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MASSEY'S MAGAZINE

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CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1897.

In Summer Days .... **Frontispiece** .... *Page* 374
Photo by G. E. Valleau.

In Northern Spain .... **Mary H. Reid** 375
Eleven illustrations by G. A. Reid, R.C.A.—Arms of Segovia; The Aqueduct, Segovia; Segovia; Street in Salamanca; The Old Cathedral, Salamanca; House of the Shells, Salamanca; The Courtyard of the University, Salamanca; Burgos; Burgos Cathedral; A Spanish Peasant; In Burgos Cathedral.

Memories .... **Wm. Strong** 384

Hart A. Massey. A Character Study .... **James Allen** 385
Five illustrations.

Making Harbor. A Poem .... **Theodore Roberts** 393

Dr. Edward Eggleston. An Interview .... **S. F. Harrison**—(Seranus) 394

The Indian Corn Planter. A Poem .... **E. Pauline Johnson** 397

The Stone Breaker of Cote des Neiges .... **Sovereen Cashel** 398
Three illustrations by Alex. McLeod.—Headpiece.—"'Yours is no Light Task'"; "Wife, said he, 'what about to-night?'"

The Queen Regent .... **W. H. Worden** 403

Shelley and Hellenic Freedom .... **J. F. Dumble** 406

Fame. A Poem .... **John Stuart Thomson** 408

In Canada's Capital .... **Faith Fenton** 409
Illustrated with Drawing by F. H. Brigden; Photos by G. E. Valleau and five Portraits.

To a Lady of Quality. A Poem .... **Ezra Hurlburt Stafford** 414

Goat Hunting in the Rocky Mountains .... **Wm. Hamilton Merrett** 415
Two illustrations.—My Monster "Old Billy"; Hung up Against a Friendly Tree.

The Cuban Struggle .... **Samuel Preston** 422
Two illustrations.—Entrance to Plaza Cienfuegos; Military Station.

Some Recent Pictures in Amateur Photography 427
Five O'clock Tea .... Photo by G. E. Valleau.
At Como .... " R. B. Whyte.
Evangeline .... " J. Wilson.
Leaving Port .... " "
Evening Light .... " G. E. Valleau.
Falls at Almonte .... " R. B. Whyte.

Ante-Nuptial Difficulties .... **Alfred Hoskin, Q.C.** 432

The Mood .... **Kathleen F. M. Sullivan** 436

The Literary Kingdom .... **M. M. Kilpatrick** 440

Current Comment .... **Editorial** 442

Book Notices 446

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See Important Announcement, Next Page.

THE MASSEY PRESS, 927 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

FROM THE OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

WITH this number MASSEY'S MAGAZINE completes its third volume. We now have a very much larger circle of readers than any literary monthly published in Canada. We believe our pride is pardonable as we point to the success we have achieved. To have gained a welcome to so many thousands of Canadian homes in the first eighteen months of a new publication is a phenomenal record, unparalleled in the history of periodical publication in the Dominion. In addition to our large list of subscribers, during the past winter an average of over 6,000 copies monthly have been handled by the leading newsdealers from one end of the country to the other and on the railway trains—the largest regular single-copy sale, we believe, of any Canadian literary publication.

All this has been accomplished in the face of the keenest competition, and in spite of serious handicap caused by the flood of cheap periodicals which pour in upon Canadian readers from England, and more particularly from the United States. These foreign periodicals pay no duty, and have full advantage of our liberal postage facilities. Further, the United States publisher, having such a large field, and being able to distribute his initial cost of publication over an enormous circulation, impossible of attainment in Canada, is thus able to produce at a minimum cost—to say nothing of the fact that he obtains his paper and other supplies and appliances at a much lower price. We are not complaining, though the race for popularity is, undoubtedly, an unfair one. That our efforts have been appreciated, is abundantly proven by what we have achieved and by the many letters kindly written us by appreciative friends in every province. We have honestly tried to fulfil the pledges we have made from time to time, and, if possible, do even a little better. How far we have succeeded the wide-spread popularity of MASSEY'S MAGAZINE bears testimony.

And now as to the future. We propose an arrangement which will give a new impetus to literary effort, and which will place in the hands of the readers of our Dominion a literary monthly magazine of the highest character—full of Canadian national sentiment and spirit—enterprising, progressive and up-to-date in the best sense of that expression. Beginning with July next, our subscribers and counter patrons will receive

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MASSEY'S MAGAZINE
COMBINED.

This is, as the title indicates, the *Canadian Magazine* ($2.50 per annum, 25 cents per copy), a literary monthly of high standing, well known to the best Canadian readers, and established for nearly five years; and MASSEY'S MAGAZINE ($1 per annum, 10 cents per copy), combined into one publication.

A full announcement and prospectus of this combined publication will be made in its initial number. Meantime, suffice it to say, that the amalgamation of the two enterprises will effect a large saving in production and management, which will be used to better and to extend the usefulness of the dual periodical, which will be in every sense a Canadian national literary monthly.

TO SUBSCRIBERS

Of MASSEY'S MAGAZINE.—We have pleasure to announce that they will receive the combined publication in lieu of MASSEY'S MAGAZINE till the expiry of their subscription—a twenty-five cent magazine instead of a ten cent magazine; abundantly fair, surely, and done with

PHOTO BY G. E. VALLEAU. OTTAWA CAMERA CLUB.

IN SUMMER DAYS.

FRONTISPIECE MASSEY'S MAGAZINE, JUNE, 1897.

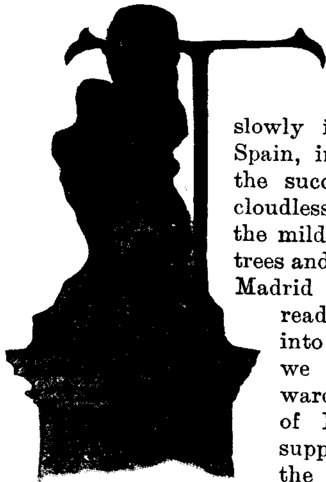
MASSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. III. JUNE, 1897. No. 6.

IN NORTHERN SPAIN.

BY MARY H. REID.

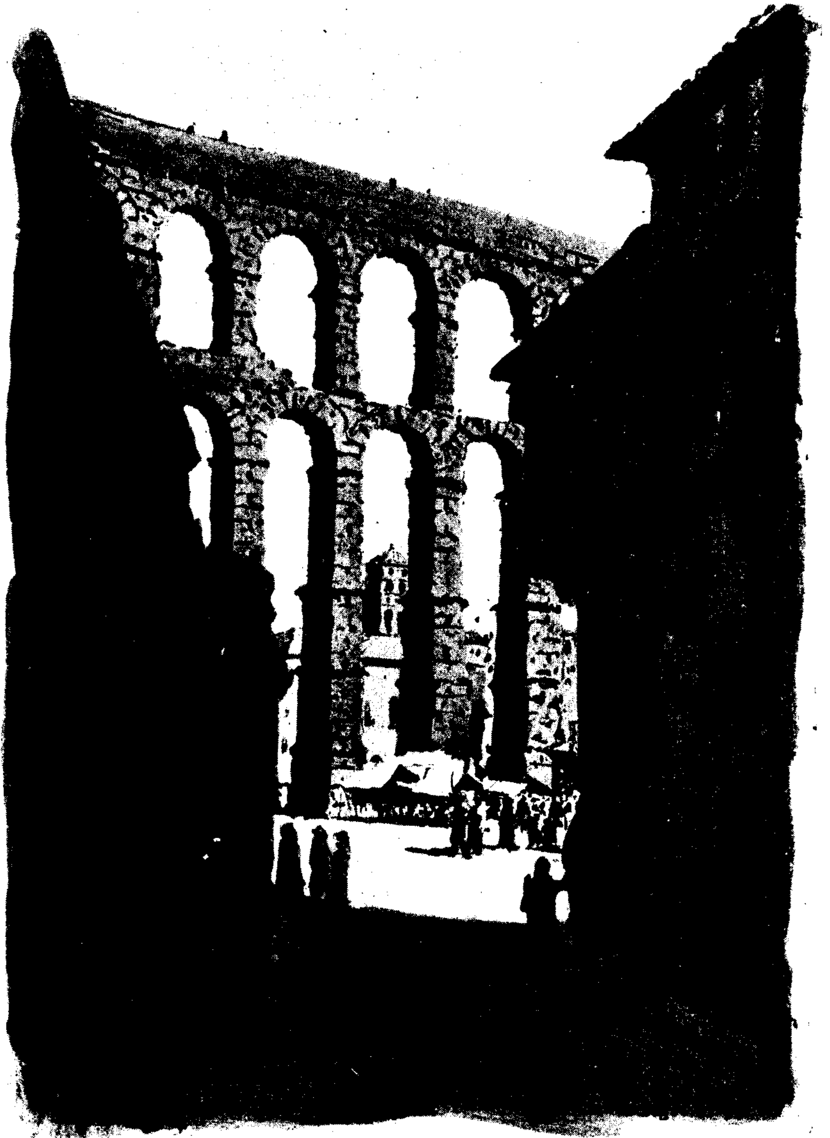
Illustrations by G. A. Reid.



ARMS OF SEGOVIA.

THE spring seems to advance slowly in central Spain, in spite of the succession of cloudless days and the mild air. The trees and shrubs in Madrid were not ready to burst into leaf when we left it towards the end of March; I suppose that the height above the sea, keeping the nights very cool, must have prevented a more rapid unfolding. It was with genuine regret that we left our distinguished painter and his students there; they were all working with the greatest enthusiasm at the Museum, and presented a striking contrast to the native artists who were copying; the Spaniards were evidently getting ready for the tourist season, and, seemingly a little behindhand with their work, were painting with mad haste all the pretty Murillos and striking Riberas which are popular with Americans and English; while the group of foreigners, on the other hand, was painting with loving care those canvases of Velasquez and Greco which are so dear to the artist, and so overlooked by the general tourist. It exhibited all the difference between pure study and commercial enterprise. The museum was like one vast atelier, and to study in it was a genuine pleasure, but northern Spain lay waiting for us with its rugged walled towns, its cathedrals, part fortress, part church, and its memories of soldiers and camps, kings and courts. Chief among these interesting fortified towns is Segovia. We had our first glimpse of it by night, but by moonlight, a lovely southern moon lighting up the old houses with their projecting upper stories, and casting strange shadows across our path. Suddenly, as we rattled through the streets we became conscious of a great structure close at hand, and then over our heads, as we passed through a massive arch; we looked eagerly out; surely it must be, yes, it was the great aqueduct built centuries ago by Trajan, and still in use, bringing pure water from the distant hills. Oh, it towered majestically in the moonlight, reminding me with its great arches and pillars of the colosseum, and giving me exactly the same feeling which the sudden sight of the colosseum did; a mixture of wonder and awe, and a sense of being in the presence of a mighty force, a powerful civilization.

Our hotel was the "Burgalesa," chosen, I think, more because it had a pronounceable name than on account of any acquaintance with its merits; the other (there were but two mentioned by



THE AQUEDUCT, SEGOVIA.

O'Shea) repelled us for some reason, but I would say to possible travellers to Segovia, *take the other*; it cannot possibly be any worse than the "Burgalesa," and there is a wide range of possibility of its being better.

And yet, to be perfectly just, we had a most enjoyable view from the balcony: we looked out upon the principal plaza; on our left was the florid-Gothic cathedral, and on the right a multitude of irregular towers and chimneys against snow-covered hills, and fields at their base which were fast becoming green. So there were things which compensated in part for Spanish cooking and badly ventilated rooms.

SEGOVIA.

History and tradition do not agree in their account of the aqueduct; the latter asserts that its author and builder was the devil, who reared his structure in a single night to save one of the fair maidens of Segovia the trouble of fetching water from the river; and there is a suggestion of this presence of the "eternal feminine" in the city arms, which consist of a shield bearing upon it the arches of the aqueduct, and surmounted by a female head. But history assures us that Trajan, who was born near Seville, was its author. It consists of a double row of arches, all the upper ones being of the same height, while the lower ones vary with the level; there are 320 of these arches, and the greatest height is 102 feet. The stone is black and grey granite, no cement has been used, and on each block are plainly visible the holes made for the grappling irons. Some of the arches were broken when the Moors sacked Segovia, and were not rebuilt until four centuries later when Isabella, the Catholic, took the matter in hand.

The Alcazar, or palace, was unfortunately destroyed by fire some twenty-five years ago, and though it has been built up again as nearly as possible like the former structure, it has a fine, new appearance, which does not invite, but rather repels. We interested ourselves in searching out the old parts of the building, displaying to our little guide, a girl of about twelve years, an intense interest in all the original portions, and supreme indifference to the "restored" apartments, with their glaring colors, except those rooms which contained, amid restorations, portions of the old Moorish stucco work on the walls; she entered fully into the spirit of our quest, eagerly pointing out parts which she assured us were *vieja*, and passing over those freshly built and decorated. But in spite of the ravages of the restorer, the Alcazar is an interesting building, and its associations with historical people and events give it another interest for us. It has been used as a palace, for-

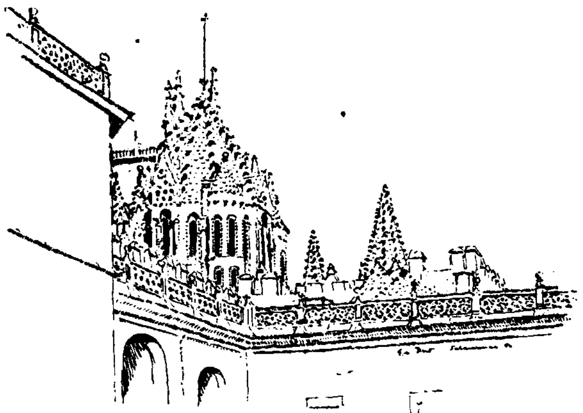
tress and prison: forth from it rode Isabella to be crowned Queen of Castile; Charles I. of England was lodged and entertained there; Charles V. and Philip

STREET IN SALAMANCA.

II. occupied it from time to time, and according to Le Sage, Gil Blas was imprisoned in its dungeons. But the old walls and gates of the city are, after the aqueduct, probably the most picturesque feature of Segovia; some parts are entirely in ruins, and other portions are continued by houses which have been built up in the walls, thus making a mass of irregular buildings, delightful in form and color. There is no trouble about sketching in any of these Spanish towns; sometimes a few boys gather, but even that is unusual, and you are never molested, although your appearance may excite some curiosity; this usually takes the form of a burning desire to discover your nationality; it exposed us on one occasion to a string of questions from a very good-natured looking young drover who passed while a sketch was in progress: were we French? Italian? Russian? Prussian? At this point we could repress our merriment no longer, it was too Gilbertesque; and "in spite of all temptations" we proclaimed our nationality. But though enlightened on one point, the principal one, he was in the dark on another: our laughter evidently seemed greater than the occasion demanded, and he went on his way much puzzled.

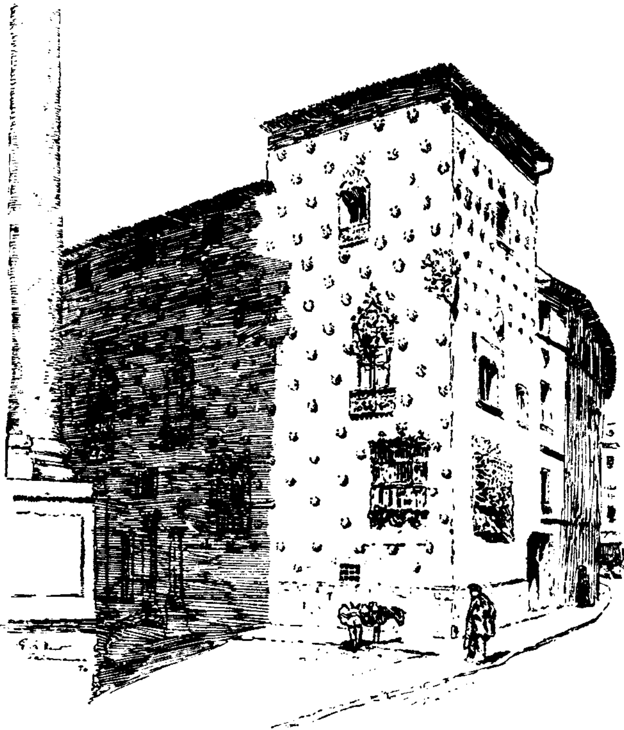
The interior of the cathedral is perhaps less impressive than that of others, but the windows are very fine, and they alone give a sense of fulness and richness not felt in some of the larger and more imposing churches. One beautiful window, glowing with the richest yellows, is itself worth a visit, it is more a mass of glorious color than any especial composition; indeed, the windows which I find most satisfying are those which do not even suggest a "subject," but which, like clusters of jewels, turn the crude daylight into a soft shimmer of violet and gold, crimson and emerald.

Another interesting feature about Segovia is the number of beautiful old doorways which remain; they are to be met in every street, and are sometimes the purest Gothic, though usually later in style, and surmounted by curious escutcheons. But everything is fast going to ruin; walls and churches are crumbling, and a sort of desolation has spread over the whole place. Rapid decay is the most noticeable thing about Salamanca also, whither we went from Segovia. The sun shines very brightly, but there is drowsiness in the air; sounds come to you faintly from far away;



THE OLD CATHEDRAL, SALAMANCA.

sometimes it is the voice of the mule-driver urging on his patient animal, sometimes the shouting of a few stray students, for this ancient university town has still some students to uphold its reputation as a seat of learning. But there is no bustle in even the busiest quarters; the market-place itself is a drowsy spot where the people seem to be quietly amusing themselves rather than doing business. Here you see some interesting provincial types, especially among the men, who wear the close fitting black clothes with silver buttons at the knees and wrists, and larger ones to fasten the short jacket which serves as a coat; this, in combination with a wide black hat, makes up a very striking figure. The old twelfth century cathedral, which is not used regularly, adjoins the new fifteenth century one, and is entered from it. It was built by Bishop Geronimo, the confessor of the Cid. It is especially interesting as being a fine example of Byzantine architecture; this style, which is termed Romanesque in France, is characterized by the basilica arrangement, the round arch, becoming pointed at a later period, and good ornamentation, especially in the capitals of columns. The new cathedral is a magnificent specimen of florid-Gothic mixed with Plateresque. It is built of an enduring creamy-yellow stone, and is as richly and profusely decorated within as without; one begins to grow weary of the endless carvings, marbles and iron work, and to long for a structure with not less beauty of line, but with simpler and more effective ornamentation. Some of the old houses of Salamanca are very curious, notably that known as the Casa de las Conchas, from the shells of carved stone which decorate its exterior. To be quite candid, the repetition of the shells is tiring, the house giving one the same impression that a piece of spotted print does. But a truly noble feature is the Roman bridge, still in excellent preservation, and there is a second one still higher up the river, at the spot celebrated in con-



HOUSE OF THE SHELLS, SALAMANCA.

THE COURTYARD OF THE UNIVERSITY, SALAMANCA.

shout such as I had supposed was the peculiar privilege of American youth during the years allotted to mental culture; it was refreshing to hear a really hearty sound, and to set eyes on something young in the midst of all the age and mustiness and general dilapidation. I must confess, though, that they were a bit rude; I was somewhat jostled as they crowded about me to see what I was doing. I fancy that a woman sitting alone on the street, unless unmistakably a working woman, was an unaccustomed sight. How anxious they were to find out what language I understood: French, German and Spanish they tried, but I went on cheerfully with my sketch, occasionally waving them aside when they obstructed my view, and a little later I enjoyed their evident discomfiture when

nection with the battle of Salamanca, where a greater than Marlborough defeated an apparently overwhelming number of French.

The university, dating from the fourteenth century, took rank immediately after Paris and before Oxford, and when at its zenith it had ten thousand students, gathered from every part of the civilized world. Now its corridors and class-rooms are almost deserted, and one finds oneself wondering what cause or set of causes has led to such a decline.

The entrance to the university is a masterpiece of the transition from Gothic to Plateresque; it dates from the time of the Catholic kings, whose arms are over the portal. It was a distinct relief to me one sleepy afternoon, as I sat making a note in pencil of this doorway, to have fifteen or twenty young students rush out from one of the class-rooms with a

they discovered that I was not entirely alone; they fell back quite deferentially as we walked away. What a difference the presence of a man makes! But they were nice boys, after all, and good to look at in their long cloaks and little caps.

In Segovia and Salamanca we had our first glimpse of the *serenos*, or night-watchmen, who go about the streets with lanterns, calling the hour.

Our next stopping-place was Burgos, which is interesting, first, on account of possessing one of the finest cathedrals in Europe, and second, as being the birthplace of that somewhat overrated soldier of fortune, the Cid. My first glimpse of the town was in the grey, early morning, and the whole scene would have been entirely colorless if it had not happened that a large building was on fire almost opposite the principal gate of the town, so that a dull, yellow glow spread over

everything, rendering visible the fine, old, turretted portal, the spires of the cathedral and the crowds of people hurrying to the scene.

When I had assured myself that it was not the church which was in flames, I felt ready to enjoy the sight, for there is always a certain fascination in watching a great fire.

Burgos was the ancient capital of Castile, and possessed a fine, old castle-palace, of which only the ruins are now to be seen. In this castle King Edward I. of England married Eleanor of Castile, and I believe it witnessed also the marriage of the Cid. In our own time it was besieged by Wellington, but not taken. It was mined by the French, and completely demolished; the same explosion destroying the beautiful fourteenth century glass in the cathedral.

The exterior of the cathedral was so fine with its airy spires, many statues and delicate pinnacles, that I dreaded to go in lest I should be disappointed; but the interior is scarcely less satisfactory; though there is very profuse ornamentation, it is almost all in keeping, and the eye wanders with delight from the massive sculptured pillars and wonderfully wrought railings, to the glorious rose windows and the lantern or dome, which Charles V. declared ought to be kept under glass, and which Philip II. thought was worthy to have been made by angels. The chapels are numerous, that known as the Constable's Chapel being the largest and most magnificent. It was founded by the hereditary Grand Constable of Castile, and contains his tomb and that of his wife, surmounted by their recumbent effigies in marble. These are models of careful workmanship and elaborate detail, and were sculptured in Italy. The style of the chapel is late Gothic, with traces of the Saracenic; the principal *retablo* is, unfortunately, for the unity of the chapel, Renaissance, but with this exception, there is not much mixing of styles, and the general effect is one of great beauty.

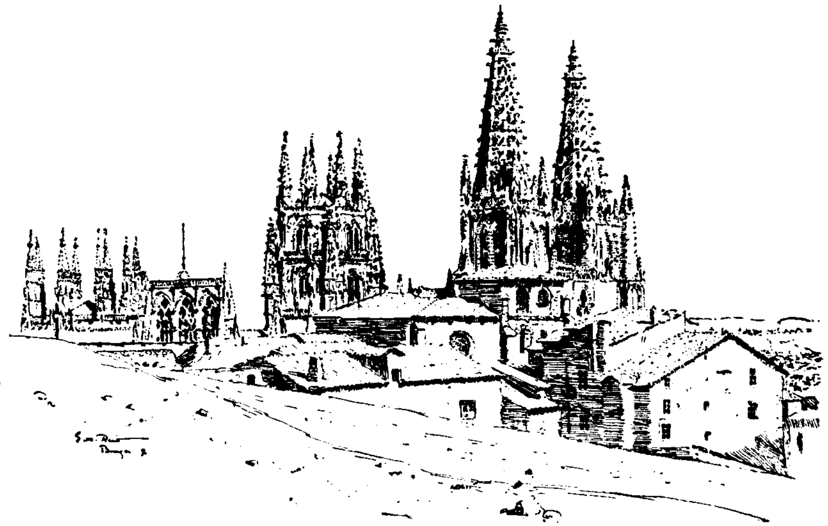
BURGOS.

There are in it fourteen fine windows, these and the rose windows in the cathedral having escaped the damage of the explosion. This chapel has a sacristy of its own, containing, among other treasures, a Magdalene ascribed to Lionardos, but which, probably, belongs only to his school. There are numerous other pictures and portraits in the cathedral, but all rather inferior. Of the many other chapels, built at different periods, there are but few which possess any artistic interest. One very new and tawdry one, with much glaring painting and gilding, our guide frankly pronounced *très-mauvaise*, with which we heartily agreed.

