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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

FEBRUARY
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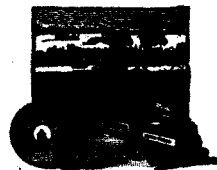
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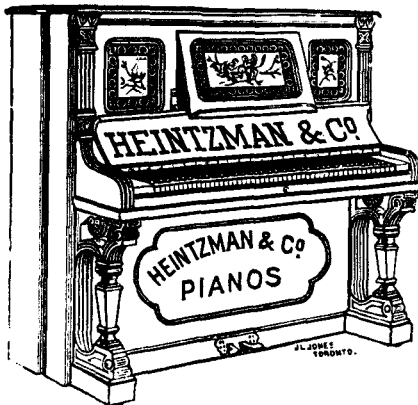
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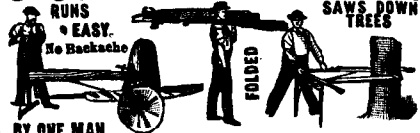
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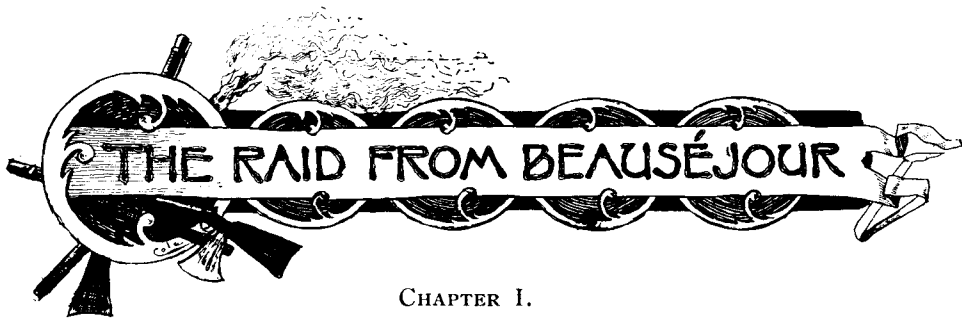


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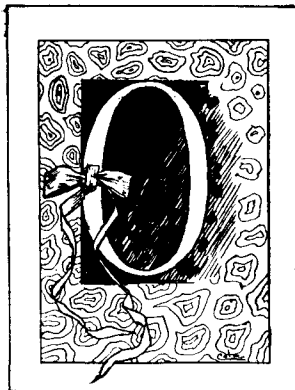
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CHAPTER I.



ON the hill of Beauséjour, one April morning in the year 1750, A.D., a little group of French soldiers stood watching, with gestures of anger and alarm, the approach of several small ships across the yellow waters of Chignecto Bay. The ships were flying British colours. Presently they came to anchor near the mouth of the Missaguash, a narrow tidal river about two miles to the south-east of Beauséjour. There the ships lay swinging at their cables, and all seemed quiet on board. The group on Beauséjour knew that the British would attempt no landing for some hours, as the tide was scarce past the ebb, and half a mile of red mire lay between the water and the firm green edges of the marsh.

The French soldiers were talking in loud, excited tones. As they spoke a tallish lad drew near, and listened eagerly. The boy, who was apparently about six-

teen or seventeen years of age, was clad in the rough, yellow-grey homespun cloth of the Acadians. His name was Pierre Lecorbeau, and he had just come from the village of Beaubassin to carry eggs, milk and cheeses to the camp on Beauséjour. The words he now heard seemed to concern him deeply, for his dark face paled anxiously as he listened.

"Yes, I tell you," one of the soldiers was saying, "Beaubassin has got to go. Monsieur the Abbé has said so. You know, he came into camp this morning about daybreak, and has been shut up with the Captain ever since. But he talks so loud when he's angry that Jacques has got hold of all his plans. His Reverence has brought two score of his Micmacs with him from Cobequid, and has left 'em over in the woods behind Beaubassin. He swears that sooner than let the English establish themselves in the village and make friends with those mutton-head Acadians, he will burn the whole place to the ground."

"And he'll do it, too, will the terrible Father!" interjected another soldier.

"When will the fun begin?" asked a third.

"Oh!" responded the first speaker, "if the villagers make no fuss, and are ready to cross the river and come and

settle over here with us, they shall have all the time they want for removing their stuff,—all day, in fact. But if they are stubborn, and would like to stay where they are and knuckle down to the English, they will see their roofs blazing over their heads just about the time the first English boat puts off for shore. If any one kicks, why, as like as not, one of His Reverence's redskins will lift his hair for him."

A chorus of exclamations, with much shrugging of shoulders, went round the group at this; and one said thoughtfully: "When my fighting days are over, and I get back to France, I shall pray all the saints to keep Father Le Loutre in Acadie. With such fierce priests in Old France I should be afraid to go to Mass!"

Pierre listened to all this with a sinking heart. Not waiting to hear more, he turned away, with the one thought of getting home as soon as possible to warn his father of the destruction hanging over

their happy home. At this moment the soldier who had been doing most of the talking caught sight of him, and called out:

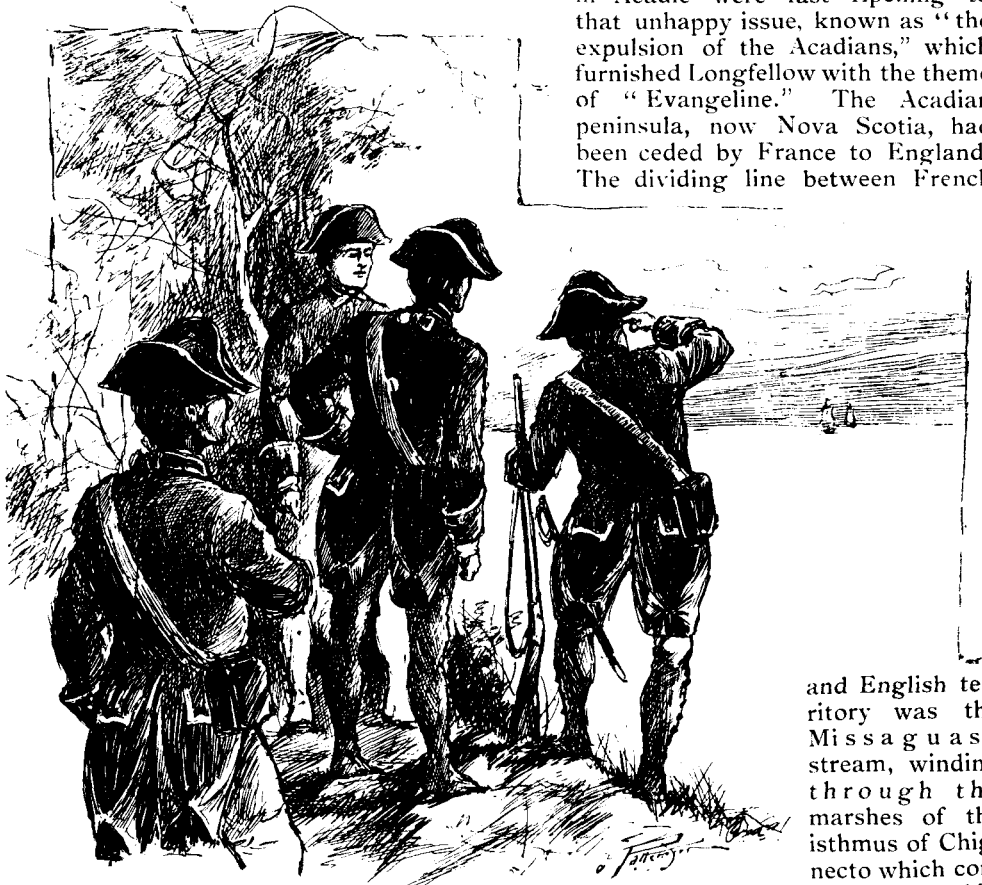
"Hullo, youngster, come here a minute!"

Pierre turned back with obvious reluctance, and the speaker continued:

"Your father, now, the good Antoine—(whom may the saints preserve, for his butter and his cheeses are right excellent!)—does he greatly love this gentle Abbé of yours?"

The boy looked about him apprehensively, and blurted out—"No, monsieur!" A flush mounted to his cheek, and he continued, in a voice of bitterness—"We hate him!" Then, as if terrified with having spoken his true thought, the lad darted away down the slope, and was soon seen speeding, at a long trot, across the young grass of the marsh to the ford of the Missaguash.

At the time when our story opens, events in Acadie were fast ripening to that unhappy issue, known as "the expulsion of the Acadians," which furnished Longfellow with the theme of "Evangeline." The Acadian peninsula, now Nova Scotia, had been ceded by France to England. The dividing line between French



"A little group of French soldiers stood watching the approach of several small ships."—(Page 1.)

and English territory was the Missaguash stream, winding through the marshes of the isthmus of Chignecto which connects Acadie with the main-

land. The Acadians had become British subjects in name, but all the secret efforts of France were devoted to preventing them from becoming so in sentiment. What is now New Brunswick was still French territory, as were also Prince Edward Island and Cape Breton. It was the hope of the French King, Louis XV., that if the Acadians could be kept thoroughly French at heart, Acadie might yet be won back to shine on the front of New France.

As the two nations were now at peace, any tampering with the allegiance of the

wishing to live his own life quietly, care less as to whether a Louis or a George reigned over him, he was promptly brought to terms by the threat that the Micmacs, who remained actively French, would be turned loose upon him. Under such a threat, the unhappy Acadian made all haste to forget his partiality for the lenient British rule.

The right hand of French influence in Acadie at this time was the famous Abbé Le Loutre, missionary to the Micmac Indians at Cobequid. To this man's charge may well be laid the larger part of the misfortunes which befell the Acadian people. He was violent in his hatred of the English, unscrupulous in his methods, and utterly pitiless in the carrying out of his project. His energy and his vindictiveness were alike untiring; and his ascendancy over his savage flock, who had been Christianized in name only, gave a terrible weapon into his hands. Liberal were the rewards this fierce priest drew from the coffers of Quebec and of Versailles.

In order to keep the symbol of French power and authority ever before Acadian eyes, and to hinder the spread of English influence, a force had been sent from Quebec, under the officers La Corne and Boishébert, to hold the hill of Beauséjour, which was practically the gate of Acadie. From Beauséjour the flourishing settlement of Beaubassin, on the English side of the

Missaguash, was overawed and kept to the French allegiance. The design of the French was to induce all those Acadians whom they could absolutely depend upon to remain in their homes within the English lines, as a means whereby to confound the English counsels. Those, however, who were suspected of leaning to the British, either from sloth or policy, were to be bullied, coaxed, frightened, or compelled by Le Loutre and his braves into forsaking their comfortable homes and moving into new settlements on



"The lad darted away down the slope."—(Page 2)

Acadians could only be carried on in secret. In the hands of the French there remained just two forces to be employed,—persuasion and intimidation; and their religion was the medium through which these forces were applied. The Acadians had their own priests. Such of these as would lend themselves to the schemes of the government, were left in their respective parishes; others, more conscientious, were transferred to posts where their scruples would be less inconvenient. If any Acadian began to show signs of

the French side of the boundary. But the English authorities at Halifax, after long and astonishing forbearance, had begun to develop a scheme of their own; and the fleet which, on this April morning, excited such consternation among the watchers on Beauséjour, formed a part of it. Lord Cornwallis had decided that an English force established in Beaubassin would be the most effective check upon the influence of Beauséjour; and the vessels now at anchor off the mouth of the red and winding Missaguash, contained a little army of four hundred British troops, under command of Major Lawrence. This expedition had been sent out from Halifax with a commendable secrecy, but neither its approach nor its purpose could be kept hidden from the ever-alert Le Loutre. Since Beaubassin was on British soil, no armed opposition could be made to the landing of the British force; and the troops on Beauséjour could only gnaw their moustaches and gaze in angry silence. But Le Loutre was resolved that on the arrival of the British there should be no more Beaubassin. The villagers were not to remain in such bad company!

Pierre Lecorbeau was swift of foot. As he sped across the grey-green levels, at this season of the year spongy with rains, he glanced over his shoulder and saw the Abbé, with his companions, just quitting the log cabin which served as the quarters of Boishébert. The boy's brow took on a yet darker shadow. When he reached the top of the dyke that bordered the Missaguash, he paused an instant and gazed seaward. Pierre was eagerly French at heart, loving France, as he hated Le Loutre, with a fresh and young enthusiasm; and as his eyes rested on the crimson folds, the red, blue, and white crosses that streamed from the topmasts of the English ships, his eyes flashed with keen hostility. Then he vanished over the dyke, and was soon splashing through the muddy shallows of the ford. The water was fast deepening, and he thought to himself, "If Monsieur the Abbé hasten not, he will have to swim where I am walking but knee-deep!"

There was another stretch of marsh for Pierre to cross ere reaching the gentle and fruitful slopes on which the village was outspread. On the very edge of the village, half-way up a low hill jutting out into the Missaguash marsh, stood the cabin of Pierre's father amid its orchards. There was little work to do on the farm

at this season. The stock had all been tended, and the family were gathered in the kitchen when Pierre, breathless and gasping, burst in with his evil tidings.

