when he thought another's idea would lead to or keep him in office. La Fontaine had greater and better ideas. The highest glory of our French-Canadian compatriots is the part they played, after La Fontaine's example, in working out a constitutional system for Canada, in agreeing to join together and trying to join together, in a loyalty to the constitution that has been unequalled

in any other portion of the Dominion. Mercierism is but an ephemeral backwash of the great movement begun by La Fontaine, aided by Cartier, furthered by Sir Hector Langevin, and in the realization of which none of these men hold a place inferior to Sir John. Indeed, he got many ideas from them. And on another great question, where Mr. Pope would have us believe that because he quotes one sentence of Sir John's early stump speeches wherein he declared for the encouragement of native industries, he was therefore originally and continuously a protectionist, he trifles with our memories and our knowledge. Sir John was timid unto death of Protection, had to be bullied into it, led into it, committed to it by others. But when he thought it grown, he used it as a bridge to reach the power he liked to wield. And when his hosts followed over, they cried, "Behold the bridge Sir John has built." But some of us know the work to be of other handicraftsmen.

Of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the scandal in connection therewith, I shall say little on this occasion. That road is now Sir John's monument, next to Confederation. The scandal is something that can be condoned, but cannot be wiped out if we lay down a set of ethics that has never yet been realized in public life. In the language of the witness box, the money passed. Equally true also is it that the road was built. Posterity will extenuate the one in the light of the other, and pass a verdict on the two taken together. Sir John's name will come out of it with a lustre, and yet not without flecks.

Mr. Pope publishes a memorandum prepared by Sir John, and meant for his defence with posterity. The best defence of the transaction with Sir Hugh Allan was that published in the *Mail* newspaper, the day after the scandal was launched in the Toronto and Montreal papers. It was written by a man who, getting an inkling of

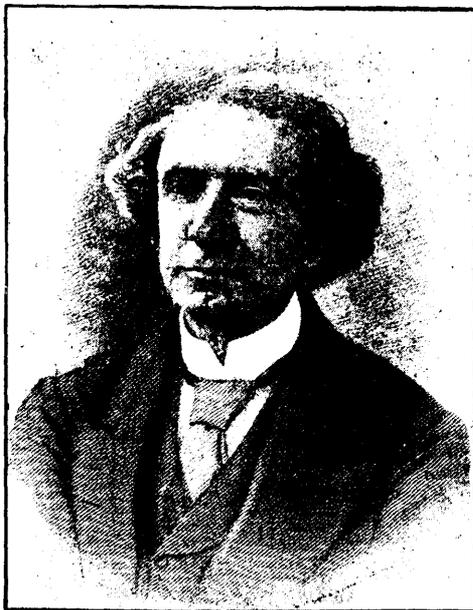


SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, 1854.

what was coming, had rushed post-haste from Toronto to Rivière du Loup, where Sir John was stopping, to see what defence might be set up. To this trusted friend Sir John declared there was no scandal, and therefore nothing to defend. Relieved by this declaration, the journalist started back at once for Toronto. At Cobourg he got the morning papers with the scandal, and going to his office, wrote, notwithstanding Sir John's statement of his innocence to him two days previous, the only possible defence that can be offered to the affair. This defence was written without further consultation with Sir John, but in consultation with that Hillyard Cameron, who gets such hard knocks in Pope's memoirs. But politics are dotted with these incidents as a blackberry bush is in the height of its fruiting.

I have not much space in this article for a reference to that portion of Sir John Macdonald's career in which he reached, I think, the summit of his political greatness. I refer to the part he played in the negotiation of

the Washington Treaty, as one of the High Commissioners representing Great Britain. Here, Mr. Pope gives us something new and something worthy of a historian, and his manner in handling the subject deserves our highest praise. His account of Sir John's conduct at Washington, his extracts from the correspondence which he wrote at that time, and his narration of the difficulties Sir John encountered in maintaining his position, all go to show the great Canadian as a man of first rank in the conduct of the highest affairs of State. While I consider that Sir John Macdonald's greatest service to Canada was his work on the foundation of Confederation, I believe that history will give him a yet higher position for the work he did in developing that new and wider field of imperial politics, which are just now beginning to burst upon the ken of English-speaking people, and to tempt the ambition of our ablest and most brilliant men. British politics as we know them, the politics of Pitt, of Canning, Disraeli, and of Glad-



SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, 1890.

stone, will yet be considered mere parish politics in comparison with the greater affairs of that new British Empire of which we are proud to form a part. Sir John Macdonald, more than any other man, has opened up this new vista, and the success which Sir John Thompson attained at Paris less than two years ago, was only possible by reason of the fact that he followed in the tracks and on the line of his great Canadian predecessor. The high imperial honors now being paid to the dead premier is a signal proof of the recognition by the authorities, and by the British public of the "Greater Britain." Mr. Cecil Rhodes, of the British possessions in South

Africa, is to my mind another type of the coming Imperial British politician. He has made for himself a world-wide name, and I believe further, that it will be Colonials, and I use the term in no servile or secondary sense, who will shine with the greatest brilliancy in this new and higher field of Greater Britain. The "home" politicians, as they are called,

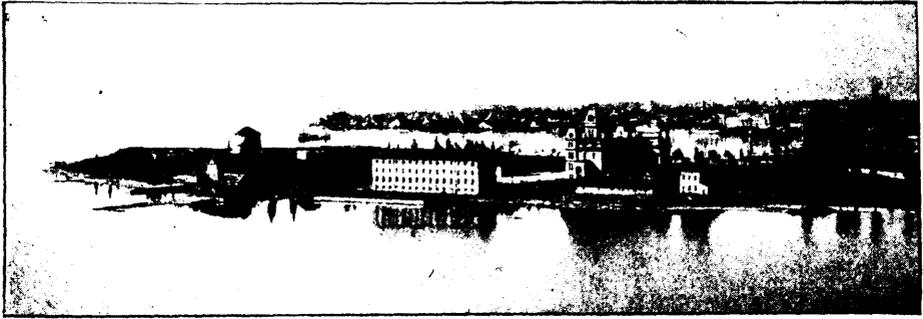
have been slow to recognize this new territory. It is Colonials who have forced it upon their attention: and most of all was it Sir John Macdonald who first obtained recognition therein, and made it possible for others to emulate him, and even yet, we trust, surpass him.

For the book itself, we give Mr. Pope credit. It is only, as he says, a memorial of the life of a man, not the history of the rise of a country though however much they may be inter-related. He knew Sir John as he tells us, for the last ten years of his life only. But he has given us a most readable book, and a faithful portrait in many parts. If my review of it cause others to read



SIR JOHN'S MOTHER.

it with the same pleasure that I have read it, I will be more than satisfied. For certainly the life of the greatest man our country has yet produced, and one who was among the first of his time, is worthy of the study of Canadians, and worthy of being enshrined in our memories, and venerated in our patriotism.



THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.

(With Etchings by Frederic W. Falls.)

THE recent appearance in a leading American paper of a very interesting, commendatory and well illustrated article on our Military Educational Training School for Cadets, which it entitled "Canada's West Point," induces the reflection of how little has hitherto been published in the press

of the Dominion about an institution in which we, as a people, may very justly take pride, and entertain a lively interest for its importance and practical worth. So proud are our neighbors of their soldiers' school at West Point, that every June, when an annual period is marked by the senior class graduating, and a recruit class coming in, the leading New York papers devote, through a week or more, whole columns—and well written and very interesting the recitals are, even to general readers—to the military exercises and exhibitions, *personnel* of the cadets who have distinguished themselves, the addresses made by prominent public men, and to the visitors who resort there at the time, and to the balls and parties and social events. Everything which arises in prominent connection with West Point is deemed of national importance, and excites public interest, and so becomes conspicuously chronicled. Here, in Canada, no similar interest appears, so far, to have arisen, and perhaps it is largely for lack of proper presentation and of published information—not from lack of merit of our own institution—for, as the generously presented article above referred



LIEUT. ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY: GRADUATE OF R. M. C., CANADA.

to would indicate, Canada's Royal Military College, near the head of the St. Lawrence, may, indeed, be claimed to equal (save in its equipment for cavalry instruction), in educational advantages, civil and military, in discipline and



VIEW OF PONTOON BRIDGE, LOOKING TOWARDS FORT HENRY.

manly training, that famous institution of the United States about which everybody knows, and which is so beautifully situated on the Hudson.

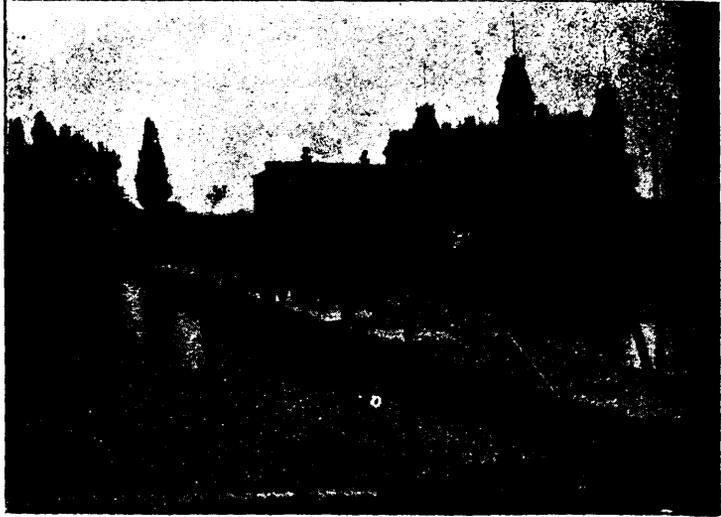
In contradistinction to its prototype of the neighboring republic, the Royal Military College at Kingston is an institution, the objects and utility of which, little is known and less understood by the public. Such knowledge as the public generally has is limited to the aspect of the grants made to the college—from public funds. The idea seems to have gone abroad that the college is a place where a few young fellows, who have more money than brains, play soldiers for four years at the expense of the Canadian tax-payer.

It will, perhaps, be well, before speaking of the college as it is now, to give a short sketch of its origin, and the aim of its originators. The college owes its existence to the late Hon.



SERGEANT—ON TOWN LEAVE—OFF DUTY.

Alexander Mac-kenzie, and the Dominion Administration of which he was premier. The idea was to have a college where young men might be educated in military and civil branches, fitting them to become useful citizens of the Dominion in their thus acquired professions of engineers, surveyors,



A PONTOON BRIDGE.

COMPANY SERGEANT-MAJOR—WINTER DRESS.
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architects, etc., while preparing them to efficiently officer the military forces of Canada, whenever their country may require their services, which their special training would so eminently qualify them to do. Thus the Dominion would possess a staff of technically trained officers, without the expense of constantly maintaining a large staff in active service; moreover, vacancies in the active militia and civil service were to be filled and supplied from the graduates of the college.

Kingston was chosen as the site for the college on account of its central and also remarkably healthy location, and because the Government had already some available buildings there.

Colonel Hewitt, C.M.G., an officer of the Imperial army, now Major-General, and at the head of the Imperial School of Military Engineering, was the first appointed Commandant, and in June, 1876, the first batch of cadets reported at the college. This class is familiarly known



A BRIDGE IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

ing contains the lecture rooms, laboratory, mess room, reading rooms, offices, etc. "The Stone Frigate" (so called because the money used in erecting it, had been sent out from England in 1812, to build a man-of-war) at first afforded both instructional and sleeping accommodation, but is now fully occupied as a dormitory.