The cloisters, however, belong to the oldest part of the cathedral, and are very beautiful. High up on the wall of one

of the rooms opening from them, is the *cofre del Cid*, one of the two trunks filled with sand which that shrewd warrior left as security to the Jews who had loaned him six hundred marks; he assured them that these trunks contained all his gold and jewels—a statement literally true. This gives us an insight into his business practices; but then, military heroes are usually unscrupulous.

The real name of this invincible fighter was Ruz Diaz de Bivar, and Cid was the Arabic *Seid*, or lord, which was given to him by some conquered Moorish chieftains. He was born in Burgos about 1040, and died at Valencia, one of the many cities he had captured from the Moors. He was brought from there to Burgos in complete armor on the back of his faithful war horse, Bavieca, and buried five miles out; but his body was removed, and what are said to be his bones are now in the town hall of Burgos. The site of his house is marked by a monument erected in the last century, with an inscription upon it and a portrait medallion. I do not know what forms the basis of the portraits you see, but he is always represented wearing a long beard and having a small, round cap on his head. The "Poem of the Cid" is supposed to have been composed about the year 1200, and is one of the earliest literary works of Spain. Burgos was our last Spanish stopping-place, and we left it with regret; we knew we would miss the cathedral—beautiful from every point of view, but, perhaps, particularly so at sunset, seen from a distance against a tender sky of rose and violet, with tall poplars clustering about it, and mingling with its own slender spires; in the foreground a winding road, and sometimes a shepherd with his belated flock. But we could not linger; our little Spanish journey was drawing to a close; soon we would be far away from those scenes which had given us such pleasure; we had been living with the past, and the present was waiting to take us back. So we said good-bye to Burgos, and as we sped away from it we watched the cathedral growing smaller and more faint until we could see it no longer, and fell to wondering whether the future had in store for us a day when we would look again on those marvellous towers and fairy pinnacles.



BURGOS CATHEDRAL.

A few hours took us through the picturesque pass of Pancorbo into the Basque country, that land where is spoken the most ancient language in all Europe, and where each individual is noble by birth. I noticed that this latter fact did

A SPANISH PEASANT.

not stand in the way of a keen appreciation of the national sport, for every town of any size had its bull ring.

On, into the extremity of the Pyrenees, past beautiful mountain villages and fresh, green slopes on which the sheep were feeding, past rocky defiles and ruined castles, through San Sebastian, the Brighton of Spain, to the frontier. Twilight had come on, and we strained our eyes to see the last of everything Spanish.

Good-bye to the sleepy, old towns, the picturesque beggars, the jogging railway trains; good-bye to the mantilla and cloak, the guitar and castanets; good-bye to all the heroes of chivalry, Moorish and Christian, with whose deeds we had become so familiar, to the palaces they had lived in and the churches where they had worshipped; good-bye to all the glorious past, and to the decaying but still beautiful present. *Adios*.

Mary H. Reid.

IN BURGOS CATHEDRAL.

MEMORIES

....BY....

Wm. Strong.

HEAVEN help me, just for once, to dip my brush
So I may catch the hue,
And paint the picture that mine eyes beheld,
That sweet spring-morn when the distilling dew
Fell from the hawthorn blossom upon the primrose bed,
When from the tree top, meadow, and from briar bush
Came the inimitable notes of linnet, leverock, thrush.
No uninspired pen can possibly portray
The beauty of the landscape scene—
The pleasures of the hour, youth's joy, earth's charm,
As came ushering in the day.
There is a color that the artists use
To paint the water, earth and trees:
But what can represent the song of birds
Or the sweet humming of the bees?
Tell me, ye spirits, the enchantment that ye use
Youth's pleasures once again to bring,
The meek violet, sweet hawthorn blossom,
And spring primrose perfume to diffuse.

HART A. MASSEY.—A CHARACTER STUDY.

BY JAMES ALLEN.

AN interesting study of London life entitled, "Influx of Population," by Mr. Llewellyn Smith, shows that, excluding foreigners, thirty-five per cent. of the inhabitants of the great metropolis are country born. Mr. Smith finds a definite ratio between country birth and poverty. Prosperity prevails where country men predominate. Where they are fewest poverty is greatest. In Bethnal Green, the centre of poverty, there are but twelve and five-tenths and in Whitechapel but twenty per cent. of country men as compared with thirty-five per cent. in the whole metropolis. But Kensington and Belgravia contain more than one-half, and Mayfair no less than fifty-nine per cent. of country born. There is a common impression that the debasing elements of great cities are increased by the influx from the country. But the facts seem to be, that men of country birth, fresh, alert and vigorous, have captured the city prizes and pushed the town residents to the wall.

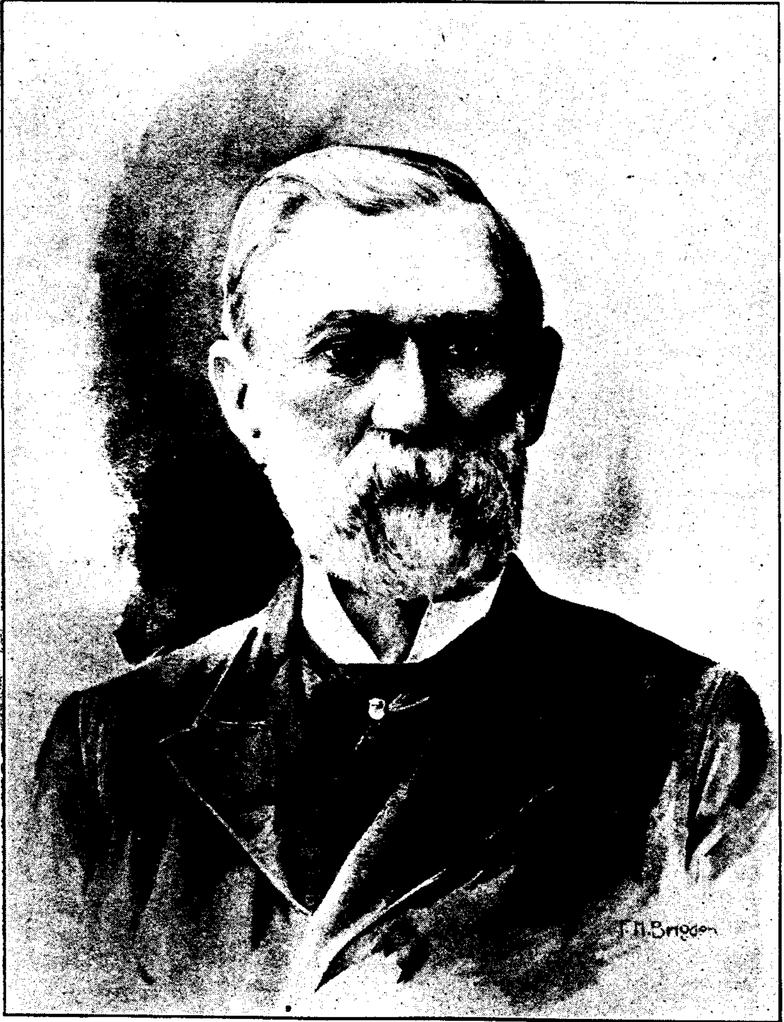
This theory is confirmed by the history of Canada's greatest manufacturer. H. A. Massey was born in a log-house and lived until his twenty-eighth year upon a backwoods farm. Yet, no deliberate training, no carefully pre-arranged education could have better fitted him for a successful business career.

He was fortunate in heredity and his early training. The word "Puritan," suggests men strong in moral courage, in nervous power, in common-sense and in self-command. Mr. Massey's ancestors were Puritans. Until the early part of this century they lived in New England, whose barren soil and rigorous climate supplied the stern conditions by which brave, self-reliant characters are moulded. In 1810, Mr. Massey's grandfather settled in Canada, near Grafton, Ontario, and proved his loyalty to his adopted country by serving in the war of 1812. During the father's absence his son Daniel, who was then thirteen years old, had entire charge of the homestead.

One incident will show the boy's ability and resource. He had a load of poultry to dispose of, but no daily paper with accurate quotations of the latest prices reached the log-house of the backwoods farm. A speculator, wishing to take advantage of the manager's youth and inexperience, offered a very low price. "No," said the boy, with swift decision, "no business with you on any terms. I'll go to headquarters and see what I can do there." One superannuated horse was on the farm, the effective teams having been pressed into service by the Government. The old horse was harnessed and the poultry carted by the young merchant seventy miles to Kingston. A satisfactory return in cash rewarded the venture. The money could be counted—not so easily the boy's gain in experience and self-reliance.

The business qualities of Daniel Massey were manifested much more conspicuously in his son. From the earliest period the father tried to develop in the boy the power of independent action. English families of means had settled near Grafton and Cobourg, and they became profitable customers for meat which Daniel Massey undertook to supply. Young Hart Massey was trained to buy cattle before he was eight years of age, and before he had reached the age of eleven years he had almost sole charge of the purchase and sale of these supplies.

His first unbroken year at school was spent at Watertown, N. Y., when he was eleven years of age. An incident of the return journey to Canada made a deep impression upon him. Sackett's Harbor, eight miles from his Watertown home, was the starting point. His cousin Isaiah, a lad of about his own age, was sent to drive him to the harbor. When



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

THE LATE HART A. MASSEY.

they reached the wharf no boat was in sight and no information could be obtained as to the time of arrival. Night was falling. Hart's courage failed him and he returned with his cousin. There was not one word of scolding, but Isaiah's father turned the horses and started for Sackett's Harbor with Hart by his side. The night was very dark and the bolt which held the wagon-tongue in place came out. "Now, Hart," said his cousin, "you hold the horses and I'll feel back along the road and try to find the bolt." He went groping along, foot by foot, and fortunately picked up the bolt; feeling a little farther he found the nut. The damage was repaired and they reached the boat in time.

Another incident which had a similar effect on his character happened in his sixteenth year. He had, after several year's absence, returned to school at Watertown. He was suffering from temporary illness which was intensified by that distressing malady, home-sickness. A teacher advised him to take a holiday. He eagerly caught at the suggestion and travelled by stage-coach 150 miles to Grafton. From his mother he received a sympathizing welcome, but his father met him with displeasure and sent him back by the return stage. These are but incidents floating on the surface and showing the direction of the current. The whole effect of his early training established as the chief feature of his character invincible determination of purpose.

MRS. HART A. MASSEY.

Through all the rough hard work of the backwoods farm and the lumber camp, Mr. Massey lost no opportunity of cultivating his mind. In his sixteenth year he was appointed a Methodist class-leader and he found in the work of this office a strong mental stimulus. The educational opportunities of farmer's children were often limited to a few weeks each winter. The attainments of the teachers were slender and the instruction given but meagre. The full grown young woman and the stalwart young man of twenty were often seen

DANIEL MASSEY,
Father of Hart A. Massey.

among the scholars working painfully at the three R's. But as soon as they became, in New Testament language, "converted," and "joined the Church," they were expected to lead in prayer at the weekly prayer meeting and to relate clearly their "experience" in the weekly class-meeting. The class-leader replied to each member of his class with suitable advice. This led the sincere ones to an earnest and devotional study of the Bible; to careful thought, and to ready, clear and precise statement. Apart from the moral effect, the intellectual discipline was admirable. Students of Canadian History, unfamiliar with the influence exerted by the Methodist Church upon the intellectual as well as the spiritual life of the people, have wondered at the ability displayed in public affairs by men whose only college was the log school-house of the backwoods. In many instances their power of thought and expression was acquired in the Methodist class-meeting.

The young man had for the time and place exceptional advantages. He spent two years in Watertown, one year in Upper Canada Academy and his twentieth and twenty-first years in Victoria College. While at Watertown and Upper Canada Academy, he paid for his board by working out of school hours. His expenses at college were paid in cordwood which he cut with his own hands. Daniel Massey did nothing for his son which he could enable the boy to do for himself. He said in substance: "My boy, your success is very dear to me. I am watching you; I am behind you—never forget that. You have my love, sympathy, applause, reproof, should reproof be necessary, and efficient aid when aid is needed; but I cannot build character for you. You must do that for yourself, and to do it you must stand alone."

There was ever strict discipline in the household of Daniel Massey, but no sullen Puritanic gloom. "The most tender-hearted man that ever breathed," is the description given of him by his son. The relation between the two was very beautiful. The father had intense pride and joy in his son, but he was never betrayed by his affection into forgetting that the exercise of righteous authority is required to produce strength of moral habit. The son repaid the father's devotion by giving him absolute confidence and direct, unflinching obedience, hallowed by pure affection.

"You are of age now and your own master," said Daniel Massey to his son on the young man's twenty-first birthday. "What are your plans?" "They are not clearly defined," was the reply, "and before I come to a decision I should like your advice." "Well," said his father, "I have two propsals to make. Chicago will be a large city and a favorable place for the manufacture and sale of farming tools. With your mechanical skill and ability to manage men, you should succeed. If you choose to go, I will give you $1,000; if you prefer staying at home, I will give you a hundred and fifty acres of land, but my advice is 'go west.'"

This advice was promptly accepted, but not acted upon. Those who have seen Hovenden's true, tender and strong picture, "Breaking Home Ties," will understand why. His mother said: "Don't go, Hart, I can't bear to have you leave me." There was a deep vein of tenderness in the granite of Mr. Massey's nature. At his mother's appeal

he relinquished the attractions of the city and settled down to the life of a farmer.

In 1847 Daniel Massey began in Newcastle the manufacture of farm implements. In 1851 H. A. Massey was appointed superintendent, and in 1852 was made partner and general manager of the works. His salary as superintendent was $400 a year. His management was marked by uninterrupted success. In 1879 the business was removed to Toronto, where it has developed into an aggregation of various industries and corporations, employing from 1,500 to 2,000 men and doing an extensive business in every quarter of the globe.

Mr. Massey did not commence the business of a manufacturer until he had passed the age when most men have chosen their life work; yet no captain of industry in Canada has shown greater ability in handling large bodies of men, in organizing great enterprises and bringing them to a successful issue. To the faculty of choosing fit persons to execute his orders, he added extraordinary forethought and invincible tenacity of purpose. Before engaging in any enterprise he saw clearly the result that he intended to produce, and planned carefully to the smallest details the methods of accomplishing it. He knew that when room is left open for disaster, disaster does not fail to be heard from, and no pressure could make him act until he saw his way clearly. He had power to stand and wait. Perhaps no man in the Dominion has marked so clearly the just limits between a spirit of enterprise and of speculation. When he had a definite end in view and saw his way to it, no obstacle stopped him. Then he often seemed rash, but it was with a calculated rashness which the event seldom failed to justify. On the other hand nothing could tempt him into risks which could not be justified and into efforts which could not be sustained. His success was the honest success of a brave man who has sharper power of vision, greater power of restraint and more resolute powers of action than other men.

The secret of a man's nature lies in what he really believes about his place and his work in the world. Mr. Massey believed that he was sent into this world to work, and he had the will to work for the work's sake. To do his work worthily was his ideal of duty—the essence and outcome of his religion The reward he sought was the finishing of his work, or the consciousness that he had done his best to finish it. The right distribution of his wealth he considered as one of his most important duties. In his creed, luxury was sinful waste. He could not with a clear conscience use his money to purchase ease, pleasure or popular favor. Idleness he regarded as the mother of guilt. Therefore he lived simply and unostentatiously, trained his children to habits of industry and economy, and left no more to his family than would serve as a decent and moderate maintenance.

Mr. Massey felt deep respect for industrious men, and never turned a deaf ear to a worthy applicant for work. The

MRS. DANIEL MASSEY.
Mother of Hart A. Massey.

relation that existed between him and his workmen is shown by the following characteristic and beautiful incident:

Mr. William Hooper, who was employed by Mr. Massey for many years as a mason and builder, was in his last illness when his employer was on his death bed. The same doctor attended both. The physician's visit was delayed beyond the usual time, and he explained that he had been detained by waiting on Mr. Massey, who was not far from death. Mr. Hooper was suffering much, but he gasped out: "If you can do anything for Mr. Massey, never mind me."

The truest help that can be given to men is in the form of honest and remunerative employment. Mr. Massey's first care, therefore, was to establish his business upon a firm foundation and make sure provision for its maintenance. But as rapidly as money could be withdrawn from the works, he invested it in various benevolent enterprises. When his hand was closed by death he had given more than $300,000, and he left instructions to his executors to continue this policy until the entire balance of the estate (about $1,700,000) was distributed. Such generosity is without parallel in this country, yet by many it has not been gratefully received. Had Mr. Massey expended $300,000 in extending his business, or in securing the success of a political party, or in gratifying a desire for popularity, or a taste for luxury and display, and had he left an estate of $1,700,000 to his family, he would have been praised for doing good to himself. But the sanctifying of his wealth into commonwealth has evoked much unfavorable criticism.

This disfavor cannot be accounted for by the peculiarities of the man. Though he was not richly endowed with the lighter surface qualities that make men popular, yet he was capable of deep tenderness and affection, and those who knew him well enough to love him, loved him well. In the chief figure of Mr. Henry Sandham's picture of the Battle of Lexington, the artist has concentrated the inflexible determination, the iron obstinacy of the whole Puritan race. In disposition Mr. Massey would have served as a model for that figure. A persistent, unyielding, inflexible nature had come down to him by direct descent. The blood of his thrifty Puritan ancestors, his hard, stern, but wholesome education, had made him intolerant of idleness, inefficiency and waste.

In giving for benevolent purposes he exercised the same forethought, showed the same careful planning, the same tenacity of purpose, as that displayed in his business. His object was not merely to relieve but to stimulate; to encourage not laziness, but honest, faithful effort. Here is the secret of the conditions attached to many of his gifts and bequests.

"If," said a prominent citizen of Toronto, "Mr. Massey had allowed me to place $100,000 for him, he might have done what he pleased with the rest of his estate, and I could have made him the most popular man in Ontario." Mr. Massey could have made himself popular at a cheaper rate. He was shrewd enough for that. But it was just what he would not do. While he was not indifferent to popular favor he did not feel justified in spending money, which he regarded as a trust, to purchase popularity. He had no objection to innocent and healthful recreation, but he had no sympathy with the men who, in the supposed interests of Toronto, wished to lavish money upon popular sports, and he steadily declined to aid their enterprises. He took a deep interest in good government, and held strong and decided political opinions, but he did not approve of the use of money to secure a political triumph, and he never, directly or indirectly, contributed $500 to secure a party success.

The men who are looking for places in which there is nothing to be done—who try to borrow money which they know they cannot repay—who are willing to carry on a losing business with other people's capital—might lay their schemes before Mr. Massey once; they rarely sought a second interview. There was nothing in his manner to encourage them. He put aside, with prompt decision, though courteously, the philanthropist, who fancies that he has a mission to teach wealthy men just how to spend their money. Had he yielded a little—been less curt and downright—and given

here and there a trifle to secure popular favor, there would have been less clamor from these classes. But he would no more allow them to direct him in the distribution of his money than he would allow them to manage the business by which it was accumulated.

The secret of the unfavorable criticism indulged in by some is found, not in the man, not in his rugged and angular character, but in his ideal of life. In his ideal of duty and reward he was removed by whole diameters from the ideal of the great majority. His attitude was not only different from their attitude, but a condemnation of it. To do one's work well, to find one's reward in the consciousness of doing it well, to think not of getting but of giving, to put loving thought and strict justice into the gifts, so that industry, not laziness, may be stimulated; such ideals of duty and reward cannot be approved of by men who think first, not of what they can give but of what they can get—who think not of work but of pay, who, as Carlyle has it, "Instead of lifting at the immeasurable, universal hand-barrow, with its thousand million handles, contrive to get on some ledge of it and be lifted." The clamor of such men is but anothor form of the old complaint, "To what purpose is this waste," another proof that he who does his duty and makes the world better for his presence, must not look to the world for kindness and appreciation.

We must look at Mr. Massey's domestic life if we would see his character unveiled. Sir Walter Scott understood human nature, and he makes Alan Fairford in "Redgauntlet" fall in love at first sight—sight somewhat limited, for the young lady is closely veiled, "little more than the tip of her nose discernible." She has sought Mr. Alan Fairford's father for legal consultation, and has been introduced, under embarrassing circumstances, to Alan Fairford instead. They look at each other during an awkward pause, from which the lady is the first to recover. She makes him a pretty little apology and disappears. "And put the sun in her pocket, I believe," says Alan Fairford. "And keeps it in her pocket for him—evermore."

"Alan Fairford," says John Ruskin, in describing the scene, "has been bred, and willingly bred, in the strictest discipline of mind and conduct. He is an entirely strong, entirely prudent, entirely pure, young Scotchman—and a lawyer. Scott, when he wrote the book, was an old Scotchman, and had seen a great deal of the world. And he is going to tell you how love *ought* first to come to an entirely strong, entirely prudent, entirely pure youth of his own grave profession." And it comes at first sight—"But, how ridiculous; how entirely unreasonable."

"Certainly, my good sir; certainly. Shakespeare and Scott can't help that—all they know is, that is the way God and nature manage it."

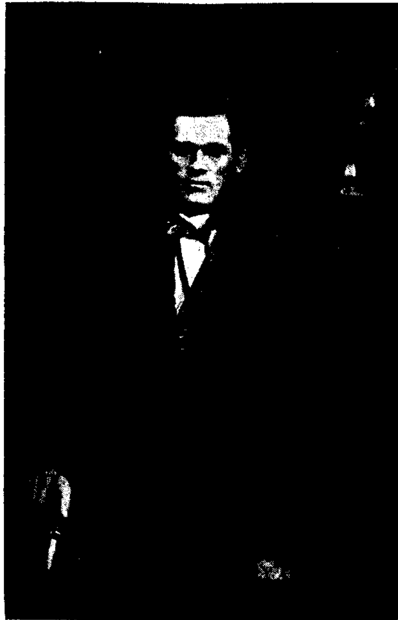
That is the way God and nature managed it for Mr. Massey. Like Alan Fairford, "he had been bred, and willingly bred, in the strictest discipline of mind and conduct." At the age of twenty-four he was an "entirely strong, entirely prudent, entirely pure" young Canadian; a backwoods farmer's son, himself a backwoods farmer.

At a wedding in the autumn of 1846 he met Miss Eliza Phelps, and she, at first sight, "put the sun in her pocket," "and kept it there for him—evermore." The wedding—the wedding of a cousin—was celebrated three hundred miles from his home. But he lingered in the neighborhood to press his suit. The young lady had no mind to dismiss him; but while she made no false pretence of reluctance, and neither politely nor feebly declined what she meant to accept, yet there was enough of the true woman in her to make her feel that she "would be wooed, and, not unsought, be won." She gave no word of encouragement, but he took courage from her manner, and went home, not without hope. Letters were exchanged. Then came a winter journey of three hundred miles by horse and sleigh. Consent of the parents was obtained not without difficulty. The lady's consent followed, and the young man, like Henry Esmond, was able to write in the name of his promised wife, "the completion of hope and the summit of happiness."

He urged instant marriage, but she declined to go to a newly settled country and a backwoods farm without due pre-

paration. They were married in the following June, and the wedding journey was made by stage-coach and canal boat. She brought to her new home a good store of clothing of her own cutting, fitting and stitching; linen of her mother's weaving; wool of her mother's spinning, and tinware of her father's making, for he combined the occupations of tinsmith and farmer.

I take the liberty of giving some information received in a private conversation with Mrs. Massey, who had no idea of its being used for publication. Speaking of this period of her life, she said: "I thank the Lord from the bottom of my heart that I had a mother who knew how to work, and who taught me how to work." For years Mrs. Massey cut and made her husband's and her children's clothing—and this before the days of sewing machines. She made soap and candles and lard; cured hams and made sausages. Her needlework and bread and butter were famed in the neighborhood, and frequently took prizes at local fairs. So thrifty was she that she saved money which she had earned by making and selling butter at ten cents a pound. She put her hand to tasks of the rudest kind, and through all this energetic, hard work, her temper was sweet and sunny. In the household there was comfort, uninterrupted cheerfulness and tranquility. Whatever she had to do she did with a peculiar personal grace that gave a charm to the rudest details. "I love you," wrote Jane Welsh to Thomas Carlyle, "but I am not *in* love with you." Had that grand couple been *in* love with one another their married life would not have been made up of "drizzle and dry weather," with an emphasis on the drizzle. Mr. and Mrs. Massey were *in* love with one another. Each had for the other the love that is lost in its object, and thinks first and only how to guard and foster it. To her he was always reverent and tender, and she was to him a just and pure example, a faithful and wise counsellor. His rugged character was softened and exalted by her grace and tenderness. His work would not have been done as well—perhaps never done at all—if he had not had such a woman by his side.



