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AT SUNSET.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

APRIL, 1894.

No. 6.

EMBLEMS AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.

BY H. SPENCER HOWELL.

MANKIND, in all ages and in nearly every land, has shown a desire to have associated with his own identity some peculiar mark or symbol as an emblem characteristic of his family, his attainments or his place of residence. These insignia—carved in stone, in ivory and in gold, painted on wood, or worked in silk and woollen fabrics—have represented almost everything in the animal and the vegetable world; yet they were not chosen in an indiscriminate manner and without meaning, but with due consideration for the appropriateness thereof, as tokens to perpetuate the remembrance of some valiant deed of arms, some special act pertaining to the welfare of the Church or State, or some other event in the history of the life of an individual person, or of a community as a nation.

The earliest chronicles give evidence of these symbols being worn and used, and the ancients were particularly careful that there should not be any misconstruction of the implied meaning, for nothing was employed that was not truly emblematic. In the second verse of the second chapter of the Book of Numbers we find that "Every man of the children of Israel shall pitch by his own standard, with the ensign of their father's house." In the first Book of Kings we read of "Letters being sealed with Ahab's

seal;" and seals are mentioned very often in Revelations; also the "Lion of Judah." Josephus, in his *Antiquities of the Jews*, gives a minute description of the "essen," or "oracle," composing the breast-plate of the High Priest, on which were twelve precious stones engraved with the names of the sons of Jacob. Seals were very popular in Egypt and Rome. In Britain, the ecclesiastical seal first made its appearance in the ninth century; while under the Normans sealing became a legal formality. In Scotland, it dates from the eleventh century, when Duncan II. was on the throne. In point of beauty, the seal reached its highest degree of elegance in the fourteenth century. In the fore part of the present century, letters were usually fastened with wax and protected with the impress of a seal; but the use of the adhesive envelope has, to a great extent, done away with this, while on documents of a legal nature, the simple paper wafer is sufficient to accompany the signature. (To the impetuous gentleman who has mortgaged his property, no doubt the little red disc appears as large as the great seal of William the Conqueror!)

In its signification, the "totem" of the savage differs but little from the gorgeous escutcheon above the royal seat of honor in the British House of

Lords, or the coat-of-arms of the Czar of all the Russias; it is only a matter of degree; within its empire the *feakahili* of a *Moi-ali* in the Sandwich Islands was as potent as the gilded Lion at Westminster, or the double-headed Eagle at St. Petersburg. The seal appended to the Treaty of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," between Henry VIII. and Francis I., was of solid gold, and was much admired; but it did not evoke veneration such as was inspired by the bone *palaoa* suspended from the neck of Kamehameha, the great Hawaiian chief who conquered the entire archipelago in 1795. In the costly beauty of the one the beholder forgot its functional value; with the other there was always the *emblematic* purport, which appealed more to the mind than to the eye. Carlyle, in *Sartor Resartus*, says: "In a symbol there is concealment and yet revelation. Thus, in many a printed device, or simple Seal-emblem, the commonest Truth stands out to us, proclaimed with quite new emphasis. For it is here that Fantasy, with her mystic wonderland, plays into the small prose domain of Sense, and becomes incorporated therewith. By Symbols, accordingly, is man guided and commanded, made happy, made wretched." The mysterious *pouloulou*, in the islands of the north Pacific, was the signal-mark that the dread *Tabu* was in force—the failure to acknowledge which meant certain death to the offender; the sacred green banner of Mahomet heralded a war of religion—or, rather, of fanaticism; a bunch of arrows, among the Indian tribes of our country, conveyed a hostile meaning. Thus, in all lands and with men of every creed and color, have these emblems or "tokens" been the "visible embodiment of a thought, symbolical as well as real." Some of the tents of the Ojibeways rival the Egyptian obelisks in their fantastic decoration and curious characters on the long sheets of bark, and on the blankets. These cannot be called

works of high art; but the red man understands the expression, and others, too, soon learn to decipher the picture-writing. M. Kohl, the traveller, tells us of a tomb, in an Indian burying ground, on which were depicted a red sun with black rays, and a semi-circle (in black) representing the heavens; thus showing that to the mourner the face of all nature was darkened, even the sunlight could not dispel the shadow cast upon his heart. Truly, not all the sculpture in St. Paul's, nor in the Abbey, could more feelingly express the idea of grief.

It is in the study of heraldry that we find the significance of symbols reduced to an almost perfect science. To give a proper description of the various "charges" would take up too much space for a magazine article, though some of these which are most familiar to us may be mentioned: for instance, the scallop-shell, the emblem of the pilgrims, supposed to denote journeys across the seas; the falcon and the stag, typical of field sports; the martlet, a bird of passage; the lion and the leopard, animals which represent power or valor; the chevron, emblematic of the roof-tree, or chief support of the house; then there are the several crosses, the saltire, or cross of St. Andrew, cross of St. George, Maltese, cross *pateé*, etc. The "red hand" on the escutcheon denotes baronetcy of England or Ireland. Many of the devices on the coats-of-arms and the crests belonging to the nobility and others, have taken their derivation from actual facts in the history of the family. Take, as an example, that of the Duke of Leinster—a monkey, which reminds us of the tradition that, in the year 1261, when the fifth earl was slain in battle, the news of this calamity so terrified the household that they fled from the place; so eager were they to find refuge somewhere else, that they forgot the heir—a little baby boy; but, to their surprise, on returning, a pet ape, or monkey, was found to have carried off the youngster and

hidden him in a church steeple, from which it was difficult to induce the animal to come down, until left to take his own time. Another legend says that the monkey rescued the heir at a time when the house was on fire. The arms of Sir John Herschell were a telescope and a terrestrial sphere, indicative of their derivation. The arms and motto of the Torrance family (that of two oars, crossed, and the words: "I have saved the King!"), refer to the incident in the life of Robert Bruce, when, at a time when he was pursued by his enemies, he was rescued by two men of the above name, who rowed him across a river in their boat. The bearings of the Marquis of Lansdowne are in evidence of the arctic explorations of his celebrated ancestor, Sir William Petty. And thus it is with many other escutcheons of old families in Great Britain and in Ireland.

Still, there are instances when the crest or arms are bestowed by the Herald's College without much regard to the appropriateness thereof, so far as their armorial meaning is concerned. It is on record that a certain worthy citizen of London applied to the officials of the College to be allowed to use a crest, and, upon getting their consent, he requested that it be a clump or row of spears tied together. On being asked if this was in reference to some deed of valor performed by an ancestor, he said:—"No; but they looked so much like *the iron railing of his front fence!*" Another individual, living in the same old city, was anxious to have for his crest—a pile of cannon-balls. On enquiry as to the reason for this warlike trophy, he replied that he had just seen them as he came through the park, and thought that "they would do *as well as anything!*"

In our everyday life we see emblems on all sides; scarcely a newspaper is printed without containing cuts of various emblems, and nearly everyone knows what is meant by the sign of the "compass," the "three links," and

the "deer's head;" while the "red triangle," the "three stars," and the "XXX" are commercial symbols which are supposed to become obsolete when the government evinces a desire to enforce a prohibition measure! Whenever a society, club, association, or any organization—be it of a sectarian, literary, military or commercial character—is formed, about the first thing done is to get the official sheets, note paper and envelopes stamped with a "crest" or "arms." This is a *sine qua non*; and, though the club may eventually go the way of all ephemeral things, it must not be omitted. (The arms of some of these concerns are often *supported* by the bailiff and sheriff—dexter and sinister!)

Nothing of an emblematic character has played a more conspicuous part in the history of the world than the flag; for, whether it has been as an armorial pennant of the knights-errant of the olden times, or as the national standard of later days, it has been representative of the integrity of a community, or the honor of a country. Great as have been the changes in the many costumes worn by civilized humanity, there have been no less alterations in the ensigns, or banners, belonging to the various nations. The Egyptians carried staves on which were figures of sacred animals and birds, "feather-symbols," or tablets; while the Persians bore aloft an eagle, or the image of the sun (their emblem of religion) on a lance. These staff-ornaments in barbaric lands were usually—serpents, dragons, sea monsters and wild beasts. The Romans began the system of a regular code, and this was the origin of personal, or heraldic, devices and national insignia. The Roman soldier, we are told, "swore by his ensign." The Bayeaux tapestry, descriptive of the battle of Hastings, shows many little flags of different shapes; some of these are supposed to designate the "trophies torn from the shields of the Normans," by the Saxons. The standard of William the Conqueror was

sent to him by the Pope. At the Battle of the Standard, fought between the Anglo-Normans and the Scots, August the 22nd, 1138, the Scottish ensign was—"a simple lance, with a sprig of the blooming heather wreathed round it." That of their enemies was quite remarkable in its size and construction. On a large four-wheeled car was a ship's mast, strongly fastened, surmounted with a crucifix, in the centre of which was a silver box containing the sacred sacramental wafer; below this floated the banners of the three English saints. And it was around this great banner-emblem that the battle raged the fiercest. On the flag, or pennon, of Henry V. were the red cross of St. George (next the staff), a dragon, and six or seven roses.

Our Union Jack dates back to 1801 only, in its present appearance. Prior to that time there were but two crosses:—the broad, red cross of St. George with the white edge, and the white, saltire cross of St. Andrew on the blue field; to these were added the narrow, red cross of St. Patrick, at the time of the union with Ireland.

The name of "Union Jack" has been said to owe its derivation to James I. (*Fr. Jacque*) of England and VI. of Scotland; but, as the *real* union of these countries did not take place until 1707, the story may well be doubted, though this double-cross banner was constituted the national flag of Great Britain by a royal proclamation dated July 28th, of the same year,—just eighty-two years after "the British Solomon," James, by the grace of God, was laid to rest in the cool shades of Westminster Abbey.

A much more plausible reason for the name is that it is derived from the *jacque*, or surcoat, worn by soldiers in olden times—notably during the wars of the Crusades. The *jacque* (jacket) had on the breast and on the back a large colored cross, so that those of the same division of the army might recognize each other. "The *croisé*" (crusader) from France wore a red

cross; those from beyond the Rhine wore yellow. The cross of the Flemings (Netherlands) was green; while those worn on the surcoats of the English were white; but all the crusaders displayed a small red cross, of woollen fabric, on the right shoulder. At a later period it appears that the cross of St. George was recognized as emblematic of England, and the crosses of St. Andrew and St. Patrick as pertaining to Scotland and to Ireland respectively. Now, in these days, it was customary to place a *jacque* above the bowsprit of a ship, so that vessels approaching each other might see the distinguishing badge; and on ships belonging to the fleets of the British Isles the three crosses, together, formed the *jacques-unit* or "Union Jack." To this day the little pole above the bows of a British man-of-war is called the "Jack-staff."

In France the national ensign has undergone many changes. The sacred banner of the Abbey of St. Denis—called the *oriflamme*—was succeeded, in the 15th century, by the "white flag with the *fleurs-de-lis*." The Imperial standard was blue, eagle in centre, and studded with golden bees. The tri-color of the republic, the blue, white and red, is symbolic of the city of Paris (red and blue), and the army of France (white); it was first used about the time that the Bastille fell—July, 1789. The flag of three colors is, evidently, very popular; Germany has black, white and red; Belgium has black, yellow and red; in Italy it is green, white and red; Holland has red, white and blue, in horizontal stripes; and Mexico, like Italy, has green, white and red.

In America, prior to the War of Independence, the devices on the flag of the Colonies were changed many times. Even the "star-spangled" banner of the United States has undergone considerable alterations since the day when the arms of the English family of Washington were first utilized as the standard of the new republic.

In nearly every land the national ensign has been altered, improved, and made a banner-emblem appropriate to the country and to the people. There is but one exception—Canada!

True, we have a flag; but who can describe it? Only those versed in the proper language of heraldry. Until the *Canadian Almanac* of the present year was issued, it was doubtful if one person in a thousand could tell what was our Canadian national flag; and, to-day, who can tell the meaning of its complicated device, even when they see it? Why? Because the arms of the Dominion (or, rather, of four of the Provinces) are a too intricate "design" to be remembered. It is not in reason to suppose that a mixed medley, a dazzling splash of color, should be expected to appeal to the national sentiment of the masses; and there is no reason why the "arms" should occupy the place of a simple, appropriate emblem, which would be known and recognized by the Canadian people from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Does Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, alone, compose our Dominion? Have not the Provinces of Manitoba, Prince Edward Island and British Columbia (and the North-West Territory) the same right to be represented on the flag by their Provincial arms also? Some may affirm that the arms of five Provinces are to be seen on the flag, and—in many cases—seven are placed there; yet the authorities recognize only the four mentioned. Still, these same officials at Ottawa send out, as the proper Canadian flag, an ensign containing the arms of seven Provinces, surrounded with a wreath of oak and maple leaves, and the escutcheon surmounted with a crown! It is quite probable that, even among those who are engaged in making flags, there are a score or more ideas as to the right device on the standard; indeed, many very highly educated men and women of our country suppose that the badge is a wreath

of maple leaves enclosing a beaver.

Would that they were right! But the old favorite emblem does not find place on the shield bearing the arms of the Dominion, or the flag of our beloved Canada. We have crosses, and lions, ships, and fish; we have thistles, and lily-flowers, and sprigs of maple; but no beaver! If it is right to decorate the ensign with all this fantastic conglomeration, this multifarious collection of things horticultural, zoological, piscatorial, and nautical; if it is proper to charge the mother flag with the armorial bearings of every Province, as is often done,—then should the Imperial banner of Germany comprise the arms of each kingdom, duchy, principality, and free-town within the empire; then should the Stars and Stripes be spangled with the insignia of every State in the Union! We may not be iconoclasts,—far from it, we may have the greatest respect for aught that has been hallowed by time and circumstances, and dislike (nay, dread) anything of the nature of radical change, but we may approve of those minor alterations which modify appearances, and yet go so far toward intensifying their significance.

The arms of Canada, as an escutcheon, are in their proper place; although, in deference to heraldic requirements, it would be better to have eight provinces or territories represented than the odd seven, but they should not be on the flag. It cannot be doubted that if this multiform cognizance were eliminated from our ensign, and, in place of it, the authorities would adopt some neat, appropriate symbol—as, for instance, the maple leaf and beaver, or a wreath of maple leaves—the government would be congratulated on its good sense, and Canadians would rejoice at the change. Thus we should have an emblem worthy of our country, a truly representative device, on the grandest flag that ever waved over a free and enlightened people—the British en-

sign! There is no more prosperous country on the face of the earth, to-day, than our own, and the events of the past year have proved that we are equalled by few in point of financial integrity, and excelled by none in the spirit of national progress. Nevertheless, we might take a lesson from our sister colony, Australia, in the matter of a denotative badge on the ensign of the empire. In the colony of Victoria, it is a constellation of five stars (the Southern Cross); in New South Wales, it is a red cross, on which are four stars, lion in centre; in Queensland, it is a blue Maltese cross, crown in centre; Western Australia has a black swan on a yellow disc,—all on the fly of the British ensign. These are simple and appropriate emblems, and when the colonies are federated, it is not likely that Australians will place a menagerie on their new flag.

The great powers do not blazon their standards with fantastic devices;

their national banners are neat, but striking in appearance; those of Germany, Russia, France, Italy, Turkey, Austria, and that "meteor-flag" of our mother-land are easily remembered; and so, too, should be the Canadian ensign. Thus, with a truer sense of its significance, we could sing with greater fervor the praises of our national emblem:

"The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear; the Maple Leaf forever!
God save the Queen, and Heaven bless the Maple Leaf forever!"

Let us pray that, whatever indicative mark may be displayed on the fly of that flag, the Union Jack shall remain next the staff—never to depart from this Canada of ours, until the voice of Albion be stilled forever, until the English tongue be hushed throughout the world!

"With that loved flag above us, with Britain to watch o'er us,
We should never fear the future—be it famine, be it foe."

PROMPTINGS.

On this strange stage where men and women play,
When they, who linger on their half-learned lines
To look before and after, go astray,
An unseen Prompter from without reminds

The Actors of their half-forgotten parts;
And then the faltering Comedy takes life;
Out-laughs the sterner Tragedy, and starts
Anew to act the drama's ranted strife.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

GHOSTS AND "THINGS."

Being Reminiscences of Medical Student Life fifty years ago.

BY EDWARD WORTHINGTON.

SPINNING yarns before the camp fire, and in the home circle, it had often been said to me, "Well, if you could only write your stories as well as you tell them they would be rather amusing." But I was not then to be seduced into such an adventure. Now, however, that I am an invalid, and have passed the "regulation allowance" of three score years and ten—the time drags so wearily along that I have listened to the suggestion of a friend—"Why don't you write a story and send it to one of the magazines?" So here I begin with a series of short stories, which, in reality, are not stories at all, but emphatically true—in every word and incident related.

When quite a youngster I was indentured before a Notary Public to Dr James D—s, a very eminent surgeon in the ancient city of Quebec. There being no medical school in the province at the time, this was the usual custom.

The doctor lived on Mountain Hill, in a house now used as a hotel. It was built when the country was under the dominion of France, and a remarkable house it was—and probably is—to this day. It was built on the slope of a steep and tortuous hill, and built apparently to last forever. The foundations had been laid at the foot of the slope, on Notre Dame-street, near the site of the historic Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, and the building was carried up so as to have two stories on Notre Dame-street, and two and a basement on Mountain Hill; the house thus fronting on two streets, each having its distinct and separate entrance, one shut off completely from the other.

The first story on Notre Dame-street consisted of warehouses and wine-vaults; the second was a private residence.

The Mountain Hill side, on the contrary, was not *in trade*, it was strictly *professional*. Passing through its large drawing room you saw a splendid circular staircase which led to a glass-covered cupola, and out on a leaded roof, giving a promenade the full length and breadth of the building, and commanding a glorious view of the Citadel above, the St. Lawrence and St. Charles rivers below, the beautiful Island of Orleans, the Falls of Montmorenci, and the distant Laurentian Mountains, with the lovely slopes of the Beauport shores, from Ancien Lorette to Ange Gardien. Such a magnificent view to be once seen, is to be always remembered. At the foot of this circular stairway stood a huge stuffed moose, with immense horns, a trophy of the Doctor's skill as a hunter, and nearly every celebrity of the day who visited Quebec called and asked permission to see the moose,—Admiral Sir George Cockburn—it was he to whom was intrusted the charge of conveying Napoleon to St. Helena—Charles Dickens, the Marquis of Waterford, Lord Charles Wellesley, Lord Powerscourt, Count D'Orsay, Sir James Macdonnell, the hero of Huguemont, and others too numerous to mention. But all have now gone to the "Spirit Land." Where the moose is I do not know.

This stairway was used only in summer, when the family and their visitors wished to enjoy the grand view from the roof promenade, and

it was always a matter of surprise why the dwellers in Notre Dame-st. should have been denied this great privilege. But it was reserved for one of the ghosts of my story to discover that it had not been always *thus*. In fact, a very narrow private stairway had been made for their benefit, but this being objected to by the "upper crust," it was closed up, and in time its very existence was completely forgotten.

Before my time, the basement referred to had been used as a dissecting room, but that had been moved to the attic, and the dissecting room converted into a kitchen! Just for the sake of pleasant associations! The presiding genius of the kitchen—old Kitty—was Irish, a strict Protestant, but, when in extreme peril, not above crossing herself, and appealing to all the saints in the calendar. She slept in a cupboard-bed in the kitchen, knew what this room had formerly been, and was prepared accordingly—every mouse was to her a ghost in disguise. "Why, then, Master Edward," she would say, "not a night of me life that they don't come and sit across me legs, and dance on me chest, and then lift me up—bed and all—up—up—until, my jewel, I think they are going to shut me up intirely, when I wakes wid a scream, an' comes down wid a jump. Not for worlds—no—not for me weight in goold would I stay in this house another day, but for the Misses, the darlin!"

"Now, but Kitty, what did you have for supper?"

"What did I have for supper, is it? Just a glass of beer and a bit of bread and cheese; sorra thing else."

"Well, Kitty, don't you think it might have been the cheese?"

"Arrah then, honey, don't you think I am old enough to know the differ between *them* and cheese? The cray-thurs, they'd never harm one any way—God be good to them—but they've been cut up in this room, and they likes to come back to it."

I do not wish it to be supposed, for one moment, that my familiarity with Kitty is any proof that I had a "mash" on her. It used to be said in Ireland, and perhaps elsewhere: "Whatever you do, keep good friends with the cook." Kitty was an old maid—she could not help that—under proper facilities she might have been a grandmother; she was old enough! But she came from the *dear owld sod*, not far from where I was born, and it was pleasant to hear her talk of owld Ireland, and its fairies, and its churches, and round towers, and blarney stones, and how St. Patrick banished the snakes from the island and drove them all into the *say*!

The family spent the summer in the country. So Kitty and I had the house to ourselves a great part of the time. I am afraid that, in spite of my friendship for Kitty, she saw a great many ghosts in those days, but she was very forgiving, and thought it was all done for her own good.

A day of retribution, however, came at last. That kind of thing is sure to come, sooner or later, upon the wicked. I saw a ghost myself, and in that very kitchen. Smoking was a luxury to be indulged in cautiously in that house. Lucifer and Congreve matches, and phosphorous bottles were unknown. Only the old tinder box, with its flint and steel, could, in the absence of a fire or a lighted candle, be relied upon to light a cigar.

One Sunday evening, knowing to a certainty that I was alone in the house, I went down to the kitchen for a light. A man sat on a chair in front of the coal stove, his feet on its hearth, his elbows on his knees and his face on his open palms. I had firmly believed the man servant to be out, but there sat some one. I passed behind him, and coming to his left side stooped down to open the stove door. He did not move. Not one foot. So I said, in my blandest tones, looking up at the same time: "Will you have the goodness to move your foot? I want

to open the door." If I had had my hat on I would have taken it off; I was so awfully civil. No, he never moved. I repeated my request, without result. So, losing patience, I pushed the door open forcibly. It opened back to its hinges, but the feet never moved. *The stove door went "right straight through" them!*

I stood up quietly—with my eyes fixed steadily on the figure. I had always heard that that was the correct thing to do when attacked by a lion! I had seen it recommended in books of Eastern Travel. I had never travelled myself much, nor was I ever attacked by a lion, but this man never moved—he was worse than a lion, and I might be annihilated at any moment. Oh! for a word from old Kitty. She would have prayed to the saints for me. I had to act for myself—and I acted quietly—oh, so quietly. I feared to disturb that "questionable shape." I retired backwards with my face to the foe—until I reached the foot of the stairs, and then! *then* I took about eighteen steps in three bounds! Never before was such "time" made on that stairway.

This was the first *ghost*—I may as well call it by that name as by any other—I had ever seen. I had not been eating cheese, and I had not, then, ever tasted beer. I firmly believe to this day that I saw what I have described, and as I have described it, "and further deponent saith not."

If tobacco had never been discovered, or if parlor matches had been introduced, and I had not been obliged to go to the kitchen for a light, would that "poor ghost" have been there?

* * * * *

Years afterwards I saw another shadowy form, which I may as well get off my hands while I am about it. It was not in Quebec, but where I am living at present. Driving out professionally one summer evening, just before dark, as I was coming to a bridge over a tiny streamlet, I saw in

front of me, and not twenty yards off, a man in a nut-brown suit, with a pack on his back. He was in the middle of the road, and walked as if fatigued, so I said mentally, "poor old fellow, I must give you a lift." At the moment I had to attend to the bridge, which was narrow and had no railing; when I looked up the man was gone. It had been raining lightly—but there were no fresh footmarks to be seen, no stone or hillock or tree, behind which a man could hide. I got out of my trap and looked everywhere. *No pedlar! no pack!* Months afterwards I was passing that spot again, having with me a man I picked up, and whom I had known for years. As we neared the bridge he said, "*that is the spot where the man is seen.*" "What man?" "Oh, did you never hear of him; he has been seen off and on for years—dressed in a brown suit, with a pack on his back. He has never been seen for more than a moment at a time." I verified this statement afterwards, and declare most positively that I had never spoken of the circumstance to any one. It was said that years before, a pedlar, or backwoodsman, going to one of the lumbering shanties, had been murdered in the neighborhood, but nothing definite was ever known.

* * * * *

For a couple of years, the united wisdom of the medical faculty on Mountain Hill was devoted to the case of Paddy Quin. As his name implies, he was by birth an Irishman, by occupation a stevedore, and he was the unfortunate proprietor of a pair of very poor legs. During the summer months he was at work loading ships engaged in the timber trade, and if there was a big stick, or a sharp-edged "*deal*" "*convaynient*," Paddy was sure to rub his shins against it, and this being repeated day by day, by the time the summer was ended, and Paddy's occupation gone, he was ready to spend the winter and all his earnings, in "undergoing repairs." Poor Paddy—

simple and good-hearted an Irishman as ever lived—he was passed along from one student to another, and one and all gave him up—or rather his legs—as a bad job, until at last he was handed over to me. I strapped and bandaged—applied lotions and ointment to those unfortunate legs, in the most orthodox manner—for a whole winter without result—that is, without any good result. One day he was better, another worse. What between my want of success, and the “chaff” of the other sawbones, I was of all men most miserable, but Paddy, if not proud of my skill, admired my perseverance, and always had a word of encouragement. “Well, may the Lord love you anyway; you are willing to try—and do what you can—but what am I to do next summer when the shippen bee’s comin in?”

I lost sight of Paddy for a while, and when he turned up he had a line of treatment to propose which was emphatically new and striking—in fact, tragic. An old woman from Ireland had told him of a remedy, and “would I help him to try it?” “Of course I would do anything in the world for you, and you know it, Paddy.” “Indade, I do, sir, but I don’t like to tell you what it is.” After a good deal of persuasion, it came out that his countrywoman had suggested the passing of a dead hand over the sores on his legs; it had cured lots of people in Ireland. “Well,” said I, “sure that is easily done.” “Arrah then, how and where am I to get a dead hand?” “Oh, Paddy! We have lots of them in the house, this minute. What kind of one would you like?” “Faith, then, and sorra one of me knows, but she said a black naygur’s if it could be got, would be the best.” “By George,” said I, “you are up to your knees in clover, Paddy. We have a most elegant nigger upstairs this moment.” “Glory be to God! I heard you had such things in the house, but I was afeard to spake of it, for fear you’d think I’d

tell.” “Don’t say that again, Paddy; I’d trust you with my life; only tell me what you want to do, and I’ll do it.”

What was to be done was to be done at the silent hour of midnight—the moon to be at the full—and none to be present—but himself.

The following night would do, so it was arranged that he would be on hand at 11.30. In the meantime I would get every thing ready.

The scene of operations was to be the new dissecting room. This was in the attic, down the centre of which ran a long, narrow dark passage. On one side was a rubbish room, on the other a line of small rooms originally intended as bed-rooms for the servants. The doors had been made, and stood on end, unhinged, against this partition—in this narrow passage—and here the passage abruptly ended in a door, the door of the dissecting room. This room had one large dormer window, fronting on the river St. Lawrence, and as the moon came up over the water its light “slept” brightly and beautifully on the poor “subject’s” face; the table was wheeled up so that not one beam of light was lost. Elephants’ and lions’ and tigers’ and crocodiles’ skulls lay on the floor, men’s, women’s and children’s heads—*galore*—were ranged on shelves round the room; skeletons of men and animals, down to Bandicoot rats were there; “dried preparations,” too, abounded; arms and legs, and a few at full length, were in “review order” standing at “attention” round the room. It was a lovely sight, but one had to get accustomed to it—to be comfortable, particularly at midnight.

Paddy Quin was sharp on time, but as I had a few touches to give to the room at the last moment, I asked him to sit down a minute, and rest himself. He had a raw potato in his hand, and as I left the room he said pleasantly “Well, I’ll cut this up, while you are away—just to amuse meself.”

With a stick of phosphorus I made a few artistic touches, in the orbits,

along the lines of the ribs of the skeletons, and on the walls, until the whole room presented a brilliant phosphorescent display. Then I led Paddy Quin up, but I must confess that I did so in fear and trembling; I might be carrying the thing too far. It was cruel, I confess it, but I was young, and always rather too fond of a lark; but I poured balm into Paddy's ears, as I took him up, and vowed I would stick to him through thick and thin—like a brother!

When the door was opened, and Paddy looked in, he gave a jump back, and cried out in dismay. "Holy mother, I can't do it," but I said "I'll go in before you, to show you there is no danger. Don't look round; don't mind what you see—at all—you want your legs cured?" "Arrah" says he, "it's aisy for ye to talk, so it is." "Well, Paddy, it's getting on the edge of twelve; if you are going to do it, do it; if not, let us go." "Ah well, be aisy—be aisy a minute." Then he added: "You are not to look in, and I am not to have a candle; lave me to meself, but for the love of heaven don't stir out of this. If I want you I'll call." He then walked in with a courage equal to facing a masked battery.

I had a little peep-hole all ready, and this is what I saw!—

The brave fellow walked up in fear and trembling to the side of the table; he put his right foot on a low stool beside it, bared his leg, and then—*then* came the tug of war; but Paddy was equal to it; he took the right hand of the "subject" and passed it slowly down over his bared leg; when this was done he knelt down, crossed himself, said a "Pater Noster," and "Ave Maria," and then placed a small square of raw potato on the table beside the body. This he did nine times—each time *keeping tally with a piece of potato.*

Then he came to the door, and said in a dry whisper "LET ME OUT!"

As I look back upon that night, I regard that act of Paddy Quin's as one

of the grandest religious ceremonies I ever witnessed, grand in its simplicity and trusting faith. Many a soldier who had fought in the great battles of the world, would not have entered that room, at that time!

I did not meet Quin again for two years. I had been in Edinburgh, and on my return he was one of the first persons I met. "Well, Quin, I am glad to see you, and how are the legs?" "By St. Patrick, Sir, you did me a good job that time; they have never troubled me since that night—Glory be to God!"

* * * * *

Next in order I must relate poor old Kitty's adventure with her own particular ghost, and how its appearance led to the discovery of the dark staircase that had been so long shut up as to be forgotten.

When describing the rooms in the attic, I should have stated that one small room—the first one—was finished; it had a door, and a lock and key, and was the store room of the house, and a very inconvenient one, too. If Kitty wanted a "drawing of Tay" she had to go up two pairs of stairs, to this store room, which was at the entrance to the dark passage; she knew what was at the other end! This passage was always dark, dark at midday, and she was most careful to get her supplies in the daytime.

One Sunday evening, however, she was obliged to go up for something; it was between the two lights—and as she was putting the key in the lock, a woman in white walked up out of the darkness. Kitty had a lighted candle in her hand; a lighted candle is by common consent admitted to be a protection to a certain extent against uncanny visitants. But the moment she saw the woman she dropped her candle. The woman smiled at her, and said, "Who lives here?" Kitty, thinking it wisdom in the face of the enemy to be civil, replied, "Doctor D—s," "Oh" said the woman

in white, "*And what is in that room at the end of the passage?*"

This was coming to close quarters; it was in fact, in legal phrase, a leading question, too leading for Kitty, so she ran down stairs screaming, and when she got to the bottom she gave way to the most bitter lamentations. She would "not stay in the house another night, just as if a decent woman could not go about her business without being molested in that way. It was only natural that the poor craythurs would be allowed to go back to their quiet graves—to sleep in peace—and not be mayandering round the world to try and find where they belonged."