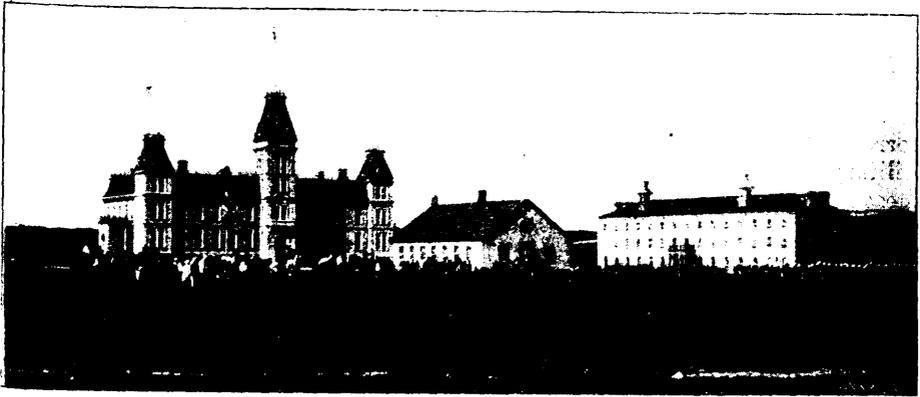
Since the college opened, about three hundred and eighty cadets have entered. In June of every year a competitive examination for candidates for entrance to the college is held in each of the twelve military districts of the Dominion. This examination is about the same as the junior matriculation examination for Toronto or Trinity University, with the addition of drawing. The candidates who pass the examinations and are admitted to the college, usually report there about the first of the following September. A week later, the old cadets rejoin. The work then begins in earnest, and the cadets have to work hard too, not only at the drills, which are compulsory, but at their respective studies, if they wish to take any position in the college, and to avoid being "plucked" at the annually recurring ordeal of the June examinations.

As to the routine of the college, the first lecture begins at

among the cadets as "The Old Eighteen." For the first two or three years, two classes a year came in. This, however, was not found to work well, and the present arrangement was substituted. The college soon out-grew its original quarters, and in 1878 the present handsome building was opened. This build-



COMPANY SERGEANT-MAJOR RIDING DRILL ORDER.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE BUILDINGS.

1. Main Building.

2. Gymnasium.

3. Dormitory.



LIEUT. 3RD HUSSARS; GRADUATE OF R. M. C.,
CANADA.

8.30 a.m., and the classes work till 2 p.m., the two junior classes having drill from 1 to 2 o'clock. After dinner, there is drill from 3.15 to 4 o'clock, and then the cadets are allowed about two hours to enjoy themselves as they please, at football, cricket, tennis, and boating (amusements for which the college is remarkably well equipped), or other sport, exercise or recreation. From 6 to 8 p.m., there is study again, after which comes tea. At 10 o'clock comes tattoo, when a check roll is called, and the cadets retire to their rooms for the night. Lights are required to be out in the dormitories of the junior cadets at 10.30, while the seniors are allowed one half-hour longer; and thus ends the routine of the day. Wednesdays and Saturdays are half-holidays, the cadet being free after dinner on these days.

These regular hours and exercise do not fail to make strong, healthy young men, and it is very rarely that the hospital knows anything more serious than a cold. It has indeed been remarkable in repeated instances, how lads who had en-

tered the college, delicate-looking and small, have developed tall and athletic physiques.

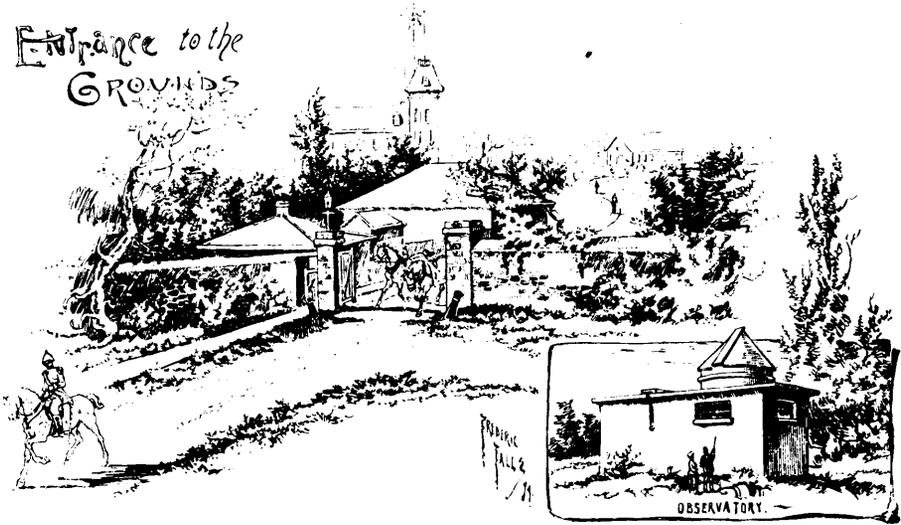
The cadets at Kingston are not, as at the American Military School (to borrow the words of one of the recent military writers with reference to West Point, of which he was himself a graduate) "*immured* for four years." There are three furloughs in the year—one at Christmas, usually a fortnight to three weeks, a few days at Easter, and about two months at mid-summer. When off duty, cadets are allowed to make social visits in the afternoons, or holidays, to their friends

the late Lord Houghton so well described when he wrote:

"Blending their soul's sublimest needs
With tasks of every day,
They went about their greatest deeds
Like noble boys at play."

The internal discipline of the college is to a great extent in the hands of the cadets. The appointments are made by the authorities, and there is a regular chain of responsibility from the Battalion Sergeant-Major, who is the senior cadet, down. The cadets, as a whole, are divided into four companies, each in command of a company sergeant-major, who is respon-

Entrance to the
GROUNDS



in Kingston, and those fortunate enough to have invitations can obtain passes till 10 o'clock, and the senior classes are allowed the greater privilege of staying out till 11 p.m.

The West Point *regime* may make the sterner soldier, and perforce centre the individual in his profession, through the break, as it were, with his past ties and associations. Kingston follows more the time-honored English methods, and aims not to change character by forcing it into a rigid mould, but rather to develop what is best in those whom it undertakes to train, and it would seem to be better calculated to make such men as

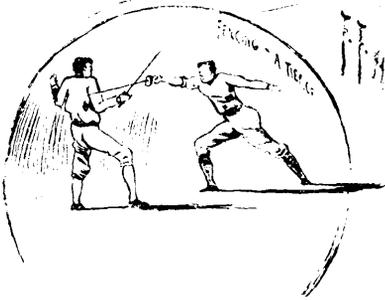
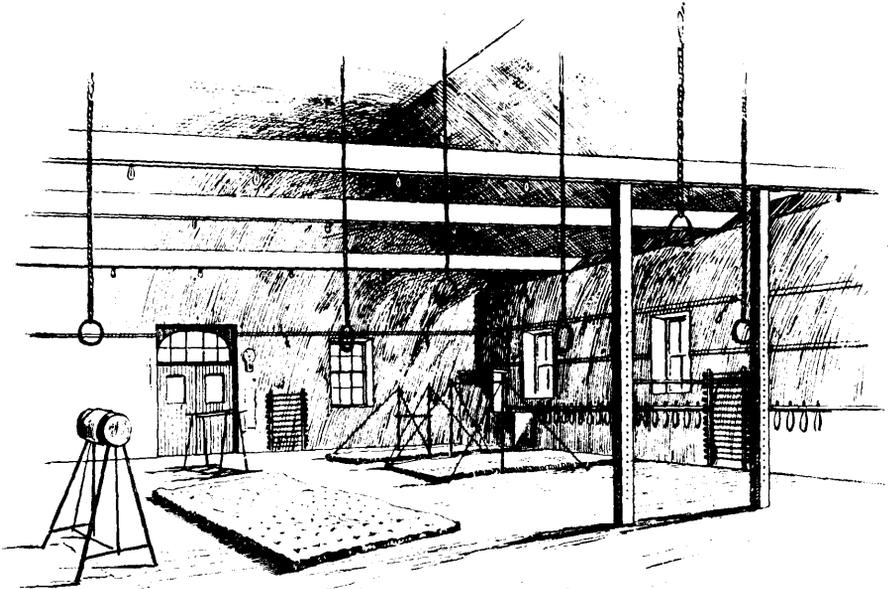
sible for the discipline of his company.

The studies pursued by the cadets are divided into two branches, military and civil.

In the first year they study mathematics, military engineering, English and French, and drawing both mechanical and freehand. The mechanical drawing course is so thorough that few cadets can pass through the college without becoming good draughtsmen. In the second year the more advanced branches of the same subjects are pursued, with the addition of artillery tactics and surveying. The third year is largely given to the advanced branches of

mathematics, in order to prepare the cadet for the scientific studies pursued in the final year. Chemistry, physics and civil engineering are also begun, and the more advanced branches of military engineering and artillery. In the final year, civil engineering is thoroughly studied, as well as chemistry, physics, mineralogy, etc.

young men whom it has trained, by affording a greater number of permanent positions, civil and military, to the graduates of the college. It is now understood that all vacancies in the permanent militia will be filled by graduates, if possible, and this seems but common sense, for men who have applied themselves for four years



IN THE GYMNASIUM.

to a technical education in military matters, should certainly be much better fitted for such duties than are others who, engaged in strictly civil pursuits and professional studies, whether the desire be keen or only lukewarm, have but little time for a special military course.

That the cadets are capable of doing good work was once more proved during the past summer, when eight of them, under one of the college professors, executed for the government a survey in Quebec, which gained for them very high commendation from headquarters. It is to be hoped that this is but a first step, and that hereafter the Canadian Government will make practical use, as was the original intention, of the

At West Point the cadets are educated entirely at the expense of the United States Government. This is not the case at Kingston, for although the Dominion Government is responsible entirely for the cost of the institution, and does pay the main proportion of its running expenses, there are yet fees payable annually by the cadets, averaging for each about \$375 a year. This, even in comparison with other educational institutions, is mod-

erate,—although the idea has perhaps gone abroad that the R. M. C. is expensive,—for the fees, besides education, books, and instruments, include the cost of living, and the college uniform and accoutrements, so that but very little else is required from cadets, and the authorities particularly request of parents, or guardians, that but little pocket money may be supplied to the cadets.



MAJOR-GENERAL DON. R. CAMERON, C.M.G., F.R.G.S.

It is sometimes complained that the graduates of the Royal Military College go abroad, and their own country loses their services, but this only enforces the argument that those services have not hitherto been sufficiently or adequately utilized at home. Many a R.M.C. cadet has gone abroad, and has made a mark for himself, and at least has added to the prestige of Can-

ada and of her institutions. The British Government (not to go abroad, but "home") offers annually four commissions, and these are at the command of those cadets who graduate with the most distinction. These valuable prizes are in order thus: One commission in the Royal Engineers; one in the Artillery; one in the Cavalry, and one in the Infantry. An infantry commission is usually substituted for that of the cavalry, as but few of the cadets can afford the outlay required in mounted arm. There is usually quite a run of competition among the cadets for these awards, and the emulation thus engendered is highly beneficial throughout the course. Although the R.M.C. has been in existence comparatively but a few years, Canada may already point with pride to her graduates, who have won distinction for themselves in the Imperial service, and honor for their native land. Notable among these was the young Haliogonian, William Grant Stairs, whose name and fame are well-known and world-wide, and whose life, alas! ended, humanly speaking, all too soon. Well might the young cadets telegraph to Zanzibar, where the expedition of which he was so prominent, distinguished and gallant, and withal so modest, a mem-

ber, had returned to the coast, and awakened the plaudits of the world—"Bravo, Stairs!" Back came the simple, soldierly, but expressive reply—"Thanks, Comrades." Such names as Stairs, Robinson, Mackay, and others, live as invaluable examples to the rising generation of the young men of this fair Dominion—of "*Truth, Duty, Valour,*" the college motto.

HOW I KILLED MY FIRST MOOSE.

BY C. H. GOODERHAM.