HART A. MASSEY.
(Taken when about forty.)

Mr. Massey's wife and children thoroughly approved of the principle upon which he acted, and heartily co-operated with him in working it out. If he ever faltered in his benevolent purposes they spurred him on. His three children are his executors. Their hands are unfettered. In many instances only general directions are given, and they are left free to act as in their judgment he, if living, would act. They venerate their father as a wise man—as a man who was in the fullness of his wisdom when he made his last will. It is their will, as well as his, and they intend, as the best memorial of him, and as the highest honor they can do his memory, to obey him, expecting for this piece of work no more than he received—the consciousness of duty well done.

James Allen.

MAKING HARBOR.

I SAIL for the roadstead of Har,
In Arcadie, country of rest,
With no compass or guide save her star,
Aglow like her eyes and her breast—
Soft and glowing afar.

All day I lean, tiller in hand,
And scan the wide flat of the sea,
For a shade or a promise of land,
That lies somewhere away to the lee—
And I dream of the warm, white sand.

Green trees will shadow the shore,
And aswing in the roadstead of Har
Will be schooners and frigates of war,
And tempest-worn galleys from far—
Each sailor led in by his star.

I sail for the country of Rest,
With the winds of the echoing sea;
And I see the white star in the west
That guides me, Heart's-Dearest, to thee—
Love's gold and the mariner's quest.

Dear Pilot of mine, I know
I will enter the harbor soon—
Mayhap through the sleet and the snow
Or the light of the summer moon—
What matter if hearts are aglow.

—*Theodore Roberts.*

DR. EDWARD EGGLESTON.

(An Interview.)

BY SERANUS.

IT may be that the present generation remembers Edward Eggleston as the author of "Roxy," and of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," and is inclined to stop there. Yet Dr. Eggleston is only fifty-nine—not quite so old as W. D. Howells, and only ten years older than Edgar Fawcett. It fell to the lot of the author of "Roxy" to produce two or three striking novels, rich in original observation and transcription of western character, by which he will be chiefly remembered. Work of a certain kind put forth in the "seventies" met with a different fate to that meted out to work of a similar kind put forth at the present day. In twenty years, though competition has increased, so have facilities. There are colonial editions, there are syndicates, there are ten-cent magazines. No good work can now be done in a corner. If it be good, and be given in any decent and attractive form to the public, that public immediately demands more, and the successful author of today is pledged to write on and on, and ever on, whether he has anything more to say or not. A three-book man will succeed fairly well, a two-book man will have readers, but a one-book man, no matter how rare his matter or powerful his style, cannot hope to hold his share of the public attention for long. The reward of good work, however, remains.

When my friend, Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, put into my hands recently some introductions to American romancers, he was right, I think, and only just and fair to include Edward Eggleston. His works smack strongly of the soil—Indiana—and he will be regarded in the time to come, as one of the pioneers of western romance.

My letter in my hand, I wended my way one bitterly cold February afternoon between four and five o'clock to the Hotel Majestic on 72nd St. Towering over fourteen stories high, against a slate-colored sky threatening sleet or snow, it looked like some Arabian Night's structure of colossal blazing magnificence, rather than an everyday hostelry or hotel. The plate-glass doors rolled back on noiseless hinges, and the onyx knob in the hand of the liveried attendant (sable in hue, but far more than white in manner and address) was index of further glories within. Entering, a scene of genuine artistic beauty presented itself. The richest of hangings, a *salon*, panelled and upholstered in antique brocade, the plash of fountains, the vista of tropical green, the mellow brilliancy of shaded incandescent lights—could this be an hotel? It evidently was, for upon a signal from the handsome door-keeper, another liveried official glided out from behind a palm or fountain of transparent hanging, and took my card and letter. I suppose there was an office. I know there must have been several elevators, but the mechanism of existence was hidden; all discords were out of sight except an American child who was waiting, in a very bad temper, for its German governess to take it into the park. I approved of the child; it indicated that my surroundings were real. Suddenly, as I sat there, I became conscious of an elderly gentleman, wearing a small grey flannel cap upon a fine shaggy head of hair and with his hands clasped behind him, advancing in my direction. I felt at once—and this in itself is a pleasant fact to chronicle—that here was a man of genius, the Edward Eggleston, whose stories I knew by heart, but to whose personality I had had no clue. Thus my first thought was—here is a personality. A physical presence rendered, it is true, lamentably weak, by rheumatism, but in no other points unique and interesting. A massive head, thickly covered with longish rough iron-grey hair, mustache to match, keen dark eyes and

an expression of great and varying humour, kindliness and intelligence. This is an incomplete sketch which the portrait specially procured for me must supplement.

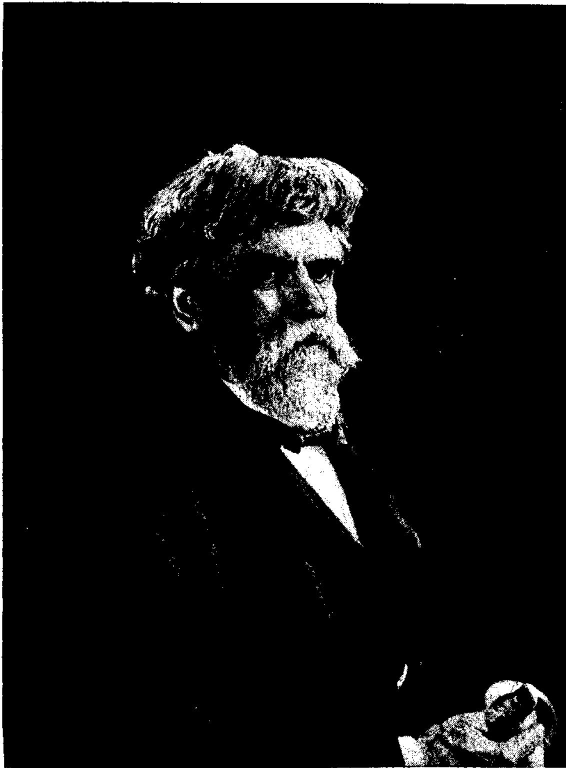
Dr. Eggleston, apologizing for his cap, asked me to accompany him to a small anteroom, where he would be secure from draughts; and here, again, all was beauty. Furnished in Turkish, or, at least, Oriental fashion, it was full of gorgeous cushions, thick rugs, *bric-a-brac,* and electric lights—warm, brilliant, dazzling.

"This is very comfortable," said I, sinking back into a nest of satin, gold tissue, and down; "and—it is to be supposed—not so costly as it looks."

"By no means. It is cheaper than housekeeping, especially in the best variety of flat, and the table better than the best restaurant."

"But I should think you would find it difficult to live up to!"

"I understand," said Dr. Eggleston, with a twinkle in his eye; "that is what Howells thought of it. He came and looked over the premises, so to speak, said it was too much for him, and retired. Then, of course, Mrs. Eggleston and I do not remain here all the year round. We leave, indeed, in a day or two for Old Point Comfort, to escape these biting spring winds, and after a couple of months or so, go to my country house at Lake George, where I do most of my work and where I have my library."



DR. EDWARD EGGLESTON.

"But you are not a New Yorker by birth?"

"No, indeed, I am a native of the State of Indiana. My mother was born in the first block-house built in the State; my father in another. My father was a lawyer, and as for myself—well, let me

say at once that I was not a schoolmaster. I don't know how it is, but people will persist in thinking that I myself am the original of 'The Hoosier Schoolmaster.' No, I did a good deal in journalism in my younger days; was assistant-editor of *The Independent* at one time, but as soon as I felt I could with safety do so, I discarded journalism for literature. They are not the same. I said, I must try now to stand alone—and I did so, and have continued to do so."

"That would be, probably, upon the publication of 'Roxy'?"

Dr. Eggleston laughed heartily.

"My wife told me to say, if you asked me my favorite among my books, 'Roxy.' It certainly had a right good welcome. But I think I like the 'Faith Doctor' better. It is a later work, and more finished in style. 'Roxy' was founded on fact; a story of my native State. I have a juvenile story selling very well just now, but my chief work at present is all devoted to my History. You have heard of that?"

At the time I had not, and said so.

"I am engaged," resumed Dr. Eggleston, with an accent of authority in his manner, and a fiery and resolute gleam in his eyes, "in writing the History of the Seventeenth Century, which I expect to do as adequately and impartially as it is possible for any man to do. My health is delicate--in fact, for twelve years I have lived from year to year, hardly expecting to be able to undertake any work, and yet, here I am, still working, and it rolls up, somehow. Yes, I am greatly interested in my History. The seventeenth century has been strangely neglected by current historians, and its salient features not done justice to. The eighteenth century, with its intellectual brilliancy, has overshadowed it. Both Green and Gardner have erred in this respect. The latter half of the century, in particular, will be of immense interest, for in that I shall endeavor to depict the relations between England and America at that day more minutely than ever before. The Puritanism of England—the Puritanism of the colonies—the subjects of alchemy, witchcraft, etc.—the daily life, the political tone, the attitude of the middle classes, the clergy, the teachers—these are a few of the questions I have to deal with. The work is dedicated to Prof. Bryce, and the Appletons are bringing it out."

"A visit to England, I suppose, will be necessary?"

"Has been—inevitable. I was in London for several years collecting material, largely drawn from the British Museum. I liked everything there very much, except the climate and the underground railway. One summer we were exceedingly fortunate. We did not care to rent a house, nor did we care to board, and 'lodgings' were not exactly the thing either, as, with my literary studies, something like a home was needed. We heard of a 'little house at Kensington,' to be vacated by two artists, sisters, going abroad for a while. We went to see it, found it a perfect dream of artistic furnishing, china and what-not, servants in the house, everything in most delicious and æsthetic order. We took it, and were happy, for much less than such surroundings would cost here—if you could get them. I think we paid fifteen guineas a week—inclusive."

I changed the subject, for, as London goes, I could not call that exactly cheap. And yet, that sum meant—ivy, flowering shrubs most likely, an exquisitely ordered and appointed home, well-trained servants, skilled cooking, a picturesque aud convenient locality, all the charm that domestic England can give. It was not so high, after all.

Dr. Eggleston has lectured in Toronto and travelled through the best parts of Canada, His appreciation of our matchless Northern scenery finds its highest point in the admiration of the Saguenay.

"Whenever I think of that mighty river, so full of majesty and awe, I remember very well one occasion in England when I was endeavoring to describe it to a young Church of England clergyman who had never been out of his native isle, and even there, I imagine, had not seen the more powerful features of English landscape. I failed, somehow, to convey any adequate idea of the Saguenay."

"No doubt he asked if its banks were prettily wooded."

"I believe there was something of that

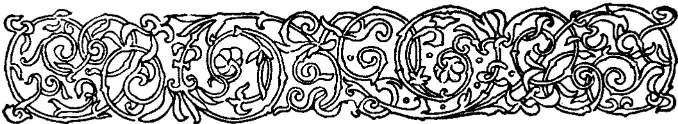
sort. But some of your Canadian scenery is very similar to that of Indiana; you have forests still, and prairies, plenty of wild life yet to write about and describe."

Dr. Eggleston's references to his contemporaries were shrewd, kindly and just. "In Mr. Howells, you have encountered, as no doubt you noticed, a pleasant, highly-gifted and entirely rational member of society—no matter what may be said of him in certain quarters. His only fault is increasing melancholy and retiring habits, so that I am forced to say I know him less today than I did twenty years ago." I spoke of the delightful visits that I had paid the Stoddards.

"Delightful, indeed, I am sure. At one time we looked upon Richard Henry Stoddard as the equal-in-promise of Longfellow, but it has largely remained promise."

The talk drifted to the New England school, thence to the humor of Frank Stockton, and back again to the cosmopolitan treasures of New York life and social conditions. I should have liked to have heard Dr. Eggleston's opinions on the questions of the day; the socialism rampant, the feverish unrest and love of notoriety, the great chasms that separate rich from poor, the building of costly mansions, and the herding of thousands in horrible tenement houses, but the afternoon had already flown and I was obliged to take my departure.

Seranus.



THE INDIAN CORN PLANTER.

HE needs must leave the trapping and the chase,
For mating game his arrows ne'er dispoil,
And from the hunter's heaven turn his face,
To wring some promise from the dormant soil.

He needs must leave the lodge that wintered him
The enervating fires, the blanket bed—
The women's dulcet voices, for the grim
Realities of laboring for bread.

So goes he forth beneath the planter's moon
With sack of seed that pledges large increase,
His simple pagan faith knows night and noon,
Heat, cold, seedtime and harvest shall not cease.

And yielding to his needs, this honest sod,
Brown as the hand that tills it, moist with rain,
Teeming with ripe fulfilment, true as God,
With fostering richness, mothers every grain.

E. Pauline Johnson.

THE STONE-BREAKER OF COTE DES NEIGES

BY SOVEREEN CASHEL.

"In some country districts, limestone, taken from the quarries in the late fall, is carefully piled by hand, before the snow comes, at selected roadside spots in uniform oblongs. During the winter, or just previous to the advent of spring, these toises are broken up for macadamizing purposes."—*Quebec Practice.*

A FACE of leather to the sparing build of a form between two excavated snowbanks twice the kneeler's height. Such was Favard Lemieux at forty-five years, seven months and two days precisely, as he now emerges from the obscurity of his past into the celebrated present.

As to his life—he was content! There was always something to do, always something to keep him busy. The wayside weeds contrived for his support in the summer-time with astonishing friendly growth and re-growth, that he might scythe and sickle them without mercy as foes, by municipal command, hoe and shovel the ditches clean, mend and patch the road with the stones he was now breaking, bring sand as required, cart away mud and refuse as needed, attend to the culverts, keep the sidewalk in repair—in short have an eye on everything pertaining to the nature of such labors, that those who paid toll might not have too much cause to grumble; all of which he did, sometimes wisely, sometimes not very well—and shared with others in the doing.

With the arrival of winter the snow-plough had to be driven, paths kept passably clear for pedestrians, stone to be broken for the coming spring and summer, all of which paid duties were to be performed with the best of the discretionary knowledge that experience gave; apart from which he gave whatever of time was at his disposal principally to rearing a wood-pile in the front of his house by the steps.

On this 26th day of February, therefore, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six, Favard plied his short stone hammer, that made the chips fly, with the manner of one averse to accomplishing more than what was merely requisite to spin out the day. His doffed mitts, laid to one side, made a wonderful sight. Undoubtedly huge, and originally of that stout and knitted make with which the fingers of the French-Canadian are so familiar, they had passed through several processes of coarse darning, till darning availed no further, and facing with cloth was resorted to, after which, *in extremis*, ragged and wretched-looking, they suffered a last imposition on the palm in the shape of leather, and presented to the eye the final stage of inanimate things in demise, that partook of the intensely grotesque. The clothes of their owner were the worse for wear, a good deal worse, but quite of a swaggering cast in contrast to the mitts; patched and mended, threadbare and faded, but serviceable, withal, in such weather and work.

From where the unsupervised Favard was thus engaged, nothing met his eyes but the road running immediately by, and the mountain 200 yards straightaway on the other side of it. To his rear lay the Roman Catholic cemetery, mailed icily in a white shine beneath

the afternoon sun, and glistening painfully back on the sight with a coat of polished snow; while, some six feet away, a young elm—one of a row of several—looked with bare and chilly aspect down on the stone-breaker's back, to the trunk of the former of which a placard at one time had been affixed, giving notice of a meeting now long out of date. But the winds came, and the rains came, and the snows came, and so in due course it also came, that nothing was left of the paper and its rough, hand-printed inscription but a top portion, on which in French, still plainly visible—that the eyes of those who run might read—was to be seen the preluding word—"To-night."

Now, as far as reading goes, it was all one and the same thing with Favard as to whether he ran or stood still; and although he had once incidentally remarked the paper, it was but paper to him and nothing more.

And so he went on with his work in the customary meek and humble-minded way that was his, giving no thought to the morrow, or what became of the day gone; jogging from one to the other with the same simple, trusting faith which had ever characterized him. Shocks of a seismic quality might jar the mental world; science discover new elements, new processes, new combinations; geology at last stumble upon traces of man in the great Miocene period; or the theory of evolution receive its final and crushing blow; but as long as Favard had a pipeful of strong-smelling native tobacco for the smoking, pea-soup, pork and beans, blood-sausage, and fish on Friday, for the eating, very little short of this planet in terrestrial collision, would face him with the fact that anything outside the pale of his own existence was worth momentary rumination. What was there to take precedence of his appetite for onions and blanched corn? *Rien!* Let the world, then, take its course. Favard was mindful of his own affairs; and wanted nothing better than a whiff of *tabac quesnet* and a few *piastres* coming to him at the end of each week. With these things was he quite satisfied, if the march of empires would but keep out of his way. Not that he would obstructingly put himself forward and call a halt; but simply that,

"'YOURS IS NO LIGHT TASK,' COMMENTED THE FIRST."

as a man of sterling lowliness, his little daily round of life in a vale of snug peacefulness, fully fed all the asking of his ambition. And yet these are the men that fought at Châteauguay and St. Eustache.

Favard had just commenced on a fresh piece of rock, when the fall of a human shadow caused him to look up.

The newcomer was a man about his own age, stoutly inclined, a trifle stooped, and with a radii of wrinkles around each eye on a jowl of a clean-shaven face. This person wore felt stockings and rubbers, homespun trousers, a faded browny-green coat checked with faint dirty white lines, a short, common red sash, and a shabby black cloth cap. Over his right arm was slung an empty sack, while with the hand of the other he drew a red and rudely-made sled.

"*Bon jour!*" said he stolidly, as Favard met his gaze.

"*Bon jour!*" replied Favard, enquiringly, sitting well back on his heels.

"Yours is no light task," commented the first.

"It all depends," and Favard mildly shrugged his shoulders, "whether you work or look on. Sometimes when I see a man ploughing I tell myself, 'That is hard work,' and go my way. And sometimes when a man that ploughs goes by me, he will loudly say, 'Ah, Favard, your bread is well earned!' and then I try to think what it all means. But it is a puzzle to me yet."

The other drew the back of his mitt twice over his mustache, first one way and then the other, and as he did so, the paper on the elm caught his eye.

"To-night!" he muttered.

"To-night?" repeated Favard. "What about to-night?"

"*Rien*—nothing! But does not your back ache, and your knees stiffen sore in such occupation?"

"Ltttle or nothing," answered Favard. "I ask François, who carries bricks and mortar up a ladder all day, if his legs are not tired, and he shrugs his shoulders and says, 'Little or nothing.' *Ma foi!* if I had the doing of it, mine would fold up like a knife after the second mount."

"And if I," remarked the other, "did as you do for the length of a day, I could not rise without falling, and as for walking, *batême!* it would be like on wooden legs."

The kneeler leaned with one hand on the hammer, and with the other pushed back his peaked cap.

"It is impossible to make it out," he said, now scratching his head. "How do you occupy yourself, my friend?"

"I trudge it for the priests (college) wherever they send me. There is always something they want taken to one place, and fetched them from another. My feet are always moving, and I cover many miles in a day."

"*Ma foi!* And do your feet never grow weary?"

"Little or nothing," and for a second time, encountering the sign by glance, he muttered—"To-night!"

"To-night?" queried Favard. "What about to-night?"

"*Rien*—nothing! but I must be going. Good-night!—*baptiste!* I mean 'good-day!'" and as he moved off he muttered to himself—"To-night!"

"To-night?" repeated Favard, as he resumed his hammering. "The fellow must have 'to-night!' on the brain to say 'Good-night!' in the broad of day."

The stone-breaker had no lack of passing company. All day long, from early morn till night fell, a steady stream of horses and sleighs, *habitants* and *bourgeoises*, farm hands and city folks, drove continually by on various businesses. All day long the procession went on; teams upon teams of hardy, plodding horses, drawing blue box-sleighs loaded with sack-covered manure, that were driven by as brawny a set of yokels as ever the sun shone on—a class that held the road almost exclusively to themselves in the morning, and most incongruously mixed with the dashing pairs of spirited animals attached to the luxuriously-appointed, fur-equipped sleighs of fair patricians in the afternoon. But the way around the mountain is long, the vehicles apart and well strung out, and if, collectively, fashion and farming thus appear to rub acquaintance in a rather compromising manner, it should be borne in mind that realities are very often quite

the opposite, as in this instance, to what may be suggested to inexperienced imagination, or as sometimes pictured by the latter. In this highly curious blend, therefore, *habitants* and yokels, M. le gentleman and M. le tradesman, granddames and plebeian, Ma'm'selle the humble, plump and rosy-cheeked, and Mademoiselle the proud, aristocratically slender and dainty of tint, can be seen on any fine, frosty afternoon in winter, carried on runners over the Cote des Neiges road, swinging by with snatch of song, or mute lips and drinking eyes, to the musical rythmn of many bells, tiny and large, delicate and clangsome—a scene ever changing but ever the same, where French and English, mingling together, contribute towards a fusion of contrasts, daily enacted during midwinter around the base of old Mount Royal, that can nowhere else be found or duplicated in the world.

Such was the *personnel* of a procession with which Favard Lemieux was inconsequently familiar; gliding past him in all degrees of pace and purpose, and if at any one time he raised his head to see who it was that was just then going by, all the royalty and nobility of every nation on earth might be represented in the passing, and yet find Favard ever the same Favard, in the placid solemnity with which he pulled on his pipe, or afterwards plied the hammer.

"'WIFE,' SAID HE, AS HE ENTERED THE HOUSE, 'WHAT ABOUT TO-NIGHT?'"

Now, so it happened that a jovial bumpkin, driving a double box-sleigh and a pair of shaggy Canadian ponies (horses), was on his way home from the city, and, having introduced his volatile spirits to another of spirits equally volatile, trolled, and hummed, and whistled in turn, as he drove leisurely along, and attested to the enjoyment that was his in the harmless diversion of demonstrative ways and idle words.

Arrived opposite the busy Favard, his roving eye caught sight of the elm-held scrap of paper.

"*Holà!*" he vociferated, "what about 'To-night'?"

"To-night?" repeated Favard, parrot-like, coming to a dead stop. "What do you mean 'What about to-night?'?"

"*Rien*—nothing!"

"Then why do you ask?"

"Because you invite me. Ho, ho! Go—pound your head with the hammer you have. Ha, ha, ha! (then to the horses) *Marche-donc-s-a-c-r-é!*" and waving a hand in an exaggerated form of leave-taking, another moment hid him from sight.

After perplexedly scratching his head, Favard now shook it.

"There is surely some bewitchment about 'To-night!'" soliloquised he; and then went on with his work, nothing the wiser for what his thoughts gave him.

Just before sundown, as the day wore on, a *habitant*, sitting in a box-sleigh with but his head showing above its sides, and who drove at a dog-trot, reined his horse to a halt, with a shout and a jerk, immediately in front of Favard.

"*Bon jour, m'sieu!* Will you give me a match, if you please?"

"Willingly!" and Favard handed him several.

"*Merci bien!*" and it was just then the recipient saw the sign on the tree. "To-night!" he muttered, as he now struck one of the matches on the bowl of his pipe.

"To-night?" repeated Favard, amazedly. "What about to-night?"

"*Rien*—nothing! But 'To-night' is doubtless important for you," and off he drove.

Favard was mystified. He drew a new block into position, and the strokes that pounded it to pieces seemed to ring out as many separate "To-nights!" Then he got up—the sun being down—and, carrying his mitts and the folded piece of sacking on which he had knelt, in one hand, and the hammer in the other, betook himself homewards.

"Wife," said he, as he entered the house, "what about to-night?"

"*Mon Dieu!* no more than any other night," staring fixedly.

"Not so," he persisted; "something is to happen to-night."

"*Vierge!*" incredulously; "what makes you think so?"