It certainly was very extraordinary where that female had come from. It seemed utterly impossible that any living being could find his or her way into that passage. The only possible entrance seemed to be by the big front door, or down the chimney, and out through an eight-inch stove-pipe hole! The Doctor came in at 9 o'clock and joined in the chase.

It is not very pleasant to know that the sanctity of home can be invaded mysteriously by a woman—even in white. If by a woman, why not by a man—why not by burglars?

A careful search was made at once, at which every one in the house assisted.

"In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
We sought for her wildly, but found her not."

At length our efforts were rewarded, and the mystery solved. Four unfinished doors and some loose boards stood on end against the partition in the passage; on removing these we found another door, exactly parallel with the door of the dissecting-room, and which this lumber had hidden. A panel had been recently removed from this door, and in the dust on the floor were plainly to be seen the marks of fresh footprints. As the door was fastened from our side with screws, it was soon taken down, and the footsteps fol-

lowed. Such a pile of dust, such curtains of cobwebs, and such a musty, sickening smell! But down we went in Indian file—the stair was too narrow to admit of any other line of march—until at last we heard voices, and saw a light through a keyhole. The Doctor knocked and a woman within said, "Oh, Mrs., don't let them in; it's me they're after." But the Mrs. opened the door and the mystery was explained. While the family were out in the afternoon, the servant girl being of an inquiring turn of mind, determined to open a door in a deserted corner—and see what was beyond. "No sooner said than done." She had her reward in a stairway full of dust and cobwebs. Up she went until something barred the way. She had no light, but groping about carefully she loosened and removed a panel, squeezed herself through and was rewarded by coming out in the dark passage above, close to the dissecting room door. Looking through the keyhole made her wish to "enquire within,"—but at that very moment Kitty came up to the store-room door. She could at the same time gratify her curiosity and establish friendly relations with the stranger; so accordingly, but with timidity, she diplomatically asked: "Who lives here?" and "What is in that room?" When Kitty screamed and ran away—to give the alarm, as she supposed—she ran away too. "She meant no harm; she was only lonesome, and hoped to be forgiven," and she was. It was a pleasant solution to what promised to be a very great mystery. The doctor had lived for ten years in that house, and knew nothing of this dark stairway, and the dwellers in the lower regions were equally ignorant.

The discovery of this dark passage, however, was not without further result, for one of the students hearing of Kitty's adventures, and being blessed, or otherwise, with a most inordinate amount of curiosity, went down one day to see what he could see, and re-

turned with several bottles of very choice wine. After having lost his way, he had suddenly found himself in a large vault, surrounded with shelves loaded with bottles, and he had brought up a few to sample them. The result was so encouraging that for many days he went down and returned with spoils. At last the poor boy came in one day looking rather depressed. Most affectionate inquiries were made at the cause of his melancholy. That day at dinner he had heard his father say to his head clerk: "John, have you noticed that that famous Port of '96 in the Duponts' vaults has been disappearing mysteriously? Some one is stealing it!"

* * * * *

There is a general impression that a dissecting room is very dirty and very disagreeable. Of course it may be, but is not necessarily so. It cannot,

under the best of circumstances, be called "home-like" in appearance, but a "post-mortem" examination for family reasons, or an "autopsy" in the interests of justice, may be infinitely more disagreeable.

When one settles down to the quiet dissection of an arm or leg, or the following out of the distribution of the branches of blood vessels or nerves, it is rather pleasant than otherwise, especially as often happened in those "good old days," when the ladies of the house would bring in their work, sit down for a pleasant chat, and manifest a deep interest in the surroundings; and when it was so pleasant to explain to them all the mysteries that were explainable,—and this was more than half a century ago, before the idea of entering the medical profession had ever been contemplated by the coming sovereigns of the universe.

A SILHOUETTE.

Blood-red, the angry sun sets in a haze
 Of pearl-gray smoke from distant prairie fires,
 Behind the Bow's high banks. And, as expires
 The sinking orb, there glides upon the gaze,
 Full in the glory of the dying rays,
 A gaunt, swart figure, of a race whose sires
 Once ruled the plains, but wraith-like now retires
 Before the pale-face, and, despised, decays.
 He halts, and, turning to the fierce-flushed West,
 Dark silhouette athwart a lurid light,
 Stands statuesque, high on the cut-bank's crest,
 Lone watcher of the daylight's sullen flight,
 The sombre sinking of the sun to rest,—
 Sad symbol of his people's hastening night.

CALGARY.

—FRANCIS H. TURNOCK.



MEMORIES.

O, dear! what detestable weather,
And how the wind whistles and plains,
As though all the demons together
Had burst their undignified chains!
Just look at that flood in the gutters!
Just mark the wild rain how it pours!
Come, Mary, let's close up the shutters
And make ourselves cosy indoors.

I'll pile up the maple and cedar;
They'll surely some comfort impart—
Then you to your novel by Ouida,
And I to the rhythmical art;
For, what brighter scene could inspire
The flight of a poet than this?
Such a wife, such a chair, such a fire,
Would make even poverty bliss!

* * * * *

How cosy the room! and the embers—
How gaily they flicker and gleam!
Bringing visions of vanished Decembers,
When life was a murmurous dream,
And I roamed through the depths of the wildwood,
Or war dance or paper-chase led—
Ye bright, happy days of my childhood,
How quickly, how quickly ye fled!

Close at hand I've a bundle of letters
I've treasured for many a year—
Sound links in life's lengthening fetters,
Though blotted with many a tear;
For the fingers which fashioned the phrases
Dear lips have so often expressed,
Long since cleared the wildering mazes,
To pass to eternity's rest.

Here's a line from a chum who died fighting
In Africa ages ago;
Ever ready when war was inviting,
He fell with his face to the foe—
Grand, brave-hearted hero, and simple,—
Aye, Scotland has many a man
Made of stuff like the gallant Dalrymple,
The pride of his warrior clan!

Here's one from poor Anthony Freeland.
I wonder what's come to him now,
Since he fled to the wilds of New Zealand
To handle the sickle and plough;

And we thought him a ninny at college,
 By a fond mother's apron strings bound,
 Drinking in, with his scholarly knowledge,
 Grave morals refreshingly sound !

Ah ! well, we have all of us squandered
 Our talents in years that have passed,
 And the paths where our footsteps have wandered
 With clouds are for ever o'er cast ;
 And 'twere better, ere carping at others,
 Whose folly their sense has outgrown,
 We should look, loving sisters and brothers,
 At some sad little sins of our own.

Here's one from a delicate maiden
 I knew in a halcyon time,
 When we lived in a luminous Aiden,
 Where pealed a perennial chime,
 And we prattled thro' sunshiny hours,
 Or wrangled in innocent strife,
 Ever culling the sweetest of flowers
 Which grow on the margin of life.

She has gone — but her memory hallows
 The years of that childhood serene,
 When we waded knee-deep in the shallows,
 Or sportively played on the green ;
 Or listened where high on the branches
 The birds carolled early and late,
 Ever heedless of dread avalanches
 Hurl'd down by the fingers of fate.

Here are letters from warrior cousins,
 Who are dearer than brothers to me ;
 Here are letters by tens and by dozens
 From others far over the sea ;
 And here, in the centre reposing,
 With its face ever open to view,
 Is a letter a likeness enclosing,
 And the likeness, dear friend, is — of — you —.

Of you as you were when I knew you,
 Down there on the Devonshire coast.
 And in fancy I ever endue you
 With traits that I cherish the most ;
 For I know that though years now quiescent,
 Now rough, may have furrowed your brow,
 Yet the past but foreshadowed the present,
 And what you were then you are now.

—F. M. DE LA FOSSE.

IN NORTH-WESTERN WILDS.

The Narrative of a 2,500 Mile Journey of Exploration in the great Mackenzie River basin.

BY WILLIAM OGILVIE, D.L.S., F.R.G.S.

I.

By the terms of Union with the Dominion, British Columbia, in May, 1871, conveyed to Canada, in trust, a belt of land, not to exceed twenty miles, on each side of the projected Canadian Pacific Railway line. It was found that much of the land in such a belt had already been conveyed by the Province to settlers and others, and to compensate for this, 3,500,000 acres in the northern corner of this Province, adjacent to Peace River, was granted to the Dominion.

Some material changes in this arrangement were proposed by the Government of British Columbia; in view of which, and to gather some information required for the proper selection of the 3,500,000 acres in question, the Dominion Government determined to make an examination of this part of the Province lying between the Liard and Peace Rivers.

To make this examination, the writer was selected, and received his instructions therefor on the 5th of June, 1891. A special canoe had to be made for the purpose, and shipped to Calgary by the Canadian Pacific Railway. This delayed his departure from Ottawa until the night of the 30th of June, or the morning of the 1st of July.

As the thriving little town of Edmonton has now, and had very nearly then, railway connection with the rest of the world, I will begin with it the account of the journey.

The name of this place recalls a ridiculous item copied by an Ottawa paper some weeks ago, from, if I recollect aright, a Minneapolis paper, giving an account of the travels of

three men who had left that city to hunt buffalo in the so-called frozen north. These men had not been heard of for some time, and the paper proceeded to give a sensational account of their presumed wanderings, picturing them as Arctic travellers, and wound up by the expression—"When last heard from they were at Edmonton." Altogether, the item sought to convey the impression that these men were attempting something almost unprecedented for hardship and cold. Now, I can safely venture the assertion that any ordinary civilized being could spend his life about as happily and comfortably in Edmonton as in Minneapolis—any way, as much so as in any town of the same size in the State of Minnesota. Edmonton is a town of several hundred inhabitants, and four or five churches, good schools, two lines of telegraph connecting it with both the east and west, several doctors, lawyers, and surveyors, and members of other professions. With several grist and saw mills, numerous stores and hotels, and lighted by electricity; with a large coal mine just outside the limits, and railway communication putting it within *three days of Minneapolis*, it was not a bad place in which to be "last heard from."

Edmonton is, to use a stereotyped phrase, "beautifully situated" on the north bank of the North Saskatchewan River; though, since the railway reached it, in 1891, quite a town has started on the south bank. The river here is about 300 yards wide, and, except at very low water, permits the ascent of the ordinary flat-bottomed stern-wheeled steamers, such as navigate the Missouri and other

rivers in the western United States.

Before the days of the C.P.R., several fine steamers of this kind plied in this river from its mouth to Edmonton. They could go farther up if necessary.

The ascent of upwards of a thousand miles, against a current of four to six miles an hour, put competition with about a thousand miles of railway out of the field, more especially as the navigability of the river was uncertain, owing to the irregular and great fluctuations in the depth of the water.

Just here I will warn the reader

he is known wherever he has lived, and certainly, if originality of character can give a man a claim to the title, then he is a Professor among ten thousand. The Professor, by the way, was our *chef de cuisine*, but, in addition to his duties as such, he took much delight in instructing Gladman and myself in the due performance of our duties, from cutting a stick of firewood to the reduction of a lunar distance. All this gave him such infinite satisfaction, that I very seldom interfered with him, and, even if I had, he was



EDMONTON, 1890.

that he is not to be regaled with uncanny tales of adventure, still less with grandiloquent accounts of heroism. He will simply get as plain a history of the journey as I can place before him.

First, then, as to the *personnel* of the party. With myself the readers of this magazine are more or less familiar, as they are also with Gladman, who accompanied me on this journey, as he did on my journey down the Yukon and up the Mackenzie. Let me introduce the other member of the party as "The Professor," for as such

invulnerable to reproach or persuasion. His various dissertations on geology, cosmogony, botany, astronomy, and ethnology during the time we were together would immortalize me, could I repeat them here. They certainly were original, but that they were logical is open to dispute in his case as well as in the case of every other celebrity. He always had a theory to account for anything and everything we saw or heard of, and the theories were just as satisfactory to himself as if the wisest and most learned man in the world had propounded them.

NOTE.—Several of the views given in this article are by Count de Sainville, and are loaned by His Honor, Lieut. Governor Schultz of Manitoba.

On the morning of the 10th of July we left Edmonton with one canoe, the *Nelson*, fixed on top of a waggon-box, and part of our supplies for the trip in the box beneath; the remainder of them were in a cart. We had a team and buckboard.

The distance between Edmonton and "Athabasca Landing," on the Athabasca River, is, by the road, about 95 miles. In an air line it would be about 82 miles. The first forty miles from Edmonton passes through good country, it being prairie and woods mixed. The soil is good everywhere, and much of the timber is fair, but there is not enough of it of marketable quality to justify thought of export, although, no doubt, it will yet be in demand in the more open country to the south and east. The surface here is undulating, sometimes rising into high knolls and ridges.

At the end of this distance, the conditions change; the prairie merges into the great northern forest that stretches to the Arctic Ocean, but the forest fires have in recent years destroyed much of the wood. In 1883 and 1884, when I first passed over this road, for more than fifty miles south from Athabasca Landing there was a continuous forest, with much fine spruce timber in it. In 1891 much of the best of it had been destroyed. As there are only two or three settlers in the northern half of the distance, it is impossible to prevent the spread of fires when they are once started.

The supplies for all the Missions and the Hudson's Bay Company's posts in the vast Mackenzie River basin pass over this route in carts, waggons and sleighs. Besides this, all the hunters and traders going north go this way, so that several hundred tons are yearly carried over it. The Hudson's Bay Company had to cut the road out wherever necessary, and bridge or ferry all the streams, and I believe they have had to bear the brunt of keeping it in repair ever since it was first used. Whenever the push-

ing of our railway system past Edmonton to the Landing is needed, no serious difficulty in construction will be met. About midway of the distance, some knolly country will be passed over, but I think no more difficulty will be found here than in some parts of the prairie. The descent to the river level near the Landing—some 300 feet—will be easily made down the valley of the Tawatana.

This stream rises near the height of land between the Athabasca and Saskatchewan River systems. The name Tawatana is Indian for "the river between two hills." It got this name from the Indians, because one coming down the Athabasca River sees the points formed by the intersections of its valley with that of the Athabasca valley, projected against the sky, and they appear like two high knolls, though in reality they are not knoll-shaped.

We reached Athabasca Landing on the morning of the 13th, just in time to see the steamer *Athabasca* take her departure.

The day was spent arranging matters for our early departure next morning, and, as there was little probability of our being able to send any letters out until our return here, we all wrote several letters to friends at home. In the evening Gladman and I launched our good canoe and had a trial spin on the river. We encountered an Indian family going up the river in a great, ugly hulk of a "dug-out," made out of a very large balsampoplar tree; and we amused them highly by paddling around them in a circle and still ascending the river as fast as they. Of course, our canoe was very light and theirs was very heavy, but they had half a dozen paddles to our two.

The river here is about 300 yards wide, with a sweeping current, and at mean height has an ample depth of water for the steamer *Athabasca*. This steamer was built here by the Hudson's Bay Company, in 1887. She is

a stern-wheeled, flat-bottomed boat, capable of carrying 150 tons, and with this load will draw about three feet. It was originally intended that she should ascend as far as the mouth of the Lesser Slave River and go up it to Lesser Slave Lake, thence along the lake about 65 miles to the Company's post at the west end, but so far she has not succeeded in doing this. The lower part of Lesser Slave River is generally shallow and rapid. Some people say there are 19 rapids, some say 21, but, though I have been over the river three times in summer and once in winter, I have been and still am under the impression that there is only *one*. However, there is no use in arguing over trifles: suffice it to say, the steamer has not yet been able to pass this one or those many rapids. She has got so far as to have the end of the last in sight, but, after many days' trying to get over, and after waiting for a rise in the water, she had literally to turn round and *walk* back.

For many years past the Company took all its goods for the Peace River district in by this route. They were brought from Edmonton, or Fort Edmonton, as it was originally called, in carts! Then they were stored in a small building erected by the Company for the purpose. York boats took them from the storehouse up the Athabasca and Lesser Slave Rivers to Lesser Slave Lake, and over it to Lesser Slave Lake post, where they were landed and taken by ox-trains 86 miles overland to Peace River Crossing, and thence commonly overland by carts, to Fort Dunvegan, and some down to Vermillion in scows.

York boats are usually constructed to carry about six tons. The keel is 25 to 28 feet long, bow and stern are made alike in shape, and the end posts are given great sheer, to offer as little resistance as possible to strong currents. These boats are generally about 40 feet over all; the width is from 9 to 11 feet. They are common-

ly manned by a crew of ten men. The steersman's duty is obvious. The bowsman's is to stand on the bow with a pole and sound as it goes along—for in the swift, turbid water, bottom cannot be seen—to help to get the boat around sharp points, fallen trees, and other obstructions, and see that the hauling line does not get fouled on the bottom or along the bank. The remaining eight, man the hauling line by turns, four at a time, taking "spells," as they are termed, of half an hour or more. As soon as the pilot calls time, the half on the boat jump overboard, it may be up to their necks in water, scramble ashore, run to the end of the line, seize it and start, while those relieved get into the boat as best they can. In this way the boat is kept on the move from 15 to 18 hours a day, and so difficult is the progress that, on this route, the general rate of travel is a little over a mile an hour. The line used to haul with is not much, if any, thicker than an ordinary penholder, and is hard spun and strong. Its chief requisites are lightness and strength, for usually there is about 100 feet of it out—often more—and a heavy line of that length would in slack water and eddies give great trouble to keep it taut, which, if it is not, would cause great delay by allowing the line to be caught in brush, logs, or rocks in the river. A great deal of the work formerly done by these boats is now done by steamers, but there are some parts of the river where steamers cannot run, and the old style of navigation described still has to be kept up.

Early in the morning of the 14th we loaded our outfit (in all about 1400 pounds) on our canoe, and with Gladman in the bow, the Professor in the middle, and myself in the stern, we started on what we expected to be a 2,500 mile voyage in that canoe.

The Professor was jubilant and looked forward to immortalizing himself, as he fully intended writing a glorious account of his wanderings and heroism

for the *Edmonton Bulletin*. He was full of discovery and speculation, and amused us by his droll fancies and droller way of expressing them. His vocabulary was not limited to Webster or Worcester, and his pronunciation was not confined by orthoepy. A peculiarity of his speech, which would attract attention anywhere, was the prolongation of vowel sounds. Being full of geographical knowledge and the annals of discovery, he could not refrain from talking about them.

Once he addressed me as follows :

"Say, Mr. Ogilvie; do you think they'll discover any continents or great islands in the world yet?"

"No, Professor, I don't think so; in fact, I am sure we won't. The world has been travelled over enough now to assure us there is nothing extensive to be discovered."

"Wall, that's what I say, but I had an argument with a fellow not long ago, an' he said they'd discover continents yet."

"What did you say to him?"

"Wall, I said, for a man of his knowledge and education, I thought it was a *heterogonus* kind of an idea."

"A what?"

"A heterogonus idea."

"What's that?"

"Don't you know?"

"No, what is it?"

"Never heard the word before?"

"No, what does it mean?"

"Never saw it in the dictionary?"

"Not to my knowledge. How do you spell it?"

"Wall, I don't remember, but it's there."

"Well, what does it signify?"

"Come now—honor bright—boss, you know what it means?"

"I tell you *no*. I never heard the word before, and don't think I ever saw it. What do you mean by it?"

"Wall it means, ah-ah kin' of-ah, —oh, come now,—honest— you know what it means."

"No, I don't, I tell you. Can't you believe what I say?"

"Why, that's curious. Wall, it means—ah—ah—wall, it means—a kin' of a d----d fool idea like."

"Yes, I guess it does!"

"Don't you think I hit him right?"

"Certainly you did; couldn't do it better."

Were I to commit all the Professor's queer remarks to paper, they would fill a large volume, and all just as original as the one given. He knew all science, but theology was his favorite subject, and he several times averred that there were many souls in Meeker County, Minnesota, who daily thanked the Lord for his ministrations there in his early days. Nothing escaped his attention, and everything was described and explained, sometimes to his and our satisfaction, but often to his satisfaction and our annoyance or mere amusement. He certainly never let us weary thinking.

Early in the afternoon we passed some families of Indians camped on the bank. Now, Indians expect all passers to call, and at least treat them to a smoke; but, as we were in a hurry, I was not inclined to stop at all. They hailed us with the usual salute; "Ho, bo joo" (*bon jour*). I fired back at them some phrases in the Chinook jargon which they never heard before. It so dumbfounded them to hear white men speaking in such a strange tongue, that without a word they meekly watched us drifting by.

The Professor too, was amazed. He professed to know something of every language under the sun except this, and he vainly besought me to tell him what it was and translate for him. I felt so elated at knowing something he did not know, that I would give him no satisfaction, and Gladman, who knew what I said, was equally heartless: whereat the Professor vowed in wrath that he would "learn that yet, if it cost a farm."

I would simply weary the reader were I to only attempt to relate the many original and ridiculous discussions we had on our way. The reader



GRAND RAPIDS, ATHABASCA RIVER, FROM POINT ON EAST BEACH, BELOW ISLAND.

may think me very foolish for indulging in such farcical discussions; perhaps I was, but our lonely position and the strong temptation to which we were exposed must be remembered.

I will give now some notes on the Athabasca River.

From Athabasca Landing down stream the river is free of hindrance to navigation for about 120 miles, when we reach Pelican Rapids. These are not difficult to navigate; the only trouble in them arises from low water and some rocks in the channel. When the water is high there is no danger at all, as the steamer can easily ascend under a good head of steam. It appears they take their name from the presence of pelican in or about them nearly all summer. Both times I went down the river I saw some there. A fair-sized canoe can be run down these rapids with safety.

One hundred and sixty-five miles below the Landing, Grand Rapids are reached. This is the rapid of the river, and partakes more of the nature of a cataract than of a rapid. In the middle of the channel there is an island, over which the Hudson's Bay

Company have constructed a tramway on which to transport the outfits for all the northern posts. The steambot landing is about one and a half miles above the island, and the intervening water is very shallow, with many rocks and a very rapid current. Through this the company has made a channel by removing rocks. Between this steambot landing and Fort McMurray the company does all its transport with large boats, locally known as sturgeon-nosed or sturgeon boats, from the fact that both bow and stern are spoon-shaped and somewhat resemble a sturgeon's nose. These boats are capable of floating about ten tons, and are each manned with a crew of ten or twelve men, and when loaded draw upwards of two feet of water. The time of their ascent and descent varies much with the height of the water, as in some of the rapids more or less portaging has to be done, which varies with the depth of water. Below the island in Grand Rapids there are nearly two miles of rough water, which in low water requires much care in navigating to avoid rocks and shallows.

Grand Rapids are about two miles

long, and I estimate a fall of about sixty-five feet for them, most of which occurs in about 2,000 feet. The river here has, through past ages, worn for itself a bed in the soft sandstone, about three hundred feet deep. Thickly scattered over the face of the rapid may be seen spheroidal, concretionary masses of sandstone, varying in size from a foot or two to 10 or 12 feet in diameter. These, harder than the surrounding mass, have offered greater resistance to the action of the water, and have remained standing on the slope of the rapid in incalculable numbers, adding greatly to its roughness. Midway in the rapid is a large timbered island, around which the waters sweep, and, converging below, rush through a channel not more than 100 yards wide, while above the island the river is from 500 to 600 yards in width. The rush of water through this channel is tremendous, and reminds one forcibly of the rapids below Niagara Falls. Standing on the east bank of the river, just at the narrowest part of the channel, and looking up at the wildly-tumbling white waters dashing from rock to rock as they sweep around the fir-clad island, while on either hand stand the towering and almost perpendicular sandstone cliffs with their fringe of dark green fir apparently brushing the clouds, one sees a spectacle that inspires with awe and wonder, and one that an artist would love to look upon and feel to be worthy of the best touches of his brush.

The greater volume of water flows down on the west side of the island. The channel on the east side is generally shallow. The descent in it is less abrupt than on the west side. At certain stages of water the channel on the east side can be run down in a good canoe or small boat, if the voyager does not mind running the risk of getting his "stuff" wet.

In 1884, I passed my stuff down the east channel in a boat manned by two men, and managed by a line held by

three men on shore. One of the party ran most of the way down in a heavy dug-out canoe. On my last visit I was told of a man running down the east channel in a very small bark canoe. It was a risky thing to do, and had he been drowned we would say "served him right."

We reached the rapids at noon on the 16th. Here we found the steamer tied up at the landing-place, discharging cargo, and waiting for the boats from McMurray. As the captain told me he was going down to the island in the morning, and he would put my canoe and outfit over the tramway if I would wait, I decided to remain. On board I found my old friend Jimmy Flett, whom my readers may recollect had the great dance with Mother Cowly at Fort Chipewyan. We had a pleasant chat together, and Jimmy gave me an account of all that happened in his horizon since I saw him nearly three years before. In honor of my visit, some of the steamer's crew crossed to the west side of the river, and painted my name in huge white letters on the sandstone cliff. A lob-stick was also made to commemorate the event. A lob-stick is formed by cutting all the branches of a good-sized tree, except a few near the top. The tree, after the operation, presents a docked appearance, and many such trees can be distinguished at a long distance. Originally and generally, these lob-sticks were made to commemorate the meeting or parting of friends and parties, but some times they were made in recognition of the gift of a pound of tobacco, or a little tea. To many of the old inhabitants, they are historical land-marks, and with them in actual or in mental view they could give a fair history of the district.

In the evening, part of the forward deck was cleared, Jimmy brought out his fiddle, and the Red River jig was indulged in. I have sometimes thought that Burns must have witnessed some such dance as this before he wrote the immortal "Tam O'Shanter." Cer-

tainly the witches could not have put any more vigorous effort into their dancing than do the patrons of this jig, even if

“They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,
Till ilka carline swat and reekit.”

The Nannie on this occasion was “Schott,” the pilot of the boat, a big half-breed. He is the fastest dancer I ever saw. Jimmy was put to it to play as fast as Schott could dance, and

on the left bank of the river. This well is about seventeen miles below Grand Rapids, and is situated in a sharp bend of the river. The gas bubbles up all over the bay in the bend, but the principal outflow is through a rift in the bank, close to the water's edge—so close, in fact, that at high water it is covered. The crews of the boats often use it to boil their kettles, and, when once lighted, it burns until a strong gust of wind puts it out, or the water overflows it.



LOWERING A SCOW OVER THE CASCADE RAPIDS, ATHABASCA RIVER.

I am not sure but that at the finish Jimmy was half a bar behind. However, they divided between them the admiration of all on board, and as it was dark we could not tell which was in the greater state of collapse.

Early in the morning, Schott and part of the steamer's crew, dropped down to this island in a small boat. We followed in our canoe. After some delay a tram-car was procured, our outfit and canoe were run to the other end of the island, and from there we re-embarked. The run over the rough water below the rapids was safely made, and in about two and a half hours we were down to the natural gas well

Could all the gas flow be gathered into one outflow, it would make a large volume. Incautiously, I applied a lighted match to the rift, and paid the penalty of having my face scorched, though not seriously. The flame fluctuated much in volume, dancing up and down from two to five feet in height. The gas burns with a pale, bluish flame, so far as I could judge, of much heat, but little illuminating power. The Professor had many theories to account for this gas flow, but as he settled on none of them as satisfactory, in justice to him I refrain from giving any of his speculations.

Shortly after passing this, we met

the fleet of sturgeon-nosed boats on its way up to Grand Rapids for the "stuff" brought down by the steamer. It was several days overdue, and we learned that the cause of the delay was an epidemic of *la grippe*, which seized on the majority of the crews at the same time, and rendered the boats so short-handed that they had to tie up for some days, and a messenger was sent back to McMurray for help. Two of the boats were left at the next rapids until the crews left with them, consisting of all the sickest men, should recover sufficiently to come on. Many of those we met were not feeling fit for work, and some of them were prostrate in the boats.

This was the first time that the malady had visited this part of the country, and these simple, superstitious people looked on it with much concern. Strange to say, it kept ahead of us all the way to Simpson, arriving one or two days before we did at every post. I was glad of this, for, had we preceded it, on us would have been laid all the responsibility of bringing it in; even as it was, some of the natives thought we sent it ahead of us.

Most of the natives are very suspicious. They cannot understand what strangers, who are not traders or missionaries, want in their country, and they attribute ill-luck of any kind to the baleful influence of the stranger.

Between Grand Rapids and Fort McMurray there are ten rapids. I obtained from the pilot of the steamboat (a man who was acknowledged by all I inquired of, to possess as complete and reliable knowledge of the river from the Landing to Lake Athabasca as any man in the country), the names of these rapids, and the best way to run down them.

The first in the order of descent is named "Brulé Rapids." It is about 25 miles below Grand Rapids. In it the river spreads out from 250 or 300 yards in width to upwards of 400. In mid-stream the water is shallow, so

much so that large trees strand on the way down. The channel is on the left side of the river, and quite close to the shore. It is not more than one-fourth of a mile long, and by keeping not more than twenty or thirty yards from shore, there is no danger in its descent. It appears the rapid takes its name from the presence of an extensive brulé. About sixteen miles below it comes "Boiler Rapids." This is quite an extensive rapid, though only the lower part of it is very rough. In high water the left side affords the safest channel to run in, and in low water the right side. It takes its name from the fact that the boiler intended for the Hudson Bay Company's steamer on the lower river was lost in the rapid, through the wrecking of the scow which contained it, on its way through in 1882. At the foot of this rapid there is much rough water, which requires a good-sized canoe for its safe descent.

In sight of the lower end of the last comes "Drowned Rapids." The channel here is on the left side, quite close to the shore, and were it not for three or four large swells caused by rocks, it might be run down by anyone, without any apprehension of danger. It takes its name from the fact that a man named Thompson was drowned some years ago by the swamping of his canoe in running through it. I had the misfortune, in 1884, to lose a member of my party in a similar manner, though I have gone through it myself twice, and ran no risk that I was aware of. Less than a mile from this rapid we enter "Middle Rapid." This is not very rough, but is somewhat shallow and stony. The channel in this is on the right side.

The next rapid is known as "Long Rapid," and the channel here is also on the right side. The water in it is not very rough.

Next in succession is "Crooked Rapid," so-called from the fact that in it the river makes a very short turn

round a limestone point. The channel is on the right side, and is not rough, with the exception of a small "chute" just at the head; this requires care in a canoe.

"Stony Rapids" come next. In them the channel is on the right side, and is not very rough.

The next is appropriately known as the "Cascade," the river falling over a ledge of rock about three feet high. The channel is on the left side, and certain stages of water permit fair-sized canoes to descend it without much risk.