Now in the household of Antoine Lecorbeau, and in Beaubassin generally, not less than among the garrison of Beauséjour, the coming of the English fleet had produced a commotion. But in the heart of Lecorbeau there was less anxiety than curiosity. This temperate and sagacious farmer had preserved an appearance of unimpeachable fidelity to the French, but in his inmost soul he appreciated the tolerance of the British rule, and longed to see it strengthened. If the visitors were coming to stay, as was rumoured to be the case, then, to Antoine Lecorbeau's thinking, the day was a lucky one for Beaubassin. He thought how he would snap his fingers at Le Loutre and his Micmacs. But he was beginning to exult too soon.

When Pierre told his story, and the family realized that their kindly home was doomed, the little dark kitchen, with its wooden ceiling, was filled with lamentations. Such of the children as were big enough to understand the calamity, wept aloud, and the littler ones cried from sympathy. Pierre's father for a moment appeared bowed down beneath the stroke, but the mother, a stout, dark, gentle-faced woman, suddenly stopped her sobs and cried out in a shrill voice, with her queer Breton accent:

"Antoine, Antoine, we will defy the wicked, cruel Abbé, and pray the English to protect us from him. Did not Father Xavier, just before he was sent away, tell us that the English were just, and that it was our duty to be faithful to them? How can we go out into this rough spring weather with no longer a roof to cover us?"

This appeal roused the Acadian. His shrewd sense and knowledge of those with whom he had to deal came at once to his aid.

"Nay, nay, mother!" said he, rising and passing his gnarled hand over his forehead, "it is even as Pierre has said. We must be the first to do the bidding of Monsieur the Abbé, and must seem to do it of our own accord. It will be hours yet ere the English be among us; and long ere that Le Loutre will have had time to work his will upon those who refuse to do his bidding. Do thou get the stuff together. This night we must sleep

on the shore of the stream, and find us a new home at Beauséjour. To the sheds, Pierre, and yoke the cattle. Hurry, boy, hurry, for there is everything to do and small time for the doing of it."

From Lecorbeau's cottage the news of Le Loutre's decree spread like wildfire through the settlement. Some half dozen reckless characters declared at once in the Abbé's favour, and set out across the marsh to welcome him and offer their aid. A few more, a very few, set themselves reluctantly to follow the example of Antoine Lecorbeau, who bore a great name in the village for his wise counsels. But most of the villagers got stubborn, and

beau setting out for Beauséjour with a huge cartload of household goods, drawn by a yoke of oxen. The Abbé's fierce close-set eyes gleamed with approval, and he accosted the old man in a cordial voice.

"This is indeed well done, Antoine. I love thy zeal for the grand cause. The saints will assuredly reward thee, and I will myself do for thee the little that lies in my poor power! But why so heavy of cheer, man?"

"Alas! Father!" returned Lecorbeau,



"The family were gathered in the kitchen"—(Page 4)

vowed that they would stay by their homes, whether it was Indians or English bid them move. The resolution of these poor souls was perhaps a little shaken as a long line of painted and befeathered Micmacs, appearing from the direction of the wooded hills of Jolicœur, drew stealthily near and squatted down in the outermost skirts of the village. But Beaubassin had not had the experience with Le Loutre that had fallen to the lot of other settlements, and the unwise ones hardened their hearts in their decision.

As Le Loutre, with his little party, entered the village, he met Antoine Lecor-

sadly, "this is a sorrowful day. It is a grievous hardship to forsake one's hearth, and these fruitful fields, and this well bearing orchard that I have planted with my own hands. But better this than to live in humiliation and in jeopardy every hour; for I learn that these English are coming to take possession and to dwell amongst us!"

The Abbé, as Lecorbeau intended, quite failed to catch the double meaning in this speech, which he interpreted in accordance with his own feelings. Like many another unscrupulous deceiver, Le Loutre was himself not difficult to deceive.

"Well, cheer up, Antoine!" he replied, "for thou shalt have good lands on the other side of the hill; and thou wilt count thyself blest when thou seest what shall happen to some of these slow beasts here, who care neither for France nor the Church so long as they be let alone to sleep and fill their bellies."

As the great cart went creaking on, Lecorbeau looked over his shoulder, with an unscrutable gaze, and watched the retreating figure of the priest.

"Thou mayst be a good servant to France," he murmured, "but it is an ill service, a sorry service, thou dost our Holy Mother the Church!"

Within the next few hours, while Antoine and his family had been getting nearly all their possessions across the Missaguash, first by the fords, and then by the aid of the great scow which served for a ferry at high tide, the tireless Abbé had managed to coax or threaten nearly every inhabitant of the village. His Indians stalked after him, apparently heedless of everything. His few allies among the Acadians, who had assumed the Indian for the occasion, scattered themselves over the settlement repeating the Abbé's exhortations. But the villagers, though with anxious hearts, held to their cabins, refusing to stir, and watching for the English boats to come ashore. They did not realize how intensely in earnest and how merciless the Abbé could be, for they had nothing but hearsay, and his angry face, to judge by. But their awakening was soon to come.

Early in the afternoon the tide was nigh the full. At a signal from the mast-head of the largest ship there spread a sudden activity throughout the fleet, and immediately a number of boats were lowered. For this the Abbé had been waiting. Snatching a blazing splinter of pine from the hearth of a cottage close to the church, he rushed up to the homely but sacred building about which clustered the warmest affections of the villagers. At the same moment several of his followers appeared with armfuls of straw from a neighbouring barn. This inflammable stuff, with some dry brush, was piled into the porch and fired by the Abbé's own hand. The structure was dry as tinder, and almost instantly a volume of smoke rolled up, followed by long tongues of eager flame, which looked strangely pallid and cruel in the afternoon sunshine. A yell broke from the Indians, and then there fell a silence, broken only by the

crackling of the flames. The English troops, realizing in a moment what was to occur, bent to their oars with redoubled vigour, thinking to put a stop to the shameless work. And the name of Le Loutre was straightway on their lips.

CHAPTER II.

The ships were a mile from shore, and the shore nearly a league from the doomed village. When that column of smoke and flame rolled up over their beloved church, the unhappy Acadian villagers knew, too late, the character of the man with whom they had to deal. It was no time for them to look to the ships for help. They began with trembling haste to pack their movables, while Le Loutre and a few of his supporters went from house to house with great coolness, deaf to all entreaties; and behind the feet of each sprang up a flame. A few of the more stolid or more courageous of the villagers still held out, refusing to move even at the threat of the fire-brand; but these gave way when the Indians came up, yelling and brandishing their tomahawks. Le Loutre proclaimed that any one refusing to cross the lines and take refuge at Beauséjour should be scalped. The rest, he said, might retain possession of just so much of their stuff as they could rescue from the general conflagration. The English, he swore, should find nothing of Beaubassin except its ashes.

Presently the thin procession of teams, winding its gloomy way across the plains of the Missaguash toward Beauséjour, became a hurrying throng of astonished and wailing villagers, each one carrying with him, on his back or in his rude ox-cart, the most precious of his movable possessions; while the women, with loud sobbing, dragged along by their hands the frightened and reluctant little ones. By another road, leading into the wooded hills where the villagers were wont to cut their winter fire-wood, a few of the more hardy and impetuous of the Acadians, disdainful to bend to the authority of Le Loutre, fled away into the wilds with their muskets and a little bread; and these the Indians dared not try to stop.

The English boats, driven furiously, dashed high up the slippery beach, and the troops swarmed over the brown and sticky dykes. Major Lawrence led the way at a run across the marshes; but the soft soil clogged their steps, and a wide bog forced them far to one side. When they reached the outskirts of the village

the sorrowful dusk of the April evening was falling over the further plains and the full tide behind them, but the sky in front was ablaze. There was little wind, and the flames shot straight aloft and the smoke hung on the scene in dense curtains, doubling the height of the hill behind the village, and reflecting back alike the fierce heat and the dreadful glare. At one side, skulking behind some outlying barns just bursting into flames, a few Indians were sighted and pursued. The savages fired once on their pursuers, and then, with a yell of derision and defiance, disappeared behind the smoke. The English force went into camp with the conflagration covering its rear, and philosophically built its camp fires and cooked its evening meal with the aid of the burning sheds and hay-ricks.

As Pierre Lecorbeau drove his ox-cart up the slope of Beauséjour toward the commandant's cabin, where his father was awaiting him, he halted and looked back while the blowing oxen took breath. His mother, who had stayed to the last, was sitting in the cart on a pile of her treasures. The children had been taken to a place of safety by their father, who had left the final stripping of the home to his wife and boy while he went ahead to arrange for the night's shelter. Antoine Lecorbeau had lost his home, his farm, his barns, his orchards, and his easy satisfaction with life; but thanks to Pierre's promptitude and his own shrewdness he had saved all his household stuff, his cattle, his hay and grain, and the little store of gold coin which had been hidden under the great kitchen hearth. His house was the last to be fired, and even now, as Pierre and his mother stood watching, long red horns of flame were pushed forth, writhing, from the low gables. The two were silent, save for the woman's occasional heavy sobs. Presently the roof fell in, and then the boy's wet eyes flashed. A body of the English troops could be seen pitching tent in the orchard. "Mother!" said the boy, "what if we had stayed at home and waited for these English to protect us? They are our enemies, these English. And the Abbé is our enemy; and the Indians are our enemies; and our only friends are—yonder!"

As Pierre spoke he turned his back on the lurid sky and pointed to the crest of Beauséjour. There, in long, dark lines, stood nearly a thousand French troops, drawn up on parade. The light from the

ruined village gleamed in blood-red flashes from their steel, and over them the banner of France flapped idly with its lilies.

That night, because Antoine Lecorbeau was a leader among the villagers of Beaubassin, he and his family had shelter in a small but warm stable where some of the officers' horses were quartered. Their goods were stacked and huddled together in the open air, and Pierre and his father cut boughs and spread blankets to cover them from the weather. In the warm straw of the stable, hungry and homesick, the children clung about their mother and wept themselves to sleep. But they were fortunate compared with many of their acquaintances, whom Pierre could see crowded roofless about their fires, in sheltered hollows and under the little hill-side copses. The night was raw and showery, and there was not house-room in Beauséjour for a tenth part of the homeless Acadians.

By dawn Pierre was astir. He rose from his cramped position under a manger, stretched himself, shook the chaff and dust from his thick black hair, and stepped out into the chilly morning. The cattle had been hobbled and allowed to feed at large, but the boy's eye soon detected that his pet yoke had disappeared. Nowhere on Beauséjour could they be found, and he concluded they must have freed themselves completely and wandered back home. Pierre had no reason to fear the English, but he dreaded lest the troops should take a fancy to make beef out of his fat oxen; so, after a word to his father, he set out for the burned village. Early as it was, however, Beauséjour was all astir when he left, and he wondered what the soldiers were so busy about.

As Pierre approached the smouldering ruins of his home, an English soldier, standing on guard before the tents in the orchard, ordered him to halt. Pierre didn't understand the word, but he comprehended the tone in which it was uttered. He saw his beloved oxen standing with bowed heads by the water-trough, and he tried to make the soldier understand that he had come for those oxen, which belonged to him. On this point Pierre spoke very emphatically, as if so to make his French more intelligible to the Englishman. But his struggles were all in vain. The soldier looked first puzzled, then vacuously wise; then he knit his brows and looked at the oxen. Finally he laughed, took Pierre by the elbow and led him to-



As Pierre approached an English soldier ordered him to halt.—(page 7.)

ward one of the tents. At this moment a pleasant-faced young officer came out of the tent, and, taking in the situation at a glance, addressed Pierre in French :

"Well, my boy," said he kindly, "what are you doing here so early?"

Pierre became polite at once, so surely does courtesy find courtesy.

"Sir," said he, taking off his hat, "I have come after my father's oxen, those beasts yonder, which strayed back here in the night. This was our home, yesterday."

Pierre's voice quivered as he spoke these last words.

The officer looked very much interested.

"Certainly," said he, "you shall have your oxen. We don't take anything that doesn't belong to us. But tell me, why is not this your home to-day? Why have you all burnt down your houses, and run away? We are the true friends of all the Acadians. What had you to fear?"

"We didn't do it!" replied the boy.

"It was Monsieur the Abbé and his Indians; and they threatened to scalp us all if we didn't leave before you came!"

The young officer's face grew very stern at the mention of the Abbé, whom he knew to mean Le Loutre.

"Ah!" he muttered, "I see it all now! We might have expected as much from that snake! But tell me," he continued to Pierre, "what is going on over on the hill this morning? They are not going to attack us, are they? We are on English soil here. They know that!"

"I don't know," said Pierre, looking about him, and over at Beauséjour, "They *were* very busy, getting things ready for something, when I left. But I wanted my oxen, and I didn't wait to ask. May I take them away now, Monsieur?"

"Very well," answered the officer, and he offered Pierre a shilling. To his astonishment Pierre drew himself up, and wouldn't touch it. The young man still held it out to him, saying: "Why, it is only a little memento! See, it has a hole in it, and you can keep it to remember Captain Howe by. I have many friends among your people!"