"Three times to-day," said Favard, with a troubled air, seating himself, and gazing at his large, horny hands, "have I had 'To-night' thrown in my face, and each time that I asked, 'What about to-night?' the reply was the same: '*Rien*—nothing!' but may the blessed Virgin forever hide her face from us if there was not something behind it all. They all parted from me with the word on their lips, and I but invite dizziness to myself to search for a meaning that fits. The word is now swimming around in my head like a pea in soup, and my brain is weary with the exercise. Between that and hunger I will soon have sickness of the head (*mal de tête*—headache) if one or the other is not quickly satisfied."

"Come, then," said the practical other, "and eat;" and bustling about, the frugal meal she was preparing before the entrance of her husband was soon ready. "Forget your worry, *bonne homme.* These *canaille* have but plagued you for an innocent. *Regardez!* I have bought some tommy-cods for you this evening (it was Lent). Eat, and the foolishness will depart."

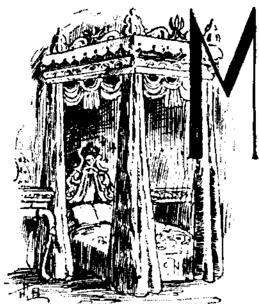
Favard had finished his tea, and sat in a corner of the kitchen by the stove, deep in thought as he smoked, while his wife washed the dishes. All at once he removed his pipe, and slapped his thigh mightily.

"*Femme,*" cried he, exultantly, with a sudden light on his brown, wrinkled face, "I have it—the thing is at last upon me! Why is it that we contemplate the toil of another, and so often exclaim: 'Yours is no light task, my friend!'? The reason is at last plain—*le bon Dieu* has given me the truth! It is because the labor of another to which we are unused, looks hard that we might be content with our own. I have long struggled for an answer that comes 'To-night!'"

Sovereen Cashel.

THE QUEEN-REGENT.

BY W. H. WORDEN.



MANY masses had been said for his eminence's recovery, and the members of the different religious communities with fasting and penance had wearied heaven with prayers, but that which levels prince and pauper had now stricken the first minister of France.

His eminence was alone, save for the presence of Aurele, "Captain of the Guard" an especial favorite. Mazarin lay exhausted, and it was evident that he gave the few, almost incoherent directions to his captain with extreme difficulty. The young man, who affected a simplicity of costume which contrasted sharply with the extravagance of the times, with all deference and affection, strove to interpret without questioning, that he might thereby save the invalid any unnecessary exertion or fatigue.

Evidences of a profound emotion were visible in Aurele's face when he emerged from the chamber. Without deigning to answer the eager questionings of those who thronged the anteroom, he drew his cloak more closely around him and passed down through the lower halls and out to the courtyard, where it was surmised he had gone to give some orders to the subordinate officers of the guard. It soon became known, however, that the captain had taken but one musketeer, and that the pair had started off in haste, using great watchfulness to prevent their being followed. The day had been lowering, and rain fell at intervals. In due time, and without anything untoward happening they arrived at the palace of the queen-regent, and avoiding the customary entrances, presented themselves at a small and unpretentious door in the wall on the more remote side.

Aurele gave the signal and was instantly admitted. Motioning the musketeer to remain well in the shadow of a neighboring angle where he would be less likely to be observed and somewhat sheltered from the rain which had been falling in torrents, the captain stepped over the threshold. The door was quickly closed and the bolts fastened, and in the gloom he saw from the white hand extended to guide him, that his companion was not one of the ordinary waiting maids but one of gentler birth. The two passed quickly along a series of corridors and into a small tapestry-hung room, lit only by a fire which burned on the hearth. Here he recognized his guide as Madame D'Arglos, a personal attendant on her majesty. Bidding him to remain, she left the apartment, and presently the rustling of garments announced the approach of the queen-regent. Aurele did obeisance and kissed the tips of the fingers extended to him. Anne of Austria showed that the hand of time and the intriguing of her enemies had not dealt gently with her royal person. The face was wrinkled and drawn, and devoid of *rouge*, the eyes swoolen with weeping. She shuddered as she contemplated the sombre rain-soaked habiliments of the youth.

"You come from the cardinal's? she queried.

"Yes, your majesty, I was to deliver this casket into no hands but those of your highness, and was directed to use all expedition."

The queen sat down trembling. What she had striven year after year to gain possession of had now come to her. At last she spoke—"Then his eminence lies next to death, for only in that extremity would he have sent me this"—Then in a fury of longing, a flood of memories overcame all else and she fitted the key to the lock and threw

back the lid. With a faint cry she fell senseless to the floor. Shocked beyond measure, Aurele raised the stricken woman, and having replaced the letters and a signet ring which had dropped from the queen's hand, in the casket, he closed the lid and turned the key before summoning assistance. Madame D'Arglos hastened to her royal mistress's assistance, and the young captain who had unwittingly seen exposed the secret of a queen's heart, withdrew and retraced his steps without any further adventure to the palace of the cardinal.

Aurele scarce waited to remove his wet and mud-splashed apparel before presenting himself again to his master. The day wore to a close, yet still the flame of life lingered on the lips of the dying man. The tension was unmanning the captain, and to hide his sorrow Aurele withdrew to the ante-chamber.

"How fares it with his eminence?"

"Hush, not so loud," whispered Aurele with uplifted hands to stay the impetuosity of the other; "his eminence can bleed no more and the surgeons say the end is at hand."

"Do you keep guard, or does St. Germain wait?"

"I'm so distraught forsooth that time is but a maze."

"Thou wilt lose a good friend, captain."

"Aye," murmured the other with quivering lips and swimming eyes, "more than a friend. I remember no father or mother or any kin, save his eminence."

"Nay, do not grieve so, hath he not commended you to his majesty? Nothing shall be wanting unto you."

At this moment certain of the king's attendants joined them from the lower corridor, and in company with the captain of the musketeers passed into the audience chamber of the dying cardinal. Louis, who had come to visit the prelate, but who had an unconquerable abhorrence of death and who, but a short time previously, when hunting in the forest of the Chateau Pelee had been known to drop in a fit at the sight of the stark body of a starved peasant which had been of design laid in the king's way, rose, and for the last time, the fast numbing lips of the cardinal kissed the outstretched hand of his sovereign.

"Farewell, your majesty, I am indebted to you for all that I possess, but I think I am requiting all your majesty's favors by giving you Colbert."

It was under such tragic circumstances that the future marshal was brought to the notice of Louis. The king withdrew just as the procession bearing the viaticum approached. His majesty fell to his knees, which example was followed by all. A curtain only partially drawn failed to exclude a draught which blew out the candle nearest the king, who, being most superstitious and regardful of omens, very devoutly crossed himself. Presently the procession had passed into the bed-chamber, and without any further delay the king went down to the great portal where the coach and guard awaited, and was rapidly driven back to the palace.

The insolent presumption which had so traded on the weakness of his majesty as to expose the starved corpse to his astounded gaze was but one of the many instances which too clearly showed that even then, the wretched peasantry, worse, far worse than the wild beasts, which, indeed, were protected that the king and his nobles might the better enjoy the pleasures of the chase, had at last begun in a dim unreasoning sort of way to realize that even heaven seemed leagued with their opressors, and it was but meet that his majesty should see what he had so persistently avoided.

When the king supped that night, it was remarked that he ate little, but drank more wine than usual. In truth, he was sorely troubled; the thought of the grisly horror lying amidst the ferns, instead of the deer he imagined to find, and the extinguishing of the taper filled his mind with a sullen unrest which wine did not quiet. More candles had been brought and the fires replenished until the apartment was brighter than at noonday, but still his majesty sat moody and distraught. By and by a heavy booming penetrated the palace. "It is the great bell of Notre Dame," murmured Louis crossing himself; "the cardinal is dead." Even Madame Renault found the avenues to the royal

presence closed against her, and in answer to her solicitations was told that the Abbe Montmorte, who was confessor to his majesty, was with the king. "God save us, what's the matter?" Madame exclaimed with real alarm, but she did not see Louis that night.

The morning sunshine tranquilized the king's mind, and after receiving the ambassador who came to offer condolence on the death of the first minister of France, his majesty enjoyed the company of the ladies and nobles of the court and sat at play for over an hour, and having won very considerably his equanimity seemed quite restored. After the period of mourning for the cardinal had expired, his majesty strove in a round of pleasure to efface all recollection of the omens. Every day brought some new festivity, and the coming and going of nobles and ladies of high degree lent a feverish excitement to the palace.

Captain Aurele, on the invitation of his majesty, entered the royal service and so found himself installed in the anteroom of the king, and time, which lessens every sorrow, overcame the feelings of loss and bereavement. The king's boast "*L'Etate, c'est moi*" was not an idle one. Now that he who had so long dominated France was dead, the queen-regent was thrust in the back ground and Louis felt, indeed, supreme, but to do his majesty justice nothing was left undone that would tend to the glory of France and of the king. Colbert, who, though not a noble by birth but of the people, amply justified the confidence reposed in him by cardinal and king Many oppressive and obnoxious measures were repealed or annulled, as any history attests.

The queen-regent had ceased to exercise any influence, but she was none the less compelled to bear the odium which in any age and time attaches to fallen greatness. The king might, by example and precept, have done much to correct the popular misapprehension regarding her majesty, but in truth Louis did not care to imperil the least of his popularity by espousing the waning cause of his mother; and forgotten by the court, embittered and soured by the ceaseless intriguing and espionage with which she was surrounded, Anne of Austria's heart sank. To rule, with her was life.

Five years after Mazarin's death, Captain Aurele stood again in the queen-regent's ante-chamber. "God save your majesty!" he cried, overcome by the havoc a few years had made. A signal had dismissed the ladies-in-waiting, for the queen spoke with such a labored effort that it was only too evident that death was near. Aurele poured a cordial which stood near into a glass and held it to her lips.

Her majesty swallowed a portion and seemingly rallied. She opened her eyes and looked into the captain's face, then she spake these words:

"I thank you, sir, for keeping secret so long, what an untoward circumstance revealed to you. To the honor of France, his majesty's captain of the guard is a gentleman. We give you this, sir, our most cherished possession," and the queen extended the signet ring which had accompanied the casket of letters. "Do you recognize this?" she whispered.

"Yes, your majesty," murmured Aurele, kneeling by the side of the dying woman.

A faint flush quivered in the stricken face for a moment, then the eyes closed and a faint sigh caused the captain to regard more intently her majesty's countenance, but she was now beyond all earthly help.

And so it fell to the lot of this brave soldier and most honorable gentleman to be the last to salute that which had at one time been the queen of France and mother of Louis XIV., the most brilliant monarch whose name is in scribed in the history of France.

W. H. Worden.

SHELLEY AND HELLENIC FREEDOM.

BY J. F. DUMBLE.

"The Greeks
Are as a brood of lions in the net
Round which the kingly hunters of the earth
Stand smiling."

NO character in literary history is surrounded with more romantic interest than that of the poet Shelley. Everything was romantic in his short career, everything wore a tragic air. From his childhood—so early did his struggles begin—with a reckless disregard for his own personal happiness, he fearlessly espoused every revolutionary cause which had for its aim human liberty. Arrived at manhood, an exile in Italy, he shared with Byron a life of poetic freedom, in which a love of the beautiful was mingled with a bitter hatred of tyranny and injustice. Both poets felt mutually attracted by political sympathies which were akin, by a fate which bore many outward resemblances. Both welcomed the Greek revolution, and recognized the importance of an agitation which promised the ultimate freedom of Greece. The part played by Lord Byron in the struggle of Greece for independence, involving as it did the sacrifice of his own life, is well known to history. On the other hand the premature death of Shelley in the first year of the revolution, left that immortal poem, the "Hellas," as his own peculiar contribution to Hellenic freedom. In the light of past events the Cretan rebellion lends to the "Hellas" of Shelley a new and significant interest. Indeed, it would be difficult to recall another instance where history has so closely repeated itself as to allow of a very great poem being so truthful a reflection of political feeling nearly a century afterwards. Among the last and most beautiful of his poems, the "Hellas" was written when the poet was at the height of his political powers, and in a moment of the most exalted enthusiasm. The storm and stress movement which brought the first impulses of liberty to Southern Europe had plunged Spain and Italy into a desperate struggle for national existence. Across the Adriatic, Greece took encouragement, and prepared to follow the example of her neighbors. Secret societies were formed, arms secreted, and the patriots began to assemble in the principal cities. At length in March, 1812, the Greek War of independence broke out with irresistible fury. Shelley, who was then at Pisa, received the intelligence with exultation. Already in two of his most beautiful odes, he had hymned the dawn of liberty in Spain and Italy, and when Greece declared her intention of becoming free, his joy knew no bounds. Ever ardent and enthusiastic in the cause of freedom, he felt compelled to celebrate the revival of Grecian spirit in appropriate verse. At Pisa were a number of distinguished Greeks from Constantinople who found in the Shelleys warm sympathizers and to one of these, Prince Mavrocordato, Shelley dedicated the "Hellas." Though Shelley calls it a mere *improvis* the "Hellas" is a lyrical drama of the highest order. It is, above all, remarkable for the number of fine choruses which appear with the separate beauty of beds of flowers in a garden. The character of the poem is Oriental. The scene opens in Constantinople; Mahmud is discovered asleep upon the terrace of the seraglio. A chorus of Greek captive women strew flowers upon the couch of the tyrant, while they bewail the fate of their country. Yet they do not despair.

Breathe low, low
The spell of the mighty mistress now,
When conscience lulls her sated snake
And tyrants sleep, let freedom wake."

Then in a strain of sustained enthusiasm they sing the tempestuous dawn of liberty, its temporary eclipse, and finally its splendid resurrection when as an eagle to her famished brood,

Freedom so
To what of Greece remaineth now
Returns."

In the meantime Mahmud starts up from a sleep troubled with gloomy visions which shake him as "the tempest shakes the sea." He longs to consult Ahaznerus the interpreter of dreams. Meanwhile the troops clamor for their pay, and Mahmud, emptying the chamber which holds the treasures of Solyman, curses the day

> "When the Orient moon of Islam rolled in triumph
> From the Caucasus to white Ceraunia."

Hassan, however, is not so easily disheartened. In vain-glorious language he endeavors to dispel the dark forebodings of the tyrant

> "The lamp of our Dominion still rides high
> One God is God, Mahomet is his prophet.
> Four hundred thousand Moslems from the limits
> Of utmost Asia irresistibly
> Throng like full clouds the Sirocco's cry."

Everywhere the Greeks are outnumbered. Europe is the friend of Turkey, and already the fleet of Mahomet Ali

> "Sweeps the pale Aegean, while the Queen
> Of Ocean, bound upon her island throne,
> Far in the west, sits mourning that her sons,
> Who frown on freedom, spare a smile for thee.
> Russia still hovers as an eagle might
>
> * * * *
>
> To stoop upon the victor, for she fears
> The name of Freedom, even as she hates thine,
> But recreant Austria loves thee as the grave
> Loves pestilence."

But the tyrant's fears are not to be so readily allayed. Superstition and cowardice are working in his soul. He sees the crescent waning and the cross riding victorious in the heavens.

> "Look, Hassan, on yon crescent moon emblazoned
> Upon that shattered flag of fiery cloud,
> Wan emblems of an empire fading now."

Then, with a strange mixture of morbid interest and impotent rage, he listens while Hassan recounts the bravery of the Greeks at Bucharest and the defeat of the Turkish fleet off Nauplia. At this point messengers arrive with ominous news. One announces the flight of the Muscovite ambassador from Constantinople. Hassan ever ready with an answer replies:

> "Fear not the Russian,
> The tiger leagues not with the stag at bay,
> Against the hunter."

And concludes with the shrewd advice:

> "After the war is fought, yield the sleek Russian
> That which thou canst not keep, his deserved portion."

Another, that the provinces are in open revolt;

> "Crete and Cyprus,
> Like mountain twins that from each other's veins
> Catch the volcano fire and earthquake-spasm,
> Shake in the general fever."

Another, that Byron's servant,

> "The freedman of a western poet chief,
> Holds Attica with seven thousand men."

Here the chorus, in a fine burst of lyrical rapture, asserts the eternal character of Greece's glory. The dominion of Greece is an intellectual one. Civilizations may wax and wane, temples and citadels sink in slow decay, Rome and Macedon utterly perish,

> "But Greece and her foundations are
> Built below the tide of war,
> Based on the crystalline sea
> Of thought and its eternity."

The drama is brought to a close by the interview between Mahmud and Ahaznerus. The spirit of Mahomet the Second appears, and in gloomy language foretells the fall of the Ottoman Empire.

> "Islam must fall. . . . Woe, woe,
> To the weak people tangled in the grasp
> Of its last spasm."

The poet is now led to assume a vaticinatory character. To prophesy success amid such terrible vicissitudes seems almost presumption. But Shelley, piercing with calm vision the cloud which conceals the future from mortal sight, sees Liberty triumphantly enthroned. In strains of the loftiest enthusiasm, the poet reiterates his calm assurance of the ultimate triumph of the cause so dear to his heart.

> "Another Athens shall arise,
> And to remoter time
> Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
> The splendor of its prime,
> And leave if nought so bright may live,
> All earth can take or heaven can give."

This final chorus, in nobleness of imagery and delicacy of lyrical melody, equals, if it does not surpass, anything that Shelley ever wrote. The conclusion of the drama itself is necessarily obscure, in so far as the issue of the event which

it celebrates lies in the future. But the poet's attitude is never for one instant in doubt. Whatever untoward combination of events might occur to delay it, Shelley believed implicitely in the realization of Grecian liberty. Throughout his brief life, a tireless advocate of Freedom, he regarded with peculiar resentment the shame and humiliation which Greece had suffered from the abhorred and desolating presence of the Turk. It was with no ordinary emotion, therefore, that his mind contemplated the liberation of the descendants of that people whose works were his constant delight and admiration.

Seven years later saw the fulfilment of his dream, but not until Greek heroism and suffering had aroused the sympathy of the civilized world. Long before this, the poet had passed away. With what pæan he would have welcomed the hour of liberty we can only surmise, but in the "Hellas" he has bequeathed to Grecian freedom a lasting monument of his genius.

J. F. Dumble.

FAME.

IN the obliterating night I've seen
  Some wave impetuous leap from its bed,
And show its radiant breast of silvery sheen,
  Before sucked to th' oblivion of the dead;—
Enough it is to mould one ringing deed,
  Before the soul by sickle of cold Time
    Is mowed like grass upon the harvest field,
      Or barren autumn mead;
  He may sleep still, immortally sublime,
    Who carved in youth "Endymion" on his shield.

—*John Stuart Thomson.*

IN CANADA'S CAPITAL

BY FAITH FENTON

"OTTAWA is altogether an official city" said Lady Tupper, with an interpretive smile. "But then," she hastened to add, "London is becoming very much the same."

"And that means—?" queried one. "That means," she answered, "that all things are subservient to official interests."

The gentle lady spoke from many years of high official experience; and her words afford a clue without which newcomers are apt to stumble sadly in the endeavor to adjust themselves to peculiar social conditions, or to correctly gauge the forces that sway life in Canada's capital.

All things are subservient to official interests. The messenger or mechanic looks for his hire within the buildings; the laborer seeks to turn the sod without. The patronage of the Civil Service means much to the shopkeeper; that of the "sessioners" means more. Business revives or languishes as the sessions open or close, and the citizen's holiday comes when the House on the Hill is deserted. Larger commerce of contract and finance flourish according to the reign of Liberals or Conservatives.

All things wait upon the Government who giveth them their meat in due season.

Ottawa has a threefold fascination, that of natural beauty, social life, and political centerage. Perhaps the first named should be the last in order; yet because it is unchangeable, and above all the ways and works of men, we place it foremost in the triple charm of the capital.

The city from this aspect is unique—a composite of primitive newness with natural grandeur. The works of man in this central spot in the Ottawa valley are yet oddly incomplete; but the work of nature is magnificent.

We drop our eyes upon the city highways, and see rough roads deep in mud or serried with ruts, crude-cut embankments, cheap little frame houses, while the scent and sight of an acreage of lumber piles emphasize our sense of pioneerdom. In the better residential portion, the impression of inartistic newness still remains, in the staring red modernity of brick, and lack of boulevard or shade trees. Nay: there is one exception, and that is in the city's pivotal point; its life centre, its pulsing heart—the Buildings themselves.

This great, grey, crimson-veined pile, soft with its touch of moss green, graceful in outline, rising from its fair hill point, and spiring the clear blue sky with delicate tracery, this has nothing of newness, this is neither primitive nor inartistic; it is Ottawa's architectural redemption.

And beyond it, environing all the city, taking the ugliness that men have made into a lap of splendid restful beauty, are the rivers with their white cascades and far rippling stretches, and the blue-misted hills.

Ottawa people learn to lift their eyes; for in the very centre of the city ways, between the tall business blocks, upon the bridge, in the trolley, from the hotel steps, down among the common places and devious ways of politics, they may look

"Over the hills and far away,
Across the sunset's purple brim:"

and looking, learn something of strength and peace.

MADAME LAURIER.
Wife of Prime Minister.

To touch briefly upon the political life of the Capital is a daring thing, since volumes would fail to do justice to the subject. We, who sit in the gallery and look down upon the House of to-day, noting present issues, parties, and leaders, find our imaginations fail us as we endeavor to picture the scenes of the past.

There were giants on this bit of Canadian earth in those days, who sat in that green-tinted Commons Chamber and fought magnificent battles fraught with momentous issues. To-day it seems as if the race had become extinct; for where are the men worthy to take the place of Sir John Macdonald, Cartier, George Brown, Sir John Thompson?

True the leaders on either side in the present House are good men—Sir Charles Tupper is a veteran, and the premier a finished diplomat. The former still shows something of the fight of the giants, but the years lie heavy upon him. Where are the men to work beside them, or, if need be, take their place? Our eyes search the benches curiously, to see if under this new administration we may discover, among many politicians, the coming statesmen.

For surely now, if ever, giants are needed in the Canadian political arena—men of might, tall in natural stature, large in national view, men not of a constituency, nor of a creed, but of an Empire.

There is a fine fascination about the House when in session; when the lights twinkle, pages and messengers flit about, members come and go in the corridors—sometimes escorting a party of ladies, whose soft voices and laughter mingle with the deeper tones, or again, in easy groups, chatting about the latest political move. The gossip of the corridor is the sauce of the Chamber serving, and one piquantly flavored.

A warmth of atmosphere, a flutter of white paper, an air of leisure, a drifting here and there in kaleidoscopic motion of men and things, a pleasant sense of the significance of trifles and the potency of the place—these are the impressions that combine in the spell exercised by the House on the Hill, in its ordinary moments.

But when the mood changes, and Parliament rouses to a "field day" the magnetism is increased tenfold. The leisure disappears, the gossiping groups are broken, pressmen and members move briskly through the corridors, door-guards stand erect, messengers are alert. Within the Chamber every member is in place, the press gallery is filled, and the visitors' galleries thronged. Far, like an electric thrill, the news is flashed

Some Bits in Lovers' Walk.

Photos by G. E. Valleau. Ottawa Camera Club.

through the city that leader is to meet leader upon some vital issue, and eager expectancy breaks upon the indifference of dull routine.

MRS. DOBELL.

It is at such moments that the human passion of the place seizes alike upon strong men and gentle women. As the hot words, charged with feeling, are flung out in fierce arraignment, swift thrust and brilliant defence, the faces of the listeners flush and pale, their eyes shine, their breath comes quickly, all the savagery of the gladiatorial contest arises within them—for this arena of the House of Commons is but the amphitheatre of the Romans, and to the victor belongs the plaudits.

This then, is the magnetism of the Chamber—that here human passion unites with human intellect in the contest none the less primeval because it is held within certain restraints.

Here a man may achieve, and in achieving reach to the fullest stature of his manhood.

Coming out of the artificial atmosphere of the House at such a season, the beautiful environments appear doubly attractive by contrast. We leave behind us the passion, the ambition, all the naked human emotions which beat and pulsate in the dim, heated air and enter instantly into the large, calm world of nature.