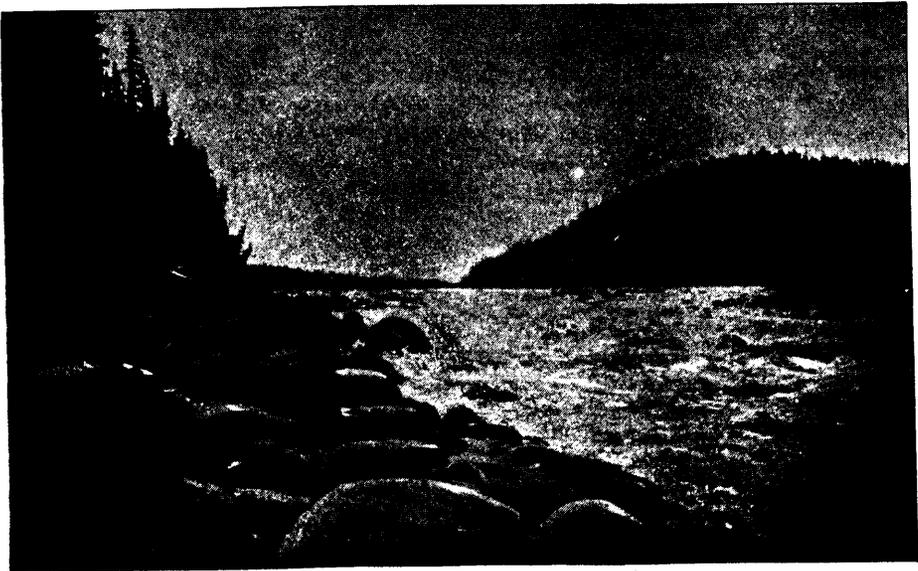
The last rapid worthy of note is known as "Mountain Rapid," by reason of the high banks in its vicinity. It is rather rough, but there is a good channel, which at the head is on the left side, and in the middle there is a piece of smooth water, through which a crossing is made to the right side, which is quite smooth, while the left side is very rough.

The last of the series is known as "Moberly Rapid." It is only a ripple caused by some rocks on the left side of the river, in the midst of a swift current. On the right side, the water

is smooth enough for the passage of the smallest craft. From the head of Grand Rapids to Fort McMurray is upwards of 85 miles of river altogether too bad for the present steamer to ascend. It is the opinion of some, that with proper appliances the present steamer might succeed in doing so, but it appears to me that such a project would involve much expensive labor and considerable risk.

The first outcrop of petroliferous sand is just at the head of Boiler Rapids, and from here it is found anywhere along the river for a distance of 150 miles. *In situ* it presents a stratified appearance, and looks like a dark grayish rock, but when exposed to heat for a few minutes, it becomes viscid; hence on hot summer days the cliffs exhibit long streams of the sand and tar crawling down their slopes. As the cliffs become weathered, the mixture rolls to the bottom, in many places forming a beach of tar-sand along the river. When this is exposed to the sun on hot days, if one stands for some time on it, he will find himself slowly sinking into it.

The tar sand is several hundred



GRAND RAPIDS, ATHABASCA RIVER, FROM THE FOOT OF THE ISLAND.

feet in depth, and overlies a Devonian limestone, the first extensive exposure of which is seen at Crooked Rapids, and continues as exposed at every point and rapid until we get some forty miles below McMurray.

Mr. G. C. Hoffman, Chemist of the Canadian Geological Survey, reports that "the tar or maltha, as at present found on the surface throughout a large district on the lower Athabasca, could be utilized for a bituminous concrete for the paving of roads, court-yards, basements, and warehouses, and for roofing. The tar is found combined with fine, colorless siliceous sand, which constitutes 81.73 per cent. of the mixture.

At one or two points along the river the tar collects in hollows which are called tar springs, but there is nothing subterraneous about these springs. They are due to the action of gravity, the tar oozing down the surrounding slopes into a basin and accumulating there.

The tar from these springs was formerly used to pitch the outsides of the boats used on the river. For this purpose it was cooked as in the case of ordinary boat pitch. On hot days the odor from these tar sands is very similar to what we notice when walking through a railway yard when the sun has heated the oil-smearied ties.

The Professor was amazed at the enormous exposures of this sand, and racked his brain in vain to account for its existence. He was not sure but that it was due to the glacial period. Generally, he believed, we owe most of the North-West to that time.

From Athabasca Landing to McMurray the river banks are never less than 300 feet high; in the rapids they are sometimes 600. They are often bold and bluff, forming picturesque scenes. At McMurray there is a marked change in the surface features; the banks are seldom more than 30 or 40 feet high, and the river valley slopes easily back to the general level of the

country. At many points along the lower river extensive and beautiful views are seen from some of the river reaches.

All the surrounding country is timbered with spruce and poplar, much of which is merchantable, but unfortunately the river system flows away from the settled parts of the country, and as we have homes for millions on the prairies and semi-prairies south of this, which will take decades to even partially occupy, this timber is practically a sealed treasure to us now. On some of the upland swamps, tamarac and white birch of small size are found, but they will never figure in the country's assets.

We arrived at McMurray in the afternoon of Sunday, the 19th of July, and spent the remainder of the day there. At this point the sturgeon-nosed boats discharge their cargo, whence it is taken down to Chipewyan by the steamer *Grahame*, a sister boat to the *Athabasca*, but not quite so long. The *Grahame* was built at Chipewyan in 1882-3. Though not a large boat, it is hard for a resident of the civilized parts of Canada to realize the immensity of the task of building her. Every inch of timber used in her construction had to be shaped by hand with axe or saw. Every ounce of iron and machinery used in connection with her had to be hauled hundreds of miles in carts and waggons, then taken down the Athabasca river 430 miles to Chipewyan, and past several of the rapids in the river some of it had to be carried on men's backs. Notwithstanding this, and the fact that only wood native to the country she was built in was used in her, she presents a good appearance, and though now running ten years, is a fair boat, and with some patching is good for several years yet. This steamer also runs from Chipewyan down Great Slave or Peace River to Smith's Landing, the head of the rapids in that stream. She also runs up Peace River proper to the falls—



A CROSSING ON THE ATHABASCA.

250 miles—with the supplies for Fort Vermillion on that river.

The only hindrance to easy navigation this steamer finds between Chipewyan and the falls is the Little Rapids. This is about one hundred miles from Chipewyan, is $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles long, and really is not a rapid at all. The river in its lower reaches varies from one-half to three-quarters of a mile in width, but here it widens to a mile and a quarter or more. The incline of the river bed is somewhat steeper than the average, and the current is stronger, but there is nothing to prevent its descent in the smallest canoe. It is said that there is a pretty deep channel near the middle, but it is crooked and fringed with rocks which constitute the only danger. Even as it is, I never heard of the *Grahame* touching anything but the bank in this magnificent river, though she yearly makes one or two trips to the falls. It will be found that a good channel for much larger boats than the *Grahame* can easily be made through this rapid whenever it is necessary to do so.

The falls are a perpendicular drop of $9\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and have a width of a mile. Above them is a rapid about a third

of a mile in length, and a fall of about eight feet. These falls are not a very impressive sight, as the banks are low, the timber scrubby, and, on account of the width, the water is smooth. About a mile and a half above the falls is another rapid which, in time past, has been a cascade; but the water has worn channels through the rock over which it fell, leaving large masses of rock standing in the bed of the river. The fall in this rapid is about eight feet and is not more than 300 yards long. This makes a total fall from the foot of the falls to the head of this rapid of about twenty-five feet. Mr. McKenzie, at Red River post, near the falls, told me that there is a natural channel on the north side of the river, from a point a little below the falls to a point above the upper rapid, which could easily be converted into a canal. Through it the waters of an extensive swamp enter the river, and the only rock-cutting on it would be at the upper end to connect with the river. This opinion is only given from ordinary observation, and might be modified by actual survey. I did not see the place referred to, but think Mr. Mackenzie's judgment can be re-

lied on. The falls and rapids do not cause much trouble to the passage of the empty York boats or scows, for on the south side of the falls the waters have worn the rock away, so that instead of one perpendicular drop there are three or four of a foot or two each, forming a channel some 60 or 80 feet wide, down which the boats run quite easily, their impetus being restrained with ropes from the shore. A natural wharf is found at the foot of the falls for loading and unloading boats.

Once above the falls, the *Grahame*, or a larger boat, would in ordinary stages of water find no difficulty in ascending to the Rocky Mountains, about 640 miles. In very low water there are three places where she might, with a heavy load, touch bottom, but she would not be completely stopped. Two of these shallows are near the mouth of Smoky River, where the Peace spreads out over gravel flats. The other is near the boundary line of British Columbia.

Early on Monday morning we took our departure from McMurray. It was a beautiful day, delightfully clear and breezy. The river here runs in long, straight reaches, which were ever opening some new scene of beauty. Now it would be a far away vista of dark-green spruce, set in a field of emerald poplars, whose snowy white trunks reflected the sunbeams in showers of beauty; again, a dark ridge sharply outlined against the azure sky, with its dusky sides dotted with the yellow foliage of the northern birch, and all bathed in that indescribable crystal atmosphere one seldom sees in our smoke-laden, vapor-saturated air. All day we felt the impress of this scene, and were hushed in silent admiration.

By sundown we had put seventy good miles between us and McMurray, and were looking forward to making one of the quickest trips to Chipewyan on record—but record in that region is traditional. Alas! we were doomed to disappointment, for on the

morrow rude Boreas was up betimes, and angrily forbade further trespass on his territory. We impertinently disregarded his command, and started to make further invasion in his domain. He, however, was not to be contemned with impunity, so rose up in his might and smote us, so that a four-mile-an-hour current and three lusty paddlers could make no progress against him. He raised the water into respectable billows, which covered us with spray, and ignominiously we had to retreat to the shore, and—before we could get comfortably fixed—to punish us for our temerity, he deluged us with a cold rain, which kept us under canvas, shivering all the rest of the day. To appease him we fasted until morning—that is, we ate nothing warm, for fire was out of the question. Next morning he relented somewhat, but kept a tight hand on us, and we could make only four miles in an hour and a half: so we landed on a point where some Indian huts were erected, and a few potatoes had been planted. The Indians were absent. We made a thorough exploration of the place. The Professor found several varieties of *Corralyne*, which he defined to be “a very precious stone.” We also found different specimens of iron “*pr-âtes*,” which he informed me was “a kind of iron ore,” and when I remarked: “Oh, then, it is valuable,” he advised me to have nothing to do with it, as a “hull county of it ain’t worth a —!” As no two of his specimens agreed in appearance, nor any of them possessed the essentials of those minerals, I doubted his mineralogy; but contradicting him involved a useless argument, and I meekly accepted his information.

About noon, Boreas blustered himself into collapse, and we proceeded at such speed that we were in the alluvial flats near the lake at sundown. These flats undoubtedly occupy a part of the original Athabasca Lake, and, geologically speaking, not very long either. The soil in them along the

river is a rich, black loam, and the surface is covered with fine, large spruce trees, collectively the best timber I have seen anywhere in the territories. Close to the lake, some of the flats are not yet timbered, and some of them only partially so. On some of the last there are great accumulations of drift-wood, brought down by floods from the shores of the river. From Athabasca Landing to the lake is about 415 miles, but as this is only a little more than half the course of the Athabasca—all of which is heavily timbered—we can well imagine the largeness of the source of supply of the drift-wood.

Near the lake we passed some Chipewyan Indians camped on one of the arms of the delta. They were all sick with *la grippe*. Old and young, all came and stood on the bank, and raised their united voices into a heart-rending wail, while pronouncing the word of such import to Indians—"Medicine!" I was sorry for them, but had nothing to give them, nor could I help them, so I fired at them a concentrated volley of Chinook, before which they retired in confusion, and we passed in peace.

By noon we were in sight of the lake, but one of the channels we passed through was so choked with drift timber, that it was near sun-down before we emerged from it. I passed through this channel in 1884, when it was perfectly clear.

Across the lake, eight miles to Fort Chipewyan, we quickly went, and made ourselves at home for a few days. We found nearly all the people of the place



LOOKING UP THE ATHABASCA, "AT DROWNED RAPIDS."

As this river rises in the Rocky Mountains, in summer it is fed by melted snows; consequently, like all such streams, it is subject to great fluctuations in height. It is not unusual for it to rise several feet in the course of a few hours. While I was at Grand Rapids in 1884, it rose four feet in onenight, but fell almost as rapidly. These fluctuations are governed by the weather in the mountains. A warm day or two turns so much of the snow into water that the narrow valleys are gorged. A cold day lowers the river below its usual level. The only time the water maintains its usual height is the autumn, when the snows are nearly all melted, and the weather in the mountains is colder.

were away on the steamer *Grahame*, which was down Great Slave River at Smith's Landing, one hundred miles from here.

Before many of the cities of Canada were thought of, this was a flourishing trading post. In the last years of the 18th century, it stood on the south shore of the lake, some twenty or more miles south-east from its present site. From there in June, 1789, Alexander Mackenzie—afterwards Sir Alexander—started with some Indians on his voyage down the great river which bears his name, 1500 miles to the Arctic ocean, and three years later he started on his celebrated journey up the Peace, and across what is now British Columbia, to the waters of the

Pacific. He wintered on the bank of the Peace, nearly opposite the mouth of Smoky River. The crumbling remains of the houses he erected then were pointed out to me in 1883. In the summer of 1793 he crossed to the sea and returned.

Early in the present century the post was moved to its present site, where it will probably remain while it exists. It is situated on a rocky point at the west end of Lake Athabasca, from which there is a beautiful outlook. The lake here is dotted with rocky islands, some of them rising quite high. Four miles from the post a channel known as the "Quatre Fourche," leaves the lake, and connects its waters with Peace River. This channel is the highway from the Fort to Peace River, yet it can not be called a part of that river, for, when the lake is high and the river low, the waters flow through it into the river, and *vice versa*. It is narrow but deep, and resembles a canal cut through the alluvial flats, which now, as at the mouth of the Athabasca, occupy a part of the original lake. This canal is nearly thirty miles long. The passage to Great Slave River, locally known as River de Rocher, and the distance from the post to "Great Slave" or "Peace" River, is about thirty miles long. A few miles down this stream, a ledge of rock crosses it which causes a ripple in low water. The *Grahame* has sometimes touched when crossing, but has never been seriously delayed. In ordinary water, however, she has no trouble.

I remained several days at Chipewyan getting observations to determine its position, from which I deduced its latitude $58^{\circ} 43' 02''$ and longitude $111^{\circ} 10' 24''$.

The lake here lies between two widely separated geological formations. The last rock exposures on the south side are cretaceous sandstones; the north shore is formed of Laurentian gneissoids.

Generally there is very little soil

near the post on the north shore. At the post there is a comparatively large area of sandy soil, which is utilized as gardens by the Hudson's Bay Company, the Anglican Mission and a few of the Company's servants. The Roman Catholic Mission is across a bay about a mile west of the post. This mission, some years ago, drained a small lake and swamp into the lake and a portion of this drained area they still cultivate. On this was grown wheat which won a gold medal at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876. The fact that such grain was grown upwards of 1,000 miles farther north than Toronto helps us to realize the importance of our great North. We may qualify this fact with as many failures as we may; it is still a fact—such wheat has several times been grown in the past, and can be again. I have seen potatoes grown at this post which in yield, size and quality, would compare very well with the same tuber in any part of Ontario.

Several head of cattle are kept at the post and mission. The hay for their sustenance is generally cut on the alluvial flats along the south and west shores of the lake, and hauled across in winter. In summer they graze on the flats between the granite hills back of the post. There are numerous places around the post where the rocks have been worn by glacial action.

Great numbers of fish, principally white fish, are caught in the lake near the post, and generally near Goose Island, about fifteen miles south-east from the post, but sometimes the fisheries have to be moved to other places. In the fall of 1888, the Hudson's Bay Company required thirty six thousand, the Roman Catholic Mission twelve thousand, and the rest of the people at least thirty thousand fish. These fish would probably average three pounds each; thus we have one hundred and seventeen tons for less than two hundred people. But it must be borne in mind that fish, here, is the principal

article of food for man, and the only one for the dogs.

This is the See of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Athabasca-Mackenzie. The mission comprises a church, nunnery, residence for the clergy, and schools.

The post was for a time the See of the Anglican Diocese of Athabasca, but the seat of this diocese was some years ago moved to Vermillion on Peace River, two hundred and seventy miles from here.

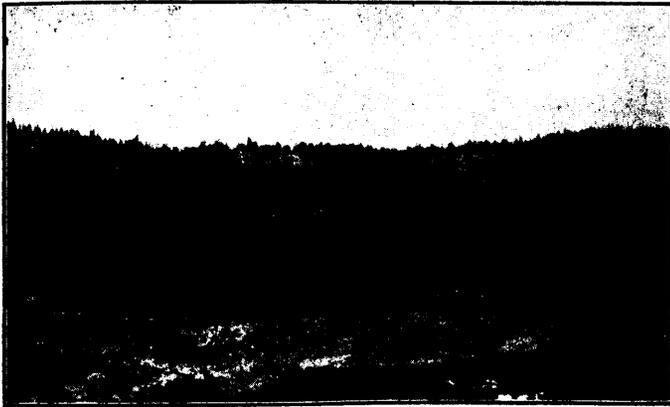
On Monday morning, July 27th, we started for Smith's Landing on the Great Slave or Peace River. A word here in explanation. On all the maps of this region published, the river formed by the confluence of the Peace and Athabasca is named the Great Slave, but by the people in the district it is generally known as the Peace. Often when speaking of the Great Slave to people there, I have had to explain myself. There is really no reason why it should not be called the Peace down to Great Slave Lake, as it

to call the Peace below its junction with the Athabasca by any other name than the "Peace."

Just before entering the Peace River, we passed a large camp of Chipewyan Indians. They, along with those I have mentioned on the south side of the lake, had just returned from a trip to Athabasca Landing, where they went in the spring with their furs. They had heard that furs sold much higher at Edmonton, and determined to test the matter. So in the early spring, they had a small scow built for themselves, and hired a guide, and with their families and dogs, they started to make the ascent of the Athabasca to Athabasca Landing, and thence to make their way to Edmonton. This incident shows how changed they are becoming. A generation ago they would hardly have ventured so far out of their country, in such numbers, on such an errand.

Like all the other people in the country, they were down with *la grippe*. We endeavored to pass quietly

by; but one old woman saw us and gave the alarm, when out they all came, wailing forth the word "Medicine!" in most dismal tones, and at the same time keeping up the most violent coughing, all vying with each other who would produce the best, or rather worst, cough. They kept it up as long as we were within hear-



R. C. MISSION FARM, CHIPEWYAN,

on which the Gold Medal Centennial Exhibition wheat was grown.

is principally formed of the waters of that river, which discharges, I would say, at last twice as much water as the Athabasca does, at the junction. It would be just as reasonable to call the St. Lawrence below its junction with the Ottawa by some other name, as

ing, and, no doubt, thought us very unfeeling for passing without calling. Had we stopped we would have had to refuse a request from everyone in the camp for tea and tobacco. That one or two met with refusal would not deter every one, in his turn, from repeating

the solicitation. All Indians appear to think white men ought to part with any, or all, of their goods at their request, but very few of them will give anything to a white man until they are well paid for it; not even after they have been most generously treated. In fact, generosity, generally, has a negative effect on them, and to be grateful is, as a rule, something foreign to their nature. I know there are some exceptions to this rule, and I know also that many people who have had no experience with these Indians will shake their heads and mutter: "Absurd!" just as a few who have had experience will exclaim—"Prejudice!" Well, the prejudice is not on my side, as the vast majority of people who have lived near them or have had occasion to depend on them can testify.

I can illustrate this trait by referring to the journey these people made to Athabasca Landing. They and their fathers had traded with the Hudson's Bay Company for generations, and, whatever faults the Company may have, it certainly always treated the Indians kindly—yes, more than kindly—fatherly. It made money by them, it is true, but it has also lost much extending help to them when others would not, or, anyway, did not. I have myself often known the Company to go to much expense and trouble to relieve starving and helpless Indians.

And at every post there are always several old and helpless people entirely dependent on the Company's bounty, which may not be very munificent, but it keeps them alive, and in comfort compared with what they would experience if with their own people. Now those Indians who had gone to Edmonton to sell their furs had realized all this; yet, because the Company's people at Chipewyan would not pay them what they were told they would get five hundred miles nearer the civilized world, they undertook a journey which most men would without hesitation say would not cover the extra trouble and expense by the difference in prices between the local post and Edmonton. Their own time is valueless to them—at least they look at it in that way—*until you engage one of them*. And they cannot, or will not, understand why goods should cost more at one point than at any other; so they considered that any extra price they got at Edmonton was clear gain, notwithstanding that they built a scow and travelled continuously for two months to get there and return to their home market, where great expense had been incurred to get in produce specially for them; which produce I have no doubt they went begging for as soon as what they got at Edmonton was done.

(To be continued.)



THE EVOLUTION OF SELF-GOVERNMENT IN THE COLONIES :

THEIR RIGHTS AND RESPONSIBILITIES IN THE EMPIRE.

HON. DAVID MILLS, LL.B., Q.C., M.P., P.C.

It is my purpose here to discuss matters of great importance to us as a colonial population. States have their periods of infancy and maturity, no less certainly than the individuals who compose them, and as society, in a dependency, becomes more wealthy and grows more complex, the powers of its government must necessarily grow in a corresponding proportion, so as to keep in harmony with the wants and conditions of the population.

I feel specially interested in discussing this subject, because there is occasionally exhibited a spirit of unrest in reference to the future of Canada, and it is assumed, as a matter of course, that our political growth has already reached its utmost limits unless we either at once attain the rank of an independent state, or become incorporated with the neighboring Republic. It is true that some parties have been looking forward to the Federation of the Empire as a solution which avoids the necessity of independence or annexation; but I think that the more that this proposition is considered, the more it will be seen that such a solution is one not capable of realization.

I shall in this article undertake to show that we are not tied up to any of these as the sole solution of which our future is capable. It seems to me that, when we examine the history of the English colonies, we shall find that there has been a gradual growth of their political authority; that, from time to time, the parent state has yielded a larger measure of self-government to meet the political necessities of the colony; that colonia

authority has been extended, until it has reached the extreme border of domestic jurisdiction; and that with the growth of the colonies, and the extension of their commercial relations with other States, these relations must ultimately be dealt with by the colonies themselves. I know at first blush, the statement of this opinion may lead many to suppose that separation and independence must be the logical outcome of our growth. I don't think so. I think it will be found that we may assume the exercise, hereafter, of external Sovereignty, as respects our own wants and necessities, without political separation from the Parent State; and it seems to me that we have, for the present, but to proceed empirically, and to deal with each question affecting our external relations as it arises, in order to work out for ourselves, and for the United Kingdom, a satisfactory solution of our future relation to it.

It is my duty to try and make what I may write, on this subject, of some use to the young men of Canada. I know well that I am expected to express sentiments in conformity with the history, the traditions, the principles and the aims of the Liberal party, and this I purpose doing.

The primary duty of the Liberal party is to correct such abuses as experience points out, to adjust our institutions to our present condition, and to see that the legislation and government of the country move forward so as to keep in step with the progress of the population. I dare say that some may dissent from the doctrines here advocated, but perfect

agreement in opinion is never the characteristic of those who think. We are often obliged to reason from imperfect data, and to draw conclusions from facts which may not be all that we should have before us in order to avoid mistakes. Nor must we forget that there arises, in the consideration of every great question, a period of initiation, a period when a formative process is going forward, and the opinions first promulgated, may be revised by the aid of more extended information, and corrected by the discussion and consideration which may be subsequently given to the subject.

Nothing is more obscure than the future of States. Providence has not lifted the mists which lie upon the path which stretches out before political communities, and upon which they are destined to travel. It is impossible to predict, with any pretence to certainty, the course that may, at a distant period in the future, be taken. The obstacles which lie in the pathway before us are unseen, and the effect of their existence may be to turn us in a direction quite different from that which, looking at the present condition of things, we might reasonably suppose we were likely, in the future, to take. We cannot even say in what direction, therefore, we are certain to move. This much, however, is certain, that the most formidable difficulties which we shall be called upon to encounter will be those for the existence of which we shall be ourselves solely responsible. We have, in the past, had many important questions put in issue, which the public have not, in every instance, solved. Many which are very important await solution; because they do not alone involve matters of judgment, but also subjects of public morals, and they cannot be dealt with by us without leaving the whole community the better or the worse on account of the action taken. It is for this reason that, I confess, I approach some of them with anxiety, and I cannot help

feeling that there is much more than party triumph or party defeat involved in them. The whole people will be the better or the worse by what we do; they will be raised to a higher moral elevation, or sunk to a lower moral level than that which they now occupy, for it must be remembered that where there is power to decide, there is also the duty to decide rightly, and this is especially so in cases where the way is plain, or where it is one in respect to which the right course may be easily ascertained. It is scarcely less wrong to refuse to carefully investigate, than to unfairly decide, because, to us, the consequences will be the same, whether we take a wrong course from indifference, or take it deliberately, knowing it to be the one which a strict regard for right would compel us to abstain from choosing.

It is my purpose, in this article, to avoid party issues, and to consider what is to be our future relation to the United Kingdom. The past history of a state is always taken up, and incorporated, with its present life, and the future must be largely determined by the forces which are evolved from its growth and history.

One of the most interesting events in human history is the growth of the English Colonial Empire. It differs, in some important respects, from that of every other country, ancient or modern. Of modern civilized nations, Spain and the United Kingdom are the only great colonizing States.

It is no part of my duty, and it would be wholly beside my aim, to discuss the character of the colonization of Phœnicia, Greece and Rome. I purpose considering here the future of the colonies of England alone.

Holland began the work of colonization not long after Spain and England. She planted a colony upon the Hudson, in South America, in South Africa, and in the East Indies. Her chief colonies were New Amsterdam and Good Hope, and they became, by

the fortunes of war, English possessions. France began the work of colonizing in New France. Her possessions, too, have been transferred to the English; so that England not only retained the colonies which she began to establish, until near the close of the last century, but she obtained possession of all the important colonies established by other European States, except in the case of Spain and Portugal. Spain is the only other modern country which can, with any propriety, be regarded as a great colonizing country.

The Spaniards, to-day, occupy a territory nearly as great as that occupied by the Anglo-Saxon race. But the Spanish colonies have not kept pace with the colonies of England. The United States contains, now, a larger population than is found in all the independent states which Spain has founded, and this is due mainly to the fact that all Northern and Central Europe have poured their migrating population into that country, where they are being transmuted into Englishmen,—obeying English law, living English custom, speaking the English language, and learning English literature, in place of the laws, customs and literature of the country of their birth, all of which they have left behind them.

It would be interesting to trace the growth of colonies, to consider how it came about, that Spain, rather than France, became the founder of so many colonies, spread over so vast an extent of territory. The political importance of Spain in our day does not impress us. She has been superseded by other States who have come to the front and who occupy a much larger space in the minds of men than she now fills; but in the 16th and 17th centuries, Spain held a place even more marked in the eyes of the world than that which England occupies to-day. She was a great naval, as well as a great military power. Her people were a commercial people, and it was

the growth of her commerce, and especially the wealth of two of the countries,—Mexico and Peru,—which she discovered and conquered, that gave to her people their colonizing impulse, and did so much to secure to her the possession of some of the finest territory on the globe. Spain, in her commercial and geographical phases, occupied the foremost place, and when we look at the early maps, marking the bays, the rivers, and the inlets of this continent, both on the Atlantic and Pacific coast, we find that they are the work of Spanish navigators, explorers and geographers.

The Spanish colonies were wanting in that vitality which free institutions impart to a people. Spain had destroyed her free institutions in Aragon and Castile, and had become a great consolidated power before her colonies in America were fairly established. Her colonies were held to be under the sole jurisdiction of the Sovereign, who was possessed of the entire control of every department of government, and was the sole proprietor of the vast territories over which he claimed jurisdiction. The people were entitled to no privilege independent of the Sovereign, except the municipal government of the cities, which was entrusted to them. The Spanish Sovereign divided his American possessions into two immense governments, those of New Spain and Peru. Over each a Viceroy was appointed, who possessed the regal prerogatives of the Sovereign within the precincts of his government. He claimed supreme authority, administrative, judicial, and military. When the colonies became populous, the Viceroy was so distant, and so inaccessible, as to exclude a large portion of the population from intercourse with the seats of government. In the last century, a third Viceroyalty was established in Granada, between the two which before existed.

The administration of justice was vested in Courts which were similar

to the Court of Chancery in Spain. The Viceroy was prohibited from interfering with the judicial proceedings of the Courts of Audience. He was prohibited from delivering an opinion upon any matter before the Court. This was intended as a legal restriction upon the arbitrary power of the Viceroy; but a restraint upon one who controlled the military, and the ordinary administration of civil government, was necessarily weak, and did not always serve the purpose, and appeals were frequently had to the King, and to the Council of the Indies. When a case involved a large sum, there was an appeal from the Court of Audience to the Council of the Indies. The jurisdiction of this Royal Council extended to all departments of government,—civil, military, commercial and ecclesiastical. With it originated all laws and ordinances, which could only be enacted by an approval of two-thirds of the Council, and it continued to possess great authority down to the period when the colonies became independent of the parent State. Indeed every State that had an extensive commerce sought to establish colonies.

The Greeks and Phœnicians were both colonizing, as well as commercial, peoples, and Rome, though not so much so, extended her empire, from military considerations, as Russia is doing to-day, incorporated her conquests with her dominions, sent her soldiers in advance of her citizens, and made herself the centre of an organized system, which embraced every country and people that had been subjugated by her armies.

England has for two centuries taken the lead in the work of colonizing, and placing her own people in the possession of every derelict country, and of every coast held by tribes of men who were without the semblance of organized governments. She has done this in the interest of commerce, and to open new markets into which the product of her industries may be carried. Had Christendom recognized

the wisdom of the freedom of commerce, there would have been less interest taken in the work of colonizing. The commercial freedom of England has diminished the inclination and weakened the power of other States to establish colonies. The trade of the world, under a policy of commercial freedom, would have been open to the people of every Sovereign State. They would have all stood upon a footing of equality; but under the policy of the old navigation laws, one State was not allowed to trade with the colonists of another State. The goods of the English colonies, down to the close of the American Revolution, could only be distributed abroad by being first sent to England. The colonies could trade with the parent State alone, and, after the products of their skill and industry reached the parent State, from that point they might be carried elsewhere. The laws of Spain were then even more stringent than those of England, and the unlawful trader was dealt with no less severely than the felon. It was, then, of immense consequence that the countries occupied by uncivilized races should be acquired, in order that a monopoly of trade might be secured, and the State that enjoyed a supremacy at sea was enabled, on account of it, to carry on the work of colonizing with the greatest degree of security, and with the greatest chance of success.

The United States have become an independent people; but they have still, within their sovereign dominions, an immense region unoccupied, open for settlement, with all the favorable conditions that education and a possession of the luxuries and the refinements of civilization can afford. And so we find that hundreds of thousands of men, from every over-populated State of Europe, land in her ports, with the intention of becoming American citizens. They, in time, forget their own language, in order to learn the English tongue. They form the

intellectual habits of Englishmen. They come into possession of lands which Englishmen have touched, over which English law extends, where English thought and feeling prevail: and they are transmuted into men of the English race, as the snows which fall upon the Atlantic are merged into its waters. All emigrating European peoples are becoming English colonists: not through might, nor power of a physical character, but by the presence of this English thought and spirit, which pervades nearly every part of the newer world into which they are inclined to go when they depart from their own country. It is true that of recent years many Germans and many Italians have gone to Brazil and the Argentine Republic, to become, in time, Portuguese and Spaniards; but, compared with the immense number that daily find their way into English-speaking communities, to be absorbed into them, they form but a small fragment,—a fragment so small, that, in the consideration of the subject, they may be entirely overlooked. If one looks at the growth of Brazil, and of the Spanish American Republics, he will see, that though they are very considerable, they are small, indeed, compared with that of the English speaking States, which are spreading over the world. They have retained all their population by birth: they have had a small accession to their numbers: but their progress, in numbers, has been slow as compared with the Australasian colonies, the Cape, and the great Republic to the south of us.

