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THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF

Politics, Science, Art and Literature.

EDITED BY J. GORDON MOWAT.

VOL. IV.

NOVEMBER, 1894, TO APRIL, 1895, INCLUSIVE.)

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1895.

Announcement.

(From Vol. 1, No. 1.)

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE needs no apology for appearing. The necessity, or, at least, the great desirability of Canada possessing a medium through which, in fuller measure than has hitherto been practicable, our leading statesmen and thinkers may, with the comprehensiveness of *Review* articles, present to the public throughout the Dominion their views on questions of public interest, and the facts and arguments on which these views are based, has been recognized by many, and has been an important consideration with the founders of this MAGAZINE. The MAGAZINE is, therefore, intended to fill, in some measure, for Canada, the purpose served in Great Britain and the United States by the great *Reviews* of these countries. Timely articles on political and other public questions of interest to the Canadian people will appear every month from the pens of leading statesmen and writers of various shades of political opinion. While the pages of the MAGAZINE will be open to the expression of a wide diversity of opinions, and opinions with which the MAGAZINE does not agree, the policy will be steadily pursued of cultivating Canadian patriotism and Canadian interests, and of endeavoring to aid in the consolidation of the Dominion on a basis of national self-respect and a mutual regard for the rights of the great elements which make up the population of Canada. In this endeavor we are happy to announce, we have the co-operation, as contributors, of many of the leading public men and writers of both political parties.

A series of articles descriptive of various portions of the Dominion, and dealing with their scenery, industries and resources, will appear during the current year from the pens of travellers and well-known and graceful writers.

Social and scientific subjects of popular interest will be discussed in a popular vein from month to month by eminent specialists of our own and other countries.

Fiction, chiefly in the form of short stories touching Canadian life, will receive, with other contributions, to light and wholesome entertainment, a considerable amount of attention. In short, the MAGAZINE will embrace a wide range of subjects, and appeal to a wide variety of individual tastes.

The staff of contributors includes many well-known Canadian and foreign writers, and is always ready to include, also, worthy aspirants to literary honors, whose names are yet unknown to the public. In thus endeavoring to stimulate Canadian thought, and to aid in opening mines of literary worth that are yet undeveloped, THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE trusts to have the sympathy and practical encouragement of patriotic Canadians.

To those who recognize how much Canada has hitherto been dependent for magazine literature on foreign countries, and how unfavorable such dependence is to the growth of healthy national sentiment in our homes, our appeal, we believe, will not be in vain. And with the very large increase during the past decade in the number of graduates of our colleges and high schools, and the marked development in late years of a general taste for magazine literature, and the growing feeling of respect for ourselves as a nation, we think that our effort to permanently establish a magazine and national review, broadly Canadian in tone and feeling, will meet with a large and generous support in every part of the Dominion.

The Canadian Magazine.

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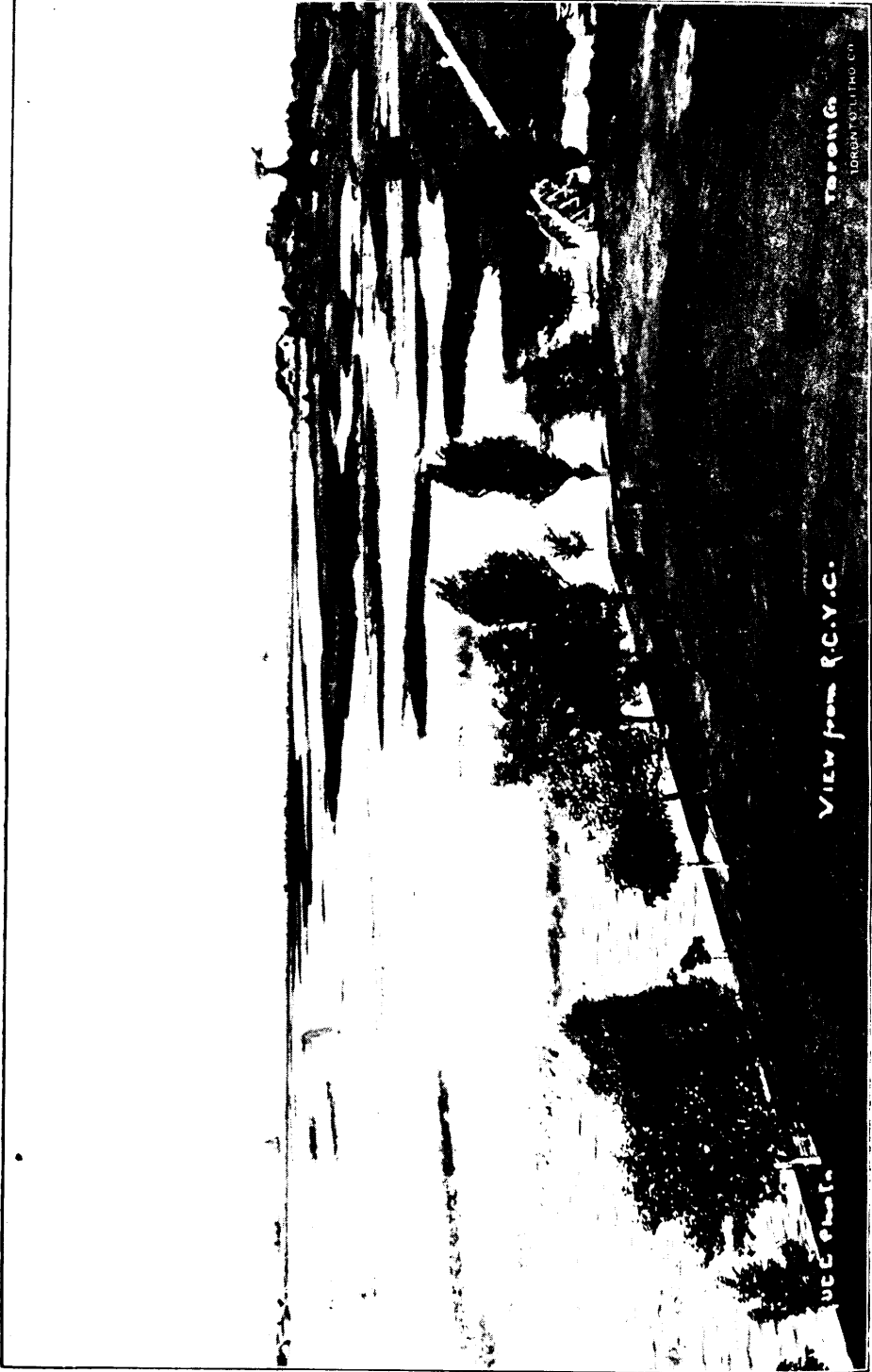
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VIEW FROM R.C.Y.C.

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A LONE BIT OF TORONTO ISLAND

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

NOVEMBER, 1894.

No. 1.

ONTARIO'S BIG GAME.

BY JAMES DICKSON, O.L.S.

A PAPER in a recent number of *The Century Magazine*, by Mr. Madison Grant, has suggested the thought of how little is known, and how little has been written, about the game in the Province of Ontario. It is not improbable that there is no other region where game is so abundant near the habitations of civilization; yet, very little is known about the haunts and habits of our wild animals, except by the trapper and hunter.

With the exception of the able, and, as a book of reference, valuable report of the Fish and Game Commission, recently published by the Ontario Government, there has been scarcely an effort made by any writer to draw the attention of the public to the fact, that as a field for the sportsman, the Province of Ontario stands second to no province or state on this continent.

It is to be regretted that amongst the numerous newspaper correspondents and others of literary ability, who spend a considerable portion of every summer rustivating amidst the beauties of our northern wilds, scarce one seems to know anything at all about the vast hordes of the lordly moose, the caribou, and, although much smaller, the still more graceful red deer, which roam through our backwoods.

It is the opinion of most people that game is not now as plentiful in Ontario as it was in the early days of the century. This opinion is correct so far as it applies to the settled parts of the province. But probably the moose, the caribou and the red deer, and, with the exception of the beaver, the fur-bearing animals generally, were never more numerous in the backwoods of the province than they now are. We must not overlook the fact that a century ago they formed the staple food of the Indian tribes which peopled nearly the whole of our wilds. But this cause of the destruction of the game is now, in many parts, entirely removed.

Some persons blame the Indians for the almost total extinction of the beaver during the last few years. But this is entirely erroneous. The full-blooded aborigine, although noted for his improvidence, is not ignorant of the consequences of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs, and was ever careful, while he had the hunting-ground to himself, not to destroy in one season more than half the beaver in any pond or lake.

So, also, with the moose and deer; there was no slaughtering for the skins alone, leaving the carcasses to rot in the woods and taint the atmosphere, or to be used as bait for bears and

wolves. But with the advent of the more provident, more enlightened and intelligent pale face, a sudden change took place. The white hunter seemed imbued with the idea that what he failed to take in one season might fall into the hands of some one else—the next, and that rather than let another share in the annual harvest, it were better to do wanton destruction of the game. And the Indian, as a matter of course, seeing the reaping-hook of another at work in his harvest-field, and ever ready to imitate his white brother in evil, imitated him in this work, with the consequence that, where less than twenty years ago, scarce a creek was to be met with without its beaver dam, pond, and one or more families of beaver, one may now travel for days without falling in with a single fresh sign of that most valuable and interesting animal.

Our Government acted wisely a few years ago when they enacted a law prohibiting the killing of the beaver for a term of years. If that act is strictly enforced, our backwoods will be almost as quickly re-stocked with it, as they were depleted. For the beaver is one of the most prolific of creatures, and has few enemies which prey upon it. Here is an illustration of how quickly beavers increase in numbers, if left to themselves :

A Hudson's Bay post was located near a small pond, in which there were two beavers, a male and female. For four years in succession the officer in charge of the post caught four young ones, and in the fifth year three,—nineteen in all, and yet the old couple had eluded his vigilance, and were still alive and free. They had intelligence enough to keep out of danger themselves, but lacked the ability to impart their knowledge to their young. Had none of them been taken, the natural increase of that one couple would, at the end of five years, have amounted to nearly fifty individuals.

It was only after the most thorough and careful enquiry that the legisla-

ture passed the Fish and Game law of 1892. And, no doubt, some weighty reasons must have been impressed upon them before they enacted the clause allowing trapping, up till the 1st of April. That section should certainly be amended. All the fur-bearing animals bring forth their young between the middle of April and the middle of May, and to kill a female for at least two months before that date, simply means the wanton destruction of from two to six kittens in each case. This clause seems to be almost universally condemned by trappers and all acquainted with the habits of the animals. The only reason I have ever heard urged in its favor is, that the fur of the muskrat is then at its best, and the animal is full-grown. But even if such be the case, the taking of the old females at that time, will more than counterbalance the enhanced value of the fur, which, at best, never exceeds 25 cents per skin. It is an admitted fact that the fur of the mink is at its best during the coldest winter months, and begins to fade as soon as the mild weather of spring sets in : and it is also admitted that the fur of a mink taken before it has begun to fade on the live animal, will last longer, before showing signs of changing color, than that of one taken later on in the season. If that section were remodelled, and the 1st of February substituted for the 1st of April, it would undoubtedly lead to a vast increase both in the number and quality of these animals annually taken.

The taking of the fisher is also prohibited for a term of years. The exemption of this animal was undoubtedly a mistake. Although yielding a valuable fur, it is a question whether or not the number of other fur-bearing animals annually destroyed by him, does not much more than make up for the saving effected by the preservation of his own skin. It might not be out of place to change his name altogether, and, instead of fisher, call him the pirate of the woods, for all is

fish for his net. Every animal he is strong enough to master, and can in any way lay hold of, he considers his lawful prey. And it is of daily occurrence, in sections of country frequented by him, for trappers, when going their rounds, to find they have been forestalled by the fisher, and the game eaten out of their traps and dead-falls.

The ominous title of Mr. Grant's paper, "The Vanishing Moose," is suggestive, and would lead to the belief that the animal is nearly extinct. This may hold good south of the St. Lawrence, but it does not apply, nor will it, I trust, to Ontario, for many decades yet.

Mr. Grant says: "Their extreme eastern limit, north of our southern border, is the Lake of the Woods and Dog Lake, in Manitoba, around which they are still numerous," and further on, "that a few may still be found in the once famous Muskoka deer country," but that "the best place to get one now is on the east side of the Ottawa River, above Mattawa."

Mr. Grant's paper, I make no doubt, is perfectly accurate, in so far as regards what we might call the geography of the moose to the south of us, but when he comes to deal with the moose in Ontario, he shows himself to have been wrongly informed, for at no period of our own known history were the moose so plentiful as now, in the Muskoka, Nipissing and Rainy River districts, and the unsettled parts of the Huron and Ottawa Territory.

It would seem as if our larger game had been in the habit of suddenly forsaking certain sections of country altogether, for a term of years, and then as suddenly returning to their former haunts, for in nearly all parts of Ontario the decayed antlers and bones of both moose and elk are frequently found. But it is only within the last few years that moose were to be met with west of the Ottawa River, south of the Mattawa, French River and

Lake Nipissing. No elk seem as yet to have returned to any part of that district.

Six years ago I met, at the head of Lake Temiscaming, an old Indian, who was then seventy-four years of age, but has since passed over to the happy hunting-ground. He had been born and had spent nearly all his life in that locality. He said, in his own quaint, broken English: "Long ago, plenty deer, plenty beaver, plenty bear, plenty wolf; no caribou, no moose. Now, no deer, no wolf a few beaver, some bears, a few caribou, p-l-e-n-t-y moose."

It may sound somewhat paradoxical, but is none the less true, that different families of the same species of animals, as well as distinct species, like man, seem to prefer having certain districts entirely to themselves, notwithstanding the fact that, both as regards food and climate, the country may be equally well adapted for all of them. Thus, while the otter, beaver, and nearly all the smaller fur-bearing animals are found all over the Dominion, of the different varieties of the bear family the only one found in Ontario is the common black bear, and the white polar bear, along the coasts of Hudson's Bay. And while the black bear roams all over, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, neither the brown bear or grizzly ever appears east of the prairie region of the west. And while there is abundant evidence that our woods were liberally stocked with both moose and elk at no very remote period in our history, I am not aware of any trace of the caribou ever having been found east of the Algoma District. Then, too, while the moose have returned in such vast hordes to their former haunts, the elk has failed to put in an appearance. It is a question if there are any at all in the province at present. They seem destined to be the next animals to follow the fate of the buffalo. This peculiarity of the four-footed animals belongs also to some birds. The common partridge

is found all over the Dominion, but the prairie chicken has never appeared in eastern Ontario. They are fully as abundant as the partridge, all through the southern parts of the next district between the Manitoba boundary and the Nipigon river, but east of that stream they gradually become more scarce; at White River, they disappear altogether.

There is an unwritten law amongst hunters and trappers, by which, although no one has any legal right to a given district, each one has his own hunting grounds, which are never trespassed upon by any other one. In travelling through our northern and western wilds, and observing the signs of the different varieties of deer and other animals, one is sometimes tempted to think that wild animals have also a law amongst themselves, by which one variety will be barred from trespassing upon the preserves of another.

Take a map of the province; start out from the mouth of the White Fish River. Go northerly across Lake Penache, to where the Soo branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway crosses the Vermilion, then go west to "Big Bend," on the Spanish River; follow that stream to the Township of Cray; thence strike north-easterly by a point about twenty miles north of Wahnapitae Lake, then take a more northerly course by the head waters of the Blanche River, to the interprovincial boundary line, and we shall follow very nearly, the southern and eastern boundaries of the caribou country. Along this line there seems to be a belt of country, or feeding-ground, common to all, beyond which, although a single individual or family may be occasionally met with, the caribou never seems to penetrate.

A striking illustration of this was observed by me, a few years ago, in the township of Totten. It was in the month of November; the snow was literally all tracked over by moose, caribou and deer, in about

equal numbers. I saw a herd of eight caribou. They stood gazing at me as if questioning my right to intrude into their haunts, and showed no disposition to leave until I was within ten rods of them, then I stood still, looked long enough to satisfy my curiosity, and then clapped my hands and shouted.

It is not necessary to see the animals themselves, in order to determine their presence. The print of the hoof is sufficient to the backwoodsman. The beautifully moulded and dainty little foot of the red deer is familiar to everybody. That of the moose is its exact counterpart in shape, but is very much larger, while the foot of the caribou, both in size and shape, is like that of the domestic cow, with the addition that, in the track, the print of the deer claw is always seen also.

Another peculiarity of the foot is this, that while neither moose nor red deer can make any headway on clear, smooth ice, the outer edge of the hoof of the caribou is so sharp that it can trot as easily on ice as can a sharpshod horse, and will strike out boldly and freely across the most slippery field, small shivers of ice flying off with every stroke of the hoof.

Another feature of the caribou is, that while the females of the moose and deer have no antlers, with the caribou they are common to both sexes, while the moulies, or those having no antlers, are of common occurrence. The skin of the caribou makes finer leather than that of any member of the deer family, and snowshoes made of that material are excelled by none, except, perhaps, those made from the skin of the beaver, which is a rather costly material for common use.

Some writers assert that the construction of railroads will have a tendency to banish moose more quickly than almost anything else. This is an entirely erroneous idea. During last winter I saw several moose yards so close to the line of the C. P. R. that the whistle of the locomotive and noise of

passing trains could be heard at almost every hour of the day and night, and I found one yard within less than two miles of where a lumber company's log train, a large gang of men and numerous teams of horses were at work every day, yet the moose had the whole country up to the Arctic Ocean to retire to.

It may be a question whether, if the moose had not migrated to the south side of the Mattawa and Ottawa Rivers, before the construction of the C. P. R., they would ever have done so. But, from the fact that they now seem to regard the proximity of a railroad with so much indifference, it is reasonable to infer that it would have had as little effect on their coming and going as it does now.

It is scarcely twenty years since they were to be found south of the Mattawa River. In 1879, while engaged on a survey at the head of the Amable-du-Fond River, I had in my employ a half-breed Indian, who had lived in the vicinity all his life, and he informed me that it was not till four years previously (in 1875), that moose were to be found on the stream. He said, that one morning in the fall of that year, he had gone out to start the dogs on a deer hunt, and saw a strange track, which the dogs started on. In a few minutes he heard them barking on the opposite side of a hill, and, following them up, found a large, strange animal, such as he had never seen before, standing at bay, making a rush for the dogs and striking at them with his front feet whenever they ventured near. He shot it, and afterwards learned that it was a moose. So quickly did the moose spread, that at the time I was there they were as numerous as red deer had ever been, and had penetrated as far south as the northern townships of the Haliburton district.

They are now found in vast numbers throughout the district west of the Ottawa and north of the Mattawa rivers, and are particularly abundant

around the head waters of the Queko, and Sturgeon rivers and Tamagamingue and Wahnapiet lakes. That they are so numerous in that district is no doubt owing largely to the numerous lakes and large creeks in that locality. So fond are they of water, that they might almost be classed amongst amphibious animals; they are rarely met with at any great distance from some lake or stream. While in season, the water lily seems to be their favorite food, and, in their haunts, where that plant abounds, they are almost sure to be met with at almost any hour of day or night, in any sluggish stream or lake. The young take to the water like ducks, and many are shot by the hunter stealing around in his canoe while they are immersed up to the neck enjoying the luxury of a cooling bath, or feeding on the roots of the water lily.

So well stocked is the unsettled part of the Huron and Ottawa territory with the moose, that a half day's travel from any point on the border of the settlements, will take one into their haunts. Here, also, red deer are found in greater numbers than, perhaps, in any other part of the province. The moose, like all other varieties of large game, do not penetrate into the settlement to the same extent as do the smaller. Hence, they are not so frequently seen as red deer, which are generally more numerous in the neighborhood of settlements than anywhere else. This is, no doubt, to be accounted for by the fact that they are less liable to the attack of wolves than further back.

Fenimore Cooper makes one of his Indian heroes to say: "Fear is a bad thing; it makes the deer jump into the river, when it would be safer in the thicket." This is often true of the deer when he comes too near the settlement, for in fleeing from his natural enemy, the wolf, it happens that he is running into the open jaws of a scarcely less relentless foe. No doubt

large numbers annually are destroyed by wolves, but not nearly so many as formerly, for wolves are much less numerous now than they were twenty years ago. And if some of our frontier settlers would keep in their cur dogs, destroy the useless, half-starved hounds which are allowed to roam at will, and abstain from shooting any during the close season, it would at least make up for the number annually slain by wolves.

A clause in the game law makes it permissible for Indians, and also settlers in unorganized territories, to kill game for their own use. This provision of the act is utilized to the utmost. I learned of one case, recently, where a white man boasted of having killed twelve moose in one short season. At the modest estimate of 500 lbs. of beef to each carcass, this would represent 6,000 lbs., or thirty barrels of beef to one family in one season—a very liberal supply.

Indians are also killing them by the dozen, drawing the meat into the settlements and selling it, not only to parties in ignorance of the law, but to those who ought to and do know better, and whose duty it is to see to its proper enforcement. Until either some salutary lessons are taught, or a healthier feeling prevails in the parts adjacent to the moose country, our legislators will legislate in vain.

In one section, a few years ago, within a radius of ten miles, there were seventy moose killed by white men between Christmas and the month of March, and that same spring a party counted the carcasses of sixty, and then gave up the count. These moose were killed, for their skins alone, around the head waters of the Madawaska River. It is a common occurrence to shoot them down during the time of crust, take off the hide, and leave the meat to bait bear traps with. It pays to kill them for the skin alone, for an average sized skin will make from eighteen to twenty pairs of moccasins, which command a ready sale

at from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per pair. With such wanton destruction, the wonder is, not that they are scarce, but that there are any left. The same practice was carried on only a few years ago with the red deer, and if the dogs drove a fawn into the water, it was knocked on the head and left skin and all to feed the fishes. The men who indulge most in this pastime are the very parties who make the loudest cry for an increase in the amount of bounty for wolf scalps.

The Ontario moose can scarcely be termed gregarious. In summer, seldom more than two or three are seen together; but, during the deep snows of winter, they associate in yards of from four to one dozen. The yards are generally in a grove of balsam or some other evergreen, either in or adjacent to a hardwood ridge, where their food is most abundant.

Some writers assert that they subsist partly on the bark of trees. I do not think this is the case in Ontario. Their food seems to consist entirely of the smallest sprouts of the poplar, maple, birch, mountain ash, and the water lily in its season, with the addition of ground hemlock in winter. They do not seem ever to touch the latter plant in summer, and they seldom eat grass. Another fallacy is that they eat moosewood, or what is commonly called leatherwood. I have not met a single instance of that plant being cropped by either the moose or any other animal.

The most convincing proof we have that the moose is what his name implies—a "Wood-Eater," from the Indian word, "Moosoa," is, that no matter how abundantly a tame specimen may be supplied with any other food, he never has the same glossy, fat, healthy appearance of those found in their native wilds; and when one is domesticated, if its owner wishes it to thrive well and be in good condition, he must keep it abundantly supplied with its natural food. The moose is also ravenously fond of the potato,

and it is the only domestic plant which seems to agree with it.

When travelling through a moose country, even when the snow is at its greatest depth, one is sometimes tempted to think that a certain amount of social intercourse is kept up amongst these animals, for a single individual is often met, or a single track seen, wending its way from one yard to another, as if the animal were making a friendly call. This is the case, although the yards may be miles apart.

Moose do not lose flesh in winter as much as red deer, their immense strength and their length of limb enabling them to make their way with care through the deepest snow, until the spring crust sets in, and even then they can move around more easily after their natural food than the smaller deer, which is forced to subsist on the inferior food found amidst the depths of the cedar swamps.

So much has been said and written about the size and weight of the moose that it is scarcely worth while entering upon a discussion of that in this paper.

I have seen a good many, and their height would at least average that of the tallest horse. And I have met some that looked like small elephants. But from the tracks made by these, and the footprints of others I have looked upon, I am convinced that I have never yet seen a large moose. It is nothing uncommon to meet with tracks larger, and that make a deeper impression in the ground, than those of the largest ox.

The time they shed their antlers is probably within two weeks, either way, from the first of January, although some retain them until a much later period. On the 6th of February, one of my party met a bull with horns, and a yard of nine was seen the following day, none of which had any.

A good deal has also been written about the size and weight of the antlers. Mr. Grant makes mention of a pair in Muskoka which weighed

eighty-four pounds. I have in my possession a single antler, which I picked up some years ago on the head waters of the Petewawa River, the spring after it had been shed. The palmated part is three feet long by one foot wide, about one inch thick, and has sixteen short prongs along one side, and when found it weighed only seventeen pounds. Early in August, some eight years ago, an Indian in my employ killed a large bull in Black Creek, a tributary of the Opeongo Lake. Its antlers were in the velvet, and though the tips of the prongs were soft, seemed about full grown. They measured three feet ten inches from tip to tip, and had it not been for a sharp bend in one of them, the effect, evidently, of an accident, they would have measured at least a foot more. The velvet coat on a moose's horn is thick and heavy, and gorged, as well as the horn itself, with blood; so that they were a good deal heavier than they would have been a few months later, when fully ripe; and I do not think the whole head as taken off the animal, would much, if any, exceed in weight 100 lbs. I have met with few specimens much larger than those, and think their great weight is somewhat overdrawn by most writers on the subject.

It is frequently remarked that moose and deer antlers are seldom found in the woods, and a good deal of speculation is indulged in as to the probable reason. Some writers gravely assert that the animals bury them as soon as shed. Such is certainly not the case. They are found in large numbers in the haunts of the animals, but it is a rare occurrence to find one, after it has lain a year, that has not been more or less gnawed by some animal. This is done mostly by porcupines, squirrels and mice, during the first and second seasons after the antlers are shed, and before the animal oil that they contain has been dried out.

That they are not seen in greater

quantities is undoubtedly due to the fact that what in the animal, as well as the vegetable world, most quickly attains maturity, the soonest decays. Hence, the antlers of moose and deer, which are full-grown in five months after the time they begin to sprout out of the animal's head, decay and rot much more quickly than the horns of domestic cattle.

In color, the moose is a dark brown, perhaps a shade or two darker than the deer when in his winter coat. Some moose are not unfrequently met that are even nearly black, while the legs of others are of a yellowish white color. The latter are called by hunters, "white stockings." The last I saw, a cow, had white legs, with the color extending well up into the body. That their color is so nearly like that of the sombre woods, may account for their being so seldom seen, for, unless a person is well-skilled in woodcraft, he may travel for days and be almost constantly crossing fresh signs without sighting a single moose.

The flesh of the moose, both for its nourishing qualities and the delicacy of its flavor, is second to that of no other animal, either wild or domestic; and when eating it, one feels inclined to hold the same view as the Englishman, who declared it to be nothing less than extravagance to eat bread with good beef.

So much has been said and written about the shyness of the moose, and its keenness of scent and hearing, that one is led to believe it is only the most experienced and skilful hunter that can outwit the animal, and get within shot at all, and that even the smell of a camp fire is sufficient to drive it from any locality. However far this may hold good in other districts it certainly does not apply to our Ontario moose. It would be well if the moose were somewhat more shy; they would not be slaughtered in such numbers.

I have on several occasions heard one walk leisurely up near my camp, after the party had retired for the

night, stand for a few minutes, as if taking in the scene, and then walk as leisurely away; and I have found the track, by actual measurement, within less than one hundred and fifty feet from the camp fire.

Recently, one of my men saw a bull and cow lying down, and walked up to within three rods from them before he was observed by either, and even then they were in no great hurry to make off. The following day, I walked to within thirty feet of another, and began lopping the branches off a small cedar which stood in my way, before she even got up out of her lair; and then, after taking a good look at the intruder, she started off at a slow, swinging trot, along my back tracks. They are at most, not wilder than deer, and being so much larger, are more readily seen, and, as a natural consequence, more easily stalked. On one occasion, had I been armed with a repeating rifle, and in a killing mood, I could, without leaving my track, have brought down three bulls, each with a magnificent set of antlers, at less than fifty yards.

Some years ago, in the township of French, I found the heads of two bulls and a cow, which had been killed the preceding day; and shortly after I came on the camp of the hunters. They said they had shot two standing near each other, and were dressing the carcasses, when they heard a third one approaching; they seized their rifles and brought him down at less than one hundred yards from where they were at work. Similar instances could be multiplied indefinitely.

The bull moose, unless wounded, is not a dangerous animal, but then, if much hurt, it is well to give him a wide berth. The cow, also, is not to be approached with impunity when her calves are young, and it will be well, if one wishes to secure one of the young ones, to pursue the same tactics as he would with a she bear in like circumstances, and attend to the dam before venturing on any undue famil-

ilarity with the younger members of the family.

The moose will not run from dogs, a fact well-known to hunters, and while their attention is taken up by the hounds, they are easily approached and shot. It has been said that they can be easily approached and killed with an axe in the crust season, but the hunter, even were he the most expert of snowshoers, who would venture within striking distance of a full-grown Ontario moose, would be not only courageous, but very foolish. It takes no gentle tap to bring one down, and it must be delivered on the right spot. Mr. Moose would instantly throw himself back on his haunches, and face every point of the compass as quickly as his assailant. It might not be out of place to say, "he is mighty handy with his fists." There are no feints; he never misses, and strikes to hurt every time. The strange gleam of that wicked eye would convince the most skeptical that he means business. Should the hunter attempt to get close enough to strike, like a flash he would rear up, raise those powerful feet above his head, launch himself forward and come down with the whole weight of his immense bulk, added to the force of the blow. "One buffet and no more," from that sharp hoof, and "good-night to Marmion!"

So well aware are the Indians of the danger of approaching too near a moose when brought to bay, that when they encounter one under such circumstances, and have not got fire arms, they fasten their hunting-knife to a long pole, and spear him in the first vital part which presents itself.

Wolves very seldom attack either caribou or moose, so that man may be said to be their only enemy.

Between fifty and seventy-five per cent. of the females bring forth two at a birth. These remain with the dam till the following spring, when the next addition to the family comes. The young cow has her first baby moose when two years old: so that if

the moose are reasonably well protected their numbers must rapidly increase. And from the vast extent of densely wooded territory we have in the north, which is not likely to be cleared up, thus affording them abundance of shelter, there would be little danger of their ever becoming very much reduced in numbers, or becoming extinct, as was the fate of the buffalo, which had no sheltering woods to flee to when driven from the treeless plains of the north-west.

By setting apart the Algonquin Park, our government has taken the very best course that could possibly have been devised for the preservation of our game. No scheme ever conceived by any government in any part of the Dominion has met with such general approval. All shades of politicians seemed to unite for once in its favor. The only fear seemed to be that there would not be a sufficiently large tract of territory set apart to make it a success.

The reserve, which embraces an area of 1,450 square miles, is surrounded on all sides by a settled country, thus rendering it extremely unlikely that the game will ever migrate out of it. For in order to do so they will require to pass through a wide belt of settlement, in whichever direction they may go.

It is nearly all covered with a dense growth of timber. Even those parts which have been denuded of timber by the axe of the lumberman, or the ravages of fire, are being rapidly covered by a thick second growth, and it is in those parts that both moose and deer are found in the greatest number during the summer months. For here, their food, the tender shoots of young trees, is most abundant, while they retire into the older timber during the winter season.

Go where one will, he meets with tracks of both moose and deer, for it seems to be a favorite home for both. Wolves are also numerous, but the large bounty (\$10) which is now paid

for each scalp, will, no doubt, have a tendency to soon reduce their number.

Bears are also numerous, but, as they prey on no other wild animal, and there are no farmer's crops or piggeries to ravish, and they yield a rich fur, it might be worthy of consideration, whether it might not be well to extend to Mr. Bruin some measure of protection also, now that that great store-house for robes, the buffalo, is gone. It was, also, a few years ago, the chief hunting-ground for beaver, but the merciless slaughter of that animal by the ruthless trapper has sadly thinned their numbers. They are still, however, sufficiently numerous to restore it in a few years, if not interfered with. All other varieties of furbearing animals peculiar to Canada, find a home here also.

As the wild animals increase in numbers, they will undoubtedly spread out into the more sparsely settled parts of the surrounding country, and

in a few years game of all kinds will be found in greater abundance than for years past.

Here is a splendid opportunity for trying the experiment of re-stocking the province with the lordly elk. A few might be imported from the west and let loose in the woods. There is no reason to suppose the effort would not prove a success, as this section was at no remote date one of their favorite haunts.

A few pairs of caribou could also be got at a trifling outlay, and also prairie chickens, with the view of having them domesticated in the eastern sections of the province.

If the present game law is only reasonably well enforced, and poachers kept out of the Algonquin Park, many generations of our descendants will come and depart before any writer will think it necessary to head a paper on the Game of Ontario with the ominous title, "The Vanishing Moose."



THE BLESSED HOURS.

Twilight steals, with soft embrace,
 The lingering light of parting day,
 And wraps it in her mantle gray.
 Silence, with fingers all unseen,
 Has padlocked Nature's sounds, and thrown
 The key to Sleep, who reigns alone.
 In gorgeous silver sheen arrayed,
 The Night steps in with stealthy tread,
 With moon and stars ablaze o'erhead;
 And Sleep, Death's brother, takes us to his breast.
 Away all sorrow, sadness, care,
 We heed them not when safely cradled there.

FIDELE H. HOLLAND.

A COLLECTOR OF MATERIALS.

BY BERNARD MCEVOY.

"I SHOULD like a room in addition to the other two. You may possibly have one that would suit me. This will do very well for my bedroom, and that sitting-room opening on the verandah is simply delightful."

He was a neatly-dressed old gentleman, perhaps sixty years old, his features aristocratic, his forehead high, and his hair brushed into an old-fashioned curl over his brow. He held a silk hat in his hand, of the shape in vogue ten years ago: he wore one black kid glove and carried the other. There was an indefinable air of culture about him. He was slight and active: quick and eager in his movements: he was one of those old men who have not lost their youth.

"What might you require the other room for, sir?" asked my mother, opening, half deprecatingly, the room we called the "haunted chamber," in which nobody had lain, or sat, or worked since Major Black shot himself there, five years ago. Mother and I knew nothing of this circumstance till six months after we had come to the farm. Then, our next neighbor, Abel Fox, had told us all about the previous owner, who had come to this untimely end. Major Black was an Englishman. "Very high manners he had," said Farmer Fox, "and the wildest man ever lived in these parts." Why he should ever have come to this Canadian farm and tried to work it on the "gentleman farmer" principles of the Old Country, was a mystery. Not being able to work it satisfactorily he had put an end to his life after weeks of hard drinking.