The hill-top breeze sweeps over us with cooling touch; the Ottawa river winds in little swirls and ripples below. Our eyes, wearied with the glare of lights, follow its blue winding to where it breaks in the white foam of the Chaudière Falls. Behind us is the Parliament pile, all calm and cool without, all tumult and fever within. Before us stretches the Ottawa Valley, and its boundary of misty hills. At our feet the trees climb up the steep cliff-side, a tangle of delicious green, covering the winding Lover's Walk with luring secrecy. Down the pretty paths we see young men and maidens pausing beneath the tangled foliage; or on a shadowed bench, an old parliamentarian sits, leaning upon his staff and looking far down the valley.

If it be day, a drench of sunshine pours from the great arc of cloudless blue; if night, the silver moon moves up from behind the hills until her satellite star hangs in a sweet, pure, height, outshining and shaming the yellow beacon light in parliament tower. Nature's most perfect equipoise environs that centre of human unrest—the House on the Hill.

The political and the social life of Ottawa are distinct, yet intermingled. Like Siamese twins, they are separate individualities, united by a bond whose disruption means death to both. And the bond is that of human affection—husband for wife, friend for friend, comrade for comrade.

It is no new thing that social influence should make empires, or cause the downfall of premiers; for love is strong as

MISS DOBELL.

death, and jealousy cruel as the grave. Who thinks, therefore, to live the political life apart from the social, in the official world of Ottawa, makes grave, if not fatal, error.

It is under a new administration that the subservience of social law to officialism is most easily observed. Vice-regal precedence alone remains unchanged in such an event; below this there is a clean sweep of the social draught-board, and new pawns advance to play the game. The premier's wife, whatever her former rank, becomes second lady in the land; and grouped about her—taking precedence of all others, except the wives of imperially appointed naval and military commanders—are the wives of members of the cabinet.

Ancestry, culture, wit, beauty, nor even money, prevail against office; and, consequently, curious anomalies often present themselves—of impossible women thrust into high places, while cultured gentlewomen of wit and beauty are compelled to yield them not merely social recognition, but precedence.

Yet, in a measure, this very feature of official social life gives a freedom from conventionality that is not without its advantages. When Madam, the cabinet minister's wife, proves to be a homely and approachable body, all the other women of homely and simple ways take heart of grace. When the city member's wife hesitates concerning the correct fork for the seventh course at the brilliant vice-regal dinner table, the country

MRS. DAVIES.
Wife of Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

member's wife feels less concerned over her own lack of initiation. And when the dainty and exclusive maid of the capital is out-distanced in fairness and gowns by the rural member's daughter, she also learns something of a larger view.

The crown of social life at Ottawa lies, of course, in that quaint, old chateau,

MRS. FIELDING.
Wife of Minister of Finance.

with its splendid grounds—Rideau Hall. For here is the residence of vice-royalty, the *entree* to whose hospitalities is the credential of accepted social standing. The social history of the old mansion proves the generous entertainment afforded by governors-general of the past, and the brilliant precedent has been amply sustained by their present Excellencies, the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, who, indeed, have both broadened and elevated the standard of social recognition in Canada's capital.

And second only to vice-regal courtesies are those extended by the premier and his cabinet.

Since civil servants have more leisure hours than the average man, in a city largely occupied by these, social entertainment is never likely to flag; but it is with the opening of the session that the social season begins.

Following the state dinner, reception, and drawing room, come a succession of gaieties suitable to the time of year. If it be summer, lawn and boating parties, hops and teas; if winter, skating parties, dances and dinners, with the added brilliancy of balls and "at homes" at Rideau Hall, or in the beautiful wide spaces of the Senate Chamber.

Occasionally a supreme effort is put forth, with results that remain long in the memories of participants. Such an

instance was the reception tendered the Colonial delegates, on Parliament Hill, in July of 1894; when all Nepean Point was studded with thousands of twinkling fairy lights that lay upon tree boughs, lawn and hill-side like stars dropped from the lovely, moonlit sky. Such, also, was the famous Canadian historic ball, given by their Excellencies last year, in the Senate Chamber—the most artistic and brilliant function of its kind that has ever occurred in the social annals of the capital.

Apart from the *éclat* given to Ottawa social life by vice-regal and cabinet residence, is the stimulus and flavor imparted by the visits of celebrities. Men of science, art and literature, men high in the counsels of other countries, coming to Canada on any private or public mission, naturally gravitate to its capital; and in the entertainment of these, Ottawa society finds continual refreshment.

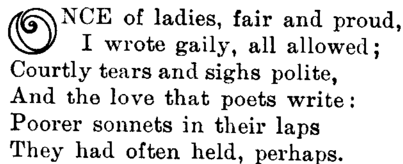
Canada is usually fortunate in having a graceful and attractive woman at the head of official social life. Hon. Wilfred Laurier's social charm is well known; it is doubtful whether any previous premier has possessed so rare a grace. Madam Laurier is his able co-adjutant. She is frank, unaffected, sincere, and cordial; with a deep love and pride in her husband, and a tender heart for all the troubled world.

She is fair to look upon, also, with the grace of a silvery mid-life touched into softness of hair, delicate peach-pink of skin, and kindliness of brown eyes.

The new cabinet claims men of unusual social gifts, while their wives and many pretty daughters give promise not merely of sustaining, but of raising the standard of social official life at the capital, during the present administration, to an exceptional degree of brilliancy.

Faith Fenton.

TO A LADY OF QUALITY.



ONCE of ladies, fair and proud,
I wrote gaily, all allowed;
Courtly tears and sighs polite,
And the love that poets write:
Poorer sonnets in their laps
They had often held, perhaps.

In Beauty's ancient sovereignty,
I to many bowed the knee;
Clasped their rosy finger-tips
And perilously kissed their lips:
But now my love is passed and over,
And they have a duller lover.

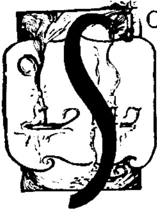
Ah, the loves of yesterday!
Passed and over, did I say?
Was it fate, or was it chance
That I spied you in the dance,
Wishing I were young once more
With you on the ball-room floor?

Ah, to waltz but once with you
As these boys of twenty do!
Or to whisper very low
What no boys of twenty know,
While a shining golden curl
Touched my cheek—dear little girl!

—*Ezra Hurlburt Stafford.*

GOAT HUNTING IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY WM. HAMILTON MERRETT.



SOME years ago I did some pretty stiff climbing after goat on the Gold Range without success, and I determined to try my luck at Golden in the more rugged Rockies.

Johnson, a Swede, was recommended to me as one of the best prospectors and the most daring and indefatigable goat hunter in the vicinity. I had hard work to induce him to accompany me, since his knees had been troubling him as the result of excessive exposure and hard work. He was, however, a young, strapping fellow, and it did not need much persuasion to make him feel that his knees would carry him through all right. So off we started on the Canadian Pacific Railway from Golden to the next station, Glenogle, which is a flag station of the C. P. R., on the canyon of the "Kicking Horse."

I had as a rifle a Martini-Metford carbine, with both soft lead and nickel slot expansive bullet cartridges. I told Johnson that the latter bullets were for grizzlies if we came across any, and the soft lead bullets for the goats, but he was of opinion that I had better use the expansive ones for the goats, as they needed quite as much killing as the grizzlies. Johnson took a Winchester Express with explosive bullets, in order to stop from rolling, any "Billy" I might wound, for his experience was that 90 per cent. of the goats he had got smashed their horns by rolling down the mountain after they were shot. Consequently, the favorite rifle in this part of the country, a 45-90 Winchester, did not satisfy him, since I wanted to make sure of the heads being in good condition.

We arrived at Glenogle before dark, and as I had not used my Martini-Metford before, I tried it on a two foot stump, with the ordinary nickel plated bullets. They went through the stump like paper, at 120 yards.

We found an abandoned station-house, which fortunately had a stove in it, and were soon enjoying our supper. After our meal Johnson threw down his blankets, and I arranged my fur-lined sleeping-bag on the floor as a resting-place for the night.

Before daylight we had breakfasted, and were on our way up the mountain.

A couple of hours' climb brought us under the perpendicular cliffs where we could look up and down, but all we saw in any way like a sign of fresh tracks were the marks of a section-man's hobnailed boots; for the Swedish section men occasionally go up the mountain after a goat. The steeper the cliffs become and the more treacherous gets the ground, the more likely we were to be in a favorable spot, and as the morning wore on, and we came into sheer walls of precipitous cliffs and rock slides, the signs of goats became more plentiful, and we followed a fresh track for some distance along a goat path, but without success.

We, unfortunately, had not brought a field-glass with us, which is a very necessary article in goat hunting, or hunting sheep (big-horn), for the matter of that, and we scanned the cliffs and hillsides in vain. I began to feel very indignant against the unfortunate sectionmen, as I declared they must have driven the goats away, and both Johnson and I were of the opinion that we would be compelled to go still higher up or else get no goats, for they evidently had not yet come down to any extent to the lower reaches of the mountain.

We now had some genuine "Alpine" climbing with a vengeance, and I soon had one slight foretaste of what was to come in all its grandeur. When following around a little goat path on the ledge of a rock, my feet slipped completely from under me in trying to circumvent a low mountain bush. As preservation of self comes before that of one's rifle, the

rifle was dropped, and I seized a small branch that fortunately held together, and there I hung over a cliff which was sheer for some twenty feet, and then altered to a somewhat greater angle for a short distance, below which fell a perpendicular mountain side.

Seeing me in this predicament, my guide inquired: "Can you hold on? I think I can get you your rifle."

I replied, "I can if the branch will."

He then, by stooping down, was able to seize it by the muzzle. Then catching me by the shoulder, he pulled me into

"MY MONSTER 'OLD BILLY' . . . HIS ANCIENT BEARD LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE A JEWISH PATRIARCH GREEN WITH ENVY."

the goat path, and we continued on our upward way rejoicing.

My rifle fortunately caught under my leg, or I should never have seen it again, as the slope was not enough to arrest it. If the branch had parted, which seemed very probable, a broken leg and some pretty bad scratches might have resulted from my lack of extreme caution.

To prove that some of these places are pretty awkward, a dog, that Johnson had brought with him, required a great deal of persuasion to be got past the place where I had slipped, before my

mishap. In fact we found the dog a hopeless nuisance in goàt hunting, for before the day was out he had to be lifted up and down and dragged about in a way that required my guide to exercise great restraint upon his vernacular, which by the way he did not always do, and I have his authority in very emphatic Anglo-Saxon, that a dog is not cut out for goat hunting. He cannot go where the goat can go, and very often he does not want to go where a man is foolhardy enough to venture.

We seemed to have climbed to a great height in four or five hours, but still there were endless rocks and peaks above us, and up we went higher and still higher and no goats were to be seen, though marks were plentiful, until at last we reached the very top of the mountain and were able to quench our thirst somewhat by eating the snow which lay in patches here and there.

It is needless to remark that the panorama of mountain chains which was revealed to us from the summit was very magnificent. The Rockies lay off to the north, south and east, with the Van Horne range forming the immediate feature in the latter direction. The Columbia River, which divides the Rockies and the Selkirks, below us, and the Selkirks, on which some snow had already fallen, stretched away south to the United States boundary, to the north toward Cariboo; and off to the west, among the sea of peaks, we could plainly discern the wedge-like peak of Mount Sir Donald, which forms one of the striking features at the Glacier House.

However, we were after goats, not scenery, and we went over the top of the mountain, which spread out into a broad prairie-like flat before us, and still no sign of any living creature was to be found.

After crossing the prairie on the top of the mountain, we were just going on to the slope of the peak beyond, when looking across I noticed a white speck among some trees on the opposite ridge. In a few minutes it moved, and I said to my guide, "There is a goat at last!" He looked, and sure enough there was a "Billy" on the ridge between two mountain glades.

As he was so far off we continued on in the same direction before deciding on the way we would stalk him. More of the opposite hillside came to view, and gradually as pretty a sight as I have ever seen was opened up before us. Grazing in little groups of twos and threes, and with an occasional sentry, such as we had seen on the top of the ridge, were about twenty goats, feeding quietly, their snow-white hue forming a charming contrast with the green fir trees with which the mountain-top was dotted. They were five or six hundred yards from us and we could not conceal ourselves to stalk them, so that the question was whether we should risk this long range, or let them move off and try to find them on the other side.

While debating this point the goats settled the question by shambling along the hillside around a jutting point and disappeared from view. It was a sight to see them move off, mothers and kids and old "Billys," and I was astonished at their ungainly action, resembling more that of a bear than of a hoofed animal, which resemblance is heightened by the long thick hair down to their very hoofs.

From this on commenced goat hunting. We were parched with thirst and stopped for a moment at a frozen spring which we found in the vicinity of where the goats had been grazing. Then up and over the mountain slope and up and up. The most exhausting thing on earth, —trying to "make time" up a mountain side when the excitement of the chase is on one.

Johnson said, "You had better get your wind a little, for we are pretty sure to see one or more on the other side of the peak," which we were now climbing and around which the goats had shambled. After I had willingly taken his advice, and felt steadied down somewhat, we crossed the top of the knoll and looked about, but not a goat was in sight.

Their tracks were quite fresh so we followed them on, and the first thing we knew, whizz went a blue grouse, making enough noise to frighten goats half a mile off. We had not gone fifty yards when up got another blue grouse, then

another and another, until the air seemed full of blue grouse, cackling and squaking, and we were incensed enough at them to have tried a flying shot from sheer vexation, had we not recognized that such a proceedure would have operated much more adversely to ourselves than to the blue grouse.

The goat tracks still went on, and down the hill we clambered, looking first one way and then another, but still no sign of anything white met our eyes but snow. We went still down and along the ridge which formed the apex between two valleys. It was easier coming down hill than it had been going up, so that we rapidly got over a great deal of ground, until finally pulled up by a rocky bluff down which there seemed no chance of descending.

I was fairly beside myself with vexation, and Johnson declared he had never seen anything like it before, for the goats he had been accustomed to hunt had generally been considerate enough to stop within a reasonable distance. I was for blaming the grouse, and criticizing my guide's judgment in not trying to stalk the goats around the mountain where we first saw them, or even risking the 500 yards shot, in fact anything but the abominable aggravation of having seen so many and not having fired one shot.

As it had now got so late in the day, we commenced sadly and slowly to make our way up the hill again, homeward bound, and very fatiguing work I found it after the "burst" we had just had.

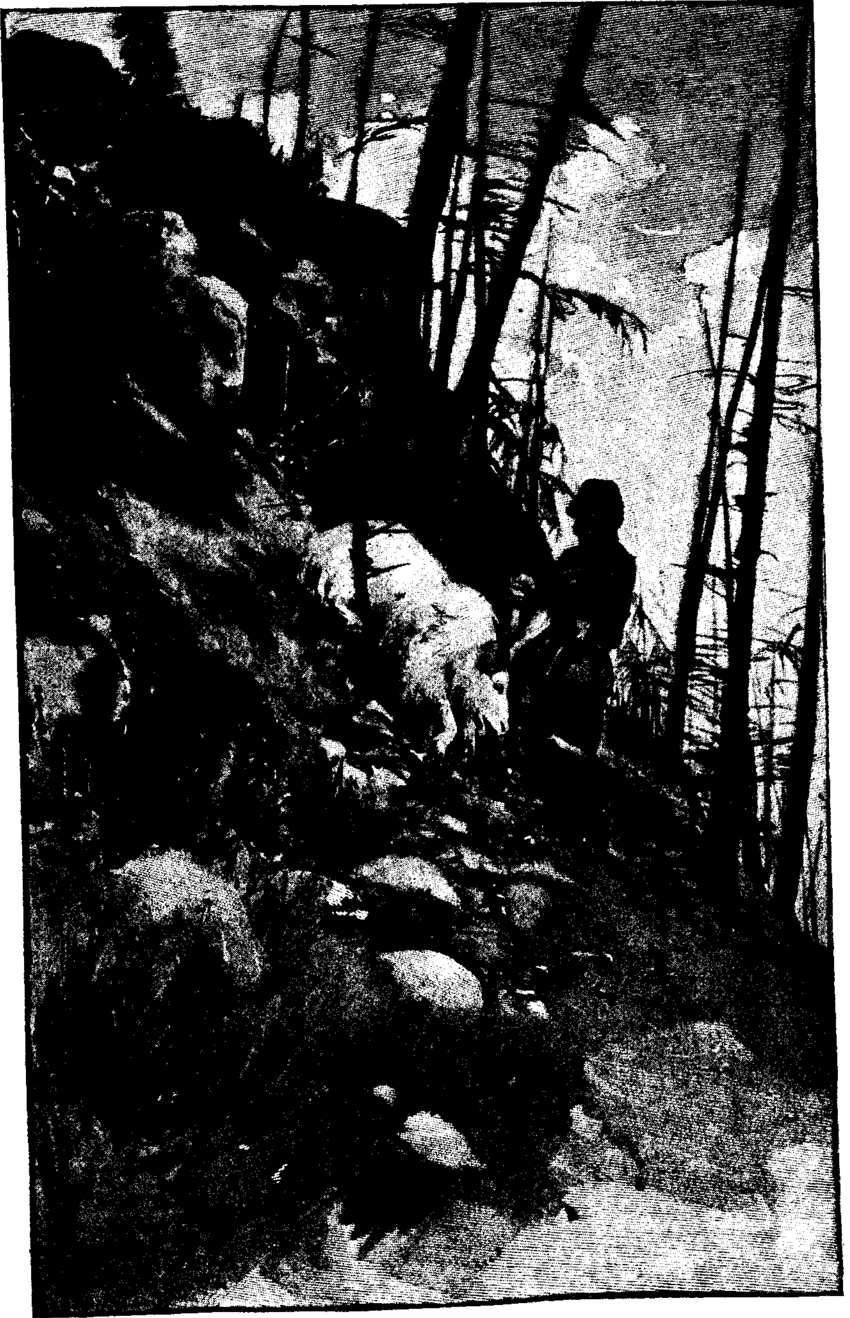
We had not yet reached the top when Johnson exclaimed, "I believe there is a goat over there on a ridge under that far bluff." I was too disgusted from the last experience to take much interest, and questioned his veracity. However, he persisted that it looked very much like it, when on the side of the peak we saw something move, close by the first object, and sure enough there was a goat clambering down the rocks.

I felt so played out that I said, "I will have a crack at him from here," but Johnson replied, "We had better try and get near them over the rock-slide." I feared they would see us, but he thought we would be hidden, and he added, "At any rate they are in such a steep place that they think they are safe. The great difficulty will be not to start some rocks on the slide and frighten them around the other side of the cliff where we may not be able to get at them."

Off we started and clambered along as carefully as possible, until coming to a point of rock we were able to look over, and there, partly sheltered by a bush, was a cautious old "Billy," about one hundred and fifty yards away. He seemed to have heard us and had got partly under cover.

I fired at him and he immediately moved away as if hurt, and disappeared around a rock. My guide said, "Look out, we will see him again," and sure enough he appeared down below limping along the edge of the cliff. We found afterwards that a ball had passed through him and broken his hind leg high up. We both then fired at the goat but did not stop him until he had almost got out of sight below, when a shot from my Martini-Metford rolled him like a log down the steep slope. "You can never say now that you have not shot a goat," said Johnson; "but confound him he is going to smash his horns." Most fortunately he hardly rolled twenty feet before he caught in a tree and hung there. "I think there is another here," said my guide, and we ran forward to the next projecting crag, and there, sure enough, was another "Billy," but not such a gigantic chap as the old boy I had just rolled over, who moved along more like a polar bear than a goat, and must have been half a century old.

The second goat was not much over 100 yards off, and I had no difficulty in knocking him over, and he lay across the edge of the cliff trying to get up. "We must not allow him to rise, if possible, or he will roll and smash his horns," said my guide. Then we both made the air hideous with a cannonade at the unfortunate "Billy," who still persisted in endeavoring to rise, though half full of lead, and up he did get very slowly and then rolled over the edge in spite of all we could do in the matter. It was the first time I had actually seen one roll down the mountain side, and it gave me more or less of a sickening feel-



"... HUNG UPAGAINST A FRIENDLY TREE; HIS HEAD PERFECT, SAVE A GASH ON HIS NOSE."

ing, and this feeling was emphasized a little later when we were hanging to the sides of the same cliff, and realized that the slightest slip of foot or hand, or shaling of a corner of the rock, would precipitate one of us after the goat.

Having shot our game, the next question was to get at them. My guide looked around, and seeing no place to get down, said: "Well, we will have to follow down where the goat went." Then began an experience which I do not intend to repeat. Carefully, slowly, we started to climb down the mountain side, clambering along from ledge to ledge holding our rifles in one hand and trying to catch corners of the rock with the other, with a foothold consisting of ragged and intermittent edges of quartz schist of the width of a couple of fingers, while below, sheer down, lay rolling precipices as far as one could see. The valley of the Columbia stretched out below us, and far down the village of Golden almost seemed to nestle at our feet.

I do not think I ever felt more inclined to be in any particular place then I did just then to be back at Golden with these blessed goat heads, but this did not assist us, and we clambered on, helping the dog down every now and then, for he was very troublesome here, and like myself was frightened almost to death, for the slightest slip of foot or hand or shaling of the rock meant absolute annihilation. Every now and then I had to hand my rifle down to Johnson, lift the dog down, and then clamber over the edge of a little precipice.

All things come to an end, and so did this goat path; at least Johnson reported that he could not get any further, and that for all the goats in creation he would not make an attempt to do so.

I was much relieved, as the work was a little too dangerous for my liking. Nevertheless, it was most aggravating, for another twenty yards climb would have saved us a night in the mountains and another half day's hard work on the morrow. But the path was impassable beyond this, and so there was no other alternative.

How are we to get at the goats? was then the interesting question. I remembered a possible slope on the right when we were after the flock of goats. Johnson was dubious about it, but back we went and found it ended in a sheer cliff. Then Johnson thought we might get down over the hillside that had "pulled us up" in our chase after the flock. I had had enough of this fly-like business of trying to climb sheer walls, and rested on top while he disappeared over the side of the precipice. I waited a long time, thankful for the chance of having a rest, but after a while I began to fear something had happened to him, when I heard him clambering below on his way up. I shouted, "Can't you get down?" On hearing his answer "No," I took both rifles and started up the hill. I had not gone far before I heard him call out. By the tone of his voice, instinctively I knew that something was wrong, and dropping the rifles I quickly climbed again down to the edge of the cliff and asked, "What's the matter?" You may fancy that something akin to a thrill of horror passed through me as I received the reply, "I can't get up!" He could not get down and he could not get up again. There he was a prisoner on the sheer face of the cliff! We had no rope and I began to think of lowering a pole, tearing up my shirt, or inventing some scheme for raising a man through mid air, when I saw his hat below. "I have lost the path I came down on," called Johnson. I remembered where he had gone down, and, happily, by reminding him of his route he was able again to pick out the tiny rock steps and to my immense relief landed beside me.

It was now about four o'clock, and nothing remained but to mount up and re-cross the mountain to the slope where the goats were browsing, and go down that to the bottom of the cliff where the others had rolled.

Hard work it was, and the water under its ice-cap on the hillside again tasted like nectar. Then down we went following the stream, which soon disappeared—down, down, until we seemed to have gone far enough to have reached the "Kicking Horse." It had got quite dusk before we reached the foot of the rock-slide, where higher up, caught in the deadwood, we would find the goats.

The next thing was to to locate the lost water, which by great luck we found running under the root of a big tree; then we gathered wood for the night. Fortunately a great, dead tree lay most conveniently for a back-log, and in front of it we piled one log on top of another as a wind-break against the cold night air down the mountain-side. Johnson was afraid of snow, but again Fate favored us, and none came. My guide wore only a shirt and trousers, but I was happy in having a coat, though when climbing, it seemed made of lead.

It froze very hard that night, and we were glad when morning broke.

When we could see, we started up the rock-slide. It was terribly hard work after the climb of the day before, and it took nearly three hours to reach the first goat.

"I never saw a goat so smashed," said Johnson, who was already at work skinning him, when I caught up to him. "There's a piece of him lying below there, he is ripped nearly inside out, and one horn badly broken." I started to make a fire; it was difficult for the side was so steep. Then I fried a good thick slice of goat steak for Johnson and a smaller piece for myself, for I did not think it very tempting without salt or pepper. My guide scorned the little piece of biscuit we had left, and not long after I had cause to be thankful that I had been able to modify the strength of the goat meat by its aid.