The growth of the English race is a great fact, and so it becomes a subject of great interest, and it is well worth our while to pay some little attention to the evolution of the English Colonial System, to trace its primitive political conception, and its political growth, in order that we may learn from it, as far as may be possible, its future destiny.

The powers of the Local Government

both as to colonies by occupation and as to colonies by conquest, had their earliest expression in Ireland, and yet they had not their origin in that country. The English settlements within the Irish pale were regarded as those of colonists by occupation. The natives of Ireland who dwelt beyond the pale were dealt with as colonists by conquest. Unfortunately for the peace and welfare of both countries, this characteristic, which has disappeared in every dependency abroad acquired by the force of arms, still continues in the case of Ireland. There are features of the government which show that the notion that Ireland is a country acquired by conquest has not even yet been wholly obliterated. I am not, however, going to discuss Irish constitutional history. I wish to say that the primitive colonial conception of local self government will be found in the early Anglo-Saxon constitution. The Local Governments of England were, for a long time, in the conduct of their local affairs, sovereign. The authority of the Earl in his county, and of the Lord Marcher on the borders of Wales, were not inferior to that of the Sovereign of England in the whole kingdom: and the Palatine Counties of Chester and Durham, which were survivals of the system, furnished a form of government for many of the early colonies. In some of the seaport towns the Burgess proprietors were, themselves, possessed of the franchises of an earl, and the free tenants held of them, and paid the same scutage, and rendered to them the same fealty which the tenants of a nobleman paid him in his court. There were, too, great estates which belonged to the Sovereign, and his tenants in capite appeared in Parliament and constituted, in the first instance, the House of Commons: so that these three distinct forms of local self-governing communities in England furnished three types of government, when colonies came to be established. There were the Charter Governments, moulded after the

type of the borough corporations: the Proprietary Governments, moulded after the Counties Palatine; and the Royal Establishments, formed after the type of the King's Parliament, where the laws were enacted by the crown, upon the advice of freemen, but where the writ issued to freemen did not call them to meet the king, in person, at Westminster, as in England, but, from the geographical necessity, to meet the king's agent,—to whom letters patent had been issued,—in a local Parliament, just as the other colonists met in the Parliament of their Proprietary, or of the Corporators. In some respects, the third form proved the most satisfactory, and it did so for the reason that there was less conflict of interest between the population and the crown, in respect to the public domain, than in those provinces where the interest of the crown had been transferred to the person or company that had received the charter. In many of those cases, the progress of the colony was subordinated to the avarice of the Proprietary, or to the greed of the Corporators, whose anxiety for gain impeded the settlement of the immense country which was granted to him or them as trustees of the nation. The writs for the holding of an election were issued by the authority of the crown in the Royal Establishments, and by the proprietor or proprietors in the other cases. The issue of writs for holding an election was regarded by the crown as a matter of grace; but this was no more the case, according to the rules of strict law in a colony now judicially recognized, than in the mother country. It was not a matter of grace, it was a matter of constitutional duty, because it is now well settled, although this has not always been the case, that the prerogatives of the crown in the colonies, are the same as in the United Kingdom, and the crown has no more authority to legislate for Englishmen without the advice and consent of a Representative Assembly in a colony,

than in the parent State, without the consent of Parliament. The truth is, that the arbitrary doctrines of the Stuarts were effectually set aside in England at the Revolution, but they lingered in the colonies until a much later period. The crown claimed to have, in England, the power to create new constituencies, and to issue writs commanding the return of members to represent such constituencies in the House of Commons; but this practice, it was said, could not be continued after the admission of Scotland into the Union, as it was settled what should be the relative representation to which each section of the United Kingdom was entitled. But in the case of the colonies no such objection applied, and the crown claimed the right to continue to create constituencies and to determine their extent. The crown did not undertake to decide upon the qualification which an elector was to possess. This was, for a long time, determined, in England, not by statute, but by usage, and when it was determined by statute, before any colonies were planted, the rule adopted by Imperial statute was regarded as the rule of law, which Englishmen carried with them into the distant possessions of the crown; and so the crown in its proclamation, in stating the qualification of the electors, simply declared what the law already was. It is interesting to observe how tenacious the crown was of the right to create constituencies, for in many instances it absolutely refused to give its sanction to a legislative measure, defining the number of members which should be returned, and fixing the boundaries of constituencies, because such legislation would make it impossible for the crown thereafter to exercise the prerogative which it claimed to possess in this regard. We also find that the crown, in the colonies over which it retained its jurisdiction, refused to agree to have the time for which members were elected limited by law, as, apart from such legislation,

the House was elected during the pleasure of the crown, and could be continued indefinitely, if the crown did not choose to dissolve the legislature and to call a new House.

In the Province of New York, over and over again, the Governor refused to sanction a measure limiting the period for which the legislature was elected, and it was not until the year 1743 that such a measure was carried, and then it was limited to a period of seven years, being the time for which the House of Commons in the United Kingdom was elected, and for which it would continue, if not sooner dissolved by the exercise of the Royal prerogative. We also find that, again and again, in the American colonies, the crown refused to sanction a measure which abolished the law of primogeniture, and provided for an equal distribution of real estate amongst the children of the proprietor. This refusal, however, rested upon a different ground. It was provided in all the Charters, and in the Commissions to Royal Governors, that the legislation in the colonies should be, as near as might be, consistent with the provisions of Common Law, and among the older writers on English Constitutional Law, the opinion obtained that Parliament could not legislate in contravention of the Common Law, which consisted of recognized usages and customs of the people, and which were held to be of paramount authority; that while Parliament, by its legislation, might declare what that law had been, and restore it where, by Royal encroachments, it had been disregarded, it could not legislate in contravention of it; and that where a statute and a well-settled rule of the Common Law were in conflict, that the rule of the Common Law must prevail. And it was because it was thought that such a power could not be legally exercised, rather than because of the impropriety of the legislation, that this power was, for so long a period of time, denied.

There are, too, many instances in

which it is plainly evident that the Sovereign, and sometimes the Imperial Parliament, was jealous of the powers of self-government claimed by the colonies. It has been recently stated in a work of merit,* that the prerogatives of the crown, in the dependencies of the Empire, are greater than they are in the United Kingdom, and great authorities, of a former period, are quoted in favor of this view. There is no doubt it was once so held, but it cannot be said to be held any longer. The prerogatives of the crown are, amongst all English-speaking peoples, in every part of the world where they have not been varied by legislation, the same, and it has been decided in the case of *Long vs. Bishop*, of Cape Town, that the prerogatives of the crown are the same in a colony having a local Government as in the United Kingdom; and this is not less true, even where no Government has been established.

Many years ago, the Governor of Nova Scotia undertook to legislate without an Assembly. The Chief Justice of the Province, who was a member of the Council, objected to this practice as being without legal warrant, and the Attorney and Solicitor-Generals of the time (1755) expressed the opinion that the Governor and Council alone have no power to enact laws, and that the Government could not be properly carried on without an Assembly. Exception was earnestly taken to this view by the Governor and Council, and the case of the Governor of Virginia having exercised such power at the first settlement of that Province was referred to, but the Lords of Plantations informed the Governor that this practice had been of very short duration, and since the Constitution of England had been restored to its true principles it had never been thought advisable that such a course should be taken.

* "Judicial Power and Unconstitutional Legislation," by B. Cox, of the Philadelphia Bar. I would recommend this book to students of Constitutional Law.

And there are decisions and opinions in modern times which show that in this respect the colonies have the same protection against Government by prerogative where Parliament has not expressly provided for legislation without the aid of an Elective Assembly, that the people enjoy in the United Kingdom. The thirteen colonies, prior to the American Revolution, maintained on their own behalf an exclusive authority in all matters of domestic legislation, and also in respect to taxation. They contended that they could not be taxed without their own consent, given in their own legislature, or in some legislative body to which they returned representatives, and that while the Imperial Parliament had supreme control over the external relations of the colonies, no less than over those of Great Britain and Ireland, it had no legal right to legislate for the colonies in matters of domestic concern. This contention on the part of the colonies, made the Empire a species of federation, in which the federal power was exclusively vested in the central and Sovereign State. These were the issues between Great Britain and her North American dependencies. In 1778 the Imperial Parliament passed an act by which it declared its intention, in the future, not to undertake to impose taxes on any of the dependencies of the Empire. This statute is still in force, and it has been scrupulously respected. The Parliament has, however, always claimed for itself the right to legislate on behalf of the colonies upon every conceivable subject. The Imperial Parliament has always denied that there is in any colony any power of legislation that is legally exclusive. It has always maintained that it has a right to legislate on every subject for the colony, and that where it does so legislate, its legislation supercedes that of the colony which is in conflict with it. This is a power which everyone, at the present day, recognizes as one which is not capable of

general employment, as it would, if made practically effective, destroy local self-government in all the colonies of the Empire. The doctrine laid down by the American colonies is one which we have very closely approached, but it is one which has never been formally adopted. The theoretical rule that Parliament is not excluded from legislating for any section of the Empire, as it may deem, in its discretion, proper, is a rule which is found, as at present exercised, a rule of convenience, under which constitutional-legislation, at the request of the colonies, has taken place, and which becomes the supreme law of the colony. Under it, too, Parliament has legislated so as to enable the Crown to do what it once claimed it had the inherent power to do without such legislation, but which the Law Officers and the Courts in recent times have advised and held that it does not possess. Parliament has authorized it to legislate on behalf of new settlements where the population is not sufficiently numerous to enable the inhabitants advantageously to call into existence, upon the authority of a writ, a Legislative Assembly.

The English colonial system took a new departure much more closely conforming to the Parliamentary system of the mother country, upon the introduction of Parliamentary Government. It has led to fiscal legislation often hostile to the commercial interest of the parent State, without leading to Royal or to Parliamentary interference. It has led to the fullest adoption of the principles of local self-government, with which the Imperial Parliament does not venture to interfere,—with which it could no longer constitutionally interfere. In fact, for all practical purposes other than those which I have mentioned, the Imperial Parliament, to-day, is, besides being a domestic legislature, a federal legislature for the Empire, and it has as carefully abstained from interfering with the domestic concerns of

the colonies as if it were restrained by a written constitution. It is true the crown, upon the advice of the Imperial Ministers, may disallow colonial legislation, but the rule has become well settled of late years, that this power of disallowance is one which can now be exercised only for the protection of Imperial interests, and for the careful exclusion of colonial legislation from that sphere which the Imperial Parliament regards as exclusively its own: so that, in all matters of domestic concern, the electorate of each colony where the Parliamentary system is established is as much the political Sovereign of the colony as if the colony had declared itself independent and as if that independence were fully recognized. So far, the Imperial Constitution is well settled.

Now, we in Canada, have to consider a very important matter, and it is this:—Whether we have reached, at this point, the extreme limit of our growth as a dependency, or whether the law of evolution may carry us still further, without any danger to the integrity of the Empire, or any necessity for its dismemberment?

Under the Imperial Constitution I see nothing to prevent every dependency of the Empire continuing to increase in power, and in authority, until it stands upon a footing of perfect equality, in respect to its own affairs, with the parent State: and if this should prove a sound view, then a larger measure of self-government will necessarily spring from an increase of wealth and of numbers. Under the English constitutional system the executive authority of the Empire is everywhere a unit; the power is everywhere royal power; it is everywhere exercised by Her Majesty, but it is not everywhere exercised by Her Majesty upon the advice of the same ministers. At present, Her Majesty's Ministers at Westminster, are her sole advisers on all matters of Imperial concern. Is it necessary to the stability of the Empire,

and to its political unity, that this should forever be the case? I don't think so; and there are indications which show that a new state of things is arising: that we have, in fact, already passed the limit beyond which, in the minds of many, we could not go without separation. We did so in our negotiations with the neighboring Republic in 1871, and again in 1877. We did so in the recent arbitration for the settlement of the dispute in respect to the killing of seals in the Behring Sea. The course taken by the Imperial Government was, in a large measure, determined by opinion in Canada, and upon the Board of Arbitration, Great Britain and Canada were both represented. Formally both representatives were appointed upon the advice of Her Majesty's Ministers at Westminster, but, in fact, the choice of the Canadian representative was determined by the Government of this country. The Imperial Government was largely interested in the matter. If war should have arisen, the burdens of that war would have most largely fallen upon the parent State. But while the necessity is such as to entitle her to a vote on the Board, her interests were not exclusive, and Canada being also an interested party, having interests distinct and separate from those of the United Kingdom, was entitled to receive, and did receive, representation upon the Board of Arbitration. So, too, the Australian colonies set up a claim in respect to the determination of questions of external policy which might affect the future destiny of these colonies. They pointed out to the Imperial Government, that the action of France and Germany in establishing colonies in their neighborhood were not matters which solely affected the parent State; that they were matters far more largely pertaining to the Australian colonies; and that they could not be indifferent to the colonial establishments by France and Germany, in their neigh-

borhood; and they insisted upon an imperial policy, upon the question which so much concerned their welfare, which would relieve them from the menace arising from having great military powers established in their vicinity.

Is it not then, clear, that in proportion as the commerce and wealth of the colonies extend,—that in proportion as they have a larger trade with other countries, they must have in a more marked degree a voice in negotiation, and in the settlement of questions which deeply concern them and which their public men understand and which the public men of England don't and can't understand equally well? The special occupation of the public men in the parent country with those things which specially concern those whom they represent must always make them less competent to deal with the affairs of the dependencies, than they are with their own; and so it is to the interest of the Empire, as it is to the interest of that section of the Empire specially concerned, that those who best understand the questions, and are thoroughly in touch with those whom the matter affects, should be the parties authorized under the constitution to deal with them, and should be the chief advisers of the Crown in respect to them. In the very nature of things, the smaller colonies,—those not having any external relations properly so called,—must trust to the parent State; and, on the whole, their interests are fairly dealt with. But in the case of colonies, which may grow until their interests abroad are not less than those of the parent State, and, in special matters, may be altogether greater, the parent State must trust them as they have trusted her. It is the same Sovereign who negotiates; it is the same Sovereign who expresses what her royal will and determination is in regard to the matter; but that will, that determination, is not moulded and shaped, in every instance, by the same

men, and it certainly can be of no greater moment to Imperial Ministers that colonial Ministers should be the chief advisers of the Crown in such special matters, and that they, in the United Kingdom, should be bound by the conclusions reached, than it is now, when they are bound by acts of men who had gone out of the world before they appeared upon the stage of existence.

This question of political evolution and national growth is one of very great importance, and there obviously springs from it responsibilities as well as rights. It would be indeed monstrous, if we were to claim the full measure of our authority, and, at the same time, deny all responsibility incident to the exercise of such authority. Have we considered, as our interest requires, that when we insist upon exercising, as occasion may necessitate the powers of a Sovereign State, we must also be prepared to assume some of the burdens and responsibilities which attach to that character? We must, while remaining a portion of the Empire, once we claim to exercise such power, be ready to assume, in a larger measure than we have hitherto done, the protection of our own territory in case of war or hostile invasion. It would be in the last degree pusillanimous to make claim to Sovereign authority, and to repudiate all the burdens which Sovereign power, if we stood alone, would necessarily bring. No one in his senses would pretend to say, that if Canada were independent to-morrow, she would not find it necessary to incur expenses in the erection of forts and arsenals, and in the establishment of a fleet, to some extent at least, for the purposes of police and for the purpose of protecting her commerce. As a portion of the Empire, some of the expenditures are no doubt avoided. If our security were not made greater, or less costly, by remaining within the Empire,—if we had no special advantage from doing so,—then the motive for continuing to

grow within it, instead of standing alone, would be at an end. - This much, however, it is clearly our bounden duty to undertake,—to protect our own cities on the seaboard against the possibility of surprise, and to make adequate provision against their becoming possessions, for the time being, of an enemy. The tribute which might be levied, the injury which might be done, the risk of permanent loss which we would incur by neglect, the humiliation and disgrace of capture, would be immeasurably greater evils than the expense which we would now be called upon to bear, in order to give proper security to our own people, and to fairly protect our own special interests. The boy, who, on arriving at years of manhood, does nothing to acquire habits of self-reliance, who makes no sacrifice in his own interest,—will be wanting in some of the highest qualities of manhood: and as it is with him, so is it with the colony grown to the status of a nation that claims power, but which repudiates the burdens which accompany it. It must consider larger questions of state for itself; it must consider the subject of its own defence: it is not called upon to abuse its neighbors, or to indulge in swagger and bravado, but it is bound, in duty to itself, to acquire habits of self-reliance and to make some sacrifices on its own behalf. We expect, from time to time, to press upon the parent State the propriety of conceding to us a larger measure of authority: to place, in a larger degree, our own destiny in our own hands. With what face can we do this, if we are not prepared to put forward the least effort for our own protection, and for making ourselves a substantial source of strength to the Empire, instead of being, in case of hostility, a source of humiliation and danger.

Let us, in discussing the future that lies before us, consider what further measure of authority in particular we should possess, and what further responsibilities we should, in decency and

fairness to the parent State, be prepared to assume; because I take it that the moment we enter upon the field of external relations as one with which we have to do, and as one which politically concerns us, we cannot stand towards the mother country, in reference to questions of defence, as we stood before. There has been, on the part of the English Government, ever since Parliamentary Government for domestic purposes reached maturity, a determination to throw upon the colonies the maintenance of peace within their own borders. Was not this a reasonable determination? Now we stand upon the brink of a new phase of colonial life. We enter upon grounds hitherto untrodden by the feet of any dependent community, and we are bound to consider all that is incident to this new state of affairs. I have no doubt that when the subject is fully considered, and exhaustively discussed, the people of this country, as well as those in other portions of the Empire, will reach such conclusions as will bring to it greater strength, and greater security, along with that increased authority which the different parts may constitutionally claim and rightfully possess. But there may be other interests arising quite independent of any question of defence. When one State becomes an ally of another in case of war, it is not always because their designs are ambitious, or because the integrity of both is endangered.

Let us consider for a moment what the effect of the fall of England would be, not only upon Canada, but upon the whole of North America. If France and Russia could destroy the English fleet, and acquire a naval ascendancy, the British Empire would be at an end. We might have a French garrison in Halifax and in Quebec, and a Russian occupation of British Columbia. But I pass that consideration over. No colonies would remain to England. They would pass under other control, or become independent. The trade of the world would

go back. The restricted system would again be introduced. The whole commerce of the world would be conducted on lines similar to those which prevailed before the beginning of this century. Places with which we can now trade, we could trade with no longer. With the destruction of British commerce, would come the diminution of the British population. Their numbers, by famine and emigration, would fall to, at least, one half of what they are at present. What then would be the British market to us? With New Zealand, Australia and India under the control of Russia and France, I need not say to you, how very serious the change would be both for Canada and the United States. The United States would be in much the same position that she was when the Holy Alliance threatened the independence of this continent and the re-conquest of Spanish America. It would, indeed, be worse. The world has not, since the fall of the Roman Empire, known any event which would so calamitously affect its material and political progress. A great war fought upon our soil would indeed be a great evil. But it would be to us, in its mischievous consequences, trifling, indeed, compared with the fall of the United Kingdom and the dismemberment of the British Empire. The labor of the husbandman would, in the one case, once peace was restored, soon repair the injuries inflicted by war, and the ploughshare would, within a few years, obliterate the evils

inflicted by the sword. But nothing could repair for us the evils arising from the commercial ascendancy of nations using that ascendancy, not in the interests of freedom, but to uphold commercial exclusion. A war which would have the effect of reducing the United Kingdom to the position of Spain would only be less calamitous to us and to every other British possession than to herself. The English-speaking population on this continent would find their commerce destroyed by the restrictive policy extended to so large a portion of the industrial world. Let, it not then, be supposed that such a war is one which but little concerns us, or that we are not called upon to make any sacrifice, from domestic considerations, to uphold the greatness of our motherland. It would once more become a question whether any portion of mankind should possess free institutions. We should be devoted to freedom and to peace: but we must not forget that these are made more secure where it is seen that they are so dearly prized that we are ready to make some sacrifices for their preservation. We cannot stand still. We ought to advance: but we must not forget that increased power and greatness must be accompanied by increased responsibilities, and we would prove ourselves unworthy to share in the sovereign authority of a great Empire, if we attempt to shift to the shoulders of others the burdens which should, in justice, rest upon our own.



A GLANCE AT LAMPMAN.

BY ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

So much has been written and so much has been said concerning Canadian literature, that there are many who are beginning to doubt the existence of such a thing—contending that if a literature really exist in Canada, it would not be necessary to indulge in the prevalent, and perhaps too blatant, trumpeting of our heretofore necessarily meagre accomplishments. An earnest and patriotic, but, at the same time, an unhappy attempt, has been made to “boom” our literature. Like all “booms” it has proven unsatisfactory and unprofitable, fatuous and illusory. We are beginning to realize that to scream at one another that we have a literature is not going to give us one. We are beginning to see that this state of self-consciousness is hampering and confining; that it cannot admit of literary freedom and activity. And to that voice that comes from time to time across the sea, asking in tones of mingled reproof and entreaty why we have not a national literature, we can only sadly but hopefully reply: “We have many promises, many blossoms that should betoken much fall-time fruit. We can only wait, and if, after all, the day of national literatures is not over and gone, we may give you something with the flavor of a great land of great lakes and mountains and plains, that will smack piquant in the cloyed stomachs of your trans-marine gourmands.”

It is undeniably true that there are many promises of Canada some day possessing a number of strong and healthy literary characters; but too much trust should not be placed in mere promises. In his “Victorian Poets,” Stedman disposes of the Canadian contingent in six lines, I believe, devoted to one poet and only one.

It would be both foolish and elusive to expect to see suddenly spring up, like mushrooms, a horde of Canadian writers and poets; it is enough to hope that our schools and colleges may take advantage of the fresh, sturdy material they have to deal with, and turn out men fit for sound intellectual and literary work. So far, they have failed to do so.

It was little more than courtesy that prompted an American poet, when with us not long ago, to say there was something in this Canadian air of ours that made poets. But everything should not be left to the air. In this age, our colleges and universities have their part to do; but I doubt which is the most potent of good results, the Canadian air or the Canadian university.

There is one strongly marked characteristic of the existing generation of Canadian poets—that is, intense seriousness. They have, perhaps unfortunately, little or nothing of the humor found in contemporary American versifiers; but they have an earnestness and a loftiness of ideal that is sadly lacking in much American verse. Mingled with this they have the freshness of a young race, and the strength of a northern one. It may be that this loftiness and high endeavor is, as yet, a comparative failure; but the soul is there, and the technique is a thing that can be acquired. But when there is no soul, all the technique under the blue heavens is only a mockery.

Of the group of Canadian poets who have obtained a recognized standing,—Roberts, Lampman, Carman, Campbell and Scott—probably Lampman is the most thoroughly Canadian, and in Canada the most popular. He is not as scholarly as Roberts; he has not

the strong imaginative power of Campbell; he may not have the mysterious melody of language peculiar to Carman, nor the pleasing daintiness and occasional felicitousness of Scott; but he is the strongest and broadest poet of the group, possessing the most of what Landor has called "substantiality." He has an artist's eye for color, and the quiet thoughtfulness of a student for scenery—the true nature poet. No one has written more happily of our seasons and landscapes, of the long, white, silent winter: of the warm, melodious, awakening spring, of the hot, parched, Canadian mid-summer days, with their dust and drought, and of the reddening and yellowing leaves of autumn, that most sorrowful, though beautiful, of all seasons in Canada, when summer wanes, and the birds fly southward, and the rime comes on the fields, and finally snow and silence dwell on the barren, desolate, wintry earth.

I can readily understand why God put man on His world. Without humanity the most beautiful world is an unreal dream; beauty exists only when man exists to call it beauty; and things are not what they are but what we make them. Without thought, nature is nothing; without emotion, thought is nothing. That is an old, well-worn saying that in the world there is nothing great but man, and in man there is nothing great but mind; but its age and its repetition only intensify its truth. Lampman says:

"Why do ye call the poet lonely,
Because he dreams in lonely places?
He is not desolate, but only
Sees, where ye cannot, hidden faces."

The poet is he who sees—a more difficult thing than humanity imagines. We say the poet's fancy, or imagination, or dreams, casts prismatic hues about what he sees, but, in reality, this fancy is the essence of truth, just as prismatic hues are the essences of white light, unrevealed until the prism analyses the colorless ray and shows

its real elements. In the same way as the prism, the poet acts in the truths he gives forth, showing that they have something more than their apparent elemental white light, that they, too, have their violet and blue and orange and red.

But Lampman sees nature in a peculiarly simple light; there is little of the transforming fancy in his word-painted scenes. They are more real than ideal. I do not mean that Lampman is what is called "a realist"—what poet could be one?—for after reading a poem like "The Frogs," in which an apparently realistic and common-place subject is idealistically treated, such a supposition becomes impossible. The poet establishes a strong bond of sympathy between men and those dreamy pool-bubblers, the frogs.

"Breathers of wisdom won without a quest,
Quaint, uncouth dreamers, voices high and
 strange,
Flutists of lands where beauty hath no change,
And wintry grief is a forgotten guest;
Sweet murmurers of everlasting rest,
For whom glad days have ever yet to run,
And moments are as atoms, and the sun
But ever sunken half way toward the west.

* * * * *
Morning and noon and midnight exquisitely
Wrapt with your voices, this alone we knew,
Cities might change and fall, and men might
die.

Secure were we, content to dream with you,
That change and pain are shadows faint and
 fleet,
And dreams are real and life is only sweet."

It is the poet who finds the latent beauty in what the world thoughtlessly passes over as prosaic or repulsive. Who ever before thought there was so much sentiment connected with that little, neglected, abused, serio-comic animal—the frog?

Lampman is a town man who likes to leave the fret and fever of the city and wander out into the quiet country, find a pleasant or a striking landscape, and then examine and absorb it. Having done this, he reproduces, with faithful minuteness, the scene, and it is in reproduction that one is impressed with his power of delineation and unerring detail. It is accurate and

suggestive, graphic and impressive. None but a true artist could write the following lines; they are more than the work of a mere craftsman:

“Beyond the dusky cornfields, toward the west,
Dotted with farms, beyond the shallow stream,
Through drifts of elm with quiet peep and gleam,
Curved white and slender as a lady's wrist,
Faint and far off out of the autumn mist,
Even as a pointed jewel softly set
In clouds of color warmer, deeper yet,
Crimson and gold, and rose, and amethyst,
Toward dayset, where the journeying sun grown old
Hangs lowly westward, darker now than gold,
With the soft sun-touch of the yellowing bows
Made lovelier, I see, with dreaming eyes,
Even as a dream out of a dream, arise
The bell-tongued city with its glorious towers.”

But for the obtrusiveness of that lady's wrist,—but for that little straining for a back-ground figure, the picture is a perfect one.

What reader has not felt the power of the poem called “Heat?”

“From plains that swell to southward, dim,
The road runs by me white and bare,
Up the steep hill it seems to swim
Beyond, and melt into the glare.
Upward half way, or it may be
Nearer the summit, slowly steals
A hay-cart, moving dustily
With idly-clacking wheels.”

One can see that crawling hay-cart with the vividness of a picture; one can almost feel the quiver of the hot midsummer air, and smell the dry, hot dust.

“By his cart's side the wagoner
Is slouching slowly at his ease,
Half-hidden in the windless blur
Of white dust puffing at his knees.
This wagon on the height above,
From sky to sky on either hand,
Is the sole thing that seems to move
In all the heat-held land.”

Very much in the same excellent style is “Among the Timothy,” where

“The crickets creak, and through the noonday glow
That crazy fiddler of the hot mid-year,
The dry cicada plies his wiry bow
In long-spun cadence, thin and dusty sere;
From the green grass the small grasshoppers' din
Spreads soft and silvery thin;
And ever and anon a murmur steals
Into mine ears of toil that moves away,
The crackling rustle of the pitch-forked hay
And lazy jerk of wheels.”

To any one who has been in the hay-field and has heard the “crackling rustle” of the dry hay, and the jerk of the moved-on wagon wheels, the power of Lampman's pictures must strongly appeal.

This poet is a healthy child of nature, nursed by that broad, strong mother, the innocent earth. Happily he has none of the morbidness to be found only too easily in several young Canadians; grey children grown old in their youth. With Lampman, the smiles were ever too near the lip for him to make his life discordant with his own words, when he said:—

“Poets speak of passion best
When their dreams are undistressed,
And the sweetest songs are sung
Ere the inner heart is stung.”

Emotion and melody seem mingled, like sunlight and cloud, in the sonnet on “Music:”—

“—calm and yearning undersong,
Now swift and loud, tumultuously strong,
And I in darkness sitting near to thee,
Shall only hear and feel, but shall not see
One hour made passionately bright with dreams,
Keen glimpses of life's splendor, dashing gleams

Of what we would, and what we cannot be.

Surely not painful ever, yet not glad,
Shall such hours be to me, but blindly sweet,
Sharp with all yearning and all fact at strife,
Dreams that skim by with unremembered feet,
And tones that like far distance make this life

Spectral and wonderful and strangely sad.”

The due proportion between language and thought is likewise in nearly all of Lampman's work. He seldom relies on illegitimate artistic effects. There is so much that is good in him; there is so much that is worth quoting,—that it is difficult to do him justice by tearing out a few tattered stanzas. But I must be content with one more quotation,—a few lines from “Aspiration”:—

“Oh deep eyed brothers, was there ever here,
Or is there now, or shall there sometime be,
Harbor or any rest for such as we,
Lone, thin-cheeked mariners, that aye must steer
Our whispering barks, with such keen hope and fear,

Toward misty bournes across that coastless sea,
Whose winds are songs that ever gust and flee,
Whose shores are dreams that tower but come
not near."

Archibald Lampman is often spoken of as a young man to be measured by his promise more than by the greatness of his accomplishment: but it seems to me he has done his best work and has risen to his greatest height. He has felt his limitations. But this accomplished work is so excellent for its kind, his art is so pure and chaste, that we cannot be but well satisfied with what he has done. If he has still better work in store for us, it will

be a surprise, but an agreeable one. It would be foolish to expect anything more thoroughly Canadian, for Canada at present is hardly in a condition for poets to grow enthusiastically patriotic over: and while patriotism in itself is a good thing, the poet who loses himself in rapturous expressions of our national glory could not be considered otherwise than very imaginative and very nonsensical, and perhaps he who thinks Canadian literature is anything more than the trans-frontier radiation of a central luminary, be it England or America, is likewise imaginative and nonsensical.

THE WATER LILY AND THE STARS.

From the deep, black mire of the river's bed
A lily raised its radiant head,
And gazed, with a wistful, wondering eye,
At the twinkling gems in the far-off sky.

And the stars, from their ebon throne, looked down
With never an envious eye or frown,
Each loved the other, and each admired;
For with beauty and grace were both attired.