The haunted chamber was a large apartment, with two windows looking out on the farm yard. There were a few bags of seed corn and pota-

toes in it now, and some old lumber.

"This will do capitally," said the old gentleman, walking briskly in, "just the place. Perhaps you could put me up some shelves; I should like to have shelves all round it."

I confessed to a little knowledge of carpentering, and he said he would order the lumber and give me a hand with the job.

"I believe in turning my hand to anything," he said, gaily.

He bargained for the rooms with the easy, off-hand manner of one who was accustomed to large transactions, and agreed to pay a fair rental for them.

The next day the lumber came, and two waggon loads of boxes. We put the shelves up and constructed two rough tables. Then he began to unpack. He was extraordinarily natty and clever. When he worked he put on a pair of old leather gloves and whistled like a boy.

He produced the most miscellaneous collection I ever saw. Manuscripts, bundles of newspaper cuttings, paintings without frames, old violins, antique bric-a-brac, books, odd pieces of ironmongery, hinges, tools of various kinds, artists' materials, music, trade-lists and bits of machinery and clock-work. We could hear him come out of his room at five o'clock in the morning and go into his "workshop," as he called it. At eight he had breakfast and walked to the train for the city. Punctually at six he reappeared, and began to work immediately after supper.

"There are several things I have been working at for years," he said to me, confidentially. "One is a book for which I have been collecting information from all quarters. It

is on an historical subject. Family chronology is another—ancestors and all that kind of thing. Then I am interested in insects—moths, butterflies, beetles, and I am going to paint a picture some day that I think ought to make a stir in the world. See these pictures. These relate to one idea of mine—a picture of a mill. I shall call it ‘A willowy brook that turns a mill,’ a line of poetry you perhaps recognize. Here are thirty-two engravings and water colors of mills. Here is a bundle of cuttings—you see they are marked ‘mill.’ For six years I have studied flowing and falling water, which is one reason why I was so pleased to come and live here in sight of that beautiful tumbling river.”

And, as happy as a bird, he went on arranging books, papers, and what not.

“The great difficulty is classification, and I don’t want to have the rest of my things here until I have fixed on some sort of plan. My way is to take the first thing that comes and put up a ticket. Here, for instance, is a violin. I take up this card with ‘music’ upon it, and put the violin there. Here is a little invention I am at work at—a new sort of steam boiler—I make a place for that, you see. How nice it will be when I have everything orderly. Then I can begin to work.”

Before a fortnight was past, another waggon load of boxes came, and, shortly afterwards, another. Then things grew busy on the farm, and I only saw him for a moment or two occasionally. He was always hard at work arranging, half-hidden behind vast piles of books, cuttings and bundles of papers, or calmly smoking a short pipe and contemplating his treasures. Sometimes, for weeks together, he would be pasting newspaper cuttings into books, or indexing manuscripts. At others he would be looking over some of his voluminous packages of old letters and papers, apparently spellbound by their interesting con-

tents. He had all sorts of fyles for keeping papers in an assorted and systematic condition.

“You never know when you may want a thing,” he said; “my motto is, ‘a place for everything and everything in its place.’”

One night, neighbor Abel Fox came to see us, and as he passed along the passage, he looked in at the open door of the “haunted chamber” where the old gentleman was at work. All at once he stopped with open mouth and gaze transfixed as he looked into the room. Where I sat, in our kitchen, I could see the lamplight fall on his face and reveal surprise and mystification there. It was some seconds before he recovered himself and came into the kitchen.

“Who on earth is that in there?” he said, jerking his thumb over his shoulder.

“Mr. Grey, our lodger. He seems almost to frighten you,” I said, with a bantering air.

He passed the matter off, but I saw that several times during the twenty minutes he stayed that he seemed absent-minded and pre-occupied.

Mr. Grey kept bringing more things. He had two large black bags like lawyers’ brief-bags, but larger, and every night he brought them home full and dumped them on one of the tables or the floor; the spoils of second-hand book-stores: more cuttings from newspapers; more bric-a-brac.

“I shall be ready to begin my work soon,” he said, in his gay active way, rubbing his hands.

He fixed an easel in convenient proximity to one of the windows, and arranged his colors and brushes. At one of the tables he laid out writing materials and began piling books and papers around them. Then he set up a vise and work-bench, and began operations at his invention. But he did not stay at it long, for while I was at work I happened to bring him a handsome moth I had caught.

“Charming,” he said, “I worked

for years at collecting those creatures. Look at these cases."

He pointed to a whole range of them on the opposite wall.

The moth escaped while I was looking, and fluttered about in the aimless way peculiar to its kind. We pursued it ineffectually. Now it was above our heads, and presently it was hidden behind a heap of books, newspapers and musical instruments.

"Now we have him," said Mr. Grey. He began as eagerly as possible to remove the miscellaneous things that lay around.

"That was a rare moth. I forget the name, but can soon look it up. We must have him," he said.

Books, papers and musical instruments removed, there was revealed a small fissure in the floor.

"He's gone through, we must have the board up. See, there is but a short length of it—not more than a yard long." He put on his leather gloves and seized a hammer and chisel.

"Richard, neighbor Fox has come to see you. He has a horse very sick and wants you to go down to his place," said my mother, at the door.

"Well, I must leave you, Mr. Grey," I said.

"That's all right, thank you. I am equal to getting the board up," he replied.

I stayed with farmer Fox and his sick horse a good part of the night. In one of the intervals, while we were trying to relieve the pain of the animal, in all the ways our knowledge of veterinary science suggested, Abel said:

"Queer old gent that Mr. Grey, you have stopping with you. Lawyer, I reckon, ain't he?"

"I believe he is, from a remark or two he has dropped now and then," I replied.

"Have you heard anybody say he's very much like another man?"

"No."

"Well, he's just like Major Black,

that used to have your farm; might be his brother."

"That so?" I said, laconically.

"Yes—might have been his brother."

"What, the one that committed suicide?" I said, looking at him, inquiringly.

"Yes;" he said, hurriedly, "we'd better see how that horse is getting on." And taking a lantern he led the way to the stable.

When I got home I was surprised to see the lamps still burning in Mr. Grey's workshop.

"What, not gone to bed yet, Mr. Grey?" I said; "it's nearly two o'clock."

"Good heavens," he said, getting up from a heap of old papers; "and what brings you out so late at night?"

"I've been down helping neighbor Fox with a sick horse," I replied.

"Abel Fox?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I found the moth," he said, "it was a very rare one—a very rare one. I would not have missed finding it for the world."

I went to bed wondering how Mr. Grey had our neighbor's name so "pat."

"Let us go down and see how your neighbor's horse is," he said, next morning.

"Certainly," I replied, and we started.

"Mr. Grey and I have come to see how your horse gets on, Abel," I said, as we entered the kitchen.

"My horse," said Abel, looking from one to another, "which horse, what horse?" I was surprised at his appearance and manner. The man seemed taken aback, off his balance and distraught. Then he recovered himself, and said, "Oh, yes, the horse, he's a little better, thank you."

We had sat down, but Abel Fox stood like a man at bay, as I thought.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Fox," said Mr. Grey, in a dignified manner. "Mr. Fox, which means Mr. Reynard, in other words, the crafty, the cunning, the cruel—eh, Mr. Fox."

"Well, of course, that's as you like to put it. I never took much stock in them things myself," Abel replied, uneasily.

"No," said Mr. Grey, "I've known some Foxes kind, amiable and gentle. A name is not always truly descriptive of a man's character."

"I snupose not," said Fox.

"Now, you, Mr. Abel Fox, no doubt you are a kind, neighborly, Christian man."

"I'll go bail for that," I said, warmly, for I hardly liked the way this queer old gentleman was going on. It seemed unneighborly, not to say rude.

"Mr. Fox is happy in having such a defender. And your farm is prospering, Mr. Fox. 'An honest man's the noblest work of God,' said the poet. Nothing is more pleasant to see than the God-fearing, hard-working, Canadian farmer. Nothing on your mind; an honest life behind you, and nothing to dread before you. Sir, I envy you."

"Well, I'm pretty comfortable," said the farmer, though his appearance belied his words. He sat down in his accustomed arm-chair, pulled out a pipe, and tried, ineffectually, to light it three times. "Yes, I'm pretty comfortable."

"Live alone?" said Mr. Grey.

"Yes, that is with the exception of my niece that keeps house for me. Oh, yes. I live alone."

"It's pleasant when you are sitting lonely in your chair, Mr. Fox, to think on an honest, straightforward record. No doubt you go to church on Sunday?"

"Oh, yes, I'm pretty regler at church—fond o' singing and all that kind of thing."

"Yes. How nice all that is, and nice neighbors? Not always such nice neighbors are to be had as my kind hostess and her son. Now that Major Black—" Here Mr. Grey put his hands on his knees and looked straight at Abel, "must have been a terrible

man to have as a neighbor—a terrible man."

"Terrible ain't the word," he retorted, "he worried the life out of me."

"How, may I ask?"

"Well, excuse me, I don't see as it's any of your business to be asking about my private affairs. I've never had the pleasure of seeing you before, Mr. Grey, and it seems a surprising thing to me that you should come asking me questions like this. I don't understand it, sir, upon my word I don't." Here Abel Fox got up from his chair, with some show of bluster. As for me, I felt very uncomfortable, and vowed not to take our old gentleman on any more excursions among the neighbors. An odd old gentleman truly!

"Queer man, that," said Mr. Grey, as walked back to breakfast. After he had gone off for the day, Abel Fox came up in a towering rage. What did I mean by bringing a man to his house to insult him like that?

"Don't get rattled," I replied. "As far as that goes, I'm sorry I brought him, but I don't think he meant any harm. He's one of the nicest old fellows I ever set eyes on. Haven't had a miss word with him ever since he came. Now don't cut up about a bit of innocent lanter. Come up and have a pipe with him to-night, and the matter will be put straight. I feel sure he would not hurt your feelings for the world."

After a little persuasive talk, his anger died down, but he seemed irresolute and ill at ease. Finally he consented to come.

I was rather flustered at the unexpected turn things had taken. One does not like to be on ill terms with one's next neighbor in a district where neighbors are few and scattered. I made up my mind to approach Mr. Grey on the subject before Abel Fox made his appearance. I felt sure that on recalling the circumstances of the morning he would feel that his conduct had

been—to say the least—singular, and that he would be willing, if not to apologize to Fox, to put things on a better footing, as a man of so much resource in conversation as he, easily could. Accordingly I went into his room immediately he had settled in for the evening.

“Excuse me, Mr. Grey,” I said, “but I should like to say a word, if you will allow me, respecting our interview with neighbor Fox this morning. He is a very decent man and a good neighbor, and your raillery hurt his feelings.”

“Ah. Perhaps I was a little hasty.”

This was encouraging, and I proceeded.

“I have asked him to come up here this evening, and if you will allow me to bring him in to see you, I feel sure that you will find on further talk with him that he is a good fellow.”

“And he has consented to come?”

“Yes, he said he would come.”

“Very well. If he comes we will have some more conversation. I must do what I conceive to be right, and take the consequences. I regret that anything I may do should give you pain, for I have a very high opinion of you.”

I withdrew, and waited for the advent of Abel Fox. Eight and nine o'clock passed, and he did not come. It was a moonlight night, and I set out to meet him. My path lay over two stubble fields, and at the end of the last of them there was a piece of bush that separated Fox's farm from ours. The moonlight made a fantastic tracery on the ground. Here and there were patches fully illumined. They were separated by stretches of the deepest shade. I had walked some distance through the wood, when, in shadow myself, I came in sight of a broad clearing, where it was as light as day. Here stood a man and a woman, apparently in earnest conversation. As I got nearer I saw that the woman was pleading with the man.

“Don't go; for God's sake don't go, uncle.”

I recognized the voice. It was that of Nita Fox, Abel's niece. Her words were passionate and emphatic, and aroused in me feelings of infinite pity and sympathy, for I had a great admiration for this tall, dark-eyed, melancholy girl, with the soft eyes, and the strong, firmly chiselled chin. As I came rapidly forward, and they saw me, a hurried word or two passed between them, and Nita vanished in the darkness.

“I'm rather late, Richard, but you see, I'm on my way,” said Fox, as I came up.

“That's all right; better late than never,” I replied. As I led Abel into Mr. Grey's room, I noted a strange, nervousness about our neighbor. The old gentleman received us with grave politeness, and placed chairs for us. Then he placed a bundle of papers on the table, and, opening a cabinet, he took from it a revolver with an ivory handle. I was more surprised at this than I can tell. As for Abel, the effect of this proceeding upon him was a startling one. I never saw a man look more horrified in my life. His brown face assumed a deadly pallor, and his hands trembled. In a hard, legal kind of voice Mr. Grey began:

“I believe I am right in supposing, Mr. Fox, that you have been in this room before?”

“Yes, sir,” answered Fox.

“During the lifetime of the late holder of this farm, Major Black?”

“Yes.”

“Major Black was my brother.”

Abel Fox looked ready to fall off his chair, and his tongue clave to the roof of his month. Beads of perspiration started out on his livid face.

“Black was an assumed name. His name was Grey. He was formerly in the British army. His friends had not heard of him for many years. I have unexpectedly found certain things belonging to him.”

"Well, now, Mr. Fox," continued our lodger, taking up the revolver, and handling it easily, remarked: "this revolver belonged to my brother. I have been cleaning it, and it is re-loaded. When I was in the army myself I was esteemed a good shot. Your mother is not in the house, I think, Mr. Richard? I should not like to alarm anybody."

"But, sir;" said I, rising. I began to have doubts of the old gentleman's sanity.

"I only want to try whether I have forgotten how to use this weapon. There is an old clay pipe of mine on the top of that shelf at the end of the room." We instinctively turned. There was a flash and a report; the pipe was shattered.

"Pretty fair for an old man. Well, now, Mr. Fox, I have no wish to do more than state facts. I believe I am right in saying that when my brother died you owed him \$500?"

"I did," groaned Fox. His condition was pitiable.

"This note, due on the day Major Black died, was made by you? That is your signature?"

Fox gave a sign of assent.

"I understood that it was given out that he committed suicide. From enquiries I have made, I find that a revolver with one cartridge exploded was found near his body. I have reason to suppose that it was not his revolver. I have reason to suppose, Abel Fox, that the revolver was yours, and that you shot him."

"That I never did, I call God to witness," said Fox, staggering to his feet.

"Sit down," said Mr. Grey, sternly, "the facts are against you. In a strange way I have discovered in this very room in which he died a number of his private papers. I find from this account book that he had advanced you many sums of money. Here are your letters pleading for time to pay them. Here is one in a woman's hand-writing, asking the

same thing. Here is your note for the \$500. Here was his revolver with not a single chamber of it used."

There was a slight noise at the door of the room, and Nita Fox, pale, and with a rigid face, glided in and stood before Mr. Grey.

"I have heard all, and I can bear it no longer. I shot Major Black," she said, in a strained, unnatural voice.

"You—you, Nita?" Her uncle grasped her wrist, and looked wonderingly into her eyes.

"Yes," she said, slowly, "it was my only way of escape. He had that place in the floor open when I came in, and took from it that revolver and those papers. If I would have given up my honor I could have discharged all my uncle's debts. When he threatened me with that revolver, and when he took hold of me, I shot him. He fell down here, and I put his revolver and all the papers back into the hole in the floor, and drove in the nails that held the board down. I left here the revolver I had brought with me.

"Whose revolver was it?" asked Mr. Grey.

"Mine," said the girl, "I had bought it six months before, when Major Black began to be disagreeable."

Then she fell down in a faint, and it took all we could do to bring her to.

* * * * *

When Nita Fox recovered from the illness that followed this strange conversation, her uncle sold his farm and went to the North-west. Before going he tendered to Mr. Grey the \$500 he owed to Major Black, but the old gentleman refused it.

We have never heard of him or his niece since.

Old Mr. Grey lived with us till his death six months ago. But nobody has claimed the materials which he so assiduously gathered together. They still accumulate dust in the "haunted room," the door of which is very seldom opened.

WHERE WAS VINELAND?

BY DAVID BOYLE.

WHO has not heard of Erik Randa, or Erik the Red? Like the Scottish Rob Roy, and the English William Rufus, he may have been so-called because of his complexion, or, as has recently been suggested, on account of his general appearance as a worker in iron produced from hematite ore. However this may have been, it is certain that the noted old Scandinavian merited the title, so far as his hands were concerned, for another and less reputable reason. When Erik flourished, there were no extradition treaties in force, and accordingly about the close of the tenth century, he found it both desirable and necessary to shift his quarters from the European motherland to Iceland. Even here, his propensity to "imbrue" once more brought trouble on his head, and again he found it convenient to look for a new place of abode, his search for which led to the discovery of Greenland in the year 984 A.D.

Only ten years before this date, Ingolf, the first Scandinavian colonist, had settled on the spot where Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, now stands. The colonists were not numerous, and it may readily be supposed that they chose this island, not because they disliked Denmark or Norway, but that their liberty and their lives were much less precarious at so great a distance from the scenes of the raids, forays and feuds in which they had found themselves compelled to enact a very active part.

A relative of Ingolf was one Bjarni, son of Herjulfsson. He was an adventurous youth, thoroughly imbued with the predatory Viking spirit, which then, and for long afterwards, characterized his people; and we are, therefore, not surprised to learn that

he had resolved "strange countries for to see." Before returning to Erik the Red and his family, it will be well to follow the movements of Bjarni for a little. Having become owner of a vessel, he determined to set sail from Denmark for the purpose of visiting his father Herjulf, who had gone to live in Iceland. On arriving at Eyraar, his father's residence, he learned that Herjulf had left this place in the spring for Greenland. Determined to spend the winter with his father, if possible, Bjarni obtained the consent of his men to accompany him, and set sail for Greenland, quite aware that he was about to undertake a perilous voyage, for it is recorded in the saga, from which we glean this information, that on this occasion he remarked to his men: "Our voyage will appear rash, because none of us has ever sailed in the Greenland sea." For three days they sailed, and at last lost sight of land. Then "north winds blew, and fogs came upon them, with the result that they knew not whither they went, and this lasted for many days." Shortly after the weather cleared they saw land, but from what Bjarni knew of Greenland, he was sure this was not it. It is uncertain how far south the vessel had been carried, but the men observed that the land "was not mountainous, but had small hills, and was grown over with forest." Turning the prow of their ship northwards, or, as the story reads, "with the land on the larboard," in two days they saw another country. Neither did Bjarni think this was Greenland. "For," said he, "great glaciers are said to be in Greenland." Heading the ship seaward for three days, with a south-westerly wind, they saw a third country, but here, too, he refused to land,

on the plea that the outlook was uninviting. Again, putting to sea with the same wind, in four days more they came near land for the fourth time, when he said: "This country is most like what I have been told of Greenland. Here let us make for land." Not only did Bjarni's judgment prove to be correct, but it is somewhat marvellous to learn that his landing was effected close to a headland on which his father Herjulf had made his home.

Sometime afterwards, on the occasion of a visit paid by Bjarni to Erik, he recounted his adventures on this voyage, and was censured by Erik and his sons, Leif, Thorvald and Thorstein, for having neglected to make more exact observations. Unsatisfactory as was Bjarni's recital, it was sufficiently novel and promising to determine Leif's course. Purchasing Bjarni's ship, and having engaged a crew of thirty-five men, including a German named Tyrkir, he set sail southwards in the year 1000. In course of time, they reached the land last seen by Bjarni before he came to Greenland. Here Leif landed, and gave to the country the name Helluland, meaning Flagstone, or Fletstone Land, from *hella*, a flat stone. After putting to sea, they came in a few days to a well-wooded country, with sandy shores, and to this he gave the name of Markland, meaning Woodland.

"Then going down again to the ship as quickly as possible, they sailed seawards, and for two days they sailed with a north-easterly wind until they sighted land. They sailed to the country, and came to an island which lay to the north of the mainland, walked ashore, and looked about in fine weather. They noticed that dew was on the grass, and happening to touch it with their hands, and put it into their mouths, thought they had never tasted anything so sweet as that. They then went to their ship, and sailed into that sound which lay between the island and the ness or cape which jutted out north of the mainland, and steered

westward past the ness. There great shallows extended at ebb-tide, and then their ship stood aground, and to them it appeared far from the vessel to the sea. But so eager were they to go ashore, that they could not wait until the sea should return to their ship, but leaped ashore where a river flowed out of a lake. But when the tide returned to their ship, then they took the boat and rowed to the ship, and it moved up into the river, and then into the lake. There they cast anchor, and carried their leathern hammocks ashore, and made booths there. They then decided to dwell there during the winter, and erected a large building. There was no lack of salmon, either in the lake or in the river, and greater salmon they had never seen. But the quality of the country was so good, according to what it seemed to them, that live stock would not need provender in winter. No frosts came there in winter, and herbage withered there but little."*

Erikson, having resolved to winter at this place, divided his men into two parties, which were alternately to explore the neighboring country, and remain about the large house they had built. One evening Tyrkir, the German, was missing.

"About this, Leif was greatly troubled, for Tyrkir had been with him and his father for a long time, and had been very fond of Leif in his childhood. Leif, accordingly, greatly upbraided his companions, and prepared with twelve men to seek him. But when they had gone but a short distance from the house, Tyrkir walked towards them, and was received with great joy. Leif directly observed that his foster father was in good humor.

"Then Leif addressed him: 'Why wert thou so late, my fosterer, and separate from the company?'

"Tyrkir then spoke for a long while

*Arngrimsson's summary of the Vineland Sagas in Peringskjöld's Heim-Kringla—Horsford's Landfall of Leif Erikson, p. 115.

in German, and rolled his eyes about and made grimaces. But when they did not understand what he said, he after a while spoke in Norse, saying: 'I did not go much farther than ye, yet I have some news to relate, for I found winewood and grapes.'

"Can that be true, my fosterer?" said Leif.

"Certainly it is true," quoth Tyrkir, 'for I was born in a country where neither winewood nor grapes were wanting.'

"They now slept overnight, but in the morning, Leif said to his companions: 'Now we shall carry on two occupations, each alternate day—either gather grapes, or cut vines and fell the forest, so that it make a cargo for my ship,' and this plan was adopted. . . . When spring came, they made ready and sailed away. Leif named this country, after its good qualities, Vineland."*

Differ as opinions may regarding the part of the American coast on which Leif Erikson landed,† it must be borne in mind that, as the sagas were compiled before the year 1492, there could be no intention to detract from the honor pertaining to Columbus, and it is further to be observed, that the sagas do not appear to refer to the voyages of Bjarni and Leif as in any sense voyages of a very remarkable kind. At any rate, there is no claim made that a new continent had been discovered, for so vague was the geographical knowledge of the time, that Greenland itself, being looked upon as an extension of the Norwegian coast, it was taken for granted that the more southerly portions seen by Bjarni, Herjulfsson, and touched by Leif Erikson, were also connected with Europe.

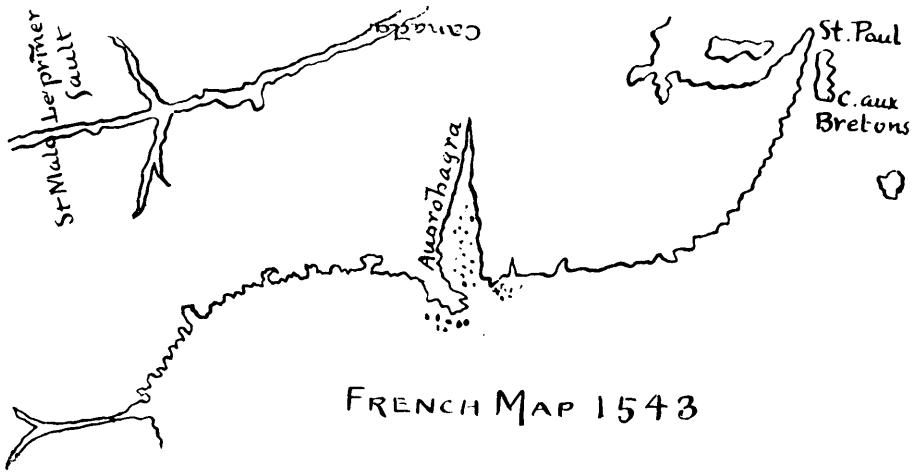
It is now generally conceded that the Norseman did make the first discovery of America, so far as people of

European origin are concerned, but in the minds of many, uncertainty is unlimited regarding the particular portion of the coast that should be regarded as Vineland.

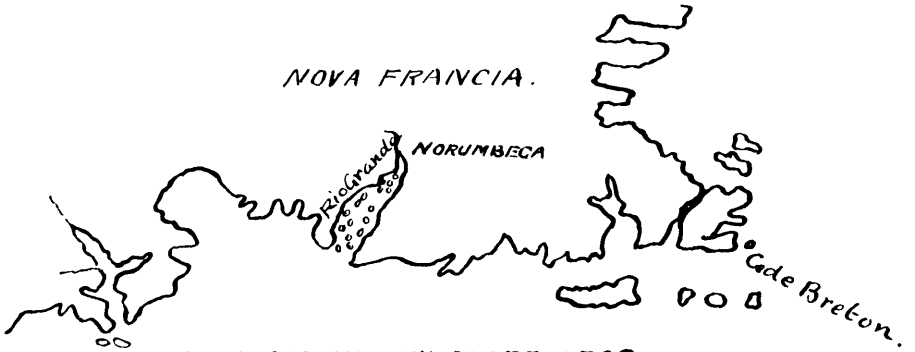
Among the comparatively few students who have devoted any systematic attention to this subject, the late Professor Eben N. Horsford, of Harvard, easily occupies the first place. Struck with the correspondences he found between the statements of the sagas on the one hand, and the configuration of the Massachusetts coast and the Charles River on the other, he concluded that the country lying round Boston Harbor was the ancient Scandinavian Vineland. In Helluland, he recognized Newfoundland; in Markland, Nova Scotia; in the "ness which jutted out north of the Mainland," Cape Cod; in "the great shallows extended at ebb-tide," Boston Harbor; and in the "river which flowed out of a lake," that which is now known as the Charles River. Pursuing his examination of the ancient documents still more closely, he was convinced that he could follow the record so accurately as to point out the very place on the river shore where Leif landed, and close to which he built a large house—the site of another structure erected by Thorfinn—the point on the river round which the Indians (Skroelings) made their appearance when about to attack the new-comers, and other places indicated or described in the sagas. It is, as a matter of course, open to every one to reject the conclusions arrived at by Prof. Horsford, but it cannot be denied that the coincidences mentioned, besides numerous others, are, at least, remarkable. In addition to all this, it must be taken into account that the basin of the Charles, for many miles above Cambridge, is marked by embankments, sluices, dam breast-works, and house-sites, indicative of the country having been occupied, for a very long period, by some people of whom no record now remains. Opponents of

* Arngrimsson's Saga; Landfall of Leif Erikson, p. 116.

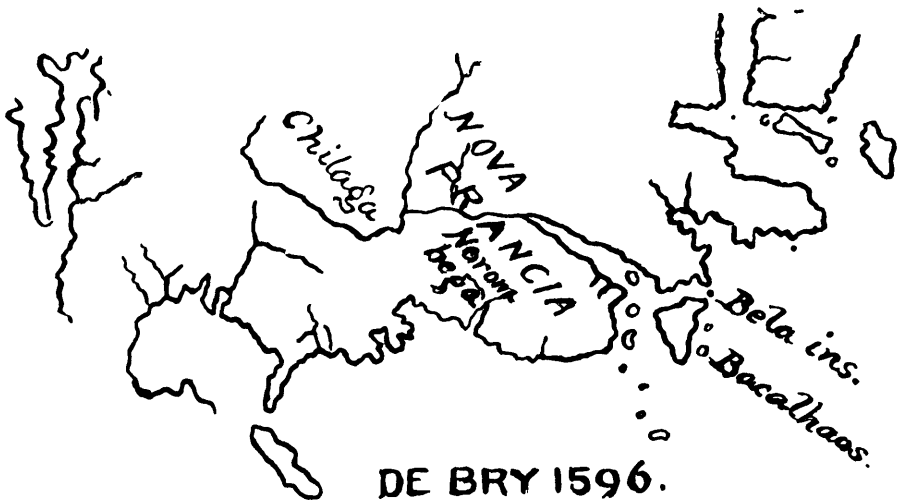
† Almost every part of the coast from Nova Scotia to Florida, has been referred to as that on which he landed, and some writers have even taken the ground that we must look to Africa for his landing place.



FRENCH MAP 1543



FROM MOLINEAUX GLOBE, 1592.



DE BRY 1596.

the belief in Scandinavian settlement, (for it is contended that the Norsemen and their descendants remained here for more than two hundred years) attribute the remains of the works named to the French, who preceded the British here, to the British themselves, to the Eskimos, and to the Indians. To those who hold their belief in suspense on this subject, it would prove much more satisfactory were the disbelievers in Massachusetts "Vineland," to tell us *why* they doubt. Such a statement would involve information, both as to what the remains do and do not imply. If British or French, why should everything point to customs so utterly dissimilar to what we should expect? If Eskimo—but this is too absurd! If Indian, which is nearly as much so, for what purpose were the walls and water-ways constructed? Indians of so industrious and ingenious a type should henceforth be known as the wall-builders, for a large proportion of the works consist either of stone dykes, or of sluices lined and paved with stone.

It was my privilege recently to examine the works in question, and whether they are the remains of an Icelandic settlement or otherwise, they are none the less marvellous, and one cannot help wondering why so little attention has been given to them by American archaeologists, either from the historic or pre-historic point of view. Walls thousands of feet in length, and constructed of boulders, dry-built, extend along both sides of the Charles River, but for what purpose it is difficult to say. They were useless in preventing the land from being overflowed, not only on account of their open structure, but because the river banks are high, and in any event (even if faced or lined with clay), as the tide reaches far beyond them, they would be of no service in giving an increased depth of water for any purpose. At various points on the upper reaches of the river, and

on its tributaries, there have been systems of dams and sluices, exhibiting considerable simple skill in design and construction. Concerning these, one thing is evident, namely, that they were not made to produce a fall for power purposes. The ends of the dam-breasts may still be seen on opposite banks of the streams, and the sluices leading from the erstwhile ponds have conducted the water hundreds of yards away in as straight a line as possible, but sometimes curving round the base of a low hill, and in one instance, at least, making a detour to pass a boulder too large for removal.

These artificial water-ways are seldom more than four feet in width, and of about the same depth, or less. Many are walled on both sides, and most of them seem to have been paved. All the stone-work is of the same kind, being of cobbles or small boulders fitted to each other as accurately as was possible without hewing, for in no case is it possible to distinguish the mark of a tool. Based on the present condition of our knowledge, the use of these reservoirs and canals in miniature is fully as mysterious as is that of the river walls. No European settlers, of whom we know anything, are likely to have performed such work, and the Indian wall-builders, if ever there were any, have left nothing else by means of which they may be identified—no tools, no weapons, no utensils, no ornaments—indeed, the same may be said regarding whoever the people were that constructed the works in question. This is only, in a measure, applicable on the supposition that the workers made use of iron implements, a condition implying scarcity, value, and carefulness, so that few tools would be lost. It also implies that in cases of loss the lapse of time would utterly destroy any traces of their existence, for iron is especially liable to decay. Still, as it cannot be said that any thorough search has yet been made for relics, it would be un-

safe to venture farther along this line of argument. A few stone objects have been found on the surface in one or two places, but they were, undoubtedly, of Indian origin.

Among the most notable features indicative of early occupation are the sites of huts or hovels partly excavated in the face and at the bottom of hills. These are numerous, but in no case very large. They remind one of just such dwellings as may still be seen in more European countries than one, and, indeed, are not unknown at the present day in America as the habitations of people not Indians. Most of these sites are near the dams and sluices, suggestive of a possible means of food-supply from fish. Were the dams breeding ponds, and the sluices means of drawing off the water? If so, who were the ichtyophogists? Icelanders or Indians?

Two house sites of a more pretentious character were discovered by Prof. Horsford. One of these he has named Leif's House, and the other, Thorfinn's. Both are near what is known as Leif's landing-place, within a short distance of the late James Russell Lowell's residence. They are on level ground, not far from the water's edge. Excavation has shown that the walls (upwards of fifty feet in length and about sixteen in breadth) were erected on loose stone foundations. If these houses were contemporaneous with those already referred to, and if both kinds were occupied by persons of the same race, it would appear evident that the owners of the larger dwellings were of superior rank. Within a short distance of the two large sites are three sites of the hillside type.

Along the north bank of the Charles River, where it rises to not less than from sixty to seventy-five feet above the water, the whole face has been terraced for several hundred yards. At another place, quite away from the river, terraces have been formed on a natural semi-circular hillside, and in a third instance, similar work has been

performed in a still more remarkable manner, in a natural depression which forms an almost perfectly round amphitheatre, capable of seating from three hundred to four hundred persons.

This, in brief, is a reference to the chief features that mark the portion of the country about Boston—features which were claimed by Prof. Horsford to prove that here was the ancient landing-place of Leif Erikson, to which, on account of the "goodness" of the country, he gave the name of Vineland, and where a flourishing settlement of Icelanders was formed.

However this may be, it is very well known that for almost two hundred years after the Columbian discovery of America, many geographers indicated on maps of North America a city, a river, or a territory, called Norvega or Norumbega. The spellings were various, but in them all, Prof. Horsford traced the root-form of the word Norway. In 1520, Peter Martyr's map seemed to place this city, under the name of Arembi, in New France, and Champlain searched in vain for it on the Penobscot in Maine.