Still more climbing and there was my monster old "Billy" hung up against a friendly tree, his head perfect, save a gash on his nose, and his ancient beard long enough to make a Jewish patriarch green with envy.

Johnson had barely started to skin him, when he exclaimed, "I can't stand the smell of this goat meat. You skin him while I go over there where the sun is shining. I think I must have caught cold on the ground last night."

Poor Johnson, he had over-rated his gastronomic powers, and the breakfast on unadulterated fresh billy-goat meat, half-cooked, was too much for him. He was very pale and went off and laid in the sun. For the rest of the day he was a hopeless wreck, and I had to "pack" both heads and one skin, while he dragged the other and carried his rifle. Every now and then he would lie down and say, "I wish I could lie here for a week!" Poor chap, he was very, very sick indeed. So much for his longed-for feed on goat meat!

We were not sure where we could get down the mountain, but we trusted to luck and followed the bed of the stream down to a canyon below. I spent an anxious half-hour. Suppose we could not get down the canyon, which seemed very probable—what then? Another night on the mountain, a terrible climb up over the top again, the way we came up, perhaps a snowstorm, and nothing to eat but the goat meat we had just left. The canyon was steep, the climbing hard, the dog again troublesome, but it was not nearly so dangerous as yesterday, and we eventually reached the valley below, thankful beyond measure at having at last got down from the mountain. But where was the water we had been looking forward to? Not a drop was to be found and our tongues were fairly swollen in our mouths.

A few bitter mountain-ash berries tasted like peaches, and I think they helped to settle Johnson's stomach, for he did not seem quite so bad after eating some of these.

The valley was one mass of fallen timber. From the frying pan into the fire! But now it was only a matter of time, not of eternity, like a roll down a cliff, so we tumbled on over logs, through brush and again from log to log all the long afternoon, pressed down by the unwonted weight of a heavy pack. I could hardly speak for thirst, and at last caught sight of some ice on a black; boggy patch. My pack was off in a moment, and by digging my heel down I soon had a little pool of black water, then sinking my handkerchief as a filter I enjoyed a drink of that filthy water more than any form of liquid which has ever passed my lips.

Not long after this Johnson found some clear water, and as I was getting weak for want of food, I fried a little piece of the goat meat which I had put in my pocket in a piece of paper. It is needless

to add Johnson said, "No thank you!" Then on we tumbled over the logs again, and when the sun sank low behind the hills and the dusk commenced to gather, we feared that we might have to camp out once more for the night.

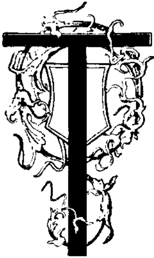
Fortune favored us, however, for before darkness came on we had reached the last slope down to the "Kicking Horse," and at the bottom of the hill there was a section-gang loading on their tools preparatory to running home to Golden. We were in luck indeed, and gladly helped to pump the car down the grade to a good supper and a comfortable bed in McNish's cosy hotel, and we considered we had quite earned the appetite which assailed us.

Wm. Hamilton Merrett.

THE CUBAN STRUGGLE.

BY SAMUEL PRESTON.

(Late of Nassau, Bahamas.)



HREE centuries ago, Spain was unrivalled among nations as the great colonial power of the world. By right of discovery and of conquest, she accumulated vast possessions, especially in the western hemisphere. The stories of the voyages of Columbus, the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, and that of Peru by Pizarro, afford striking examples of the skill, intrepidity, valor and heroic devotion of her sailors and soldiers.

Unfortunately, while her legions knew how to conquer and subdue, she has failed to govern wisely and well the dominions which they added to her empire. On the other hand, the worst type of maladministration has characterized her rule. Wherever her flag has floated, fanaticism, injustice, extortion, violence and oppression have flourished. Atrocities of the most heinous nature were perpetrated upon the unfortunate peoples whom she conquered, and cried aloud to Heaven for vengeance. Nor was vengeance long delayed. Swift and dire was the retribution that followed. One by one her colonies, groaning under the unbearable weight of her misrule, revolted and secured their independence, and to-day we find her poor and weak, shorn of her former greatness and power, and stripped of all her colonial possessions except the islands of Porto Rica and Cuba in the western hemisphere, the Philippine Islands in the eastern archipelago, and the settlement of Fernando Po in Africa, and even with respect to two of these, Cuba and the Philippines, as is well known, a struggle for independence has been in progress for some time past in both these islands.

Up to the year 1823, although other colonies had rebelled and had secured their independence, Cuba remained faithful to the Spanish crown. Its unswerving loyalty gained for it the title of *sempre fiel*—the ever faithful. The fidelity of the Cubans is now a thing of the past. The first insurrection broke out in 1823, but, being badly planned and insufficiently organized, was promptly suppressed. Since that time several rebellions have occurred at periodic intervals with the like result.

The present outbreak has been in existence for a period of over two years, and is the most formidable that Spain has had to contend with. No one is able to predict how long it may yet continue.

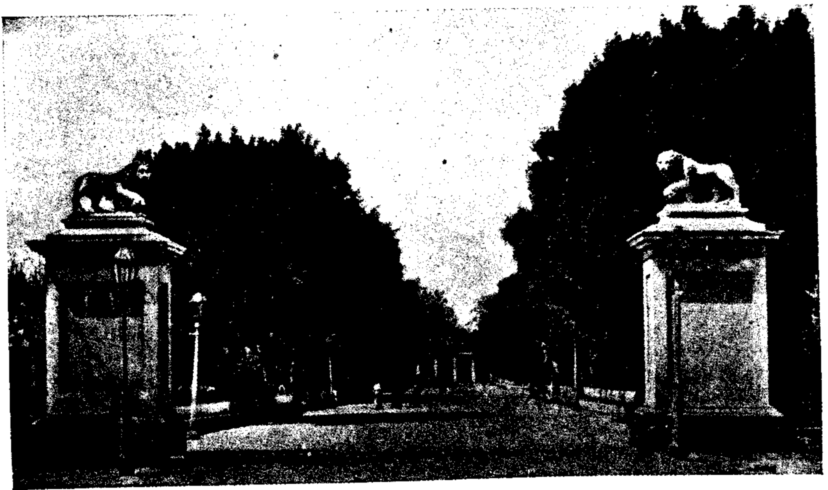
Anyone who has studied the history and disastrous effects of Spanish domination can hardly be surprised at the desire of the Cubans to be rid forever of the tyrannous rule to which they have so long been subjected. Knowing what I know of their history and condition, I should consider them sadly lacking in spirit, patriotism and every manly virtue,

if they had failed to strike an earnest blow for freedom. That fidelity which gained for it only an epigram as recognition by the mother country, has been ungratefully rewarded with reckless extortion and the most cruel and selfish oppression and misgovernment.

Even in "the piping times of peace," the government is a military despotism of the worst type. The administration is under the control of a captain-general, sent out from Spain, who is invested with unlimited powers, whose will is supreme, and who never fails to rule with an iron hand. Liberty is unknown. A most rigid censorship is exercised over the press. Native-born Cubans are not allowed to hold positions in the army, navy or civil service. A system of the most oppressive taxation, such as, I venture to affirm, no other people of the world have had to bear, is, and has been, in operation for centuries. The administration is the most corrupt on the face of the earth; from the highest official down to the lowest, each has his price. Men are spirited away for political offences and vanish, no one knows when or where. The dungeon, the Spanish convict station, and the garotte could, no doubt, tell the secret of many a sudden and mysterious disappearance.

A writer on Cuba says that "the object of the Spanish Government is, and ever has been, to derive as much revenue as possible from the Island." This policy might be condoned if the monies raised by the excessive imposts were employed altogether in Cuba in the execution of needed public works or in the development of its industries. Such has not been the case, however. A large proportion is absorbed in the maintenance of the army and navy, another large proportion goes to increase the private fortunes of the captain-general and other officials, and considerable has been forwarded to Spain from time to time to aid in replenishing the national exchequer.

There can be no doubt, therefore, that the Cubans have been given every provocation to rebel, and Spain has herself to blame for the desperate and ruinous struggle that is going on. One would expect that the previous rebellions would have warned her against continuing a system of government that was so contrary to the progressive spirit of the age, so oppressive in its nature, and so repulsive to the colonists, but with each outbreak she has tightened the grasp of iron, with the idea that the spirit which is compelled to seek liberty in revolution would, if not completely crushed, be kept subdued and under control.



ENTRANCE TO PLAZA CIENFUEGOS.

If Cuba had been one of the European islands instead of an American, in all probability the manner of its government

and its long continued and, on the whole, successful fight, would have secured for it automony or complete independence. Owing to its geographical position, the great European powers do not appear to be especially concerned in its revolution, and the great western power, who should be interested, appears, as a government, to be either very lukewarm, or to have its sympathies enlisted on the side of Spain. This policy seems to be unnatural, when one takes the fact into account that the United States, as a nation, is but a successful rebel, and a rebel with less reason for rebelling against Great Britain than Cuba has for revolting against the Spanish yoke.

During the past year, Spain has exerted every effort to suppress the insurrection, without success. On the other hand, despite the sacrifices of blood and treasure which "the patriots" have made, they are no nearer attaining their object than a year ago. The killing of Maceo, their most active and aggressive leader, was undoubtedly a great blow to their cause. They have undertaken a herculean task which it seems impossible they can accomplish unaided, although their leaders repeatedly express confidence in their ability to triumph finally.

Notwithstanding their enthusiasm, heroism and devotion, it can hardly be expected that scattered bands of a few thousand men, insufficiently armed and equipped, can overcome the overwhelming odds of well-armed and thoroughly disciplined soldiers that are arrayed against them. Cuba bristles with Spanish bayonets. The government forces are said to number 180,000 men, and a numerous fleet of gunboats and armed revenue cutters are continually patrolling the coasts, whereas, the insurgent forces do not probably exceed 20,000.

From time to time statements appear in newspapers to the effect that the rebellion is nearly ended, the Island almost pacified, etc. These statements are misleading and untrue. (A great deal of the news which comes from Cuba on both sides is very unreliable.) Gomez is still alive, and has a large following, and in every department of the island there are bands of active insurgents. When the Spaniards appear in great force, these bands disperse or move away to another locality, but although they thus disappear from the scenes of former operations, they nevertheless exist. With their disappearance the district is described as pacified. Not very long ago certain peace proposals were made to General Gomez, which he peremptorily refused to entertain, saying that with him and his followers it must be actual and complete independence, or death. Such being the case, it is evident that the ultimate failure of the insurrection is not, to the leaders, a foregone conclusion.

The Cubans very wisely avoid a general battle. Their plan is to attack outlying detachments of the enemy; to surprise unprotected towns; to make sudden and expeditious raids, and to dynamite trains transporting soldiers and war material. On accomplishing their object they swiftly retire to some secure retreat in the mountains, or dense tropical jungle. Their prowess with the *machete* has become world-wide. This weapon is similar to the old English cutlass, but improved as to size, shape and temper of its broad steel blade. To farmers and woodmen it is a most necessary and useful tool, and is universally used throughout the West India Islands to clear the thick tropical bush.

Although disaffection exists in every part of the island, the centre of the insurrection is in the eastern departments. The wealthy inhabitants of the large cities and seaports are Spanish in sympathy, while the working classes and peasants, especially the negroes, are insurgents or favor their cause.

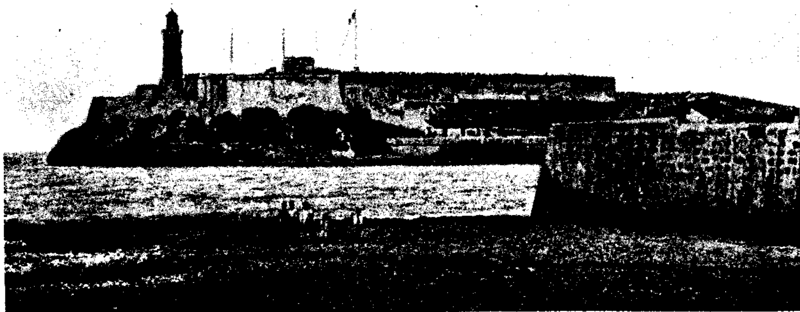
The rebellion has actually awakened Spain to the fact that her Cuban subjects have been badly ruled, and that they have grievances to be redressed. It has taken her many centuries and a series of revolutions to be taught that the world has moved on, and that the tyranny of the mediæval ages can no longer be tolerated and practised at the close of the nineteenth century. In a fit of liberality she has promised to introduce large measures of reform in the administration so soon as the rebellion is suppressed. In fact, if the fortunes of war enable her to carry out the schemes as outlined, the Cubans will enjoy a large

measure of self-government. Unfortunately they place no faith in the promises of Spain. This is not surprising, as the latter has a long record of broken or unfulfilled pledges charged up against her. The experience of the past has taught the Cubans to distrust the Spaniard, and to regard him as the embodiment of cunning, treachery and duplicity.

They know that single-handed, they can never overcome in fight the Spanish legions and drive them from the island. Their hopes of success rest in the ravages committed by yellow fever and other diseases, which, during the summer months, slay their victims by the thousands; in the expectations that perhaps the United States will tire of the prolongation of the war and come to their assistance; but principally, in the desperate financial condition of Spain. They cherish the idea, that if they are able to continue the struggle very much longer, Spain will become hopelessly bankrupt and be compelled to abandon the island for sheer want of funds necessary to maintain her large army and navy. It is reputed that she is now several months in arrears to them. And so the war will probably drag on.

In the meantime, one of the fairest spots on God's earth is being desolated by savage warfare; by armed men whose vilest passions have been aroused, and who hesitate at nothing to accomplish their ends; by powder, shot, dynamite and the flaming torch. Blood flows like water, property is ruthlessly sacrificed; the most shocking cruelties are practised on both sides; no respect is paid to age or sex, women are brutally violated and slain, and even children and the aged have met with the common fate. Industry is suspended, cities and towns sacked and burned, sugar plantations destroyed, and the island, from end to end, is being transformed into ruin and desolation.

In March, the Cuban budget gives in figures the dire effects brought about by the war. "The financial position is deplorable in the extreme," so says the correspondent of the London *Times*. "The revenue is estimated at $30,000,000, but it will probably not exceed $15,000,000, while the ordinary expenses are stated at $38,900,000, and the extraordinary at $83,000,000. Irremediable as the position of the exchequer, as represented by this statement, must be acknowledged to be, it only partially indicates the destruction of agriculture and the injury to trade wrought by the protracted war of the rebellion. The detrimental effect of the insurrection can be more readily gauged by observing the falling off of the two chief industries of Cuba. The tobacco crop for 1897 is estimated at 40,000 bales from Vuelta Abajo, and 35,000 bales from the rest of the island, as compared with a total of 500,000 bales in 1895. The estimated total output of sugar for the present year is about 150,000 tons as compared with 1,150,000 tons in 1894."



MILITARY STATION.

Considerable American capital was engaged in developing certain iron, copper and manganese mines in the eastern provinces. "Within the past year these promising undertakings have been abandoned."

This deplorable condition of affairs cannot improve, but must continue to grow worse with the protraction of the war.

The same writer goes on to state: "It is not, however, by enumerating the plantations that have been desolated, the land that has been put out of cultivation, and the works that have been thrown idle, that the pernicious effects of Spanish tyranny can be computed, or the measure of guilt by the mother country be understood. For natural riches and fertility, no country in the globe surpasses the Pearl of the Antilles, and stated in its simplest terms, the charge against Spain would be that Cuba is less populous, less productive, no better cultivated, perhaps not even more civilized, than it was when visited by Columbus in his first voyage of discovery in 1492."

Considerable doubt is entertained and has been expressed as to the ability of the Cubans to govern themselves. Like all the Latin races they are an excitable, passionate, and inflammable people. Judging from the history of the Spanish Republics of South and Central America, it is claimed that independent Cuba would become the scene of continuous interval revolution. This is only surmise, however. It can be cited in their favor that they are high spirited and courageous, animated by an intense patriotism, self-sacrificing to a great degree, imbued with a love for liberty, and capable of conducting successfully a protracted war against great odds. If a stable government can be established under the domination of the white man, there can be no doubt that the happiness and prosperity of the island would be secured. What is feared by many, and there is a possibility of its happening if the island becomes independent, is a war of races, a struggle between the whites and blacks for supremacy and control, which would doubtless end in the suppression or extermination of the whites, and the establishment of another West Indian Black Republic. It is doubtless the anticipation of such a disastrous consummation that inclines the men of wealth and influence to favor the Spanish cause, for if such is to be the future of Cuba, it would certainly be infinitely better to have a continuation of the Spanish control, bad as it has been and may still be. The writer has no prejudice against the negro race. He believes that under the rule of the white man and influenced by his example, his colored brother will become a good, respectable, law-abiding citizen, but if that control and influence be withdrawn, then his natural tendency is to relapse into that condition of semi-barbarism in which his forefathers lived.

A large proportion of the insurgents are negroes and mulattos. Some of the most prominent of their leaders have black blood in their veins. These men realize the full extent of the negro power and predominance, and have the example of Hayti—a very near neighbor—continually before them. To seize and take possession of the property of the whites may be too strong a temptation for men, who a few years ago were slaves, to resist. May God avert such a disaster, and save fair Cuba from the tyranny, the demoralization and the barbarism of black rule.

Samuel Preston.

Some Recent Pictures in Amateur Photography

Photo by G. E. Valleau. | Ottawa Camera Club.

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

Photo by R. B. Whyte. | Ottawa Camera Club.

AT COMO.

PHOTO BY J. WILSON. OTTAWA CAMERA CLUB.

EVANGELINE.

HOW she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh with gladness;
How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth the distaff;
How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her household,
Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth of her weaving.

—Longfellow.

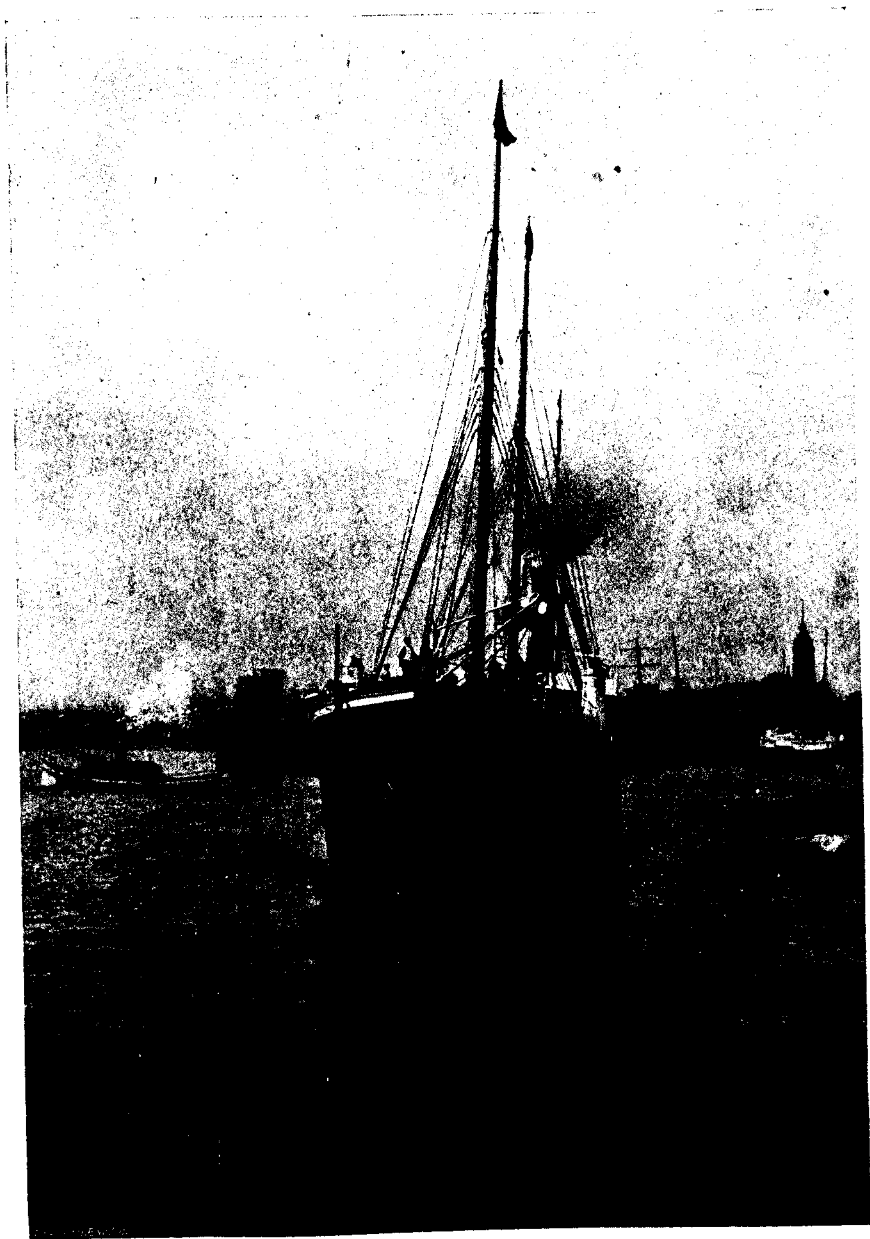


PHOTO BY J. WILSON. OTTAWA CAMERA CLUB.

LEAVING PORT.

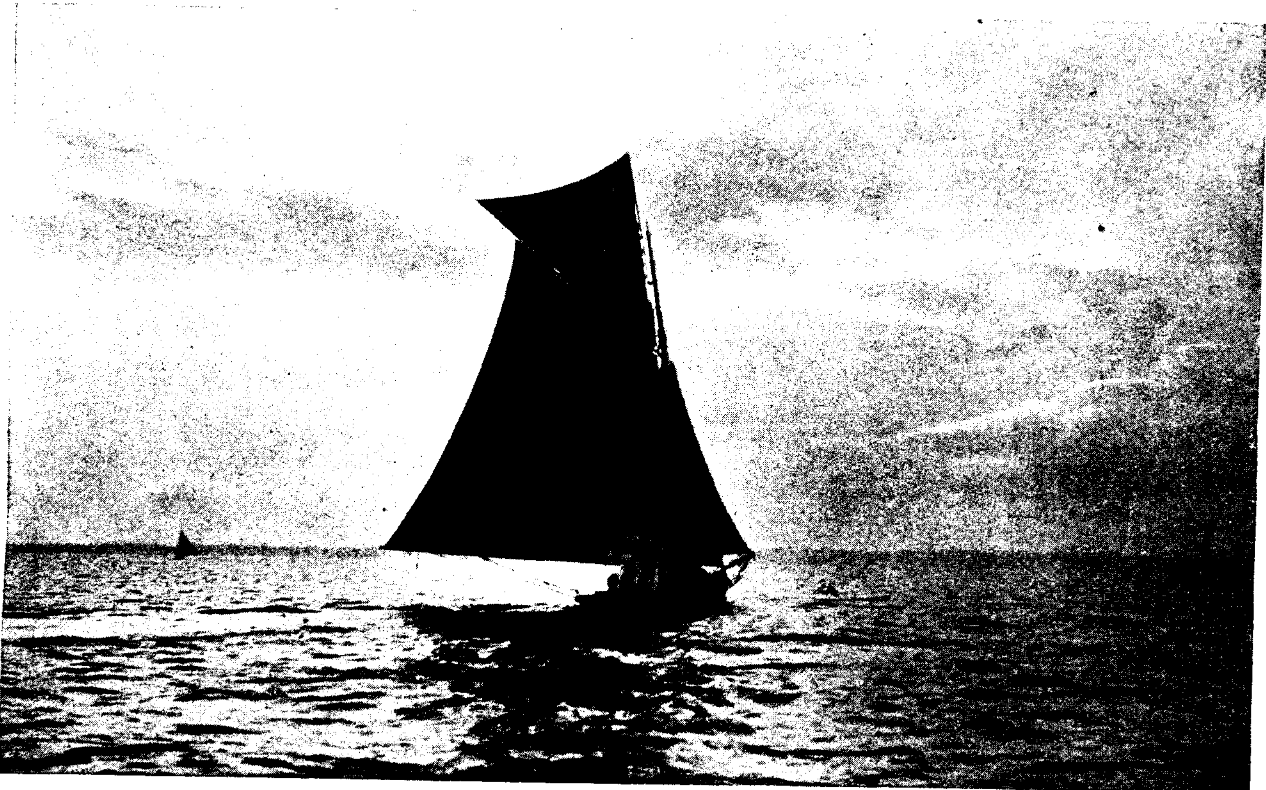


Photo by G. E. Valleau — Ottawa Camera Club.