The spotless drape of an angel's gown,
And the gleaming gold of Jehovah's throne,
Together, a glowing radiance shed
From the humble flower in the river's bed.

For the lily's glossy, silken fold,
With brow of crystal and heart of gold,
Is the work of the same strong, generous hand
As the gems in the vault of the glory-land.

In the flower of the field, in the bow in the cloud,
In the swaddling robe, in the sleeper's shroud,
There are silent deeps where no foot hath trod,
That may only be known in the Light of God.

IN THE LUMBER WOODS.

LUMBERING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE TRIBUTARIES.

I.

"YOUR name? yes; Jean Baptiste Lacroix. You say you are a log-maker, and had charge of a gang last winter. Well, we engage you at \$30 per month, board included, until closing of operations in the spring. Just sign here. Oh! you can't sign your name. Well, this is your mark 'X,' 'touche a la plume,' that's right; you are engaged." After having gone through very much the same form of hiring, a great many of those hired being French-Canadians who cannot even write their own names, but who at the same time make the best workers in the woods, we have engaged, perhaps, 75 or 100 men, with wages ranging from \$15 to \$60 per month. The men being hired, we arrange a time to meet at the railway station, and then the trip commences.

All the men are put in charge of either a shanty foreman, or an agent of the firm, who is responsible for their safe arrival at their destination. I say safe arrival, for unless a great many of them are literally held in place, it would be almost impossible to avert disaster.

With most of this class of men, their "eve of departure" is an occasion of great jollification, and, to use the expression, they arrive at the station "loaded for moose," and in the right mood to either fight, sing, dance or sleep, just as they may be affected, so that should the one in charge not be a good judge of their different phases of character, and have any doubt as to how to approach them, he will have a most difficult task to undertake: but on the other hand, if he is able to bear with them a little, and to

a certain extent humor them in their whims, he will find that they are the best-natured beings alive. The train having at last started, it is the agent's duty to see that no more imbibing is done *en route*, as everyone is expected to have sobered up by the time that the train has arrived at the point where the boats are taken, and from where their work commences.

Though these men may imbibe too freely before starting, I have not known, in my several years' experience, one case of drunkenness while in the woods. This speaks well for the discipline in the camps.

No time is lost in getting the boats into starting order, they, as well as all necessary provisions having been previously arranged for by one of the clerks, who has been sent on in advance for that purpose. The boats are thirty to sixty feet long. The sixty-foot boats have sixteen oars, each one of which is worked by one man, while the boat is steered by two men, with large paddles, one of them standing at either end. The boats, which are flat-bottomed, are very solidly built of inch and inch and a quarter strips, each strip extending the entire length of the boat. A boat will hold from twenty to thirty men, besides several barrels of pork and flour, chests of tea, boom chains, camps, etc., etc. Of course, it can hardly be expected that, as these boats are weighted down, very good time can be made, but a two or three mile-an-hour stroke is considered fair going, and will take them over a long stretch of water in a day.

All being well underway, it is an easy matter for the boats to keep to-

gether. This they generally do, so as to assist each other when a rapid is reached, when, if the current be not too strong, they pull to shore, and prepare to overcome the difficulty. Everyone leaves the boat, with the exception of two men who remain to guide it: a long rope is fastened to the bow: the boat is shoved out into the stream, and then comes the "tug of war," which is entered into by all hands. Inch by inch the boat creeps along, swaying first to one and then to the other side, the pressure of water being so strong that it is next to impossible for the men at the bow and stern to keep it in a direct line, until at last the head

without the assistance of horses, but when one hundred strong men, with hemp lines, buckle down to work, the pile very soon diminishes at the foot, and increases at the head of the portage. At times a great deal of competition goes on between the burliest of the men to see who can carry the largest load on his back. I have known some of them to carry two barrels of flour, weighing 250 lbs., a distance of a quarter of a mile at a stretch.

The boats having been carried, or hauled over, everything is replaced in them, and off we go again until another rapid is reached, which is treated

in like manner, or, dusk approaching, we land and prepare for passing the night. In the latter case, the boats being securely fastened to shore and covered with tarpaulins, part of the men set to work to pitch the camps, while others gather enough wood to supply the wants of the cook, and to keep a large fire going well into the night. The fire is



MAKING A START WITH BOATS.

of the rapid is reached. Then a lusty cheer rings forth from every throat, and the men are only too glad to have the opportunity of relaxing the strain upon their muscles, which has been at the highest tension during the whole progress of the boat up the chute.

If, on the other hand, the rapid is too heavy to permit of thus passing a rapid, the boats are pulled into shore and unloaded, so that their contents can be carried over the portage.

To a stranger, seeing this busy sight for the first time, it will appear almost impossible to carry this vast amount of truck over such rough country

most acceptable; the fall nights being quite chilly.

In due time we are apprised by the clang of the plates, and the savory smell of cooking, that our *chef* has not been idle; and having well-earned a meal, we lose no time in attending to the wants of the inner man. These transient meals, as a rule, consist of pork and beans, potatoes, bread, butter, eggs, boiled dried apples, and tea, all of which, to a hungry and hard-working man, is quite as acceptable as a Delmonico dinner. All having eaten to their fullest capacity, out comes the pipe, and friendships are made or, in a great many instances, renewed, which

will last all through the winter months. Nearly every one has his special chum to whom he could confide his numerous woes and good fortunes.

As we are to start off again the following day at dawn, we are only too glad to turn in at an early hour. Our beds are composed of a lair of cedar or pine boughs spread on the ground, on which a double blanket is laid, between which the sleeper sandwiches himself. The men sleep very close together, the motto in these camps not being "Union is strength," but "Union is warmth;" so that one might almost say that the camp is one large bed. To all intents and purposes it is all that is required, and when in the morning, having had a wash and a breakfast very like dinner, with the addition of porridge, all are in the proper spirits and form for another day's travel.

The following days are very much a repetition of the one described, with the exception of the one on which the depôt is reached, when everything is landed and the men have their names entered in the books, and are portioned off for the different shanties to which they are to go, or locations in which the shanties are to be erected, and the necessary preparations are made for starting out on the following day. So many different things having to be looked after, the start into the woods is usually left until the early morning.

Every firm and shanty has a depôt which is generally situated in a convenient and central locality; it is intended to be a distributing point for the several different logging camps. The main building is usually constructed out of logs, or, else, lumber brought up for the purpose. The upper part is composed of a spacious compartment in which the store supplies are kept, while the lower flat is set apart for a general store and offices, with a few rooms in which the depôt clerks dwell. Not far from this, there is a large dwelling house, in the upper portion of which the farm

and depôt hands sleep, while the lower portion of it is used for a kitchen and dining room. Besides these, there are stables, barns, dairy, blacksmith shop, carpenter's shop, root house, large store houses, etc., so that to a visitor it would appear quite like a small village. During the summer months it is left in charge of an experienced farmer, who looks after the crops, having them cut, and seeing that they and the different vegetables are stored away for the winter.

Though it may seem strange, a good bush farm is a most profitable adjunct to a lumber firm, as transportation being so expensive a large amount can be realized, or rather saved, by raising even a portion of the winter's requirements.

The head overseer, or agent, as he is called, has full charge of all the men in the woods, and he in turn subdivides them into shanties, each of which is superintended by a foreman whose duty it is to see that all the men in his charge are performing their work properly.

When a full shanty complement start out for the scene of their winter operations they may have received instructions to occupy one of the shanties of the previous winter, in which vicinity the timber may not have been cut out; but if, on the other hand, they have to go into new territory, then upon arriving at their destination, they immediately construct their quarters for the winter. This construction is done in the following way: First of all, a space of the required size is cleared of all trees, shrubbery, etc.; then trees of the required lengths are felled and flatted on two sides and placed one on top of the other up to a distance of about twelve to fifteen feet, and the ends dovetailed and fastened together with wooden spikes. The roof, which slopes from the centre to either side, is made of split cedars which are hollowed out and laid close together with the hollow side up, the ends over-

lapping in the centre of the roof, and the cracks, or spaces, between each two being covered by similar cedars, which are placed over them with the hollow side down, thus making the roof perfectly water-tight.

The shanties of five or six years ago had a large opening in the roof to allow the smoke from the open combouse or fire-place, to escape ; but the more modern shanties of the present day contain regular shanty stoves which do both the cooking and the heating, so that now the large opening in the roof is supplanted by a chimney hole. Though the introduction of stoves in the woods is a large saving to the larder, still it does away, to a great extent, with the picturesqueness that the old-fashioned fire-place gave, and I have known a number of instances in which old bushmen have refused to engage with a concern that had the modern improvements, stating that if they had "to put up with all these new ideas," they could remain at home and do so.

The exterior having been completed, and a stable having been constructed in a like manner, the interiors are looked after. In the shanty we find that two rows of bunks, large enough to hold two men each, have been placed all round the walls. At the base of the lower bunks a log bench is placed, on which the men can sit and eat their meals off tin plates, which they hold on their knees, no such luxury as a table being thought of. The foreman is the earliest riser in the shanty ; he getting up to waken the cook, who prepares the breakfast and gives the rest of the men a call about fifteen minutes before it is ready, which is more than ample time for the completion of a standard bush toilet.

Breakfast over, no more time is lost ; the men all being anxious to get to work and secure for themselves the reputation of a "good man,"—one that is always able to command higher pay than one that is unknown.

Before going further I may well give a short description of the different occupations of the men.

The cook really reigns supreme in his domain, and, as a rule, is quite a character, and should he be endowed with the proper qualifications, he will be a great favorite with the men and give them great amusement in their idle moments. If he is quick at repartee, he will be able to repel the jocular attacks on him which they all make from time to time. So much of his time is taken up attending to his cooking and baking that he is allowed an assistant, called a "chore boy," who cuts the wood, washes up the dishes, and makes himself generally useful.

The clerk of the shanty has charge of the van or large box, in which he keeps a small stock of clothing, underwear, tobacco, etc., etc., which the men are likely to require at any moment, and which he charges up to the account of whoever is supplied. He also has to keep the *depôt* informed of all the shanty requirements, keep a tally of all logs and timber cut, sending weekly specifications to the head office, and assisting the culler in checking and measuring the logs on his periodical tours.

The first men to start out are the log-makers, who generally go in gangs of about four each. Each four is in charge of a head log-maker, who, as a rule, is an old hand and able to judge the quality of a tree as it stands, and who notes a great many trees, which to an inexperienced person might appear sound, would upon being felled, be found to contain either bad shake, spunk, rot, or other defect, and not worth the labor spent in bringing them to earth. If square timber is to be made, as well as logs, then when the tree, is felled the head log-maker will be able to tell at a glance how much of it will make a perfect square, and if satisfactory, a chalked line will be produced and fastened to each end of the tree, over the part to which the

piece is to be squared. Then it is pulled up in the centre and suddenly let go, causing it to strike the log sharply and leave the mark of the chalk the entire length. The same thing is done on the other side of the upper surface; and two men, called liners, take their positions on the top of the log, and with their axes chip out the sides to within about a quarter of an inch of the chalked line. Then the hewer comes along with his broad-axe and finishes these sides, making an even surface plumb with the lines. The log-makers, who have been going through the same process on other trees, return in the afternoon to the ones that they were at in the morning, and, turning them over, treat the other two sides in a like manner; and the hewer who has been following them up, also comes around again and completes the stick. Any pieces that are left over, or will not make timber, are cut up into saw logs of lengths ranging from twelve feet six inches to sixteen feet six inches, these being the lengths commonly used for the manufacture of lumber.

The logs of timber being finished, along come the road-cutters, who clear a space wide enough to permit of a horse and "sloop" to pass. Then a teamster and chainer are sent in with a span of horses to fasten the pieces to the sloop and drag them to the nearest skidway, which is a place situated on one of the main roads. Here the timber is piled up and left until the roads are in sufficiently good order to permit of the logs being hauled to some lake or tributary of the main stream.

The day's work being over, we see the men straggling in, by twos or threes, to have their meal. As they arrive, each one helps himself according to his taste. A little later on they may indulge in a game of cards or checkers, which, as a rule, does not last long, all being ready for bed in short order after the hard day's work.

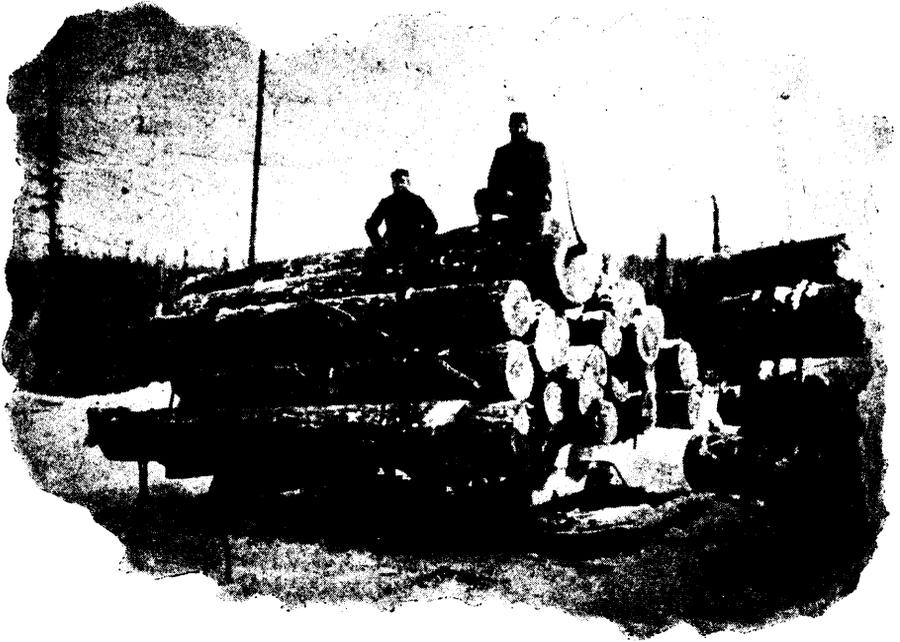
Sunday is a very lazy day. Most of

the men spend a great portion of that day in sleep, while others may take an old gun and go after partridge or set some traps for mink, martin or other small game. This is the usual programme throughout, the same thing being gone through until spring arrives, and all the logs having been drawn on to the ice, the men who have not engaged for the drive are sent down to the depôt, where they receive their accounts and are given an order on the town office for what is coming to them.

During the winter months there are always very good roads, with stopping-places between some point on the line of railway and the depôts, so that when the men leave in the spring they almost always have an opportunity of getting a lift, to where they can take a train, with one of the returning teams that has been conveying supplies to the depôts.

I remember having, on one occasion, to drive from our depot a distance of 160 miles to a point of railway communication. The winter not having thoroughly set in, the ice in some places was not strong enough to carry a team of horses. This being my first experience of going through the ice, I, of course, thought the team was doomed; but an old hand that I had with me only looked upon it as an everyday occurrence, and, taking the team, which was a spirited one, by the heads, soon had them and the sleigh on firm ice again.

When we had gone about half the distance we decided to put up our horses at a bush stopping place, so we set to work to rub down, feed and bed the horses for the night. While I was looking around for some oats, I found the hind quarter of a white horse strung up by the leg, and, though the skin was still on it, I could see that several pieces had been cut out of it. I said nothing, but made up my mind to be very wary what I took for dinner. At dinner I found that our host, not having received his regular sup-



HAULING LOGS TO STREAM.

plies, was representing the horseflesh to his well-satisfied boarders as moose meat. Thinking it a case where ignorance was bliss, they having already demolished several steaks, I did not enlighten them as to my discovery, but I can assure you that I was particularly pleased to think that I had not partaken of any of it, especially when I found out, later on, that the animal had been drowned the day before.

DOWN THE RIVER ON THE TIMBER.

The logs all having been drawn on to the ice, a good deal of delay is often caused, waiting until it breaks up and allows the driving to commence. When the ice starts to move it does not take long to clear the creeks, as, the water being high, it is an easy matter to roll the logs down the banks into the stream. As the logs pour out of these streams into the main river, they are caught in a pocket, or boom, which is made of long, flatted pieces of timber securely fastened together with chains

which are passed through holes in either end of them. After collecting all the logs and timber which have been taken out, the drivers construct a capstan crib, to the bow of which a capstan is securely fastened, while at the stern they fasten the booms. Then one end of a rope is attached to the capstan, while the other end is taken off in a boat to a distance of about one hundred yards and "snubbed" to a large tree. After this has been done the men return to the crib and start working at the capstan until the logs have been drawn up to where the rope has been snubbed. The same process is repeated until a point is reached where the river is navigable.

Then the logs are taken to the point of consumption by a towing company. Before reaching this point, however, they may have come to a rapid where the booms have to be loosened and the contents allowed to run through them as best they may. If the water is fairly deep and the rapids not very rocky, there is not much difficulty to

contend with, but should the logs begin to jam, there is no telling when the jam will break. I have seen two or three hundred thousand logs tangled up to such an extent that the men had to resort to explosives to move them.

A great deal of knack is brought into action during one of these jams. It is a great thing to be able to locate the key logs, which, when once displaced, start the logs moving. As the drivers run a great risk of being caught by the logs, when they start to move, they have to use every precaution. When the key log is found, they drive a long spike into it, with a ring attached to the other end; then a

does not matter, but, as they have to pass through a number of slides, the width must not go over twenty-three feet, or they would be unable to do so. After the cribs have all been made up they are fastened together with what is called cat-pieces. These cat-pieces are made of a piece of three inch deal with a hole in either end, through which the stakes that have been driven into the cribs are passed. Then a sufficient number of small cabins are made, each to accommodate four men, and placed on the loading sticks of the cribs, and, the raft-oars having been sawn, we are ready for another start. A steam tug takes us in tow and drops



A RAFT.

rope is tied to the ring and the log is pulled out of position by the men on the shore, after giving the others time to get out of the way.

As one can readily see, this mode of locomotion would be most injurious to the square timber; which, when it reaches a more navigable part of the stream, is treated in the following way: All the pieces, as near as possible, of a uniform size, are gathered together and made into cribs about twenty-three feet wide and anywhere from thirty to forty feet long. The length

us at the head of the first rapid, where we snub the raft and prepare to make the descent.

Sometimes the rapids are not bad ones, and a crib may be taken through them by one man, but at other times we may come to one that will require the greatest efforts of as many as six or seven men; and I remember, on one occasion, having seen the men, through laziness, allow the current to get such headway on them that they were carried beyond a slide and out over a chute, where all met a watery grave.

As the cribs run through the rapid they are caught up at the bottom and again fastened together and prepared for the next tow, and so on until they reach the point at which they are taken apart and loaded on ship-board for some foreign market, for the square timber is very seldom used for home consumption. While the rafts are passing by Ottawa, *en route*, you may often see a party of visitors running some of the slides on the cribs, or else partaking of a meal on the raft cookery, a novel experience to many.

E. C. GRANT.

THE LUMBER WOODS IN MUSKOKA.

II.

MOST, if not all, readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, know something of the charms of summer months on the Georgian Bay or in Muskoka, have steamed through the maze of islands between Penetang and Parry Sound, or have glided noiselessly in "birch bark" or "Peterboro" over the placid waters of Lake Joseph or Rosseau; but how many have seen these same streams and stretches when the iron hand of frost has been laid on them, when the wooded colonnades, reft of their mantle of scarlet and green, are decked with diamond icicles, and robed in stainless white, and be all songless and all silent? There is beauty in the works of nature when the very air is redolent of "green things growing," when the purity of the noon-day sky is unbroken by cloud or unmoved by storm; but there is no less a mystery and fascination about the winter,—the slumber time of earth,—when the very soil seems worn and weary, lying like a tired child beneath the all-enfolding, all protecting snow. The rapids and falls still boom and roar through the solitudes, but the smoke of their tumult rises high in the keen, sharp air, and you must peer through shifting, veering mist ere you can distinguish the final plunge. The call of the Canada bird, the whistle of the grey duck's wing, the mimic thunder

of the partridge calling for his mate, are all gone; but, instead, you have the crackle of underbrush, as a deer darts through, the splash of an otter into an open air-hole, and the far off, long-drawn howl of the great, grey timber wolf. The green of hemlock, spruce, balsam and cedar never looks so soft and rich as it does against a background of snow-covered hills and bleak sky, and the flicker of a camp fire seems more red and deep when stars are mirrored in black, shining ice, and the northern lights play, like flashing banners of orange, yellow and violet, from the horizon to the zenith.

And yet life is not so far distant, for you can see signs of it all about you. Glance at those deer tracks, put your hand down to the hoof-print and you will feel the moss still rising from his step, which means, friend, that he heard your careless approach, and fled. There are more tracks of last night, covered with the thin film of this morning's snow, where you will notice that a silly fawn tried to follow in a fox's trail and broke through at every step. Look at that young tamarac: it is girdled with bare patches where the tender bark has been gnawed away by that "old man of the woods," the porcupine, and you will also notice where he came to earth to seek "green fields and pastures new,"—that is his trail,—the heavy rut where the snow looks as if a small log had been drawn through it. There is a fox track with evenly spaced tread (and very clever is the fox in the woods, for there is no four-legged animal which can catch him, and he knows it) and there are rabbit tracks, but you will have to look very sharply to see one, for, with the exception of their beady, black eyes, they are white as the very snow itself. Listen, and you will hear the hammer of the cock of the woods,—the great, red-headed woodpecker,—for he is a hardy bird, and no cold is too cold for him; and if you fell that dry pine yonder you will probably find a family of downy, flying squirrels, asleep in

their snug quarters, while their red and more frisky brother takes daily constitutional and laughs at the weather.

But there is more life in the woods just now than that of fur and feather. If you look at the map you will see that the Muskoka River, draining the Muskoka Lakes, leaves them at Bala, and pursues its tortuous, twisting course, broken by many rapids and falls, down to the Georgian Bay. Just before it enters the Black River, about two miles above Lake Huron, there is a long, narrow bay running to the north-east, called Minor's Bay; and at the head of this bay there is one of the camps of the Muskoka Mill and Lumber Company; and taking it as a type of the modern lumber camp, you may get an idea of what such a life really is at the present day. The time was, but is now happily past, when men were herded together in droves—more especially in Michigan and on the head-waters of the Ottawa—taken deep into the heart of the woods, and there during the long winter months treated with a callousness often merging into brutality, which would to-day, thank God, excite public anger and retribution, if exercised towards a dumb beast.

The food was bad, the flour of a poor quality, and the pork, which is universally acknowledged to be, of all meats, the most efficient in sustaining caloric, often mouldy and rusty. Accidents met with rough and careless treatment, sickness with ignorant and scanty nursing, and death was only too often the signal for orgy and carousal instead of sympathy and respect. But the strides of civilization have affected even the back woods; men have learned to think and act for themselves—to assert and obtain their rights. Companies have appreciated the fact that good nourishment and good lodging mean good work, and if you peep into Kirby's Camp you will see the result.

Take the men's quarters first,—a long, solidly built log house, with

walls well chinked up with strips of wood and moss, plenty of light from sash windows brought in from the mills for the purpose. In the centre of the floor is an immense sheet-iron stove, so placed as to evenly heat every part of the house. This stove has no bottom, and is set about a foot deep in a bed of sand enclosed in a rectangular frame of logs, so that if the fire should go out a great body of heat is retained in the sand. At a respectful distance, for the stove often gets red hot, are benches, and behind the benches, close up against the walls, a double tier of bunks, with ticks full of straw and an abundance of blankets. At the head of each bunk is the occupant's bag, used as a pillow, and locally termed his "turkey." Across from wall to wall of the building are strung wires and cords adorned with a most striking and varied assortment of socks, moccasins, shoe-packs, etc, for the man who starts to his work in the morning with damp feet disregards comfort for the rest of the day.

The office is a smaller building, occupied by the foreman and clerk, with a couple of spare bunks for chance pedlars or travellers, a desk where are kept the camp account books, (of which a word later on), and shelves loaded with patent medicines for every imaginable malady. Supplies of logging chains, cant hooks, axes and helms, cross-cut saws, files, harness straps and buckles,—you will find them all here, together with wearing apparel and footgear of every description, and quantities of tobacco. The stables are usually very roomy and comfortable, banked up outside—as indeed are all the buildings—with earth, sand and snow. The hay lofts are open at each end, the more easily to get at their contents, and from the ridge pole hangs an ingenious contrivance, fabricated out of wood and iron, somewhat resembling a gigantic umbrella, and running in a block and pulley to facilitate unloading from the hay rack into the loft.

Now let us turn to the cook's shanty. It is much about the size of the men's quarters, viz., about forty feet by fifty, with ten-foot walls, and the ridge pole about twenty feet from the floor. The first thing which will impress you is its spotless cleanliness, for cleanliness is the motto of every good cook, and this applies not only to the shanty, but to everything in it. You will see rows and piles of shining tin, and earthenware cups and plates, and glittering milk-pans, for Kirby, the foreman, is something of a Sybarite and keeps a cow. The bread is, as a rule, equal to the very best you can get in Toronto or elsewhere, and is devoid of that hollow, spongy feeling so common in baker's bread. Then there are biscuits, rolls, cookies and cakes, "ad lib." for these are the delicate touches with which Mrs. Wesley adorns her more substantial efforts.

The meats are fresh beef and bacon. The latter, when boiled, is perfectly free from salt or taste of its curing, and is generally much preferred to fresh meat. The potatoes are of the best, sweet and mealy, and the tea is a mixture of black and green, not requiring sugar, and which seems to stand for hours without becoming bitter. Syrup and pies galore are always "on deck," for the lumberman has a sweet tooth, and when you take into consideration an occasional rice or plum pudding, and remember that "fames optimum condimentum est," you will agree with me that the Department of the Interior is by no means neglected. In fact, this principle may be safely enunciated in the woods:—The cook is very often the most important man in camp! The breakfast is what might be termed early, from 4.30 in some camps, to 5.30 and 6.00 in others, the hour being regulated by the time of sunrise, and distance from the scene of operations. If operations are carried on more than a mile from camp, the men usually "dinner out;" but the teams, as a rule, come in. Supper, a most

substantial meal, is about 6.30, after which comes the universal silence of a pipe, and by nine o'clock silence and sleep.

The labor entailed in getting a pine tree cut into logs and safely deposited on the dump is multifarious, and the expense governed principally by the cost of road-making and the length and condition of the road. A lack of snow in the woods is a serious blow to the lumberman, meaning not only poor roads for hauling his logs, but also low water in spring, and the probability of his cut being left high and dry on the banks of a stream. The winter's work may be roughly subdivided into road-making, chopping or sawing, skidding, and hauling. The first of these is sometimes hard and heavy, as the snow has generally to be tramped down "solid" by gangs of men; and to see a road in course of construction reminds one forcibly of the tread-mill. Very frequently, when snow falls before frost has penetrated into the earth, the natural warmth of the soil melts it away underneath, and in places one finds it a foot or so above the surface of the ground.

Skids are stout frames of two logs, resting on heavy sills, to which the pine is hauled when felled, and sawn into lengths; they are placed in spots easily accessible from the roads, each carrying from twenty to forty logs. This skidding is generally done when the snow is not deep, as the logs are hauled singly and not on sleighs. Each skid is also numbered, and the logs on it counted when stamped with the company's stamp, so that the foreman by comparing the total of logs on the skids with the number in his dump when the winter is over, can tell exactly if any has been overlooked in the woods.

The sleighs are double bobs, enormously strong, with heavy iron runners; the bobs are coupled with chains left comparatively slack, so as to act like the bogie truck on a locomotive, and adapt themselves to sharp curves.

Across each bob, on a pivot, runs, transversely, a stout piece of wood, about six by eight inches, and six feet long, with iron spikes projecting from its upper surface to prevent the logs from slipping off. Loading sticks, with similar spikes, and resting on the ends of the cross pieces, are used for rolling the logs from the skids on to the bobs. The cant hooks, without which logs would be unmanageable, are stout pieces of ash, hickory, or some other similar wood, about five feet long, two and a-half inches in diameter, and rounded. At the end is sometimes a spike. About a foot from the end is fastened a bent piece of wrought iron, shaped like the quarter of a circle, terminating in a short strong hook, turned inward toward the end of the shaft. This iron is hung on a swivel, and swings loose like a hinge. By striking the hook into a log, using the point of the shaft as a fulcrum, and the handle as a lever, an enormous force can be brought to bear, and the heaviest log be moved by two men with comparative ease. In winter, time work must stop about five in the afternoon, for the days are short, and the men have gradually farther and farther to walk to camp, as the pine gets cut in its immediate vicinity. A tally board is kept, showing the trips made daily by each team, and the number of logs hauled.

Now a word as to the accounts. All expenses—men, time, provisions, stable supplies and board bills, etc.—are charged to the object for which they were incurred: road-making, chopping, skidding, hauling, etc. An estimate is taken of the number of feet, Board Measure, in the logs in the dump and on the skids, and then everything is reduced to the cost per 1000 feet B.M., or, in other words, every 1000 feet of lumber in the dump or on skids has cost so much for road-making, so much for chopping, etc., etc., with the result that the Manager is able to look over the monthly reports from his camps and tell at a

glance if these various items of expense bear the proper ratio each to each. In the spring, the same system is continued till the log is sawn, piled and sold.

A few colloquialisms may prove not uninteresting: The winter's work is "the cut." Bringing in supplies or provisions to camp is "cadging," or "teaming;" hooks for hauling logs to skids are "dogs;" floating logs down a river is "driving;" when the logs stick they form "a jam;" when they go aground and have to be freed it is "rolling;" collecting stray ones is "sweeping;" dry-rot is "punk;" and pork is "Chicago Chicken."

The camp foreman deserves a word or two to himself, for on him depends in a great measure the success of the season's work. He must be a man of unflagging energy and activity, thoroughly versed in every phase and detail of lumbering life. He must have the confidence and respect of his men, and be prepared to sacrifice personal comfort and convenience. He must have tact and firmness, for shanty men are not easily handled, and in out-of-the-way districts are hard to replace; and he must be quick to decide and just in decision. Petty disputes often give rise to serious quarrels, where intervention is necessary; and here the foreman is mediator and arbitrator; his word is law, and it is for him to see that it is also equity.

The clerk's duties consist in keeping the camp accounts, which, as you have seen, entails no little time and trouble when there are forty or fifty men. He must also see that ample supplies of provisions are on hand. He acts as shop-keeper when men require clothing, tobacco, etc., and assists the foreman in measuring logs and in any other way possible.