Horsford claimed that the bulk of the evidence was in favor of Norumbega being about the forty-second degree of north latitude, and he has brought together a mass of documentary proof to this effect. A most interesting narrative he quotes, is that of David Ingram, a sailor, who, with upwards of a hundred others, was sent ashore at Tampico, on the Gulf of Mexico, in stress for want of provisions in 1568. "He wandered all the way across the country, seeing and hearing of many wonderful things by the way—coming at length, in 1569, to Norumbega, which he says was sixty leagues (miles probably intended) from Cape Breton (Cape Ann). Here he found a city three-quarters of a mile long. From this city, soon after his arrival, he went to the Bay of St. Mary's (one of the early names of Boston Harbor), where he found a French

ship in which he sailed for France, and ultimately reached England. It is recorded of him that he again met, and was recognized and kindly received by, Sir John Hawkins, and that he was called in Council, as Thevet was, by Dr. John Dee, to advise in the interest of the ill-fated Sir Humphrey Gilbert, about an expedition to Norumbega."

Ingram was almost the only European who ever claimed to have been on the spot, notwithstanding the general belief in the sixteenth century, that Norumbega existed. Some of the statements he made regarding what he saw, were no doubt exaggerated, while of others, it may be said that they were purely imaginative. He saw chiefs carried about in golden chairs, and the houses of the great men built with pillars of silver and crystal!

A pilot named Thevet also avowed that he had visited Norumbega, but with these exceptions, there are no personal attestations on the subject. Ten years before the discovery of Canada, it is said that Verrazano sailed up the Charles, and found near the present Cambridge the remains of a former settlement, which he has marked on his map as Oranbega.

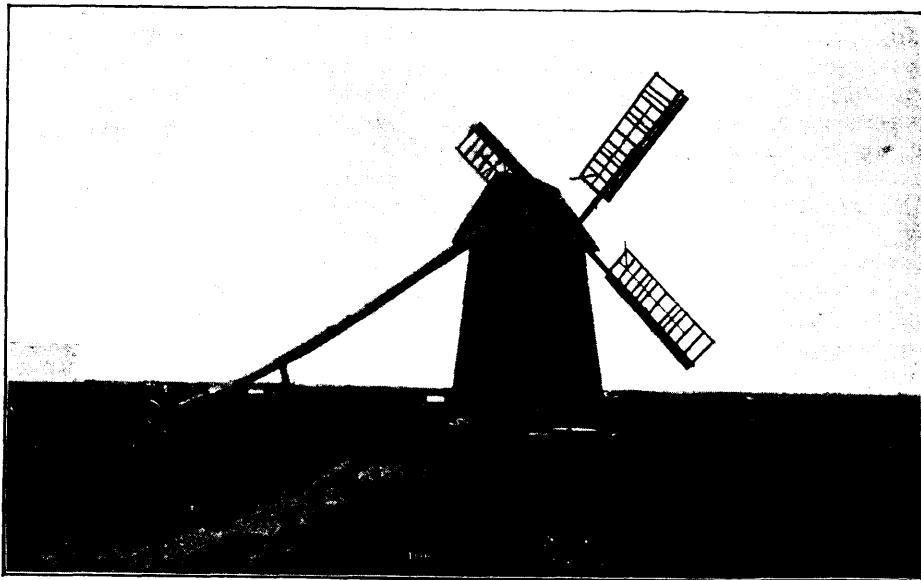
Allefonsee, or Alphonse, a pilot who sailed under Roberval, in 1540, refers to "a city which is called Norumbegue," and further states that "there was a fine people at the city, and they

had furs of many animals, and wore mantles of marten skins," but he does not assert that he had ever been on the spot.

It would be easy to cite the authority of many map-makers to the same effect, and it would seem difficult to believe that Norumbega was nothing but a myth.

In any event, nothing can be more certain than that the basin of the Charles River has been held for a long period by a people whose mode of life was wholly unlike that of either Europeans or Indians: and whether Professor Horsford was right or wrong in his contention that here was the land of Leif Erikson, here the Vineland of the Icelandic Norsemen, here the Norvega, or Norumbega, of the old cartographers for about two centuries, to him must be awarded credit, as a painstaking and enthusiastic student of history, who has done more than any other man to make us acquainted with Norumbegan literature, and to re-open for us one of the most absorbing and interesting chapters in the annals of our continent. That he was thoroughly earnest is undoubted, and he seems to have spared no expense in searching for and reproducing such copies of ancient maps as might tend to illustrate his contentions. For this alone he is entitled to our gratitude.





"An ancient windmill, gaunt and still."

LAND OF THE PILGRIMS.

BY ALLAN ERIC.

"The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast."

THUS has the poet graphically described the landing of our Pilgrim Fathers on Plymouth Rock nearly three centuries ago. What must have been the feelings of those brave hearts, when, after tearing themselves from their native land, choosing between home and the freedom of worshipping the Almighty as they saw fit, and as their own consciences dictated, after braving the storms of the Atlantic, which tossed the tiny, but staunch *Mayflower* about for weeks, to land upon a shore which must have seemed cold, and desolate, and forbidding? But they must have felt that their religious freedom more than compensated for all, for they set bravely to work, and founded the first New England colony. At the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, on Massachusetts Bay, began the history of New England, and the rugged Massa-

chusetts and Rhode Island coasts are replete with historical associations and reminiscences, contemporary with the beginning of American history.

But charming as it is to revel in the events of the early colonial life, the object of this article is to deal with the Massachusetts coast, and its historical places, as they appear to-day; so I must confine myself to this Pilgrim Land, as we see it nearly three hundred years after the *Mayflower* came.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

The visitor will find much at Plymouth to interest him. He will, no doubt, go to Pilgrim Hall, where will be found collections of early relics; and on the walls are portraits of men and paintings of scenes prominent in early history, while cabinets contain

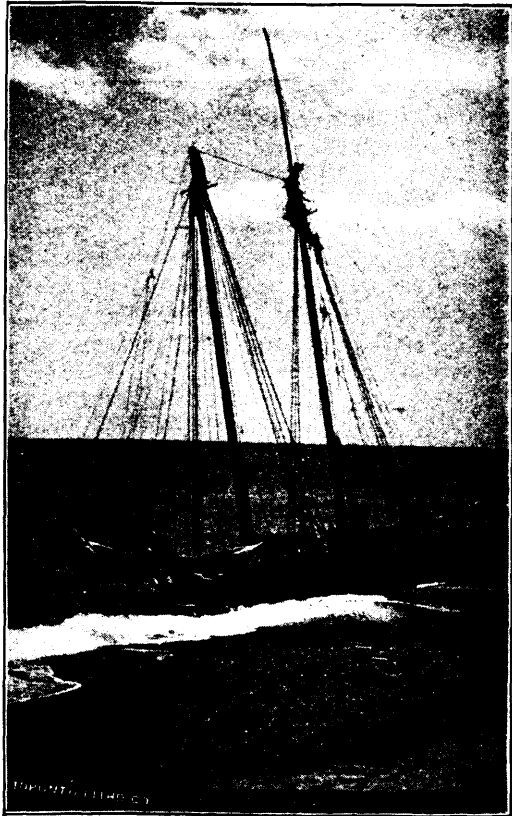
many memorials of the *Mayflower* band. Here one almost holds communion with the Carvers, the Bradfords, the Brewsters, and the Standishes, for here is found the apparel worn by these quaint personages.

And quaint is the old town of Hingham, with its curious buildings and landmarks of 1660. The name of Cohasset is familiar to all, but to know the quiet old town at the top of the rocks and ledges one must paddle his boat among the reefs and islands along the shore. Near by, at Scituate, lived Samuel Woodworth, who described the memorable scenes thereabouts in one of the sweetest lyrics ever penned, entitled "The Old Oaken Bucket." The twin sister of Plymouth is Duxbury, which was the home of Miles Standish, John Alden, and others of the *Mayflower* band. Weeks might be profitably spent amid the historic associations of these old towns, which to-day retain much of their original quaintness. It is evident in the old structures, the churches or "meeting-houses," and in the simple habits of the people of to-day.

The whole New England coast—in fact, all New England—has constant reminders of the old, quaint times. There are old, rambling, colonial mansions, walls of stone and plaster, forts and breast works, little cemeteries with black headstones, with now and then an old windmill, gaunt and still, standing alone on some flat place or elevation, exposed to the fresh breeze which now blows through its skeleton arms, which hang motionless and lifeless, no longer responsive to the wind which once swung them around to grind the Indian corn brought hither by the colonists. The town is rotting

—falling in decay—and, like other now visible remains of those sturdy, hardy forefathers of ours, will soon disappear altogether, and naught will remain to us but memories, and the events recorded on the pages of history.

The whole rugged coast from Boston to Cape Cod is strewn with historic reminders of the doings of the early colonists; and at Hull, the old fort constructed by the colonists, when



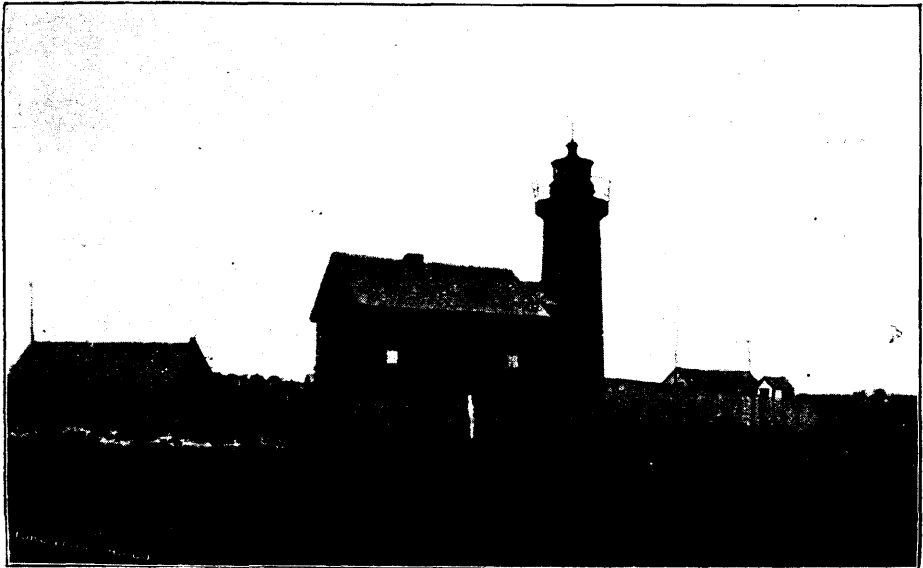
THE EDGE OF NEW ENGLAND.

invasion by the English in the early Revolutionary days was feared, is still to be seen in a remarkable and almost perfect state of preservation. This coast is fitly styled "stern and rock-bound," for while in summer the sea is as blue, and the sky above it as fair and gentle, and the surf as soft and

white, and the murmur as gentle as anywhere, in winter the ocean is stern and tempestuous, and grey beneath the leaden sky, and the sea thunders against the rocks and cliffs, where many a brave marine meets his death, and many a good ship its doom.

And one might almost imagine that the colonial days were not yet over, if he stops at the Indian town, Mashpee, lying between Falmouth and Barnstable, on the south shore of Cape Cod. It nestles on the coast of Vineyard Sound, extending from Waquoit Bay

Historically, Newport, in the little State of Rhode Island, is one of the most interesting places on the New England coast. There was a time in the history of Newport, when the growing importance of the port of New York, "far to the westward," came in occasional rumors through skippers, who ventured thus far to trade with the Dutchmen; and there were even those who were so bold and far-sighted as to predict that, if Newport didn't look sharp, the Dutch colony at Manhattan would rear a



NANTUCKET LIGHT HOUSE.

to Popponessett Bay, and around it are several Indian villages, and numerous large and beautiful ponds, where the red deer still range. The scenery along this serrated coast, whether maritime or inland, is romantic and charming. Southward is the marine highway, Vineyard Sound, with its hundreds of moving objects, the white sails, and deep-laden steamers of commerce moving east and west—with pleasure boats in summer almost innumerable, skimming from headland to headland, or coasting from shore to shore.

city which would eclipse the promising settlement at Narragansett Bay. This prediction has been fulfilled, and now Newport, besides its historical features, is noted mostly as a midsummer museum, selected with much trouble and expense from New York society.

Previous to the war of the Revolution, Newport's history was a record of prosperity. Her sailors carried her trade to far-away seas; her merchants grew rich and built opulent homes. The war for independence bore heavily upon the unfortunate Rhode Island-

ers, however, and when the British army landed, early in the contest, they came to stay; and it was only after three years of hardship that relief came, in the shape of a French fleet, under Count d'Estaing, who compelled the invaders to destroy most of the great fleet of war ships, transports, and minor craft, that had congregated in the harbor.

One of the most remarkable relics of past ages in Newport is the old stone mill. The origin of this antique structure is a matter of dispute among antiquarians, some claiming that it was erected by the Norse voyagers, and others that it is the walls of an ancient windmill built by the contemporaries of the Pilgrim Fathers. It is in the form of a circular tower, resting on eight irregular columns.

There is no more fascinating place in all Pilgrim Land, not only on account of its historic associations, but of its own quaintness, beauty, and peculiar location, than Nantucket, the island in the purple sea. It is included in the domain of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. There is no prettier picture, upon a bright morning in early summer, than Nantucket harbor. Vessels approaching it are guided by the frequent buoys marking the hidden channel up to the point where the solid tower of the lighthouse stands. Along the water front are the visible relics of a once vast traffic in whale oil, in the shape of old warehouses. Those were in the days when "all Nantuck used to voyage away and stay for years in distant seas;" and how many, indeed, stayed for ever? Within this generation, Nantucket, always self-reliant and independent, has been invaded by a section of that great host of city people with money and summer leisure, who are continually searching up and down for places to build their dog-day homes. Some of these strangers have got into the habit of going over to Siasconset (locally 'Sconset), and inducing the fishermen to give up

their little seven-by-nine abodes; for Sconset is a thorough fisherman's paradise, and nobody has a house bigger than his neighbor; consequently, everybody is on good terms with everybody else. In the midst of all the quaintness, there is a modern hotel, with every comfort, "The Springfield," owned and conducted by Mr. C. H. Mowry, a model host, who makes everybody welcome to old Nantuck.

The island is fourteen miles long, and its greatest width is eight miles. There is a peculiar softness of the air, which is not bracing, like mountain air, nor yet enervating, like the air of a tropic isle, but seems restful and healing. The peculiar softness is attributed to the nearness of the island to the Gulf Stream, the warm current of which flows less than forty miles away, approaching nearer to the American continent here than at any other place along the northern coast. There is a strange restfulness and peace, as we sit on the veranda of the "Springfield," surrounded by ample grounds, with grassy carpets spreading in wide sweeps a'out the house, the waters of the inner harbor lapping lazily against the beach a hundred yards away, and the sail-dotted bosom of Vineyard Sound sparkling in the hazy distance on the north. When the shades of evening have dropped down over land and sea, the two lighthouses in sight send out their yellow beams glancing out in friendly greeting to the passing mariner, while the soft breeze breaks their reflection in the water into a thousand shimmering fragments. Then the old curfew bell rings out its warning.

Nantucket retains many of the features of her early existence. A town crier cries various statements in the streets, prefacing his announcements by a blast on his fish horn, or a tinkle of his bell. The bell rings at stated intervals in the ancient town, and old customs and habits cling tenaciously to the natives.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

THE POSITION OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

BY J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

THE present proposals to disestablish and disendow the Church of Scotland and the Church of England in Wales, are probably the precursors of a desperate political struggle. They constitute a turning-point in that union of Church and State which has had so considerable a part in moulding the institutions and sentiments of the English people. Action, of course, may be taken in Scotland, as has been the case in Ireland, without affecting directly the interests of the Establishment in England; but attacks upon the Church in Wales form a part of the campaign against the Church as a whole, and success would infallibly act as a precedent and encouragement for the numerous elements in the Liberal ranks which desire to destroy the system, root and branch. The discussion cannot rest with Wales alone. That principality is a part and parcel of England. Its counties commingle with those of the greater country. Its parishes, local institutions, electoral divisions and religious life, are in very many places interlaced with those of England. Mr. Asquith's measure practically recognized this by proposing that twelve English parishes should be disestablished and disendowed, whilst fourteen so-called Welsh parishes are to be transferred to some English diocese, as a compensation. So intertwined are the interests along the imaginary boundary line, that juggling of this extraordinary nature was found to be the only way out of the difficulty. It certainly involved a principle which will be contested with all the power of British Conservatism. If, according to Gladstonian phraseology of the past, Wales is really a nation, its Church is therefore a separate estab-

lishment, and whatever may be the right or the wrong of present proposals, they should not affect the Church in England. If, on the other hand, Wales is a recognized portion of England, any such abrogation of the connection between the Church and the State is a direct destruction of a portion of the existing Establishment, and opens the way for further action along similar lines. It will be seen at once, therefore, that the application of the principle of disendowment and disestablishment in the recent Welsh bill to an English diocese, constituted a distinct menace to the Church in England, and formed an additional precedent for the future. And further, that the Liberal theory of a Welsh nation is made to give way to the desire for an effective attack upon the English Establishment, while the Conservative doctrine that the Church in Wales and in England, as well as the countries themselves, are one and indivisible, is practically accepted for the purposes of the coming contest.

Mr. Asquith's disestablishment measure was, of course, the reward of political merit. Without a distinct promise from Mr. Gladstone that disestablishment in Scotland and Wales would soon be taken up, the Radical members from these divisions of the kingdom could never have held firm in their allegiance to Home Rule. Without a pledge from Lord Rosebery that the policy would be pushed, his small and disorganized majority could not have been held together so long. But it remains to be seen how far the Liberal party has been wise in arousing the dormant sentiment in favor of a National Church; the feeling in England that the fate of its

Establishment is more or less bound up in the welfare of its Welsh branch : and the fear that once the "legalization of sacrilege and plunder," as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach termed the Government proposals, is commenced, the end will be one of disaster to all the most cherished institutions of the English people. The dread of entering upon an era of universal instability, doubt and chaotic change, is, indeed, the strongest chord upon which Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour can play in connection with the Church, as well as with regard to the House of Lords. And for the purposes of the fight now entered upon, the Establishment in Wales and in England may be considered, what the Conservatives claim it to be, one and the same.

It will, perhaps, be interesting in this connection to attempt an estimate of the strength exercised by the Established Church in England, and to trace the growth of the institution, which, like the House of Lords, has been so bitterly attacked from time to time, and is now menaced by an organized party effort. There are naturally two ways of looking at the subject, and history is read as differently in this respect as the distinction between church and chapel is felt by the people who attend their respective places of worship. On the one side are those who believe that the Church of England has maintained close and intimate relations with the realm of England through all its alternations of dynasty and fortune, and has ever been faithful to the interests of the State. They look back with mingled pride and veneration to the history of a Church whose sees are older than the monarchy ; whose charters were confirmed by that Danish conqueror immortalised through an attempted defiance of the ocean ; whose parishes stand in thousands almost as they were settled under the Norman kings ; whose cathedrals and churches and colleges are the handi-

work of twenty generations of Englishmen ; whose bishops have for centuries been an integral part of Parliament ; whose courts and convocations have formed part of the national constitution through countless changes ; whose liturgy is a link with the distant ages of Christianity, embodying the most beautiful and noble elements of religious culture and biblical truth ; whose property constitutes a sort of national reserve, dedicated to the worship of God, the religious instruction of the poor, and the education of the masses ; whose existence, in short, helps to "consecrate society and to sanctify the State."

They believe that the most important principle which concerns man is that of religion ; they feel it to be an element all-powerful in controlling the intellect and actions of humanity ; and consider it the bounden duty of the State to recognize this great fact by assimilating the interests of religion and morality with the government of the nation, through the public recognition of a national church. They feel that the property, inherited, contributed and owned by the Establishment in all parts of the country, and held for the use of all classes in the community—even where advantage may not be taken of the fact—constitutes it a church for the nation, and not for individuals. They agree with Lord Beaconsfield in regarding the Church of England as "the sacred depository of Divine truth," and Dissent as being a "weakness incident to humanity." They believe that there should be a standard of religious truth established by the State ; that the religious principle should be recognized in the management of public affairs ; and that, to quote Mr. Gladstone in his famous old-time essay upon Church and State :—"A nation having a personality lies under the obligation, like the individuals composing its governing body, of sanctifying the acts of that personality by the offices of religion." And thus, he

continues, "we have a new imperative ground for the existence of a State religion."

The Englishman is a natural Conservative, even when, in many cases, he votes the other way. Stability is to him a great factor in national politics, as it is in business dealings. He is not fond of speculative actions or theoretical policies. Hence the importance in the pending struggle of remembering that the Church of England, as a whole, has undergone less change during the past three centuries than any other ecclesiastical body in Christendom, and that such changes as have been made—the admission of nonconformists to various privileges, the regulation of tithes, etc., have only served to strengthen the institution; while the growth of its spiritual influence, its religious power over the masses, is more and more marked every year. As a National Church, it still rests upon the statutes of the reign of Elizabeth. Its doctrines are still fixed by the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Sixteenth Century. Its property remains as yet untouched, though menaced seriously by the Liberal policy in Wales. And although the Constitution of the Church, its Spiritual Peers, its Houses of Convocation, relation to the State, legal procedure and discipline, were suspended during the Commonwealth, they were fully revived at the Restoration, and remain with but little change.

The Established Church, is, therefore, strong by virtue of its age, its wealth, its prestige and growing religious force. Its general position in the feelings of those who will fight for it to the bitter end, when aroused to the necessity, could not be better indicated than by quoting the powerful words of Lord Beaconsfield, spoken over thirty years ago:—

"By the side of the State of England there has gradually arisen a majestic corporation—wealthy, powerful, independent—with the sanctity of a long tradition, yet sympathising

with authority, and full of consideration, even deference, to the civil power. Broadly and deeply planted in the land, mixed up with all our manners and customs, one of the main guarantees of our local Government, and, therefore, one of the prime securities of our common liberties, the Church of England is part of our history, part of our life, part of England itself."

Of course, this is largely sentiment; but, after all, sentiment is the dominant force of the age, and is certainly the bulwark of religious power and influence. It was sentiment in the form of personal feeling which made the bulk of the Liberals follow Mr. Gladstone in his Home Rule proposals of 1886; it was sentiment or national patriotism which saved the American Union in the sixties; it was sentiment which united Italy, and formed the Dominion of Canada; it is sentiment which now declares the Church of England in England and in Wales to be one, and which will make this inevitable conflict both bitter and protracted. And, to a certain extent, it is sentiment which leads the Radical hosts against the Establishment, and now forces the hand of Lord Rosebery, as it had already forced that of Mr. Gladstone. There is little doubt that Lord Rosebery does not personally like these movements against religious institutions. While proclaiming in his Edinburgh speech adherence to the policy of Scotch disestablishment, he professed a most earnest wish that a reunion of the churches with the Church of Scotland could be brought about, and expressed his preference for one church over three. And he made the significant assertion that "a State, if it thinks well to do so, has just as much right to maintain an Established Church for its own purposes and in its own interests as it has to establish a standing army, or any other institution that it thinks right."

Still, the Premier permits the inauguration of a policy in regard to Wales,

of which it is difficult to see the end, though it may be easy to see the purpose temporarily served. He is, in fact, unable to resist the pressure of the Radicals. Mr. Gladstone declared, in 1892, that there was a direct pronouncement of national feeling in Wales against the Establishment, and that, therefore, it must go. Mr. Morley speaks of the necessity which exists to shake off "the yoke of an unnatural and an anti-national church." Sir George Osborne Morgan declares that on this subject "all are stalwarts" and that no one outside Wales can know how deep and intense is the feeling. Lord Swansea, the new peer, who long represented a Welsh constituency, points out that 29 out of 32 Welsh members of the Commons demand disestablishment. Mr. T. C. Warner, in recently moving the address in the Commons, urged that an end be put to "a decrepid and decayed member of the Church of England." And in speaking thus he represented the undoubted sentiment of the greater portion of Liberal politicians and placemen. As to the people at large, only a general election, fought chiefly on this issue, could test the real feeling, and general elections are seldom or never fought upon a single great question.

There are, of course, two sides to the problem of disestablishment and disendowment. Something has been said as to the historic prestige and power of the Church. But to the Nonconformists, as a body, the picture of the past is not all pleasantness. The loyalty of the Church to them seems to have been mainly servile submission to monarchical authority. Its connection with the State includes an alliance with the arbitrary principles of the Tudors, and with the profligate power of the Stuarts. Its resistance to James the Second seems counterbalanced by the occasional persecution of Dissenters, and the conspiracies of Jacobite clergy. The piety, probity and learned labors of a

Hooker, Herbert, Ken, Fletcher of Madeley, Burnet, Sherlock, Jeremy Collier or Tillotson, are forgotten in the years of religious dearth and decay which really came upon the Church in the first half of this century. Its influence in Parliament undoubtedly kept the Nonconformists from sharing in privileges which are now the common right of all classes, and the Church is blamed for not being more in advance of the age, and more tolerant and liberal in its treatment of opponents than history shows to have been the case when that power was reversed. Above all, however, social slights and differences born of the complex system of English national life, have too often been treated as the product of an Establishment, and as an adequate reason for its abrogation, while the wealth and property of the Church has been a constant source of irritation to those religious organizations, which are not sufficiently old, or rich enough in individual support to have accumulated great inherited interests and estates.

Theoretically and practically, the connection between Church and State in England and Wales is very strong. According to the Act of Settlement by which the royal supremacy and succession is controlled, "whosoever shall hereafter come to the possession of the Crown, shall join in communion with the Church of England, as by law established," and, in the Coronation Service, the Sovereign promises to maintain the Protestant Reformed Religion established by law, and to preserve to the bishops, clergy and churches of that body all such rights and privileges as by law belong to them. Then, the Lords Spiritual, in the House of Lords—two archbishops and 24 bishops—constitute an Estate of the Realm, whose assent is in theory required to give validity to Acts of Parliament. Finally, the national endowments and the titles controlled by legislation, subordinate the Church to parliamentary control.

And up to 1866, when the law was repealed, all who held public office had to take oath not to in any way attempt to weaken or interfere with the Church as by law established.

To sum up the general position of the Church of England, it may be noted that the Sovereign is by law its head, and controls, under the advice of her ministers, the patronage of all episcopal sees, and many of the minor offices. This connection between the monarch and the Church gives the latter a commanding social position, which is vastly added to by an accumulated wealth, estimated, in 1878, by Mr. Arthur Arnold, M.P., at a total of \$900,000,000; yielding a yearly income of \$37,000,000. The Anglican Establishment, is, therefore, probably the richest in the world; its prelates have the incomes of great nobles or American millionaires; its bishops exercise legislative functions, and if they do not frequently originate laws, can always obstruct legislation; its clergymen possess great influence in the country districts as magistrates and social leaders; its spirit permeates the universities and great public schools; it is the possessor of the ancient religious fabrics of the land, and of the cemeteries attached thereto; its rights are carefully guarded by law, the incumbent of each parish being a corporation sole, with certain rights and privileges; whilst the gifts of land and tithes made to it, in ancient times, by individuals or the sovereign, are secured by Parliamentary enactment and the Royal oath. So that Lord Beaconsfield may not have been far wrong when he declared that "Nothing in this country can resist Churchmen when united." In any case, it is apparent that the Church forms a part of the system of British government and legislation so intimate and vital that a serious effort to detach it from the State would produce a national convulsion beside which Home Rule and kindred questions would

sink into comparative insignificance.

From a religious standpoint, it is rather difficult to define just what is meant by the phrase. "Established Church," though the general idea of a connection between Church and State is well understood. A national recognition of religion does not necessarily mean that the nation should support some particular sect. The general doctrine of the Church of England is the basis for all the various divisions of British Protestantism, though, of course, the disagreement upon forms and ceremonies—perhaps more intense a century ago than to-day—is very pronounced. The Bishop of Oxford, in 1868, declared the essence of Establishment to be an acknowledgment by the nation that its subjects need religious teaching, and the consequent authorization of the ministers of some particular form of religion to teach in the name of the State as well as in that of the Church. According to Hooker, a great divine of an earlier day, the Church is the embodiment of the national life, acting in the religious sphere, as the State is the same embodiment, acting in the secular sphere. This theory makes the clergy public servants in the same way as judges and administrators. Dean Stanley has declared the existence of two great principles:—the one, that the State should recognize and support some religious expression of the community; the other, that this religious expression should be controlled and guided by the State. Mr. Gladstone, as already quoted, once believed in the moral personality of the State, and its consequent duty to accept and support religious truth. Turning from a prince in politics to a master of polemics, we find Paley defining a religious establishment as comprehending three things:—a clergy secluded from other professions, to attend upon the offices of religion; a legal provision for the maintenance of the clergy; and the confining of that provision to

the teachers of a particular sect of Christianity.

Whichever of these theories may be decreed most applicable to the present position of the Church of England, its supporters stand perhaps on the safest and surest ground when they base their belief upon the broad principle that religion should be recognized by the nation as a whole, and that the abrogation of a union between State and Church, which has lasted from the earliest life of the people, would be a severe blow to Christianity, while the taking of inherited wealth and property presented to the Church during the past centuries, by individuals, for public purposes, would be robbery and pillage. Times have changed since a State recognition of religion meant the temporary dominance of a creed, or the infliction of civil penalties upon dissenters. The Church of England is still the child of the State, but the State is a free one. It can never again be the instrument of tyranny, but should rather be the instrument of liberty, combining, as a great statesman has pointed out, orthodoxy with toleration, and preventing religious enthusiasm from degenerating into extravagance, and ceremony from being degraded into superstition. Its governing power is no longer vested in a more or less autocratic monarch, but in a ruler guided by the will of a free parliament.

Such being the case, abuses should be corrected, power, in some instances, limited, and the general basis of the structure broadened. But to say that connection with the State should at once be abrogated, the property of the Church taken away, its material prosperity destroyed, and its whole system shattered, seems naturally, to the minds of a majority of Englishmen, the product of envious discontent, the offspring of sentiments opposed to the best interests of a wide Christianity, or else the perversion of religious earnestness, by the narrowing tendency of a too great division into sects, and

the consequent cultivation of bigotry and sectarianism. After all, whether we favor an Established Church or not, in principle, every true Christian can appreciate the benefit to religion of a distinct national recognition of its truth. And the way in which that recognition is effected, may be considered as more or less a detail. Certainly, the more united Christianity is, the stronger and more useful will be its work and mission. The protest against further disunion, and the weakness following upon disestablishment, brings out the germs of truth contained in the vigorous words once used by a veteran Tory, Lord Robert Montague, in referring to the American Voluntary System: "It is a sand-hill of sects, and each sect is a crumbling congeries of disconnected atoms."

In a certain sense, however, the greatest weakness of the Church of England is its wealth, and even more popular in Radical estimation than disestablishment is the twin sister, disendowment. Of course, this possession of wide resources and receipt of liberal gifts, enables the Church to do more good, and to greatly extend its sphere of usefulness. Missions are everywhere promoted; the Church in the Colonies is strengthened; the poor in great cities are given religious instruction and moral education; the ignorant and poverty-stricken in the less populous parts of the country given a church to attend, and a parson to teach and preach; the general influence of Christian work is widened in order to take in all classes, and the beautiful cathedrals, and places of worship, are made to constitute a medium for the promotion of culture and refinement, as well as for the inculcation of religion and morality. But none the less, the possession of this great wealth is a standing incitement to cupidity, and whether that feeling take the form of an honest desire to divert revenues now used by a Church, which may be deemed at variance with divine truth, as understood by some

specific sect; or whether it be the principle of some politician seeking the votes of the ignorant, or prejudiced, or narrow-minded; it is equally effective from the Nonconformist and Liberal standpoint.

Yet the facts show that the Establishment owes far more in a financial sense to individuals than it does to the State. Since the revival in the work of the Church, which took place about the middle of the century, voluntarism has done much to assist and encourage its development. No doubt a feeling of confidence in the stability of gifts and investments, made under the shield of national recognition, had something to do with the case. However that may be, the sums subscribed between 1839 and 1872—when the school system was changed—for the building of Church of England schools in Wales and England, amounted to \$17,900,000, while the Parliamentary grants only totalled \$7,700,000. During the same period, the parochial clergy increased from 11,000 to 19,000 in numbers, and at least \$150,000,000 was contributed by supporters of the Establishment for the building and restoring of Church fabrics. In Wales, where so much complaint is made by the Radicals of the day, magnificent progress has taken place. The cathedrals of Llandaff, of St. David's, of St. Asaph, and of Bangor, have risen from ruins, or been "restored" beyond recognition. In the first named diocese, between 1850 and 1870, 41 old parish churches were entirely rebuilt; 67 thoroughly restored, and many others improved. Six hundred thousand dollars was thus expended during fourteen years, and so in the other divisions then and since that date. Meantime, ample provision has been made for the Church services and ordinances being given both in Welsh and English, while the children educated in Church schools rose from 17,000 in 1826 to 63,000 in 1846, and to 82,000 in 1870. A large increase upon these Welsh fig-

ures has since taken place, though the exact number is not at hand.

At the present moment, the financial condition of the Church in England and Wales cannot be understood better than by a glance at the following table, which presents a sort of bird's eye view of the situation:—

RECEIPTS.		EXPENDITURES.	
Endowments—		Maintenance of the Clergy—	
Tithes and Rents of Lands.	\$21,000,000	I. The Episcopate and 70 Archdeacons..	\$ 600,000
Gov't Grant for the Education of the Poor ..	2,500,000	II. Deans, Canons, etc., in connect'n with Cathedrals...	1,000,000
Parochial Collections and Subscriptions....	15,500,000	III. Parochial Work, including salaries of 13,500 Rectors and Vicars, and 6,000 Curates	15,700,000
Contributions to Lond'n. Church Societies.....	2,900,000	Current Church Expenses.....	1,750,000
Miscellaneous Ch. Contributions.	3,000,000	Taxes on Endowment.....	3,500,000
Special Contributions in aid of Ch. Building and Restorations.....	2,100,000	Education of 2,44,000 child'n in Ch. Schools	15,210,000
Gov't Grant to Ch. Schools ..	3,800,000	Foreign Missions	2,500,000
		Relief of Poor...	2,000,000
		General Church Trustees.....	5,000,000
		Church Build'g, etc.....	3,250,000
Total	\$50,600,000	Total	\$50,600,000

This is a conservative estimate, and as correct as the complicated nature of the interests dealt with, will permit. Perhaps the most striking thing about the figures, is the large amount contributed by voluntary subscriptions—upwards of \$26,000,000 annually. This fact alone indicates that the Established Church holds a firm place in the hearts of a large portion of the people, whilst the expenditures given show how wide is the influence for good, and how unceasing the exertions of the Church and clergy. And it illustrates the additional fact, that although great wealth may, as already observed, be a weakness, through incitement to cupidity, yet, properly utilized, it can also be made a source of strength; in this case, one far too great for the Radicals to break. But some reforms, and a still further development of church life and work, will be necessary, if eventual disestablishment and disendowment—in the distant future—are to be averted.