The mellow autumn came, and with it came
The promised party, to enjoy the game;
The Pointer ranges, and the Sportsman beats
In russet jacket; lynx-like is his aim;
Full grows his bag, and wonderful his feats.
Ah, nut-brown partridges! Ah, brilliant pheasants!
And ah, ye poachers! 'Tis no sport for pheasants.
Byron's "Don Juan."

I HAD long cherished an ardent desire to kill a moose, and thus to realize for myself an experience that falls to the lot of but comparatively few hunters of the present day, when at last my ambition was gratified, and I tasted some of those delicious sensations that follow a victory achieved after overcoming trials and hardships, which, however, could avail naught against a fixed and irrevocable determination to succeed.

But before relating how this triumph, which has been a matter of so much gratification to me, was secured, and the trials and difficulties that preceded and attended it, a few words regarding the moose, its habits and haunts, and the different methods of hunting it, may not be out of place.

There are three different styles of hunting the moose, termed "still" hunting, "fire" hunting, and "calling." There is another mode, which legislation has, in a great measure, suppressed, viz.: the wholesale slaughter of the unfortunate animals when the deep-lying snows of protracted winter have imprisoned them in their yard, and rendered them only too easy a prey to the unprincipled butchers, who slay them for their skins.

The finely modulated voice of the Indian is especially adapted to imitate the different calls and cries of these denizens of the forest. With a trumpet of birch bark, the Indian will mimic with marvellous accuracy the plaintive low of the cow moose, and the respon-

sive bellow of the bull. Having selected a favorable position for his purpose—generally on the margin of a lake, heath, or bog, where he can readily conceal himself—the Indian puts his birch trumpet to his mouth, and gives the call of the cow moose in a manner so startlingly truthful, that only the educated ear of one of his own race can detect the imitation. If the call is successful, the blood curdling bellow of the bull moose is heard through the forest, whilst, rubbing his horns against the trees as a challenge to all rivals, he comes to the death that awaits him. Should the imitation be poor, the bull will not respond at all, or will approach in a stealthy manner to discover the artifice that has been practised. Moose-calling is seldom adopted by white men, the art of calling with success being rare even amongst Indians.

Fire-hunting, or hunting by torch-light, is practised by exhibiting a bright light, formed of burning branches of birch bark, in places known to be frequented by moose. The brilliant light seems to fascinate the animal, who will readily approach within range of the rifle. For my part, I do not approve of this style of hunting, and would never attempt it.

The sense of smell and hearing of the moose is very acute. His long ears wave to and fro, intent upon catching the slightest sound, and his wonderfully constructed nose carries the signal of danger to his brain long before the unwary hunter has the slightest idea his presence is suspected. When alarmed, this ponderous animal moves away with the silence of death, carefully avoiding all obstructions, and selecting the moss-carpeted bogs and swales through which he treads his

way with a persistence that even sets at defiance the arts and wiles of the Indian hunter.

Our hunting ground was located in Quebec, about 36 miles from the Ottawa River. All the necessary preparations were carefully made, one important step being the securing of Indian guides. The latter are very necessary if the moose hunter wishes to be successful, for without their aid, no matter what amount of caution he may exercise, he can scarcely hope to creep upon the game sufficiently close to secure a good shot.

Very few, if any, white men ever attain the marvellous proficiency in woodcraft of the Indian, to whom the pathless forest is an open book, which he reads as he runs to track to its death the noble animal so exceedingly sensitive to the approach of man. This gift seems born with the Indian, and is cultivated from early childhood, until he attains a knowledge that is wonderful in the art of intuitively threading the intricacies of the woods.

On the 1st November, our party, consisting of Dr. Sweetnam, Toronto, Mr. Klock, of Klock's Mills, Ont., and myself, reached the Ottawa River, where we may be said to have gained the threshold of our journey. For a few days we remained at Mr. Klock's residence, where we were made very welcome, and were treated with that whole-souled hospitality characteristic of Rocky Farm. The "Queen of Rocky Farm" was a most agreeable hostess, and altogether our stay was so pleasant that we were loth to quit such charming quarters for the hardships of camp life.

But our arrangements were now complete; and accompanied by a team and "jumper," to carry the camp outfit, we commenced our journey. The road from the river to our camping ground had been unused for some time, and to clear it required considerable labor on our part. We had to cut our way along, and to reconstruct bridges, and this work oc-

cupied considerable time. The weather was miserable. Rain poured all day long, and our journey therefore was the reverse of pleasant. Dr. Sweetnam and myself decided to push ahead, and get everything in readiness for the other members of the party. We hoped that on the way we might be favored with a chance shot at moose or deer. Although the road was blocked, we were told there would be no difficulty in finding it, so we took with us the cook, who was not thoroughly accustomed to the woods.

Evening was drawing on before we had accomplished our journey, and we met with some difficulty in making our way towards the appointed place of camp. Darkness had come, when, with sighs of thankfulness, we reached what appeared to be the camp. We were mistaken, however, and with much chagrin learned that we had lost our way. This fact was made clear when we came to examine a building before us, which turned out to be deserted. The condition of the building satisfied us, after a survey of our surroundings, that we were in the wrong camp. The old building had evidently been used by Indians or trappers, for a portion of the floor had been cut away to make a fire, and a hole had been made in the roof to permit the smoke to escape. Speedily we started a fire, which in our damp and soddened condition was very acceptable, and sent the cook out to assist the other members of the party. Within an hour he returned with the report that we were certainly lost, and that the remainder of the party had passed on about a mile from where we were. After holding a consultation, the thought suggested itself of proceeding on our journey. This, however, was out of the question, as we could not see a foot ahead of us, and the rain was still pouring down. We then decided to ask the cook to go on and inform the others that we were safe, and would remain there until morning. The cook was very



reluctant to do this, however, and made all sorts of excuses for not complying with our wishes. He pleaded with much force that the others would never forgive him if he left us alone. The actual reason for the cook's hesitancy we did not learn until next day, when in talking the matter over it came out that the previous night was All Saints' Day, and our "chef" entertained the belief that the spirits would be about, the wet, miserable weather being regarded by the faithful as most suitable for their appearance. We concluded that the spirits must have execrable taste, and that if ever our time came to roam the Quebec wilds we should select a more pleasant and agreeable night.

There was nothing for us to do but to make the best of our position. The experience was one that neither of us will forget. During the whole of that long, lonely, miserable night we sat or lolled about the fire, endeavoring to alleviate our plight by drying or attempting to dry our clothes. That night we were able to properly appreciate the meaning of an "empty larder," for we were absolutely without food or drink. As we crouched by the fire, and talked of home and the loved ones there, pictures of brightness and comfort arose before us which seemed to intensify the loneliness and discomfort of our position. Inside the hut, the flickering fire cut strange shadows, and brought into strong relief our rude surroundings. Outside, the darkness was intense. The rain fell steadily, and the sigh of the wind through the branches of the trees made a strange moaning sound. A more complete picture of loneliness and desolation could not be found anywhere. It was the time and the place for telling weird stories that would set the blood curdling. But we were more prosaic, and talked of our hunting trip, and the adventures we expected would fall to our lot.

It is not a pleasant thing to be supperless. A gnawing feeling in the re-

gion of the stomach, that would not be still, caused us to wish that we had even a loaf of bread at hand for the purpose of satisfying our appetite. About midnight, the discovery of some green tea, in a tin pail which our cook had brought with him, aroused pleasurable anticipations, and for the space of half an hour we felt somewhat more reconciled to our lot. This was while water was being fetched from the river, some distance away. The tea was scarcely up to our expectations: it was pretty strong. Still it served to break the monotony. It offered something to think about, and something to do. Could our friends at home have seen us, they would have deemed our pose more picturesque than comfortable. The doctor had been stretched upon a rudely constructed seat, which had evidently served to accommodate the lumbermen at meal time. It was a log twenty feet long, and about nine inches through. On one side it was cut away, making it about seven inches in width. Legs were thrust underneath it to form supports. Here the doctor had reclined until the tea was served. The expression is perhaps unfortunate, for there was certainly nothing about the "tea service" to recall the afternoon function the ladies so delight in, when the fragrant pekoe is handed around in cups of dainty china. The difficulty was to find a dry spot upon which to dispose one's self. I was fortunate enough to secure a board about four and a half feet long, and about ten inches in width. This, placed upon the shanty floor, made it more comfortable.

The very first approach of day found us again on the road. Half an hour sufficed to bring us to the point where the other members of our party had passed the night previous, and an hour later we arrived at the spot where a number of our men, with the team, had camped in the woods and spent the night. They had fared as badly as ourselves, with the excep-

tion that they had had supper and breakfast. It was with a feeling of great relief that about nine o'clock we at last reached the camp. When we came to exchange adventures, it was a matter of doubt who had had the worst lot. The father of our party, Mr. Klock, it appeared, had started for camp shortly after we left, accompanied by one guide, leaving behind the team and men. Unfortunately the two missed their way. When near their goal, they had taken the wrong road, along which they travelled for a couple of miles, until they reached a small stream; then they discovered their mistake, but decided to follow the stream. The rain made them pretty wet, but their situation was rendered still more uncomfortable by the fact of their slipping into the stream whilst tramping along the bank. They were fortunate in reaching the camp at eleven o'clock, but in an almost exhausted condition. A good supper, and a bask by the fire, considerably restored them, and when we reached camp, tired and hungry, they were just getting astir.

The time occupied by the cook in preparing breakfast for the doctor and myself, seemed interminable. But at last we were able to satisfy our appetites, and then we were disposed to take a brighter view of things. Most people would probably endorse the sentiment of a friend, who, after hearing the recital of the night's experience in the lonely Quebec woods, said to me in a pitying sort of fashion, "And you call that fun?" Well, I do not pronounce it fun, but it was an experience to prepare us for what was to follow. The fun came later on, although it may have been of a kind that would scarcely have been relished by my friend. All that day was spent in making arrangements for our sojourn. Beds were got ready, stoves placed in position, a stock of supply wood cut, and the hundred and one details that are necessary to camp life performed. Some of the provisions brought for

our use had suffered from the day and night's heavy rain, and the supplies had intermixed in a manner that was scarcely to our liking. Coal oil does not improve the taste of bread, or in fact any kind of food. The doctor devoted himself to the task of ascertaining whether the flavor was American or Canadian refined.

Eventually, everything was in readiness for our moose hunt. Some of the members of the party had gone to considerable trouble in selecting suitable hunting suits. I was given to understand by those who were hunting moose for the first time, that it was necessary to wear clothes which as nearly as possible resembled in hue the color of the trees, as the moose could see—I forget exactly what distance—and could smell a man at a distance of 500 yards. I was also informed that before lying down to rest, the animal makes a circle of the neighborhood, or almost a circle, afterwards lying down, where it could both smell and watch the point from which it was commenced. Many such stories were told me, and possibly they may all be perfectly correct. At the same time, I found that the animal did not always follow the course report ascribed to it. That may have been due to the fact that the moose I encountered had not received a proper education. Imagine my surprise, when our guides—old, reliable men, the greater part of whose lives had been spent in hunting game in one form or another, and who had hunted moose for many years—appeared in quite a different kind of dress. They did not consider the color of the dress of great importance, but they were all careful to insist upon quietness in our progress through the woods.