"My heart is French," replied Pierre, with resolution. "I cannot take money from an enemy."

"But we English are *not* your enemies. We wish to do you good, to win your love. It is that wicked Le Loutre who is your enemy."

"Yes," assented Pierre, very heartily.

"We all hate him. And many of us love

the English, and would be friends if we dared; but *I* do not love any but the Holy Saints and the French. I love France!" And the boy's voice rang with enthusiasm.

A slight shade of sadness passed over the young Captain's earnest face. Edward Howe was known throughout Acadie as a lover of the Acadians, and as one who had more than once stood between them and certain well deserved restraint. He was attracted by Pierre's intelligence of face and respectful fearlessness of demeanour, and he determined to give the young enthusiast something to think about.

"Do you not know," said he, "that your beloved France is at the back of all this misery?" And he pointed to the smoking ruins of the village.

"Do you not know that it is the gold of the French King that pays Le Loutre and his savages? Do you not know that while Louis instructs his agents in Quebec, and Louisbourg, and yonder at Beauséjour, to excite the Indians, and certain of your own people too, to all sorts of outrages against peaceful English settlers, he at the same time puts all the blame upon *your* people, and swears that he does his utmost to restrain you? Oh, you are sorely deceived, and some day you will open your eyes to it, but perhaps too late. My heart bleeds for your unhappy people."

The young man turned back into his tent, after a word to the sentry who had brought Pierre in. The boy stood a few moments in irresolution, wanting to speak again to the young officer, whose frank eyes and winning manner had made a deep impression upon him. But his faith in the France of his imagination was not daunted. Presently, speaking to his oxen in a tone of command, he drove the submissive brutes away across the marsh.

As he left the English camp a bugle sang out shrilly behind him, and a great stir arose in the lines. He glanced about him, and continued his way. Then he observed that the slope of Beauséjour were dark with battalions on the march, and he realized with a thrill that the lilies were advancing to give battle. In another moment, looking behind him he saw the scarlet lines of the English already under arms. And a signal gun boomed from the ships.

Trembling with excitement, and determined to carry a musket in the coming fray, Pierre urged his oxen into a gallop, and made a detour to get around the French army. By the time he got back

to his stable, and possessed himself of his father's musket, and started down the hill at a run, expecting every moment to hear his father's voice calling him to return, the soldiers of France had reached the river. But here they halted, making no move to cross into English territory. To have done so would have been a violation of the existing treaty between France and England.

Major Lawrence, however, did not suspect that the French movement was merely what is known as a demonstration. He took it for granted that the French were waiting only for some favourable condition of the tide in order to cross over and attack him in his position. He saw that the French force three or four times outnumbered his own; and as his mission

was one of pacification he decided not to shed blood uselessly. He ordered a retreat to the ship. The men went very reluctantly, hating to seem over-awed; but Major Lawrence explained the situation, and declared that, Beaubassin being burned, there was no special object in remaining. He further promised that later in the summer he would come again, with a force that would be large enough for the undertaking, and would build a strong fort on the hill at whose foot they were now encamped. Then the red files marched sullenly back to their boats; while a body of Indians, reappearing from the woods, yelled and danced their defiance, and the French across the river shouted their mocking ballads.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

(To be continued.)

IN LITTLE BITS

In little bits, alas, it lies!
 See, each into another fit,
 I view the wreck with tearful sighs —
 In little bits!

I feel remorse's rudest hits,
 Now conscience fills with tears my eyes.
 And disappointment dulls my wit.

'Twas made this morn, about sunrise
 And now, ere day's last glimmer flits,
 My New Year's resolution flies
 In little bits!

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

RUGBY FOOTBALL IN CANADA

BY R. TAIT MCKENZIE



RUGBY football is rapidly becoming the most popular game in Canada for the autumn months, and anyone who was present in the crowds that flocked to see the matches last season would be at once impressed by the interest taken in it by the people at large. The love of manly sport and a close and exciting contest is inherent in the Saxon nature, and any game which shows these qualities so well as football does is sure of appreciation in a country like Canada, even if the spectator does not understand or value the game as an expert would.

A recent game was reported by a French writer in a daily paper as follows: "The sides precipitated themselves upon each other; arms and legs were dislocated and collar bones broken. * * * Anon the game (?) was resumed amidst howls and execrations from both sides, and fragments of clothing, torn ruthlessly from the bodies of the rivals, strewed over the field. It was a spectacle terrible and affecting, and I turned away with tears in my eyes."

What a disturbance an account like that

would cause in the breast of a fond mother or solicitous father.

The game as now played in Canada has few points of resemblance to that of the middle ages, from which it is evolved by a "survival of the fittest" and by a destruction of the most barbarous of its features.

In England it has been popular ever since it was first played by the country people on the village green on Shrove Tuesday, which was a sort of football festival. There are no records to show under what rules, if any, these first football battles were fought, but it is probable that they were more or less "go as you please," and he who survived the annual conflict was, and deserved to be, the pride of the village.

The game advanced, interrupted by the wars of the Roses and the Civil war, which, besides giving men other subjects to think of, sensibly reduced the number of players, and as civilization advanced the play became more scientific and less chaotic, and the dangerous and brutal practices in vogue, by which men were frequently seriously injured, were eliminated. The last of these savage tricks to go were "tripping" and "hacking," or kicking an opponent's shins; which gave splendid opportunities for paying up old scores.

The number of players at Rugby school, as described by Tom Brown, seems to have varied from 50 to 120 a side, and sometimes more, when one house contended against another.

The present English Rugby Union was formed in 1865 to rid the game of its objectionable features, and its subsequent development has been guarded by this union, everything being done to make the game more gentlemanly and to raise the standard of play.

Rugby football was introduced into Canada by the officers of the regular troops stationed at Montreal. The first game of which there is any authentic account was played in 1865 at Montreal between the officers of the regiments stationed there and the civilians, who were nearly all undergraduates or graduates of McGill College. The new game met with favour, and soon Quebec, Halifax, Toronto and Kingston could boast of football clubs.

In 1876 the game was introduced into Harvard, and annual matches were played between McGill and Harvard until 1883, when the great divergence of rules made it difficult to continue the contests. The match of that year was played at Boston, and as the Harvard club was accustomed to playing only 11 men on their team, a compromise was made, and 13 men were allowed for each college.

In its growth in Canada the game has never departed very far from the English customs, although it shows a number of characteristics peculiarly Canadian.

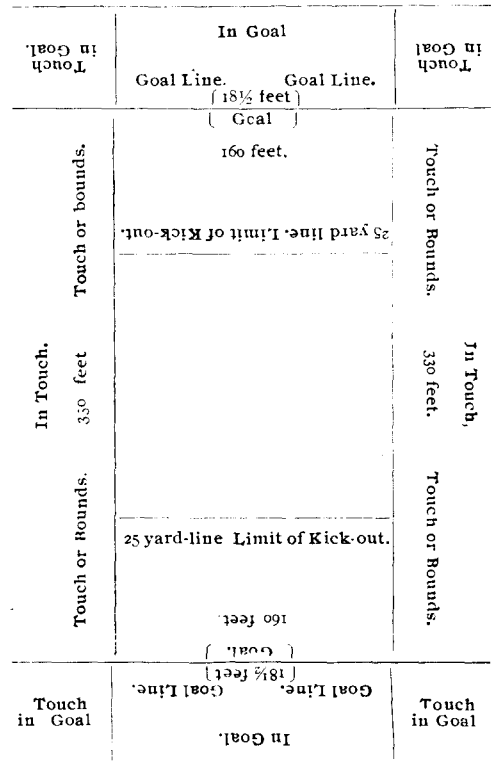
Compared with the wonderfully rapid development of football across the border, the game has progressed but slowly here, and the reasons are not hard to find. The country being younger, boys have not been brought up to football at school. The climate is, however, the great factor in retarding its growth. While the collegians at Yale, Harvard and Princeton have three months of playing weather, in Canada it is the exception to have more than a month and a half, and sometimes the season is still shorter. The effect of this is to render the complicated system of signals and concerted plays, which form such an important part of the American game, entirely out of the question and to favour the production of good individual players rather than of good teams.

The differences in the rules of the Ontario and Quebec Rugby Unions for a long time have hampered the playing of inter-provincial matches, but these differences have now been practically done away with, and the union of the two bodies, with the establishment on a firm basis of a Canadian championship, to be annually competed for, will do much towards popularizing the game.

The influence on Canadian football exerted by the American game has been great, and twice have deputations been sent to witness an important match with a view to changing the rules of the Canadian game and thus making both games

more nearly alike. The result of the last visit was that the Canadian visitors have not altered the opinion they formed last year of the American intercollegiate game, and they are unanimously of the opinion that the American style of play is in no way superior to their own Rugby game. The game is a much more confined and close sort of football, admitting of little of the fine punting, nice passing, fleet running, or, in fact, any of the pretty plays that go to make Canadian football what it is.

A—Plan showing the lines of a Canadian Rugby Field.



As the game is now possibly in a transition state, the question arises will Canada follow the English or American style?

The Canadian Rugby game is played by 30 men, 15 on each side, arranged as follows:—One full-back, three half-backs, one quarter-back, from four to seven wings, and the rest in the scrumage. The full-back is the last defence man, and he must be a sure catch and must not know what it is to let a man pass him;

he should also be able to make a long punt or drop kick. It is the most responsible position on the team, and requires a man who is cool and can think quickly what to do in an emergency.

The half-backs who play in front of the full back should all be sure tacklers, and at least one should be a good runner and another a quick and accurate drop-kicker.

The quarter-back, who plays just behind the scrumage, should be able to make a swift, accurate pass, and should be able to punt over the scrumage if ne-

short kicks from foot to foot. A good dribbler will be able to dodge or pass the ball accurately while going almost at top-speed.



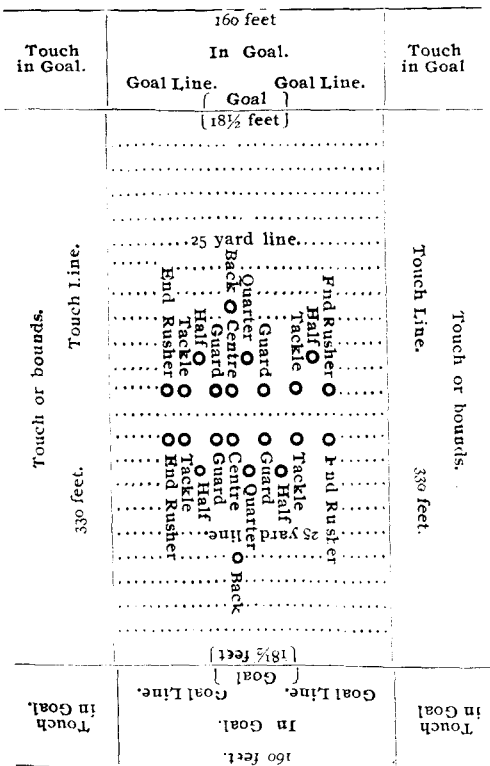
Wing men "scrapping."

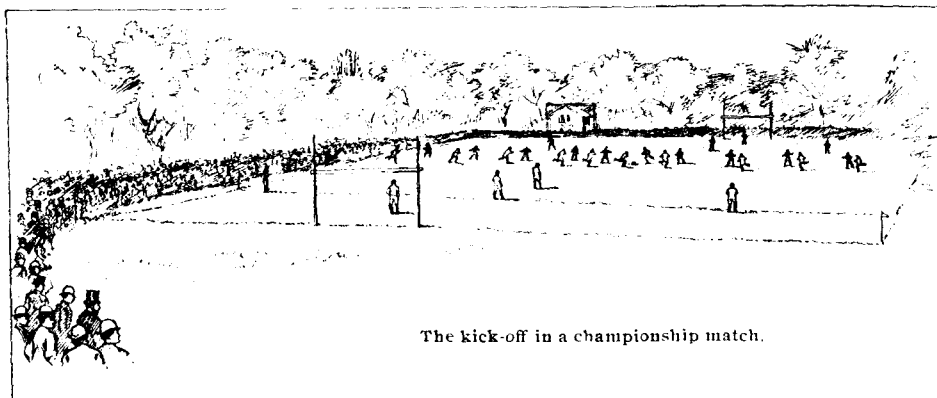
The work of the wings is to follow up the ball and tackle the opposing half-back before he has time to kick or run, and also to prevent the opposing wing from doing the same thing when the ball is passed to their own half-back. This causes each pair of wing men to confine their endeavours almost wholly to one another and to pay little attention to the ball; and as it is impossible for the referee to watch them, at the same time keeping his attention fixed on the ball, there is usually a good deal of man-to-man "scrapping" done by these players.

The game is started by a place kick from the centre of the field, the whole forward line following it up. As soon as the man having the ball is down, the ball is "held," and is put down in the centre of the scrumage which is formed, and the forwards heel the ball out to their quarter-backs, or else try to break through and dribble the ball down the field.

If it is heeled out to the quarter-back he usually passes to a half-back, who kicks or runs, or perhaps passes to another of the halves, whose position may be more favourable for a good play. A great deal of passing can be done among the half-backs when running with the ball, and this makes the play very open and exciting.