The tithe system is undoubtedly unpopular, and in Wales is made into a sort of running sore for political purposes. Where only one in four is a churchman, this can easily be done, though in England, where considerably more than half belong to the Establishment, the difficulty is not acute. As a matter of fact, and under the Parliamentary settlement of 1836, the landlord has benefited at the expense of the tithe-owner and the Church, in an amount—according to Sir James Caird—of \$10,000,000 per annum. And, as for centuries the tithe has been a tax upon property, and included in its price for sale or purchase, its abrogation would be robbing Peter to pay Paul, with a vengeance. It would present the amusing picture of Radical haters of the Landlord and the Church, taking from the latter to give to the former. Still, there might be found some better means of collecting and enforcing the payment of tithes where agitation—as in Wales—has made the process painful and obnoxious to a majority of the people.

The mission of the Church of England is a great one, and its opportunities for doing good are vast. The education of the people is its chiefest safe-guard; the moderate and well-considered extension of the Episcopate, a useful step to take. Prelates, like Ellicott of Gloucester and Bristol; Ryle of Liverpool; Wilberforce of Newcastle; Stubbs of Oxford; Carpenter of Ripon; Moorhouse of Manchester are a power in the land, and the diocesan influence of such men is very great. The lay element could be given more weight in the councils of the Church with advantage, and this is being more and more recognized every year. The parochial system will bear

further extension, and the stipends of curates should be increased, while all the learning, organization, and traditional influence of the Church, should be exerted in pointing out the nature and value of a connection between Church and State, and in the proper presentation to the people, of an ideal, which is oft-times greater in theory than in practice. Given these factors in the coming struggle, together with others which have been referred to, and the Nonconformist character with all its record of zeal, courage, devotion, and conscience, will probably find the Establishment too strong for destruction.

After all, great masses of the population in England and Wales, who do not exactly belong to the Church of England, certainly do not belong to its opponents, or rivals. They do not dissent, but are simply indifferent. There surely is a great common ground for all Christians to work upon.

The probabilities, at present, are with the Church and against the Churches. A new proposal, made eight years ago, by the most powerful personality in the English-speaking world, and affecting a country across the Irish channel, has been, so far, shattered by the invincible and inherent conservatism of the English character. It is not likely, therefore, that a sweeping proposal of disestablishment and disendowment, even though nominally applied to Wales alone, will be permitted to disintegrate, and ultimately destroy, a National Church which has existed through good and evil repute, through internecine struggle and political storm and stress, for more than twelve hundred years.



THE ROUND TOWERS AND IRISH ART.

BY FRED. T. HODGSON.

THAT the golden period of art and architecture in Ireland existed from the fifth to the ninth centuries, seems established by the evidences transmitted us by the works of contemporary historians, and by ruins and specimens of handicraft and skill. It must be admitted, that for upwards of twelve generations, Erin was the nursery of all the then known sciences, and she furnished the world with schoolmasters in the arts of building, music, literature and law. It was in her courts of justice the great Alfred first received that knowledge of law and military skill which gave to the Anglo-Saxon race trial by jury and the end of Danish predominance. The Irish monks of that period were obliged to be, not only architects and artists, they were the masons, the carpenters, the plumbers, the smiths, the painters, the glass-makers, and sculptors as well, and nearly all roads and bridges were built or designed by them. There was scarcely a country in Europe that did not employ architects, artists, or workmen from Ireland, to design and construct their buildings of the better kind, as is attested by the many works executed by them, and of which we have authentic record.

The venerable Bede, who wrote in the seventh century, says: "Irish architects built a church for the Anglo-Saxons at Withem, A.D. 603." The same architect and artisans, "afterwards built old St. Paul's, in London, A.D. 610, on the site of the temple of Diana." This church was a great work in its day. It was destroyed during the great fire, and the present St. Paul's cathedral, built by Wren, stands on its site. We have the authority of Turner and other English

historians, to the effect that, "Wilfred, Bishop of York, who built the church of Hexham, in A.D. 674, sent to Ireland for architects and skilled men to construct it." In fact, as Dr. Johnson remarks, "Ireland was then the school of the West in every art and science, and to her taste and authority, in matters of style, the Saxons of England, and Goths of Germany, cheerfully deferred."

In the Island of Hy (Iona,) on the western waters of Scotland, St. Columbkil and his Irish monks built that "famous college and church from which Scotland was instructed in architecture, literature and Christianity." Gallus, an Irish monk, built the celebrated college and church of St. Gall, in Switzerland, A.D. 660. Dichhuill, another Irish monk, designed and built the monastery of Tutra, and for this service, the French monarch, Clotaire the Second, gave him many grants (A.D. 650). St. Fursa, another Irish builder, erected, about the year 666, the college and church of Lagny, near the river Marne, in France, a monastery in England, and several abbeys on the continent. Fridolia, who was also made a saint, built a monastery and several churches along the German Rhine, A.D. 590. Prince Dagobert, of Strasburg, was educated in Ireland, and it is recorded that "he brought with him from Ireland many monks and skilled men, who built churches throughout his dominion." "The splendid Basall of Salzburg, was built by Virgilius, an Irishman of some renown, in A.D. 750." Charlemagne employed a number of "Irish architects and monks, brought from the abbey of St. Gall, to build churches and abbeys."

Many works in Spain, Portugal, and

Italy, about the eighth century, were executed by Irish artists, as the records show; yet, strange to say, very few of the buildings on the continent, or in England, known to have been

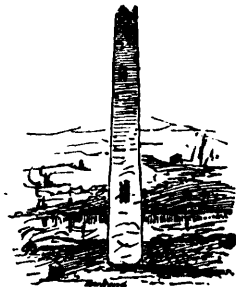


ROUND TOWER AT CARPEL.

erected by Irishmen, are left to testify of their existence; the remains of a couple of round towers, a number of crosses covered with Celtic ornament, identical with that found on the crosses at Monasterboice, Glendalough, Clonmacnoise, and several other places in Ireland, are about all that remain of the many Irish-built structures that dotted England during the Saxon period.

With regard to the round towers, their antiquity and uses, of which many opinions and theories have been formulated, it is generally conceded now, that they were the work of Christian architects between the 5th and 13th centuries. The investigations of Mr. George Petrie, published in his "Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland," "proves," Fergusson says, "beyond all cavil, that the greater number of the towers now existing were built by Christians, and for Christian purposes, and he (Mr. Petrie) has clearly shown that there is no reasonable ground for supposing the remainder to be either of a different age, or erected for different uses." There is but little variety

to be observed in their construction. The doorways are placed almost invariably at a considerable distance from the ground, and appear to have been furnished with double doors. A flat projecting band, with a small bead moulding at the angles, is the usual decoration; but in some instances, a human head, sculptured in bold relief, is found upon each side of the arch. A stone immediately above the doorway of Antrim tower, exhibits a cross, sculptured in alto-relievo, and at Donoughmore, in the County of Meath, a figure of the crucifixion occupies a similar position, thus proving, beyond a doubt, their Christian origin. This style of decoration may have been much more common than is generally supposed, for in the number of towers remaining in the country, more than one third of the doorways have been destroyed. There are untrained imitations of Norman design in several existing remains, particularly in the towers of Kildare and Timahoe, where concentric arches and chevron mouldings occur. The windows of these towers are generally similar to those in contemporaneous churches, with this difference, that they never splay, and that the arch-head in numerous examples is of a different form upon the interior from the exterior. The structure was usually divided into stories, the floor of which were supported by projections of masonry, or by corbels. Each story, except the top one, was generally lighted by one small window; the top story generally had four larger openings. The roof is, in all cases, conical, and is formed of layers of stone. The tower at Monasterboice, near Drogheda, a very fine example, is one hundred and ten feet high, and seventeen feet in

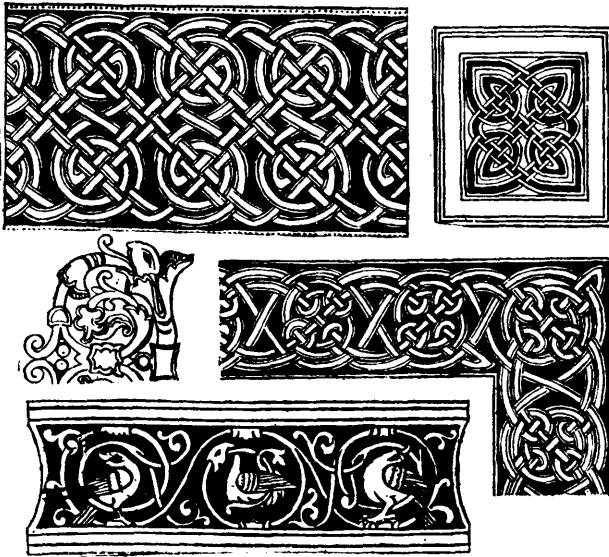


TOWER AT CLOYNE.

diameter; the thickness of the wall is three feet six inches. The ancient church which is close to it, is now in ruins. In the church-yard are two very old and curious crosses; one about eighteen feet high, covered with sculpture, is called St. Boyne's cross, and is esteemed the most ancient religious relic now in Ireland. "Among the sculptures on it," writes an antiquarian, "is an inscription in Irish characters, in which the name of Muredach, who was king of Ireland, is plainly legible." According to the annals, Muredach died in 543, about one hundred years before St. Patrick arrived in Ireland. Tradition says,

because of the tower being already there, is another fine example. The masonry of this is older in its general character than that in the cathedral, and of a better sort; though, I believe that recently some evidences of a previous building have been discovered on the site where the old cathedral now stands.

An ancient Irish MS. relates that these towers were used for the imprisonment of penitents; some writers name them *inclusoria*, et *arcti inclusorii ergastula*, the prisons of narrow enclosures; particularly the MS. of the life of Dunchad-o-Braoin, of whom it is said, "he betook himself into such a prison, wherein he died, Anno 987." The MSS. add, "that these penitents were placed in the uppermost story of the tower; where, having made probation, or done penance, such a limited time, according to the heinousness of their crimes, they then were permitted to descend to the next floor; and so on by degrees, until they came to the door, which always faced the entrance of the church, where they stood to receive absolution from the clergy, and the blessings of the people."



CELTIC ORNAMENTATION.

"that the cross was sent from Rome by the Pope."

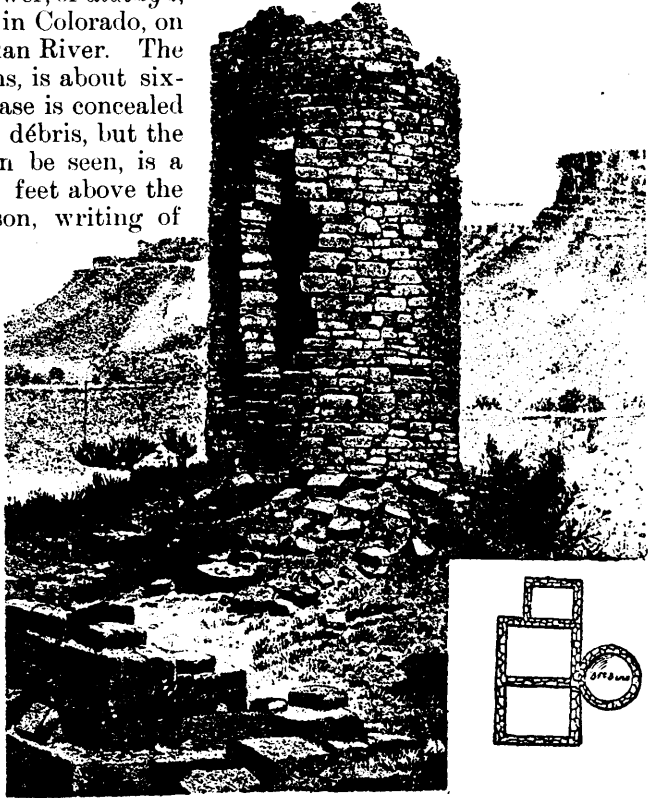
The round tower at Drumiskin, in Louth, is one hundred and thirty-three feet high, and eighteen feet in diameter. The walls of this tower are three and a half feet thick, and are built of fine, hard, white granite to about twelve feet from the ground. The tower at Kilkenny, which is only a few feet from the cathedral, the south transept of which appears to have been shortened in its original building,

Brechin, and the other at Abernethy, are evidently of Irish origin. The one at Brechin is about forty-eight feet in external circumference. On the front are two arches, one within the other, in relief. On the point of the outermost is a crucifix, and between both, towards the middle, are figures of the Virgin Mary and St. John, the latter holding a cup with a lamb. The outer arch is adorned with knobs, and within both is a small slit or loop; at the bottom of the outer arch are two beasts

couchant; one of them, by its proboscis, is evidently intended for an elephant.

While the isolated round tower seems peculiar to Ireland, it is a matter of fact that it is found in many other places. Recent explorations in Mashonaland have brought to light a number of ruins, wherein the round tower formed a prominent feature. An illustration given herewith shows the remains of a circular tower, or *atalaya*, which is now standing in Colorado, on the bank of the San Juan River. The ruin, as it now remains, is about sixteen feet high. The base is concealed by an accumulation of débris, but the original surface, it can be seen, is a knoll that rises a few feet above the plain. Andre Matteson, writing of this tower on the spot, says of it: "The tower has an interior diameter of about nine feet, and has a single opening, some nine or ten feet from the ground,—which is greatly enlarged by a break in the wall—on the side towards the attached building. The stones are roughly fitted to the circle, and some understanding of the mason's art is shown in managing the courses." There are numbers of such towers scattered over Colorado, Arizona, Mexico, and Central

noticed that the term *atalaya* is the name given to the watch-tower of the Arab-Moors, which is built in the same form. Fergusson says, "No attempt has been made to show whence the Irish obtained this remarkable form of tower, or why they persevered so long in its use, with peculiarities not found either in the contemporary churches or any other of their buildings. No one



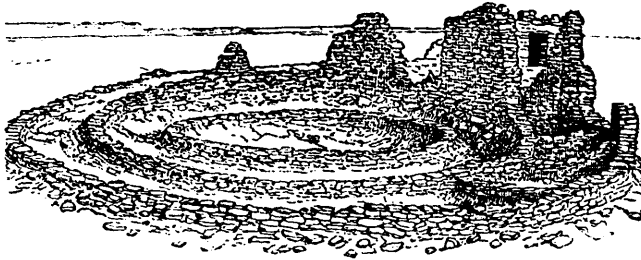
"ATALAYA," OR ROUND TOWER OF COLORADO.

and South America. The thickness of the walls of these towers varies about the same as it does in Ireland; the high towers having their walls about three feet six inches thick, while the lower ones vary from one and a half to two and a half feet. A number of double and triple walled towers are found in Central America, and in Colorado and Arizona, the uses of which are unknown. It will be

imagines it to have been invented by the rude builders of the early churches, and no theory yet proposed accounts for the perseverance of the Irish in its employment, at a time when the practice of all the other nations of Europe was so widely different. It must have been a sacred and time-honored form somewhere, and with some people, previous to its current adoption in Ireland, but the place and the time at which it

was so, still remain to be determined." (*History of Architecture.*)

It is a well known fact that the early missionaries usually chose the sites of pagan temples for their churches, but it is not equally well known that the relics of pagan places of worship remain in close association with these towers, and even in the same churchyard; the pillar-stone of witness, the tapering sun-stone, the cromlac, the fire-house, and the holy spring of sacred water necessary in the mystic rites, all these have been found along with the tower, and the little ancient church within the same narrow boundary. These facts, along with the other, prove that in early pagan times the worship of Bel or Baal obtained in Ireland, and these structures—or their forerunners—may have been used as the points where the sacred fires were kept alive, the tower itself being an emblem of the sunbeam, or ray of heavenly fire.



RUINS OF TRIPLE WALLED TOWER, COLORADO.

Of the 107 round towers known to have existed in Ireland, several bear evidence of an Eastern origin, notably one at Devenish, which bears the singular ornament of an obtuse crescent, rising from a cone similar to the trident of Seeva. The tower at Ardmore, near Waterford, was ornamented with the same device, and several others bear ornaments having well-defined Oriental traces upon them. It is not long since Dr. Tristram discovered near Um Rasis, in the land of Moab, a tower that bears directly on the question. It is illustrated and described on page 145 of his work, "Land of

Moab." This tower is somewhat like the one at Antrim, only that it has a square section. Like most of the Irish examples, it is situated on a knoll, and has its door about ten feet from the ground. There is no other opening, except one window in each face on the top. About three feet from the crown of the door arch is a cross in high relief, set in an ellipse. It has also the peculiarity that it stands free, but close to a small cell or chapel, as is the case with almost all the Irish towers. The one point in which it differs from the Irish examples is that its plan is square, instead of being circular. This does not seem so important as it at first sight may appear, seeing how many circular minarets were afterwards erected in the East, which must have had a model somewhere. Practically, therefore, this Moabite tower may be described, *Hibernice*, as "a square Irish round tower." Doubtless, the Tuatha de

Danaans, a race which inhabited Ireland until the invasion of the Milesians about 1000 B.C., introduced these towers from the East, or probably from Egypt, where watch-towers were in use 2,500 years B.C., and succeeding generations, appreciating

their usefulness, continued building them, until finally they became interwoven with the religious and civil customs of the country, and their original purpose became obsolete and forgotten. I am of the belief that the present generation of towers is the second or third, and that the foundations on which they stand have borne other and more durable ones than any now in existence.

It is by no means certain that all the towers in Ireland were circular, for the basement of Kells' tower is square, and the stones are of immense size. The towers of Killree and Agha-

viller, both in the county of Kilkenny, have circular plinths, fourteen inches deep, projecting six inches, and resting on a square base, built of heavy masonry. Either the builders changed, Kilkenny, the conditions are changed: the first rests on massive stone-work, on which a massive square tower may have stood at one time; in the two other examples, the towers



ST. PATRICK'S BELL CASE.

(In Royal Irish Academy)

ed their plans, or built the present towers on foundations where square towers had rested. The latter is the more likely solution. At Clondalkin, near Dublin; at St. Columbus' tower at Londonderry, and the tower at Ough-

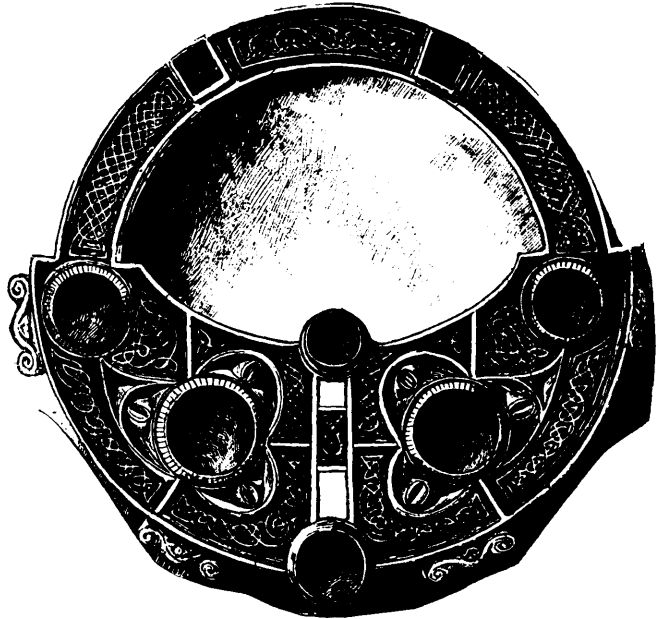
proper spring from heavily-vaulted crypts, which rest on foundations well adapted to sustain a square-built superstructure.

In modern art, the Celt is pre-eminent; for, as an excellent authority

states: "It is, perhaps, not too much to assert that without his intervention, we should not have preserved in modern times a church worthy of admiration, or a picture or a statue we could look at without shame." This is but just praise, for whatever strength of construction, and utility of design, the sturdy Teuton may possess, he has never been able to grasp that boldness and adaptability of enrichment which seems so natural to the Celtic mind. While Celtic art proper has a distinct and well-defined limit, it is somewhat difficult to the uninitiated to discover where the lines of demarcation begin, and where they leave off. The great peculiarity of Irish or Celtic—for the terms are equivalent—is the use of interlaced ornament, which was carried to great perfection in carving, metal-work, and illuminated manuscripts. The illustrations of Celtic ornaments and initial letters shewn herewith will convey to the reader some idea of this oddness of style, which is singularly at variance with the rest of the world, yet approaches the Byzantine, the Toltec, and to some extent the Moresque style of ornamentation. All the old Celtic MSS. were profusely ornamented, and in them are found the first use of ornamental initial letters, some of which were of gigantic size, occupying the greater part of the page, and ornamented in the most elaborate and beautiful manner. Many volumes of MSS. in the various museums, attest the beauty and fine workmanship of these initials, notably the "Book of Kells," and "The Four Masters." In

all ornamentations in this style, there is an entire absence of foliage, or other phylomorphic or vegetable forms. The classical acanthus and Egyptian lotus are entirely ignored: the pattern is intricate, and the details are minute, mostly geometrical, and consist of interlaced ribbon-work, diagonal or spiral lines, and strange monstrous animals and birds, with top-knots, tongues of odd shapes, and tails, twisting and interverging into endless knots and bows.

The so-called key pattern is another



THE TARA BROOCH.

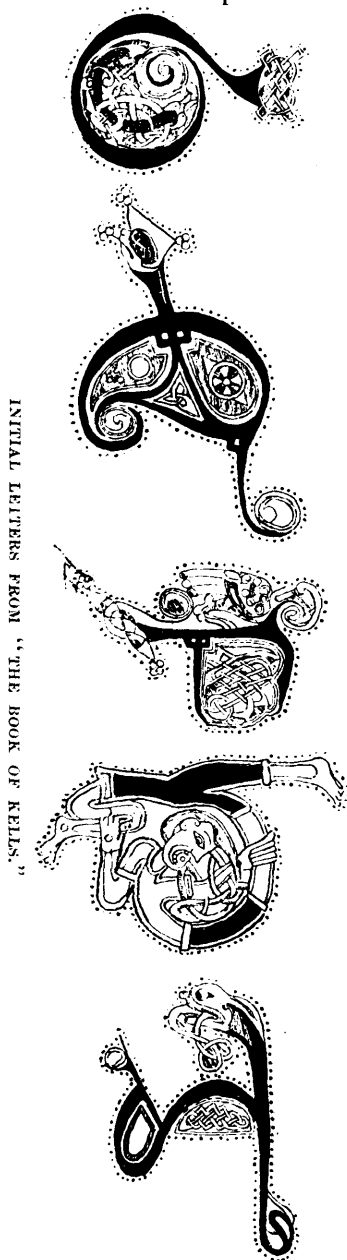
form of Celtic ornament. It resembles somewhat the Greek fret, but is thrown diagonally across the surface, to be decorated, instead of being square to the sides of the border. This style of Celtic ornament, and the interlaced work, are never found on Pagan Celtic metal-work, and they came probably from the East along with the Christian missionaries.

One of the most simple letter patterns consisted of red dots, and is one of the chief characteristics of Anglo-Saxon and Irish Celtic work. Some-

times these dots were formed into patterns. These various styles of ornament were in use in Great Britain and Ireland from the fourth to the eleventh century, and as they appear in their purest and most elaborate forms in those parts where the old Celtic races longest prevailed, the term Celtic has been given to them as a generic name.

It is fortunate for us that the custom of caring for the books, bells, and other reliquaries of the Celtic saints after death, obtained in the early days, for otherwise, few specimens of genuine Celtic art, apart from the monuments, would have reached us. These valuables were preserved in costly shrines or caskets, and became objects of superstitious reverence; being carried by the ecclesiastics in front of the armies in battle, to insure victory, and employed for healing the sick, and for taking oaths upon. Each shrine had its hereditary keeper, who was answerable for the safety of the relic, and the history of many of them may thus be traced back from the present day to the time of the saints to whom they originally belonged. The oldest *cumdach*, or book-shrine, now remaining, is that of St. Molaise's Gospels in the museum in Dublin. It is known as the "Soicel Molaise," and has an inscription upon it, showing that it was made for Cennfaelad, who was Abbot of Devenish, A.D. 1001 to 1025. The shrine was preserved up to 1845 in the family of O'Meehan, who for more than 500 years were the "Cemraebas," or representatives of St. Molaise. This shrine is oblong in form, and is made of bronze plates, and is ornamented with the symbols of the four Evangelists, and panels of interlaced dragons and knot-work. There are no less than seven bell shrines in existence, dating from the tenth to the fourteenth century. The finest is that of Armagh, called the "Shrine of the bell of St. Patrick's Will." It is now in the Royal Irish Academy Museum, Dublin. The bell itself is spoken of in the Annals of Ulster as being in existence in the year 552, but the present case does not date back beyond 1000 A.D. The brooch of Tara, which was picked up by an old woman near Drogheda, in 1850, is a fine specimen of early Celtic work, and it will be impossible to convey to the reader by words any

adequate idea of the beauty and skillful rendering of the work on this precious relic. The ornamentation and character of work corresponds with



that of the best period of Celtic art, such as the "Book of Kells," and the gold, silver, niello, variously colored

glass settings and enamels, are masterpieces of the jeweller's skill.

In speaking of the Celts and the Celtic art, the late James Fergusson makes the following tribute: "When a people are so mixed up with other races as the Celts are in Europe—frequently so fused as to be undistinguishable—it is almost impossible to speak with precision with regard to their arts or influence. It must, in consequence, be safer to assert that where no Celtic blood existed, there no real art is found; though it is perhaps equally true to assert that not only architecture, but painting and sculpture, have been patronized, and have flourished in the exact ratio in which Celtic blood is found prevailing in Europe; and has died out as Aryan influence prevails, in spite of their methodical efforts to indoctrinate themselves with what must be the spontaneous impulse of

genius, if it is to be of any value."

What is true of the arts, is also true of lyric literature, for it is beyond question, that the great bulk of it is traceable to Celtic sources; for the art of wedding music to immortal verse, and pouring forth a passionate utterance in "few but beautiful words, the Celtic is only equalled by the Semitic race." The Celt is epigrammatic and brilliant, and more daring than the Teuton, but he does not shed that lasting light the man of the more sober race does; and while he may dazzle and please and help materially to make life worth living, his efforts are not cemented to the foundations of time with certainty of their remaining there forever; though it cannot be denied that the world would have been a much worse place to live in, had it not been blessed with the presence of the brave, thoughtless, and artistic Celt.

IN THE SUNSHINE.

Ah! we never miss the sunshine
 Till the storm-clouds roll apace,
 And we never miss the dear love
 Till we see the cold, dead face.
 And our hearts are seldom melted
 Till the voice is hushed and still,
 Of the lov'd one we have walk'd with
 Up the pathway of life's hill!

Let us linger in life's sunshine
 Till the last glad ray departs;
 Let the twilight and the dawning
 Link the closer trusting hearts,
 That each morrow may be brighter
 For the sunshine that hath been,
 And life's burdens be the lighter
 For the sympathy between.

Oh! to speak some words of kindness
 In the ear of human woe,
 Are like eyes to stony-blindness
 Of the groping ones below.
 Like the touch of tender fingers
 On the throbbing brow of pain,
 Is the sweet of life that lingers,
 Ere we turn to earth again.

FAGE OR PHANTOM.

BY A. H. MORRISON.

I.

I, CHAUNCEY DARREL, Doctor of Music, and leader of the great orchestra at the Opera Wagner, Houffenburg, do solemnly declare that the facts recorded in the following narrative, however strange and incredible they may appear to the skeptical mind, are most literally true.

Why should a middle-aged devotee and director of the divine art, long married, with several olive branches, and unmistakable signs of baldness, in whom the besetting sins of youth have long been dead, or at least dormant, seek to deceive an unwary and inoffensive public?

For I am no longer the wag I was, and have long since renounced as boon companions the reckless, buoyant, devil-may-care spirits of those charmed days, when three-and-twenty, and third violin in the theatre of a small English town, I made my fiddle discourse unutterable things to the visionary ears of sweet Clarissa Templeton—visionary, I say, as those pink and ravishing little organs were seldom, if ever, present in the flesh, to benefit directly by my musical dedications.

Who Miss Templeton was, and how she came to play a very important part in my own life's story, it is my province in the following authentic narrative to tell.

But first a word as to myself.

I was, I have said, three-and-twenty, and as dapper a little fellow as ever waxed bowstring, at least so all the girls said. They never said so openly to my face, but I read it in their eyes, and my looking-glass supplemented the unuttered commendation.

I was distinguished for three things

in those far-away days—Ah, me! those far-away days—an overwhelmingly depreciative sense of my own worth, as will have been made manifest by the preceding paragraph; an all-engrossing love of music, of which I have been all my life a devoted student; and an intense liking for fun and practical joking, amounting almost to a disease or mania. When I further state that at the time this strange narrative opens, I was as poor as the proverbial church-mouse, and head over ears in love with the sweet Clarissa afore-named, I deem I have done all that duty at present demands in the way of self-depreciatory description and introduction.

II.

It was the early evening of the 30th March, 187—.

"Julia," said my aunt, looking up at the clock over her spectacles, "It is six o'clock, almost time they were here. You had better see that the kettle is boiling. There is nothing like a hot cup of tea after a journey."

Julia was my sister.

The speaker was my Aunt Mary—Miss Mary Darrell, spinster, sixty-five, and my father's only surviving sister.

My father had been dead many years, so had my mother. Aunt Mary, fortunately, was yet alive; at times, very much so, indeed.

My sister Julia was a tall, slender girl of twenty, just budding into sweet young womanhood. She always put me in mind of a blush-rose on its pliant, graceful stem—only there were no thorns about Julia, save the customary ones that held her ribbons and what-nots together. Her form, lithe and willowy, was still further en-

hanced by the soft, clinging things she always wore, and her face, to me at least, was like a flower with the dawn upon its cheek, and the soft moisture of the early morning in her azure, melting eyes. When she smiled, and she was always smiling, the world took upon itself a brighter radiance. And when her hair broke away from its bands, and it was always doing so, they were such refractory, curly, wavy, unruly, shimmering, rebellious, golden vagrancies, and fell in a shower about her face and shoulders, the very sunbeams seemed to slink away in envious displeasure and hide themselves, lest their lustre should appear at a disadvantage when compared with the siken, tumbled tresses of this young Aurora of the House of Darrell.

Aunt Mary was the very antipodes of her niece and favorite, Julia. She was diminutive and spare, with scanty hair, white as the driven snow, always becomingly arranged under a restraining cap as white, from which no tress was ever permitted to stray. There was nothing of the dawn upon her cheeks. They were more like those of a russet apple, that the winds of Time had roughened with the play of their petulant fingers, yet with a ruddy glow on them, too, suggestive of the last kiss the westering sun had imprinted there as farewell greeting to love and youth.

But if her eyes had lost the moisture of the early morning, there yet lingered in them the dews of a kindly sympathy for her fellows; dews that were ever ready to well up and over at sight or tale of distress; for hers was a nature at once quick, impulsive and compassionate; a trifle autocratic, yet tempered by good sense, the ready servant of a large and generous heart.

"You're right, Aunt Mary, and John Templeton is particularly fond of a good cup of tea, isn't he, Julia?" said I, with a meaning look in the direction of that young lady, who had risen to obey her aunt's behest.

"Yes, and Chauncey Darrell doesn't at all care about one himself, does he?" replied my sister, with a little ironical inflexion of her voice, and a slight pinch of the cheek administered in passing.

She disappeared through the kitchen doorway. Aunt Mary looked after her wistfully for a few seconds, ere she said: "I don't know what John will do for six months without her, I am sure."

"John will have to put up with the separation," said I, philosophically. "He must learn self-denial. These things *will* happen, you know, and we have all to undergo them."

"I wonder if somebody would be so philosophically stoical, if, say Miss Clarissa Templeton should disappoint us to-night, and not accompany her brother."

"Oh! don't aunt. The thought is too utterly depressing to be entertained for more than the space of time required to give it expression."

"If old Mr. Templeton should come instead," continued my aunt.

"Aunt Mary, if you say any more, I shall go away. I shall leave home—start for Germany instanter."

"Well, I won't then," said aunt Mary, "for I don't wish to drive you to violent extremes. You had better stay at home. 'Out of sight,' you know."

I had been in love with Clarissa for eighteen months or more. I had never told my love.

"*But let concealment like a worm i' the bud,*" prey on my damaged heart, etc., etc., etc. It isn't quite a literal quotation, but it will do. It is near enough for a distracted lover, who is not supposed to have a good memory for minor things, when one living, divine object fills heart, mind, memory, and everything else.

Aunt Mary knew of my love for Clarissa, so did Julia, so did Clarissa's brother, John, the best fellow in the world, himself in love with Julia: so did Clarissa, a little, perhaps—young

ladies are quick, they say, at reading evidences of the tender passion in their lovers; so did not the old gentleman, her father, John Templeton, Esquire, the Elder.

He was a magnate, a rich man, clothed in purple and fine linen.

I was a pauper, a very Lazarus, sitting in the chill outside air of penury, full of sores—in my heart for Clarissa.

We were not well-off, you see. Aunt Mary had a small annuity left her by a younger brother. My sister Julia had £100 a year left her by my mother. I had nothing, left me by my father, who had been unfortunate, and a talent for the violin and organ, bequeathed me by the Great Father of all, the Master Musician, greater even than Bethoven, Orpheus or penury.

Than penury?

Ay, penury.

Its master fingers have struck out more wonderful chords upon the lyre of life, than ever did those of opulence or prosperity.

Anonymous is a great author.

Penury has filled the world with beauty of music, of poetry, of science, and of art.

Dr. Johnson wrote *Rasselas* for funds with which to bury his mother, and Gainsborough's famous Duchess of Devonshire, was sold at first for £15.

It is a good thing for the world that it has the poor always with it.