EVENING LIGHT.

PHOTO BY R. B. WHYTE. OTTAWA CAMERA CLUB.

FALLS AT ALMONTE.

ANTE-NUPTIAL DIFFICULTIES.

BY ALFRED HOSKIN, Q.C.

THE writer does not propose to deal with the question of whether marriage is a failure or not, but rather with some of the difficulties in the way of attaining to that blissful condition of life.

In the eyes of the law, marriage has always been treated with consideration and with favor, and so he who will not when he should, must pay the costs of his contumacy. On the other hand, except to a limited extent, no one will be allowed to prevent marriage.

Efforts have often been made by parents, not only in their lifetime, but after death, to control the matrimonial lives of their daughters in placing restrictions upon the nationality or fortune of those they may propose to marry, and there are many curious cases which have been brought before the courts.

In the year 1683, a widow named Elizabeth Baker was induced by her sister and one Francis White to give the latter a bond in the penalty of £200, which she was to forfeit in case she married again, and at the same time White gave her a bond to pay to her executors £100 if she did not marry again. It is not stated why this arrangement was made. However, Mrs. Baker was induced to enter into a second marriage, and brought a suit in chancery to have her bond given up to her, and although it was agreed that she was a widow of thirty and knew what she was doing, the court cancelled both of the bonds. This was a case where even the parties themselves were not allowed to bind either against marriage.

A somewhat similar case occurred in the year 1689, where a man, representing himself to be a person of means, engaged himself to a woman, and induced her to give him a bond binding herself to marry him. It afterwards turned out that he was a very poor man, and at her suit the bond was cancelled, "it being contrary to the nature and design of marriage, which ought to proceed from a free choice, and not from any compulsion."

In the year 1730, Mr. Shepley, a tailor by trade, and "possessed of an estate of £14 per annum," paid his addresses to Miss Hannah Woodhouse, who was twenty-six years old and "a daughter of a man of substance, who could give her a fortune of £500." The father objected to Mr. Shepley's attentions, and so the lovers met clandestinely. In 1732, Shepley and Miss Woodhouse met in an alehouse in Macclesfield, and each gave to the other a bond, both of which Shepley had previously caused to be prepared. The condition of the bond given by Miss Woodhouse was "that if she do on or before the expiration of thirteen months after the decease of her father, according to the usage and ceremony of the Church of England, espouse and marry the said Ralph Shepley, if the said Ralph Shepley will thereunto consent and the laws of this realm will thereunto permit the same, or if it shall happen the said Hannah Woodhouse shall not, nor will not, marry and take to husband the said Ralph Shepley as aforesaid, but shall happen to marry with some other person, then that the said Hannah Woodhouse shall pay to the said Ralph Shepley the sum of £500; but if it shall happen that the said Hannah Woodhouse shall die before the time limited and appointed for the said marriage, then the said Hannah Woodhouse shall leave and give the said Ralph Shepley £10 as a token of her love *to buy him a suit of mourning with.*" Mr. Shepley in his bond agreed in case he backed out to give her certain property, or, if he died before fulfilment, to leave

her one-half of his estate. After her father's death, Miss Woodhouse claimed the woman's privilege of changing her mind, and brought a suit against Mr. Shepley to cancel the bond she had given, whilst, on the other hand, Mr. Shepley sought the enforcement of it. The court, however, thought the arrangement was a fraud upon her father, as, had he known of it he might have made other disposition of the property he left his daughter, and because it also tended towards restraint of marriage.

In 1757, Mr. Newsham Peers was beguiled by a widow into signing the following document: "I do hereby promise Mrs. Catharine Lowe that I will not marry with any person besides herself. If I do, I agree to pay to the said Catharine Lowe £1,000 within three months next after I shall marry anyone else."

The lovers do not appear to have had much intercourse after this curious document was signed. In 1767, Mr. Peers married, but, so far as the widow was concerned, the wrong woman. She then sued for the £1,000, and at the trial succeeded, but Mr. Peers appealed to a higher court to set aside the verdict on the ground that it was not an agreement "to marry the plaintiff, but not to marry anyone else, and being a contract in restraint of marriage was therefore void." Mr. Peers succeeded. The court, however, intimated that she probably had a right of action against him for breach of promise.

In the year 1799, Mr. Hartley made a bet with Mr. Rice of fifty guineas that he, Hartley, would not be married within six years. The six years having expired without Mr. Hartley marrying, he sued Mr. Rice for the fifty guineas. Whether he remained single during the time in order to win the bet, is not stated. Mr. Rice contended that the bet was illegal because it was in restraint of marriage. Mr. Hartley's counsel attempted to draw a distinction, because, as he contended, the restraint was only for a limited time, but the court held the bet to be void as being in restraint of marriage.

Sometimes a father has prejudices against certain persons or nationalities and makes his daughters the victims of them. In 1795 Mr. Josiah Perrin, of Warrington, after giving to his wife and daughter an income from his estate, provided "that if either my said wife or daughter shall intermarry with any person born in that part of Great Britain called Scotland, or born of Scotch parents, then and from thenceforth my said wife and daughter shall forfeit all benefit and advantage under this my will." Of course, Fate willed that Donald Geddes, a son of Scotia, should come to Warrington and should meet Miss Perrin, and that love should leap beyond the confines of a will. Miss Perrin married Mr. Geddes and a few years afterwards died, leaving a child, and in a suit brought to determine who was entitled to the property under Mr. Perrin's will, it was decided that in consequence of the above marriage the mother had forfeited her share, and so her child was not entitled to anything.

The writer remembers being engaged in a case where a father (who had been a strong Orangeman) provided that if his only child (a son) should marry a Roman Catholic, the property he left to his son should go to a charitable institution. By some perverse means the son became acquainted with a girl of the forbidden religion, and married her. In this case it appeared as if Fate had so willed matters.

Sometime prior to the year 1795, Richard Kiely, by his will, after making provision for three unmarried daughters provided, "that if my said unmarried daughters should marry without the consent" (of his wife and brother-in-law) "or should marry a person not being at the time of such inter-marriage possessed of an estate in fee or of a freehold perpetual of the clear yearly value of £500 over and above every encumbrance . . . . the legacy hereby bequeathed to such daughter shall be forfeited." One daughter afterwards married with the requisite consent, but not a man with the requisite income. In an action to recover the legacy, the lord chancellor, in the course of his judgment, said,

"How many particular professions are virtually excluded by that condition? What man of the profession of the law has set out with a clear unincumbered real estate of £500 a year? It will, in effect exclude ninety-nine men in a hundred of every profession. And I cannot but say that the scene of enmity and discord and disunion which has now prevailed for years in this family ought to teach every man who hears me the mischievous folly of attempting to indulge his narrowness and caprice even after he has sunk into the grave." She was held entitled to her legacy.

In 1789, Mrs. Elizabeth Dutens by her will gave £12,000 to trustees, in trust for her grand-daughter, Elizabeth Callendar. Miss Callendar after attaining twenty-one was to have the income, but the will provided that if she should marry without the consent of Mrs. Duten's executors, she should be entitled to only £400 of the income, and that the rest should be accumulated. A Mr. Dashwood wooed and won Miss Callendar and wrote to the trustees for their consent to the marriage, and, probably as an inducement to such consent, offered to settle £6,000 upon her. Consent was given and preparations were made for the marriage and settlements. For some reason Mr. Dashwood changed his mind as to making a settlement upon the bride and declined to do so. The lady, to show that she had no mercenary object in view, agreed to marry without the settlement, but the trustees withdrew their consent. The marriage, however, came off. Mrs. Dashwood brought an action to have the full income paid to her, claiming that the consent having been once given, could not be withdrawn, but the court thought otherwise, and so the couple only got the £400 a year.

In 1862, Mrs. Frances Jackson, a widow, made her will by which she left to her niece, Mrs. Jackson, £40 a year, and, in case Mrs. Jackson's husband survived her, he was to get the £40 for life, but if he should marry again, the £40 were given over to someone else. Mrs. Jackson died in 1864, and Mr. Jackson remained faithful to her memory and the £40 a year until 1874, when he married again but still wanted the £40, and went to law about it. The law had long been that such a provision as regards a widow was valid, but Mr. Jackson tried to, and did convince one judge that the rule did not apply to a widower. The Court of Appeal said that they could not see why a different rule should prevail, and so the second wife cost Mr. Jackson £40 a year, which, Goldsmith considered made a man "passing rich."

The above are some instances where marriages have been attempted to be adjusted on certain lines, but other cases have arisen where the parties themselves try to get out of the bargain, and the result is often an action for a breach of promise.

A promise to marry is in law defined to be a contract, though the damages often recovered by the deserted one are in excess of what could be recovered for the breach of an ordinary contract. In many cases the wronged one should be thankful that she has escaped a union which probably would have turned out disastrous.

In 1796, Mr. Aitchison (a widower) became engaged to Mrs. Baker. Her father objected to the match, so they agreed to wait until after his death. After this event happened, Mrs. Baker found that Mr. Aitchison was afflicted with an abscess in his breast, and, not wishing to become a nurse as well as a wife, she declined to marry him. Mr. Aitchison was naturally hurt in his feelings, and indignant at the reason, and so was ungallant enough to sue the lady. The judge, however, was gallant enough to hold the lady justified in her course, and so Mr. Aitchison lost his suit and the lady, too.

In 1857, Miss Isabella Hall was engaged to Mr. George Wright. During the engagement Mr. Wright developed consumption and bleeding of the lungs and in the interests of himself and the lady declined to carry out the engagement. The lady, however, took a different view of the matter and so sued the invalid lover. The jury gave her £100 if the court should hold that she was entitled to recover, but also held that Wright's health was such that he

was not in a condition to marry. Upon this verdict, Wright succeeded. Miss Hall appealed, and the case was heard before four judges, and she failed. She appealed further, and this time her case was heard before seven judges, four of whom decided in her favor and three against her.

In the judgment of one of the judges, in putting an hypothetical case, he remarks, "They may have wished to take the chance of recovery and happiness, and both may have wished, if death were to occur, they might have been united so that the lady might have remained the widow of her husband, perhaps, with all the advantages of position he may have been anxious to secure to her." So Miss Hall got the £100 but missed being a widow.

In the reign of William and Mary, Mr. Harrison was engaged to a lady (whose maiden name is not given). She, however, met a Mr. Cage and married him. Mr. Harrison was naturally indignant at this treatment, and sued both the lady and her husband. The jury evidently thought he had been ill-used, for they gave him £400. The lady appealed, and in the course of the argument her counsel ungallantly stated, "For though in such cases a woman may have an action against a man, the reason of that is because marriage is an advancement to the woman, but it is no advancement to the man." The court, however, thought the advantages equal, and held the lady and her husband bound to pay the £400.

In 1812, Miss Ann Chamberlain was engaged to be married to Mr. Williamson. It appeared that Miss Chamberlain kept a boarding school, and it was arranged that she should give up the school at Christmas. But in the prior month Mr. Williamson proved fickle. Shortly afterwards the lady's health failed and she died in the following May. Her administrator brought an action for breach of promise, but unfortunately the court was bound to hold that contracts to marry differed from business or other contracts and that, therefore, any damages must be personal to the party, and she, being dead, was beyond any such damage.

Singularly enough, and notwithstanding this decision, a somewhat similar but converse case arose in 1884. A Mrs. Finley, a widow, alleged that a Mr. Chirney had agreed to marry her. Mr. Chirney died without having performed his part of the bargain, and the widow and would-be widow sued his executors for damages, but the court still held that this kind of contract was personal, and, like the "Alabama claims," the damages were too remote, the delinquent being dead.

Sometime in 1859, Miss Elizabeth Beachy became engaged to Mr. Brown. Mr. Brown afterwards discovered that at the time Miss Beachy had two strings to her bow, and so, not unreasonably, retired from the engagement. Miss Beachy did not view the matter from the same high moral plane that he did, nor see why she should not have another lover in reserve and so sued Mr. Brown, who pleaded the prior engagement and his ignorance of same. The court held that, as no fraud had been alleged (it not being fraudulent for the lady to withhold knowledge of her prior love-makings), he had no defence. One of the judges in stating other matters, which might be equally justifiable, says, "he might complain that what he took for a beautiful head of hair turned out to be a wig." Although a man is held liable if he breaks an engagement, yet he has the privilege of repenting. The writer remembers a case where a man was sued for breach of promise. All being fair in love and war, he was asked if he thought the lady would still be willing to marry him. He said he was sure she would not. He was advised to go to her and offer to fulfil the engagement, which he did, and met with a stern refusal, but the fair lady discovered on consulting her lawyer that she could not recover in her action, and so the suit went no further.

Alfred Hoskin.

HER WEAPON.

There it was again! Miss Frolic sat up in bed, every curl-paper wagging with a species of satisfied apprehension—the long-expected burglar had come at last! She could hear him moving stealthily about the hall. She was quite composed, and in a twinkling had whisked herself into her dressing-gown and lit a candle. She even cast a glance at herself in the glass, remembering that there had not been a man in the hall for twenty years. With a final quirk to her grey ringlets, Miss Frolic sallied out to reconnoitre. She crept to the banisters, and surveyed her visitor through the gloom; he appeared big enough to swallow her whole, and Miss Frolic thought of her spoons, and her heart sank. Suddenly an idea occurred to her. She glided back into her room, took something shining from her drawer, and, with mouse-like movements, descended the back stairs. The burglar was in the dining-room by this time. He was kneeling by the sideboard, very intent upon the business of transferring a silver tea-pot to his bag. There was a small, dark lantern before him. All at once he started, gave a hoarse cry, and then crouched, trembling, with his hands still in the bag. A figure was standing over him, and a circle of cold steel was pressed against his ear.

"Ketched—I own it," said the burglar, wriggling.

"Set right still where yew air," advised Miss Frolic, gently. "I ain't wal accustomed to fire-arms, an' this 'un is subjec' to goin' off impromptoo."

The burglar swore. Caught by a woman! He wriggled again. There was an ominous click; his hair rose.

"Thar, ain't I tellin' yew," said Miss Frolic, reproachfully; "it's reel dangerous to trifle with an unsartin weppon like this."

"What are you goin' to do?" growled the burglar, with an oath.

"Young man, I'm goin' to set right here till mornin'. Admirin' yewr back ha'r ain't an exaltin' occupation, but maybe ef, in the nex' four hours, I kin interdoose some moral principles inter its roots, I won't regret it."

He was completely in her power, and he knew it. He was absolutely helpless so long as she held the revolver. Presently, with her watchful eyes still fixed upon him, she drew a chair towards her with her foot and established herself thereon, upright as a dart, certain as Fate.

"Family man?" she asked, in a light and conversational tone.

"Yah!" said the burglar, contemptuously.

"Bin long in the—the—business?" said Miss Frolic, delicately.

"Pah!" said the burglar.

Thus foiled, Miss Frolic relapsed into silence. A mosquito flew out of the curtains and, trumpeting faintly, settled on the burglar's nose, and he writhed fretfully.

"Take it off," he snarled; "it's bitin' me."

"Land!" said Miss Frolic; "it's only a little skitter. I kin see it settin' there washin' its face. I presume it's settin' yew the example; skitters is powerful clean in their habits."

She was growing very tired, but she dared not move. The clock struck three. The burglar feigned sleep, but Miss Frolic allowed the cold circle to nestle lovingly into his hair, and he sat up with a gurgle of fear. He could see her out of the corner of his eye, with her ringlets askew and her prim, little figure rigid with effort. The lantern cast up oily smells, and somewhere in the darkness of the hall a cricket chirped. Twice Miss Frolic's lids fell over her straining eyes, and twice she lurched forward in her chair, to save herself only just in time.

"My legs is asleep," volunteered the burglar, at last.

"So's mine," said Miss Frolic, sympathetically; "painful, ain't it?"

"Take a rest, ma'am," suggested he, with politeness.

"All in jew time," replied she, grimly; and the waiting silence fell between them. The grey dawn came, and with it birds in the garden, and, oh, welcome sound! steps upon the path. Suddenly the burglar knocked Miss Frolic's arm up.

"Ketchim!" shrieked she; and he dashed through the window, straight into the arms of the hired man.

Miss Frolic went to see him in gaol, and they were quite friendly. As the burglar looked at her tiny, fragile form, he muttered:

"Done by that! But then, she had her weapon!"

"I calk'lated yew'd be interested in viewin' it, so I brought it along," said Miss Frolic, and held out—her curling tongs!

DISTANT.

Mrs. Farmer.—I'm real sorry to hear of your bereavement, Miss Sadeye. Was it a near relation?

Miss Sadeye.—Wal, no, Mis' Farmer; only about forty miles.

LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.

Ted.—Dad, what does it mean when it says "as black as your hat"?

Dad.—I think, my son, it refers to darkness that may be felt.

GONE.

Maud.—Oh, Mabel, have you heard? Charley has broken his nose!

Mabel.—Gracious! I shall never get over it.

Maud.—I should think not, the bridge is gone.

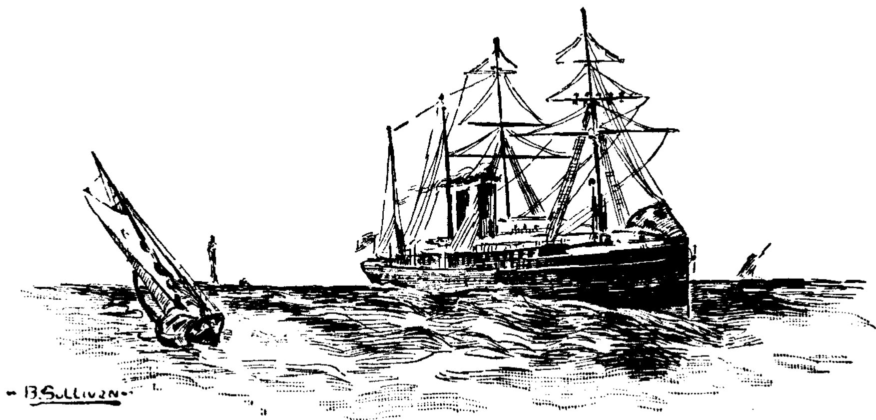
SLEEPY SONG.

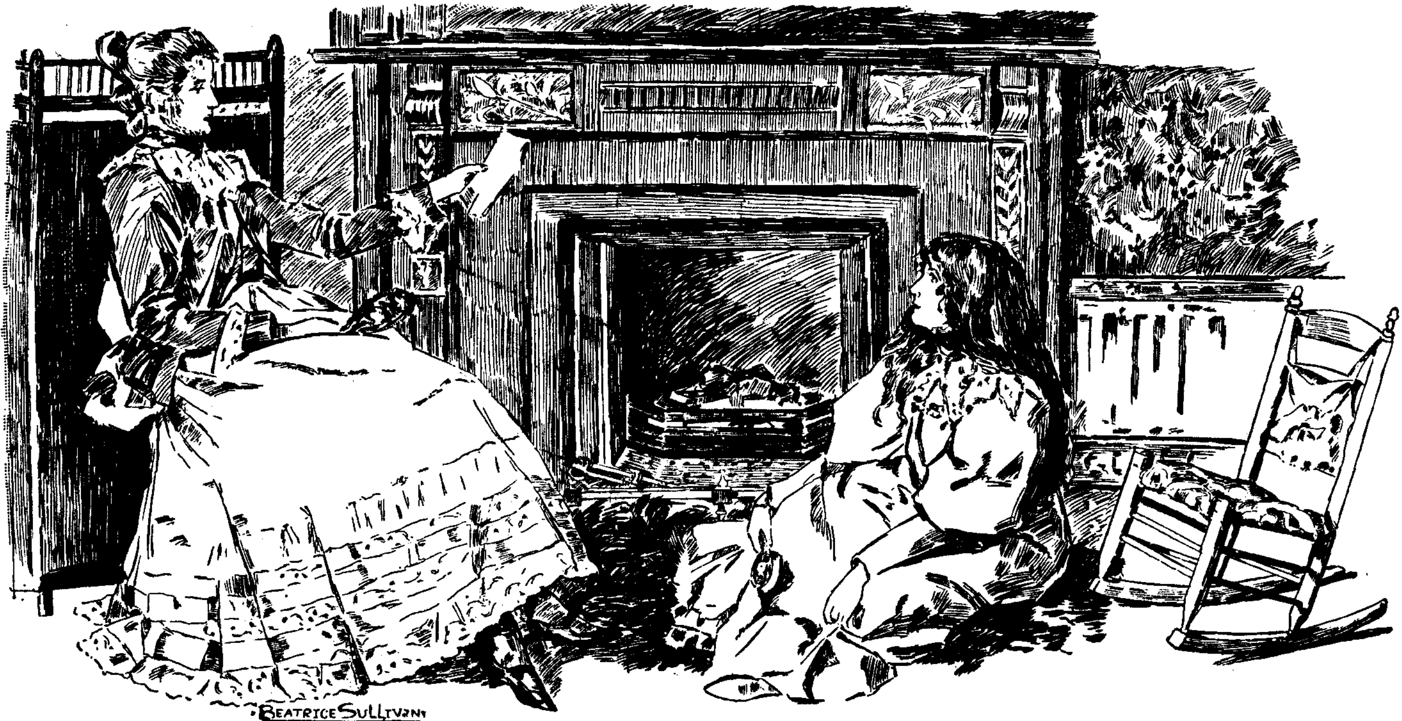
THE long, lush grass by the stream is damp,
The lilt of the birds grows faint,
The daffodils down by the reedy swamp
Are a blurr of yellow paint.
There's a baby breeze in the fields at play
That should be asleep, that's clear,
But I know its mother is blown away
Right into the west, my dear—
Right into the crest
Of the gorgeous west,
Right into the west, my dear.

Then butterfly, flutterby, lullabye baby,
Off into the kingdom of dreaming and sleep;
The blue of the sky slid right under his eyelid,
The velvet of pansies right under his cheek.

The soft creak-crack of the chair is still,
And the nursery grey and dim;
For he roams abroad in that land at will
Where no one can follow him.
And out in the fields the little lost breeze
Is whispering low with fear,
As it wanders about in the musky trees
Right into the west, my dear—
Right into the rest
Of the poppied west,
Right into the west, my dear.

Then butterfly, flutterby, lullabye baby,
Good angels be near as the dreaming hour slips;
The light of their smile hid right under his eyelid,
The kiss of their kissing right under his lips.





MISS SCRIBBLER.—Yes, this is not my only literarlly effort—I have otter irons in the fire.

HEARTLESS CRITIC.—Well, I should advise you to let that follow your irons.

THE LITERARY KINGDOM

BY M. M. KILPATRICK.

WHAT a world of snow and ice will open up to those who can afford to buy Nansen's "Farthest North." Perhaps no other book published in this half of the century holds such delightfully enthralling matter as does this one. As a story-book it is dangerously fascinating, and truant schoolboys may now be looked for by the score as stowaways in whaling boats. To book lovers—and why is it that so many book lovers are as poor as church mice?—it is a disappointing blow that these charming volumes are to cost the soul-stirring sum of ten dollars. Thirty days would not be a worse affliction. This will debar many of the very people who would enjoy it most from having a copy, and now the nearest they may hope to get to it will be with their noses pressed against some bookseller's show windows. It is scarcely likely to reach the shelves of the circulating libraries, and as for reading books in a library of reference, that is a luxury belonging only to the rich or the vagrant. So Nansen's grand volume promises to remain inaccessibly "Farthest North" for many of the moneyless book lovers who would find joy in its sumptuous pages.