B—Plan showing the lines of an American Football Field.





The kick-off in a championship match.

When the ball is kicked off the field of play into touch by a player on one side it is considered dead and belongs to the other side, one of whose players throws it in at right angles to the touch line, and this throw in gives opportunity for a number of good plays. One trick is to throw to a forward, who passes quickly to the quarter-back, and he punts the ball down the field into touch again, with a gain of, perhaps, 20 yards; the ball, however, then belongs to the opposite side.

goes over the cross-bar no goal is scored; but if the ball goes fairly between the goal posts and above the cross-bar two points are scored, making six points in all.

When the ball is touched down by a player behind his own goal line a rouge is scored against him (one point); and if he runs or kicks behind his own goal line, and has to touch it down, a safety touch (two points) is scored against him.

When a ball goes into touch in goal it is considered dead, and one point is scored.



This picture shows a throw-out from touch. The man with arms raised is to receive the ball and pass it to the quarter-back, who stands some distance behind the line. The last man in white will, however, break through and tackle him if not stopped by the tall player in black jersey.

When the ball is carried over the goal line and an opponent touches it down, a "touch down" is scored (4 points), and a "try" for goal is allowed. The ball is brought out at right angles from the goal line to a convenient distance and placed by one man, who lies down with the ball in his hands, for another of his side to kick. The defending side, who are lined up on the goal line, may charge as soon as the ball touches the ground. If any of the defending side touch the ball before it

A majority of points wins a match.

This system of scoring has been found to give every satisfaction, and there is little likelihood of it being materially changed.

A player is not allowed to hold an opponent when running for the ball, nor is he allowed to run in front of any player of his own side who has the ball.

If the ball is knocked forward with the hand or passed forward, it is brought back and scrimmaged where the foul occurred; or for a repeated foul of this kind a free

kick is given to the opposite side. When the player is about to catch the ball from a kick, players of the opposite side must allow him five yards before charging on him, thus preventing many accidents.

A free kick is the penalty also for lying on the ball in the scrimmage. Formerly when a side had a lead of a few points the scrimmage men would kill time by piling up on the ball in a heap, and the play would be blocked, much to the disgust of their opponents and the spectators, who would see nothing but a chaotic bunch of arms and legs with no apparent attachments, where the ball lay being left to conjecture; now the dread of a free kick effectually prevents this scheme, and the play is made much quicker by the short, sharp scrimmages which are now one of its characteristics.

Last season's play was remarkable for the number of experiments tried, and this was shewn by the widely different formations of the leading teams.

Two teams played the heeling out game, relying principally on the back division to gain ground by kicking, and on the wings to prevent the return of the kick. Others played seven wing men, and relied on them to stop any kicking or running of the half-backs. This was done by continuous and flagrant off-side play, and in one match the ball when passed back by the quarter to his own half-back was caught by an opposing wing. That style of play should be severely dealt with, and will, no doubt, receive more attention next season from the officials.

The dribbling game of another team demoralized this style of playing, but it was successfully met by having two quarter-backs, who fell on the ball or picked it up and ran with it as soon as it came through the scrimmage.

The game is in too rudimentary a condition to make an absolute comparison, and to say that because a team won, that therefore its style of play was necessarily the best, but I think we may safely say that the two best styles seems to be the heeling out game and the dribbling, probably a combination of both. Certainly

if many wings are to be played in future, the number of officials will have to be increased and an umpire appointed to watch the men for off-side and foul play,* while the referee confines his attention to the ball.

This is now done in the American matches and is very successful. It would prevent a degeneration of the game into that roughness from which it has been rescued with such difficulty.

The main points of differences of the Canadian game from that of the American colleges and that played in England will be best noted from a short description of each them.

In the American game the play is started by the side that has the ball putting it down on the ground, usually about ten yards from the centre of the field, one man standing close to it and the others close to him. He touches it with his foot and then passes it back with his hand to the quarter-back who passes to one of the backs and he runs with it.



The wedge in the American game.

The usual way is for the holder of the ball to get in the centre of a wedge or V, who rush him ahead by main force. As soon as the ball is "down" or stopped, the centre man or snap back as he is called puts the ball in play by passing to the quarter, who in turn runs or passes to the backs. If in four of these downs the side having the ball has not advanced five yards they have to surrender the ball to their opponents. The lines on the field indicate five yard spaces and are for the assistance of the referee in determining whether or not the team makes the necessary distance.

*Since this was written, at a meeting held in Montreal a Canadian Union was formed, and provision was made for this point by appointing an umpire to assist the referee with such duties as he may appoint. This should solve the difficulty of off-side play.



Breaking the wedge (American game)—Page 15)

The runs are of two kinds, bucking the centre and running round the end. In the former one of the backs plunges through an opening somewhere in the forward line made for him by some of his own men who shouldering their opponents aside make a gap.

In the end play the holder of the ball runs across the field until he gets to the end of the line and then turns sharply and makes down the field. In this run he is protected by the interference of his forwards.

The object is to carry the ball down the

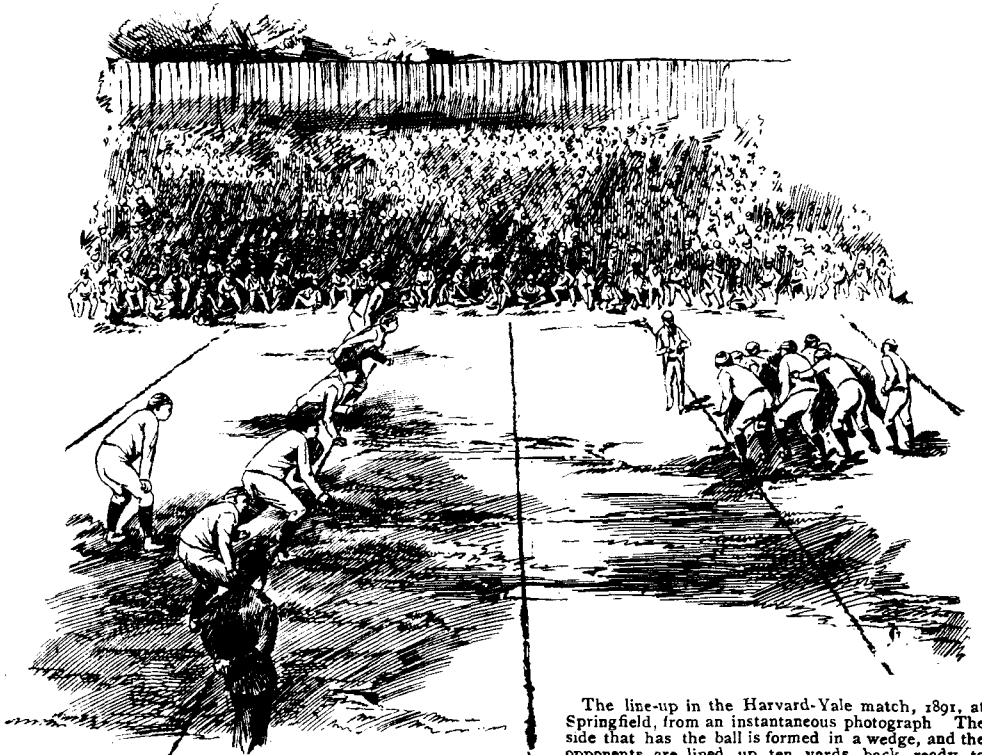
field until a touch-down is scored, the scoring is almost the same as in the Canadian game, except that no rouges or touch-in-goals are counted.

It thus becomes a matter of great importance to possess the ball, and the play consists in hanging on to the ball at all hazards.

The team is composed of 11 men, and the officials are a referee, who watches the ball, and an umpire, who watches the players to check foul play.

If the ball goes into touch, whether it bounds back or not, a player on the side which touches it down gets possession of it, it may then be brought out not more than 15 yards and snapped back.

The position of the players is much more specified than in the English or Canadian game. In the forward line are one centre, two guards, two tackles and two end rushers, and each man's work is so different from that of the others that he could not readily play out of his own



The line-up in the Harvard-Yale match, 1891, at Springfield, from an instantaneous photograph. The side that has the ball is formed in a wedge, and the opponents are lined up ten yards back ready to charge as soon as the signal is given.—(Page 15)

position without special practice. As the captain will not have the ball put in play until the whole team is ready and the forwards have blocked their men, delays are frequent and tedious, and as the ball is kicked only as a last resort, most of the game consists of intricate meleed play which may require great skill and training, but which is not so interesting to the spectators as would be a style in which they could see the ball more of the time.

On the forward line the men are divided into pairs, and they oppose and interfere with one another very much as two wrestlers, except that they cannot hold one another, and the majority of the forwards seldom or never have the ball during the whole game.

backs play in the same position as our halves.

A prominent feature in the English game is the passing among the three quarter backs which is very fine, and a runner is always accompanied by a second who runs just a step behind ready to receive the ball if the leader is tackled.

This is beautifully shown in the illustration of an international match between England and Scotland. The man with the ball has been tackled and his partner is attempting to get the ball and continue the run, with poor chances of success, if one can judge from the look of determination on the little Scottish three-quarter back who stands ready to pounce upon him.

There are no delays when the ball is



This cut shows running around the end in the American game. The player in the foreground is about to shoulder or "interfere with" his opponent who would otherwise tackle the holder of the ball and spoil the play.

This system of interference which is the fundamental principle of the American game is well shown in the illustration of the end play.

In a recent game a player on being remonstrated with for unceremoniously dumping his man over and sitting on his head, indignantly exclaimed, "What do you think you're playing! Checkers?"

In the game as played in England the ball belongs to neither side except at the kick off and in throwing in from touch. At all other times the ball is put in play by the referee who puts it in the centre of the scrumage, the ball being in play as soon as it touches the ground. Players are not allowed to touch the ball with their hands or to kick it in the scrumage.

There are nine men on each side in the scrumage and no wings, the forwards pack in and a favourite play is to twist the scrumage around or "screw" it on its axis and dribble the ball through and down the field.

Two half-backs correspond to our quarter-back, and three three-quarter

backs, and the game is fast and interesting. There is an absence of the signals and preconcerted plays or tricks of the American game, but it is team work that wins in this game as well.

The officials are two umpires, or two touch judges and a referee, but the game is sometimes played with no referee, the captains relying on the honour of their players to prevent their doing anything that would bring discredit on their team.

In Australia the game has found promoters, and in 1889 at Melbourne, a code of rules was drawn up which shows that it is more like Association football, and that it is not so far advanced as in Canada. They play twenty men on each side except in "handicap games," in which the weaker side is allowed more men. The grounds are to be much larger than the usual size, and "kick off" posts are erected at a distance of 10 yards on each side of the goal posts, and the goal line extends only between these posts. Three times during the match do the sides change ends, the



An English Football Match — "England vs. Scotland." — From the painting by W. H. Overend.

signal being given by a timekeeper who rings a bell. "An alarm clock or any other suitable apparatus may be substituted for a timekeeper."

There is a special rule against "Rabbiting," which is defined as one player "stooping down so as to cause another to fall by placing his body below the other's hips."

That football is destined to grow in popularity there can be little doubt, and its increase in popularity will be commensurate with the endeavours that are made to



A drop kick.

make it both gentlemanly and interesting to the spectator. For after all it will be the class of people who will attend the matches that will have the greatest influence in moulding the game. If the game caters to the rougher element it will soon become rough and brutal, but if the class of spectators is of the best, players will be ashamed to disgrace themselves by ungentlemanly or foul play, and the whole tone of the game will be elevated.

The one thing that the average spectator wants to see is fair play, and the game is now too fast to allow of the little private sparring bouts that used to form a prominent part of the game. The player who habitually loses his temper is becoming a *rara avis*, because a man now requires his whole and undivided attention to play the game to advantage.

A great deal has been said of its rough-

ness until many persons consider the football field a kind of slaughter ground, and think that youth fortunate above his fellows who escapes without a broken limb or a cracked skull.

No one would claim that football is not fraught with some danger to the player, more in fact than most games, but certainly the amount of danger has been greatly overestimated and few really serious accidents occur. Almost all injuries are in the shape of sore muscles, sprains and bruises, and in what sport will these not be received? A great number of accidents have happened through the frailty of a certain part of the costume, and great has been the sympathy enlisted for the brave youth when his comrades gathered about him and bore him tenderly from the field, only to re-appear again—such a plucky young fellow—in a few moments, while the skeptics look askance on the suspiciously clean and new looking nether garments which he now wears.