But I put my talent to account, and while, myself, a diligent student, earned something by playing in the orchestra of the little theatre, and by giving private lessons to young geniuses in abbreviated shirts and intellects, who, as a rule, desired to become accomplished players at sight, and aspired to an intimate acquaintance with the great masters, by an erratic course of dance music, of sixth-rate excellence, and no value whatever as exercise.

John Templeton, Esquire, the Elder, Magnate, did not like me. I read it in his look the first time we met,—the

contempt of the soulless plutocrat for starveling genius—you see my humility will air itself.

"Nonsense," had said John Templeton, Junior." "It is all your fancy. You know, Chauncey, you're as proud as Lucifer, yourself, and the very self-knowledge that you are poor and he rich, would be a sufficient incentive to a sensitive nature like yours to raise barriers that really do not exist."

"All's very well," I replied. "If I were to ask him for the hand of Clarissa, you'd soon see where the barrier was."

He was a pompous, self-satisfied sort of man, with a pompous, protuberant stomach, a pompous, autocratic gait, and a pompous, dictatorial manner of speech, which had a certain metallic ring about it, as suggestive of the *£. s. d.*, that lent it its imperative inflection.

How do such men have such divinities of daughters?

Clarissa was as sweet a maiden of nineteen summers as ever distracted the heart of male impecuniosity, or cheated an hour of its sorrows when in her chance companionship.

She was a little thing, with soft, dark eyes, like—no, they weren't like anything else at all in creation—and soft, brown tresses, and soft, creamy cheeks, on which the blood sometimes mantled like the sun-flush under the down of a ripe peach, and lithe hands, that coquetted all sorts of quaint and dainty devices out of thread, with a crochet-needle; and little feet that were always tripping into all sorts of out-of-the-way nooks and corners, the tenements of the poor as well as the mansions of the rich.

So it came about, one day, they tripped, all unconsciously, into a very humble tenement indeed, the heart of Mr. Chauncey Darrell, the recorder of this true narrative.

It was a poor enough tenement.

My Aunt Mary sat and mused for a few moments ere she again spoke. Then, she enquired:

"Do you go to the theatre to-night, as usual, Chauncey?"

"Just as usual, aunt. A quarter to eight finds me in my place at the footlights, ready for the overture."

She heaved a little sigh, as she looked at me commiseratingly, and again relapsed into silence.

"I wish we were rich for your sake, Chauncey," she said, presently.

"Why, dear aunt, do you wish that to-night?"

"Oh! I don't know. It is a pity your very genuine and pronounced talent for music should not get a chance in a wider sphere than here. You should study under a great master. I am sure you would make a name and fortune."

"Perhaps I shall some day as it is. My pupils are paying pretty well on the whole. This summer I shall be able to go to Germany with the aid you and Julia have kindly offered me; then my chance will come."

"Poor boy! I wish I could aid you more."

"You aid me sufficiently, dear aunt. My wants, my physical wants, are few. I can live on a crust, if necessary, and, as for my wants spiritual, well, they do not need beef and bread and coats and shoes, and a tabernacle built of bricks and mortar. They lack but an opportunity, a discerning master and patron, and, *presto!* the name and the fortune—perhaps."

There are worse things in life than youth, self-confidence, and belief in a mission—perhaps; albeit, the worldly-minded and sordid of earth call the last two by an uglier name.

"John and—and—Clarissa are not going to stay here more than one day, I think, are they, aunt?"

"Only one day. They are going back the day after to-morrow, the 1st April, I believe."

"Cannot you persuade them to make a longer stay?"

"You know, dear, we could hardly get them to come at all. The firm is very busy in the spring and just be-

fore it, and, as John holds rather an important position in the office, and is not at all his own master, rather, I fancy, the reverse, for his father is a thorough martinet in his way, he cannot always do as he likes. It was only on Julia's making known her intention of spending the spring and early summer away from home, that they were induced to come just now. I don't know how John managed with his father."

"Sly dog! So we owe this visit to Mr. John, I suppose. He could not allow his inamorata to flit for a season without one parting assurance that——"

"Hu—sh!" was my Aunt's warning, as Julia re-entered the room, radiant as any Hebe of the tea-urn, and enveloped in a mist and aroma of young Hyson delicious to inhale.

"Is everything ready, my dear," interrupted Aunt Mary.

"Everything is ready, your ladyship. Only the guests are wanting," returned Julia, with a little mock obeisance.

"I trust," said I, "we may not be disappointed, and have to sally out to the hedges and by-ways, for the halt, the maimed, the lame, and the blind."

Truly, there will be some among the guests blind enough as it is, came the after thought, as a loud double-knock resounded through the hall.

III.

Never had the aroma of tea been more deliciously fragrant, or its flavor more suggestive of all sorts of dreamy, celestial delights, than on that particular evening of 30th March, at 7 p.m., in the little back room.

John Templeton, Junior, was in the best of spirits, and Clarissa was simply—herself.

John said and did all sorts of funny things, for him—he was rather a quiet fellow usually, although quite unlike his father, who could never see a joke until a day or two after the perpetration thereof, frequently not then—

and made us all laugh immoderately over the recital of a ghost story, a 1st of April trick, which had been played on a class-mate, in the jovial, reckless days of early college life. Clarissa did not say or do much, but I read volumes in her sweet, brown eyes, and, as she sat there near Julia at the head of the table, partially enveloped in the little blue-gray wreaths of vapor from the tea-urn, she looked like a second Venus being outlined into flesh and blood, not, indeed, from the foam of the sea, but from a substance as subtle, the product of the same elements.

But all good things end, and at half past seven I rose to go.

"Why, you are not going to leave us," cried John. "Surely you can let your old theatre go for one evening to spend it with your friends."

"Impossible, my dear boy! Why, the whole thing would crumble into fragments without yours sincerely, the third violin. That instrument is the main-stay of the house."

"The House of Darrell, I suppose you mean?" said John, with a great laugh.

"Well, there is something more of truth than poetry in that remark," said I, struggling into my great-coat, which Julia had taken down from its hook.

"Duty before pleasure, you know. You had better come along too," with a meaning glance at Julia.

"No, not to-night, thank you. I shall have an opportunity to-morrow of judging whether you have improved upon the violin: for the other part of the play, as for theatrical performances generally, I care nothing."

"Too practical," thought I. "He inherits that from his father." It was John's only fault. He cared nothing for poetry, the fine arts or the drama.

How he ever came to fall in love with Julia, I cannot say; next to Clarissa, she was the divinest product of Arch-poet Nature that had ever been written in the flesh.

"By the by, you are going to make

a few days' stay with us, now you are here," said I, taking down my violin-case and preparing to go.

"Only one day, Chauncey. We must leave day after to-morrow. First train. Orders imperative. The Governor cannot spare me longer. I had hard work to get away as it was."

"Oh! you'll change your mind before the day after to-morrow. He can get along well enough without you for another day or two."

His reply, if reply he made, was lost as the door clanged behind me, and I stood alone in the outer gloom.

I flatter myself I played well that night in the orchestra of the little theatre of the good Town of St. Tibbets. Was there not inspiration in my theme? It was not that the score of *The Mikado*, from which selections for the overture had been taken, interested me more than usual, or, indeed, interested me at all. These repeated nightly strummings of popular airs, are apt to pall even upon the taste and ear of a musical enthusiast, and become, at last, altogether stale, flat and unprofitable, save as they affect the pocket: but from, through, and behind the score, looked out the soft, brown eyes of Clarissa. They actuated and permeated everything,—her eyes and her presence.

The play was some pretty, melodramatic thing, founded upon love's woes and crosses, yet ultimate triumph, with dire confusion to the villain, repentant forgiveness from the hard-hearted parent, and never-ending happiness, good fortune, and orange blossoms for the lovers.

When the curtain rose to slow music, and the first act came on, it was Clarissa that glided onto the stage, in soft, gauzy, gray mantlings, to enjoy a surreptitious interview with her lover, myself.

In Act II., it was Clarissa again who pleaded with the stony-hearted parent—John Templeton, Esq., the Elder, Magnate. I knew him by his stomach and his pomp, and his Pecksniffian

bald head—to little purpose, while I, concealed within a cupboard, heard my own doom pronounced, with my own ears—listeners never did hear good of themselves, anyway. “That poor devil! Why, he hasn’t a penny in the world, not a coin to jingle on a tombstone, to wake the avaricious to life again. I command you to discard him at once, and marry your cousin, Tobias Golden-snuff,”—he was the villain—“He is fifty, but he owns a million, and a million, jingled on a tombstone, would not only wake the dead but make the very tombstone melt itself with joy, to execute a *pas seul* in the moonlight of a millionaire’s good pleasure.”

In Act III., it was Clarissa, who, cloaked and muffled, stole out of the front door at midnight, and, stifling the deep-mouthed bay of the watchful hound with a whispered word and caress, hurried down the ancestral avenue of elms, bought at a fabulous price, five years ago, from the real ancestors, with the proceeds of a successful deal “on change,” to meet her lover—myself—and to be bundled into a chaise and driven in frantic haste to the border, with the enraged parent in hot pursuit. How those enraged, stony-hearted parents always get an inkling of their daughters’ midnight escapades, was always a puzzle to me, but they do, and there never was a runaway but there was always a hot pursuit.

Finally, in Act IV., it was Clarissa, who, sweet, blushing and forgiven, stood, attired in virgin white, before the parent, no longer enraged but very pacific-looking indeed, with more of blandness and less of stomach in his aspect than I had ever known him to harbor there before—and was given to me, to unworthy me, by that very parent, without a wink or a word of protestation, or a hint about the other prospective bridegroom of fifty with a million; for it had been discovered, by the merest chance, of course, that I was the direct heir to a baronetcy and an estate of *two* millions, and, well a

bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and the old gentleman knew that we had been secretly married, so there was an end of it—“Bless you my children,” etc., etc., etc.

I, being as before stated, an incorrigible wag, felt a violent inclination to jump up from my seat in the orchestra, and make some leading inquiries about the “poor devil” and the “tombstone,” and, whether the devil alluded to, wasn’t a devil still, only a rich devil; but prudence and the exigencies of “God save the Queen” forbade, for the curtain fell to a perfect ovation from “the gods,” and the leader was already waving his baton frantically in my direction, as being half a bar behind in the instrumental rendition of “send her victorious,” while the lights had been partially turned off to save expense, and the audience was streaming out, making for the doors, as though the plague, fire, or the devil himself were after them.

I replaced my violin tenderly in its case, and, having donned my great-coat, and bidden good-night to those of my orchestral companions who were not troubled with the chronic grumps ever attendant upon unrecognized and unremunerated genius, dived under the stage, and so, through the customary passages, to the side door and the outer air.

My first instinct was to look up towards the sky and inhale a big breath of fresh air. The atmosphere within had been anything but pure and undefiled.

Merciful heavens! What was it I saw?

Suspended apparently in mid-air, directly fronting me, was a face, a white, pallid face, with two hands before it, long, slender, attenuated. The face, pale and expressionless, like the face of the dead, seemed to be irradiated or lit with a phosphorescent glow, and was apparently disconnected from any semblance of a human body. There it hung in mid-air, the white

face, the skeleton hands, and nothing more.

I speedily brought my eyes earthward, wheeled to the right, and walked hurriedly away. There is nothing like a brisk walk for indigestion or its products, or for the effects engendered by an undue prominence given to the æsthetic or emotional over the practical and tangible. When I looked up again, the apparition had disappeared.

More than once, on my road home, did I stay my speed to look up and around, but there was no recurrence of the phenomenon.

Strange to say, with the appearance of the face, had entered my mind, almost simultaneously, an apprehension or conception of a number, the number eleven. It was not uttered, but simply registered in some silent, secret manner upon the tablets of my memory.

Eleven, eleven, it reiterated itself, throbbing itself, so to speak, through the recesses of the brain. What had eleven to do with me? Nothing I could think of. Yet, hold! Julia left for the south by the eleven train next day. Could it be a warning, a presentment of evil for her? Pshaw! Absurd. Indigestion, close air, over excitement, that accounts for the whole thing.

Another turn and I was upon the threshold of home.

I flung open the door—a stream of light, cheerful voices, and, under the kitchen clock, the bright, young face of Clarissa.

“Oh! You bad boy,” said she, shaking her head. “Just look at the time.”

“It is not twelve yet,” said I, glancing at the clock.

“Not twelve! Just listen; and we have been expecting you for the last hour at least.”

“Better late than never,” said I. “And now that I am here, tell me what you were expecting me for.”

IV.

At 10.45 o'clock next morning, we were at the station, awaiting on the platform the arrival of the 11 train, bound south.

We were all there except Aunt Mary. She had thought it advisable not to face the bleak March air and slight drizzle, half rain, half snow, altogether horrible, that had been descending since early morning.

Julia was to get off at the second station down the line, the little village of D—, about twenty miles away, where she had engaged to visit friends for a few days before she continued her journey.

John had expressed a strong wish to accompany her as far as the first stage, but had been dissuaded by the coy Julia herself. Maidens are circumspect, and there was to be a young and rollicking party to meet her at D—.

John was practical and patient and obedient withal—had he not been well disciplined in his father's office? Now, had it been myself —

“You will be sure to write from D—,” said Clarissa, holding Julia's hand under her cape, and looking into her face with that tender, caressing, pleading expression that always prompted me to throw my arms about her and hug her on the spot, “and every week afterwards, mind. Dear me, it will be six months at least before we meet again;” and the little mouth made a disconsolate, downward curve very pathetic to see.

John Templeton, Junior, did not appear in quite such good spirits as on the previous evening. He was dull, taciturn, gray, like the weather, not to say gloomy, with a downright tendency, one would have thought, had he not been a man, six feet, and practical—to drizzle.

The two girls stood silent for a while, hand in hand, while John eyed Julia lugubriously, ridiculously so, I thought, as she was to be away only

six months, and I looked at Clarissa hungrily, quite like a cannibal, so John thought, as he told me afterwards.

There was a faint stir at the farther end of the platform, a craning of necks, and grasping of portmanteaus: then a dull, strangling shriek came through the thick, moist air, and in another moment, round the curve, the train swung into sight that was to bear the fair Julia away from the arms of her family and lover.

Slowly it glided up, and at the bidding of the master hand stood still, quietly panting, as though out of breath with its headlong flight, yet anxious to resume it at the earliest possible opportunity.

"Good-bye, dear. Now, don't forget. Every week, mind, and I shall answer. Good-bye, John. Good-bye, Chauncey; take care of yourself and of Clarissa."

"All right. Go ahead!"

Another shriek, and they were away. Another curve, and they were out of sight.

"You will surely not leave us to-morrow, John?"

"Surely," was his response.

"We shall be so dull, you know, without Julia. Take pity upon us. You and Clarissa stay with us one day longer, until the 1st, just to cheer us up a bit."

"My dear fellow, if it was to cheer the whole town of St. Tibbets, I couldn't disobey the Governor's injunctions to be at my post to-morrow at noon. Why, it would be worth my place, almost, to absent myself. You don't know how hard he is in business matters. He'd disinherit me."

And I had not had an opportunity of saying a single word to Clarissa, of being alone with her for one brief half-hour. Nor should I have now, so far as I could see. Here was I, on the eve of a long absence. Ah! how long! for in June I started for the Continent, determined to conquer or fall in that great arena, where had struggled

and fallen so many young, aspiring gladiators—yet some had been successful!—and I might not be permitted to breathe into the ear of my beloved one word of my passion, or hear from her lips that which would make fame better worth fighting for, indeed, make it *all* worth fighting for. I should be engaged with pupils the whole day, till evening, impossible to put them off without notice, and then in the evening was the theatre; but to-morrow, Wednesday, I always took a half-holiday, had no pupils in the afternoon, and there would be my chance.

"Cheer up, old fellow," said a voice in my ear, accompanied by a sounding slap on my shoulder, "she'll be back again. Six months, though a long time, will soon slip away."

Yes, just like the selfish egotism of love! "Six months!" "Slip away!" His thoughts were all on Julia, and so, forsooth, he, Mr. Practical, deemed mine must be, too. But mine were all with Clarissa—and *our* enforced separation, alas! might be for six years.

Six years, and no word spoken!

Why the thought was horrible, too horrible. John Templeton should stay at St. Tibbets the morrow, even though twenty governors raved, and one hundred sons were disinherited.

Evening came, and found me in my accustomed place at the theatre. The overture to-night was "Pinafore," but it was a mere repetition of last night's programme. Clarissa animated the scene, Clarissa tripped on the stage, and Clarissa made her farewell obeisance to the fall of the curtain, and the plaudits of the *groundlings* up above.

At the appointed time, the audience streamed out in as great a hurry as ever, and ill-remunerated genius, grumpy, or otherwise, sought their great-coats, and the outer night.

I felt the fresh air on my brow, and instinctively cast my eyes upwards. Would it be there?

It was there sure enough.

Down through the murk of the night it loomed, enveloped in gray

mist and damp, a trunkless, ghastly thing, with the same white face, the same phosphorescent gleam, the same attenuate, upstretched hands before it: no body, no limbs, only the set, white face, framed in the sable setting of the night.

It was no dream, then, no figment of a disordered digestive apparatus, or diseased imagination, or overworked brain.

Haunted! I strode away, and had gone the length of two streets before I again looked up.

The thing had vanished, utterly disappeared. It was not before me, or behind me, or on either side of me. Above, nothing was to be seen but the dull, gray expanse of the sky, wind-swept and cloud-dappled, as with fleecings and mantlings of atmospheric crape. Below, were the sodden pavements and streets, reflecting the lamp-light from their wet and shining faces. Around, were the silent houses, looking down with vacant, lack-lustre eyes upon the belated forms of a few chance foot-passengers, like myself, returning from club or party, or other place of engagement.

Upon reaching home, I related what I had seen. The first night, I had said nothing about the matter, but now, I made a clean breast of it, and told them of the apparition and its second appearance.

"Bless the boy!" said Aunt Mary, putting on her spectacles and looking at me as though I, myself, had been a ghost.

Clarissa said nothing at first, but huddled closer to my aunt.

John eyed me critically.

"You haven't been drinking, Chauncey, have you?" said he, presently. "I know you to be an abstemious youth, or I should certainly say you had taken a glass, just *one* glass too much. Another glass might have provided the body, yet another, the limbs, while a fourth would have instituted the ghost in hot pursuit."

I looked at him with contemptuous hauteur.

"Don't be a fool," I said shortly.

"Couldn't be that if I tried, you know. But, seriously, wasn't it the moon you saw?"

"John, how can you?" began Clarissa. "It is not a thing to joke about, if he did see it."

"My poor boy," broke in Aunt Mary, "You have been overworking yourself. These late hours, and these horrid pupils, and the strain of study, are too much for you. You need a rest and must have one."

"It was strange that that notion of the number eleven should have accompanied the appearance on both occasions," ventured Clarissa. "Julia left by the eleven train this morning, and we have heard before of such things as warnings and presentiments. I hope no harm has happened to her."

"Angel!" thought I: for I saw John start perceptibly, and change color ever so slightly.

For half an hour we sat and talked the matter over, but at the end of the time, the trio could make nothing of it. Aunt Mary maintained it was the hallucination of an overworked brain. Clarissa, tremblingly uttered forebodings about Julia. John pretended to pooh pooh the whole thing as a freak or a fancy or an odd coincidence, although I could see there was a something beneath, that belied the surface levity.

A-ha! Love, the traitor and rebel. Even discipline and the practical must succumb to thy potent influence!

I had become philosophically reticent and monosyllabic. I simply reiterated the statement of what I had seen. Could give no explanation, and therefore volunteered none, and finally subsided into drowsy, apathetic silence.

"John," said Clarissa, decidedly, "I shall not go home to-morrow. If you choose to go, you may go alone. I shall go to D—— to make enquiries about Julia."

"You may save yourself the trouble," said John. "You can stay here

and keep Aunt Mary company. I shall go myself. Yes, though the Governor storm for a week. Let's see, there's no train before eleven, is there?"

V.

The 1st of April dawned clear and bright for a wonder. The murk and drizzle of the previous day had disappeared as entirely as had the white face that had twice haunted me with its ghostly presence. The sun rose bathed in blue, translucent vapors, which presently melted before his ardent glances, and all Nature seemed to rejoice at his unaccustomed presence, smiling back his greetings from hill-side and valley, and shaking the moisture from tree and shrub and dripping eave, a very libation to the returning god of day and spring.

At 11 a.m., John Templeton, Junior, started for the little station of D——, Clarissa's parting injunction being that he was not to return without good news of Julia, if he were to follow her to the antipodes. I, for very obvious reasons, had declined to accompany him, pleading an engagement, which was literally true, though with a far different purpose from the one he had been led to suppose. I saw him to the station, however, waved him a last farewell round the curve, and then turned for the first, last throw of dice in the great game of love.

What would it be, double sixes, and the prize, or blanks and ——?

Pshaw! There are no blanks at three-and-twenty, with a bright sun overhead, the fresh, young spring ready to burst at one's feet, and the last, sweet looks from beloved eyes lingering yet in memory, an appeal, a challenge, and a confession in one.

I had a pupil at half-past eleven, a forty-minute lesson. At half-past twelve we dined. At half-past one, I proposed a walk with Clarissa.

I had previously confided to Aunt Mary, from whom I had no secrets, that my future might depend upon

the results of that walk. If I were successful in my suit, which I intended to press, I should renounce St. Tibbets, pupils, and third violin, to proceed to Germany at once. There would be no use in delaying any longer.

"Won't aunt be lonely?" suggested Clarissa, with a little hesitating appeal in the direction of Aunt Mary.

"No, my dear. Aunt won't be lonely at all. She never is lonely when she has herself for company," responded that lady in person. "Just you get on your things and go for a long walk. It will do you both good. Don't let me see either of you before five o'clock at least."

Dear old soul! She, too, had once been young. She, too, had once had a lover, young, brave, and beautiful; but he lay sleeping his last, quiet sleep beneath the cold, gray waves of storm-swept Biscay, where he and a gallant crew had gone down one awful night, to see, perchance, still greater wonders than those of the deep, on that last, long voyage, we all, one day, shall make.

"Good-bye, aunt dear," said Clarissa, stooping to kiss her.

"Good-bye Aunt Mary, for the present."

"Good-bye, Clarissa. Good-bye, Chauncey." For a moment she held my hand, looking wistfully into my eyes: then, with a sigh and whispered, "Success go with you dear, God bless you both," she relinquished it, and we were away.

We went out, side by side, into the golden sunlight, and strayed by many a well-remembered scene. We halted for more than an hour in the mellow afternoon by the bridge, where, years before, I had first taken my love, a little child. We came home, hand-in-hand, just as the purple veil of the twilight was being drawn across the sunset flush of hill and dale, and falling like a soft slumber over the quiet face of the wearied day.

Aunt Mary was waiting for us and watching.

She gave us a sharp, searching glance as we entered, and Clarissa, after saluting her, sped away to her chamber to take off her things.

I stooped and kissed the upturned face again, the beautiful, tender face, that had once been young, but now was wrinkled by the russet touch of age, from which the roses had been washed by time and tears.

"What luck, Chauncey, dear. Are you going to Germany?"

"Yes, aunt, I am going to Germany. And when I come back, she is coming to me."

John was later than we expected, but he returned jubilant. Of course, Julia was all right. A mere wild-goose chase. She had never felt better; and, from the extravagant way in which that practical young man behaved that evening, we all felt confident that he felt tolerably well himself.

The brother and sister returned home next morning. I know not what his fate was with the irate Governor, but mine was sealed.—Germany—Fame—Clarissa.

But the ghost haunted me no more, for the next day I had resigned my place as third violin in the Theatre Terpsichore, and a stranger reigned in my stead.

VI.

Twenty years had rolled by since I caught the last wave of that little white handkerchief at the curve just beyond the station, and many things had happened.

Aunt Mary was gone to join the brave and beautiful young sailor that lay sleeping beneath the sullen waves of Biscay. John Templeton, Senior, too, had departed, pompous in death as in life. It had been a magnificent funeral, they said, but I was not at it. John Templeton, Junior, had ascended the vacant throne, and with him had gone a gentle, blue-eyed queen, with cheeks like the blush-rose that the dawn had kissed, and tresses like unconfined sun-beams, shot with the

lustre of red, red gold. Ah! those tumbling locks! Dear, dear Julia, they could never be made to look matronly. But then thy face will never be old, not older than thy heart, and that is ever young, sweet sister mine.

Clarissa is well and happy. Her brown eyes have not lost their tender shyness, nor has the sun-flush yet faded from her face, and her hair is soft and glossy as ever, albeit she is the mother of two girls, very Claris-as in miniature, and a brace of as handsome boys as can be seen between Houffenburg and Kamptchatka—just like their father, too, folk say.

And I, —, well, I was sitting in the gloom of the twilight, before the great organ in the cathedral of the royal city of Houffenburg, and ever and anon, as my fingers strayed over the keys, responsive to their bidding, welled out the music to the twilight, the pillared aisles, the stained glass of the windows and the intricate traceries of the stooping dome above.

It was, at first, all in a minor key; plaint, unutterable, longing, unsatisfied desire, nascent love and hope. But presently, as the twilight deepened, and the stained light went out of the windows, and the shadows clustered yet more thickly under the mighty concave of the roof, the strain changed, and, jubilant, the tempestuous notes rolled forth, piercing the gloom, telling of life successful, of effort rewarded, of love triumphant.

Unconsciously, the strain had broken into a grand wedding march, *that* wedding march, when a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and turning on the bench, I saw John Templeton, Junior.

"Why, John, you startled me, old fellow. Are you alone? Where's Julia?"

"Quite alone. I left Julia for a talk over old times with Clarissa. They told me I should find you here at your favorite instrument. You were at the old wedding march, eh?"

"Yes, *the* wedding march, John. The one that was played at your wedding;

the one that played Clarissa and myself down the flowery aisle that morning we were made one forever.

John and his wife had but landed a week. The day before, they had burst in upon us suddenly, and taken us all by surprise, for we had received no notice of their intended visit to the Continent.

"I came here," said John, "to have a talk with you alone, about a theme you may have long forgotten; but some hints let drop to-day by Clarissa set me thinking about it again, and aroused my curiosity, and I want you to satisfy it. Will you?"

"Don't know. What is it about?"

"That ghost of yours. That face you twice saw when leaving the theatre at St. Tibbets."

Perhaps it was as well the twilight had deepened so as to render things indistinct, or the expression on my features might have intensified still farther John's very laudable curiosity.

"I thought everybody had forgotten that ghost," said I. "I am sure I had."

"Well, won't you tell us about it?"

"Yes; I think you deserve to know: for that apparition got me Clarissa, and I have a shrewd suspicion afforded you an opportunity to declare yourself to the fair Julia. Is it not so?"

"It is. I proposed to her the next day at D —, and was accepted."

"Just *my* fate, exactly. I proposed to Clarissa the next day, and was accepted. Not such bad April fools, after all, eh?"

"By Jove! it *was* the 1st of April, wasn't it?"

"It was indeed. If you'll just step behind the organ with me for a minute, I think I have yet sufficient influence with the occult world to recall that ghost, or, at least, a very presentable *locum tenens*. Come along."

He followed me, wondering. Arrived at the back of the loft, I threw open a little lancet window, that commanded a view of one of the main streets, and, close at hand, a clock-tower.

"Look out," said I.

He obeyed, evidently still wondering.

"What do you see?" I enquired.

"I see a street, and houses, and people."

"Nothing else?"

"I see sky and some trees."

"Nothing else?"

"A clock-tower."

"Ay. That's it," said I. "Now look closely at it."

"Yes."

"Do you see the ghost?"

"No."

"A white, pallid face. No body. No limbs. Two attenuated hands before it. A phosphorescent gleam, a —"

"Stop," he cried, seizing me by the arm. "You don't mean to say a—a—"

"It was—just—a—clock, in the turret of the old town-hall, with the light behind it," said I, deliberately.

"Not a bad ghost, eh! John? And it didn't *tell* me it was eleven, but I *knew* by the hands. Well, I was determined that you should not go back to the governor before I had seen Clarissa. Now, will you forgive me?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Well of all the—. But you were always a practical joker."

"Yes, and it was the 1st of April, and I was so desperately in love. But what of the forgiveness?"

"Do you think you deserve it? Let me see. Yes, I think I shall accord it, on one condition, that you come back and play me *the* wedding march once more."

So I, Chauncy Darrell, Mus. D., Professor and Leader, led the way back through the gloaming to the bench, and seated myself before my second love.

But as the darkness deepened, and the organ notes swelled and soared under the shadows, every ghost was laid, and the *only* things disembodied were those triumphant peans of sound, that floated out to the gloom, and the silent music from two hearts, that welled out with them, up, on, and forever, etherealized and glorified by the magic touch of love.

THE CLOWN IN TWELFTH NIGHT.

With some remarks on other Shakespearian Clowns and Low Comedy Characters.

BY WALTER TOWNSEND.

IN considering the humor of Shakespear, as indeed in considering every phase of that marvellous mind, it is the universality of his genius that strikes us with most amazement. He leaves no part of the vast field of humor unexplored. Nor is our amazement unnatural, when we consider that all attempts, even to define what in a universal sense is meant by the humorous, have invariably failed. To crystallize in so few words as to constitute to the world at large an intelligible definition of the humorous is impossible, and for this reason, that the definition would have to include all the causes of human laughter, and many of the causes of human tears. This would be a vast undertaking.

Man is the only animal that laughs at all, and the only one that weeps intelligibly. Some of the physical causes of man's weeping: bodily pain, the death of those dear to him, are common to other animals; but, why he should laugh at all, is a much more difficult question, and why, through certain effects on his emotions, he should sometimes dwell on the borderland of tears and laughter, is a subject that defies definition and analysis. Doctors, anatomists and physiologists, can tell us all about risible muscles, tear-ducts and the nerves that produce laughter or tears, but they can never explain the first cause, nor reduce to a formula, mirth and melancholy. King Theebau laughed with glee at a human holocaust, while we weep over the humors of my uncle Toby. It has been found necessary, however, as we cannot define humor as a whole, in order to write and converse intelligibly, to form out of the great subject, subdivi-

sions, which, if not strictly definable, are so generally understood by all, that only a margin of difference exists between our various interpretations of them. Buffoonery, the comic, irony, sarcasm, satire, wit and humor: any man understands what another means by these terms, although different ideas may exist as to the limit of each subdivision, and as to the point where one trenches upon another. It has rarely been given to mortals to excel in the presentation, whether through the pen, the pencil, or the player's art, of more than one of these subdivisions.

Rabelais disguised scorching satire under the cloak of buffoonery, but I think that buffoonery was to him *sui generis*, and without it his satire would never have given rise to the extinguishable laughter of mankind. The satire is dead; the best buffoonery the world knows, remains. As I have somewhere seen it suggested, "If the wit and wisdom of Rabelais were removed, and only the serious purpose left, he would be as dull as ditch water and rather dirtier." Of Aristophanes, I am not qualified to speak, but I think that, in a modified degree, the same remark applies to him. These two are supreme examples of the union of satire and buffoonery.

Cervantes in the first part of Don Quixote never descended from the high pedestal of the ironic, and buffoonery there may be, but only to introduce, to throw out more clearly, the tragic, yet humorous pathos of his great creation. In the second part, he stooped to the mere vulgarly comic, and by so doing, although he could never disrobe Don Quixote of his grandeur, he did what he could to

strip him of his antique armour. Many-sided is Cervantes' humor, but irony, presented in various forms, is its leading characteristic.

Swift, greatest of wits and humorists, is but a satirist writ large with the pen of a tortured and perverted genius.

Sterne alternated his exquisitely shaded and delicately touched etchings with broad sketches: so that we may call him a diluted Rabelais, or a tearful Yorick, according to the mood we find him in. But, he, too, delightful as he is, touched humor but on two of her many sides.

Our dear friend Chas. Lamb saw her only from the sweetly, tenderly didactic side—a little moral lesson, a pure reflection of men and manners, human, as all good things are, but with its limitations fixed.

Thackeray is generally called a satirist, but I consider him more a humorist and comic, than a satirist, his satire running too much in one groove; but whatever view we take of him, he cannot be said to cover more than a restricted area in the great field of humor.

Dickens, grotesque though he be, more nearly approaches the universal humorist, because he humorised types: but the unreality of many of his humoristic types and the unreality of his work as whole leaves him almost solely a comic.

Molière, perhaps, nearly, if not quite, possessed the genius that could deal with and present universal humor in its many aspects. His countrymen claim for him the world's pre-eminence in this, and it may be owing to the subtleties of the language that only his countrymen can be perfectly competent critics.

With the possible exception of this one great genius, there has been no humorist since the world began, except Shakespeare, who has shown us humor in every one of her many guises. And this, not in the opinion of his countrymen alone, but by the common con-

sent of men of all nations and languages.

I have made these somewhat lengthy remarks in order to emphasize the fact that the clown and low comedy parts with which I am dealing, are but one subdivision of Shakespeare's universal humor. To treat even this small part adequately would need a volume; to treat his humor, as a whole, many volumes.

It has been said that the Fool in English drama is the descendant of the Vice in the old Moralities. There may be some foundation for this theory, but in any case, it is certain that he has a perfectly natural place there, apart from any question of ancestry, as in the Middle Ages, every court and every great household had its professional jester. In Shakespeare's time, the custom was dying out, but it had not quite departed. Tarleton, the greatest jester of his age, died in 1588. The grave-digger in Hamlet says Yorick had been buried "this twelve year," and as Hamlet was written about 1600, it has been suggested, perhaps rather fancifully, that Yorick sprang from Shakespeare's recollection of Tarleton.

However this may be, Shakespeare was not only from tradition, but from personal knowledge, acquainted with the habits, status, mental acquirements, and disposition of the professional jester. Moreover, the sayings, talents, and jokes of the jester class, were in Shakespeare's time, matters of both oral and written record. Some thirty-five years ago, a modern reprint of an old book of jests, originally printed in Shakespeare's time, was published in England, and this contained, nay was probably entirely composed of, the collated stock in trade of the Court Fools. One of these jests, I remember, was reproduced verbatim in *Punch*, as original, and illustrated by Leech. I never heard or saw any comment on this, nor do I know if any one besides myself discovered it. It is certain, therefore, that Shakespeare and his

contemporaries knew accurately what the actual Court Fool was.

This gives rise to a curious reflection. Shakespeare generally makes his other characters speak of, and sometimes to his Fools, as though they were really wanting in intellect, or were in some way abnormal.