Breakfast was speedily over, and we were ready for our tramp by daybreak. We had discussed our plan of operations the previous night, and had decided on our different routes. At last the hunt begins. Our course takes us up hill and down dale, and through

places very difficult to traverse. Carefully we pick our steps, making as little noise as possible. We keep a continual look-out for tracks. We discover many old tracks, and are enabled to trace where the moose have been feeding. In this manner we scour the country, in search of fresh tracks, for four days, but without success, when on the evening of the fourth day, my guide Jacko points to a track. (It evokes the exclamation: "My, that is a big bull!") But the guide, on examining the brush where the animal had been browsing, pronounces the track a day old. Our daily tramps had not been light in character. They occupied at least ten hours each day, and the distance covered in that time would average 20 miles. With each fruitless trip the rocks, which abound in that country, seemed to grow more rough and harder to scale, whilst the hills and mountains seemed more difficult to climb. And as we returned to camp wet, tired, and hungry, the intervening distance seemed to have visibly lengthened. Eight o'clock was the hour at which we retired each night, to be up before daylight the following morning.

It was 7 a.m. on the morning of November 6th, when Jacko discovered tracks which are apparently those of a big old bull. The marks of his browsing are still fresh: I can see that easily enough now. But further proof is afforded when I snap off a branch at the spot where it has been broken off by the moose, and compare the broken parts. Yes, there is no doubt the tracks are fresh. I notice that Jacko has begun to walk very cautiously, and without loss of time I imitate him. He picks his way with extreme nicety, whilst, on the other hand, my tread falls every now and then on a twig which breaks and startles even myself. In spite of the exercise of every care, the branches of withered hemlock will persist in catching in my hat, and forcing it down over my eyes, then my foot catches in an obstruction and

causes me to blunder head foremost through a brush heap. It is very trying to the temper, and I felt like giving vent to expressions removed somewhat from prayers, but dare not for fear of alarming the moose. I can see Jacko smile in a suggestive sort of way at each exhibition of unskilfulness. We quit the hard brushwood now, and skirt the bottom of a hardwood hill. The wind is blowing from the hill towards the swamp. There is more moss and damp ground here, and the walking is better, so that our progress is less noisy. We leave the low land behind us and ascend the hill. The wind now is right in our teeth. Another examination of the track satisfies us that it is going in the same direction. Once more we pursue our way. This time it is downward, and on reaching the foot of the hill, we trudge across the low land for some 20 minutes. Then we ascend again. Just as we reach the summit, Jacko halts and looks around. I am some ten yards behind, but involuntarily I stop too, and follow his example.

"Moose," laconically exclaims Jacko in that subdued tone of voice peculiar to the Indian.

I move to where the guide stands, and look in the direction indicated by his pointed finger. An object is there, true enough, but it resembles more than anything else the shadow of a passing cloud moving at a slow rate.

"Is that a moose?" comes in a whisper from me.

"Yes," is the almost inaudible reply, coupled with the admonition "shoot."

"Are you sure?" I ask doubtfully, but just then the shadow moves, and up goes my express rifle.

"Wait," warningly advises the guide, and then after a pause, "Now shoot."

The huge outlines of the animal are visible through the trees, and hastily estimating the distance at one hundred yards, I sighted for the heart of the beast. The 110 grains of powder made reply to my inquiry of the trigger. Stepping aside, out of the radius of

the smoke—I was unprovided with smokeless powder—I anxiously inquired of Jacko if my shot had missed.

“Run,” was the guide’s only reply, and I set off at a break-neck pace, and on reaching the spot where I thought

front legs, and made a plunge to where I stood. Discreetly I moved two paces in the other direction. The noble brute presented a splendid subject for the pencil of an artist, as it stood before me, and I longed to have been



HEAD OF MOOSE, SHOT BY C. H. GOODERHAM.

he should have been, right in front of me, within ten yards, lay the biggest game I ever cast my eyes upon. I passed round in front of the wounded animal. when he raised himself on his

able to make a sketch of him, or better still to have obtained a photograph. After another futile attempt to rise, the animal fell on his side, to await the death that was slowly but surely

approaching. The bullet had passed close to the shoulder blade and into the spinal column, where it lay imbedded; I have the bullet as a souvenir. Afraid lest the magnificent head of the animal might be injured in his death struggles, I stepped back and sent a bullet through his heart.

What to do with the moose was the next question. I talked the matter over with Jacko, and explained that I should like to have the animal brought out, and sent intact to Toronto. That, however, would have been very difficult to do, I found. We were a long way from any road, whilst the route between where we then stood and our camp was very rough. Ultimately we decided to secure the animal's head at any cost, and then to skin and quarter him. We then blazed our way back to camp, taking the nearest route. As to the disposal of the carcase, the meat was left at the camp with instructions that it should be sent over to a lumberman's shanty, about eight miles distant. Jacko undertook to tan the skin, and the head I had mounted and photographed, as will be seen by the accompanying illustration. The hoofs are being put up as paper weights.

The dimensions of the head are as follows:—Between the eyes it measures 12 inches; from tine to tine, at the widest part, it covers 4 feet 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches; the palmated parts measure 15 inches, and the horns at the skull, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches; total length of palmated part of horns, 37 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches; from base of horn to the end of palm, 31 inches; 15 tines on one side, 13 on the other side; 9 inches the narrowest part of palm; 28 inches around the muzzle; ears 13 inches long. I believe him to have been 6 feet 8 inches at withers, and the guides and Jacko put down the weight at 1,100 lbs.

Bear in mind that the date of this occurrence was 6th November last, and the moose was killed at about 8.30 in the morning. It was remark-

able that coincident with the same event the Russian nation was thrown into mourning by the death of the Czar.

I should like to tell how I came upon a herd of moose in a thick bush. I shot at one at a distance of 80 yards, and the animal fell. Running up to within 30 yards of where it lay, I was about to dispatch it, when my guide shouted:

"Don't shoot, he's all right; shoot the other one."

Acting upon this advice, I sent four shots after the other moose, but although they took effect, it did not stop the animal's progress. We hastened after the fleeing game, and followed the track for half an hour, when, concluding that it was not hit very badly, we gave up the chase, and returned to where we had left No. 1. Imagine our surprise on reaching the spot to find that the wounded animal had disappeared. Tracks of blood indicated the direction it had taken, and from the quantity which the moose had lost, we expected that it could not have gone more than 200 yards, and that every moment we should discover it lying dead. The vitality of this cow moose was, however, most astonishing. All that afternoon we followed hot on the trail. With most incredible ease the wounded beast sped through the thickest bush, and through swamps and other places of the most inaccessible character. At times we saw where it had cleared logs six feet from the ground, a most surprising exhibition of agility in its injured state.

The afternoon began to wane without our succeeding in overtaking the huge animal, and as we did not desire to remain in the woods for another night without food, we left the trail and returned to camp, reaching it at a late hour, tired and disappointed. We were buoyed up with the hope and almost absolute certainty of discovering our quarry next day. Accordingly we returned to the trail the

day after, about noon, and followed it up till dark, when, despairing of success we abandoned the chase. I have found that in writing to many of my friends I occupied more space in describing my failure with this last herd than in relating my achievement in killing that splendid bull. I am anticipating my revenge sometime in the near future. Jacko declares that the herd consisted of six cows and one bull. I distinctly saw four moose. Was ever sportsman favored with such good luck? Here was a splendid chance—the chance of a lifetime, and yet I let it go. Next time I shall select my game and never lose sight of it until it is absolutely dead.

Before returning home, in order to prevent trouble, I secured a certificate from the magistrate that the moose was killed in Quebec.

Now for a few brief reflections on our trip. In the first place, there is no use for any man attempting moose-hunting unless he is in the pink of condition, physically speaking. The ground to be covered is such as to subject the most robust constitution to a severe trial. In the district where we hunted, steep hills and precipitous rocks abound. In spite of the natural obstacles, however, we covered a good deal of ground.

The moose-hunter must be prepared to encounter all sorts of weather. In our case rain and snow alternately fell, and in the fall of the year it is always cold at nights. The sportsman needs to be well clothed and properly rigged for hunting, with a pair of shoe-packs and mocassins.

As to camp diet, it is almost absolutely necessary that the food should be of the plainest. In this instance our fare consisted of fat shanty pork and beans, with crackers and bread, potatoes, tea and sugar. These were the substantial articles. We brought a few delicacies with us, but they proved of little service in the woods.

THE MOOSE OR AMERICAN ELK.

Alce Americanus (Jardine.)

Prof. Baird says: "It is somewhat unfortunate that the European name of this animal, the elk, should be applied here in America to an entirely different animal or deer. Much confusion has been produced in this way, and it becomes necessary to ascertain the nationality of an author before it is possible to know exactly what the word *elk* is intended to convey."

Specific character—Muzzle very broad, protruded, covered with hair, except a small, moist, naked spot in front of the nostrils; neck short and thick: hair thick and brittle: throat rather maned in both sexes; hind legs have the tuft of hair rather above the middle of the matatarsus; the males have palmate horns. The nose cavity in the skull is very large, reaching behind to a line over the front of the grinders; the intermaxillaries are very long, but do not reach to the nasal. The nasals are very short.

Habitat—Northern United States northward. Still found, though scarce, in northern Ontario.

Average size—Equal to that of a large horse.

Average weight—800 to 1,000 lbs.

Average height—5 feet.

Average length—7 to 8 feet.

Average value of skin—In the raw, \$4 to \$5, or 40c. per lb.

It is generally conceded that the American moose is the same animal as the Swedish elk. It is certainly the largest of the deer tribe found on this continent, and fully equals a horse in bulk.

The males are considerably larger than the females, and often weigh over a thousand pounds.

The moose varies in color according to season and climate, some being of an ashy gray, others of a darker gray, and a few, in the autumn, of a glossy black.

The extremities of the hair are generally brown or black, and dingy white towards the roots.

The young are generally of a gray-brown color, which darkens with age.

The hair is coarse and strong, and inclined to brittleness.

The males have their necks adorned with manes of stiff hairs, varying in length from five to ten inches.

Two fleshy dewlaps hang from their throats, and are covered with long black hairs. The tail is remarkable for its extreme shortness.

The legs, head, nostrils and ears are of enormous proportions, the body short and thick, the eyes small, and the upper lip elongated, thick, ponderous and flexible. So curiously constructed is the upper lip that it is generally described as being between that of a horse and a tapir. It is square in shape, and appears to be divided on account of a deep furrow in the middle. Four pairs of strong muscles arising from the maxillaries allow of rapid and varied movement of the heavy lip.

The hind hoofs of the moose are of beautiful formation, and adorned with horny spurs, or points, which make a loud clattering noise when the animal is running.

The hind legs straddle when the moose is at full speed, to prevent treading on the fore feet.

The moose subsists by browsing, grazing being rendered almost impossible on account of the long forelegs and short neck.

The long forelegs enable the animal to reach far up into the trees and bring them down, whilst the tender branches are plucked by the huge lip and carried to the mouth. The leaves and small branches of young trees, such as birch, maple, and mountain ash, form the staple diet of the moose.

The horns are striking on account of their enormous dimensions. The young bull grows two knobs about two inches long in its first season; when a year old, the knobs develop

into spikes about six inches long, and remain on the head until late in spring, when they drop off, and are replaced by long, forked horns. In the fourth year the horns branch forward and become palmated; in the fifth and sixth years, they grow triangular, whilst the palmated portions end in points, the whole resembling an expanded hand. After the fifth year, the most perfectly developed antlers are produced, the horns not unfrequently measuring five feet from root to extremity. The horns are cast annually after the second year, in the months of December and January, but so rapid is the new growth that a complete new set is formed by the August following. As with the deer, the horns are in velvet during the summer months and are so tender that they may be sliced with a knife. When developed, the antlers not unfrequently attain a weight of sixty pounds.

The cow carries her young nine months, and brings forth generally in the month of May.

In the first and second year, one calf is produced at a birth, and after that two.

The moose suffers greatly in warm weather from flies, and most of its time is spent in the water, where it often remains for hours so deeply immersed that only the nose is visible above the surface. It reaches regularly under the water to feed on the lily roots, disappearing entirely the while, thus giving rise to the Indian belief that it can remain all day under water.