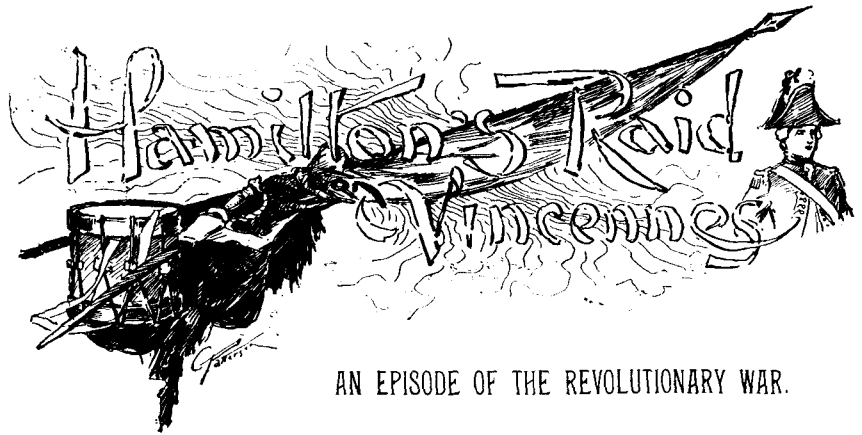
The advantages from a physical point of view much overbalance the liability to injury, for it is one of the best games to develop men all round. Legs, arms, neck, back and loins are in constant motion all the time in the running, pushing, twisting and writhing of the game. Lungs are called into the most vigorous action. Football men as a class are the best developed of athletes.

It cultivates pluck and determination in men. The *sine qua non* of a good footballer is grit, and in after life the grit cultivated by the hard knocks of the football field will stand the men in good stead in the contests of business or professional life.

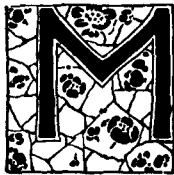
It is a game easily learnt, and as a training for the temper is hard to surpass. It will always be a gentleman's game because there is too much hard work about it to tempt the professional or "sporty" element to take it up.

A very pleasant element of the game in Canada is the social nature of the meetings; a visiting college team is nearly always well received, and after the game the home team and the visitors dine together, following which is an evening of speaking and music; thus they learn to know and appreciate one another socially as well as physically, and often form lasting friendships, which would never be made but for the grand old game of Rugby.

R. TAIT MCKENZIE.



AN EPISODE OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.



MUCH has been written of the daring capture of Vincennes by George Rogers Clark during the American Revolutionary War. Little has been said (because of ultimate failure) of the still more daring capture of the same post by Henry Hamilton, then the Lieutenant-Governor of Detroit, afterwards filling the same office at Quebec. Elsewhere I have called it an "ill-conceived expedition," but its execution showed the bravery and endurance of the man, if the design was not one that could be justified by prudence, involving, as it did, a plunge into the wilderness and the severance of communication with his base of supplies, so essential to a war carried on under such conditions as these surrounding Hamilton's expedition.

The attempt was to gain control of what was known as the Illinois country, a plan for that end being concerted between Lord George Germain and Lieutenant-Governor Hamilton. Sir Guy Carleton, then commander-in-chief—between whom and Germain there was complete antagonism—was not consulted. One of the first acts of his successor (Haldimand) was to express disapproval of such distant expeditions, which, he held, could serve no good end, as the distance rendered it very difficult, if not impossible, to maintain the force necessary to hold the posts when taken, although the destruction of magazines of provisions and of the crops would serve the useful purpose of reducing the strength of the enemy and of hampering him in any attempt he might have in view against the British posts on the Lakes.

Besides the other reasons against the

prudence of the expedition,—a serious hindrance to its successful termination,—was the character of Hamilton's mind. Of his courage and bravery there can be no doubt; and in spite of the obloquy heaped on him by writers in the United States, there is as little doubt of his humanity and of his constant and earnest endeavours to restrain the Indians from every act of cruelty. His defect lay in a want of discrimination in the selection of those who were to co-operate with him, and on whose fidelity so much depended,—a blind belief in the honesty of men who played upon his good faith, a defect which, at a subsequent period, caused his abrupt recall from the lieutenant-governorship of Quebec.

In 1778 George Rogers Clark had taken Kaskaskias, and had sent a priest named Gibault to Vincennes to gain over the inhabitants. It was a mission in which he was successful. He absolved the people from the oath of allegiance they had taken to the King, and administered a new oath,—one of fidelity to Congress,—an oath which they violated with the utmost cheerfulness, without seeking for absolution. As Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, a well-known American writer, says: "They certainly showed throughout the most light-hearted indifference to chronic perjury and treachery."

What was the reverend father's character may be left unsettled. United States writers, of course, laud him as an exalted patriot. On the other hand he is described as a man of vicious and immoral conduct, capable of infinite mischief in a country where ignorance and, as is shown by the quotation above, a thorough want of principle gave full scope for the use of the influence wielded by an unscrupulous eccle-

siastic. The picture is probably drawn in the darkest colours that the case would admit of, but it is evident from the account of the Americans with whom he came in contact, that he was of a like disposition with Robin Hood's chaplain, Friar Tuck, and was not particularly exemplary in his life and manners. This belief is confirmed by the fact of his being excommunicated and deposed from his office by his ecclesiastical superiors.

On Gibault's report one of Clark's captains, named Helm, was sent to take possession of Fort Sackville (Vincennes), which he did without opposition, the way having been prepared for him in the manner described.

Hamilton had been preparing for some time to advance on the Illinois, and his preparations were hastened by the report of Clark's invasion and of his shameful treatment of Rocheblave. On the 6th of August he began his final preparations, but was delayed waiting for reinforcements. When the day was fixed for moving, Father Potier, a Jesuit missionary, blessed the Catholic troops, conditionally on their fulfilling their oath of allegiance, and added the consideration of the gratitude they owed their sovereign for his favours, which had exceeded their most sanguine expectations.

On the 7th of October, so long had the delay lasted, the expedition embarked, with all provisions and necessaries and one six-pounder field piece, in the midst of a blinding snow-storm. A little way down the Detroit river they were compelled to encamp, unable to grope their way through the storm. On the 9th, the storm having subsided, they renewed the journey, intending to cross to the Miami, a distance of 36 miles, as Hamilton reckoned.

From the mouth of the Detroit, which they reached in the afternoon, they had a heavy task, their boats being over-crowded and over-laden. The short day closed all the earlier, as the leaden sky shut out even the dying gleams of the setting sun, and soon a thick darkness enveloped them. Lights were shown from the leading boats to keep the little fleet together. About eleven at night the wind shifted, the rain poured in torrents, a lee-shore was at an unknown distance, there was a heavy sea and the boats had become separated. A rocky coast gave every prospect that the voyage of too many of them would soon be over, but the lights from the leading boats shone once more; the rest, by hard rowing, gathered round them, and making for the

land they reached an oozy beach, soaked and shivering, but safe. All night it blew hard; no tent could be pitched nor food cooked, but bad as was their condition they were thankful that all were there to answer the roll-call, and that none were the playthings of the storm-tossed Lake Erie, or driven on a rocky shore where all must have perished. It was an ominous beginning of a rash enterprise. Nor was their plight, evil as it was, the worst. Treachery met them almost as daylight broke upon the tired, hungry men,—treachery on the part of one of Hamilton's ill-selected agents.

Hard as was the labour to reach the spot which had given them safety, if not comfort, it was a tough pull and soon over,—death or safety was a question of hours only. Much labour, strenuous exertion, hardship and endurance for many days lay in front of them before their destination was reached. There a short rest, then added misery. It took them fourteen days to reach Miami's town, after a journey of the most severe and continuous labour, with constant lightening of the boats to get them over the channel, the water being too low to float the loaded craft. Then a carrying place of nine miles to reach the waters of La Petite Rivière, one of the sources of the Wabash. On the main stream it was worse; their only hope of floating their boats was by breaking down the Beaver dams, which supplied stores of water, a mere temporary relief. The want of a sufficient depth of water was bad enough, but the river was full of floating ice, which cut and almost disabled the men as they laboured to drag the boats over shoals and rocks. Nor did these escape scathless. They had constantly to be unloaded to repair damage from the ice and from chafing on shoals; 97,000 pounds of provisions and other necessaries had then to be carried forward on men's shoulders, and the field piece to be dragged along, so that not unfrequently half a league a day was the distance accomplished.

Within a day's march of Vincennes a scouting party, sent out by Helm, was taken. To secure safety, whatever side took him, the officer was furnished with two commissions,—one purporting to be signed by the British authorities, the other by the officers of the American Congress. A corroboration of the evidence which contradicts the constantly repeated charges of cruelty being committed by the Indians under Hamilton is afforded by the account of this officer. He was fully persuaded

from the reports spread everywhere, that his fate was to be killed after being tortured, "but observing that the Indians offered him no violence, he was soon at his ease."

All arrangements being made, a party was sent forward by Hamilton, as an advance guard, which he soon followed, and on his arrival at Fort Sackville he demanded its surrender. A most melodramatic account is given of the answer of Helm to the summons, of his standing with a lighted match ready to fire one of his guns at the attacking party, unless he and the single man who had remained faithful to him were allowed to march out with the honours of war. This has been repeated even in recent American histories, but sober-minded writers, who have dispassionately investigated the matter, treat the story as a figment, which it undoubtedly is. Helm's own letter to Clark (intercepted) states that all the Illinois militia had deserted him, and that only twenty-one men remained in the fort. Helm undoubtedly acted like a brave man, but had to bow to the inevitable and surrender, being promised humane treatment, which it is clearly proved he and his men received. The Indians plundered the fort, as other more civilized combatants have done in similar cases, but they committed no cruelties on this occasion.

So far the expedition had been successful, and in spite of the fatigue and harassing work on the way there had not been a single case of sickness, nor had there been a single instance of drunkenness, both these circumstances showing the care exercised on the journey, and the latter, at least, the discipline that had been observed.

The fort was taken possession of on the 17th of December, 1778. It was found to be a miserable stockade, without a well, no barrack, no platform for small arms, not even a lock for the gate. The inhabitants of the village were numbered, and it was found that there were present 217 men fit to bear arms, besides those absent hunting. Those present were men who had been prevailed on by Gibault to take the oath of fidelity to Congress, and furnished with arms to assist in defending the fort against Hamilton's attack, but had deserted without firing a shot. Again they went through a ceremony, which they evidently regarded as a farce, of taking a most solemn oath to be faithful to their sovereign, King George. Those who held commissions from the Congress delivered

them up; all took the oath and had their arms restored to them.

What course he should follow during the winter was Hamilton's first consideration,—whether to proceed at once to attack the rebels in the Illinois country or to strengthen himself at Vincennes, till spring should bring reinforcements. The latter, even now after the result is known, seems to have been the most prudent decision. The men on whom he could depend were few; the Indians were ready to leave; no trust could be placed on the inhabitants, and sending off such a force as could serve any good purpose against the Illinois would have so weakened his garrison,—not too strong even with his whole force retained,—as would have left him at the mercy of the inhabitants, whose houses, which he was too humane to destroy, commanded the fort, and who could easily have starved him out of it, as every drop of water for the garrison had to be brought from outside. It is only just to say this as regards Hamilton, whose want of energy has been unfavourably compared with Clark's dash and enterprise. Hamilton had scarcely a man he could trust; Clark had for his forces woodmen, imbued with the same fanatical spirit as himself, ready to follow where he led. Hamilton was surrounded by traitors,—a corporal and six men of La Mothe's company, who deserted, being the first to carry word to Clark of Hamilton's almost defenceless situation, one of the deserters being a brother of Gibault, the priest already mentioned.

By the 22nd of February the fort was in a tolerable state of defence, but the villagers carried to Clark constant reports of every movement made by Hamilton. But for the treachery of an interpreter attached to the Indian department, named Baubin, Clark would have been taken prisoner by the Ottawas. The evidence of Baubin's treachery and that of the inhabitants of the village is complete and unassailable. The first intimation Hamilton had of the arrival of Clark or of an intended attack was the sound of firing, and shortly after one of the sergeants in the fort was shot in the breast. Clark's force had taken shelter behind the church and houses, left untouched by Hamilton from motives of mistaken humanity, every soul in the place—the oath of fidelity notwithstanding—being in league with the enemy and acting as spies, coming and going between the post and Clark's encampments, to which they were able to march in parties

without apparent difficulty. A few cannon shot dislodged Clark and his force from their place of shelter. Meantime, part of La Mothe's company, sent to reconnoitre but which had lost its way, regained the fort with the loss of some deserters and Maisonville, one of the officers, who had been betrayed to the rebels by his own cousin.

About eight o'clock next morning, a summons, couched by Clark in vile terms, was sent calling on Hamilton to surrender. Clark was a cold, callous, unscrupulous man, whose services to the United States have apparently blinded most American writers to his real character; even his ability, freely exercised, to cheat in a "horse trade" is apparently regarded with admiration. Some of the more recent of these writers, however, have declared, by a comparison of accounts, that his stories of his capture of Vincennes are those of a braggart. "His whole account of the "night attack," says Roosevelt in his "Winning of the West," "and of his "treating with Hamilton is bombastic." And speaking of the western writers on Clark, he says that they base his claims to greatness on the half imaginary feats of childish cunning he related in his old age. (Winning of the West, vol. 2, p. 82). The facts certainly lend colour to the presumption, at least, if not certainty, that the difficulties of Clark's march were greatly exaggerated. The men from the village and post, to which Clark's march was directed, had, it is clear, no difficulty in passing and re-passing to and from Clark's various camping places. His force consisted largely, if not altogether, of men accustomed to a hunter's life, and if they suffered the hardships in forcing their way to Vincennes, which the villagers escaped, there is only the alternative of a desire to magnify the difficulties of the route, which the villagers did not experience, so as to entitle Clark to pose as a hero, or the want of such ability to overcome difficulties as the Vincennes men showed themselves capable of, which, with the life he had led and the class of men who formed his force, is not probable. This at least is certain; his letters, written at the time, are altogether at variance with his memoirs, written by himself many years after, although even his letters contain mis-statements, shown to be so by his own officers.