Rosalind, to whom Shakespeare, with rare insight, has denied any masculine sense of humor, calls the wise Touchstone a "clownish Fool," and comments thus on one of his best apophthegms: "Thou speakest wiser than thou'rt ware on," and to cap the climax, actually slanders him as a "dull fool."

I will not cite other quotations in support of this view, as I think it will be conceded that the general bearing of Shakespeare's other characters to his Fools, is that of the consciously wise to the admittedly foolish. And yet we may be quite sure that when Shakespeare made some of his Fools the wisest of his characters, he made them so in accordance with truth, and as sublimated examples of the actual jester of the Middle Ages. My explanation of this seeming inconsistency is, that in a busy age, when strength and fighting, hard work and brawny muscles, were the factors of success, the idle man, who earned his living by his wits, was an anomaly. He was regarded as a curious creature—one outside the actual world—and in the Middle Ages all eccentricity was labelled as insanity. Shakespeare, therefore, made his fools show their own wisdom, but allowed his other characters to treat them and speak of them in the conventional way, as men set apart, as by defect of intellect, from their fellow-men. Only one of Shakespeare's Fools shews any derangement of intellect—the Fool in *Lear*—and he is not a comic, but an intensely tragic fool.

I do not hold with what I deem fanciful interpretations of alleged different treatment of character by Shakespeare at various periods of his

life—interpretations too often sought to be proved by assigning arbitrary dates to his plays. I should be very sorry—indeed, it would be against my principles—to base any discussion of Shakespeare's characters on the supposed dates of his plays; but it is satisfactory to know that the character of Feste was conceived by a man young enough to "love cakes and ale," and relish ginger hot "i' the mouth."

For two centuries, "Twelfth Night" was supposed to be one of Shakespeare's latest plays, (shewing how much the opinions of critics are worth), but in 1828, by the discovery of a manuscript in the British museum, it was proved to have been acted in 1601 or 1602, and then, certainly, not for the first time. "As You Like It," was probably a later play, and these two contain the greatest Fools of all time, Touchstone and Feste. They are utterly dissimilar—Feste, the rollicking, fun-loving jester, the singer and musician, the pleasure-giver pure and simple; Touchstone, the satirist, all his sayings tinged with melancholy knowledge of human nature and the futility of human endeavor—these two are the Alpha and Omega of the jester's book. Both Touchstone and Feste are used by the dramatist to some extent, each as a foil to another character—Touchstone to Jaques, Feste to Malvolio. Touchstone burlesques the theatrical sadness and cynicism of Jaques—his own a much more deeply rooted genuine melancholy than that of the exiled noble. Feste ridicules in Malvolio the nascent Puritanism which was, in Shakespeare's time, first rearing its head and preparing to spit forth its joy-killing venom. Malvolio was forerunner of the men who "objected to bear-baiting, not because of the pain it gave the animals, but because of the pleasure it gave to men." Touchstone's proper place was a court. He says, "I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three

tailors; I have had four quarrels and like to have fought one." And this is not all satirical—his manners bear out the description. Feste, on the other hand was much more at home in the Buttery Bar with Sir Toby, than in the great hall with Olivia. Briefly, Touchstone was the cynical, yet kindly-hearted philosopher: Feste, the boisterous, reckless jester who would risk a whipping on the upshot of a joke. In respect of one quality, however, Feste is far above Touchstone. When the pages in "As You Like It," sing, "It was a lover and his lass," Touchstone's comment is "The note was very untuneable," and he "counts it but time lost to hear such a foolish song." Feste, on the contrary, is *par excellence* the Musical Fool. His name is said to have been borrowed by Shakespeare from that of a composer of the time, rumored to have set some of Shakespeare's songs to music. "No pains, sir," he says, "I take pleasure in singing," and his songs were no mere jester's songs. The exquisite lyric attuned so sweetly to the Duke's melancholy mood,

"Come away, come away, Death,
And in the sad cypress let me be laid,"

and the charmingly tuneful catch, ending

"Then come kiss me sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure."

shew that his music was the poetical quality in the Clown: and we may be sure that without some tinge of poetry, no man can be a humorist, not even one of the rollicking order. The nameless Clown in "All's Well that Ends Well," who is some extent a foreshadowing of Feste, sings also,

"Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten."

but he was, after all, as much philosopher as musician, and foreshadows Touchstone as well as Feste. Our Clown could never have said, "I am for the House with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for Pomp to

enter; some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire." Alas! poor Fool! his sadly tender reflection brings him reproof and dismissal, and the curt remark, "a shrewd knave and an unhappy." Not so our Feste; no sad reflections on the hereafter for him; no unhappiness; no care or thought but to make his little world merry, and line his own purse out of its merriment. What a glorious quartette!—Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, Maria and the Clown. See them, as they come laughing and shouting along Olivia's Halls! separated from their mistress' ears, you may be sure, by thick and friendly walls: Sir Toby, reeling a little perhaps in his first cups—just enough aboard to stimulate his quick and ready wit: Sir Andrew, the natural Fool, sane enough to be amusing instead of repellent: the Clown, shrewd and observant, but making fun out of them or allowing them to make fun out of him, with equal goodwill, so long as it is fun; and then Maria—the glorious Maria—what a twinkle in her eye, how infectious her laughter, what a "*bonne camarade!*" Would you not like to spend a morning with them, or, better still, an evening?

Sir Toby is too generally set down as a drunkard and sot, *et proterea nihil*. He was a man of gentle birth, of parts, of great natural wit, a man of courage, and, in the degraded station he had chosen, a man of action. His two great vices, drunkenness and love of the company of his inferiors, rendered as naught his natural fine qualities. He led the servants' hall instead of being an honored servant in the halls of the great. He was one who chose rather to "rule in hell than serve in heaven." In spite of all, we can never utterly condemn him, and although we must despise, we need not harshly judge.

Maria is unique, not only in Shakespeare, but in the world's dramatic

literature. Intriguing maids we have by scores and hundreds in the dramas of every age and every language, but only one Maria. She is the only instance in dramatic literature of a woman with a perfect sense of humor, with a keen and pitiless power of criticism, and who is at the same time possessed by the demon of fun, and the overpowering love of intrigue. The only woman of Shakespeare who bears any resemblance to Maria, is Margaret, in "Much Ado about Nothing," and she was much more the conventional, intriguing waiting-woman, whose broad indiscretions of speech are used for the purpose of emphasizing her mistress's modesty. Margaret was sharp of speech, and foolish at most—an echo of Beatrice. Maria was witty and wise, and was no woman's echo. She was human, too; she loved Sir Toby, and cleverly brought him to book, as of course she would do; she was clever enough to do anything. The Clown says to her, "If Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria:" but what the Clown thinks so impossible—a sober Sir Toby—I will engage Maria brought about after marriage, if she wished to do so. More probably however, they caroused together.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek differs but little from Slender, and other absolute Fools of Shakespeare. He is absurd in himself and the stalking horse for the fun of others; but characters only one remove from idiocy call for little comment. It has often occurred to me, however, that Sir Andrew Aguecheek has done one generation a good service. Had Shakespeare not conceived him, I doubt if we should ever have laughed over his saner successor, the valiant Bob Acres.

I have, so far, written almost entirely of Shakespeare's low comedy as exemplified by his professional jesters. Their wit, while in no case artificial or strained, is obliged to be so, from the circumstance of their being "made up," so to speak. I mean by this, that

they knew what they said was expected to be funny, and so they never were unconsciously funny. Their nature came out in their fooling—Shakespeare took care of that—and to this extent they were natural; but they never talk to us as men pure and simple, always as men under the guise and subject to the restrictions of professional jesters. They form, therefore, a complete contrast to Shakespeare's genuinely human and natural low-comedy characters—those who were funny, not because they wished or tried to be so, but because they could not help being so, and were themselves absolutely unconscious of the fact. There is no humor in literature so simple and direct as Shakespeare's in such characters as Dogberry, Verges, Bottom, the Gravediggers, Shallow, Slender; but if I enumerate, where shall I stop? The words they utter, in any situation in which they are placed, are so obviously the only natural words for them to utter, that at times we almost wonder why they are so intensely humorous. The reason is not far to seek. It is in their characters and in their surroundings, not in their speech, that the humor lies, whereas in the Clown parts, it lies not in their characters or surroundings, but in their speech. Shakespeare never leads up to, nor forces, any jest by means of his natural low-comedy characters. Neither Bottom nor Dogberry ever makes a joke consciously; unless in the speech of Dogberry: "The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him shew himself what he is, and steal out of your company;" and, if Shakespeare really intended to play upon the word steal, for once he made a mistake. I think it was in particular reference to the playing of such parts as these, that Hamlet said to the players: "And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them." This has been generally taken to refer to his real Clown characters, but I am sure he would have objected less to an actor gagging

in the part of Feste than in that of Dogberry or Bottom.

I cannot, within the limits of my space, pursue further the comparison between Shakespeare's natural low-comedy characters and his Fools. I can but hint at their differences, which may be summed up thus: the sane people are humorous by reason of their folly: the Fools are humorous by reason of their wisdom. They, wherever they are, or whatever they do, are pre-eminently sane.

There can be no better proof of this than Feste himself. Sanity has been defined, and I think truly, as the perfect apprehension of all things one to another in their exactly proper proportions, and insanity as a failing in this perfect apprehension, either partial or total—the last being pure madness. If this be strictly applied, perhaps no man can be perfectly sane, as probably no man is perfectly healthy: it must be largely a question of degree. I think I dare make good the proposition that with possibly one exception Feste is the sanest of the characters in *Twelfth Night*. The Duke is a sentimentalist pure and simple: his first speech, containing some most beautiful lines,

“That strain again; it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,”

strikes the keynote of his character. Amiable, cultured, prince-like though he was, he was unbalanced by his passion for Olivia. I will not allege against him what dramatic necessity called for—his rapid transition to Viola—but rest my case on the fact that a man who will send a stranger to do his wooing to an unwilling lady cannot be deemed a very strong-minded specimen of his sex.

Olivia's exaggerated grief for her brother makes her almost ridiculous, and her instant and uncontrollable passion for Viola marks her as belonging to the ranks of the hysterical. Not among these ranks is perfect san-

ity found. Viola, herself, the pure and modest, possessing the self-restraint wanting in Olivia, fell in love with the Duke almost before she had seen him—not a certain characteristic of a perfectly balanced mind. Malvolio I need say little about. His vanity, superadded to his stern and pleasure-hating nature, made him, although the possessor of noble qualities of mind, appear as a veritable madman. Certainly *he* did not see things or persons in their true proportions. Sir Toby was sane enough for perhaps two hours in the morning—never longer,—and not even for that time if his potations of the preceding night had been extra deep. I think he may fairly be counted out of the argument.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek is, as I have said before, the fool pure and simple, wanting in wits, and just so far short of a babbling idiot as not to be repulsive. Even the lively, witty, exquisite Maria cannot be acquitted of folly in that she loved and plotted for a toss-pot like Sir Toby. She neither valued her own worth nor realized his degradation: her madcap nature destroyed her sense of proportion. Sebastian allowed himself to be married, not against his will certainly, but in a manner approaching the forced, to a lady of whom he absolutely knew nothing, whom he had seen once before his marriage:—not a very striking instance of a calm, well-ordered mind. Antonio had some sound, good sense, but even he gave his purse and entrusted his life to a youth almost a stranger, because he had an unreasoning affection for him. Still his was a fine character, and I am content to share the perfect sanity of the play between him and Feste. But to Feste belongs the greater share. He accurately apprehended his purpose in life, the means at his disposal to carry out that purpose, and of these means he made the best and sanest use. He lived to make fun for himself and others, and by the making, to

line his own purse, to live high and to sleep soft. Not a high ideal, but I think we must allow, a distinctly sane one. He could carouse with Sir Toby at night (never, I suspect, exceeding himself), sport with him during the day, lay dare-devil plots with him, or Maria, and always keep his own skin whole, and be ready to accept Sir Andrew's sixpence or the Duke's gold pieces with equal safety and satisfaction. How craftily he kept free from all responsibility in the outrage on Malvolio! how well he managed the letter! No one thought of blaming him, and although he was the head and front and chief executant of the plot, Fabian is the one who confesses "Myself and Toby, set this device against Malvolio here." Surely this was a sane man of the world, living among high-strung, irrepressible creatures.

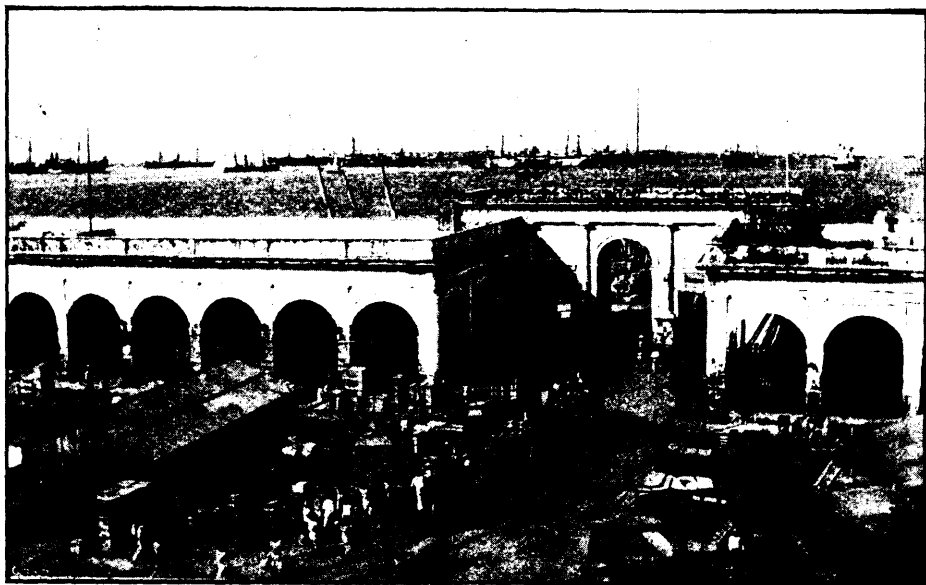
There is one remarkable feature in Shakespeare's literary conception of Feste that I must point out, and that, the unmistakable mark it bears of the influence of Rabelais. We must all, of course, have noticed the open imitations of Rabelais: "Pigrogromitus and the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus," "impeticos thy gratillity," but above and beyond these there is a distinctly Rabelaisian flavor about Feste. His equirogues, as Rabelais calls them, such as when

Sir Andrew says, "I am dog at a catch," and Feste replies, "B'yr Lady, Sir, and some dogs will catch well"—his occasionally fantastic sayings are, to my mind, echoes of Rabelais. His conduct of the dialogue in the great prison scene is thoroughly Rabelaisian. "The old hermit of Prague," "the will of King Gorboduc," the celebrated question as to Pythagoras, might all have proceeded from the lips of Panurge himself. Shakespeare must have recently revelled in the works of the great Frenchman, when he wrote *Twelfth Night*.

I can, in concluding, only repeat what I wrote in beginning—Shakespeare, in humor, as in all else, is universal. I have not been able to shew the brilliancy of even one small facet of the myriad-cut Koh-I-Noor of his genius. I have only endeavored dimly to suggest that his apparent Fools are, in his inscrutable and unerring wisdom, among the wisest of his characters. Fools, like the poor, will be always with us—a plentiful crop—but not, alas! the fools of Shakespeare: and to all who think themselves wise, I can only commend Feste's saying, which sums up the philosophy of Fools:

"Well, God give them wisdom that have it;
And those that are fools, let them use their talents."





QUAY OF VERA CRUZ.

GLIMPSES OF MEXICAN LIFE.

BY H. S. GRANT MACDONALD.

ALL normal things of similar origin resemble one another, yet no two are identical. All Mexican towns bear such a family likeness, each to each, as renders their kinship unmistakable, yet each possesses such obvious individuality as makes it absurd to say that when one has seen one he has seen all. There is indeed a variety of distinct types included among them, types dependent upon natural position, whether on the sea coast, the plains, or in the mountains; whether in an agricultural, a forest or a mining country; dependent upon facility of communication with the outer world and the modifying influences exercised by railways and steamship lines, or upon the race of inhabitants, varying from the cosmopolitan capital to remote and well nigh inaccessible Indian towns, said still to be ruled by their own native chiefs, in the fastnesses of the mountains. Every kind has its own peculiar advantages, and, it must be

admitted, its own particular drawbacks.

The city of Mexico, for example, with its dry, clear, glorious atmosphere, and its elevation of over seven-thousand feet, remains undrained, constraining the wary householder to hang a red lantern from his window or balcony at night to ward off the typhoid devil. Vera Cruz, on the other hand, while exposed to the stewing atmosphere of a tropical seaport, boasts an extensive drainage system. Yes, in spite of the weight of evidence against us, we lay our handkerchiefs upon our noses and make solemn declaration that Vera Cruz has a drainage system. For there, in every street, visible to all eyes, is the drainage current flowing uncovered, over its stone bed at the centre or side of the roadway, down to the sea wall, through which it trickles into the all-cleansing ocean at high tide, into the much absorbing sand at low.

But the cleansing of the town is not left entirely to this exquisitely simple method. In addition, a large scavenger staff of turkey buzzards is kept constantly busy removing all refuse of an edible character. When unoccupied, these sombre fowls perch in black rows along the edges of the housetops, but no sooner is any pest-breeding matter thrown into the gutter, than, with a few hoarse cries, they settle down by clumsy flight to the repast. Among the most ungainly of nature's creatures, moving with noisy flapping and awkward motion on the wing, with grotesque hops and lurches on the ground, unsightly in their dull and scanty plumage, with voices less melodious than a crow's, these melancholy birds are yet so highly esteemed in the coast towns that special laws have been enacted for their protection, making it a grave offence not only to kill them but to frighten them away. As a consequence, they are possessed of an impudence unequalled even by the self-asserting sparrows of our Canadian streets. Twenty or thirty of them will settle at once in almost solid mass on the dust-cart going its rounds, crowding up to the back of the driver, who sits placidly in the front without once turning to shoo away his uninvited guests.

Back from the sea, Vera Cruz has its stone-paved streets bordered with one or two storied plastered houses of various tints, with shallow balcony at every window, whence the coy maiden may watch that pleasing sport, "playing the bear," whenever fortune shall send a daring young bruin her way. This fierce-sounding pastime is the Mexican substitute for love-making. As, according to national etiquette, bachelor and maid may hold no private intercourse, the aspiring admirer takes this truly heroic mode of testifying his devotion to his lady. In the face of all the world, he paces slowly up and down before her window for hour upon hour, looking at it. That is all.

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Her acceptance of such touching attention is shown by her watching patiently from behind her balcony. Whether, when twilight falls, and the house has but one story, this stately distance and silence is still maintained, we leave it to human nature to decide. Such, however, would be according to the Mexican sense of propriety.

These things Vera Cruz has in common with her sister cities throughout



A WATER CARRIER.

the republic. But even in this part of the town her individuality may be noticed in little things. As we stop before the open front of a carpenter's shop to watch the brown-skinned craftsmen fashioning coffins and linen chests, we notice woods being handled very different from any we had seen seven thousand feet above, richer in color, closer in grain and with a higher polish. These Hot Lands are reputed to abound in ornamental wood of excellent quality for cabinet purposes.

Some of those before us bear out the report. On seeing our interest, the master steps forward and offers us, at from five to eight dollars, plain heavy mahogany arks, with brass lock and



A MATTING SELLER.

handles, for our stores of linen. That is, at half that sum in Canadian money. Several childish traits in the Mexican character have already struck us; but the carelessness with which these workmen smoke at their bench, throwing their matches about without so much as looking where they fall, inspires us with an impulse to go and call their nurse to come and look after them. They, however, rest content in the security offered against the spread of fire, by mud walls and floor, and tile roof: and experience seems to justify them.

It is, however, from the line of the plaza and the promenade, with its stately double row of cocoanut palms

down to the water's edge, that the real character of the seaport shows itself. The street population is a motley race of tars of all nations. Swarthy Portuguese, yellow-haired Germans, square Dutch, and lithe Frenchmen, burly British salts and hereditary seamen from the New England coast, roll with lounging gait along the narrow streets, in and out of the eating-houses and saloons, and out of the finest shops, too, where unclassified displays of miscellaneous goods from all corners of the earth tempt Jack ashore to speedily empty his pockets of the cruise's earnings.

A few turns through these thoroughfares, where the bulky crowd the slender off the sidewalks, and the burros crowd them back again off the road, and a few strides over open drains, bring us into the market. Fruits, vegetables, and grains; grains, vegetables, and fruits, piled in profusion on wooden dressers, neatly sorted and stacked in centavo ricks on pieces of matting, heaped confusedly together on the bare ground. One man deals exclusively in beans—red beans, blue beans, black beans, white beans, round and flat, large and small, plain and parti-colored. No one ever dreamed of such a variety of beans. No one ever even had a nightmare of them. Another devotes his chief attention to peppers. All shapes and sizes of peppers he sells, green and red. He and the bean man do a flourishing business.

There seems no limit to the variety of fruit. Fine oranges, citrons, pine-apples and cocoanuts, fruits of rather aristocratic rank, according to our preconceived ideas, rub about in the same stalls, with strange and most questionable-looking vegetables, things which we mistake for second-class potatoes, but which turn out to have a very palatable layer of pudding between their coarse rind and the great seed, fully half as large as the whole fruit. Chicós, the common people call these little fellows. They have some larger

brethren, with a similar rind and a pair of seeds of like proportion, but whose flesh is as red as a brick. These fruits, the chirimoya and the butter-fruit, are of about the consistency of cream cheese. When cut, they leak as much juice as a banana, and are too rich for more than experimental tasting by the ordinary northerner.

We have strayed to the edge of the fruit market on our prospective trip. Here our attention is directed to a group of pottery merchants on its outer rim. The pottery, basket, and matting sellers, generally have their booths close together. Here also a difference from the capital is noticeable. There the pottery offered in the market is dull red, ornamented with black, and very rudely glazed. Here many of the utensils are coated with a finer, bright green glaze, while other brown jugs and dishes are decorated with raised patterns of fruits and flowers. The matting and basket work does not show any striking variation from those of the higher regions. A kindred manufacture, viz., the straw sombrero, shows, however, a marked increase, usurping almost entirely the ostentatious place held by its felt rival on the plateau. Even the women here wear the high-pitched hats, while, above, the blue reboso seems to be considered sufficient protection.

Leaving the market, and passing under a broad arch to the left of the Customs House, we find ourselves upon the landing pier. On the right stretches an expanse of sandy beach, where the bald turkey-buzzards are about their business. To the left are bathing houses and a couple of long, low, open boats, rigged with a single brown lateen sail, putting out to sea. Behind is the town, with its dirt, its foul smells, and its human interest: before, the Gulf of Mexico, its waters dancing in the tropical sunlight, and its keen, salt breath blowing straight in our faces. All sorts of craft strew its surface, great passenger steamers from Europe and the United States,

sailing vessels for slower freight carriage, down to the row boats waiting for a fare out to one of the Atlantic liners, or over to the state prison, rising from a reef among the biggest ships. A stern place is this prison. Those who enter it as prisoners, bid good-bye to the world. Their sentences are usually for life, a shorter term than it sounds, for rarely, it is said, does the healthiest man survive a second year's exposure to its deadly climate. Escape is hopeless. The sea combines with the law to render it impossible, by supplementing the state warders with a corps of watchful guardians under water. The few poor



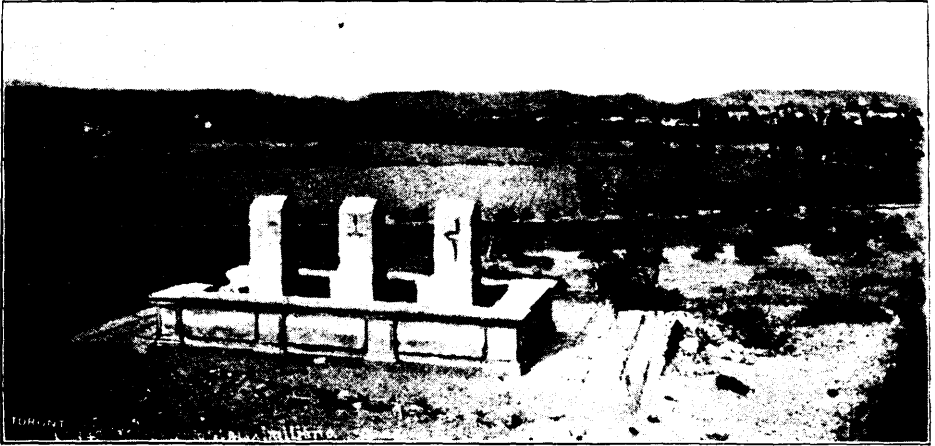
A FRUIT SELLER.

wretches who have sought to swim to land have never been seen again; the sharks do their duty too faithfully for that.

A refreshing contrast to the heat

and vapors of Vera Cruz is found at Jalapa, nearly five thousand feet above the level of the Gulf. Built upon the face of a steep hill, this charming little town boasts not one level stretch of road beyond the immediate vicinity of the railway station. The tram which meets arrivals by the train, and conveys them to the hotels, is

iron, tile or palm thatch. In Jalapa, the steep-tiled eaves spread out almost as broad as the sidewalk below, and the road between curves to a river bed in the centre, where, during a rain-storm, the water, sweeping in sheets from the house tops, rushes, with the roar of a torrent, under the stone bridge crossings, down to the valley.



WHERE MAXIMILIAN WAS SHOT.

drawn by six mules, whose combined strength is hardly equal to the task of drawing their car up to the plaza. This square follows the invariable plan; gardens, band stand, and seats in the centre; on one side, the church; on another, the public buildings, state, as in this case, or municipal, according to the importance of the town: on the third, one or more hotels, and on the fourth, such shops as can be crowded in. The colonnades in front of the secular buildings form a shady lounging place in the heat of the day.

There is one architectural feature which will always tell when the edge of the divide has been turned from the crest to the Atlantic slope. That is the angle of the roofs. On the plateau, roofs are invisible from the street; but, once over its edge, they are steeply pitched, whether of wood,

These bridges about the streets are not the impediment to driving that might be expected, for there is no driving. The only wheeled vehicles seen are the tram cars. Their tracks are especially laid to avoid these obstructions. Backs of horses, mules, donkeys and men do the rest.

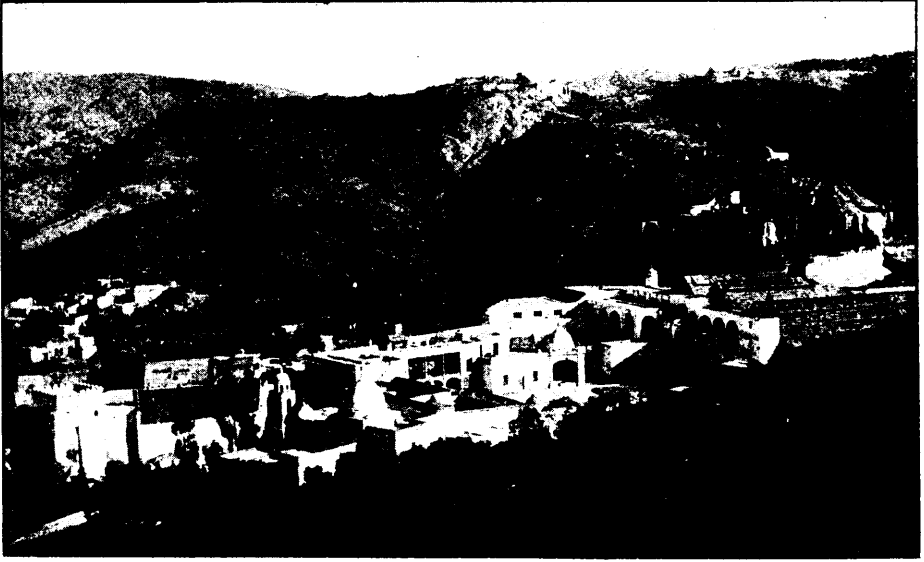
Turning up hill from the plaza along the narrow flag-stone sidewalk worn to a groove in spots with the passing of many feet, we leave behind us the market, where the usual bartering is industriously going forward; and, climbing up beyond the variegated, plastered houses, through whose open doors glimpses of stone-paved, flower-decked courtyards are visible, we pass the less pretentious adobe cottages, and come out upon the open mountain side. Turning here, the little town seems to be slipping down the steep descent below us. Nothing

but roofs and tree-tops is visible; and these so closely overlapping that the eye can scarcely distinguish one building from another, or one garden from a neighboring one, fifty feet lower. Far down, a narrow line in the valley marks the mule car track to Coatapec, six miles away, in the midst of banana and coffee plantations. Beyond its yellow seam, the hills rise opposite, pile beyond pile, green with pine and cedar forests, purple beyond with distance and cloud shadows, swelling higher, frowning darker and darker, with fierce, rugged outlines, till, from their black, encircling bondage, the peak of Orizaba springs, like a freed spirit, snow-white, dazzling, into the pure upper air.

We wander along the hillside, between hedges and ploughed fields, to the head of another street, which pitches even more precipitately than the latter, between uncemented stone walls, down amongst the houses below. Even the burros have to treble their distance in zig-zags up its cobble-paved roadway. We find difficulty in keeping even a downward course until presently arrested by the most welcome sight in Mexico, an abundant spring of water. At one end of an open square, a full, clear column pours out of a plastered wall, beneath a shallow, open shrine. It falls upon a minute water shed, whence the stream, flowing one way, runs through a ponderous brick trough into a circular basin, and thence on to wash the street from here to the lower edge of the town. At the trough, the thirst of man and beast is quenched. The basin fills the ewers and barrels brought all day to its edge for the supply of households far and near. The other division is carried off to the side of the square, where a double row of brick and stone basins, sheltered by a red tile awning, serves the women of Jalapa for a public laundry. A dozen or more are there now, rubbing on their stone washboards, rinsing in the brick hollows, or spreading their dripping garments

on the ground to bleach. We stop to watch them, in the shade of the tile roof, when the four nearest at once begin to address a lively harangue to us. For ourselves, we speak Spanish only by signs; but that does not concern our voluble entertainers, who chatter on to us with much laughter and gesticulation, pulling out stocking or apron stoppers from the escape pipes of their basins, to show how the water runs off, or otherwise demonstrating their meaning by very intelligible gestures.

Returning by a circuitous route, ending in a flight of stone stairs at the head of one narrow street, we find ourselves in the plaza again. Opposite rises the high semi-circular flight of steps which tries in vain to prop up its end of the church to a level with the further, for, even with this elevation, the stone-paved floor of the nave still slopes, like an inclined theatre entrance, from the doors up to the chancel. Worshippers come and go with an independence of the order of service seen only in Roman Catholic churches. Towards the upper end, a kneeling group of men and women seem, indeed, to be following the ceremony, but, even here, the outer fringe is in constant motion. Workmen, with the tools of their trade, or idlers from the street, join the devout congregation for a few moments. Spreading their handkerchiefs upon the floor, they kneel behind the more settled worshippers, deposit tools or sombrero at their side, crossing themselves hastily, and, pulling a rosary from their bosom, run through a rapid roll of prayers, cross themselves hurriedly again, gather up their belongings, and glide out on noiseless, bare or sandled feet. Women, with an armful of market stuff, or a basket packed with their husband's dinner, sit upon their heels, their burdens hidden under the loose end of their reboso, and offer up short petitions. Some, regardless of the service in the chancel, turn their backs upon their fellow-worship-



MINES AT GUANAJUATO.

pers, and pay their homage at some side chapel before the shrine of a favorite saint. Under the shadow of the gallery, at the lower end of the building, kneels an old man alone. His colored zarape is spread under him, upon the stones. His thick hair and beard look startlingly white in contrast with his brown face and his chest, from which the loose shirt has fallen back. He kneels bolt upright, his head thrown back and both arms raised above it, the hands open and palms turned upward. He preserves this attitude as long as we watch him, his eyes closed and his lips moving rapidly. The figure is a striking one and, in its white clothing, is thrown into strong relief against the dark wooden doors. All the while, the choir, hidden behind the high altar, keeps up the strangest chanting. One could almost imagine it to date from Aztec times, so unaccustomed, even barbarous is it, yet not altogether unpleasant. Every voice seems to begin when it likes, to leave off when it pleases, and to sing what it wishes, provided it does not exceed three notes

in compass in any one passage. The effect is rather like wailing or calling than singing.

As we turn to leave, the old man near the door again attracts our attention. He is a splendid figure, tall and stalwart, with magnificent muscles, and well-cut, regular features, not the ordinary, mixed-race type. At the moment we look towards him, his arms drop, the hoary head bends down, and, kissing the floor, he rises. A little lad steps from behind a pillar, gathers up the old man's hat and zarape, gives them to him, and, taking his hand, leads him from the church. His eyes are still closed. He is blind. We look at him with double interest. Blind, and not a beggar! a strange phenomenon near a Mexican church. Its steps and doorways always have their complement of blind and maimed waiting for the alms of benevolent worshippers

Jalapa, and other towns of its kind, fix themselves upon the mountains for the same reason that barnacles glue their shelly villages to rocks, because they find it a convenient situation

from which to carry on the ordinary business of life. Their purpose is honest. Others, however, like some insidious parasites, fasten upon their rugged sides for the sake of the rich nourishment they can drain therefrom. Such a greedy guest is Guanajuato. At first, a little unpretending cluster of huts, built of the surface scrapings of the valley, in a spot where its narrow channel widens out for a short space; it throve on the silver juices sucked from its monstrous victim, growing till it touched, with one long arm, the neighboring village, Marfil, and overflowed upon all its surrounding slopes.

The town is reached by a line of mule cars, running from the railway station in Marfil through that village, and out along a continuous street, formed by its extension and that of Guanajuato, through the bottom of a narrow ravine, for a distance of three miles. These mule trains are a part of the Mexican Central Railway system, and, like it, include first, second, and third-class passenger coaches, to say nothing of special cars, for the exclusive and official, besides a combination baggage, express, and postal car. A military guard accompanies the latter when treasure from the mines is being carried.