Such is life in a lumber camp to-day; yet to many, in spite of its apparent comfort, it may seem dull and grinding. That there are certain hardships to be undergone one cannot deny

The cold is often intense and frost-bites are of frequent occurrence. A careless stroke with an axe may mean disablement for a month, or a lodged pine may result in broken limbs, or perhaps worse; but are not the chances balanced, and more than balanced, in the daily work of a mechanic or other, the danger from impure air and foul gases, the constant watchfulness necessary to guard against whirling wheels and revolving shafts, the unceasing strain on brain, eye and nerve, and all the disadvantages under which "our city workmen" labor. In the woods there is none of this. The days are clear and keen; the atmosphere is the purest in the world. There is nothing but the steady stroke of deftly swung axes, the tinkle of sleigh bells, the crash and thud, as some old monarch of the forest bows his crested head to the pigmy tapping at his giant base. Sight and sound are alike invigorating and wholesome; there are no bent shoulders, trembling hands, and white faces here; but lone and brawn, sinew and muscle. Then when the day is over, and the white moon slips up into her blue and vaulted kingdom; when stars flicker unsteadily; and wavering into sight as the ridges in the west glow with the last kiss of the setting sun, a new beauty unfolds itself, and over all broods the peace of perfect and unutterable calm. Far out towards open water sweeps a field of black, glossy ice running sharply up against the rocky snow-covered ledges which fringe the shore—ice so clear and clean that you can only

guess at its thickness by the gauzy, film-like cracks, which look like delicate lace imbedded there. Now and again the silence is broken by deep, thunder-like reports, where the ice heaves and splits, only to freeze again more solidly than ever, and these reports are a sure sign that new ice is forming underneath. If the frost is very severe, you will hear similar, but sharper, noises in the woods, telling you that the cold has penetrated to the heart of a tree and has split it. Perhaps, in the distance, you may catch the roar of a water-fall, which at this time, for what reason I know not, sounds exactly like a train passing over a trestle bridge. For the unobservant, all these things have no meaning and no message, the winter has no attraction, and the night no charm; but those who lend and adapt themselves to the ever-varying moods of our great mother Nature, will find in her a thousand unsuspected beauties. Yielding to her, a new world of discovery and romance will unfold itself; the falsely-called "common things" of every-day life will assume new interest and call for other interpretation. All that is best and noblest in us will expand in the new rays of a new light, and the closer we get to the warm and mighty heart which reveals itself in objects animate and inanimate all around us, so much the more will labor be less laborious, trouble the less lasting, strength the more enduring, and life the more sweet.

ALAN SULLIVAN.



A SONG FROM THE SEA.

We mermaids sing to you. We're Ocean's fair daughters ;
We sing, as we skim o'er its wide waste of waters,
To landmen who are sailing far over the sea.
We sing to you, rover, to forget not your lover,
Who dwells near the road-stead and watches for thee.

Among the pearl flowers we spend the bright hours ;
We dive when the Day-god exerts all his pow'rs,
And swim through the garden of coral, so free ;
We rest when we're weary, in caverns not dreary,
And at night we ascend to sing far on the sea,

While the mother is weeping, and a vigil is keeping,
Until, through night's blanket, the dawn is seen peeping,
For the return of a boy who lies in the deep,
The mermaids in mourning, his pillows adorning
With tokens of pity, where long, long, he shall sleep.

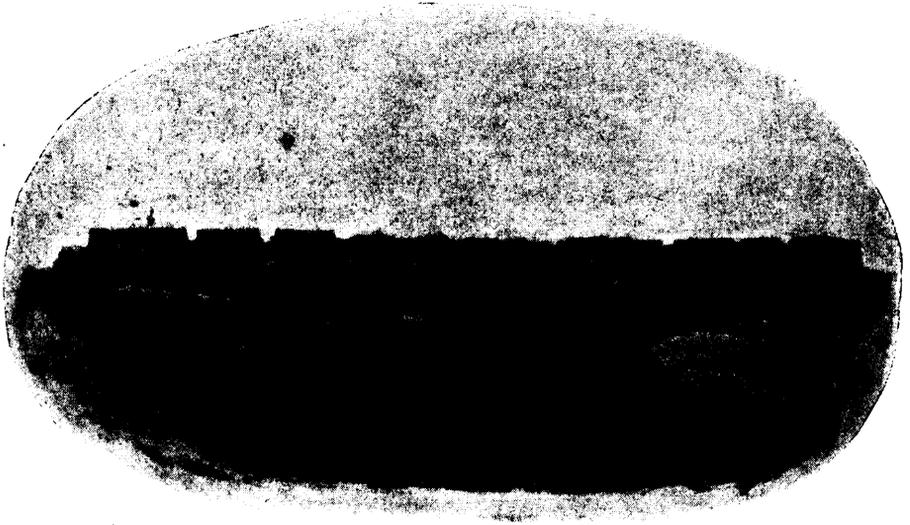
On the wild waves we wander, — we're Old Ocean's daughters,—
Our sea-shells we sound o'er its vast plain of waters ;
We sing of its gems, and its blossoms of foam :
We sing, before others, to maidens and mothers,
Whose husbands and brothers float far from their home.

We sound our loud trumpets to call the young sailor
To her who sings of him—what can it avail her
To sing softly of him in lowland and lea?—
That song ! who has taught her ? 'Tis born from the water ;
'Tis the song of a mermaid and is learn'd from the sea :

“ Long years have gone since Edwin pass'd the door,
Sailing to distant lands across the sea.
Where does he dwell ? Upon what distant shore ?
Oh, will he e'er return, to mine and me ?

Deep in my heart his mem'ry ever dwells.
Am I forgotten ?—No, no, it cannot be !
I know, like mine, his heart responsive swells,
On some lone island where he thinks of me. ”

We daughters of Ocean, like the waves, are in motion,
And swiftly glide onward, and sing with devotion
Of the many forgotten, who lie in the sea.
We sing to you, sleeper ; O dream of the weeper,
Who in her lone cottage sits waiting for thee !



FORT PRINCE OF WALES.

A FORGOTTEN NORTHERN FORTRESS.*

BY HON. JOHN SCHULTZ,

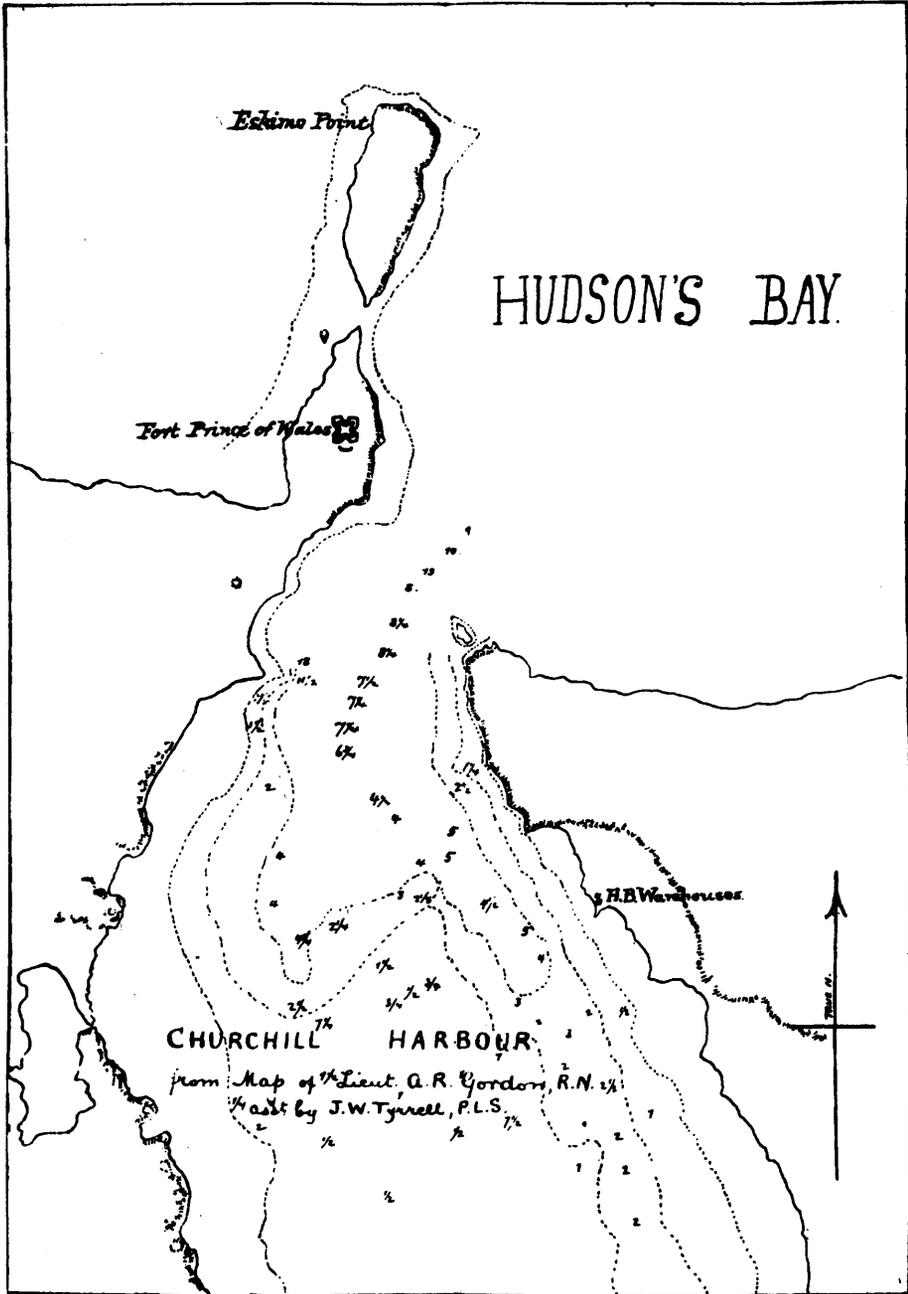
Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba.

THE sixteenth century closed with that western waterway to the Indies, which all men sought who went "down to the sea" in the quaintly rigged, queerly built ships of the period, undiscovered; and the earlier years of the seventeenth found the ardor of search unabated, and the goal the same. English kings and queens, choosing more northern routes than had the monarchs of Spain and France, failed as they had; Henry the Eighth sent the Venetian Cabot, who found Labrador barring the way; Elizabeth sent Frobisher, who, turning its northern flank, found only the ice-blocked strait which bears his name. Davis and Wymouth followed; but it was reserved for the gallant Hudson to discover and sail into a strait, apparently upon the direct route to the West, which, opening into a wide sea, that daring mariner must have thought the secret of two centuries unlocked, and fancied that through fog and mist he scented the spice-laden

breezes of Cathay. In 1610, mariners were not easily daunted by wreck and ruined hopes; and Hudson's tragic fate, in the great sea he had discovered, did not deter further search, for in the years which followed, the frightened Esquimaux, flying in his kyack to relate to the old men of his band the strange apparition which glinted white through the mist, and was not the sheen of berg or floe, had but seen the sails of other adventurers who still sought what men had been seeking in vain for three generations.

Button and Bylot, Baffin, James and Fox, Hawkbridge and Jones all failed to find the desired passage; and when Captain Zachariah Gillam, accompanied by M. de Grosselier, sailed into the Bay in 1668, we may suppose that the English merchants who sent him had in view, as well as the North-West Passage, those rich furs which, brought back by other voyagers, had begun to grace the shoulders of the beauties of

*This article was embodied in an address delivered on Feb. 13th, by His Honor, Lieut.-Governor Schultz, to the Manitoba Historical Society.



the Louvre and of the English Court ; for after wintering and trading in a rough stone fort on the Bay, he returned to England with reports which gained for his patrons the aid of many

gallant, but needy, cavaliers in obtaining from "Charles the Second, by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland," in 1670, a Charter "of our ample and abundant

grace" to "our dear, entirely beloved Cousin, Prince Rupert," etc., etc., of what was equal in extent to several European kingdoms, with powers which no potentate in Europe would dare to exercise to-day.

While the English monarch was thus disposing of empire to his favored cousin and courtiers, Richelieu was equally active in France, and parchment powers, signed "Henry," or "Charles," were given with that easy and reckless indifference to the rights of others peculiar to the time, leaving the overlapping boundaries of these vague grants to be rectified and adjusted with the powder and steel of the grantees, and the tomahawk and knife of their Indian allies. England assumed the ownership by right of maritime discovery; France by those land and canoe explorations which have left her language everywhere in the West, in the names of river and lake, cape, promontory and island. The English Company of Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay occupied the mouths of all the rivers with palisaded forts or factories, and fished, hunted and traded from them, visited once a year by ships, which were watched for by that daring rover, D'Iberville, as Drake had watched for the Spanish galleons. The forts were attacked and often destroyed by the hardy voyageurs of New France; surprises and reprisals continued, till Elenheim, Ramilies and Maplaquet had decided quarrels of more moment; and the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 left the English in peaceable possession of their Forts, "Factories and Plantations" on Hudson's Bay.

With France thus prostrate, the English were to pursue for over sixty years their profitable trade, in peace; but the recollection of burning forts and plundered factories was still keen, and the thunder of D'Iberville's guns not soon to be forgotten; and as their trade increased, there came with it the desire to fortify their best bay harbor, and preserve their principal

entrepot from possible plunder. So, upon a rocky spit, forming one side of and commanding the harbor of Churchill, was commenced Fort Prince of Wales. Vigorously at first was the massive thirty feet wide foundation begun; not, however, on the rude plan of former forts, but from the drawings of military engineers who had served under Marlborough. Artizans were brought from England; the southern and western walls were faced with hammer-dressed stone; bastions were placed at each angle, with a well of water in each, and after many years of labor and enormous expense, four walls, each over three hundred feet in length, twenty feet high, and twenty feet wide at the top, closed in and protected great stone buildings, which contained in each one a prince's ransom in rich northern furs.* Forty-two guns of the then heaviest calibre furnished the armament of the bastions and walls, and stores of food were provided to enable the defenders to stand a siege. The Chipewyans from the far off Athabaska and Great Slave Lakes must have gazed with astonishment at its massive walls and portentous artillery; and its fame throughout all northern tribes must have been great indeed, and have environed with a vague respect the adventurous Hearne, who thrice between 1769 and 1772 left its gates, twice to return baffled and defeated, and lastly on that most adventurous of all Arctic land journeys, to return with the secret in his possession of the Arctic coast at the mouth of the Coppermine River. Years passed on; and as the remembrance of pillaged factories faded, and the pressure for

* Professor Bell, in writing to the author some time ago, gave the measurements of Fort Prince of Wales as "about three hundred feet on each side, twenty feet high, twenty feet wide at top, with a wall base of thirty feet, the southern and western walls being faced with hammer-dressed stone in regular courses, each stone being about four feet long and two feet thick; the other walls are faced with good rubble masonry. There is a bastion at each corner, and in each of these a well of water, still full, for the supply of the Fort. I counted nearly forty cannon on top of the walls, but as some of these are nearly covered with rubbish, others are probably out of sight altogether."

increased gain in their rich trade became greater, and the barter more inland, so did the number of men kept at this sea-harbour depot become less; so that it was with great surprise, on the Eighth of August, 1782, that the thirty-nine defenders of the Prince of Wales Fort saw the bellying sails of three ships making straight for their fortress; and when at six in the evening the ships swung to their anchors six miles away, their pierced sides shewing them to be vessels of war, their astonishment was great indeed. Strangers the new comers evidently were; for soon pinnace, gig and long-boat were busy sounding the approach to the harbor. Day-break saw them disembarking; and the morning's clear light showed to the thirty-nine defenders of the fortress an array of four hundred troops, bearing again the flag of France on those far northern shores. The summons to surrender was followed by a parley; and when the parley ended, the gallant La Perouse found himself in bloodless possession of a fortress which, properly garrisoned, might have defied all the ships of France that ever had entered Hudson's Bay.

The French admiral quickly transported the rich bales of valuable furs to his ships, and replenished their depleted commissariat from the well-filled provision stores of the Fort. Then came the license of the soldiery and the looting of the Fort; to be followed by an attempt, which occupied two days, to utterly demolish it.

But although French gunpowder was freely added to the vast English store, yet the walls of the Fort,—this well-built mass of masonry,—resisted the best efforts of the French artillerymen to do more than displace the upper rows of the massive granite stones of which it was mainly built, dismount its guns, and blow up the gateway and the stone outwork which protected it.

The capture of this far-off northern fortress was cheaply and easily performed by the adventurous Frenchman, who extended his conquest around the shores of the Bay; but the fortunes of war after a time turned again, and the Company of Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay, who at their own expense had built the Fort, sent in a bill for many thousand sterling pounds to the British Government for failing to protect their factory at Churchill; and when again peace was proclaimed, it was after the French plenipotentiaries had agreed to settle the bill for La Perouse's capture and demolition of Fort Prince of Wales. It was never rebuilt, and stands on the far-off northern coast, the still well-preserved remains of a massive fortification, the most northern one of British America, scarcely inferior, as such, to Louisburg or early Quebec; its site admirably chosen; its design and armament, once perfect, but interesting now only as a relic of bygone strife, and useful now only as a beacon for the harbour it had failed to protect.



A PLEA FOR IRELAND.

(Continued from the January number.)

BY E. DOWSLEY.

FROM the little station of Wooden Bridge, it is but a short run by rail to the town of Wexford. This old place is only a succession of very narrow streets, and possesses little of interest for the tourist, though it bears its own particular mark in history, and in former times was surrounded by walls, while close beside is the rising ground called "Cromwell's Rock," the vantage point chosen by the usurper from which to bombard the town.

Wexford will also be remembered as the scene of the frightful massacre of 1798, on the old wooden bridge over the Slaney.

In the same category as Wexford may be classed the old town of New Ross, at one time a place of note in this part of the country, and enjoying a very considerable trade in the centuries gone by. It, too, has its own page in a history which bears strongly upon the events of '98.

Not far from New Ross, and brought suddenly into view when rounding a curve in the pretty, winding river Barrow, stands the fine old ruin of Dunbrody Abbey,—a noble structure still, and in a fair state of preservation,—said to have been founded for Cistercian monks in the latter part of the Twelfth Century.

Gazing upon this proud, but ruined pile, roofless, silent and deserted, in fancy one sees ghostly monks glide softly through its sacred grass-grown aisles. It seems to draw one's sympathies away down through the ages to the bright young days of its power and influence.

Passing quickly on, we enter the magnificent harbor of Waterford, and

draw up at the quay in front of the city.

Waterford is said to date its existence from about the middle of the Second Century, and later on was known as a colony of the Danes. On the quay stands a firm, old, round castle, erected by Reginald the Dane in the year 1003, and which in later years has been used for purposes of state and municipal requirements.

A scene of some activity enlivens the wharves along the city front, but not at all to the extent that should be expected from a place enjoying such natural advantages.

Further south lies the city of Cork. It also, and to a much greater extent, is famous for its fine harbor.

The city does not pretend to any great business activity, though it possesses some very good buildings.

A sail down the harbor to Queens-town provides a most delightful airing, which is frequently taken advantage of by many citizens, especially on fine summer evenings. Queens-town is an active little place, beautifully situated, and the people enjoy themselves to their heart's content promenading in the cool, fresh breezes, while the water all about is dotted with numerous tiny craft, yachts and sailing vessels wafting merry occupants hither and thither upon sport and pastime, much after the manner of our summer lake resorts.

Of course, one of the first questions put to the newly returned traveller from Ireland is, "Did you kiss the Blarney Stone?" and certainly no visitor coming within range of the old Castle Blarney can afford to pass it unnoticed. Many tales and legends



ROSS CASTLE, KILLARNEY.

gather about the old ruin, but interest is generally centred upon the stone.

Accordingly, one fine morning, I boarded the steam tram which successfully operates between Cork and Blarney, a distance of about four miles, and was soon put down under the walls of the tower.

Here, in the middle of the Fifteenth Century, with power and influence, dwelt the great clan of the McCarthy, one of those ancient, lordly families of Ireland, which, with others, seems now to have been entirely swept away. Not many years ago the story was told of the last direct descendant of this once powerful people returning, an exile from a foreign land, to weep once more over the fallen greatness of his fathers, before closing his eyes upon the earth forever. And it is known, too, that the lineal descendants of other such once powerful families in Ireland are but the tillers of the soil where their fathers once wielded undisputed sway.

Many of the outworks and appurtenant buildings have long since been levelled with the ground, and have given place to the plough; yet there still remains this noble tower upholding its roofless head, and as one gazes upon its solid, massive walls, bold and defiant even in decay, one wonders and sorrows over its subdued grandeur and power.

Passing through the broad walks about the castle, and amusing myself peeping into some of the dark, underground passages, I soon came upon the keeper, who pointed out to me, away up on the battlements, bolted there with two great iron bars, the wonderful stone which pilgrims come to kiss, and receiving some instructions, I entered the great stone stairway which leads to the top.

Arriving there, the stone did not look so very formidable. Kind hands have placed it in these modern days within tolerably easy reach, and so I did not have much trouble in supporting myself across the open space

which looks from this dizzy height to the depth below, and succeeded in ranging myself alongside of the other "Knights of the Blarney Stone."

Tourists travelling in the south of Ireland generally take the route by rail and four-in-hand coach along the coast to Bantry. This is known as the "Prince of Wales' Route," and, in consequence, of course, attracts the most attention from Americans. But in Ireland it will often be found that the unbeaten tracks afford the greatest pleasure: and, so one fine afternoon, I took train at Cork and passed quickly out to the little town of Macroom, where I succeeded in obtaining a jaunting car from that point to Killarney, *via* Bantry Bay.

Setting out at a brisk pace we very soon leave the town behind and enter upon scenery of the most wild and rugged grandeur. It seems indeed to be one inextricable confusion of mountains, hills, valleys, passes, rocks, holes and caves. Now a winding, noisy stream forces its way along one side: now a broad lake expands upon the other: while on and on, like a great serpent, the road winds and turns in smooth and well-kept order, and is the only sign for miles around that civilization has broken in upon this solitude.

After a while, the sun begins to slowly sink, and shadows deepen about the path. What thrilling sensations creep over one, while, in imagination, the old blunderbuss of stage coach days looks out at every turning, mingled with thoughts of spooks and pookas, and even childhood's rhymes flash forth again, as yonder short and scrubby bushes appear like the beard, uncombed, of some ferocious giant, scouting for his "Jack, the Giant Killer."

I could not but feel at certain intervals a happy, quieting sense of relief, as rounding some sharp bend in the road, we came suddenly upon a group of peasantry, young men and women, boys and girls, upon some wild but grassy lawn, enjoying a song and

dance to the tune of a solitary violin or flute. Greeting us with shouts and laughter, their good wishes follow after us, imparting to the scene such a spirit of life, of happiness and romance that I do not think it would be possible for any artist to portray it. One wonders, too, where these people come from, for no trace of house or dwelling appears from the roadside.

Some distance farther on we reach a side road, and here we find, at last, some signs of home and habitation, near by which is gathered a large crowd of young men and boys, engaged at a game of foot-ball, while sweethearts look on and applaud. This road leads to that sacred spot the "Lone, Holy Lake of Gougane Barra."

Under the evening shadows, encased in walls of rock which tower above it on all sides, how solemn and impressive does this little lake appear, so quiet and still, without a ripple to mar its mirrored face! While seemingly floating on the surface near its centre is a miniature island, upon which may be traced the ruins of a poor little chapel.

This island is known as the hermitage of the good St. Fin Bar, before he founded the Cathedral of Cork: and where else beside could the heart find better retreat, for separation from the world, to live and pray its days away. But now, forsaken and deserted, it seems as if the unhallowed steps and vulgar gaze of man rudely breaking in upon its shelter, had changed forever a haunt where angels might have dwelt.

This spot was long looked upon as one of the holiest in Ireland, and crowded pilgrimages were made from all the parts around for the healing efficacy of its waters.

Turning from the lake we continue our road and soon find a way of escape from all these mountain walls through the pass of Keim-an-eigh (the path of the deer).

Entering this pass, the mountains crowd in close upon both sides as

though with one final effort they would wholly overcome the traveller with all their gathered strength and power. Lifting their noble heads high above, with here and there great, overhanging precipices of rock, they seem only awaiting a chance to cast themselves down upon the first intruder.

Trees and shrubs, and tufts of grass, spring from numerous fissures, impart-

The pass is not very long, and suddenly we emerge once more upon civilization, and running along the grassy mountain side, we overlook a large tract of beautiful farm-land, dotted over with numerous cottages, and soon we see the outlines of Bantry Bay, but only dimly, for the shades of night are falling fast and a heavy mist is rising over the land.



BLARNEY CASTLE.

ing a bright relief to the background of dark rock, while scattered by the roadside, having fallen from their original position, lie massive boulders of every form and shape. The scene is grand. Not a sound breaks in upon the stillness, save the patter of the horses' feet upon the hard pathway.

Wishing to gain a view of famed Bantry Bay, I rambled out next morning before breakfast, and finding a little Irish lad always ready to earn a six-pence, he guided me to the top of a neighboring mountain; but, owing to the mists which seem continually to hang about the coast, I was able only to catch glimpses, between the rifts as

they rolled along, of green-clad islands and wooded slopes.

Soon we are in our car again and pursuing our way through beautiful Glengarriff, along the valleys, past streams and over bridges, till we reach the old Kerry mountains. And now I look down upon the estates of the Marquis of Lansdowne, our late Governor-General, who has the name of being one of the best landlords in Ireland. I think his tenants have very little to complain of. Would that there were more like him!

Passing over these mountains, we meet, by the roadside, one or two of those professional beggars for which Ireland at one time was noted. Many children, also, along these roads, await the coaches, and with hands full of flowers for which they expect a penny, seem never to tire running alongside of the horses for miles at a time. The trouble is that they are never satisfied,—the more they get the more they want. Tourists travelling in Scotland, and Switzerland and other countries on the Continent where much driving is done, will remember this same occupation by the children. In some places they caper, run races, and turn somersaults. In other places they simply run alongside the coach with pleading words and looks. In Ireland they always offer flowers.

Pat now warns me that we are within view of the upper Lake of Killarney, and that our enjoyable drive is drawing to a close. But we have still to traverse a few miles of that beautiful road which runs alongside of these lakes.

Trees arch overhead; ferns of every variety, size and shape line the pathway; the ivy, luxurious in its richest of green over-runs the fences and boulders by the roadside; while at a short distance through the trees, I catch glimpses of the waters dotted over with numerous islands, and away on the other side the mountains slope up from the edge. At last we reach the hotel, and Pat, who has been

all that is kind and attentive on the journey, goes off, with a waive of the hand, to seek his well-earned rest.

I wander through the gardens close by the hotel this first quiet evening at Killarney, and find a seat beside the water's edge, where I watch the sun drop down on the other side of the lake, shedding out to me its golden rays across the waters.

What a soothing dream life seems to be as, surrounded by all that is hallowed in nature, we draw ourselves from the noisy world and drift peacefully along the river of time. Evening at Killarney makes all the world a world of peace.

Everybody who has heard of Killarney has probably heard of the Abbey of Muckross, a beautiful ivy-grown ruin beside the lower lake. It is said to have been built for Franciscan monks about the middle of the fifteenth century, though some historians place the date earlier.

It is in a fair state of preservation, and is well looked after to prevent further decay. The cloisters, especially, with their beautiful arches and pillars, are almost free from any of the ravages of time, and from their centre springs a magnificent yew tree, said to have been planted when the abbey was built.

One can easily fancy the staid old monks promenading under the shelter of these walls; while the presence of kitchen, dining-room and dormitories, shows that these pious men were not forgetful of their bodily comforts.

The Abbey is crowded with tombs of some of the great families connected with its history.

One of the liveliest professions at Killarney is that pursued by the boatmen. Everyone visiting the lakes must come into contact with them; and their fame for blather and good nature is world-wide. They have regular routes which they expect all tourists who engage them to follow; but as I was not travelling in any regular track, I chose to decide my own.

They groaned a little over the extra work, but finally settled down with a good grace. The trip through the lakes requires nearly the whole day, and the traveller provides luncheon for his boatmen (two in number), and himself.

Accordingly we struck across the Lower Lake and landed beside the little "O'Sullivan Cascade," a pretty stream, singing among the rocks as it babbled its way down the mountain

gloomy and very impressive. On either side of the roadway which winds along the foot, the mountains tower away up to formidable heights, mere masses of bold, frowning rock. Huge boulders fill the valley, around which roars the angry stream as it forces its way through the pass.

What a contrast with the wooded hills and quiet scenery which hang directly about the lakes! It seems indeed like peace and war going arm in arm.



THE OLD WEIR BRIDGE, LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

side, a cool retreat from a scorching sun, where we rest awhile and quench our thirst.

Now, leaving my boatmen, I strike along a path over to the "Gap of Dunloe." A walk through this gap is rather an undertaking for a hot day, but it is by far the best way to see this stupendous work of nature. Travellers as a rule ride through it on sure-footed ponies or mules.

The scenery is wild and barren,

The manner in which travellers are pestered, going through this pass, by men and boys offering to rent their ponies, by women and girls selling potheen and goat's milk, by individuals firing volleys to awaken the echoes, and other like attractions, takes away something from the pleasure of the journey. One fellow, after firing his salute, thought he had a perfect right to assess all the passers-by, and I had hard work to make him understand

that I would be much happier if he would make less noise. He could not make out why, after hearing the echo, I would not pay for it, but it gradually dawned upon him that I was not ordering echoes. One bare-footed maiden wished me to buy a pair of Irish hand-knitted socks for two shillings. Said she, "Shure sor! it's to help me get to America that I want the money for." "Well," I replied, "perhaps they have enough of you there already." "Och thin, bedad! you might give me the two shillings to stay at home."

The Pass is about four miles long; and emerging from it at the top, a glance back will reveal a magnificent view of the pathway just traversed. Walking a little farther out, over a somewhat uninteresting road, I soon reach the top of the Upper Lake, where the boatmen have come up to meet me. After refreshments, I prepare for a pleasant row down.

In a short time we are gliding along the waters, winding and turning among numerous isles, large and small, each bright with ferns and foliage, each with its own particular legend or fairy tale,—on over the quiet waters, past shady nooks and bowers, and mountains sloping gracefully up from the shore, yet standing guard over the lake as if to forbid any retreat.

The guides point out all places of interest, but in other days their fathers told wonderful tales and legends with an earnestness which could not but make them interesting. The old, superstitious belief attached to these stories now no longer exists; they are told with only a laugh or a smile, and it is quite probable that in a few years more they will altogether depart from the memory, and Killarney will lose one of its many charms.

Coming on down, we pause for a few moments under the crest of the most beautiful of all the mountains,—“Eagle's Nest.” Looking away up the pyramidal rock, there, plainly discernible in its face, is the crevice

where, it is said, a pair of eagles have found a home for many years; and, strange as it may seem, the jutting of the rock at the crevice casts a light shadow, which resembles very much the outstretched wings of one of those noble birds.

At this point a bugler is generally in waiting for the boats, and as he retires a short distance among the bushes, one hears, at first calmly and softly, his beautiful notes stealing among the echoes, then becoming louder and louder, burst forth into one enrapturing melody, sounding and resounding, as if it were a vast multitude playing upon similar instruments; then quietly descending again, it drifts away into silence, and leaves one dreaming as if some fairy land had been wafted across his path.

Handing this charmer of the echoes a recompense, we continue our journey, and soon pass under the “Old Weir Bridge,” which my boatmen inform me is the oldest bridge in Ireland, though I would not like to vouch for that.

This, for me, is the most beautiful spot in Killarney, and is called “The Meeting of the Waters,” for here the waters of the Upper Lake flow down and join the other two. It is completely surrounded by trees, their overhanging boughs darkening the shadows, and mirroring themselves in the waters below, which lie calm and still, and clear as crystal.

Looking backward along the narrow channel just traversed, we see the picturesque bridge, like some old sentinel guarding the entrance; the afternoon sun glimmers lazily here and there through the trees, and away out beyond lights up the bosom of the broad lake.