A summons in writing being delivered to Hamilton, he submitted it to his officers, who determined to resist to the last. In

this resolution they were joined by the thirty-six soldiers and volunteers, six of whom were, however, wounded, but the Detroit militia refused to fight, saying that their countrymen had joined Clark and that they would not take part against them. In spite of this defection,—Hamilton's terms being refused by Clark,—the fight went on, and now occurred a horrible scene of butchery on the part of the Virginians.

A party of Indians, fifteen in number, according to Hamilton, who had been out scouting, returned to the village during a truce, and seeing the British flag flying on the fort, came forward unsuspecting of danger and unwarned of the presence of the Virginians. Fire was opened on them, two were killed, one wounded (who escaped), the rest were surrounded and slaughtered in cold blood with every accompaniment of cruelty, which it would serve no good purpose to give in detail. Hamilton says that Clark ordered and superintended the murders. This is denied, but that the murders took place is not only admitted, but apparently considered as praiseworthy. Here is the account given by Mr. J. P. Dunn, jr., in "Indiana," one of the series of *American Commonwealths*. It will be observed that there are several discrepancies in Mr. Dunn's account; one, that there were nine Indians, there being by Hamilton's account 15, and by Bowman's, one of Clark's officers, the same. Next he says they were on a war expedition, which is proved to be incorrect; they were returning from a scout, as is plain, not only from Hamilton's statement, which, it is true, might be objected to as that of an interested witness, but also the strong confirmatory fact that they had no scalps, as they certainly would have had if they had returned from a "successful raid," what Roosevelt calls a scalping expedition. There is besides, as will be observed, complete silence as to the existence of a truce, which had been agreed on whilst the negotiations between Hamilton and Clark were in progress, and which should have protected these unhappy men from being murdered, even if they had been taken prisoners. With these preliminary remarks Mr. Dunn's account may now be given. No apology is needed for the length of the quotation. He says:—"As the men were "resting from their attack on the fort, they "saw approaching over the plains, below "Vincennes, a party of nine Indians, who "had been on a war expedition to the Falls

"of the Ohio. Captain Williams started "towards them with a party of men. "The Indians supposed this to be a party "sent by Hamilton to conduct them to the "fort, as this honour was commonly conferred on their war parties, and advanced "whooping and making demonstrations "of joy, which signified a successful raid. "The American party encouraged their "delusion by similar action until the "wretches were fairly in their clutches, "and then fell upon them. Six were made "prisoners, two were killed and one "escaped, badly wounded. The captives "were brought into town and ordered to "be put to death, but two of them were "afterwards pardoned on discovery that "they were white men, and one of them a "son of one of the French volunteers from "Cahokia. The others were tomahawked "in front of the fort and their bodies "thrown into the river."

Such is the most favourable account of this most brutal massacre. The details of its execution are sickening. Nothing in Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson's "Century of Dishonour" approaches it in this respect.

A still more atrocious deed was the scalping of Francis Maisenville, performed under the immediate superintendence of Clark, who, with oaths, compelled the executioner of the act to proceed with the work, and the scalp was almost torn off, when a brother of Maisenville, who had joined Clark's force, prevailed on him to allow the bloody work to be stopped.

Deserted by all but the few men who were prepared to lay down their lives in defence of the post, it was resolved to surrender under a capitulation, that the garrison was to march out with arms, accoutrements and knapsacks and the officers to be allowed their necessary baggage. These conditions were violated by Clark, who handcuffed some and took and retained the private baggage of all the officers.

The prisoners of war were sent to Williamsburg, a distance of 1200 miles, 360 by water and 840 by land, the latter of which they had to walk nearly the entire distance. The boat provided for them was of heavy oak, into which 27 persons were packed, where they were compelled "to lie like swine," not having room to extend themselves. There was no shelter from the rain, by which they were kept constantly drenched, and would have starved but for the guard supplying them with game, the allowance of rations given by Clark not having lasted half way. On the

26th of May (they had left Vincennes on the 8th) they were marched from Beaver Dam to Richmond, where they remained till the 15th of June, when an officer arrived with a written order from Jefferson, then Governor of Virginia, to take Hamilton in irons to Williamsburgh. Exhausted with fatigue, from which he had not yet recovered, burning with fever, contracted by exposure unsheltered to the weather, he had to walk and to ride alternately, suffering agonies from tight handcuffs, until these were eased at a blacksmith's on the way, he was compelled to wait in the street at Jefferson's door, in wet clothes, weary, hungry and thirsty, not even a cup of cold water being offered to him or his companions. Without granting him an interview, Jefferson ordered the prisoners to gaol, where they were shut up into a room ten feet square, already occupied by five criminals, and by Mr. Dejean, a magistrate from Detroit, also a prisoner on the charge of loyalty. Not even a bed was supplied, rest being taken, as best it might, on the floor of the wretched cell,—the five criminals getting drunk on rum through the night. Very different was the treatment Jefferson received from the British troops, of which Hamilton was an officer, when, not very long after, a return might have been made in kind. His great grand-daughter, Sarah N. Randolph, says, in the "Domestic Life of Jefferson," that when Tarleton reached Charlotteville it was expected that Monticello, as the residence of the Governor, would be pillaged. "The conduct of the British," she says, "was far different. Captain McLeod, "who was in command of the detachment, "ascertained which were Mr. Jefferson's "private apartments, locked the doors "and ordered that everything in the house "should be left untouched. Nothing was "touched. (Domestic Life, pp. 55, 56). Fancy poor Hamilton wet to the skin, weary, hungry and thirsty, standing at Jefferson's door, and then hurried off to a foul prison, in which, so foul was the air, that a candle would barely live if held near the top of the cell, and compare this with Jefferson's lofty sentiments. "The "practice of modern nations, of treating "captive enemies with politeness and "generosity, is not only delightful in contemplation, but really interesting to all "the world—friends, foes and neutrals." "(Life, p. 50).

What need to dwell on the squalid picture of prisoners in rags, covered with vermin, with insufficient food and no op-

portunity of breathing the fresh air until the criminal prisoners, who were allowed to take exercise in the court, offered to be locked up and debarred its use, if Hamilton and his companions might be allowed that liberty; and, apparently shamed by this action, the Governor and his council granted the privilege. It is refreshing to find such a kindly spirit amongst a class from which so little might have been expected, for it must be remembered that the people of whom Hamilton speaks, were prisoners sentenced for crimes. He says: "The humanity and attention of these poor people is not to be forgot; they offered themselves to do a hundred kind offices, cleaned and washed our cell, showed us how to manage our irons, wrapped them round with rags, offered to saw them off when ever means of escape offered, but what struck me most was, that when we were indulged with the use of the court and sat to eat these people always withdrew." For a time, by means of the credit given by General Phillips, who authorized Hamilton to draw for all the money required, they lived well, and could help out the miserable rations of the ordinary prisoners. But the Governor stopped this, so that "in the depth of a winter, the severest ever known in this country, we had water alone for drink, and our provisions was bread of Indian meal and very poor salted beef."

Two escaped,—Lieutenant Schieffelin and Mr. DeRocheblave; Maisonville, driven insane by his sufferings, committed suicide. The others were sent from prison to prison until at last, on the urgent demands of the military authorities on General Washington, pressure appears to have been brought on the Governor of Virginia, and on the 10th of October, 1780, Hamilton was allowed to go to New York on parole, there to remain until exchanged or recalled. It was not without several narrow escapes from shipwreck, on board of a little miserable sloop of 36 feet keel, the passage on which cost \$400,

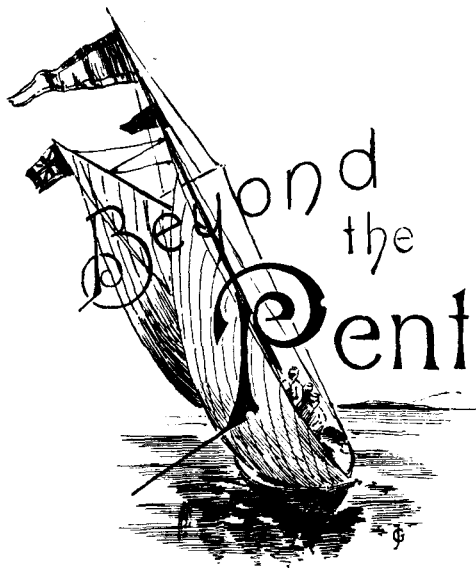
"hard dollars," not depreciated currency, that the voyage was made. Hamilton and Hay reached New York in sorry plight,— "squalid spectacles, not having had any sleep for three days and nights, our clothes ragged, shoes broken, and so altered in face and figure that our acquaintances could scarcely recollect us." On the 4th of March, 1781, an exchange was effected, and he reached London on the 21st of June.

Such was the result of the "Raid on Vincennes." It does not seem to have been a wise undertaking. So far as it depended on courage and endurance, it was successful, but in war as in all things requiring the co-operation of others, he is the highest commander who knows how to select his assistants, and does not rush into perilous adventures before he has counted the cost and weighed carefully the qualifications of those on whom he must rely.

It was a fratricidal war which raged on this continent; it brought not only great courage and ability on both sides, but developed in some the nobler courage of recognizing good qualities in opponents, even at the risk of popular disfavour, and in others the melancholy reverse of this. Neither side was composed of angels, still less of demons, for all were human, and that single title implies the need of mutual forbearance and good will, not sugared words of false philanthropy, but the actual God-given quality of kindness of heart, seeing in the unfortunate a brother to be pitied and consoled. And with this let a veil be drawn over the end of George Rogers Clark, as one of the unfortunate, whose sun set in dark clouds, the prey to disappointment in his cheerless old age. "In poverty, sickness and neglect," says Dunn, 'he lived on his little home at Clarksville.' (Indiana, p. 157). He was refused bread in his life by those for whom he had fought, and now after three quarters of a century he has been given a stone, a monument at once to his own memory and to the ingratitude of his contemporaries.

DOUGLAS BRYMNER.





WE have all heard of the Orkney minister who, after a fervent prayer for his country, thoughtfully put up a supplementary petition for "the adjacent island of Great Britain," and of his reverend brethren who were discovered praying away for His Majesty James II., months after that luckless monarch had retired to St. Germain's. In those days the Orkades were less known to the dwellers on the mainland of Scotland than is now the little island of St. Kilda in the remote Hebrides, where, at certain seasons of the year, the sole postal service consists of a sealed bottle, committed to the chance of the waves.

But in our days of constant trains to Thurso, in the far north of Caithness, and daily packets between Thurso and Kirkwell, why is it that that most interesting archipelago is still so little known. "We are more in love with Scotland than ever," wrote, not long ago, a transatlantic visitor to the writer, "and this time we got as far north as Inverness." "Good," was the comment, "but not so good as it might be. Next time, go as far north as any one will take you."

Inverness, the capital of the highlands, is now generally made the tourists' northern limit. And he who has imagined, as did the old-fashioned tourist race, that all the beauties of Scotland are to be found in the region of the Trosachs or on the banks of Clyde or Forth or Tweed, will purge

his soul of that heresy as he is borne through regions different indeed, but not less fair. In the matter of routes he will find an embarrassment of riches. He may go round by the Clyde, and the Crinan Canal, and Oban; and thence northward by the Caledonian Canal: past beautiful Ballachulish; past Fort William, sleeping under the shadow of Ben Nevis; past endless blue hills and bluer lakes. Or, taking the train, he may go through the romantic Perthshire highlands; by Dunkeld with its venerable cathedral; and by the wild pass of Killiecrankie, where the flower of the Scottish cavaliers, the gallant Dundee, fought his last battle. Or, should he choose the eastern route, he may visit two of the university towns *en passant*: St. Andrews—the ancient Canterbury of Scotland, where scarlet-gowned students add a picturesque bit of brightness to the grey ruins and the brown links—and Aberdeen.

But however he may reach Inverness, let him but rest there and go further. He will find no scenery like that he has passed, it must be confessed; and the further north he goes, the more dreary becomes the landscape. In Sutherlandshire some fine views may be had; and there are tourists who seem much less interested in nature than in art—in the form of Dunrobin Castle, the seat of the Duke of Sutherland, of whom the less said now the better. The one beauty of the Caithness moors is the heather, when it is in bloom; and the traveller's thanks are certainly due to the inventor of turf dykes, which, in the late summer, are a solid mass of colour—pale amethyst and deep royal purple. But whatever the colouring of the moors, the wanderer will not be sorry when they are

passed, and he finds himself in Thurso, near the famous John O'Groat's House: Dunnet Head on his right, Holborn Head on his left; before him a noble beach, a beautiful bay, a stormy firth; and in the distance the islands that are his object and end of his pilgrimage.