* * * *

BEING a professional writer—an author if you like—has always been a career full of irresistible fascination to humanity. The fact that the pathway of the author is exceedingly narrow and steep, and set with thorns, and that few have ever walked therein with profit to themselves or benefit to the world, has never been regarded as a discouraging view of the subject. There probably never "breathed a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said," I could write a novel that would eclipse "Vanity Fair," and a poem that would knock "In Memoriam" silly. It is, as Charles Lamb might say, one of the things he could do if he had the mind to. The touch of nature that makes the whole world kin is, doubtless, the desire to see one's self in print. To it we are indebted for the luminous contributions to literature that emanate from "Vox Populi" and "Old Subscriber," and all the philanthropic contributors who have advice to give away. Sometimes the desire to read one's own writings leads one to detail specifically how he was afflicted and cured by somebody's patent pills; but in its highest estate it is a yearning to write for the magazines. With this burning desire to see their poems and stories thus emblazoned to the world, many have sorrowed as those without hope. They have believed that the editors showed the rankest favoritism, and that those within the sacred portals of the magazine had formed a close corporation to let no outside genius in. In former days the unsuccessful aspirant would have committed suicide in despair, or starved like the luckless Chatterton, and it speaks volumes for the common sense of the present day recruits that they have found a better way out of the difficulty. The magazines are to be fought with their own weapons. A stock company of spring poets and dialect story writers has been formed in Ohio, who are going to run a magazine and publish their own writings. No more will the scowl of the editor affright or the waste-paper basket yawn. For fifty paltry dollars one can become a member of this magazine company, and have a certainty of the pleasure of seeing one's self in print every issue. It is a regular bargain day, marked-down-below-cost price on happiness, and one that no ambitious and unappreciated author can afford to neglect. The royal road to

authorship has been found at last, and it will bloom with the flowers of poesy that else might be born to blush unseen, and be paved with cold slabs of weird dialect and uncanny spelling, but the literary tyro shall wander down it with a gay heart, contentedly twanging his lyre and absorbed in his own music, and fame itself can give little more than that.

* * * *

AND now we hear from England that Florence Marryatt is going to open a "School of Literary Art," where she intends to teach her pupils how to handle a theme and develop it into a plot; how to construct the plot and render the characters natural and consistent; how to compose and write short stories, serial stories and essays; how to construct a drama; and all the technique of reviewing, reporting and criticising. "I shall make it a point," says Miss Marryatt, "of ascertaining the capacity of each pupil, and the phase of literature for which he or she is best adapted." Young writers may be assisted by instruction in the practical details of preparing manuscript, but beyond that mechanical part of the course of tuition, there seems little that could be imparted to them. In literature each aspirant must work out his own salvation. As for the phase of letters that he would best pursue, no one can tell him that but himself: he fumbles around, blunders and fails often, until at last he finds the way. That is part of his education. At last he hammers out a style for himself—sometimes even without conscious knowledge of the rules of rhetoric: he practises them without knowing the theory thereof. Not that intellectual training is unnecessary to a writer, or that it ever acts as a check upon his originality, if he has any; for a really original mind cannot be subdued to a dull formality. One cannot imagine an author being anything but the better for the mental exercise and habit of concentration necessary in the acquirement of the higher education. But whether he possesses book-knowledge, or is devoid of it, the young writer must find his own way in literature. In one of Emily Dickinson's quaint verses she speaks of persons who go to heaven but once, whereas she is "going all along." So it is with the author; he does not attend a school of literature and pay for a few terms of instruction; he is "going all along," even when he is old and grey-headed. Life, whose school never closes, has always something new to teach him. For one who with ease makes use of the wisdom thus acquired, there are a hundred who "toil terribly" in utilizing it. If we turn to their own record of their work we find one of them saying, "I have beaten out my metal by brute force and patient repetition." And another set himself such tasks as would surely never be given to any school of literature: "I wrote novels for mere study; one to break myself into dialogue; another to practise description; a third to group my personages; and so on." Whether or not the young writers of the present day intend to follow toilsome methods, they cannot complain of want of attention. The several periodicals conducted in their interests keep them informed of the state of the literary market, and warn them against those sharpers of literature who would fain bunco the experienced scribe. With these periodical sand that handy manual, "One Thousand Places To Sell Manuscripts"—it might more appropriately be entitled "One Thousand Places to Offer Manuscripts—" it seems as though it must be the aspirants own fault if he does not "get on," especially if schools of literary art become established facts. If an increase in the number of writers proves anything, authorship must certainly be in a flourishing condition. "Only the great should tell their dreams," remarked someone recently; but then the great have multiplied at such an alarming rate during the past few years! And what is it they do not tell us?—not only their dreams, but their deeds—their past experience as well as their future aims. In fact, during this general unbosoming, the thought sometimes occurs whether anything will be left to disclose at that great day when all hidden things are to be revealed.

CURRENT COMMENT.

EDITORIAL.

VALEDICTORY.

With this issue, completing its third volume, MASSEY'S MAGAZINE will cease to exist as a separate journalistic enterprise, and the duty now devolves upon us to bid our readers farewell. The task is by no means a pleasant one. It would be impossible for a Magazine of this kind to continue in successful existence for the length of time that has elapsed since the appearance of our first number without the establishment of a deep bond of interest and sympathy between those directing the course of the Magazine and the two sections of the public with which the Magazine is concerned—the consumer and the producer of Canadian literature; and the severance of that bond must naturally, to ourselves at least, be a source of much regret.

It was the recognition of the need of a further medium of conveying to the reading public the best of the Canadian literary output that brought MASSEY'S MAGAZINE into being.

Its literature, more than all else, proclaims the depth of the life of a nation. By their literature or by the lack of it, can we determine to what degree of civilization the different peoples of the early ages attained, and the same test is applied to-day in allotting a people a place among the nations of culture and intellectual progress. It is useless for a nation to hope for recognition among these if it is entirely dependent upon other countries for its supply of literature, no matter of how high a quality; or if its own gifted writers have to seek in other countries a market for their literary products denied them in their own. Such a state of affairs is unpleasantly suggestive of a national poverty of creative ability, scarcity of expression of thought and many other intellectual ills. Yet that was the state of affairs that existed in Canada until within comparatively few years. We in Canada know that the reasons therefor were economic ones, and that the limited population in Canada offered too little inducement for ventures of our own, such demand as existed but adding to the opportunities of foreign publishers. The works of Canadian born and Canadian reared authors were published in the United States, in England and elsewhere, but not in Canada. Widely quoted articles upon political, scientific, social and every kind of topic from the pens of Canadians appeared in the leading magazines of both continents. We in Canada might take pride in our fellow-countrymen thus gaining distinction; but the success of those, whom Canada had from a literary standpoint expatriated, was not by the world at large credited to the nation, only to the individual.

To retain for Canada the credit of the best works of her best writers, to create in Canada a demand for Canadian literature at first hand, to foster the growth of Canadian literature, by paying for every contribution accepted on a scale commensurate with its merit as a literary production, according to our ability, not as an article of commerce, every increase in the supply of which was to cause corresponding decrease in the price; such has been our aim and such has been our policy from the day that the publication of MASSEY'S MAGAZINE was decided upon.

While a few of the larger newspapers throughout the country had in their weekly editions adopted some of the features of the Magazine, and brought literature into the realm of journalism, and one or two publications, notably *The Week* of Toronto, and perhaps we should mention the denominational religious periodicals, had done brave battle for Canadian literature, the only medium, prior to the appearance of MASSEY'S, for

the expansion of Canadian literature and the expression of higher Canadian thought in a strictly national sense was *The Canadian Magazine*. We do not think Canadian literature, Canadian readers, or Canada itself, has lost by our entrance on the field—until then the undisputed territory of *The Canadian Magazine*.

A glance at the long list of those who have contributed to our three volumes, will demonstrate that it will be well-nigh impossible to procure a more nationally representative aggregation of writers and artists. The work of these has gone forth among the people of Canada and among the people of other lands bearing, with it its own convincing tale of Canada's literary productiveness. The frequent references to, and quotations from MASSEY'S in the leading reviews and other journals in the States, in England, and wherever the English language is spoken, testify the recognition that we have been able to secure for Canadian literature and for Canadian art in other lands. We believe that this can be done still more successfully by a combination of our resources, of our facilities and experience, with those of the only other Magazine that has been similarly accepted at home and abroad as representative of the national literary life of Canada; and in announcing that in future *The Canadian* and *Massey's Magazines* will appear as one publication, we do so with the fullest assurance that the step that has been taken will enhance the interest of all concerned. As we have already suggested, the field in a new and sparsely populated and territorially extensive country like Canada is necessarily a limited one. We claim, and we think our claim will be admitted by all, that *The Canadian* and *Massey's Magazines* have demonstrated that it is possible to produce a magazine, the work of Canadian *littérateurs* and artists that will compare favorably with the magazines of any other country. If this has been done while the two journals were entirely independent, how much more can be accomplished when the field is left entirely to one—that one comprising all that is best in the two. Our subscribers may feel some regret at losing in part an old friend, but that they will gain by receiving the double magazine at the same price that they had paid for one, cannot be questioned, and we look forward for an even increased impetus to the growth in Canadian literature from the combination of the resources of *The Canadian* and *Massey's Magazines*.

THE LETTER OR THE SPIRIT. Being beyond the pale of the strictly doctrinal circle, we regard the recent arraignment of Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren) on a charge of heresy as one of those works of supererogation which do more to unsettle the faith of man than all the onslaughts of avowed atheism. Mere doctrine, or finer distinction of doctrine, is not the need of the day. For nearly a quarter of a century "higher criticism," armed with archæological, geological, and other scientific *data*, has been pricking here and poking there until it is doubtful if, so far as the Old Testament is concerned, there is a single evangelical Protestant sect, a majority of whose cultured members are at one on doctrine.

As long as it could, "higher criticism" hid its head within the four walls of theological seminaries and other haunts of professordom. The most publicity it allowed itself was an occasional encyclopedic treatise, which, in the nature of things, reached only the few. Earnest theological professors and devout divines were afraid to give to their flocks "the truths" they had learned in the privacy of the study. Some, in their sermons, ventured a few steps beyond the limits of old-time orthodoxy; and the keen, vigilant heresy hunter, the being to whom doctrine is the foundation—not the roof—of religion, was after them at once. The cat was out of the bag. The day of full publicity had arrived. Sensational heresy trials on both sides of the Atlantic, notably those of Professors Robertson-Smith and Briggs in Scotland and the States respectively, made the masses aware that the very authenticity of portions of the Bible was being questioned among those who were the most renowned champions of the Bible.

Agnosticism crowed loudly, of course, and weak men wavered, but what checked the former and strengthened the latter

was, that while controversy waged fiercely over whether Moses wrote or merely edited the Pentateuch; whether Isaiah was written in collaboration, or by a single author; whether the book of Daniel is historical record or parable, and other similar questions; not one jot or tittle did the controversialists yield of their faith and belief in the Bible as the word and teaching of God, and no less ardent than before was their advocacy of the cause of Christianity.

Surely the one great lesson to be learned from the "phenomenon" which puzzled alike the agnostic and the "average man" is, that doctrinal nicety is not a necessity of fullest faith, nor does its absence debar continuous practice of higher Christianity; yet it would appear that those least able to grasp this are among the appointed teachers of Christianity; and in the readiness with which one minister or more levels against another Christian minister the charge of heresy, which is tantamount to a charge of unfitness for his sacred office, is suggested the subordination of the preaching of Christian faith and Christian life to compliance with doctrinal dogma: the sacrificing of the spirit to the letter; the spirit being divine, the letter human; alike in its conception and in its application. Christendom is choked with dogma and theories. What it wants is more of the "Christ life"—of the life of more effort for others, of less devotion to self, of a wider recognition that the Christ law of the brotherhood of man is greater than the law of human organization, ecclesiastical or civil. If the heresy hunters would expend more of their apparently exhaustless energy in building more of the Christ life among mankind, Christ's cause and man's happiness would be further advanced than by these periodical exhibitions, if not of the hatred of divines, also, certainly not of Christian love and charity.

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THE DAY OF THE SILLY MAN. When thirty, forty, or more years hence the "life and letters of Rudyard Kipling" come to be written by some of that writer's ardent admirers, one of the funniest stories the compiler will have to tell will be how away back at the end of the "last century" Canada rose in its wrath, or at least one Canadian who thought he represented Canada, rose in Canada's Legislative Hall, and suggested Governmental, if not Imperial censure upon the uncrowned laureate of outer Britain for having committed the heinous offence of referring to Canada as, "Our Lady of the Snows."

We could stand that every-day pest, the regular newspaper correspondent, who signs himself "Vox Populi," "Pro Bono" or some other dictionary-end "classic;" we could stand this individual pouring forth in his own peculiarly silly manner on the "insult and injury" done to Canada by typifying Canada as "Our Lady of the Snows." The English people know the weakness of this specimen of the *genus homo*, and his vaporings are much the same whether he writes under bright Canadian suns or in the gloom of London fog. He is, apparently, a necessary but harmless adjunct of newspaperdom. Rightly or wrongly, however, considerable weight attaches to the utterances deliberately made "on the floor of the House," and that a Member of Parliament, whose ambition it has always seemed to us was more for literary distinction than for political prestige, should discern aught but the tribute of poetic genius combined with patriotism of the highest order in Rudyard Kipling's allegory passeth understanding.

Of course from a thoroughly practical standpoint we suppose, and in the opinion of the offended M. P. and a section of the press, Rudyard Kipling would have rendered more service to Canada had he worked into his verses a few references to the mining possibilities of British Columbia, the fertility of the prairies, the lactescence of our cows, the philoprogenitiveness of our pigs. What adds further to the absurdity of the attitude that has been taken in some quarters is, that it is only within the last few years that those controlling our journals and magazines have been able to grasp the idea that they were not doing Canada a service in always depicting her as a country whose winter sports, ice carnivals, and so forth, were second only to those of St. Petersburg. Vain boasts

came home to roost, and Canada through her press has boasted in the past of her snow and ice. It ill becomes a Canadian, certainly one of any pretence of culture, to take umbrage because one of the master versifiers of the age has chosen to refer to our country in the language we have used so freely ourselves. This is undoubtedly a practical and utilitarian age; but the powers forbid that we have reached that stage when we can see more beauty in the more or less fulsome paragraphs of the "professional ad. writer" than in the magnificent lines in which Kipling has sung of Canada.

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AUSTRALIA FALLING INTO LINE. The problem which our Fathers of Confederation settled for Canada just thirty years ago is now confronting the statesmen of the Australian colonies. The Australians have begun to feel the disadvantage of raising barriers between themselves, and a convention of the leading statesmen of all the colonies, except Queensland, has been held to devise ways and means whereby a federated Australia may become an accomplished fact. This, to our minds, is not the least important event in the record year of the record reign. The convention has adjourned to meet again when the Australian representatives return from participating in the jubilee festivities in England. The questions on which a decision will have to be reached are much the same as those the settlement of which gave us our own federation. The most important in our opinion are, the election or selection of the members of the second chamber and the powers to be vested in the second chamber, that is, if it shall have only "the limited checking powers" of the House of Lords, or equal powers with the first chamber. The striking object lesson in the recklessness and irresponsibility which can characterise the acts of a second chamber not elected, afforded by the senate in the States, has not been without effect in the Antipodes, and there is practically a unanimous feeling that if Australian Confederation becomes a fact, the second chamber must be no less responsible to the people than the first chamber, by whatever name it may be called.

THE STATES FALLING OUT OF LINE. It is but justice to the mass of the people in the United States to believe that could they have passed upon the Arbitration Treaty, that treaty would now be enrolled on the senate books of England and the States, proclaiming to the world that the great Anglo-Saxon race, whether in monarchal Britain or in republican America, regards the maintenance of peace as the highest achievement of statesmanship. But alas for peace and alas for Anglo-Saxon prestige! One section of the family has shown that even peace and patriotism are of less account than party. We do not, however, wish to imply that even if the Australian second chamber were not elected they could be guilty of such conduct as that which has brought the American senate into contempt—the repudiation of the Behring Sea award, rejection of the Arbitration Treaty. Did the second chamber in any British country so stultify the nation, the people in very shame would bring the existence of such chamber to a speedy end. But in monarchical Britain, proved it has been time and again there exists greater union between those who are governed and those who govern than the republican United States.

It is not insular prejudice or national bigotry which causes us to say that a higher order of individual citizenship and individual responsibility exists in the monarchical sections of Anglo-Saxondom than in the big republic. This is illustrated in a most marked manner by comparison between the class of men who seek to guide the destinies of the respective countries. Is there a man to-day, prominent in politics in the United States, who has obtained to even a moderate degree of distinction in any other walk of life. With a discrimination that doubtless Englishmen appreciate, the United States seem to reserve the brightest of its prominent men for the Court of St. James. McKinley's cabinet, like that of Cleveland's, is a gathering of politicians, and politicians only. In England the present Premier, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Morley, Mr. Balfour and many others, perhaps in lesser degree, rank among the leading literary

men of the day. Their appearance and continuance in the political arena with all its hurly burly, can but be attributed to a desire to serve their country, and they bring with them the fame acquired in other realms. When a high ecclesiastical dignitary from San Fransisco visited England three years ago he expressed the greatest surprise that members of the English nobility, men of wealth and the highest degree of culture, should undertake the onerous and thankless duties of public office. The road of national life must be deep and widespread to ensure a beautiful bloom of national life. This does not come in a day, and there is hope yet that the national life of the United States may be more than dollar deep; but at present commercial instinct on the one hand and partyism on the other are sadly warping American patriotism.

Kan Ripon

BOOK NOTICES.

Books and Culture. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The title of this delightful volume indicates subject matter of exhaustless interest, and the name of the author gives assurance of the profound thought, the original treatment, and the richly-suggestive phrase with which he rehabilitates world-known truths in novel and beautiful garb. Perhaps the greatest commendation of Mr. Mabie's work is to be found in the reader's half-defined consciousness of having known it all before, either in actual fact or in some state of preëxistence. So axiomatic are his truths, so tenable his premises, his thoughts appealing so directly to thoughts universal, that we feel ourselves part owner in the mine, although conceding that Mr. Mabie has surveyed the territory, sunk the shaft, known the skilled use of implements of labor, and is almost a necromancer in assaying.

In elucidating the relation of books to culture, the works of four great writers are used by way of illustration. Mr. Mabie says: "The man who would get the ripest culture from books ought to read many, but there are a few books which he must read; among them, first and foremost, are the Bible, and the works of Homer, Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe. These are the supreme books of life as distinguished from the books of knowledge and skill. They hold their places because they combine in the highest degree vitality, truth, power and beauty. They are the central reservoirs into which the rivulets of individual experience over a vast surface have been gathered; they are the most complete revelations of what life has brought and has been to the leading races; they bring us into contact with the heart and soul of humanity. They not only convey information, and rightly used, impart discipline, but they transmit life. There is a vitality in them which passes on into the nature which is open to receive it. They are not to be read once and put on the upper shelves of the library among those classics which establish one's claim to good intellectual standing, but which silently gather the dust of isolation and solitude; they are to be always at hand. Whoever knows them in a real sense knows life, humanity, art and himself." And so we learn the source of Mr. Mabie's power as a writer. He has drunk deep of these books of life and made their secrets his own. The desire to quote from the volume in hand is most compelling. Each page has its gem of thought polished in utterance of crystal clarity, its inspiring word which, if space allowed, the reviewer would so gladly share with the reader.

Weir of Hermiston. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A tragic story of the Scottish moorlands and regarded by the author as his best work. In a letter written before his death, he says: "The story unfolds itself before me to the least detail . . . . I never felt so in anything I ever wrote before. It will be my best work." He did not live to finish it. The story breaks off abruptly just at its highest tension and remains "a splendid tragic fragment." People who like to have the personages to whom they are introduced in fiction authenticated as portraits of actual men and women will probably take much satisfaction in the assurance that the elder Weir is avowedly suggested by the historic personality of Robert Macqueen, Lord Braxfield, otherwise known as the Hanging Judge, and that a number of the other characters had their living prototypes among the author's acquaintances. Mr. Calvin, who, as Stevenson's literary executor, appends to this edition an editorial note, says that he prefers that the mind be left to its own conjectures as to the sequel, with such help as the text itself affords. But for the benefit of those who do not take this view of the case, which, after all, is not very practical, he appends the plot of what remained to be written, as outlined by Stevenson to his amanuensis, Mrs. Strong. Weir of Hermiston is laid out upon broader lines than is usual with Stevenson. There is indicated a more careful analysis of character and a deeper inquiry into springs of human action than he was wont to bestow, and there is no lessening of the grace of diction and felicity of phrase which he has made preëminently his own.

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Overland to Cariboo. By Margaret McNaughton. Toronto: William Briggs.

The book enjoys distinct advantage in finding publication when general attention is directed towards its own objective point, the gold-fields of British Columbia. It is not only a graphic account of hazardous enterprises successfully accomplished, but also purposes to show the resources of a region whose vast territory and practically limitless possibilities are even yet hardly appreciated by people at home or abroad. The account of the journey is largely derived from a journal kept by one of the handful of men who crossed the plains of British North America (known then as the Hudson Bay Territory) in 1862. Mrs. McNaughton is the wife of one of these pioneers, and her simple, graceful diction is a fitting vehicle for the picturesque incidents and thrilling adventures with which the book is replete.

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Poems and Ballads. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

There are soils that impart to the fruit grown upon them a flavor found in none other—hillside vineyards whose grapes yield a wine of inimitable fire and sparkle—valleys where the smokers' weed of delight grows in unequalled perfection. So in these poems there is something special and unique, something springing from the nature of the man and defying imitation. It is here rather than in his prose that we find the whole man revealed, that we see registered the deeper convictions as well as the passing moods and fancies of a rare and eager spirit, full of courage, in love with life, yet not afraid of death. From the exquisite pipings of fancy in the "Child's Garden of Verse" to the deeply echoing strains in "Underwood" is a wide range, yet all the notes are fresh and true. The cheerful, manly tone of the book adds to its value; there is not a whimper in all its pages. The writer had enough to complain of, in truth; but he did not practise the art of whining millifluously. His was one of those brave, bright spirits sometimes pent in a frail and suffering body; and his firm acceptance of the inevitabilities of life and death is best expressed in the oft-quoted "Requiem." Nor did he merely endure—he enjoyed; taking "pleasure in all that comes:" the "silver-skimming rain," the "fairy wheel and thread of cob-web," the "inviolate, green, rustic rivers," the "evening's amethyst," the "unmoored cloud galleons," and the autumnal frosts that "enchant the pool"

and the cart-ruts into beauty. Mr. Stevenson has two distinct claims upon the treasury of Fame, and should posterity, outgrowing the taste which has welcomed his tales with such avidity, refuse to honor the draft of the story-teller, it can hardly deny him the meed due the singer.

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The Tale of Balen. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A rhymed version of a story by Sir Thomas Mallory, in which Mr. Swinburne's lofty muse makes a companion piece to "The Idylls of the King." The story follows the history of two knightly brothers, Balen and Balan, and the crude texture of the old tale of wars and fighting is interwoven with the poet's usual splendor in imagery and verse. The book is delightsome at any season, but will be read with special pleasure "While April suns grow strong." The poem opens with the coming of Balen to Camelot in the riotous beauty of springtide, when

"The world is sweet in sound and sight,
Glad thoughts and birds take flower and flight,
The heather kindles toward the light,
The whin is frankincense and flame.
And be it for strife, or be it for love,
The falcon quickens as the dove,
When earth is touched from heaven above
With joy that knows no name."

From this felicitous opening, the romance runs smoothly on to the last fateful contest between the two brothers. Never does the reader's interest falter, and always the wonder grows at the charm and beauty and finish of the verse.

Without Sin. By Martin J. Pritchard. Chicago: Hubert S. Stone & Co.

The book is not without interest, being cleverly written; but serves no purpose, either ethical or artistic.

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An Introduction to the Study of American Literature. By Brander Matthews. New York: American Book Co.

While scanning the pages of this most interesting volume one grows quite envious of young readers who are to gather therefrom their first impressions of American literature. It is designed for use in schools and colleges, and while meeting all the requirements of a textbook, affords delightful reading to those who feel they have yet much to learn about a subject of perennial interest. Mr. Matthews' method is original and comprehensive, is suggestive rather than exhaustive. The book is primarily devoted to biographies of the fifteen best known and most representative American writers, and there are four general chapters which treat of other prominent authors, and which consider the past and present conditions of American literature as a whole. Each biography closes with reading references and suggestive questions for school use, and at the end of the book is a complete chronology of the best literature from the colonial period down to the year just past. The intrinsic merit of the book, the strength and ability of the writer, should be known at first hand and are not to be intimated in a paragraph.

13
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