The moose swims rapidly and crosses the water from shore to shore with marvellous swiftness.

The skin is valuable for tanning purposes, but is of no value whatever in the fur trade. It is tough and enduring, and largely used for the manufacture of mocassins.

The rutting season commences in September, and during this period the bull feeds but little for days at a

stretch. He roams the forest, proud and defiant, eager to do battle with all comers. His roar resounds throughout the forest, and is answered by the wild, long call of the cow. When the rutting is over, the bull presents another appearance. He is no longer a terror to his foes, but mopes along, gaunt and lean, with head lowered, and staggering limbs. His fall campaign has told upon him, and he goes home to his winter haunts to recuperate and grow strong again.

An indiscriminate slaughter of this noble animal has long threatened the total extinction of the race, and it is probable that the time is not far distant when the moose, like the buffalo, will be seen no more in Canada.

A SONG.

Is love truly what they say
 Him to be ?
 Would he charm a weary way ?
 Would he lend a brightening ray ?
 Would he dwell with me for aye
 Peacefully ?

Hath he not a lingering pain
 For the heart ?
 Hath he not a fever'd brain,
 Off'ring hopes that grow and wane,
 Till our powers are wrecked and slain
 By his art ?

Though his form is passing fair
 To my sight,
 Yet his twinkling eyes declare
 That he layeth me a snare,
 And would take me unaware—
 Luckless wight.

But I fain would try the skill
 Of the boy,
 I would feel his subtle thrill,
 I would do his wanton will,
 But my sad eyes softly fill;
 Where is joy ?

—EDW. A. WICHER.

THE INDIAN MAIDEN'S GRAVE.

BY MRS. TRAILL.

(Author of "Lost in the Backwoods of Canada," "Plant Life," etc., etc.)

She who sleeps within this tomb
Died of constancy alone,
Stranger, fear not to pass her by,
Of nought contagious did she die.

THE above might be a suitable inscription above the grave of the Indian girl whose memorial is here given by one who now is the possessor of the little islet which contains the solitary spot known as Polly Cow's Island.*

As the traveller enters the channel known as the "Narrows" at the northern end of the Katchewanook Lake, before entering the locks—at the village of Young's Point—the eye is attracted by a single spiral, dark, ever-green tree, which forms a striking object in the landscape. Outlined against the sky, it stands forth like a lonely sentinel as if to guard the little wooded island from intruders.

The little island should be held sacred. It contains one solitary grave—the resting-place of a young Indian girl, who bore the unpoetical name of "Polly Cow"—by which name the island is still called by the settlers at the locks.

There is a pathos connected with the traditional story of the life of the poor Indian girl, now forgotten by the inhabitants, even by her own people. She has passed away; only her grave and the name is left, and the strange verdict, "SHE DIED FOR LOVE!"

Died for love? Reader, it is an almost unknown disease in these, our unromantic days, but this is a tale of many years ago, and even the Indians' world has undergone great changes since this poor girl loved and died. Yet what little the writer of this brief memoir gleaned may not be without

some little interest to a few of the travellers that may wish for information on the subject of the little island.

It was in reply to the writer's question to the aged Lock Master, Patrick Young, that the little history told of the poor Indian maiden was learned, though he confessed he had forgotten much about her in the long years that had passed, for he was but a lad when Polly Cow died.

"I helped my brother to make the coffin that she was buried in. It was but a rough one, for we had but scant material and rude tools to work with in those days."

"You knew her well, then?"

"Ay, madam, that I did, and she was pretty and good for that sort," was the ready response.

"What was the cause of her death?"

"It was the heart grief, sure, that killed the poor young thing. She died for love. That was the verdict that they all gave." "Sorrow to him who broke that young girl's heart," he added.

"And who was he, the lover?"

"He was an Indian, like her own people; but, not of their tribe. He came from the far west, we heard, and was the son of some chief or warrior, may-be, and held himself high and haughty-like."

"Polly was the daughter of a chief among his own people, who was known as Handsome Jack, and Captain Jack, and he had the control of all these waters of the lakes and Otonabee river. He was a great man—was Captain Jack, among our Indians"—and here I pause to note that I have since discovered that there is a mention made in the Indian native mis-

NOTE.—A special grant from the Government of the Dominion of Canada, to the aged authoress, Mrs. C. F. Traill.

sionary Peter Jones' Journal of a Rice Lake Indian family of the name of "Jack"—one Captain Jack, his wife and MARY JACK, their daughter. It occurs to the writer that the daughter MARY, maybe the heroine of the island, and the true Christian name has been changed by the settlers of that day to "Polly." The name "Cow" possibly owed its origin to the Indian custom of bestowing the familiar name of some animal or object that was first seen or noticed by the child or her friends at her birth. In this way many original names are lost, and a second one given and retained.

The only Indian person who could have given the writer the facts of the Indian girl's birth and true name is dead—that was "John Rice Lake," the last of the old Indians of Rice Lake. The rest of Polly Cow's history I gleaned by degrees as follows, chiefly from my old Irish friend of the Locks.

I think I hear some one say: what possible interest can any one take in the history of an ignorant Indian girl, and her heathen lover. The human heart is the same, whether it beats in the fair breast of the cultivated European or in that of the simple, uncultured dark-skinned Indian of the western wilderness.

The Indian brave or hunter—we will call him "Red Cloud"—who came from some distant encampment to the wigwam at Stony Lake, had won the heart of the pretty young daughter of Handsome Jack, and was favorably received by the parents at first. Marriage is, or was, an affair settled between the suitor and the elders of the house, or tribe—a sort of bargain, in which some equivalent is expected from the would-be bridegroom. The bride is passive in the affair. In this instance the daughter was only too willing to leave father, mother, and the companions of her childhood, to become the bride of "Red Cloud," the young hunter, whose manly attractions had won her heart. It might be

she had seen him on some special occasion in all the imposing war-dress of his tribe, with the head-dress of feathers, the embroidered tunic and scarf, the fire bag at his girdle, and all the ensignia of the Indian hunter: the tomahawk, the scalping knife and the rifle at his side, or had gazed with womanly taste and longing eye at the string of shells, or antique brooch which clasped the hunting shirt of finely dressed doe-skin he wore. Poor child, for the pride of being the chosen one, she would have joyfully become his willing and devoted slave—and he her idol—but she loved too well but not wisely.

The father, whose expectations had been disappointed by the want of liberality in the suitor, drew back and coldly declined to close the bargain for the hand of his daughter, in spite of the pleading looks and even tears of his child, so the treaty ended, and the offended young brave, "Red Cloud," departed, never again to claim his weeping, would-be bride.

Alas for human love and human woe!

Possibly Red Cloud satisfied himself with the thought that Polly was too young, and that it would be more to his interest to choose a squaw stronger of frame, one who could be more helpful in building the lodge, raising the poles of his wigwam, building the birch canoe, and dressing the skins of the animals he trapped or killed in the chase. Thus he argued as he haughtily strode from the camp—never again to return.

Broken-hearted, the poor girl—she was but a child in years, in guileless, simple faith—pined in secret and in silence over disappointed hopes,

"Too fondly nursed,
Too rudely crost."

Paler and paler grew her cheek; the long tresses of her ebon hair were no longer braided and adorned with the gay feathers of the war-bird (scarlet tanager), with the flaming breast of

the oriole, or glossy green crest of the woodchuck.

No garlands of oak leaves were wound around her slender waist: all roughly now hung the dark locks of hair over her brow, as if trying to hide the hopeless look of despair in the sad, ever downcast eyes: she cast all bright things from her sight, she hated the light.

"She sits in silence and she weeps alone,
Pale as a hunter's day, her hope is gone."

The trembling hands, the hollow cough, told soon its tale to those who had so often noted the glad look of the youthful face, and the laugh and smile which she had ever given as a kindly greeting to the young lads and lasses when they came to the wigwam, or when they met her in the clearings. Poor girl, she shrunk from all notice, she kept aloof from all.

"She could not bear the look of scorn,
Nor pity's eye more dreary."

"How came the Indian girl to be buried on this little island?" we asked of the kind-hearted Irishman from the locks.

He said, "She used to go there during

her illness, and wished, so it was said, to be buried there, and there she was buried." "I was a young lad at the time; now I am far on in my eighties," he added, "I helped my brother to make the coffin for her, and it was a sad, strange sight, that burial; the canoes of her people were all lighted with torches, for it was at night they took her to the burial, and then they put out the lighted brands and raised the death cry "Ah-wo-nomin!" repeated over and over again, till the lone dark woods and waters gave back the wild, mournful sound.

"Was there no kindly christian prayer spoken for that poor girl's soul?"

"No, madam, no, I think not. Poor Polly was but an Indian haythen."

Over that lowly grave nature with kindly hand has spread a verdant pall. A native vine now wreathes the spot of earth which covers the remains of the poor Indian maiden, remembered only by one aged kindly heart who knew her in her youth. Even her Indian name is unknown. No one of her people lives to record it. Such is life.

*Lines by Hampden Burnham on the death of the Indian
girl, Polly Cow.*

Hark! While the linnet sings in yonder tree o'erhead
The requiem-song of the poor Indian maid
Who slumbers in her grave; nor let your tread
Wake her sweet spirit, in the forest dim
That sleeping dreams, and ever dreams of him
Who false, as she was faithful, gave to death
Her lowly love—and the mournful wind's breath
Sighs o'er her grave, while yet the linnet sings;
For thus the heart to heart forever brings
The last, sad, tender tribute to the dead.

DECORATIVE NEEDLEWORK.

BY M. A. LEITH WRIGHT.

THE subject of Embroidery, or Decorative Needlework, treated as an art, opens up a field so limitless, both in the past and present, perhaps, also, in the future, that one feels it hopeless in a single paper to do more than touch on some of its more salient features, and consider some of the practical applications of it which are being made at the present moment.

The wide catholicity of the styles now practised and taught in the different schools of embroidery, and the numerous decorative societies, both in Europe and America, as well as the very marked originality displayed by some of them, seems to form our strongest ground for believing that the revival of the ancient but almost entirely extinct art of Decorative Needlework, may have come to stay with us; and, of course, under ever-varying conditions, influence the work of our women for at least some time to come. Of set purpose, I avoid the use of that much enduring and long-suffering term, Art Needlework, always spelled with a large A, and often so sadly misapplied; sounding in our ears, till we have grown weary, and fain to take up hemming dusters instead.

When I speak of this craft as having been totally lost for some centuries, I only mean, of course, as far as Great Britain is concerned: ecclesiastical embroidery, at least, having always existed in continental countries, as well as the domestic and national work of each country, among its peasantry.

Decorative Needlework contains within itself all the necessary elements of art—and as one of the tangible expressions of the Science of Beauty, it is strictly subject to all

the laws which govern that science, whether of color, harmony, proportion or composition—just as painting and sculpture are. We may possibly only be allowed to claim for it a secondary place as regards these sister arts, but certainly our ground is sure when we claim for it an antiquity beyond theirs.

Time with us is too short in these *fin-de-siècle* days, life is too hurried and densely crowded, to allow us to spend time, labor, and money as lavishly as they did in the old days on this art, which is a craft as well. Whether our work is done merely for pleasure and relaxation, or for money, needs must be that we study the quickest, most effective ways of working out our ideas, so as to obtain the best possible effect with the fewest number of stitches—a proceeding, however, apt to prove disastrous without the needful training of the eye and the skill of a practised hand—and not in any way to be identified with haste or careless stitchery.