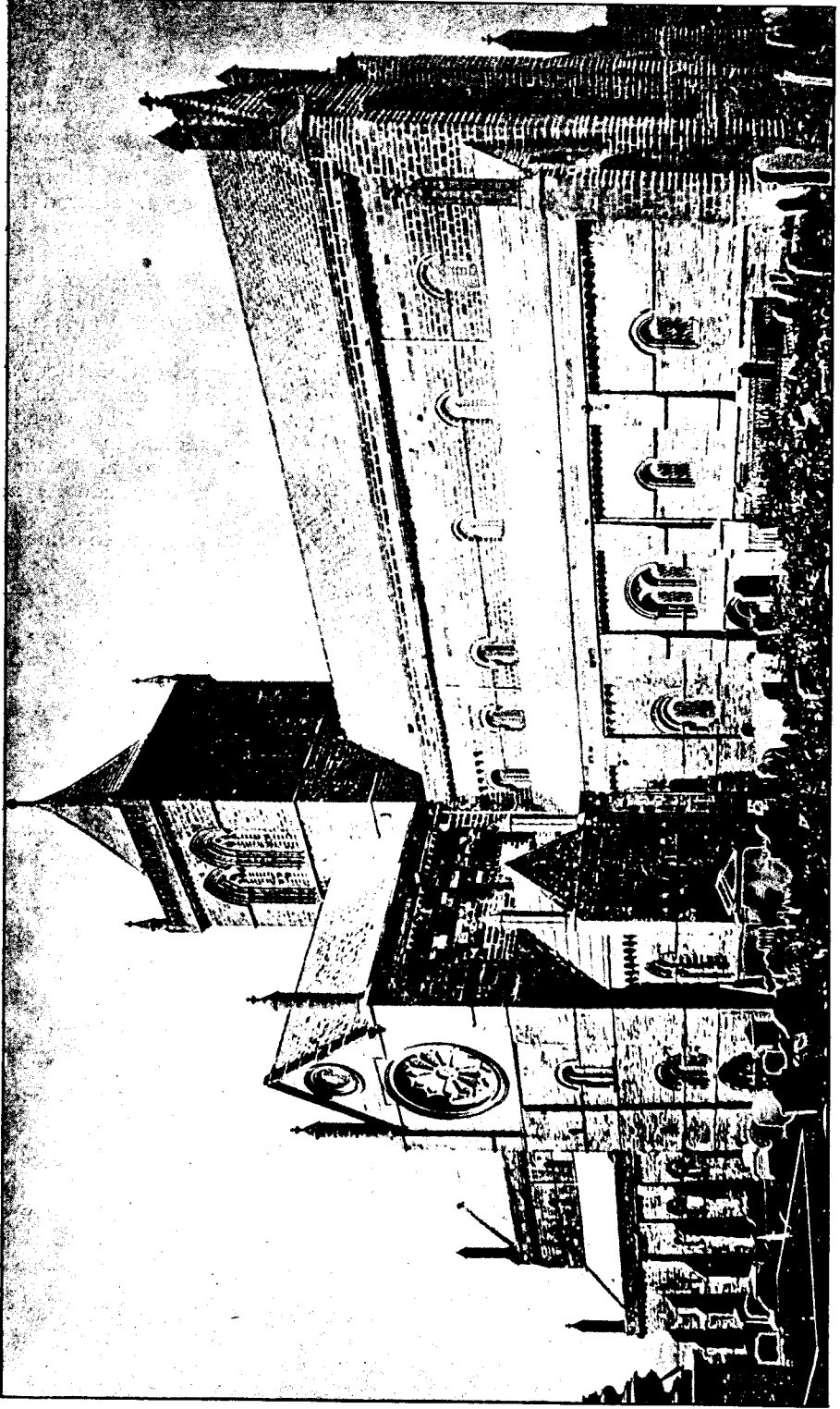
When Agricola, in his last campaign in Britain, sailed on a voyage of discovery, rather than of conquest, around it, he came across the northern and northwestern groups of islands, now known as the Orkneys and the Hebrides. The larger islands of the Orkney group were inhabited by Picts—naked and undisciplined savages, whose stones and clubs opposed but feeble resistance to the well-trained and well-armed Roman legions. Tacitus, who relates the adventures of Agricola, speaks of a sea "never agitated by winds and storms." Whether the historian was romancing, or the sea has changed its nature since his day,—let him who has rocked in the Pentland Firth decide if he can.

Seen from Thurso, the dim blue islands lie low on the horizon; the Old Man of Hoy, thirteen hundred feet above the sea, rising from one end like a giant sentinel. As we approach them, however, we find a striking variety of scenery, only thoroughly appreciated by those who linger long enough to sail about from island to island on the beautiful Flows and Sounds. There are bold rocky headlands on which the waves break into sparkling foam; there are wonderful caves, like that of Sheldie in Fair Isle, with arched doorways and high vaulted roofs and floors of the surging sea; there are quiet bays, upon whose shores you may wander and dream in the wonderful northern twilight; and there are, too, the sights and sounds of sunnier lands—green grass and yellow corn, and song of lark and cuckoo and swallow. The great charm of the islands is the long beautiful evenings. In the longest day the sun rises at two minutes past three and sets at twenty-three minutes past nine. Think of a day of more than eighteen hours and of a night that is never dark—for when the sun goes, the light remains. At midnight there is yet a ruddy gleam along the horizon; and after midnight the radiance of the coming morning blends with the yet lingering radiance of evening. The visitor to Melrose, following Scott's advice, seeks the old abbey by moonlight. We may wander to St. Magnus, the northern sanctuary, in the softened glow of a mellow midnight that seems but a more ethereal day.

Orkney is supposed to have received Christianity from the Culdees, the followers of St. Columba, who spread the doctrines of their religion among the several groups of islands in the North Sea as far as Iceland. In the ninth century the Norsemen conquered the Picts, and the gentle gospel of Christ gave place to the bloody rites of Odin. Up to the time of the Norse invasion, the history is more traditional than authoritative, for of early records there are none. But as soon as the Vikings appear upon the scene, the Icelandic Sagas take up the tale. And it is such a story as the *Nibelungen Lied*: love and hate; marriages, murder, and magic. Jarls, subject to Norway, reigned; and one of them, Jarl Sigurd, embraced Christianity with his whole people. It was one of those sudden conversions not uncommon in the age. King Olaf Trygvasson, who had become a Christian while in England, suddenly appeared with his fleet in one of the Orkney bays, and sending for Sigurd to come on board his vessel, gave him his choice between instant conversion and instant death. The Jarl chose conversion.

One of the Jarls, Magnus, after his assassination by his cousin, joint ruler with him, was adopted as the patron saint of Orkney. The cathedral dedicated to him was founded in 1137 by his nephew, Jarl Rognvard, but was not completed till three centuries later.

Before we land in Kirkwall the spire of St. Magnus attracts us, and it guides us when,—the horrors of the Pentland Firth forgotten,—we wander out to see what is to be seen. The church is built of red sandstone from the neighbouring islands. It is over two hundred and thirty-four feet long by fifty-six feet wide, with a transept a hundred and one feet by twenty-eight. The oldest parts are the centre of the cross—including the four massive pillars, twenty-four feet in circumference, spanned by beautifully formed arches, upon which rests the spire—and the portion of the choir nearest this. The rest of the choir, with a fine Gothic window, was added by Bishop Stewart in 1511. Part of the nave also is very old; the newest portion of it, the extreme west end with window and porch, was built by Bishop Reid, who succeeded to the See in 1540. After the Reformation the revenues of the Cathedral became the property of the Crown, and in the course of time the building was threatened by the ruin which has overtaken so many of its kind. Partly through individual liberality and partly by a grant



St. Magnus Cathedral, Kirkwall.—(Page 29.)

from government, it was at length substantially repaired, and a portion of it used as the parish church.

Within, St. Magnus suggests the Abbey Church of Dunfermline, as the latter suggests, though on a small scale, magnificent Durham. The walls enclose the dust of many a proud Jarl and Bishop, but time has obliterated almost every vestige of their tombs. While the repairs above referred to were in progress, a skeleton, supposed to be that of St. Magnus, was discovered in the choir, but the only connecting link between saint and skeleton was the indentation of the skull. In 1263, King Haco, who had died in the Bishop's Palace adjoining, was buried there preparatory to being taken to Norway; and in 1290 the young Queen Margaret, the Maid of Norway, whose untimely death wrought so much woe to Scotland. The church is full of old and strangely sculptured tombstones,

"Whose frail and crumbling frame
Preserves not e'en an airy name.
The lines by Friendship's finger traced,
Now touched by Time's, are half effaced.
The few faint letters lingering still
Are all the dead man's chronicle."

A most interesting discovery was that of a cell, built in the thickness of the wall and closed by solid stone. It was about the height of a man; and hanging from the roof was a rusty chain with a bit of barley bread attached. What a treasure trove for the romancer! Did some erring monk or nun meet there the horrible fate of poor Constance in *Marmion*. Or was it but kept as a gentle reminder, as the tawse is still preserved in certain families, where, nevertheless, the rod is spared and the child

spoiled? The uneaten bread would rather indicate the latter, unless the victim died of terror when first immured.

With the Bishop's Palace adjoining the Cathedral and the Castle of Earl Patrick Stewart adjoining the Palace, we feel as if we were visiting part of a ruined city. In the Palace, which is much older than the Castle—though the circular tower, the only portion remaining, dates no further back than the 16th century—King Haco died after the battle of Largs in 1263. The Sagas relate how the grim old warrior prepared for death, paying his soldiers and receiving extreme unction, and how "all present bade the King farewell, with a kiss." The Cathedral was then a century old.



The Bishop's Tower, Kirkwall.

Earl Patrick Stewart, who lived nearly four hundred years after the Norse king, made no such pious ending. Before glancing at his history, it is interesting to note how the islands passed from the Norwegian crown to that of Scotland. The earlier Scottish nobles who ruled in Orkney held their authority from Norway—Malise, Earl of Strathearn, the first of these, claiming in right of his wife, a near relation of Haco. The St. Clairs, Barons of Roslin, also claimed by marriage; one of them having wedded a daughter of the house of Strathearn. They ruled like kings, many of the Scottish nobles attending their brilliant court. On the marriage of James III. to Margaret of Norway, the Orkney and Shetland islands were ceded to the Scottish king, as security for the dowry of the princess; but it was expressly stipulated that the Norwegian laws should be continued, and the Norwegian kings fully intended to reclaim the islands in a few years. This, however, they were unable to do, within the necessary time; and both by prescription and by the St. Clairs having formally resigned their title to the crown, Orkney and Shetland became a part of the British Empire.

Coming down to the time of Mary, we find that unfortunate queen bestowing the islands, with the title of Duke of Orkney, upon the Earl of Bothwell; and it was for Orkney that Bothwell sailed when, scarcely a month after his marriage, he had to flee for his life. Aytoun has painted a vivid picture of the flight:—

“ But I remember when we sailed
From out that dreary Forth,
And in the dull of morning hailed
The headlands of the North:
The hills of Caithness wrapped in rain,
The beach of Stroma's isle;
The Pentland, where the furious main
Roars white for many a mile—
Until we steered by Shapinsay,
And moored our bark in Kirkwall Bay.
Yet not in Kirkwall would they brook
The presence of their banished Duke;
The castle gates were shut and barred,
Up rose in arms the burgher guard;
No refuge there we found.
But that I durst not tarry long,
I would have ta'en that castle strong,
And razed it to the ground.
North! ever North! we sailed by night,
And yet the sky was red with light,
And purple rolled the deep.
When morning came we saw the tide
Break thundering on the rugged side
Of Sumburgh's awful steep;
And, weary of the wave, at last
In Bressay Sound our anchor cast.”

In 1600 Earl Patrick Stewart managed to get possession of the islands, and the

sole end of his rule was to obtain money. Unjust taxes were levied, lands seized, and the church defied; nor was any one too humble to escape him,—even old women, who had managed by hard labour to amass a little money, being burned as witches and their goods confiscated. After a life of every imaginable crime, he was captured and sentenced to be executed; but as he was found so deplorably ignorant of religion as not to know even the Lord's prayer, the carrying out of the sentence was delayed for a short time in order that he might receive instruction.