For the greater part of its course, the line runs along the bank of a feeble stream, whose scant waters are used over and over almost to exhaustion by the succession of reduction works along its opposite boundary. No conventional red brick parallelograms, these mills. Like the haciendas of the plains, they have rather the effect of mediæval fortresses, than of the strongholds of modern utilitarianism. Though plainly visible one above another from the road, owing to the abrupt incline on which they are built, all the buildings of each establishment are enclosed by a high, substantial wall, rendering approach impossible, except through the one appointed and guarded gateway. It is a

dull-hued scene. Dull drab color is the dry hill side; scarcely distinguishable the shade of the mud walls. Grey ore is being washed by brown Mexicans in dirty cribs, ranged along the slope below the refineries; and grey and thick is the stream which supplies their pittance of water. Rows of blind-folded, brown mules, in a long dim shed, trudge monotonously round and round with the great stone wheel to which each is attached, grinding ore, every ounce of which is brought from the surrounding mines on the backs of dusty animals. But all this dullness, like the proverbial dark cloud, is silver-lined. It is from the dirty mass which fills the vats, is spread out in the *patios*, and fouls the brook, that comes the wealth to erect the gorgeous villas, carved churches, and handsome new theatre, with its front of fluted "loza" columns.*

The method employed in the Guanajuato reduction works is the same as that used by the Spaniards three hundred years ago. In vain does foreign invader or foreign-trained native seek to introduce newer systems. The Mexican of to-day feels that he has been three hundred years learning his own method. Why should he waste those centuries of apprenticeship; throw away the result of those generations of application, to begin the study of some newfangled mode, that may itself be superseded in another couple of hundred years? It fares as ill with the mill director who would substitute steam for mill power, or quicken chemical processes of cleansing for the old washing and bleaching, as it did with the enterprising farm manager who insisted on introducing modern steel ploughs upon his land, and found, after the first using, that his Mexican ploughmen had carefully cut off one handle from each implement, and were complaining that his new kind did not balance as well as their own old wooden ones.

* Loza is the name by which the pale blue stone is known.

Past the long row of reduction works, the valley widens out for a little distance, and in the bowl thus formed, the principal part of the town is situated. The business and official portions occupy the bottom of the basin. Here, besides the ordinary array of workshops and places of refreshment, are a number of caravansaries, through whose narrow doorways the passer-by catches glimpses of a confused medley of pack animals crowded together in a yard, and solemnly enjoying their well-earned siesta, until the next journey to the

Spanish muskets, and without artillery, were unable to make any serious impression on their enemies, till one of them, accustomed, as so many of his countrymen still are, to carry enormous weights upon his back, had a stone slab, large enough to protect his body from the bullets, hoisted upon his shoulders. Thus shielded, he advanced upon the prison door, set fire to it, and laid open a passage to the interior. The furious Mexicans were quick to avail themselves of the opportunity, poured into the building, and butchered the garrison without



SCENE IN THE CATACOMBS AT GUANAJUATO.

mines. There are also found here one of the mints which the republic delights to keep handy to the source of supply, and a prison, associated with the two extremes of Hidalgo's career, his brief triumph, and his destruction. Within these walls the Spanish garrison shut themselves in 1810, when the rebel forces, under command of their warrior priest, pitted its plastered front with bullet marks which have not yet been effaced. The insurgent troops, exposed on the mountain side to a galling fire from the protected

mercy. The slaughter was barbarous, and the retribution no less so. Within nine months, Hidalgo's forces were broken, himself and three comrades captured, executed by the Spaniards at Chihuahua, and their heads sent to Guanajuato, where four iron spikes, on the four corners of the prison, still show the level on which Spanish civilization and native barbarism met.

Up the main ravine, following the course of the stream, runs the principal residence street, shaded by drooping pepper trees. On the left, high

stone embankments hold back gorgeous gardens from slipping into the crease of the valley. A backward glance shows almost a bird's-eye view of those lying a few steps behind, while beside, and above, only the purple-blossomed vines trailing over the terrace wall hint of the luxuriant growth it supports, so steep is the road at times. On the right, the stream runs in its natural cutting, many feet below the road, or is dammed back to its level in needful reservoirs. Each of these ponds becomes the excuse for a tiny park. Houses, trees, and seats border it on the hither side. Across it, the garden of some wealthy mine-owner is terraced to its edge. A rustic bridge thrown across its outlet gives access from the high-road to his gayly tinted villa. The highest of these lakelets is held back by a massive wall of red porphyry along whose top runs a parapet and row of stone seats, approached at either end by a flight of steps. From this elevation one turn of the eye brings into view the work of nature in her sternest mountain mood, bare, sombre, harsh, perhaps, but strong and enduring as the earth itself; and, in flippant contrast, the gaudy, transient, exotic trimmings wherewith man has striven to hide the sternness above. A wild glen twists up towards the right, losing itself at the second turn behind a rough shoulder of rock. On either hand, bold crags, projecting from their common bed, cast delusive shadows on the cliff faces below them. Close-crouching herbs and mosses are the only plants which venture into the rocky chasm. The proud hill crests rear themselves, without one softening shadow of leaf or blossom, against the sharp sky-line. The whole is stern reality. Below, smoothness, verdure, bloom. The rocky pathway filled in and levelled to an easy carriage drive, the ragged cliffs hidden under flowers, the bald heights screened by interlacing tree-tops—a graceful sham.

No much for the upper valley. It is

the habitation of the upper crust of Guanajuato. The filling occupies the basin. On its right slope caravansaries and workshops, gradually giving place to painted dwellings with iron railings and sun-blinds at every window. These, in turn, dwindle away into rows upon rows of adobe cabins, unplastered and unglazed. The occupants of these, also, draw their living from the mountain depths. At early dawn they turn their steps yet higher up to the nearest mines, recognized from across the valley by their gray-green dumps of waste, or else their course lies downward to the reduction works. Guanajuato is fed by mines from many miles about; but only comparatively few miners live within its limits. The more distant mines have their people settled in little villages close to them. There are plenty of reduction mill hands, however, to occupy the mud cottages on these lofty outskirts. Down they come daily to their business at the works. Down they come to the markets and the stream, to the churches and the plaza; and when their work and bartering, their church and concert-going are over forever they are carried down the hill once again, across the valley and up the opposite side to the summit. Here the walled churchyard receives them for a five years' siesta into its soil, perhaps, more likely into its honey-combed walls. Just why a spot of land should have been selected for interment so small that the sleepers in it have to be disturbed every five years, to make room for more, it is difficult to imagine, with all that extent of unoccupied mountain adjacent. But so it is; and a characteristic feature of the Guanajuato cemetery is a long subterranean passage for the storage of the bones of past generations of miners. A peculiar gruesomeness is imparted to this sepulchral corridor by the fact that a number of bodies, disinterred from a certain portion of the cemetery, have been found to have been wither-

ed and preserved complete, instead of the vault. There they stand as steady
 undergoing the ordinary process of as figures of wood, an uncanny crew,
 dissolution. These ghastly figures are but peon Guanajuato is very proud of
 arranged upright along the walls of them.



ADIEU.

One evening in bleak December,
 I said farewell
 In accents smothered and tender.
 Her eyelids fell ;

Her sweet lip quivered in silence ;
 Her eye was wet ;
 The grasp of her hand was the cadence
 Of mute regret.

She gave me a sunny ringlet
 Of nut-brown hair ;
 I folded it gently and kissed it,—
 A treasure rare.

And oft in the fading twilight,
 Before the dream,
 I hold it up in the moonlight,
 Whose silver beam

Encircles the silken ringlet
 With softened light,
 And whispers a message lovelit,
 By angels dight.

I may not hold thee, my dearest,
 Unto my heart :
 The worst is the worst thou fearest—
 That we must part.

Thou art sadly and wearily waiting,
 In mute regret ;
 And my heart, my beloved, my loveling,
 Is with thee yet.

E. A.

JOSEPH HOWE.

BY HON. J. W. LONGLEY, ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF NOVA SCOTIA.

II.

THE letters which Mr. Howe addressed to Lord John Russell were extensively published; nearly all the newspapers in British North America published them *in extenso*, and they were afterwards printed in pamphlet form, and sent to every member of the British Parliament. Mr. Howe had secured the passage of resolutions in the popular branch of the Legislature against the old Council of Twelve, which sat with closed doors, and performed Legislative and Executive functions without any regard to the popular will, and, also, against the failure on the part of the Governor to carry out the more generous and liberal system of popular government which was embodied in the despatches from the Colonial Office after Mr. Howe's letters. The Governor, Sir Colin Campbell, paid no heed to these representations; but, instead of going into rebellion, Mr. Howe simply proceeded another step in the strict constitutional course. He moved and carried an address to the Queen, asking for Sir Colin's recall, and the appointment of a Governor who would give effect to the popular will.

This brought matters to a crisis, and the Governor-General, Mr. Poullett Thompson (afterward Lord Sydenham) was deputed to visit Nova Scotia, to inquire into the troubles which were agitating the Province. On his arrival, the Tory element immediately flocked around him, and, to show him how absurd were the contentions of Howe and the Liberals, they gave him a copy of the pamphlet containing the letters to Lord John Russell. His Excellency sent for Mr. Howe and began to question

him upon his principles, whereupon he took his pamphlet and began to read it, inviting Mr. Thompson to ask for explanations on any points upon which he had doubt or difficulty. And thus the hours sped, Mr. Howe unfolding the great principle that responsible Government was just as practicable in Nova Scotia as in England, and that it was the only remedy for the manifold grievances of which all the Colonies in British North America complained. He evidently made a convert of the distinguished statesman, for, in a short time, Sir Colin Campbell was recalled, and Lord Falkland arrived in September, 1840, and was sworn into office.

Lord Falkland, in order to give effect to the more liberal views of the Colonial Office, proceeded to reconstruct the Executive Council. Up to that date it contained four members, who held no seats in either branch of the Legislature. These were relieved of further service. Mr. Howe was invited to a seat in the Government, which he accepted upon the condition that he should take in a colleague in sympathy with him, and that more Liberals were to be taken in as vacancies occurred. It cannot be possible that Mr. Howe regarded this arrangement as either satisfactory or permanent. Doubtless, he accepted it as a temporary expedient—a step in the direction of responsible government. But it was, indeed, a long way short of our ideas of a responsible Cabinet. Lord Falkland's policy was to have an Executive Council composed of men prominent in both the political parties which divided the Province. Tories and Liberals were to be about his

person, in order that he should be advised fairly in regard to the views and wishes of each.

This was a vain and impossible system. If one thing has been more conclusively demonstrated than another, it is that, under the British system of Cabinet government, the Council must be absolutely homogeneous. Differences and squabbles *inside* the Executive Chamber there may be—indeed, must be. But when once a policy has been determined on, either through the forceful character of the Prime Minister, or by the regnant sentiment of the Council, then every Minister goes out into the world upholding, defending, and glorifying that policy. Or, if this involves too much, then any Minister who cannot take this course must resign.

The Executive Council, as constituted by Lord Falkland, contained at the start seven Tories and two Liberals—Mr. Howe and Mr. McNab. Afterwards, Mr. James B. Uniacke was taken in, which gave the Liberals three. But as soon as the Legislature met, it was manifest that no cohesion existed. In the Assembly, Mr. Howe and his colleagues declared that they recognized their responsibility to the House, and that they must resign as soon as satisfied that they had lost the support of the popular Chamber. But in the Legislative Council, Mr. Johnston, who was the Solicitor-General and the leading spirit, and afterwards the unchallenged leader of the Tory party, made a statement quite at variance with the views of his colleagues in the Assembly. Another member of the Council, Hon. Alex. Stewart, was even more emphatic in repudiation of his colleagues' ideas. His words on this occasion are interesting as illustrating the crude notions then existing as to what Parliamentary government really was, as, also, the common horror lest anything which savored of popular rule would lead to most disastrous consequences. To allow the people to govern themselves,

according to Mr. Stewart, would inevitably lead to independence. How opposite has been the result!

"No change had been made in the constitution of the country, and the principle of responsibility had not been conceded. Responsible government in a colony was responsible nonsense—it was independence. If the responsible government aimed at elsewhere, supposing the debates were reported correctly, were granted by a minister, he would deserve to lose his head. It would be a severing of the link which bound the colony to the mother country. The recent changes infused a principle into the government which conveyed, by practical operation, privileges not hitherto enjoyed by the people. It was not responsible government, however."

Mr. Howe struggled along for about three years in his new position, trying to give loyal aid to the Governor; but the preponderating power was with his political enemies, and matters reached such a crisis that he, in company with Uniacke and McNab, resigned. Then ensued one of the greatest struggles in the history of colonial government. Throwing up all his offices, titles and emoluments, Mr. Howe went back to the editorial chair of the *Morning Chronicle*, the chief liberal organ, and devoted himself for three years to the work of completely establishing responsible government in Nova Scotia. His first leading article, as he returned to the editorial desk, illustrates his wonderful power to go straight to the hearts of the people. Most of our public men have only the power to utter certain sentiments with clearness and force, but Howe had a touch of nature and a warm heart, and when he spoke to the masses it was to evoke idolatry. Here is an extract from the editorial:

"Hardly had we taken our seat upon our old acquaintance, when we fancied that ten thousand ties which formerly linked our name and daily labors with the household thoughts

and fireside amusements of our countrymen, aye, and countrywoman, were revived as if by magic. We stepped across their thresholds, mingled in their social circles, went with them to the woods to enliven their labors, or to the field to shed a salutary influence over their midday meal. And we had the vanity to believe that we would be everywhere a welcome guest; that the people would say: 'Why, here is Howe among us again; not Mr. Speaker Howe, nor the Hon. Mr. Howe, but Joe Howe, as he used to be, sitting in his editorial chair, and talking to us about politics, and trade, and agriculture; about our own country and other countries; making us laugh a good deal, but think a good deal more even while we were laughing.' Such is the reception we anticipate, homely but hearty; and we can assure our countrymen that we fall back among them, conscious that there is no name by which we have been known of late years among the dignitaries of the land that we prize so highly as the old familiar abbreviation; and no field of labor more honorable than that which we formerly cultivated with so large a share of approbation, and upon which we are entering again."

By dint of official patronage the government, composed practically of Tories, were able to carry their measures in the popular branch by one majority, and Howe's mission in the meantime was to stir up the popular mind and ensure a Liberal victory at the next general election. To this end he rode all over the province on horseback at leisure times, addressing public meetings, and organizing and giving vitality to the Liberal forces. He was the object of the most bitter hatred of the powerful clique that nestled and toadied around Government House, but he was more than a match for them in the arena of newspaper controversy, and the whole coterie, from the Lieut.-Governor downward, were pelted with pasquin-

ades, and lampooned in prose and poetry. Lord Falkland started out for a tour of the province, thinking that his exalted position would evoke expressions of regard from the people generally; but he was coldly received, and Howe followed, holding picnics, addressing meetings, and receiving unmistakable tokens of popular sympathy. His speeches on such occasions were simply inimitable. No efforts in these days compare with them. They were brim-full of humor, and lit up with a glowing imagination which set the people wild. Besides all this, there was the personality. I have seen Howe at a political picnic at a later date, and from the moment of his arrival upon the ground he was the centre of everything. At the political picnic in these days the party leaders appear in a sort of solemn form, and, standing in some conspicuous place, they are formally presented to some of the leading men. But Howe would fly about in the crowd, shaking hands with everybody, and especially devoting himself to the women. He was completely devoted to women, and they were equally devoted to him. He would be seen in the course of an hour walking arm-in-arm with a dozen different women, and all the while lighting up every place where he moved by his warm greetings, his sparkling humor, and his pleasant repartee. Everybody felt free to speak to him in the most familiar manner. To most of the men who knew him he was "Joe." Nobody ever thought of saying that they had seen Howe or Mr. Howe; it was always "Joe Howe." And yet his familiarity with the people was not of that vulgar type which simply invites equality. He commanded perfect respect because he evoked love. In person he was finely built, with a very distinguished face, always absolutely beardless. The secret of his power to command popular affection was in his warmth of heart and kindly instincts. He loved the people, and every friend with

whom he came in contact felt that he could repose his all in Howe's care.

At these political demonstrations, when he was fighting Lord Falkland and his government in the most bitter and desperate manner, he would speak fully on the political issues, and then his fancy and good nature would get the better of him, and he would launch forth into some beautiful description of scenery about them, or dilate on the charms of the women. At one of those meetings in Hants County he delivered the following outburst :

"God, in His infinite providence, scatters over every country the intellect required to develop its resources, administer its affairs, and secure to its inhabitants that measure of happiness which they are fitted to enjoy. But God is no respecter of persons; the blessings He bestows are common blessings, in which all have an interest, and in the enjoyment of which the humblest of His creatures may be permitted the most largely to participate. The river which sparkles along the vale stops not to inquire whether the fields it refreshes or the hearts it gladdens belong to the rich or to the poor. The flower sheds as sweet a perfume in the widow's scanty garden as in the marble-railed parterre. So it is with that sacred fire which men call genius—that quickening principle that animates and governs human society. A castle may frown upon a cliff overlooking half a county; the lord of that vast domain may revel in every luxury which can pamper the senses or stimulate to a wide range of intellectual activity; the armed retainers may tread the massive wall, or make the court-yard a mimic school of war; the wise and the brilliant may stroll 'neath old ancestral trees, or enliven the festal hall with the flashes of wit and the hoarded treasures of experience; a long line of sages and warriors, looking down from the walls of that stately pile, may lure to elevated thought and high achievement—and yet the children born within that castle, thus fur-

nished and endowed, may scarcely possess enough of intellect to fold sheep upon the hills. But far down in the valley, beneath the shadow of that castle, the peasant's cot may offer to its inmates a scant return for unremitting toil; and yet from the loins of that poor peasant may spring the youth whose ardent soul, fired by divine inspiration, may point to noblest aims and achieve the highest triumphs."

At another, in King's County—one of the most beautiful agricultural and fruit-growing sections, he concluded by proposing "The Ladies of King's County," remarking:

"That sculptors and painters of old stole from many forms their lines of beauty, and from many faces their harmonies of feature, and sweetness of expression; but, from the groups around him, individual forms and single faces might be selected, to which nothing could be added, without marring a work, that, if faithfully copied, would stamp divinity upon the marble, or immortality on the canvas."

He reverted again to this pleasant theme. He had seen other countries, and admired their wonders of nature and of art. Germany had her Drachenfels, and Scotland her mountains, France her vineyards, England her busy marts, and Ireland her depth of verdure,—each and all had some peculiar charm, some native characteristic, that Nova Scotians must be contented to admire, and satisfied to want; but when he came to contemplate that first best gift of God to man, he could place the girls of his own wild country beside those of any portion of the globe, and thank providence that those who were to lie in our bosoms and beautify our homes, were their equals in personal loveliness, in tact, and virtue.

The general elections at last came in August, 1847, and, after a terrible fight, the Liberals won by a handsome majority. When the House met in 1848, a resolution of non-confidence was carried, the Tory government

resigned, and a Liberal government was formed. Although the victory was Howe's, and all the glory belonged to him, yet he magnanimously allowed his old friend James B. Uniacke to lead the new Government, while he himself took the office of Provincial Secretary. From that day to this no one has conceived the possibility of any government retaining office a day after it had clearly ceased to have the support of a majority of the people's representatives. In every province in Canada a responsible government has everywhere been recognized, and it was achieved in Nova Scotia without the loss of one life, or one drop of blood.

After the election was over, Mr. Howe, tired out by his incessant labors, went back to his home in Upper Musquodoboit, a rural settlement in the eastern part of Halifax County, whither he had removed his family two years before. He was received with ovations and addresses by his neighbors in East Halifax, and at last reached his own door. He has himself described his life there :

"For a month, I did nothing but play with the children, and read old books to my girls. I then went into the woods and called moose with the old hunters, camping out night after night, listening to their stories, calming my thoughts with the perfect stillness of the forest, and forgetting the bitterness of conflict amidst the beauties of nature."

While up to his eyes in political conflict, Mr. Howe was always intimately associated with the social life of the province. He lectured often and on various topics. He was an active member of the Mechanics' Institute at Halifax, and whenever any event was to be celebrated in which Nova Scotia was specially interested, he was usually foremost in promoting it. Halifax was founded by Lord Cornwallis, in 1749. Its first centenary was celebrated in June, 1849. Mr. Howe contributed a patriotic song

on the occasion. It is familiar enough in Nova Scotia, and doubtless has often been read by many in the Upper Provinces, but most people may never have seen it, and it seems so full of patriotic ardor that it may well be reproduced.

SONG FOR THE CENTENARY.

Hail to the day! when the Britons came
over,
And planted their standard, with sea-foam
still wet,
Above and around us their spirits shall hover,
Rejoicing to mark how we honor it yet.

Beneath it the emblems they cherish'd are
waving,—
The Rose of Old England the roadside per-
fumes ;
The Shamrock and Thistle the north-winds
are braving ;
Securely the Mayflower blushes and blooms.

In the temples they founded, their faith is
maintained !
Every foot of the soil they bequeathed is
still ours.
The graves where they moulder no foe has
profaned,
But we wreath them with verdure and
strew them with flowers.

The blood of no brother, in civil strife pour'd,
In this hour of rejoicing, encumbers our
souls !
The frontier's the field for the patriot's sword,
And cursed is the weapon that faction con-
trols !

Then hail to the day! 'tis with memories
crowded,
Delightful to trace through the mists of
the past ;
Like the features of beauty, bewitchingly
shrouded,
They shine through the shadows time o'er
them has cast.

As travellers trace to its source in the moun-
tains,
The stream which, far-swelling, expands
o'er the plains,
Our hearts, on this day, fondly turn to the
fountains
Whence flowed the warm currents that
bound in our veins.

And proudly we trace them. No warrior fly-
ing
From city assaulted and fanes overthrown,

With the last of his race on its battlements
dying,
And weary with wandering, founded our
own.

From the Queen of the Islands—then famous
in story,

A century since, our brave forefathers came;
And our kindred yet fill the wide world with
her glory.

Enlarging her empire and spreading her
name

Ev'ry flash of her genius our pathway en-
lightens,

Ev'ry field she explores we are beckoned
to tread;

Each laurel she gathers our future day
brightens;

We joy with her living, and mourn with
her dead.

Then hail to the day when the Britons came
over,

And planted their standard, with sea-foam
still wet;

Above and around us their spirits shall hover,
Rejoicing to mark how we honor it yet.

During his whole life, Mr. Howe was incessantly promoting the industrial and commercial well-being of British America. In this line it is not too much to say that his efforts and achievements exceed those of any Canadian, living or dead. He was one of those active, restless spirits who can never be indifferent to progress. His eye was always on the alert for something that would develop and build up the country. He saw, like all bright men, where most persons were blind; not an incident in his journeyings was lost upon him.

In 1838, Mr. Howe made his first visit to England. The trip lasted from April to November, and included an extended tour to France, Belgium and Germany, in company with Judge Haliburton ("Sam Slick"). He went to England, as was customary in those ante-steamship days, on a man-of-war, the *Tyrian*. During the passage, their ship was overtaken by the steamer *Sirius*, which, against the judgment of most persons, had made a trial trip to America, and was then on her return. The Captain of the *Tyrian* sent

his mails on board of her in order that they might the sooner reach their destination. After the mails had been delivered, the *Sirius* steamed off, and was soon out of sight, while the ship was rolling about in a dead calm. Such an object lesson was not lost upon Mr. Howe. Others, no doubt, were impressed by the incident, but it never occurred to the ordinary person to do anything. But the incident at once suggested to Mr. Howe the idea of securing for his own country steam communication with England. He therefore conferred with the owners of the *Sirius*, and then, in conjunction with Mr. William Crane, of New Brunswick, he addressed a very able letter to the Colonial Secretary, Lord Glenelg, urging that the British Government take measures to insure direct steam communication between Great Britain and Halifax, by means of subsidies. As illustrating the broad and far-seeing qualities of Mr. Howe's mind, an extract or two from this letter may be given. These will be of peculiar interest at the moment that Canada is urging a fast line service.

"Since the undersigned left the colonies, and after the close of the legislative session, the successful voyages made to and from England and New York have solved the problem of the practicability of steam navigation across the Atlantic, and rendered a revision of the system of packet communication between Great Britain and her North American Provinces extremely desirable, if not a measure of absolute necessity. Assuming that no reasonable doubt can any longer be entertained that the commercial and public correspondence of Europe and America may now, and to a vast extent will, be conveyed by steam, the question arises whether the line of packets between the mother country and the important Provinces of North America should not be immediately put upon a more efficient footing? This question, for a variety of reasons, is beginning to press itself

strongly upon the minds, not only of the colonists generally, but of all those who in this country are engaged in commercial relations with them, or are aware of the importance, in a political point of view, of drawing them into closer connection with the parent State.

* * * * *

“If Great Britain is to maintain her footing upon the North American Continent; if she is to hold the command of the extensive sea coast from Maine to Labrador, skirting millions of square miles of fertile lands; intersected by navigable rivers; indented by the best harbors in the world: containing now a million and a half of people, and capable of supporting many millions, of whose aid in war and consumption in peace she is secure, she must, at any hazard of even increased expenditure for a time, establish such a line of rapid communication, by steam, as will ensure the speedy transmission of public despatches, commercial correspondence, and general information, through channels exclusively British, and inferior to none in security and expedition. If this is not done, the British population on both sides of the Atlantic are left to receive, through foreign channels, intelligence of much that occurs in the mother country and the colonies, with at least ten days, in most cases, for erroneous impressions to circulate before they can be corrected. Much evil has already arisen

from the conveyance of intelligence by third parties not always friendly or impartial; and, from the feverish excitement along the frontier, the indefatigable exertions of evil agents, and the irritation not yet allayed in the Canadas since the suppression of the late rebellion, it is of the highest importance that a line of communication should be established, through which not only official correspondence but sound information can be conveyed. The pride as well as the interests of the British people would seem to require means of communication with each other second to none which are enjoyed by other States.”

The result of these efforts was that in a few months the Imperial Government asked for tenders for carrying the mail by steam. Mr. (afterwards Sir) Samuel Cunard, an enterprising merchant of Halifax, seized the opportunity and obtained the contract. This was the foundation of the great Cunard line. The founder secured fame and fortune by his business enterprise, and afterwards secured the honor of knighthood. Let it be borne in mind that Mr. Howe's words were written thirty years before Confederation, when British America was simply a few thinly-settled provinces, quite detached from each other. But he had sufficient breadth and capacity to see the future, and to speak words which seem progressive even now, with sixty years of steady progress intervening.



A DECADE OF THE HISTORY OF NEW FRANCE, 1660-1670.

An Administrative and Social Sketch.

BY T. P. BEDARD.

IN dealing with the events which occurred during the period covered by this sketch, that is to say, from 1660 to 1670, it is not my intention to enter upon a complete historical work.

I shall, therefore, confine myself to what may be termed the domestic and anecdotal history of New France, in so far as the government, the judicial system and the social life of the colony were concerned, and I acknowledge beforehand that if I perform my task badly, it will not be because I have not been in a singularly favorable position to discharge it to the satisfaction of my readers.

Charged by the government with the duty of making an analysis of the proceedings of the Supreme Council (*Conseil Souverain*), and instructed at the same time to annotate this work with the assistance of the old annalists and the public archives, I have, in my researches, apart from the leading facts of general history, run across strange judicial proceedings altogether unknown at the present day, curious practices, interesting details, the whole well adapted to give a pretty correct idea of a society which has disappeared for more than two centuries.

I have preferentially chosen the starting-point of my official labors as the subject of this sketch, because, without desiring to relegate to oblivion what the Abbé Ferland has so well termed "the heroic days of our history," I consider that it was during this epoch that the colony was established on a solid and durable basis.

In the first place, I beg to introduce the two great dignitaries of New France, the Vicomte de Voyer D'Ar-

genson, Governor-General, and Mgr. de Laval, Bishop of Petrea, Vicar Apostolic in Canada.

D'Argenson has been ruling the colony since 1658. Brave, virtuous, and sincerely devoted to the colony, he has nevertheless been left without help to defend it against the ever threatening inroads of the Iroquois. "He is a man of great virtue, and without reproach," says Mother L'Incarnation. He implores the King to recall him, because, says he, of the heavy expenses which he is obliged to incur, of the inadequacy of his salary, of his growing infirmities, and of the opposition which he daily meets with.

Mgr. François de Laval is a descendant of the Montmorency family; the name alone indicates his high birth. As a type of the most illustrious nobility, it has passed into a proverb, for, do we not still say in our own day, "as noble as a Montmorency." He is still young, his age being only 37, but it is rather his great piety than his birth which has caused the Jesuits to designate him to the choice of the King for the exercise of the episcopal functions in Canada. To a very exalted piety, the Bishop joins a singular spirit of mortification, and an extraordinary zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

But a holy and austere life does not necessarily imply perfection; consequently, historical truth compels me to add that if Mgr. de Laval had his virtues, he also had his faults, and that, at the outset of his episcopal career, he was of a quarrelsome and domineering turn of mind, which led him to untimely interference in different affairs, and to encroachments on

the civil power. A bishop can do what he pleases, said he, according to d'Argenson, and the latter adds that excommunication was his regular threat. An alteration which he made in the constitution of the nuns of the Hotel Dieu is noted with bitterness by Mother Juchereau, and, Mother L'Incarnation speaks regretfully of notable changes in the constitution of the Ursulines.

"Mgr., our prelate," she writes on the 13th September, 1660, "has caused an abridgement to be made of our constitution. He then added to it what he pleased, so that this abridgement, which would be better suited to the nuns of Calvary, or to Carmelites, than to Ursulines, effectually ruins our constitution. . . . We do not say a word, in order to not embitter things, because we have to do with a prelate who, being of a very great piety, if he is once persuaded that the glory of God is in question, will not retreat." And she adds as a corrective: "I attribute all this to the great zeal of the very worthy prelate, but, in the matter of rules, all speculations should yield to experience."

But it is especially in his relations with the representative of the King that he manifested his spirit of domination. Not only did he dispute the Vicomte d'Argenson's right to the honors, which, according to the episcopal ceremonial, he was entitled to receive in the church, but he claimed precedence over him in purely civil gatherings; however, on this point the King cut the Gordian knot of the difficulty by assigning the second place to the Bishop.

But, as long as the dispute was unsettled, the perplexity was great, especially at the Jesuits' college, where orders had been given to the pupils to salute the Bishop first, whenever the two dignitaries appeared together on the scene. One day two of the pupils forgot themselves. "Charles Couillard and Ignace de Repentigny, incited and seduced by their parents," says the

Journal des Jesuites, "did quite the contrary, and saluted the Governor first, which greatly offended the Bishop whom we tried to appease, and the two children were whipped next day for disobedience."

Let us hasten to add that in the different disputes which afterwards occurred between the civil authority and Mgr. de Laval, the latter always had justice, morality and right on his side.

But to return to our subject.

The Vicomte d'Argenson at last got the successor whom he had been asking for for two years. He was the Baron Dubois d'Avagour, who arrived here in 1661.

The Bishop of Petrea had hurled the thunders of excommunication against all engaged in the brandy traffic with the Indians, and was sustained by the new Governor, who, by an ordinance, had issued a similar prohibition under very severe penalties; but one day, a Quebec woman, having sold them a bottle, was put in prison for the offence. Through charity, Father Lalemant wanted to intercede for her with the Governor, but the latter, acting upon a resolution quite opposed to his ordinance, told him abruptly that, inasmuch as the brandy traffic was not to be punishable in the case of this woman, it would be no longer punishable in any one, and that in future all should profit by it.

As soon as the inhabitants learned that the traffic was permitted by the Governor, they did profit by it, and the disorders soon became very great. Mgr. de Laval deemed it his duty to renew the excommunication against the traders; but, with a prudence which cannot be too warmly commended, he had previously taken care to consult the Sorbonne; and the decision of the eminent theologians of that institution, dated at Paris on the 1st February, 1662, concludes: "that the prelate may forbid under pain of excommunication, *ipso facto*, the sale by Europeans of such liquors,

and treat as excommunicated the disobedient and refractory."

The liquor trade being free, brandy flowed like water among the Indians and the Canadians to such an extent as to aggravate the disorders during the remainder of the year, until at last it seemed as if an angry God had determined to vindicate His majesty by sending a scourge, which, without affecting the colonists either in their persons or their property, was calculated to inspire them with a salutary terror. I refer to the great earthquake of 1663.

With regard to this event, I shall merely cite the *Journal des Jesuites*, which, in its brevity and simplicity, says more about it, and speaks more eloquently on the subject than any other writing of the time. "The two days before Lent," says this journal, "were marked among other things by a frightful and surprising earthquake, which began half an hour after the end of the benediction of the Sacrament on Monday, the 5th February, namely, towards half past 5 o'clock, and lasted about two *misereres*, then during the night and the following days and nights, on different occasions. This harmed certain chimneys, and caused other slight losses and damages, but was a great good to souls, seeing that on Shrove Tuesday and Ash Wednesday one would have said that it was Easter Sunday, so frequent were the confessions, communions and other devotions. This lasted to the 15th March, or thereabouts, in a pretty marked way."

However, important changes were in store for the colony. The Baron Dubois d'Avaugour had been recalled, on complaint of the Jesuits, says a royal letter, and M. de Safray Mezy appointed Governor, on the recommendation of the Jesuits. Lastly, according to the formally expressed will of the King, the company of the Hundred Associates had given up the ownership and management of New France, which thus returned to the

royal domain. The first act of possession performed by the King was to create a council, which he named the Supreme Council (*Conseil Souverain*), and which was to be composed of the Governor and of the bishop, or first ecclesiastical dignitary, who should conjointly and together select the other members, five councillors, an Attorney-General and a clerk. According to the edict creating the council, which was promulgated in April, 1663, it was to take cognizance of all civil and criminal cases, to judge them finally, and to proceed therewith as far as possible according to the forms of the Parliament of Paris. The King reserved to himself the right to change, reform and cancel the laws passed and the sentences rendered. The council had also the power to commission, at Quebec, Montreal and Three Rivers, persons to decide in the first instance, with right of appeal to the council, suits between private parties, and to appoint clerks, notaries, bailiffs and other officers of justice.