Some great authorities of the day do not, however, approve of this concession to the spirit of the age; notably, Mr. William Morris, in whose work-rooms the most wonderful and lovely wall-hangings, and other large pieces of embroidery, are executed, under the direction of a well-known lady; pieces, of which the whole ground is worked in the finest cushion stitch, in silk, so that not a thread of the material worked on is shown. The effect is very beautiful, and much more real and lasting than a woven tapestry—but the stitches used, varieties of the ancient *Opus Pulvinarium*, are so close and regular that even a practised hand can only do a few square inches in a day. Of course,

the cost of production is, therefore, very great; one piece of Mr. Morris' designing, which was worked at the Royal School of Art Needlework, South Kensington, is valued at fifty pounds sterling the square yard, and was ordered by the Hon. Mrs. Wyndham, for a bed hanging.

Last year, however, Mr. Morris' daughter made a somewhat new departure, and showed at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition in London a coverlet of hand-woven linen, on which she had worked one of her father's poems, in brown crewel, with beautiful scroll work and borders of her own design.

Among the innumerable uses now found for original designs and embroidery, coverlets, or bed-quilts, are very popular now, as they have ever been—lending themselves, as they do, to almost any kind of fabric and any style of work—from the rich white satin, heavy with gold embroidery, in solid carpet-stitch, after the Spanish manner, worked at the before-mentioned Royal School, for the Countess of Brownlow, to the homely workhouse sheeting one, with lovely natural honeysuckle in crewels, which H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg, worked for herself, to match her bedroom curtains, which were of the same materials and design. This fashion of coverlets was gaining favor in Chicago last winter, where I saw some very fine all over designs being prepared for ladies' own working by the Society of Decorative Art there.

Screens, also, either draught, or for fire-places, or the small table ones, show off good work and designs effectively, besides being extremely useful. Generally speaking, pieces of work which call in the aid of an artistic cabinet-maker to mount them prove by far the most satisfactory, retaining their beauty and freshness to an indefinite time—I mean screens, panels for cabinets, fronts for pianos, and other things which suggest themselves easily; and even work not in-

tended for mounting, such as heavy table-covers, portières, couvettes, and curtains of all kinds, which last much longer when treated professionally, after the embroideress has done her part.

Space will not allow me to treat at length, as I should like to do, the beautiful effects we may obtain in cut work, or appliqué, as it is usually called, the old *Opus Concutum*, either inlaid or onlaid. All the most costly articles can be pressed into the service of this branch of decorating; and for curtains, table, and billiard-table covers and hangings, the richest effects are obtained with comparatively little work, and that of a very fascinating and amusing kind. Velvet on silk or cloth, in some rich design of the Renaissance, or of the more severe modern Gothic, with outlines of heavy gold cord, and worked up with gold thread, or pasing, as it is called; or else couched in silk, and partly embroidered, will yield results, in the hands of one who loves color and harmony, far in excess of the labor or time expended.

Church needlework includes all this, and very much more, bringing into use all the ancient gold and couching stitches which make the 14th and 15th century vestments such mines of instruction and interest to any worker who is fortunate in having opportunities of studying them, both in England and abroad—all these ancient stitches being used now, as then, in working vestments, frontals, tabernacle curtains, veils, and all else of ecclesiastical use or ornament, down to book-markers and sermon cases.

The late Rev. Dr. Rock says, "The art of working with the needle, flowers, fruits, human and animal forms, and other fanciful designs, on woven fabrics, is so old that it reaches far into the pre-historic ages." We are apt to think of Penelope as being a sort of pioneer in this department of civilization; but we find embroidery

depicted on Assyrian and Egyptian sculptures, probably ages before she began her rather protracted task of weaving a shroud for her father-in-law.

But, briefly, the periods of the craft which have most interest for us, date from the time when the Phrygians worked gorgeous vestments for the Romans; from them all embroidery was called Phrygium, and an embroiderer, Phrygis; when the work was in gold, it was called "Auri-phrygium," hence our word "orphreys."

From Italy the art spread all over Europe, reaching its best in England in the 15th century. The *Opus Anglicanum* became very famous, and much of it is now to be found all over the continent of Europe, partly from much of it having been sent over for safety at the Reformation; so that, alas! very few specimens are now to be found in its ancient home. The finest and almost perfect piece known is the Syon Cope, now in the South Kensington Museum.

The beautiful Dunstable Pall, and that one belonging to the Fishmongers' Company, are grand examples of what is called the *Opus Plumarium*, or feather stitch; a stitch so old that it is thought that it was used in the hangings of the tabernacle in the wilderness.

After this period, the decline was very rapid, degenerating about the reign of James I., into that style of which so many specimens are to be met with in old collections; chiefly caskets and boxes, adorned with ambitious subjects, scriptural and historical—the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon, perhaps—the figures stuffed into high relief, with wool or cotton, dressed scrupulously in the costume of the existing period, with wigs worked in silver purl, or a wonderful knotted stitch—infinite trouble and ingenuity wasted on the exquisite lace stitches on their ruffles, on all the minutiae of the foregrounds the whole effect

childish and grotesque beyond words. If this had happened at the beginning of English art, instead of at the end, it would have been amusing to look at now; but as it is, one finds it rather depressing, as no continental art has ever sunk so low.

Then followed tambour work, in imitation of Indian chintzes; and then we lost a glorious opportunity of reviving and bringing a fresh element into our art. The East Indian Company was just formed, the Indian trade was all our own, and we might have brought over skilled embroiderers from India, and founded an Indo-English school of decoration, which might have surpassed anything ever known. But a cruel and mistaken policy, instigated chiefly, it is thought, by the jealousy of the Broderers' Company, not only forbade this, but shut out from England all embroidered stuffs from India, of any kind whatever. Acting on a very different policy, the Portuguese used to send out their own silks and satins, to be embroidered at Goa; hence the treasures of oriental needle-work now to be found in Spain and Portugal. By this action on the part of the British Government the death blow seemed to be given to our art in England, and the final downfall was soon followed by the advent of the Berlin wool pattern, which, as we know, had pretty much, though not altogether, its own way for the best part of a century. During that time, efforts were made at intervals in a higher direction, with only limited success. Early in the reign of George III., a school was started at Aylesbury, by a Mrs. Pawsey, for teaching ladies to embroider in crewels and silk, and very beautiful work was done, rather in the French style. Groups of the school, and baskets of flowers, most artistic in design and execution, in crewels touched up with silk, are to be found in many country houses. A magnificent purple satin bed, embroidered for Queen Charlotte, by Mrs. Paw-

sey, is now in Hampton Court Palace.

The name of Miss Moritt of Rokeby, is also held in honor by all students of the art of decorative needle-work; and one or two more there are, but with these exceptions it remained as *caviare* to the general, until somewhere in the later sixties, when a desire for better things than wool-work slippers, and beaded tea cosies sprung up, due mainly to the Pre-Raphaelite revival, and the influence of Walter Crane and his congeners in special decorative work, not least, Mr. Ruskin, though he has perhaps done more for the improvement of textiles by his hand industries, than in the actual direction of needle-work.

In 1872, the Royal School of Art Needle-work was founded, and has seen a glorious career ever since, both reviving and following the styles of every century, restoring pieces of ancient work almost to their original beauty, with silk and crewels especially dyed to match those changed by time, but also executing splendid nineteenth century work of original design, or from those supplied especially by architects, such as the ten sets of magnificent curtains, worked for the Manchester Town Hall, from designs

by Mr. Waterhouse. Of these curtains, a most competent judge and critic said to me recently, that he had never realized, till he happened to see those curtains in their place, the possibilities in decoration of the needle, used in strict subordination to the laws of harmony and proportion.

In conclusion I would say, in all work let the design be full of intention, the stitching perfect—not necessarily labored or fine—and the materials, whether coarse or fine, the best of their kind.

I am so often asked, in regard to designs of flowers, why not go direct to nature, *copy* them with the needle, without any drawing, or conventionalizing in any way? Surely, say these realists, nature must always be right, *just as she is*. To all such one may reply, in substance, at least, in the words of Mr. E. J. Poynter:—"It is difficult for every one, and impossible for the untrained, to decide on what is true to nature and what is not. Any one can see the broad external facts of nature, but a life-time of observation is required to see its deeper truths and to reproduce them in art."



A NEW BOOK OF POEMS.

BY J. E. WETHERELL.

Additions to Canadian poetic literature have been of late both numerous and notable. In the autumn of last year, lovers of poetry were favored with volumes of verse by Mr. Roberts, Mr. Carman, Mr. Campbell, and Mr. D. C. Scott. Now comes to hand a dainty little volume by Frederick George Scott*. This is Mr. Scott's third venture on the perilous sea of letters, his earlier books being "The Soul's Quest"—a volume of verse—and "Elton Hazlewood," a novel of much merit. An author who has passed muster creditably on two former occasions, and has given promise of better things to come, cannot but pique the reviewer's curiosity when public attention is challenged for the third time. Let us look at the quality of Mr. Scott's latest work.

The first thing that strikes the attention of the reader is that Mr. Scott's is essentially an old-world voice. It is true that the poet is a Canadian, having been born in Montreal a little over thirty years ago, but hereditary influence, education, a sojourn of some years in England, and his rectorial life (in Drummondville, Quebec), all have kept his tone essentially English. There is scarcely a poem or a stanza in this book that might not have been written in England by an Englishman. Yes, even the beautiful poem, "In the Woods" (p. 89), one of the few nature-lyrics Mr. Scott has given us, might have been written by an Englishman—even the lines :—

"and the white snow lying
Pencilled with shadows of bare boughs above."

Although Canadian-born, Mr. Scott is too cosmopolitan to be a Canadian. Some one has wittily defined a cosmopolitan as "one who is at home even in his own country." But here we have a poet who will not even be so cosmopolitan as that. He is indigenous in birth and exotic in bloom. Even his favorite birds are the ubiquitous and clamorous English sparrows (avaunt with them!)—

"The sparrows are my matin-bell,
Each day my heart rejoices,
When, from the trellis where they dwell,
They call me with their voices."

One would like to believe that the poet's darlings are song-sparrows, or even chipping-sparrows, but "the trellis where they dwell" dispels such a kind supposition. *Passer domesticus* has a favorite place to dwell, and worst of all—he has a distinctive "voice."

Having said that Mr. Scott is quite insularly English, one has said almost the only representative thing to be said of him, and that is a venial fault, for there are more dreadful things among authors than to be bred English to the marrow of the bones. Only one is a little disappointed by the absence of all native flavor from poems which probably owe very much to native environment.

Nearly all the poems in this book have appeared during the last six years in Canadian journals, and some of them have attracted much attention. Readers of *The Week* will remember the virile and haunting poem, "Samson" (p. 4). Ah, the horror of it !

"Day by day the mould I smell
Of this fungus-blistered cell ;
Nightly in my haunted sleep
O'er my face the lizards creep.

Gyves of iron scrape and burn
Wrists and ankles when I turn,
And my collared neck is raw
With the teeth of brass that gnaw."

And the splendid strength of it !

"Give me splendor in my death—
Not this sick'ning dungeon breath,
Creeping down my blood like slime,
Till it wastes me in my prime.

Give me back for one blind hour,
Half my former rage and power,
And some giant crisis send,
Meet to prove a hero's end.

Then, O God, Thy mercy show—
Crush him in the overthrow,
At whose life they scorn and point,
By its greatness out of joint."

Mr. Scott's characteristic quality is strength. He delights in all forms and

*"My Lattice, and other Poems," by Frederick George Scott. —William Briggs, Toronto.

exhibitions of power. This power-worship dominates his very choice of subjects. Now it is Samson, now the great god Thor, now Prometheus, now the valorous Dion, now Columbus the venturous, now the great King Solomon. When it is not a great man or a great god, it is a great and masterful thought, as in "Natura Victrix" or "In Via Mortis."