Passing out, we come into view of famed “Glena Bay,” with “Innisfallen” farther over, and, striking across the lake, we rest again under the shadows of Muckross Abbey.

In the cool of this same evening, I strolled along the roadside, and turned

off the pathway to visit Tore Waterfall. We enter by a gateway, and immediately meet the angry stream rushing and hissing among the rocks: and a little farther on it is heard roaring down the mountain-side, and now we see the long, white line of foam in its successive droppings and windings among the trees and rocks, coming on, gaining force and fury, until, with one final leap, it plunges itself along with the boiling stream below.

No traveller will leave Killarney without visiting that historic old ruin, "Ross Castle," built by one of the ancient chieftains of the O'Donoghues, and famous as being the last in these parts to fall before the forces of Cromwell.

It is a massive structure, flanked on one side by a huge square tower. Some time ago this tower showed signs of decay, and a solid stone buttress has been built against one side to prevent a collapse. A well-kept terrace lawn runs about the foundations, on which are placed a few old cannon.

The castle is beautifully situated on the shore of the lake, and from the battlements a grand view is afforded over the whole surrounding country. It lies in the estate of Lord Kenmare. A penny entrance fee is charged. The keeper informed me that at one time it was free, but his Lordship, becoming annoyed at the way in which the mantels and other parts of the old fortress were being chipped by Americans, in their thirst for relics to carry off, placed a caretaker in charge, with a demand of this small admittance fee.

From Ross Castle I take my last

view of Killarney, and passing on to the railway station, am soon hurrying towards Dublin.

And here I will leave my readers to think of Ireland, happy only if these poor efforts may induce a few of my countrymen, who may be planning one of those delightful trips to the old world, to give some thought to the "Green Isle," and assuring them that they may depend upon a generous and hearty welcome.

I have said nothing about the old town of Drogheda and the picturesque Boyne, the thriving city of Belfast, the loyal Derry, or the bold North Coast and Giant's Causeway; but it is a country easy to reach, and in which it is easy to travel, whether one would go by rail or water, a-driving or a-foot. And where else may be found such panoramas of Nature's best, such a wealth of romantic old castles, ivy-clad monasteries, and ruined abbeys; such picturesque lakes, shady glens, and bold mountain passes! Ah! the traveller who thoughtlessly passes Ireland knows not what he loses. Then, too, might not this "Irish Question," this bugbear of the British House of Commons, be more easily solved, did Englishmen, and we Canadians, and Irishmen, but know more of each other and each other's country. Nothing broadens the view so much as contact with the outer world; nothing narrows it so much as ignorance of what lies about us. Much blame in these days is laid upon the shoulders of "Absentee Landlords." If there is anything in the doctrine of the "Great Brotherhood of Man," may not some also be laid upon the shoulders of "Absentee Tourists?"



THE STORY OF NURSE EDITH.

BY FIDELE H. HOLLAND.

PART FIRST.

LAURENCE stopped abruptly in his wild career after the large iron hoop he was trundling, and waited for his governess, Miss Dean, to catch up with him. Then he said:

"Didth you ever thee Untle Max, Mithie Dean? Hee'th comin' to-morrer to tstay."

"Oh, but Laurie dear, you should not go away from Missie Dean like that. I am quite out of breath trying to catch you. What would grandma say if she saw her boy running away like that?"

"Nothin' much," lisped Laurence, unabashed. "Grandma only thay, Oh, Laurence, Laurence,—like that," and the young monkey shook his finger warningly in imitation of his grandmother.

"But thay, Mithie Dean, did you ever thee Untle Max?"

"No dear, never," replied the governess. "I've only heard your grandma speak of him."

"Hee'th tho nithe, Mithie Dean," said Laurence. "Hee'th kind ter evyone. Gueth he'll be good to you, too."

They were walking along one of the numerous promenades in Central Park, these two; little Laurence Neville and his governess, Miss Dean; and a pretty pair they made that bright April afternoon,—Laurence, in his sailor suit, his long brown curls flying in pretty disorder, after his many races with his hoop; Miss Dean with her cheeks aflame, her grey eyes shining with the unwonted exercise of pursuing Laurence's devious course with the hoop.

Many pedestrians looked admiringly at the pair, and set down their relationship as brother and sister, never for an instant surmising that the aris-

tocratic, handsome girl was but nursery governess to the little boy, who seemed so devoted to her.

Great had been the surprise of Mrs. Neville's coterie of friends when they saw her choice of a governess for her son's motherless boy. A great risk—Mrs. Grundy had said—for a lady to run who had two handsome, marriageable sons. Many were the stories related of the danger of employing pretty governesses, companions, etc.

But Laurence, the tyrant, the autocrat, had preferred Miss Dean above all others who had applied for the situation.

"Will you believe it?" Grandmama Neville had said, in relating her experiences in engaging a tutoress for the idolized child of the house, "the dear boy took to Miss Dean the instant he saw her. He happened to come into the room while I was inquiring into her abilities, and made friends with her on the spot. So, of course," the old lady added conclusively, "I engaged her."

But the kind soul—for Mrs. Neville was the impersonation of kindness—did not add that she had herself been drawn to Miss Dean, not only by her beauty, but by sympathy for her anxiety to obtain a situation, and her solitude in the midst of a great city. She is too pretty, too refined and gentle, the old lady had thought, to be left to her own resources in this great Gotham. So without knowing much, if anything, of the girl who had applied among so many others for the situation,—or Miss Dean's school certificates of two years back were the only references available, Mrs. Neville had opened her home and her kind heart, too, to the companion of little Laurence's choice.

The fact of any danger to the handsome sons never entered her placid, unruffled mind. The knowledge that her idolized grandson was happy, was quite sufficient for her.

"Just imagine Steven falling in love with anyone," she had said in reply to a particular friend's protests,—“and Max,—why, after all the lovely high-bred girls he has met and never even noticed; no, indeed, Max is too devoted to business to pay any attention to women.”

"But Mrs. Neville,"—her friend had insisted, "that girl is unusually attractive, dangerously so. Look at these lovely grey eyes, and her hair in those little rings and frizzes. Her complexion is perfect, I must own. I can hardly keep my eyes—woman's eyes—off her."

"Handsome is that handsome does," had replied the old lady, shortly. "Laurence loves Miss Dean—well—so do I. The servants worship her; so there now, we will let the subject rest."

"But Steven?"

"Is away in Europe for a year at least."

"And (maliciously) Max?"—"Oh, brother Max, he is away, too; as I said before, he never thinks of girls."

So the conversation ended, and troubled Mrs. Neville no more. Was not her life too busy a one to be bothered with trifles?

So Edith Dean lived on in the comfortable harbor whither her storm-beaten craft had sailed, happy and contented, save for the shadow of a cruel past, the dread of what a future might bring.

Only twenty-two, bright, intelligent and gifted, the innocent victim of a cruel destiny, she thanked a kind Providence daily for the love of a stranger's child, the confidence of that child's guardian, and the shelter of a home.

* * * * *

"Mithie Dean! Mithie Dean! Hee'arth Uncle Max, hee'th come! Come and thee him."

"But, dear," remonstrated the governess, "your uncle does not come to see me. I will see him some other time."

So Laurence, after much persuasion, ran back to see Uncle Max, without his dear "Mithie Dean" to bear him company.

"Thee won't come. Thee don't want to thee you t'all," he announced, sadly, to the newly-arrived uncle.

"She—who's she?" inquired Max Neville, surprised.

"Thee—why—Mithie Dean," with an accent on the why—which was very effective.

"What does he mean?" said Max, turning to his mother.

"Oh! it's the new governess, Miss Dean, Max, dear."

"Dear me, mother, you don't mean to say that you have one of those in the house. How miserable. If there is anything I detest it is a prowling, interfering old maid about."

"My Mithie Dean ith'nt a powlin', 'feerin' old maid," said Laurence, indignantly. "Thee's thweet, and tho' wubly, Uncle Max, I just wub her; every one doth too."

"What have you got, mother? a perfect enchantress, Laurie's account. Ith thee tho wubly, Laurie?" imitating the little fellow's lisp.

"You'll just want to kith her. I did when I thaw her firtht."

"O, O, O! fie, Laurie," laughed Uncle Max.

"An I wanth to kith her ever thince, too," added the little boy, triumphantly.

"Laurence is quite right, Max; she is lovely, and a treasure, indeed."

"I'll have to see this wonderful charmer," said Max, "and, perhaps, I will share your's and Laurie's opinion, mother, but I must say women have no interest for me."

"Thee ith'nt a woman, thee's a girl," said Laurence, correcting.

"Now, Laurence, dear," said Mrs. Neville, "suppose you go to your dear Miss Dean, while your uncle and I have a little talk," and the child trotted off, obediently.

"There is such a change in the boy," said his grandmother. "He obeys so much better, Max, and is so happy with Miss Dean. Really his love for her is quite touching. She manages him so easily."

"Oh, it's a knack with some people," said Max, shortly; he was rather tired with Miss Dean; some uninterested methodical school-marm, he inwardly concluded.

But when, an hour later, Miss Dean was led into the room by her small pupil, Uncle Max was quite ready to agree with the small boy that "Thee wath wubly," indeed. Unused to meeting strangers, for the governess always kept in the background when company was about, in spite of Mrs. Neville's kind invitations to join her when her friends were present, Miss Dean flushed shyly when Laurence introduced her to Uncle Max, and slipped away as soon as possible to her accustomed corner in the library.

Uncle Max, who expected to see something of a very different style, seemed too astonished to say much, but his eyes wandered to the corner where Miss Dean sat, very frequently. He answered quite shortly when his mother asked his opinion of the new governess, and seemed very thoughtful and quiet.

"I am afraid I am like dear, silly, little Laurie," he said to himself, when in the solitude of his own chamber. "I'll just 'wub' her, and like that foolish child, I'll want to 'kith' her all the time,—what a fool I am! I, Max Neville, despiser and hater of all women, except my dear, old mother! It's too ridiculous. A little chit of a nursery governess!"

But, all the same, Uncle Max dreamed of his nephew's "Mithie Dean," and had all the symptoms of genuine love at first sight, such as had affected his small nephew. Quite unconscious of her unfortunate captivity, Miss Dean performed her daily round of duties, happy in the love of her little pupil, and the approbation

of Mrs. Neville and untroubled by a thought of Uncle Max.

Then a day came, when by sundry words, glances, and a woman's intuition she discovered the painful truth.

Max could no longer hide his passion for the pretty governess.

Opportunity occurred, and Edith Dean had to listen to impassioned words, which she knew, in loyalty to Mrs. Neville, she had no right to encourage.

"But I am my own master," replied Max, indignantly, when she begged him in kindness to her—for his mother's sake—to desist in his attentions.

"I love you, Edith. My mother loves you. Why not be my wife?"

"I came here, Mr. Neville," Miss Dean replied, "to be your nephew's governess. Your mother knew very little of me, but she trusted me." Her beautiful eyes filled with tears. "I was alone, so alone, in this great city, no one could tell her my story—no one was here to speak for me—yet she gave me employment,—a home. God knows how I needed them," she said, pathetically.

And Max tried to take her in his arms,—but she drew away from him, weeping bitterly.

"Don't, don't," she cried in distress, "You do not know."

"Not know," said Max, gravely.

"This I know, Edith: I love you. I offer you all that life can give, my name, my all. When I tell you that my mother knows I love you—knows and approves—will that appeal to you?"

"Does she know?" said Edith, softly, as if speaking to herself.

"Dearest, she wished me success in my suit, only an hour ago." He put his arm around her, but she drew away suddenly.

"Mr. Neville—just for once, Max—it cannot be. Don't tempt me—Don't tempt me, Max—for I like you. But you do not know. You cannot know. It can never,—never be."

"But why?" insisted Max, "why?" There was no answer. Down at his feet knelt Laurie's "Mithie Dean"—then, as he tried to raise her up, she said with a bitter cry:

"Max, Max, do not tempt me; I cannot marry you, for"—just then the door opened suddenly—they had been too much engaged to notice Laurence's usual fumbling at the handle. In astonishment the little fellow gazed at the unwonted spectacle,—his "Mithie Dean" kneeling at Uncle Max's feet. She was crying too, the child saw in an instant, and his indignation arose. Throwing one arm around Miss Dean, he pummelled his uncle soundly with the other.

"How darth you, Uncle Max, 'buse my Mithie Dean? Don't mind hith thcolding, dear,"—kissing her lovingly. Miss Dean was assisted by Uncle Max to rise, who, inwardly cursing his small nephew, walked to the window, and looked out gloomily. His love-making was at an end for that day at least, and he felt that it had been a failure.

But Miss Dean,—how she blessed the child for his opportune arrival. Never before had he been so petted and caressed, even by his "Mithie Dean." He laid it all to his heroic rescue of his "dear girl from the thcolding of that tross Uncle Max."

"I'll never—never wub him again," he confided to the rescued damsel, indignantly.

"That dear boy saved my secret," sobbed Edith Dean, in the seclusion of her own chamber, after her charge was safely asleep, and her duties over. "But, my boy, my dear baby; I will have to leave this home, and your pure chivalrous love, and go out into the big, lonely world again. Why will men fall in love? But Max,"—she whispered the name softly, even lovingly,—*"If I dared love you—but no, Edith Dean! By one act of folly you've blighted your life. Oh, my God!"* she sobbed, bitterly, "can I ever—ever love and bear it?"

PART SECOND.

The clock in the corridor had struck nine. Nurse Edith was writing in the seclusion of her own little room. She was on day duty at this time, so for just an hour she had enjoyed a spell of rest after her arduous duties in the accident ward where she was at present stationed.

She looked up from her diary, where she was making an entry of the day's busy hours, under the heading of July 6th. Anyone looking over her shoulder at the neat, regular writing, might have read the following:

July 6th. It is just three years ago to-day that I left dear Mrs. Neville's. How my boy has grown! I met him last Sunday in the Avenue—only in town for a few days, however. Such a great boy, now, is my dear Laurence. The only bright days in my life are those I spend in that pleasant home, when Mr. Max Neville is away, and the dear old lady sends for me to have a talk about old times. Old times, indeed! It seems a hundred years ago instead of only three. Yet, I like nursing. In other people's miseries, I half forget my own. If Mr. Neville had not taken that fancy for me, how different things might have been. It was to be, however; the fates so decreed. Had he known that the woman whose husband he wished to be, was but the wife of a convicted felon—the wretched partner of a forger! Three years ago last March, the prison doors closed on the man who spoiled my life. A week ago his term was over. I am hidden here in this great place. How shall I dare even to venture out to see the only friends I have now. Yet Chicago is a long way off, when people lack means to travel.

"Why is it that to-night my thought will travel back to my wretched past? Thank God for these poor blank leaves of paper, to ease my mind to. Yes, I can see it,—lonely, sad, neglected in the corner of that great cemetery,—my little baby's grave. How

thankful I am now that he is safe from all the misery of this great, wicked world—my little grey-eyed baby Laurence. How his eyes seemed to look into mine from out of Laurence Neville's. I am getting strangely hardened now; nothing seems to soften my heart. What suffering, what misery is in this abode of pain; yet to me it all seems but part of a cruel world that has trampled my poor heart, my promising young life, under the heel of its inexorable fate. How long shall I have to live, I wonder—years, years, years! Can I face life until old age creeps over me? Already I feel old, and worn out in mind, and longing for the rest which, in punishment for my folly, Providence refuses to me.

Here Nurse Edith closed the book, and locking it safely in a drawer, began to prepare for her night's rest, when the electric bell connecting her room with the office of the doctor on duty in the accident ward called her in haste to his presence.

"Very sorry, Nurse Edith, but there has been a terrible accident down town, thirty cases to arrive in a few moments. Will have to ask you to lend your assistance."

"Certainly, Doctor."

"A fine woman that," thought the doctor, as he hurried away in the opposite direction to that which the nurse had taken. "I never knew a person of that sex who had so little to say. She is a beautiful woman, too—a woman, I am sure, with a history."

Awful indeed were the cases brought into Bellevue that night of July 6th 18—. The cruel iron wheels of locomotive and car had done their deadly work, and fifteen of the thirty cases entered had no need of the surgeon's attention, or the nurse's care. But those in whom the breath of life still lingered needed all the help the skillful doctor and his assistants could render.

Strange to say, after the first quarter

of an hour in the ward Nurse Edith had disappeared, much to the surgeon's astonishment.

"She never leaves her post like this," he muttered angrily. "At such a time, too."

But the mystery of her absence was explained a few moments later. Between a stretcher—one of the last brought in—and the wall, near which it was, lay the nurse in a swoon. There was nothing at all horrifying about the appearance of the occupant of this particular stretcher—at least what of him that was visible—for a coarse blanket covered him to the shoulders, revealing a handsome face, swollen and disfigured by dissipation.

Nurse Edith was hastily raised by her mystified companions, and carried to a lounge in the ante-room to recover.

The doctor made a careful but hopeless examination of the patient. He shook his head decisively. His verdict was corroborated by the expressions of his assistants, and the nurse who had taken the place of the still unconscious Edith.

Suddenly the man on the stretcher opened his eyes; he spoke faintly; the doctor stooped to listen.

"I want—Edith—my—wife—" he said, slowly and painfully.

To say that Doctor Smith was astonished, would not express his feelings. Again the man spoke—

"Edith—my—wife,—she was here. Send — her — before—it — is—too — late."

Like an electric shock, something of the truth dawned on the doctor. He had always thought that the pretty, clever nurse had a history; but now the pages were opening—the closed pages of that secret volume. In an instant—kind-hearted man that he was—he resolved that only one pair of eyes, if possible, should get a glimpse of the nurse's past.

"Carry this patient into the ante-room," he said, abruptly. To hear was to obey. Nurse Edith was just sitting

up, recovering, when the stretcher was placed beside her. The attendants withdrew; the doctor closed the door after them; he stood looking down on the nurse's shrinking form, curiously.

"Nurse Edith," he said, gently. "If I am right in my surmises, well and good; if I am mistaken there is no harm done. Your secret, if indeed you have one, is safe with me."

The man on the stretcher opened his eyes again, and saw the nurse sitting beside him. He was dying—but the doctor noted the look of recognition in his face. He left the room, closing the door after him.

PART THIRD.

Another year had passed; Bellevue knew Nurse Edith no more; she had gone to a hospital in a western city, to occupy a position her natural talent for nursing, and her application, had won for her. Occasionally, Mrs. Neville heard from her, and less frequently—for the old lady was a bad correspondent—did Miss Dean secure answers to her letters. Laurence, child-like, had nearly forgotten his dear "Mithie Dean." He was a large, fine fellow of nine years of age—a very important personage—and the brown curls which he wore when first he loved "Mithie Dean" were laid away safely in Grandmama's cabinet; only tight, brown rings all over the boy's well-shaped head told of their long, silky predecessors.

Mrs. Neville still lived with her two sons, sharing their affections with no other person of her own sex; Steven proving faithful to his wife of long ago—Max a confirmed old bachelor, as his mother had predicted. They lived together, these four, happily and affectionately. Nothing seemed lacking in, at least, one cosy home in Gotham. Sometimes Max did see a sweet face, with soft grey eyes, which was forever enshrined in his memory, as he sat and smoked his cigar in the seclusion of his own private sanctum.

Yes, he had a little note laid away,—treasured up as some do treasure the things that have wounded them so deeply—a few lines, saying: "It can never, never be. In kindness forget you ever met Edith Dean."

His mother never would tell where Miss Dean had disappeared to.

"I gave her my word, poor girl, Max, and I cannot tell you."

So four long years had passed, and Edith Dean was but a memory still in Max Neville's heart.

Dr. Smith, a former surgeon at Bellevue, was an old friend of the Neville family. It was through him that Edith Dean had found a place in the training school, and afterwards perfected herself in the art of nursing. He, now a rising man, in private practice, was a frequent visitor at Mrs. Neville's,—a friend of her two sons.

One Sunday evening he dropped in as was his wont, to have a friendly talk with Max, after his office hours were over.

The conversation gradually drifted into the strange experiences one or other had encountered, and Dr. Smith related several queer stories of his hospital career.

"Did I ever tell you, Max, about the pretty nurse with a history,—Nurse Edith?"

"Why, that was Miss Dean's name," said Mrs. Neville, who was present.

"Exactly: now I remember, her last name was Dean, Edith Dean. What a beautiful woman she was, too."

So, thought Max—that was where she hid herself, in the depths of Bellevue—but he held his peace.

"Where is she now?" asked his mother.

"Away out west somewhere, a capital position. She was very clever. There was only once that she did not come out trumps,—the story I am going to tell relates to that time."

"Go ahead," said Max; "I am getting quite curious."

Mrs. Neville did not feel at all uneasy at this revival of Miss Dean; she

felt quite sure that her son had long since outlived his affection for the pretty governess, so she settled herself comfortably to hear the story.

Dr. Smith related all the reader has heard of the events of the evening of the 6th July, continuing the story of what occurred after he left Nurse Edith alone in the ante-room with the accident patient.

"I never will forget the look on her face, as she thanked me for keeping her pitiful secret. He was indeed her husband, and had been imprisoned for forgery for some time. She confided to me, in her grief and shame, how she had dreaded his finding her. She had liked him for two years previous to his imprisonment. The look in her eyes was terrible as she spoke of that time, and the death of her child. Poor thing; she had him buried decently,—I managed that for her without exciting remark—and it must have cost her about all her slender savings."

"But where had her relatives been all this time?" It was Max who spoke.

"She had none. She was an orphan with some money. This man was the son of the lady who kept the school where she was placed before her father's death."

"Scandalous!" It was Max who spoke again. "Yes, she must have been left some means; how could she marry such a fellow?"

"Well, he had been a very handsome, attractive man. As for what money she had, the scamp got hold of it, and spent it all in a month or so."

"What must she have gone through—how fortunate that Providence directed her to me!" said Mrs. Neville, softly.

"Indeed it was; she told me of the kind friend she had, who took her in, a complete stranger. I did not know then that the friend was you, Mrs. Neville."

Max held his peace, but after a few days had passed he called at Bellevue,

and easily obtained the address of Miss Dean, a former nurse and graduate of that institution.

* * * * *

"I did not know what to say, sir."

"Have you shown the gentleman in?"

"Yes, sir; he is in the reception room."

"I wonder who he can be," said the head doctor of St. Barnabas Hospital. "Nurse Dean never said that she had any relation. I understood that she was alone in the world."

The porter stood respectfully awaiting orders. The student addressed, who was carefully inspecting a case of instruments, thought a moment before he replied.

"I believe you are right, sir. She never seemed to have letters, or friends to visit her, but one never seemed to get to know her, she was so reserved."

"Yes, poor soul," replied the elder man, feelingly. "Such a clever woman; but, as you say, always silent and reserved. Ellis, by-the-way, could not you step in and see the stranger, and explain matters?"

"I hope he is nothing to her," muttered Ellis, as he followed the porter to the reception parlor, on his embarrassing errand. It was Max Neville who stood there, hat in hand, waiting to see Miss Dean.

Dr. Ellis began to explain, bravely, but how he finished he could not tell. "Poor Miss Dean had a lover," he told the students afterwards, "and he had come, I think, to settle up affairs. I shall never forget it, boys. I don't want to have such a job again. Just think of telling a poor chap that his girl he came all the way from New York to see, died last night. Say, it was awful!"

And Max Neville stood and looked at all that was left of the woman he had loved.

Beautiful in her last long sleep, her heavy dark lashes sweeping her marble cheeks, here Edith lay, flowers—

the offerings of many a fellow-worker—in profusion around her silent form. The smile on the beautiful lips told of rest and peace. Could it be that, even now, baby arms, outstretched so long to welcome her, enfolded her in Paradise?

Over and past were the weary years of shame and terror, the weeks and months of toil, and longing for rest. Blessed sleep sealed her beautiful eyes for ever in this world. So Max Neville returned home, carrying with him a diary, which had been found sealed, and directed to be sent to him after her burial, on the fly-leaf of which he found written :

“Into one woman’s sad life, you Mr. Neville, cast a ray of sunshine. You trusted her; you loved her. Read her history, and pity her. Could she, in justice to you and herself, have accepted that love, even after it would have been legal? Judge for yourself, after you read her history.

“It was her lot to bear shame alone. Every youthful folly has its bitter expiation.”

“EDITH DEAN.”

So it ended, a life tragedy—a foam-cap on the great ocean of the world’s ever restless bosom.

AT MIDNIGHT.

Yon steady stars that splendrous glow
Through all the lonesome night,
Shone countless centuries ago
With just as full a light.

The hopes and loves that shed their peace
Upon the soul’s dim way—
They gleamed in Egypt, Persia, Greece,
Just as they gleam to-day.

Night follows night, years come and go;
Creeds pass with meteor flame;
But all serene the stars still glow—
Man’s heart is e’er the same.

JAMES A. TUCKER.



SIR OLIVER MOWAT.

BY FRANK YEIGH.

THIS is verily an age of Grand Old Men. Every country seems to possess a citizen who stands out pre-eminently, though the calendar shows he has more than filled man's allotted span. Such instances go far to prove that advancing years need not involve incapacity and decrepitude. The very first name that occurs to one in this connection, is the old Hungarian Liberator, Louis Kossuth, who has just passed away in his ninety-second year. Such an one, too, is the Grand Old Man of the Vatican, who has filled the Pontifical chair for sixteen years, and who at eighty-four ably rules his ecclesiastical empire. And what a noble honor rôle Great Britain can show of Grand Old Men! Gladstone, with his eighty-four years, and his sixty years of Parliamentary life; Earl Grey, a statesman who has seen nine decades; Froude and Herbert Spencer, Newman Hall and Prof. Blackie. Germany has her Bismarck, a giant, though a trembling one, at seventy-nine; America boasts of a member of the New England guild of literature in Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose pen, at eighty-four, writes vigorously on the death of Parkman; France points to Pasteur and Leon Say, who have crossed the boundary line of three score and ten; Italy, in her new storm and stress period, turns to Crispi to take the national helm. Thus in almost every country, and in almost every department of life's activities, one can easily single out those who, by reason of their achievements, have deserved the title of Grand Old Men.

We, in Canada, have a few who have earned this distinction. Sir John Macdonald died at the age of seventy-six, after over forty years of exciting political leadership; Sir Charles Tupper,

at seventy-two, represents us in England; and Goldwin Smith, by reason of his seventy years, can now refer to himself as one of the growing-old fraternity.

Ontario has her Grand Old Man in Sir Oliver Mowat,—a man who was born in the year in which George III. died, and Queen Caroline was under trial; who came into the world as the great Napoleon went out, and when Canada was under its first Governor-General, Earl Dalhousie, and Lieutenant Governor, Sir Peregrine Maitland, was a familiar personage in what is now Ontario. Sir Oliver has seen the forest transformed into field and farm, and the land peopled by thousands where scores once lived. Such a man is, in truth, growing old, but the growth is so gradual and youth so tenacious in its hold of Ontario's premier, that Father Time may well be disconcerted. Even in these days of high-pressure civilization, Sir Oliver might justly claim that his life, though comparatively long, has not only been active but resultful. He has filled a great variety of positions, including those of ensign in a Kingston Militia Company, a practising attorneyship, the positions of school trustee and alderman, Queen's Counsellor and Vice-Chancellor, LL.D. and M.P.P., Provincial Secretary and Postmaster-General, and Premier and Attorney-General for twenty-one years.

His personality is interesting from many points of view. He is the son of John Mowat, a specimen of the stalwart, vigorous, clear-headed type of men that spring from Caithness soil. Whether the son shouldered the musket of a militiaman because the father was one of the line, may be hard to tell, but certain it is that John Mowat,

when a mere lad, joined the "Third Buffs," as they were called, and saw active service in the Peninsular war, and in after years told many a tale of his adventures, and especially of the battle

good old fighting days. Retiring from the army, in 1816, he settled in the classic town of Kingston, where the future Premier was born on July 22nd, 1820.

Sir Oliver's school-boy days make



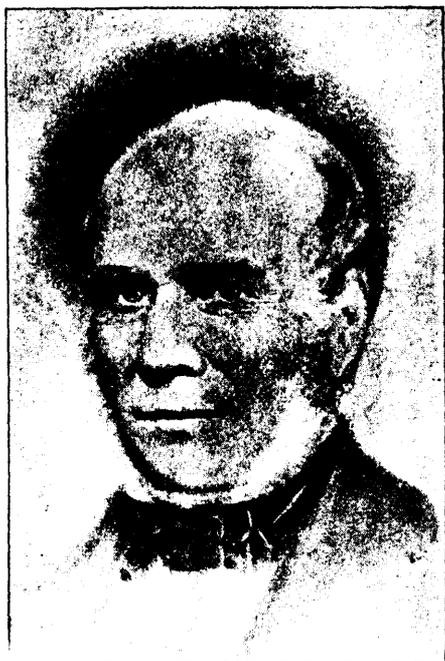
From Forbes' Painting, 1895.

Mowat

of Corunna, where Sir John Moore so bravely held the French in check. It is not improbable that he also visited the St. Lawrence on one of England's numerous military expeditions in those

a period of which the truest conception may best be gained from his own eloquent words spoken at the opening of the new Parliament buildings, in 1893 :

I have been calling to mind that I have now outlived nearly all my early contemporaries and early associates, and many of later date. I call to mind that in my own time, and within my own memory, a transformation has been accomplished in the political condition of the province, and in everything that goes to make up a great and civilized community. I remember when neither our province, nor any other British province, had responsible government. I remember when the conduct of provincial affairs was not by the elected representatives of the population,



JOHN MOWAT, ESQ.,
Father of Sir Oliver Mowat.

try. I remember the province when there was in it not one university, not one college, and no system of public schools. I remember when, at every election, there was but one polling place for a whole county, no matter how extensive; when the election lasted for a week, and when, except in towns, the only voters were freeholders. I remember when the province had not a mile of railway, nor, I believe, a mile of macadamized road. I remember when the principal cities of the present day were but villages—when this great city of Toronto was “Little York,” and its population was three or four thousand. I remember when the whole province had—or was supposed to have—a population of but 150,000, and therefore less than the population now of Toronto alone. My memory thus goes back of the time when I began the practice of my profession here, a half century ago. The city had then a population of but 15,000, and Upper Canada a population of but half a million. The changes which have taken place in our province in that half century have been very great. Its progress in population, in wealth, in education, in intelligence, in political freedom, and in most other things which serve to make a country attractive and great, has in fact been enormous.

His early education was received chiefly from private tutors, nine in number, and all of whom, with one exception, have passed away.

Choosing the law as his profession he, strangely enough, entered the office of the man who was to become his strongest political foe for many years, John A. Macdonald, at the time but twenty-two years old, while the young student was seventeen. When he arrived at manhood, Mr. Mowat was called to the bar and practised for a short time in his native city, and then removed to Toronto, where he has since lived. In this city, where he commenced his public life as an alderman for the years 1857 and 1858, only two of his associates in the City Council now survive him.