The first councillors named by the Governor and the Bishop, pursuant to the royal edict, were Louis Rouer, Sieur de Villeray; Jean Juchereau, Sieur de la Ferté; Denis Joseph Ruelle d'Auteuil, Sieur de Monceau; Charles Le Gardeur, Sieur de Tilly, and Mathieu Damours, Sieur Deschanfour. Jean Bourdon was named Attorney-General, and Jean Baptiste Peuvret, Sieur de Mesnu, clerk of the council. The council generally met once a week, and on that day a mass was said for its benefit.

On the 18th September, 1663, the council held its first meeting, and everything went well for some time. As there were no judges, the council had to decide a great number of cases, and give its attention to the minutest details of administration. It leased for three years, for a sum of 30,000 francs, the trading post of Tadoussac to Aubert de la Chesnaye, prohibited the sale of liquors to the Indians, imposed a tax of 10 per cent. on im-

ports by the merchants, and permitted them to sell their merchandise at an advance of 65 per cent. on their invoices. It reappointed de Maisonneuve Governor of Montreal, and de Saily as judge; named P. Boucher, Governor of Three Rivers, judge at the same place, and issued commissions to the notaries Gloria and Aubert, etc.

But the good understanding between the Governor and the Bishop did not last long; as early as the 13th Feb., 1664, war broke out between the two powers, and this is how it was precipitated. The company of the Hundred Associates had sent out a special agent to Canada, and had chosen for the purpose Peronne Dumesnil, an advocate of the Parliament of Paris, and a sly, cunning personage, who, on coming into contact with the Canadian agents of the same company, de Villeray and Bourdon, had quarrelled with them, and cherished towards them a groundless animosity.

Dumesnil insinuated himself into the confidence of the Governor, and persuaded him that these men, who formed part of the council, were dishonest, and entirely sold and devoted to the Bishop.

De Safray Mezy, to whom, as his predecessors, and perhaps even more so, the authority and influence of the prelate gave umbrage, allowed himself to be easily persuaded, and came to the resolution to dismiss those persons from their offices. He notified the Bishop of his determination by a writing, in which it was stated, that "they had been named at the instance of the said Sieur de Petré, who knew them to be entirely his creatures, requesting the said Bishop to acquiesce in their interdiction, and to be pleased to proceed, with the advice of a public meeting, to a new nomination of councillors in the place of the interdicted." This writing was

read and placarded on the public post to the sound of the drum.

To this writing the Bishop replied with moderation and dignity. "Setting aside," said he, "the offensive and insulting expressions, I reply to the request of Monsieur the Governor, that neither my conscience or honor, nor the respect and obedience which I owe to the wishes and commands of the King, permit me to do so until the accused have been convicted of the crimes with which they are charged."

Here I am perfectly at my ease in



JEAN TALON.

justifying the attitude assumed by the bishop, and his refusal to acquiesce in the Governor's demands. I rest my case on two irrefutable reasons.

The first is, that by the edict creating the supreme council, the King had ordered that the selection of the councillors should be made *conjointly and together* by the Governor and the Bishop; therefore, the former could

not dismiss councillors without the latter's consent. The second is, that in wanting to leave the choice of the councillors, in the place of the interdicted, to popular suffrage, or, in other terms, to election, the representative of Louis XIV was acting in flagrant and absurd contravention of the ideas of his sovereign, an absolute monarch, and one so jealous of his authority that he used to say, "L'Etat c'est moi." (I am the state.) Let us imagine, for example, a governor of a French province wanting to have public officers elected by the people. The great king, in his wrath, would have quickly shut him up in the Bastille to punish him for his insolence and rashness.

However, the great broils, as the *Journal des Jesuites* terms them, between the powers, subsided: the Governor abandoned his dismissals; there was a truce which I shall call the Easter truce, and order seemed restored.

But on the expiration of the councillors' year of office, that is to say, in September, the Governor summoned the Bishop in writing, to change them. The latter would not agree to do so, and stood out for the maintenance of the same councillors in office until, as he wrote to the Governor, the Marquis de Tracy, who had been appointed Lieut.-General of all the French possessions in America, should arrive at Quebec. The Governor would not consent to this delay, and, at a regular meeting he informed de la Ferté, d'Auteuil, de Villeray and Bourdon that they were no longer members of the council. Bourdon protested insolently, says the text of the minutes; the Governor had him ejected by force, and ill-treated by his minions, and on the 24th September, 1664, acting on his own proper authority, he reconstituted the council by retaining de Tilly and Damours, and by swearing in as councillors, Nicolas Denis, Jacques Cailhaut, Sieur de la Tesserie and Peronne de Mazé, son of Peronne

Dumesnil. He named de Lotbinière Attorney-General, dismissed Peuvret de Mesnu from his office of clerk, and gave it to Notary Filion.

Mgr. de Laval protested, in writing, against these nominations, but did so in vain. On the 25th of September, de Safray Mezy caused a notice to be affixed to the church door announcing the establishment of his council, without mentioning the Bishop's opposition, and on the 5th of October he published, to the repeated tap of the drum, a volley of insults to the Bishop and others, says the *Journal des Jesuites*, which adds, that the Governor complained everywhere that he had been refused confession and absolution. In the space of twenty-four hours, he had de Villeray and Bourdon arrested by his guards and conveyed on board a vessel about to sail for France.

The new council, although illegally formed, continued to sit regularly, Towards the close of the year, the Governor fell ill of the malady which was to carry him to the grave, and finally became reconciled to the church, as appears by the following passage in the *Journal des Jesuites*: "Monsieur, the Governor, having fallen seriously ill, an effort was made to facilitate his reconciliation with the church, which was finally effected in the beginning of March (1665), when he confessed and received communion on St. Joseph's day and on Easter Sunday, mass being said in his room." He died on the 5th of May, after having written a letter to the Marquis de Tracy, in which he said: "Before my death I begged M. de Tilly to give you the information with the notes I had written to the King relative to what happened between the Bishop, the Jesuits and myself. . . . I do not know, however, if I did not make a mistake in allowing myself to be too much persuaded by the reports made to me."

In his last will he asked to be buried in the cemetery of the pious of the Hotel Dieu, and bequeathed his

heart to the Capuchin monastery at Caen.

On the 30th of May, 1665, Alexandre de Prouville, Marquis de Tracy, Lieutenant-Governor of the King in his possessions in America, arrived at Quebec with four companies of the regiment of Carignan. The councilors had built a galley, and gone as far as the Isle au Coudres to meet him.

On landing, the marquis was conducted to the church where the Bishop of Petrea solemnly received him, and a *Te Deum* was sung with organ and choral accompaniment, according to a statement of a memoir of the time. M. de Tracy was a fine old man of 60 years, a *grand seigneur* in all the force of the term, and loving show and display. When he went out into the streets of Quebec, he was always preceded by 4 pages and 24 guards wearing the King's livery, while six lacqueys followed him, and he was always accompanied by several officers. "M. de Tracy," writes Mother L'Incarnation, "arrived with a great train. I believe that he is a man sent by God for the solid establishment of these countries, for the liberty of the church, and for order and justice."

"Shortly after the arrival of the Marquis de Tracy," says the Abbé Ferland, "several ships arrived from France, and among the first passengers to land from them was Attorney-General Bourdon, in charge of some girls chosen by order of the Queen. But what caused great joy among the inhabitants, and lively astonishment among the aborigines, was the disembarkation of 12 horses, sent out by the King to Canada. With the exception of one given nearly 20 years previously to M. de Montmagny, these were the first animals of the kind seen in the country, and the Indians were astonished at the fact that the moose deer of France (as they termed the newly arrived horses), were so tractable and so obedient to the will of man. Towards the middle of August, two other ships entered the harbor of

Quebec, each having on board 4 companies of the regiment of Carignan. With these troops was M. de Salières, the colonel of the regiment. In September, three ships brought out eight more companies, M. de Courcelles, the new Governor, and M. Jean Talon, Intendant; at last, on the 2nd of October, arrived from Normandy a vessel with 130 workmen, all in good health, and 82 girls, of whom 50 were from the Hotel Dieu of Paris. The number of persons who came from France during that summer season was nearly as large as the whole French population actually resident in Canada.

The regretted and learned historian is perfectly right, as in 1663 the population was estimated at about 2500 souls, and as, according to the census of 1666, the first made in New France, it was established that it then numbered 3,215 souls.

The Marquis de Tracy and the Governor Courcelles soon engaged in a war with the Iroquois, which ended in the defeat of those terrible enemies of the colony.

By order of the Marquis de Tracy, the council suspended its sittings from the 23rd of September, 1665, to the 6th of December, 1666, when it was reconstructed by the nomination of de Villeray, de Gorribon, de Tilly, Damours and de la Tesserie; the Attorney-General, Bourdon, and the clerk, Peuvret, were reinstalled in their offices. As may be seen, this was a striking reparation of the injustice committed by de Safray Mezy.

During the suspension of the council, it was therefore solely on the shoulders of Talon that the administration of the colony rested, and, indeed, his powers were sufficiently extensive to permit, at need, of his carrying it on alone, as they embraced that of Intendant of Justice, Police and Finance; but except in an amiable way, he did not exercise judicial functions, according to the King's recommendation in his instructions, a part of which reads as follows:—

“The Intendant must be well aware that justice is established for the happiness of peoples, and the accomplishment of the King’s principal intentions, and let him see that it be rendered by the council with integrity, without collusion and without expense. Lastly, although the Intendant has the power to decide alone, supremely and finally, the civil cases, it is well that he should use this power only seldom, leaving their liberty to the established judges. He should create a good police to control the administration of the public moneys, the cultivation of the lands and the organization of manufactures.” * * *

“The Intendant must see to the preparation of lands and dwellings for each of the new families, at least thirty or forty dwellings yearly. In fine, the King, regarding all his subjects in Canada as his own children, the Intendant shall see how to keep them in all things, and to stimulate them to work and trade, which alone can support them in that country. And as nothing can better contribute to this than entering into the details of their homes, it is advisable that he should visit all the dwellings, to note how they are, and further, that he do provide for all their necessities, so that in performing the duties of a good father of families, they may have the means to subsist and even to extend their operations.

“He shall see to the establishing of manufactures and to the attracting of artisans for the most needful things the raw materials of which are abundant in the country.”

If ever Colbert was happy in the choice of an officer so important as the Intendant of the colony, it was when he chose Jean Talon. He was a first-class administrator: Talon was everywhere, he saw and provided for everything, and if Champlain was the founder of the colony, it may be truly said that it was Talon who established it in a solid and lasting manner. Agriculture, trade, and industry were

the objects of his solicitude and his care. He encouraged wheat and hemp culture, established manufactures of linen and he built a market hall, a tannery, and a brewery.

The colonial government took particular care of the material interests of the colonists, but their education devolved upon the clergy and the religious orders. At Montreal it was left to the Sulpicians and the nuns of the congregation, and at Quebec, to the Jesuits and the Ursuline nuns.

However, Mgr. de Laval wanted to attach to his grand seminary a minor seminary, to receive pupils intended especially for the priesthood. On the 9th of October, 1663, the feast of St. Denis, he solemnly opened his minor seminary. Its origin was very modest, but it was destined to attain the highest rank among the educational institutions of the country.

Mgr. de Laval has found in the priests of the seminary of Quebec, who have succeeded each other down to the present day, worthy and zealous aids in the continuation of his immortal work; and it is to their eternal glory that it has also to be said that they founded Laval University, the profound science and safe doctrines of whose professors the educated public and the church are agreed to recognize.

A most extraordinary feature of this epoch, was the litigious spirit which pervaded the colony, and above all, the jurisdiction of Quebec; and yet, all considered, it was not surprising. A large proportion of our ancestors came from Normandy, whose people, from time immemorial, have enjoyed a reputation for love of litigation: and in that Normandy so dear to all our hearts, if we are to credit the legend, the Lord’s prayer is followed by this prayer, less Christian, if you will, but more suited to the inclinations: “My God, I ask no goods from you; only place me alongside somebody who has them.” Consequently, our forefathers of the district of Quebec, went heart and soul into the busi-

ness. We have a court at hand, said they, and then we have nothing to do during the winter; let us go to law; and they did go to law to such an extent, that from the 26th of September, 1663, to the 23rd of April, 1664, there were not less than 325 law suits at Quebec, to a population of 1,500 souls.

The arrival of an intendant so zealous as Talon put an end to these disorders. He was not satisfied with amicably adjusting the differences at Quebec, but, in travelling from Quebec to Montreal, he stopped in all the cen-

astonishment among the Indians, in whose primitive notions of morality, homicide through revenge, and rape, were not crimes. Consequently, it was with no little surprise that an Algonquin Indian, named Robert Hache, accused and convicted of rape on the person of a Canadian girl on the Island of Orleans, found himself condemned to death. To not show too much severity, the council assembled the chiefs of the friendly tribes to communicate this legislation to them, and to let them know that rape was a

hanging matter. The chief of the Algonquins returned the following sharp reply to the council: "We did not know that rape was punishable by death, but, if our young men have not known how to behave themselves well on some occasions, and have given cause for complaint, neither have the French young men been free from fault." The Governor granted a full and entire pardon to Hache.

The office of public executioner was not a sinecure, for many offences were punished by the pillory, the wooden horse, the whipping-post, branding the *fleur-de-lys* with a red hot iron on the shoulder, and, lastly, hanging. His yearly salary was thirty francs, and he was lodged, besides, at the government's expense, but in the case of capital executions he received an

additional gratuity of ten francs for the erection of the gallows; so that the office was little coveted.

Let us turn back to Tuesday, the 15th of February, 1667. It is a marked day, for, in virtue of police regulations, Tuesday and Friday are the days fixed for the sale of their produce by the farmers. Wheat is selling at four francs per bushel, at which price it is a legal tender, that is to say, that according to an ordinance of the su-



COLBERT.

tres to hear the complaints of each one, to settle quarrels and terminate suits without resorting to the forms of justice.

The penal legislation relating to murder and rape only applied to the French colonists, and it required a special ordinance of the supreme council to extend to the Indians the same penalty, which was death. This ordinance, which bore the date of the 23rd of April, 1664, created unbounded

preme council, a debtor can tender it to his creditor in payment of his debt; pork, 6 sous, beef, 8 sous per lb.; bread, 10 sous per 4 lbs., for it is the custom with farmers to bring that article to the market; a hundred of eels for half a crown,—and the lowness of this price is not surprising, for eels were so abundant at and above Quebec that one *habitant* in the seigniory of Platon caught as many as 3,000 in a single tide.

It is ten o'clock in the morning, and the hangman appears on the scene leading a culprit. The executioner is an old servant of Councillor Denis, whom he had robbed with so much effrontery and aggravating circumstances, as to merit sentence of death, which would have been carried out if he had not preferred to accept the charge of hangman, then vacant, and which had been offered to him. The culprit has committed a petty larceny from the king's stores. He is placed on the wooden horse, a sort of instrument of torture, closely resembling our sawyers' wood-horses, but larger. He bears on his back and breast placards containing these words: "For having robbed the King;" a 6 lb. weight is attached to each of his feet: and in this position he remains during an hour, exposed to the jeers and ridicule of the crowd.

The first colonists who settled in Canada, from Champlain's time, were single men: complete families, husbands, wives, and children, were few; so that when the king determined to establish his colony of New France on a solid and permanent basis, he resolved at the same time to establish conjugal society by sending out marriageable girls. The first of these arrived in 1665, and were all snapped up in a few days. They had landed on October 7th, and on the 29th of the same month, Mother L'Incarnation wrote: "The hundred girls whom the King sent out this year have hardly arrived, and, lo! they are nearly all provided for. He will send two hun-

dred next year, and others again in proportion the following years. He also sends men to furnish the marriages, and this year there arrived 500, not to speak of those composing the army, so that it is astonishing to see how fast the country is peopling up and multiplying."

The King kept his word, and continued to send girls annually, as well as new settlers. In general, the girls were the daughters of peasants, strong, healthy, and accustomed to field work. Colbert caused them to be selected with great care by the bishops and parish priests.

On November 10th, 1670, Talon wrote to Colbert, "All the girls sent out this year have been married, with the exception of about fifteen, whom I have distributed among well-known families. If His Majesty has the goodness to send out others, it would be well to recommend that those intended for this country should not be in any way afflicted by nature; that they should be strong and sound. Three or four girls of good birth, and distinguished in quality, would perhaps serve a useful purpose in binding to the country by marriage the officers who are only attached to it at present by their appointments." And he concludes with the statement that all the girls sent out in the spring of the previous year had been married off, and that all of them either had borne children, or were on the point of bearing them, a proof, he adds, of the astonishing fecundity of this country.

Not satisfied with sending the necessary elements to increase the population, Louis XIV., by an edict of April 1st, 1670, ordered the Intendant to pay to the young men who married at the age of twenty years and under, and to the girls of sixteen and under, twenty francs each, on the day of their weddings. This was termed the King's gift. He further granted to the inhabitants with ten living children a pension of 300 francs, and to those who had twelve, 400 francs. By the

same edict it was prescribed that in all the towns and villages, the inhabitants who had the most children should be given the preference for all titular offices; and further, that all fathers should be punishable by fine who did not marry off their boys and girls at the ages of twenty and sixteen years respectively.

Stimulated by all these facilities and encouragements, marriages increased, and consequently the births. The colonists married quickly and early, the girls especially; young couples, whose united ages amounted to only thirty years, were not rare. Even the widows dried their tears before long, in obedience, no doubt, to the royal will. DOLLIER DE CASSON, in his history of Montreal, relates that a young widow,—very consolable that one,—was wedded again before her deceased husband was interred.

Families of 8, 10, and 15 children were not rare a few years afterwards. MOTHER L'INCARNATION gives us an insight into the way in which these large families subsisted. "It is astonishing," she writes, "to see them (the children) in such large numbers, very pretty and well made, without any physical deformity except through accident; a poor man will have eight children and upwards, who go bare-footed and bare-headed all winter, and who live only on eels and a little bread, and yet for all are big and fat."

To give an idea of the rapid increase of the population:—the census shows that in 1666 there were 3,215 souls, and that in 1668 there were

Families	- - - - -	1,139
Individuals composing them		5,870
Men able to bear arms	- -	2,000

"It will be observed that in the present list are not included the 412 soldiers who have become inhabitants to the country this year, nor the 300 of the four companies who remained in Canada." (*Mns. of the Historical Society of Quebec.*)

It will be asked, perhaps, if living at

that time was easy. To this question I may answer, that the case was pretty much the same then as it is to-day: the lazy and the incapable lived in hardship, but the industrious and skilful earned a good livelihood; laborers received 40 sous a day, tradesmen half a crown to three francs, and there was no want of work either in town or country. Moreover, they could always turn their hands to agriculture; and then this is what happened—it is again MOTHER L'INCARNATION who tells the story. "When a family begin to make a home," she writes, "it takes them two or three years to get enough to feed themselves, furniture, and an infinity of little things essential to the maintenance of a home; but, when once these difficulties are overcome, they commence to be at their ease, and if they have good behavior they become as rich in time as it is possible to be in a new country like this. At the outset, they live on their own grain, their own vegetables, and their hunting, which is abundant in winter. And to procure clothing and other domestic utensils, they make boards to cover the houses, and cut building timber, which they sell very dear. Having thus secured the necessaries, they begin to haste, and in that way get in by degrees."

As for the nobles and seigneurs, they lived by trade and the cultivation of their lands. For the last time, I shall cite the incomparable annalist to whom I have been so much indebted. Speaking of the forts on the Richelieu River, the Venerable MARIE DE L'INCARNATION, writes as follows: "The forts which have been built on the Iroquois trail have remained with their garrisons; a good deal of clearing is being made, especially at the forts of Chambly and of Sorel. These gentlemen" (speaking of Captains de Chambly and de Sorel) "who are very honest people, intend to establish French colonists. They have oxen, cows and poultry; they have fine lakes, abounding in fish as well in winter as in summer, and

game is plentiful at all seasons. Roads are being made to communicate with each other, because the officers are putting up very fine houses for themselves, and doing well through the alliances which they have contracted with the families of the country."

To be truthful, I should here state that the nobles and seigneurs lived in much less comfort than the workmen and the farmers, because, either through pride or incapacity, they would not or could not turn their hands to farming, and because in general, they had little or no means.

There were a few exceptions, however, who courageously devoted themselves to the cultivation of the soil; even the ladies of their families helping them in their labors. "I have seen," wrote the Governor de Denonville, "two of the Misses de St. Ours working at the crops, and holding the handles of the plough."

Now, a parting souvenir of social life in Canada, and I close: it applies more particularly to the fashionable world. M. Chartier de Lotbinière, wanting no doubt to celebrate his appointment to the office of judge at Quebec, gave a ball a month afterwards, and the *Journal des Jesuites*, which records the event, says on the subject: "On the 4th February, 1667, the first ball given in Canada was held

at the Sieur. Chartier's. May God grant that there shall be no worse consequences."

From the foregoing rapid sketch of the government of the colony at the epoch which we have been considering, of the administration of justice, and of social life in Canada, several conclusions may be drawn:—

In the first place, it is unquestionable that, notwithstanding some faults, the governors, the intendant and the supreme council managed the affairs of New France with wisdom, prudence and zeal.

The law courts were as well organized as they could be, and let me note the fact, with honor to them, that justice was rendered with impartiality, and without costs. In extending my conclusions, with the assistance of my long and scrupulous researches, I can state that I have gone through the judicial registers of the country, and that I have ascertained from the criminal trials, taking the population into account, and comparing with the judicial statistics of our own days, that the moral standard of the early colonists was about the same as that of the present French-Canadian population of the Province of Quebec—one of the most moral peoples on this continent.

Quebec.



GABLE ENDS.

LITTLE KOSH-SHE-SHE-BOG-A-MOG.

Several times in the autumn of 1868, in our trips in the enchanting Muskoka region around Trading Lake, and in the neighboring rivers, we had seen in the distance a canoe containing an old Indian, and what appeared to be a little boy in the bow. We noticed, however, that as we approached, the old man would paddle away in a different direction, and in order to elude observation would hide himself behind some point of rocks in a bend in the river, or behind a clump of trees on the shore. His disinclination to come into contact with any member of our hunting party was so marked that we thought it right to respect it, and though now and again we observed him in the distance, we never got a near approach to him. Some of the guides surmised that he was the old chief of the remnant of the once famous tribe then dwindling into nothingness at Rama, on the banks of Lake Simcoe, and if this were so, doubtless the child with him was his great grandson, his lineal descendant, and named Kosh-She-She-bog-a-mog. We were told that there was a great mystery attached to the birth and existence of this child, because rival factions and families in the tribe were from selfish ends interested in his being put out of the way, so that the large reservations of timber lands, granted to the tribe, might be sold, and that the Government bounties should be diverted from the rightful owners to pretenders or usurpers of the real chieftain's birthright.

The story attracted and added interest to the old man's movements, and especially to an incident that occurred one stormy evening just as darkness was setting over the lake. In the distance, across the water from the point on which we were encamped, we could see the old man bending vigorously at the paddle, shoving his canoe before the wind down the lake as fast as he could go. So late at night, in weather so threatening, and waves likely at any moment to submerge his frail craft, with wasted strength and a helpless child in

the canoe—these were conditions that startled even the reckless guides; and the conjecture that something unusual had happened to justify such a journey by the old chieftain seemed well founded. He was soon lost to view in the distance, attempting to cross the lake to our side several miles below us. As we turned toward our great camp fire, which illumined the interior of the tent with a warm glow, and we imbibed the delicious odors of the sizzling bacon and trout that was being cooked for supper, we thought of the lonely old man, probably without food, and the hungry little boy that accompanied him.

"Some one has said that 'Comparison is the bottom of all philosophy'" remarked our sage President, "and surely the comparison between the lot of that old man and the young chief to-night, and the comforts we enjoy, ought to bring to us the philosophy of content."

It was a sententious remark, and set us all thinking, as we sat down to our bountifully spread table, in front of the tent and before the camp-fire. Soon we forgot the old Indian and his young ward in the comfort and satisfaction of our meal, and the incident of the day passed away, as in idle talk, song and story, we were grouped around the glowing embers, smoking the pipe of peace. It was nearly nine o'clock, and we had already begun to feel a delicious tendency to stretch on our hemlock beds, when suddenly one of the party exclaimed :--

"Hist boys, don't move 'till I get my rifle. There's a panther or a wild cat right in the trees above us. Don't move or you'll drive him away; and I can draw a bead on him, if I can get out my rifle."

Looking upward among the leaves illumined by our camp-fire, sure enough a dark object could be discerned in the big maple tree. It was animate, for we could see it slowly moving, and our hearts were in our mouths for fear it would make a spring upon some of our party. While we were trying to make out its shape and size, our friend who had first discerned it, put his rifle to his shoulder and was about

to fire. Suddenly a gleam of light revealed to me a human face among the brilliant leaves, and with a sudden grasp of the rifle barrel, its aim was directed sideways amid the trees.

In an instant, at the loud report of the rifle, our astonishment was extreme to see the object let go its hold and fall headlong at our feet. What was our dismay to discover, that instead of being a wild-cat or young bear, it was nothing less than a little Indian boy! His life had been saved by a miracle.

Gathering himself together, he raised himself to his knees, and stretched out his hands, exclaiming in tremulous tones: "Oh! no shoot more! Oh! no shoot more! I come down! I come down!"

One of the guides at that moment rushed forward, and said: "As sure as you live, it's little Kosh-She-She-bog-a-mog! I know by the scars on his neck which, it is said, are the marks of his uncle's fingers trying to choke him when he was a baby. How in thunder did he get here, and in that tree above the camp, without being seen?"

"I runned away from my grand-dad," exclaimed the little Indian. "He had no bread and no fish. I was hungry. I saw your fire on the shore and thought I could get some food. I ran long edge of de river, and when I got here was frightened at de dogs. I climbed de big hemlock with branches near the ground, and got from limb to limb, till I was over the fire. Oh! do not shoot again. I am hungry!"

That was an appeal that did not go to our hearts in vain. We gave him some bread and bacon, a cup of warm tea, for the water was being heated for our bedtime toddy, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing our guest taking on an expression of content that only a hungry child perfectly satisfied assumes.

We tried to engage him in conversation, and even to get his name, so as to make sure of his identity, but to everything we asked him, the response was: "Me do not know!" or, a grunt of satisfaction at anything we showed him. We sang a lot of songs for his amusement, and a hymn or two that we knew was familiar to the Indians, and he was greatly interested; and finally urging him to sing, he broke out in a plaintive little

monotone, something like the following:

"I go,—I go
To my home,—To my home,
I know,—I know
He will come,—He will come."

Repeating this in a comfortable corner of the tent, he dropped to sleep; and covering him up with a blanket and letting the flaps of the canvas fall, so as to protect him from the midnight air, we all turned in to dream of the strange and weird incident of the day. My last thought was one of gratitude that the aim of my friend with his rifle had been wide of its mark, for we might have had on our hands the blood of the future chief of the Chippewas.

Waking early in the morning for a deer hunt, we were surprised to find our little guest had fled, having crept out unobserved, and doubtless by this time was with his old guardian, perhaps being soundly berated for his escapade.

Curiosity prompted further enquiry regarding the young scion of the headship of a once influential tribe of men and warriors, and it was found that a feud really existed regarding the proprietorship of lands, valuable because of the timber limits thereupon; and that, to save the rightful heir from the machinations of his enemies, the old Indian chief had kept him concealed for two summers in the far-away woods of Trading Lake.

Years after, in Ottawa, the seat of the Dominion Government, it was my good fortune to be invited to witness a conference between representatives of Indian tribes and that prince among noblemen, Lord Lansdowne. A group of Indians had come to talk to the representative of the great Queen about being transferred to fields less civilized, with more game and better adapted for Indian life. Among the speeches made on that occasion by the red men, that which attracted attention by its eloquence and pathos, was from the young chief of the Chippewas. A lithe and handsome Indian, of perhaps twenty-five summers, was pointed out to me as the eloquent pleader for his race, and going up to him, I held out my hand. He took it slowly, looking into my face in a reserved and stern manner. But when I said, "You are Kosh-She-She-bog-a-mog. I covered you with my blanket one

night at Trading Lake, when you narrowly escaped being shot," he grasped my hand, and said, "Good. I never forgot. The great Father saved me, to save my people. When we get to our new hunting grounds,

come to us, and you shall have the best in the hut of Kosh-She-She-bog-a-mog."

ERASTUS WIMAN.

Staten Island, N. Y.,

October, 1894.

BOOK NOTICES.

Popular Natural History. By W. J. Gordon, author of "Our Country's Birds," "How London Lives," etc. London: The Religious Tract Society; Toronto: The Copp Clark Co., Ltd. 256 pp.

This admirable treatise is modestly described by the author as a work on popular natural history for boys and girls; but even the most cursory glance through its pages suffices at once to show that its character is such as will make it both interesting and instructive in a high degree to that large class of intelligent and cultivated people who, while interested, as most people are, in natural history, have not given the attention to it which a special student of the subject invariably gives. Even to those who have made at some time or other a special study of zoology, the work is valuable for reference at least, and perhaps, too, as containing much that is new and up to the most recent discoveries in zoology. In fact, the work is popular in the highest degree, while at the same time it fulfils all the demands that in such a work could be made for methodical treatment of the subject. The general plan of the work is comprehensive and this comprehensiveness is shown in every page. The author not only deals with great perspicacity with the relations of one species to others of the same family, but connects the particular living representatives with allied species of past geological ages. Mingled with the science in a happy manner are incidents and stories relating to the habits or intelligence of different animals, and the interest to the reader, young or old, never flags. The work is handsomely printed and bound, and is illustrated with eighty-six excellent plates. A glossary of scientific terms used in the work is also given.

M.

With what pride would James Lick, were he alive, regard Volume III. of the publica-

tions of his Observatory! This volume which is now being distributed throughout the world, is certain to become a classic, at least in so far as regards lunar and spectroscopic work, very material portions of its contents being given up to these subjects. Profusely illustrated by the heliogravure, phototype, autotype and lithographic processes, it is a work of high art as well as a record of discovery and results attending upon expert observation and photography. Fifteen of the plates (some of them of the most exquisite character) are from negatives of the Moon taken with the 36-inch telescope. From these and other negatives, drawings, on various scales, of portions of the lunar surface have been made by that eminent astronomer and most excellent artist, Professor Weinek, Ph. D., Sc. D., of Prague, to whom the originals were sent by Dr. Edward S. Holden, the Director of the Observatory, under whose immediate supervision they were made. The volume contains views of The Mare Crisium, the Apennines, and Mountains Langrenus, Vendilinus, Petavius, Archmedes, Arzachel, Copernicus, Tycho, Capella and Taruntius (c). The portion relative to spectroscopy is contributed by Professor James E. Keeler, D. Sc., Director of the Observatory at Allagheny, Pa., and for some years a member of the Lick Staff. Professor Keller's paper is of absorbing interest, and will long remain a monument to the patience and skill with which he conducted his spectroscopic observations of planetary nebulae, observations which made him famous by the discovery of the motion in space of nebulae in the line of sight, a motion in many instances which he was able to determine in miles per second. Altogether, the volume is a vindication of the founding of the Observatory and the placing of its interests, and the reputation it was to make, in the hands of Dr. Holden. G. E. L.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The chief astronomical event to occur in November is the transit of the Sun's disc, on the 10th, by the planet Mercury. So far as the Earth is concerned, the only planets which can cross the solar line of sight are Venus and Mercury. The transits of Venus, which are comparatively rare, and occur in pairs at regular intervals, possess a scientific value of a high order. The transits of Mercury occur much more often and at irregular intervals, and possess little value, though they are carefully observed at every astronomical station from which they are visible. There have been already thirteen transits during the century, but the one on the 10th will be more interesting, in some respects, than most of those which have preceded it. This will be largely due to the fact that, instead of crossing a small portion of the solar face, as sometimes happens, Mercury will transit very near to the solar centre, so that the planet will be on the Sun nearly five hours; and to the further fact that, weather permitting, the whole of the phenomenon will be visible from all parts of the American continent. At the time of the transit, the diameter of the Sun will be nearly thirty-two and one-half minutes of arc, while that of Mercury will be nearly ten seconds of arc, or 190th that of the Sun, so that the planet must be looked for with a telescope of some power, though, if the conditions be extremely favorable, it may be visible as a minute round black spot even in ordinary spy-glasses. Every one who can should try at least to catch a glimpse of the planet, as the coming transit is the last that can occur before November, 12th, 1907. The times of contact have been especially calculated for Toronto by Mr. Thomas Lindsay of The Astronomical and Physical Society, as follows: first external contact, 10.55'43" a.m.; first internal contact, 10.57'22" a.m.; last internal contact, 4 11'50" p.m.; last external contact, 4 13'29" p.m. Those who have the instrumental means of determining the positions, should point their telescopes at that portion of the solar limb which is 98 degrees from the North point to-

wards the East, or 116 degrees from the vertex towards the left for the direct image. However, as astronomical eye-pieces will, in most instances, be used, and as these invert the image, it may be added that observers should keep their eyes directed to a small arc about 20 degrees below the centre of the upper right-hand quadrant of the solar limb. Mr. Lindsay's calculations are based upon the elements found in the British Nautical Almanac, which gives results nearly thirty-seven seconds later than those predicted in the American Nautical Almanac. Observers should have their time-pieces correct to the second, if possible, and should take the instant something is seen to touch the sharp edge of the Sun. We say "something" because the planet itself will not be visible until it begins to encroach on the solar limb. The time of external contact means the instant the edge of the planet shows on that of the Sun; the time of internal contact means the instant the whole of the planet is within the edge of the Sun. It is important that these instants should be noted with absolute accuracy. *Popular Astronomy* suggests that astronomers should "watch carefully to see if, as it enters upon and leaves the disc of the Sun, the planet is encircled by a ring of light, and if, when fully on the disc, it is surrounded by a narrow dusky fringe. These, if seen, would be evidence of an extensive atmosphere upon the planet." Also, "The best way for most to observe it (the transit) will probably be by projecting the sun's image on a white screen. Such a screen may be made of white card-board and fastened a foot or more back of the eye-piece by means of a wire-frame. By proper focusing, a very sharp image of the Sun, from six inches to a foot in diameter, may be obtained even with a very small telescope or spy-glass."

During November, Mars and Jupiter will be the most interesting planetary objects. Both already afford opportunities for many hours of profitable study. G.E.L.