There is one poem in this volume which the reviewer implores the reader to read only when his nerves are strong and his brain is buoyant. "The Frenzy of Prometheus" (p. 34) is almost appalling in its terrific breadth of scenery and power of insane imagination. The phlegmatic reader will, of course, laugh at the gigantic pretension of it; the imaginative reader, who sees fierce old Prometheus with senses and mind and imagination reeling under age-long torture and forced and monotonous inaction, will shiveringly admire the genuine genius that could create such awful possibilities. The reader will need to beware of stumbling on his way over such a great climax as this:

"I would have all, know all. I thirst and pant
And hunger for the universe. Now from the earth,
Beneath thy rays, O Sun, the steams arise,
Sheeting the world's dead face in film of cloud,
The voices of the dead. Peace, let me be.
Go on thy way, spent power, leave me here
To reign in silence, rave and scorn and hate,
To glory in my strength, tear down the skies,
Trample the crumbling mountains under foot,
Laugh at the tingling stars, burn with desire
Unconquerable, till the universe
Is shattered at the core, its splinters flung
By force centrifugal beyond the light,
Until the spent stars from their orbits reel,
And, hissing down the flaming steps of space,
With voice of fire proclaim me God alone."

"In Via Mortis" is a poem with a very broad canvas,—too broad for effective treatment—but we can overlook weak spots in the piece on account of the abounding merit of such stanzas as this:

"I know you not, great forms of giant kings,
Who held dominion in your iron hands,
Who toyed with battles and all valorous things,
Counting yourselves as gods when on the sands
Ye piled the earth's rock fragments in an heap
To mark and guard the grandeur of your sleep,
And quaffed the cup which death, our mother,
brings."

"The Feud" (p. 31), is a strong dramatic ballad. Its force and conciseness

are admirable. The novelty and sense of harmony in the similitudes employed stamp the author as a true artist. What could be finer than these?—"Like the gleam of a salmon in the net,"—"Like the scream of a gull as he wheels o'er a grave,"—"As swift as the rain through the teeth of the air."

Mr. Scott's masterpiece is without doubt his legendary ballad "Thor." It is a splendid piece of flawless art, and worthy of extended comment. The limitations of this review will admit of only a brief quotation. The poet has made of his myth an allegory, and this is the ethical trend which it takes:

"Not a mere shadow is sin,
Clinging like wine to the lips,
To be wiped from the mouth and the chin
After man taketh a sip;
But a poison that lurketh within.

The forces that hold back the sea,
That grapple the earth from beneath,
Are not older than those which decree
The marriage of sin unto death,
In the sinner, whoever he be."

That doctrine is a good tonic in these *fin de siècle* days of "Trilby," "The Manxman," and innumerable lesser lights of fiction.

This article must conclude with a sweet lyric of affection. The piece is quoted, not because it is remarkable for anything, but to show that Mr. Scott's talent does not run in one groove:

"The days and weeks are going, love,
The years roll on apace,
And the hand of time is showing, love,
In the care-lines on thy face;

But the tie that binds our hearts, love,
In the morning's golden haze,
Is a tie that never parts, love,
With the passing of the days.

For though Death's arm be strong, love,
Our love its light shall shed,
And like a glorious song, love,
Will live when Death is dead."

Here, then, is a new volume of verse which is sure to attract the attention and win the admiration of all Canadians who take pride in the development of a Canadian literature. Would that Mr. Scott were a little more Mr. Scott of our own.

GABLE ENDS.

HANDCAR 249.

Number 249 ?

Thar she lies by the frog,
Painted yellor an' brown
Like a blame Injun dog ;
Looks better you say,
She's ahead uv 'em all,
Thar's no han'car kin tech her
This side Montreal.

Eh ! wuz you on the gang,
When she got on thet gait
When the track got afire ?
Hol' on pard jest wait ;
Hi ! Noskay, this dude
Sez he worked on the line,
When the boys made that run
On ole 249.

Do I drink ? Well, sometimes,
I don't mind ef I do ;
Clear rye, can't be beat ;
Here's lookin' at you ;
Now I tumble ; you're him
With the tape an' the reel
On th' Engineer's staff
When we wuz layin' steel.

Thar wuz four thousand cords
Went up in thet blaze,
An' the bush wuz like hell,
Full of cinders fer days,—
Them Dagos thet worked
In Dean Lake gravel-pit,
An' their cursed smudge fires
Wuz th' startin' uv it :

Jest how, I dunno,
Can't locate th' spot
I run th' steam shovel,
An' Lord !—it wuz hot :
Nine yards to a car,
Till I heerd someone shout
“ Th' woods is afire, Bill,
You'd better git out.”

I got, none too soon,
An' climbed onter th' dump,
An' my boots wuz all scorched,
An' my throat in a lump ;

Then th' ties 'gun ter smoke,
An' we shovelled an' cussed,
In th' heat an' th' smoke,
Dunno which wuz th' wust.

Then th' Chief, him thet's dead,
God care fur his soul,
Comes up quiet, an' said,
“ Boys, we've got in a hole ;
Number seven is due
An' th' wires is all gone,
An' we've got ter stop her,
'Ere's a han'car : jump on.”

Now, as you kin b'leeve
We kinder hel' back ;
War'nt skeered, jest ter git
A squint down th' track ;
An' we saw th' red flame
Shootin' out 'cross th' rails,
Fur th' cordwood hed took
An' t'wuz blowin' great gales :

Then, ez you kin imagine,
Things looked purty sick ;
An' th' Chief says “ Come on, lads
Play trumps or no trick ;”
An' somebody grumbled,
“ One twenty a day
Fur this kind uv labor
Ain't extry much pay.”

By this time the track
Buckled up on th' ties ;
Th' spikes tuk ter drawin'
An' rails gun ter rise ;
When we heerd a faint rattle
Away down th' line,
An' I sez “ Fur ten dollars
Thet's 249.”

An' it wuz ; we cud see 'em
A pumpin' like steam ;
When the fire blowed acrost
They wuz gone like a dream :
But they kept her a humpin',
An' traveled thet fast,
'Ere a bad place cud ditch 'em
T'wuz over an' past.

They come in breathin' hard,
No wind left ter speak,

We cud see whar the flame
 Tuk one cuss in the cheek ;
 They had stopped number seven,
 What we dassent do,
 Grabbed ole 249
 An' hed hustled her through :

Then th' boss sorter smiled
 In a quiet sorter way,
 An' says " Thet'll do, lads,
 Won't need yez ter day : "
 An' we went : kinder pleased,
 An' yit kinder mad,
 Fer he meant t' would ha' bin
 A bad job ef he had.

So thar she stands now
 In her brown yeller paint.
 An' the lef hin' wheel flat
 Like a varnished up saint.
 You jest bet she kin travel
 Jump up ; an' thet's all
 Fer ter shew thar's none like her.
 This side Montreal.

—ALAN SULLIVAN.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

The following epitaphs were copied by the writer's father many years ago from burying places in various parts of Great Britain and Ireland, and some of them appear in print probably for the first time.

This is from a stone in Dalkeith church-yard, Scotland :

[" On Margaret Scot, who died at Dalkeith, in Scotland, 14th February, 1748, aged 12½ years. "]

Stop, passenger, until my life you've read ;
 The living may get knowledge from the dead.
 5 times 5 years I lived a virgin life,
 10 times 5 years I was a virtuous wife,
 10 times 5 years I lived a widow chaste,
 Now tired of a mortal life I rest.
 I from my cradle to my grave have seen
 Eight mighty kings of Scotland and a queen ;
 Four times the commonwealth I saw,
 Four times the subjects raised against the law.
 Twice did I see old prelacy pull'd down,
 And twice the cloak was humbled by the gown ;
 An end of Stuart's race I saw, nay more,
 I saw my country sold for English ore ;
 Such desolations in my days have been,
 I have an end of all perfections seen."

Epitaph in Ireland :

" Here lies Pat Steel, that's very true ;
 Who was he ? What was he ? What's that to you ? "

In Aldine church :

" Here lies Sir John Trollop
 Who made these stones to roll up,
 When God Almighty took his soul up,
 His body went to fill this hole up."

At Nettlebed, Oxfordshire :

" Here lies father and mother and sister and I ;
 We all died in the short space of one year.
 They be all buried at Wimble except I,
 And I be buried here."

In Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk :

" Here lies Jane Kitchen,
 Who when her glass was spent,
 She kicked up her heels
 And away she went."

In Islington church-yard :

" Pray for the soul of Gabriel John,
 Who died in the year sixteen hundred and one,
 Or if you don't, it is all one."

In Pulleyn's church the following is given as the epitaph on a libertine :

" Here lies the vilest dust of the sinful wretch
 That even the devil delayed to fetch,
 But the reader will grant it was needless he should,
 When he was coming as fast as he could."

Epitaph :

" Andrew Thompson lieth here,
 Who had a mouth from ear to ear ;
 Reader, tread lightly on his sod,
 For if he gape, you're gone"

At Thetford church is the following :

" My grandfather was buried here,
 My cousin Jane and two uncles dear ;
 My father perished with inflammation in his
 thighs,
 And my sister dropped down dead in the Minorities ;
 But the reason why I'm here interred, according
 to my thinking,
 Is owing to my good living and hard drinking.
 If, therefore, good Christians, you wish to live long,
 Don't drink too much wine, brandy, gin, or any-
 thing strong."

A blacksmith's epitaph at Ipswich, Suffolk :

" My hammer and anvil I have declin'd,
 My bellows, too, have lost their wind,
 My fire's extinct, my forge is decayed,
 And in the dust my vice is laid."

Epitaph on an ignorant sot :

" Five letters his life and his death will express—
 He scarce knew A. B. C., and he died of X. S."

Epitaph in West Grinstead church-yard :

" Vast, strong was I, but yet I did die,
 And in my grave asleep I lie ;
 My grave is stoned round about,
 But I hope that God will find me out."

Epitaph copied from a grave stone in the church-yard of St. Philip's Norton, on James Burnett, who died, aged 85, in 1818 :

" Since all that's mortal turns to dust,
 Reader, be humble and be just ;
 'Twill ease thy mind of anxious care,
 And soothe thy passage God knows where."

Epitaph on a soldier :

" Death billeted me here, awhile for to remain,
 And when the trumpet sounds I'll rise and march
 again."

Epitaph at Coomb Martin, Devon :

"Here lies John Swab, of this town, leaving six young children and a disconsolate widow, who carries on the business as usual, at the sign of the sugar loaf, where great bargains continue to be had, particularly in linen and snuff."

Here is another epitaph :

"Here Nellie Griggs is free from her labors,
Who was a great deal better than most of her neighbours,

She was not so drunken as Farmer Hale is,
Nor half such a swearer as Thomas Ballis ;
She did not, like Dame Smith, grudge her dog his bonesis,

And was far more pious than Parson Jones is."

The following is copied *verbatim et literatim* from the church-yard at Ercall-Magna, near Wellington, Salop :

"Elizabeth, the wife of Richard Backlamb, passed to eternity on Sunday, 21st May, 1797, in the 71st year of her age."

"Richard Backlamb, the ante-spouse uxorius, was interred here 27th January, 1806, aged 84."

"When terrestrial all in chaos shall exhibit effervescence,

Shall with beaming beauteous radiance thro' the ebullition shine,

Transcending to glorious regions beatifical, sublime,

Human power, absorbed, deficient to delineate such

Efulgent lasting sparks,

Where honest plebeians ever shall have precedence o'er ambiguous great monarchs."

PHILIP LAWDESHAYNE.

Toronto.

OUTCLASSED.

I used in my bygone times to think
That of all the fiends I knew,
The worst was the miscreant who says—
"Is it cold enough for you?"