In the practice of his profession in Toronto he made choice of the Equity

nor by persons of their appointing, or having their confidence. I knew the province when it had no municipal institutions, now known to be essential to local interests and local progress. I knew the province when the various churches amongst which its people were distributed, were not equal before the law; when the established church of old England was practically the established church here, and when there were claimed for it the exclusive rights and privileges of an establishment, and one-seventh of the whole land of the coun-

branch, as distinct from Common Law, and, as a result of his mental attainments and successful professional practice he soon rose to eminence at the Chancery bar. It was during this time that he argued and won what was known as the famous £10,000 case, a case involving the then Mayor of Toronto who had sold the debentures of the city at a profit which he put in his own pocket until an adverse verdict compelled restitution.

During the succeeding years of his professional practice, his advancement in

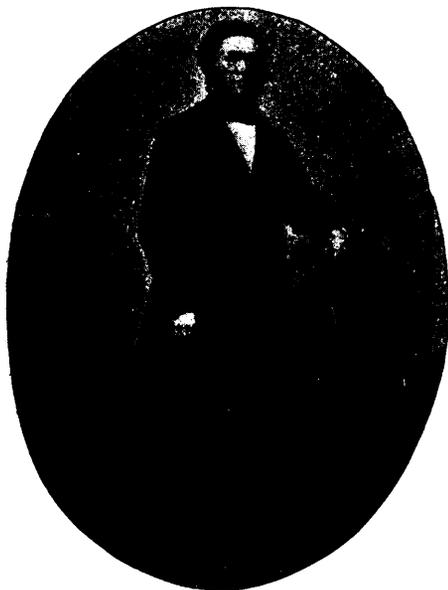
life. His first political speech was made in this year at a meeting called to discuss Hudson Bay Company matters.

South Ontario was the first constituency to choose him as its representative—a position in which he continued from 1857 until 1864. His first opponent was the late Justice Morrison. Referring to this representation in a recent address in South Ontario, Sir Oliver said:—

It is thirty-six years and more since I made my first appearance in the South Riding



SIR OLIVER AT TWENTY-FOUR.



SIR OLIVER AT FORTY-FIVE.



SIR OLIVER AT SIXTY-THREE.

his public career was rapid. He was appointed Queen's Counsel in 1856, as well as one of the commissioners to consolidate the Statutes of Canada and Upper Canada, and in the following year he entered upon parliamentary

of Ontario county as a politician, and twenty-nine years and a few months since I ceased to be the member for the riding. I don't see to-day many of the old faces that I used to see at political meetings during that time. I seem to

have survived most of my old South Ontario friends, and of my opponents too; and though some remain, most of these appear to have left the field of active politics to a younger generation. When I made my first appearance in the riding, I do not know that there were a dozen persons in the riding who knew me personally, but the electors were made aware that I had the confidence of the great Reform leader, Mr. Brown, and other prominent Reformers of that time, and that they desired to have me in Parliament. I discussed at public meetings in the riding the questions of the day, and when the election came on I had the honor of being selected and nominated as the Reform candidate, with the concurrence of the other aspirants for that honor. I remember with gratitude the hearty support which I received from them and from the whole Reform party, as well as from a sprinkling of Conservatives at that election and at subsequent elections. I represented the riding for nearly seven years. During those seven years it happened that I was five times before the people for election—thrice at as many general elections, and twice at bye-elections, the two bye-elections being in consequence of my accepting the office of Provincial Secretary in the Brown-Dorion Government of 1858, and of Postmaster-General in the Coalition Government formed in 1864, with Sir Etienne Tache as Premier, for the purpose of settling the difficulties between Upper and Lower Canada, and settling the difficulties which there also were between Protestants and Roman Catholics as to Separate Schools in Upper Canada, and kindred matters. I had also been Postmaster-General in the Macdonald-Dorion Government, formed in 1863, just before the general election of that year.

In 1864, the year in which he accepted the position of Vice-Chancellor, he formed one of the famous British North American conference at Quebec, where the terms of Confederation were settled. He is thus one of the fathers of Confederation. The passage of the Dual Representation Act in the Ontario Parliament caused another radical change in Sir Oliver's life, the

retirement of Edward Blake and Alexander Mackenzie from the Provincial House, in 1872, leading to his call by the Lieutenant-Governor to form a ministry. So he descended from the Bench and re-entered the arena of public life, and has ever since that time—twenty-two years ago—held the position of Premier and Attorney-General. This is a remarkable record for a government, a record without precedent in the history of British constitutional government, excelling even the record of the ministry of the second Pitt which remained in power from the end of the year 1783 until early in 1801—a period of seventeen and a quarter years.

Such is the career, municipal, legal, judicial and parliamentary, sketched in briefest outline, of Ontario's Grand Old Parliamentarian! and in his 74th year he is donning the armor for another quadrennial contest with his political opponents. Notwithstanding his advanced years, there is reason to hope for a considerable prolongation of Sir Oliver's political career, for he comes of an exceedingly long-lived family, his father almost reaching the threshold of the seventies, his mother eighty-two years, his grandfather ninety, and a sister of his father's dying only a few years ago, in Caithnessshire, at the age of one hundred and one!

Sir Oliver may be said to be in his prime at seventy-four, a mellow middle-age, and though, as he is seen daily walking from his residence on St. George-street to his office in the eastern wing of the Parliament Buildings, a slow and cautious step, chiefly caused by short-sightedness, and a little of the over-bentness of the years, may be discerned, yet it only needs a conversation or a speech to convince anyone that the mentality, the keen perception, the legal ability to analyze a question, the readiness and skill in debate, and the vigor of attack or defence in political and parliamentary warfare, are as much his as when he

first entered the lists so many years ago.

It may be interesting to refer to the subject of this sketch in other and more personal connections. He first lived on Bay-street, and then he lived in "the yellow cottage" on Church-street, and later, in houses on Jarvis, Beverley and Simcoe streets. A few years ago he removed to St. George-street, occupying the same house as did Sir John A. Macdonald during his temporary retirement while Mr. Mackenzie was premier. This new home is a spacious one, with a home-like atmosphere that is most congenial. The library—a large room well lighted by a bay window—is Sir Oliver's chief workshop, and there he spends most of his time, surrounded by his law library, an extensive, valuable one, containing full sets of the leading reports and many rare and costly volumes. His collection of books, however, has run over, so to speak, into the hall-way and adjoining rooms, the shelves being filled with all that is representative in general literature, for the Premier has always been an extensive reader, and despite his public duties, finds time to keep abreast of whatever is worth knowing in current literature. As a boy, he was an omniverous reader, and as reading material was then scarce, his avidity for study even led him to read to a finish such works as the "Four-fold State," and similar old heavy theological treatises.

A glance at the library leads to a reference to the Premier as a worker. Such he is in the fullest sense of the term. With the aid of his capable and experienced private secretary, Mr. S. T. Bastedo, he accomplishes, even at his advanced age, what might well frighten a younger man. In the morning he deals with his correspondence, which is very large, covering a wide range of subjects. Six thousand letters a year is not an overestimate of his mail, and it is a matter of courtesy with him to have every communica-

tion answered. In addition, intricate and difficult matters are often referred to him for a decision by the various departments of the government; a great deal of legislation has to be considered, framed and "seen through the House;" and between one and two hundred meetings of the Cabinet Council have to be and attended, from which emanate over 800 orders-in-council yearly. Beside all this, three months of the year are taken up by the sessions of the Legislature, when



MR. WHITE,
Sir Oliver's Tutor.

the ordinary routine of daily work is doubled, and the tax upon a minister's time and strength greatly added to. From nine, in the forenoon, till three or four o'clock in the afternoon, he works in his own library, and then, excepting during the session, spends from four o'clock till seven in his private office or the council chamber at the Parliament buildings.

It is always a source of wonder to easy-going people how Sir Oliver Mowat succeeds at seventy-four in accomplishing such a vast amount of

work, and still retains an exceptional degree of health. The explanation is simple. Trained habits of thought and labor make him, by concentrating his mind on the work before him, quickly seize upon its salient points and dispose of it while a life of regular and abstemious habits, temperate in the broadest sense, has its reward in a high degree of mental virility and physical strength. Another key to the secret is that the Premier gives place to a yearly holiday time. An ocean voyage that leads to John O' Groat's and the homes of his ancestors in Caithnesshire, is as effective a tonic as a summer in a White Mountain retreat, or a resting time by the sea. For some years he had a cottage at Cacouna. Last summer he made an extended trip to the Lake of the Woods district, and thereafter to the World's Fair—a programme of travel that might have given pause to a younger man. But the Premier undertook it in the highest of spirits and returned with them undiminished. In 1881, he spent several months in Europe, and again in 1883, 1884 and 1888 visited England in connection with the Mercer Escheat Case, the Boundary Award Dispute and the Indian Lands argument before the Privy Council.

Sir Oliver is an adherent of the Presbyterian faith, and has been a member of the St. James' Square Church for some years, and rare indeed is it that he is missed from his pew on Sunday mornings. His catholicity of mind in religious matters is well known, and it is not a matter of surprise that he was chosen President of the Evangelical Alliance for several years in succession. Following Mr. Gladstone's example, Mr. Mowat finds recreation in a complete change of work, and during his holidays wrote lectures on "The Evidences of Christianity," and "Christianity and some of its fruits," both of which he has on several occasions delivered to large audiences and the former of which

has been published, and has had an extensive sale.

A clerical friend of the writer, who has filled one pulpit for forty years, is able to show a record of four hundred marriages and burials, and I believe Sir Oliver could show an almost equal record of speeches, had he kept track of them, during his half century of public life. While lacking some of the qualities of a successful orator, the Premier may be regarded as an effective speaker. No matter what the subject, or the occasion or the place, he is invariably listened to with the keenest interest, and never fails in that most difficult of feats—"catching the public ear." Without referring to any of his former utterances, one may well regard his more recent speeches as among the best efforts of his life, in their outline, scope, argumentative force, and clear, intelligible English.

His public attainments have been recognized by our leading universities, Queen's College having conferred the degree of LL.D. upon him in 1872, and Toronto University in 1889.

As a Scotch Canadian he naturally allied himself with the St. Andrew's Society, in which his fifty years of membership has won for him a life membership.

The Grand Old Man of Ontario,—the legislative ruler of two millions and a quarter of people, and of an area twice as large as that of Great Britain and Ireland, larger than the German Empire, and almost as large as France, extending from the vine-clad, steaming flats of Pelee, in the latitude of Rome, to the frigid shores of Hudson Bay; and from the wedding of the waters of the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence to the far distant Thousand Islands of the Lake of the Woods—has altogether an almost unique record of political success, untarnished by personal corruption; a record which is not only a credit to himself, but, in a land where vigorous and able men abound, one on which even the strongest political op-

ponents can look, not only without severe criticism, but with a certain measure of national pride in his achievements. Friend and foe can join in saying, as was said of Othello, "He has done the State some service." His

Queen thus spoke when she conferred the honor of knighthood upon him, making the ensign of 1825, on and after the 24th of May, 1892, Sir Oliver Mowat, K.C.M.G.

RED ALECK.

A sketch of life in Prince Edward Island, three-quarters of a century ago.

BY RUFUS CYRENE MACDONALD, M.D.

"YOU'RE ha coward, and don't dare to fight me!"

These words were spoken by a man whose round, close-shaven head was set, without any apparent neck, upon a pair of huge shoulders which terminated in massive arms which reached almost to the owner's knees. His coarse, broken-nosed face was fixed in a savage sneer as he gazed at the person to whom his words were addressed. This was a young man whose tall, lithe form was surmounted by a head and face shapely and beautiful. He did not appear to be daunted by the savage aspect of his accuser, and, although his face flushed till it was as red as his hair, he contented himself with saying:

"Weel, mon, it may be that I am a cooard, but I ha'e too much sense to fight wi' the likes o' you, just to mak' sport for the crood!"

It may be well to explain the cause of this episode. To do so we must transport ourselves back, well nigh three-quarters of a century, to a newly settled district of Prince Edward Island. Here John Yoe, a typical Englishman, had opened a ship-yard, in which, when they were not tilling their farms, many of the Scotch Highlanders who had settled in this new country found work. There were in the yard many Englishmen, and, as was to be expected from the still bit-

ter national animosity, there were continual hand-to-hand fights, in which the Scotch always came out victors. This stirred the pride and anger of the English ship-builder, and he swore to bring out from England a man who would thrash the Scotchies, one by one. For this end he had had sent to him a noted prize-fighter called "Surly Tim." He it was who used the words with which our story opens. He had been in the ship-yard but two weeks, and in that time he had thrashed a round half-dozen of the best fighters the Scotch could produce, till it came to pass that the Highland pride, which had soared so high, was now abased even to the dust.

The young man of whom I have spoken—"Red Aleck"—was, with one exception, the strongest man, although but twenty years old, in the settlement. On him the Scotch depended to raise up their fallen pride. He had not been expected at the ship-yard till the fall ploughing was over, and, in his absence, his friends made great boasts of his prowess. Surly Tim seized the first opportunity, after Aleck's arrival, to pick a quarrel with him, but, to the great astonishment of his friends, Red Aleck, who was generally eager for a fray, and, in fact, could rarely get one on account of his well-known strength, appeared strangely quiet under the insults of the Englishman.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Surly Tim, pointing derisively at Red Aleck, "so this his your great fighter, his hit? Why 'e's a coward! Wot ha bloody, bloomin' hexcuse 'e 'as! 'e won't fight fur the sport of the crowd! Why don't 'e fight fur the honor hof Scotland,—beggarly, braggin' Scotland!"

Aleck's friends were angry and amazed, and one of them, who noticed the ill-repressed wrath of the young farmer, said:

"Why will ye no' fight, mon?"

"I'll tell ye why I'll no' fight," answered Aleck, calmly, "I promised my mither before I cam' awa' that I wouldna, and I canna brak' my promise to her."

"Ho! Ho!" jeered Surly Tim. "Wot ha bloomin' baby! So 'is ma won't let 'im fight, won't she? Come mates, let's get the girly-boy a doll to play with." And more of such insults, all of which Red Aleck, though inwardly on fire, submitted to with outward calmness. But when the Englishman applied some foul epithet to his mother, Red Aleck could restrain himself no longer. With one bound he was upon Surly Tim, and had clasped him round the body, including in the sweep of his grasp the prize-fighter's arms, which, thus fastened, were helpless; and with one exertion of his enormous strength, he raised him over his head and dashed him to the ground. Gazing at his fallen foe, Red Aleck exclaimed, half apologetically:

"Mither told me not to fight, but she did na say anything about wrestling!"

Under cover of the laugh raised by this innocent speech, Surly Tim was removed to his room, where he soon recovered from the effects of his fall. He raged with wrath over his ignominious defeat, and determined to bring on a regular ring-fight, in which he expected, by his skill, to overcome Red Aleck's strength; but he wisely made up his mind never again to get into the grasp of the young Hercules.

A few days after this episode all the settlement came together at a fair held

near the ship-yard. As was customary at fairs, there were sports of all kinds, at the most of which Red Aleck was easily the victor, for he was, as I have said, the strongest and most active in the settlement, with one exception. That exception was his brother, "Strong Archie," in whose grasp Aleck was a mere child: in fact, Archie's strength was so wonderful that he never took part in games, but stood in a class by himself. Many tales are told of his wonderful exhibitions; but, as Kipling, the man who found out all about the United States in a three weeks' trip, says: "That is another story."

While the festivities were at their height, Surly Tim, backed by his English friends, came upon the field and began at once to heap abuse upon the Scotch, but more especially upon Red Aleck, who he declared had taken him foul in their last encounter. Red Aleck begged his father for permission to fight the boasting stranger, but the old man steadily refused to give his consent; he had heard so much of the prize-fighter's skill that he feared for his young son. One of the strong characteristics of the Scotch is their filial obedience, and when Aleck saw that his father was inexorable, he did his best to keep away from Surly Tim, who, despairing at last of bringing about a ring fight, and yet not daring to precipitate another wrestling encounter, turned his attention from Aleck to others. But no one seemed willing to fight him; for Aleck's refusal, the cause of which was not generally known, dampened the courage of the boldest.

Surly Tim went about like a raging bear, shouldering this one, elbowing that one, and striking whoever stood in his path. Red Aleck watched him with wrathful heart, longing earnestly to be permitted to subdue the arrogance of the Englishman. Tim, in his boisterous career, was now approaching a group in which stood Aleck's white-haired father.

"By heaven! if he strikes my father I'll fight wi' him till I kill him!" exclaimed Aleck, savagely.

Some one standing by, eager for a fight, carried the remark to Surly Tim, who smiled sardonically, and striding up to the venerable old man, dealt him a blow which felled him to the earth.

From all sides rushed the relatives of the fallen man, and Surly Tim would soon have been pounded till beyond recognition, had not Red Aleck, with a thunderous voice, exclaimed:

"Leave him to me! Leave him to me!"

"Yes," shouted Strong Archie, "leave him to Aleck. If he canna finish him, I will mysel' tear him limb fra limb." Nor was this an idle boast from the man who had been known to hold back a pair of wild oxen.

At once a ring was formed, and into it stepped Red Aleck and Surly Tim; the latter cool and wary, but inwardly quaking; the former exasperated by countless insults, and filled with a wrath that more than doubled his stupendous strength. I would like to describe a long and bloody battle, but the high witness from whom I heard this story assures me, and I never

knew him to tell a lie, that it was all ended in one blow. And such a blow! No sooner were they together in the ring than Red Aleck, with a shout of exultant rage, dashed at Surly Tim, and struck him upon the breast. Vain was the boxer's science; vain his feeble attempt to turn aside that ponderous fist. As unswerving as a huge claymore opposed by a willow wand, fell the avenging blow; and, as an empty barrel is lifted and hurled shoreward by the impulse of a resistless wave, so Surly Tim was lifted and hurled to the ground, full ten feet from where he had stood. Onlookers say that when the blow struck, and before he reached the ground, the blood spurted from his mouth, nose and ears. When they picked him up he was dead; the blow had crushed in the ribs and breastbone, and, in all probability, had ruptured the heart.

Men talk of that blow to-day. It is needless to say that no more prize-fighters were imported by the ship-builder; and the Lion of Scotland, from that time forth, reared itself, unopposed, above the Leopards of England.

Boston, Mass.

THE SIGH OF LOVE.

Red were her lips, her eyes soft blue;
She was kind and good as heaven is true;
Her smile was sweet, her graces coy;—
I loved her, lost her, when a boy.

And now the stars, the earth, the sea,
And thunder are the same to me,
Alas! for me all joys are o'er,—
The brightest rose perfumes no more.

The thorny pathways of this life
Seem but the lengthening hours of strife;
I feel much poorer than the poor
That beg and starve from door to door.

J. A. RADFORD.

GABLE ENDS.

"IN VARIOUS MOODS."

THE volume of poems entitled "In Various Moods" is sure to be welcomed by Mr. Livingston's many admirers, and to gain for him many new friends. The poems are of very unequal merit, and this

and there traces of the influence of Tennyson—traces sometimes for good and sometimes for ill. This Tennyson influence has led him to devote much of his efforts to portrait painting, and to give an undue importance to form and finish, as compared with the matter, and with the fresh



is true of the different verses of some of the best pieces. At times one would like to see the young poet prune a little more closely, and express himself more accurately. The reader can detect here

suggestiveness of such deep and original thinkers as Browning. Besides, it challenges comparisons between himself and his master, so pre-eminent in the art of portrait-painting—comparisons not always

to the advantage of the pupil. But while failing to reach the clear and beautiful conceptions and classic purity of expression of Tennyson, still he has painted a few exquisitely beautiful pictures. The reader feels an interest in all, is pleased, and even delighted, with the sweet faces, and graceful forms to be seen in these pages.

The general conception of the poem "To E. N. L." is bold, and on the whole well wrought out in detail. It is a pity to see such a gem disfigured by the lines:

"And with wan fingers on thy trembling lips
Teach thee their mighty lay."

Teachers do not put their fingers on the lips of their pupils while instructing them. With the exception of these lines, the piece is creditable alike to the poet's head and heart—is a work of art.

Most students will regard the poem entitled "A Gift," a real gift to the world of letters. It is simple, chaste, touching, and full of sunlight. How tenderly the workings of love unrequited are wrought out in the following words:

"I loved thee yet, and all of mine
Was thine, yet I so poor
Could give thee but a broken heart,
For I had nothing more."

Exception may be taken to some of the phrases in "An Evening in Muskoka"—such as "Slowly break the last faint dying flashes,"—still the work is true to nature, and has high merit.

In the "Cradle Song," the reader detects the tones of Tennyson and the effect is most pleasing. Here the poet soars on bold wing, and as he rises pours out his full heart in words warm, tender, and most touching. The call of the angels, the dying moon, the love of the mother that will not give up her child to the waiting angels, the light of Christ that makes all so clear and supersedes the need of star or moon, the voices of the angels dying as that of the mother rises up to Christ to spare her babe, are told in a few bold strokes of true poetic power.

In "My Lady" we have a charming picture of a lovely girl. With eyes blue, pure, true, thought-expressive, and devout; with hair floating gracefully on her white shoulders; with her voice sweet as music, the little queen reigns over the mind and heart of her lover.

The student of art and of morals will be pleased with the poem on "The Beautiful." Here the author enters on higher ground, and on the whole walks steadily. Doubtless the piece would have been better had the poet been less didactic. It is only genius of the highest order, such as that of Dante or of Browning, that can directly teach, and at the same time write artistically as the poet should.

Did space permit we would like to say a word or two in praise of "He Knows," "The Death of the Poet," "In Italy," "A Song of Peace," "Keats," "A Corner of the Field," "To the Early Robin," "A Sketch," "A Serenade" not to mention others; but we must content ourselves by commending these to the student of literature. Taking the volume as a whole, Mr. Livingston is to be congratulated as having produced a work of real merit. There is not a base thought in the work, not a pessimistic note in any of the songs, but much that is inspiring, and full of promise. By years of hard study, and careful work, this most gifted writer may fairly look forward to an honored place in the literature of his country. His art aspiration and poetic genius, it is to be hoped, are of too high an order to permit him to rest satisfied with his present success. Indeed it would be a calamity if indiscriminate praise should lead him to conclude that he has nothing to learn and that he has reached the limits of his growth. Instead of folding his hands, let him make present success the stepping-stones to the higher within his grasp. By so doing, latent possibilities, so clearly revealed in this delightful volume, may be developed into the actual, and Mr. Livingston may in the near future see his name linked with the immortals.

REV. S. LYLE, B.D.

RUSTY RASPS.

ONE morning while the sun was clothing the world in glory, Homer Watson, the celebrated landscape painter, and a friend were indulging in a constitutional, in the delightful neighborhood of Mr. Watson's home at Doon, on the Grand River, in Western Ontario, when they observed a farmer ploughing in an adjoining field. Mr. Watson remarked to

his companion, "That's the kind of man I have made a life study of,—one who is above music, literature, art, or any other muse. A man who is completely absorbed in his love for home, children, and occupation—he cares nothing for what is going on in the outside world, or for the frivolities of fashionable life." By this time the old farmer was at the end of his furrow, near the snake fence, and turning, said, "Mister Watson, don't you tink it vood be a goot idea to haf a prass pand in Doon, and a public library, vere ve coot have concerts, and teach art." So appearances are not everything.

Strange metaphors, and even mistakes are sometimes made by gifted men unused to speaking. A few months ago a noted artist lectured on a trip through the Rockies, and illustrated his lectures with stereopticon views. In pointing to the foot hills of Mount Stephen, he remarked, "This is a very funny specimen of a mountain with a most peculiar hump seven thousand feet high, and there are very few of these lying around loose anywhere. The debris you observe in the

valley, of huge broken limbs and Douglas Pine, is caused by the wind more than the snow, which blows a hurricane down the gulches and pulls pine trees, rocks and snow up by the roots or anything else it can lay its hands on. This information, ladies and gentlemen, was given to me by one of the trappers, so I cannot vouch for its truth, as I have never been in the Rocky Mountains when the avalanches have been carrying on their 'peculiar antics.'" "The whole range of mountains is filled with lakes; the lakes are filled with islands, and the islands are full of fish."

"PEN" PROVERBS.

Witty pens feed many mouths.
 Flattering pens work ruin.
 Angry pens are not reliable.
 Brilliant pens crown men with honor.
 Bitter pens kindle strife.
 Some men make more money out of pig pens than others from quill pens.
 Diligent pens never thirst.
 Bad pens cause unrighteousness.
 A good pen maketh a cheerful editor.—
J. A. R.

MY HOPE LAY THERE.

A thought that had no language and no tongue,
 A song so sad that it could ne'er be sung,
 A wish that had no utterance or end
 From out my soul in agony were wrung.

Upon my heart I traced a picture fair,
 Blessed it with every grace and virtue rare,
 Crowned it with love, and underneath it wrote
 In characters of blood, "My hope lies there."

And as each golden noon to even turned,
 A true love's incense I before it burned,
 And sat long hours in contemplation lost
 Before that shrine, and many a lesson learned.

And every sunlit day was doubly blessed,
 And every clear, white night was full of rest;
 The unborn years were glorious with hope
 Of happiness as yet but half exprest.

At last one eve I knelt before the shrine,
 To worship all its influence divine,
 But gazing through a mist of love I saw
 A stranger's hand had writ, "Not thine, but mine."

I did not weep ; it was as though I heard
 Some unmoved judge pronounce the final word.
 I read and read again, "Not thine, but mine,"—
 And once again, but yet I never stirred.

As some lost felon, when he grasps the sense
 Of coming doom, and all his mind is tense
 And stretched in all its boundaries, so I
 Knelt still, nor spoke, through very impotence,

Until a glimpse of how those unborn years
 Were changed in all their promises, the fears
 Of what should be, and visions of the past
 With all its bliss, unsealed the fount of tears.

Then gathered I the rosemary and rue,
 And garlanded the image, and I drew
 With many a pang, its temple from my breast,
 And on the earth my spurnéd homage threw ;

And journeyed free and far, and mounted high
 On bleak hill-tops lay blinking at the sky,
 Bemoaning all my sorrow, and in vain
 Asking the still air, "Whither, whence, and why?"

Till something of that reverence which springs
 For God, through commune with created things,
 Rose in my bosom, and at length I found
 That which I sought not in my wanderings.

And life regathered meaning, and a thrill
 Of noblier, loftier impulse seemed to fill
 The vacant cloisters of my heart ; I saw
 That all is ordered, whether good or ill.

—ALAN SULLIVAN.

SCIENTIFIG NOTES.

Mercury will be a morning star during April, and on the 10th, will be at greatest elongation west of the sun $27^{\circ} 40'$. It will be on April 3rd, at 4 h. 37 m. p. m. eastern time, in conjunction with the moon. Venus is also a morning star, reaching its greatest elongation west of the sun on the 27th, and will increase the illuminated portion of its disc from one-third to one-half, although its brilliancy will diminish. Mars

will move eastward and northward through the constellation *Capricornus*. Jupiter is moving eastward, south of the *Pleiades*. Saturn and *Spica* (α *Virginis*) will be close together in the south every morning, and nearly equal in brilliancy. Uranus is in *Libra* and Neptune in *Taurus*.

There will be an annular eclipse of the sun on April 5th, but it will not be visible in Canada or any part of America.

BOOK NOTICES.

A Standard Dictionary of the English Language, upon original plans, designed to give a complete and accurate statement in the light of the most recent advances in knowledge, and in the readiest form for popular use, in meaning, orthography, pronunciation and etymology, of all the words and idiomatic phrases in the speech and literature of the English-speaking peoples. Funk & Wagnall's Company: New York and Toronto.

This great work, which has been in course of preparation during the last four years, with a corps of editors, six in number, assisted by more than two hundred specialists and other scholars, continuously at work upon it, has at length been completed. The first volume has been issued and the other is understood to be in the hands of the binders, and may be expected in a very short time. Well printed, well bound, and profusely and elegantly illustrated, it will, in addition to its value as a book of reference, be an ornament to any library in which it may find a place. Its vocabulary is very full, without being burdened with words and phrases which, though they have unfortunately gained more or less currency, add nothing to either the perspicuity, strength, or elegance of the language. The editors deserve our thanks, alike for what they have admitted and what they have rejected. They have fully recognized the fact that life and growth are inseparable, and that so long as the English language is a living language, and the language of a living and progressive people, its vocabulary will require to be enriched and extended. A generous hospitality has, therefore, been extended to all those words and phrases which, upon impartial and thorough examination, furnished such evidence of the respectability of their origin and their capability of usefulness, as seemed to entitle them to recognition. While unimportant technical terms have been in some instances omitted, the words and phrases in use in connection with the various sciences, arts and handicrafts are given very fully. This is a feature of the work which adds very considerably to its value. Under the name of a science, an art, or a trade, will generally be found a list of all the words generally in use among those who are engaged in its practice or use, and these are so arranged that they can be got at with the least amount of trouble possible.

In the matter of orthography, the editors of this dictionary have conceded a good deal to the advocates of spelling reform; though in this as well as in the matter of the introduction of new words, they appear to have acted with caution and deliberation. Most of the changes which have been made in the spelling of words have already been adopted to such an extent by reputable writers and publishers, that they will scarcely be regarded as startling innovations. Instead of the diphthong æ and œ in such words as *fœtus*, *homœopathy*, *æsthetics*, the *e* is generally used; in words ending in *our*, as favour,

honour, colour, the *u* is dropped; and in words ending with a silent *e*, as colorable, the final letter is separated from the other letters by a fine hair-stroke to indicate that, in the opinion of the editors, it is superfluous. It will be seen that the changes are in the direction of greater simplicity, which is perhaps all that can be said in their favor; so far as they tend to establish a distinctly American, as distinguished from an English manner of spelling, they are to be deprecated. But most of these changes, however they may be found to conflict with English usage, appear to have been recommended quite as strongly by English as by American authorities.

But even orthography is of secondary importance when compared with orthoepy. Desirable as it may be that there should be uniformity in the writing of the English language throughout the world, it seems to be even more desirable that there should be uniformity in the manner in which it is spoken, including the pronunciation of the word. The editors of *The Standard Dictionary* appear to have given a commendable degree of attention to this important matter. Words concerning the correct pronunciation of which there is difference of opinion and usage, it is understood have been submitted to carefully selected juries who pronounced upon them before the editors gave their decision. And, so far as we are able to judge, from a necessarily hasty and imperfect examination, we judge the decision will be found to be generally correct.

We are pleased especially to find that this new dictionary gives no countenance to the new-fangled pronunciation of words ending in *or*, such as *creator*, *mediator* and *legislator*, in which the *o* in the final syllable has the sound which it has in *nor*, instead of the obscure sound which it has in the final syllable of the word *bottom* or in *atom*. If this intolerable vulgarism, which seems to have taken root in the United States, and which, we regret to find ever and anon springing up in this country, and sometimes among educated people who ought to know better, is to be perpetuated, this latest contribution to the lexicography of our language will bear no share of the responsibility.

It would be hazardous to speak particularly of the definition of the words in this work. It is only by long and intimate acquaintance that one learns the excellencies and the defects of a book of reference. The aim of the editors has been to make the definitions clear, concise, and adequate, and their efforts appear to have been crowned with an eminent degree of success.

The illustrations, which are numerous and excellent, add considerably to the value of the work, in bringing the eyes to the assistance of the understanding in mastering the meaning of the words. The etymology is given after the definition, instead of immediately following the word, which we confess is an innovation which, as it appears to us, has little to commend it.

—G. W. B.