But latterly I've met a wretch
Who's viler altogether,
The chap who says, with a grin inane,
"It's seasonable weather."

For the merry spring brings glad surcease
To the "cold enough" villain's crime,
But the "seasonable weather" fiend
Is with us all the time.

P. T.

TIMILY.

"I bring a sonnet on balmy spring"
Said the poet. "Ere April's prime
I have hastened my tribute of verse
to bring,
In hopes it will be in time."

"Too late, too late," the editor said,
"You should'nt have been so slow,
Our vernal warblings were all in hand
A couple of months ago."

The poet smiled with a smile serene,
"You have misunderstood, that's clear :
When I spoke of being in time, I meant,
Of course, for the spring—next year."
P. T.

A BIRTHDAY NOTE.

Born when birds—whose gladsome song
Rang through all the Summer-time,
Gather'd in a chattering throng—
Take their flight to warmer clime,
Thou their place dost more than fill,
Bringing into cold, dark days
Warmth, that naught avails to chill—
Light, and music's richer lays.

When the swallow and the thrush
Leave the barn, forsake the bush ;
When the snow, with shimmering veil,
Hides departed Autumn's trail ;
Seated in the ruddy light
Of the hearth fire's flickering blaze,
While thy fond look, touch and voice,
Make my full heart cry "rejoice!"
Sweeter is the Winter's night
Than lone Summer's loveliest days.

Speed the birds ! Watch the trees fade
From the rosy to the sad ;
Bind upon the river's breast
Her white armour ; drop her crest
On the fir-top ; case in mail,
Diamonded and glistening,
Leafless branch and twig, and bring
Icicles whence dripped the spring,
Let the bleak wind mourn and wail,
Scream and shriek as grows the gale,
Spitting sleet, and hurling hail!
Thou art sunshine, and thy love
Warmer than the Summer glows,
When 'tis cloudless blue above,
And earth's strewn with apple-blows.

"ORAC"

LI HUNG CHANG.

BY PROF. JOHN J. MC CARTHY.

THE Viceroy Li Hung Chang is the real head of the Chinese Government. The strong determination in his face, is in

rather striking contrast to the few pictures of the young Emperor which have reached the public. These show him to be a young man of an amiable, though weak, disposition, which, in view of his life and education, is not a matter of wonder. He leads an entirely artificial existence, surrounded by wily courtiers, and excluded from any participation in the life of his people, or, for that matter, in genuine life of any kind. He has tutors, valets, and everything that luxury and unlimited resources can supply, but he has no real knowledge of life; even when he gives an audience to a foreigner, or to a petitioning subject, it is in the presence of his Viceroy, of whom Li Hung Chang is the foremost. This old man of Chihli, is not only a Viceroy, but occupies the same place as Roseberry does to-day, Premier of a great empire. Li Hung Chang was born in the Aun-Hei province on the 16th of February, 1823. He is not a Manchu, like the present Emperor, but a full-blooded Chinaman, and it is said that any disturbance looking to a restoration of the native line would bring Li Hung Chang close to the throne, despite his age. He is 71 years old, and his chances are probably aided by the fact that he is the head of an army of 30,000 men who have been drilled by foreign officers. In 1860, when he was Governor of the Thiang-Sin province, he assisted Col. Gordon in suppressing the Taeping rebellion. Later, the other Thiang province was added to his rule, and he was created Viceroy of the united countries in 1865. A year later, he was made Minister Plenipotentiary, and in the following year became Viceroy of Hong Kuang In

1868, he became Grand Chancellor. He permits coal mining and coast steamer traffic to be carried on by the English, and the fact that he is thought to be favorable to railroads is quoted as another instance of his broadminded views. He has also founded a steamship line, and is favorable to European exploitation of China. He represents the progressive party in China, and his introduction of the telegraph, machinery and European industrial methods has been accomplished with the greatest opposition from the mandarins of every degree. The Emperor, whose name is Kuang Hsü, is still young—about 23. The young Emperor is known by sight to very few people, for he cannot appear in public, and when he goes abroad it is usually in a close sedan chair, with guards along each side of the road to prevent intruders from gazing at his sacred person. He lives in a great palace, surrounded by a wall through which nobody but the court officials ever penetrate without special permission. He learns as much of what goes on in his empire as the Viceroy sees fit to tell him. He is of frail physique, and in very delicate health, and the life of the palace is said to be such that it would be possible to remove him without any real knowledge of the affair ever becoming public. His 23rd birth-day anniversary took place on Aug. 15th, and was celebrated on a scale of magnificence which is impossible to understand. There is no law of hereditary succession to the throne, but it is left to each sovereign to appoint his successor from among the members of his family of a younger generation than his own.

BOSTON, MASS.



ASTRONOMICAL NOTES FOR JANUARY.

As was the case in December, Jupiter will be the most conspicuous stellar object in the night sky during January. Having come to opposition on the 22nd of December, this planet will throughout January be visible practically all night long. Not even excepting Saturn, Jupiter (with his belts, spots and ever-circling moons, easily observed in telescopes of moderate power), is without doubt the most interesting of the planetary bodies. During January there will be a ceaseless train of phenomena, of which some of the most noteworthy may be mentioned. January 2, at 9 57, Satellite I. will commence to transit the planet's disc, and be followed at 10.14, by this moon's shadow. On the 3rd, at 8.56, Satellite III. will transit, and be followed by its shadow at 10.10; the transit will last until 11.45, but the moon's shadow will remain visible until 1 a.m., on the 14th. As a rule, the satellites become visible, even in good telescopes, after they appear to get well in on the planet, but III. is occasionally an exception, crossing Jupiter like a spot as black as its own shadow. Whilst one watches these phenomena, one may form some conception of the appearance, from a distant point, of our own moon's shadow, flitting over the earth's surface during a total eclipse of the sun, for each transit of a satellite across the face of Jupiter, so far as the central track of the shadow of the satellite is concerned, occasions a total eclipse of the sun. On the 7th, at 10.23 p.m., Satellite III. will, in passing on the further side of Jupiter, as seen from the earth, disappear, first behind the planet and then into the planet's shadow, and be lost sight of until 2.46 a.m., when it will reappear like a dim, brown ball, gradually brightening as it emerges from the penumbra of the shadow into the sun-light. On the 9th, after 6.13, Satellite II. and its shadow may be visible on the planet. II. sometimes transits as a black spot; the satellite will emerge from the disc at 7.56, and the shadow will follow at 8.51. On the 11th, Satellite I. will transit at 8.23,

and be followed by its shadow at 8.54. On the 16th, at 7.37, Satellite II. will transit; shadow following at 8.50. On the 21st, satellite III. will disappear behind Jupiter at 5.05, and reappear from occultation at 7.54, only to disappear again into the planet's shadow at 8.02, where it will remain eclipsed until 10.48; for some minutes prior to complete eclipse, and prior to reappearance, the moon may be visible as a brown ball. On the 25th, Satellite III. will transit at 6.58, and actually leave the planet 22 minutes (or at 9.47) before its shadow becomes apparent; this shadow will be visible until 1.04 a.m. On the night of the 25th, also, and for the first time in two years, the shadow of Satellite IV. will make a transit of Jupiter visible from the earth, its passages during that period having been either above or below the planet. This transit will commence at 5.39, and end at 6.46. On the 28th, Satellite III. will be occulted by the planet at 8.32, and reappear at 11.22, and disappear by eclipse in Jupiter's shadow at 12.03 a.m., re-appearing at 2.50. During the month there will be many other interesting phenomena.

The positions of the other planets are scarcely noteworthy. Mars is rapidly passing over to the west, and becoming so distant that surface detail is being lost in the telescope. Venus is working her way to her best position as an evening star, and Mercury is behind the sun.

On New Year's night, the moon will, at 8.21, occult Phi Aquarii, a 4th magnitude star. If the conditions be favorable, this phenomenon should be easily visible in an opera glass. On the evening of the 12th, Y. Cancri, 4th mag., will also be occulted. On the night of February 3rd, commencing at 9.18, and ending at 9.53 the less than half-moon will occult five members of the Pleiade group. With a fine sky, this event should prove to be one of the most interesting of the year, as these stars will apparently be blotted out of the heavens by the dark edge of the moon.—G. E. L.



BOOK NOTICES.

Christian Creeds and Confessions. By G. A. GUMBLICH, Ph. D., translated from the German by L. A. WHEATLEY. New York, London, and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

This volume presents in brief, concise style the leading characteristics, or rather the leading differences, in the creeds of Christendom, including those of the smaller sects. Of course, the differences between Roman Catholics and the larger Protestant bodies receive much attention. The work does not discuss the various differences set forth, but simply presents them with their historical settings. The author, while evidently viewing matters largely from the point of view of his own church, preserves in great measure the attitude of an impartial writer. The volume will prove of interest to all who wish to learn briefly the distinguishing features of the many churches of Christendom.

Benedict's Stranger. London: The Religious Tract Society. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

This is a short and simple story, well written, and calculated to interest young people.

Isabella of Castile. By MAJOR GEN. O. O. HOWARD, U. S. Army, with illustrations by F. A. Carter. New York, London and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

The revived interest in all that relates to Columbus and his associations makes the volume a most timely one. The author, Major General Howard, who has within the past few months resigned his official duties, amidst general expressions of regret by the press of the United States, has worthily dealt before with historical subjects. If his style is not so felicitous as that of several other historians of the day, it must be said that the broad human nature, the charity which makes allowance for the individual surroundings which bias the views and actions of darker ages than our own, and the enthusiasm with which the author enters into the history of his heroes and heroines, and the highly moral and religious vein which he shows in judging events, give his writing a flavor which the reader will appreciate. The subject matter of the volume, it need scarcely be said, is of remarkable interest. Isabella's wars with the Moors, and the final extinction of Saracen dominion in Spain, are described with the pen of a soldier. And fully does the author show his admiration for the noble queen's bravery and political aspirations, and for her constancy to Columbus in the tedious delays

and terrible discouragements which marked his attempts to achieve his great life purpose. The volume is well illustrated, not only in its full-page cuts, but in the beautiful marginal designs which give glimpses of life in Spain.

Oliver Goldsmith. A selection from his works, with introduction, by E. E. HALE. New York, London, and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

This book, which is well printed and well bound, will be appreciated by the many who know Oliver Goldsmith only through his two most famous productions "The Deserted Village," and "The Traveller." In moderate compass, and with good taste, a fuller glimpse is given of the versatility and grace of a writer who, perhaps more almost than any other of the writers of last century, has found a place in the affections of the English-speaking peoples.

Selected Essays of Joseph Addison. With an Introduction By Prof. T. WINCHESTER. New York, London, and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

"To read Addison's best papers is to take a lesson in good manners as well as in good literature," says Prof. Winchester in his introduction to these selections, and perhaps that is the best apology that could be made for this volume of less than 200 pages. When the *Spectator* is so common a work in private families, the making of a selection from its pages seems almost useless. Still, it must be said that the selections made in this little volume from the "Spectator," "Tatler" and "Guardian" are made with excellent judgment, though perhaps they will add little to a better knowledge of the inner life and of the elegant diction of Addison.

Ninety-Five. A Calendar with selections from Canadian writers, and drawings by members of the Toronto Art Students' League. Toronto: Toronto Art Students' League, 75 Adelaide St. East.

To those who love art, this little publication, which follows several other annual ones of like nature, will be welcome. The poetic selections, which are from W. W. Campbell, Bliss Carman, Duncan Campbell Scott, Pauline Johnson, Lampman, Roberts, and other Canadian writers, are chosen with reference to the particular seasons of the year, and are beautifully illustrated by etchings. The issue seems to be superior to previous ones, and is altogether most creditable to the League and to its President, under whose direction the calendar appears. In paper and printing too, the calendar is all that could be desired.