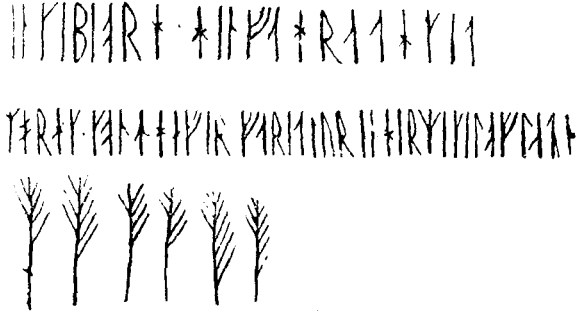
Earl Patrick's Castle, built in the ornate castellated style of the 16th century, with projecting mullioned windows and cruciform shot-holes, is a stately ruin. Up a massive stair is the great banquet-hall, the scene in *The Pirate* of the interview between Cleveland and Bunce. With the deplorable want of taste and want of reverence which characterized Scotland for a century or two, the Castle and Palace were used as quarries for many years. Even the Cathedral began to suffer. In 1649 we find “my Lord Morton, his brother, presenting a desire in my Lord's name to the session.” “That seeing his Lordship had ane purpose to erect ane tomb upon the corp of his umquhile father, in the best fashion he could have it; therefore, understanding that there were some stones of marble in the floors of the Kirk of Kirkwall, commonly called St. Magnus, his Kirk, quhilk would be very suitable to the same tomb; therefore, requested the favour of the session to uplift the said stones for the use aforesaid: Whereunto the session condescended, with this provision, that the places thereof be sufficiently filled with hewen stones.” Very friendly and affable of my Lord Morton; but one cannot help wondering whether the corp of his “umquhile father” was quite comfortable. Fortunately for the Cathedral, no other noblemen applied; and before the Palace and Castle were quite demolished, an accident made the destroyers pause and consider. Two men were quarrying together, and one of them had just drawn out a fine large stone, when, thanks to a kind Providence, he happened to let it fall on his companion's head.

But these Kirkwall ruins, interesting as they are, are not the only ones the northern islands can boast of. In Egilsay we find the remains of a church dedicated to St. Magnus, near the spot where the saint was murdered. The Saga expressly mentions that the murderers on reaching the

island "first ran to the church and ransacked it; and as the style of architecture points to a much earlier date than that of the Cathedral at Kirkwall, and there is no record of its erection at a later period, we may fairly assume that it is the original building. Some authorities believe that it antedates the arrival of the Norsemen and was the work of the Culdees. Remains of ancient churches and chapels are literally too numerous to mention.

The sculptured stones, Norse grave mounds, and (so-called) Pict's Houses on the various islands are probably to the antiquary objects of greater interest than old churches and castles. Many of the Pict's Houses have been opened, and the visitor to Kirkwall will not leave without seeing at least one of them—Maeshowe, in the immediate neighbourhood of the town. The tumulus is conical in shape, thirty-six feet high and three hundred in circum-

of a single stone; and when the tumulus was opened, other stones, evidently intended to close the openings, were found on the floor. The doorway, which is on



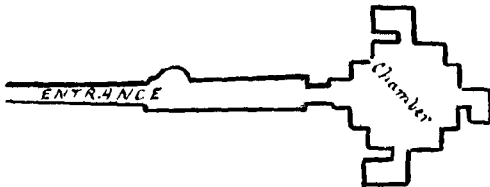
Examples of inscriptions in Maeshowe

the west side of the mound, gives access to a passage fifty-four feet long, at the extremity of which is the central chamber. Antiquaries disagree both as to the meaning of Maeshowe, the age of the mound, and the interpretation of the inscriptions on the wall. Some suppose that the chambers were erected by one of the gentler sex, and that the word Maeshowe means Maiden's Mound. The Runes seem to be of the 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th centuries; the latest are probably the work of crusaders, who, in the 12th century, went to the Holy Land with Jarl Rognvald. A rude Roman cross may also be traced on the walls. There are nearly a thousand Runes, and numerous figures



Maeshowe.

ference at the base, with a trench surrounding it about forty feet wide and from four to eight feet in depth. The central chamber is fifteen feet square and thirteen feet high, with three burial cells—one each

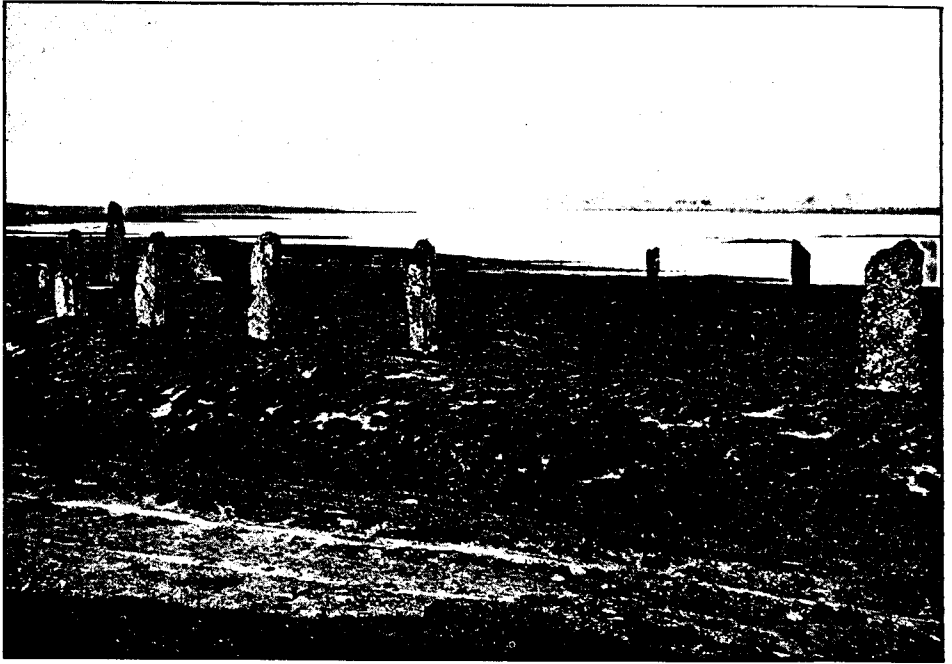


Ground Plan of Maeshowe.

on the north, east, and south sides—branching off from it. The cells are from five and a half to seven feet long, four and a half feet wide, and three feet high, and they are entered by narrow apertures three feet above the floor. The roofs, floors, and back walls of the cells are each composed



Dragon in Maeshowe.



The Stones of Stennis

of animals—the most interesting of the latter a winged dragon.

The lover of Scott, whether antiquary or no, will not forget to visit the Stones of Stennis. In respect to size this circle cannot compare with that of Stonehenge, but in some respects it is much more impressive. The ground within the circle is raised, the waters of the loch flow sullenly past, and the dark brown growth with which the earth is covered, gives an impression of wildness and desolation which no "blasted heath" could outdo. The "promise of Odin," referred to by Norna in *The Pirate*, was made at the Stone of Odin, which stood apart from the circle till destroyed by a tenant of the lands. It was perforated by a large hole, and its original use was probably to secure the victims intended for sacrifice, before they were led to the cromlech or altar in the centre of the circle. Later, lovers were in the habit of plighting their troth by joining hands through the hole. The ceremony is thus described in the *Transactions of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries*:

"When the parties had agreed to marry, they repaired to the temple of the Moon, where the woman, in presence of the man, fell down on her knees and prayed the god Woden (for such was the name of the god whom they addressed on this occasion) that he would enable her to perform all the promises and obligations she had made, and was to make, to the

young man present; after which they both went to the temple of the Sun, where the man prayed in like manner before the woman. Then they went to the Stone of Odin, and the man being on the one side and the woman on the other, they took hold of each other's right hand through the hole in it, and there swore to be constant and faithful to each other."

So long as it stood, the stone was regarded with great reverence by the Orcadians, and it was customary for the peasantry to leave some offering on visiting it, such as a piece of bread or cheese, or even a rag. It was also believed that the child passed through the hole would never shake with palsy in old age.

The promise of Odin does not appear to have been absolutely binding, at least in later days. If a couple wearied of each other, "they both came to the Kirk of Steinhouse, (Stennis) and after entering the kirk, the one went out at the south, and the other at the north door, by which they were holden to be legally divorced, and free to make another choice."

The Captain Cleveland of *The Pirate* was John Gow, a native of the Orkneys. The young lady whose affections he had engaged, appears to have been a more prudent and matter-of-fact person than Scott's high-minded and enthusiastic Minna. Arriving in London too late to see her lover alive, she requested a sight of the dead body, and then touching the hand of the corpse, she formally resumed

the troth-plight which she had bestowed, under the superstitious fear of being visited by the ghost of her departed lover, should she give her hand to another. The original of Norna of the Fitful Head was Bessie Miller, whose business it was to sell favourable winds to mariners. "He was a venturesome master of a vessel," says Sir



A Knitter.

Walter, "who left the roadstead of Stromness without paying his offering to propitiate Bessie Miller. She was nearly a hundred years old, withered and dried up like a mummy. A clay-coloured kerchief, folded round her head, corresponding in colour to her corpse-like complexion; two light-blue eyes, that gleamed with a lustre like that of insanity; an utterance of astonishing rapidity; a nose and chin that almost met together; and a ghastly expression of cunning, gave her the effect of Hecate.

The geologist haunts Stromness and its vicinity, not for its Captain Clevelands and Nornas, but for the *Asterolepis*, which forms the text of Hugh Miller's *Footprints of the Creator*. The *Asterolepis*, in form like a "petrified nail," is part of a huge fish, from eight to twenty-three feet in length; and it is one of the oldest vertebrate fossils yet discovered. The Old Red Sandstone formation in Orkney furnishes more fossil fish than all the geological systems of England, Scotland and Wales. "It is," says Hugh Miller, "the land of fish, and could supply with ichthyolites, by the ton and the ship load, the museums of the world."

And he who is neither antiquary nor geologist, but simply a lover of nature and a lover of his kind, can appreciate at least the wild scenery of sea and shore, and the human tragedies that have there been acted. Huge rocks of many tons weight are often dashed far inland by the German Ocean, when vexed by the winter tempests that visit the "storm-swept Orcades."

On the west shore of Ronsay are what are known as the Sinians of Cut-Claws—sea caves which penetrate hundred of yards inland, terminating in huge openings in the land, into which the sea wildly surges with a weird and hollow roar. The island of Hoy has the grandest rock-scenery in the British Islands; Dr. Guthrie used to say that, next to Niagara and the Alps, these cliffs formed the sublimest spectacle he had ever seen. Precipices of tremendous height are piled one upon another in imposing masses and fantastic shapes, while more than 1000 feet below dash the billows of the Atlantic. The Old Man of Hoy crowns four miles of such scenery. In the vicinity are the Dwarfie Stone and the Ward Hill of Hoy—once celebrated for its wonderful carbuncle—both made famous by Scott. The Dwarfie Stone, which is about twenty-nine feet long, by fifteen broad, and from two to six and a half feet above ground, has evidently been hollowed by man. It is entered by a square hole two feet high: and within, cut out of the solid stone, are at one end a bed, large enough for two persons; at the other a couch; and in the middle a hearth, with a round hole for a chimney. According to tradition, it was the residence of Trall the dwarf and his wife; but this matter-of-fact age, which has no tenderness for traditions, has decided that it was at one time a heathen altar, and was afterwards converted into the cell of a Christian hermit.

At Deerness, on the extreme east of the largest island, two hundred Covenanters are buried. Taken from Greyfriars' churchyard, where they had been confined with no roof but the sky and no floor but the rank grass of the graves, they were put on board a vessel to be carried to foreign lands and there sold into slavery. The ship was driven north and wrecked; and the sailors, before saving themselves, fastened down the hatches to prevent the escape of their prisoners. In the island of Westray is the "Gentlemen's Cave," so called because five gentlemen, adherents of Prince Charles Edward, concealed themselves there for a whole winter, after the defeat of "the 45." There also is the haunted castle of Noltland, where spectral illuminations celebrate the births and marriages of the Balfours; as at Roslin similar lights appear on the death of the St. Clairs. The beautiful fiction of these funereal fires was imported from Orkney with the St. Clairs, and is of Norwegian origin, being again and again alluded to in the Norse Sagas. Near Kirkwall is a hill called

Gallowhall, where those found practising "the devilish art of witchcraft" suffered; and those who are so fond of declaiming against the horrors of the Inquisition in Rome or Spain, should read the post-Reformation records of Orkney. One woman was actually burned for having given a patient a bath—doubtless sorely needed; and another, for repeating as she gathered herbs, "In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti"—thus "curing men's distempers in a devilish and unwholesome manner." The great Montrose visited Orkney on behalf of the exiled Charles II., and the last band of soldiers he commanded

paler, the hills will draw about their robes of amethyst, and the dark blue of the sea soften into silver grey. And as you sail you will dream of the Thorfinns and Magnuses who once ruled the rocky shores and rushing waters, or, should there chance to be a party of young Orcadians on board, you will listen to them singing with not unmusical voices songs that were favorites half a century ago. Perhaps there may be a bride among them on her way to Canada or Australia, or a youth going to seek his fortune in India; and then there will be real pathos in the old fashioned song:



The Old Man of Hoy.

was raised in Kirkwall. On these shores also were cast some of the vessels of the Armada, when He who rules winds and waves "blew with his wind and they were scattered."

Even the Pentland Firth has its calms—though they are few and far between; and one of them it may keep to speed your parting. Then you will see the sun sink behind Holborn Head in a blaze of glory that neither Raphael's backgrounds nor the southern skies from which he painted them can surpass. As the west grows

"When the waves are round me breaking, as I pace
the deck alone,
And my eye is vainly seeking some green leaf to rest
upon,
What would I not give to wander where my loved
companions dwell?
Absence makes the heart grow fonder. Isle of beauty,
fare thee well!"

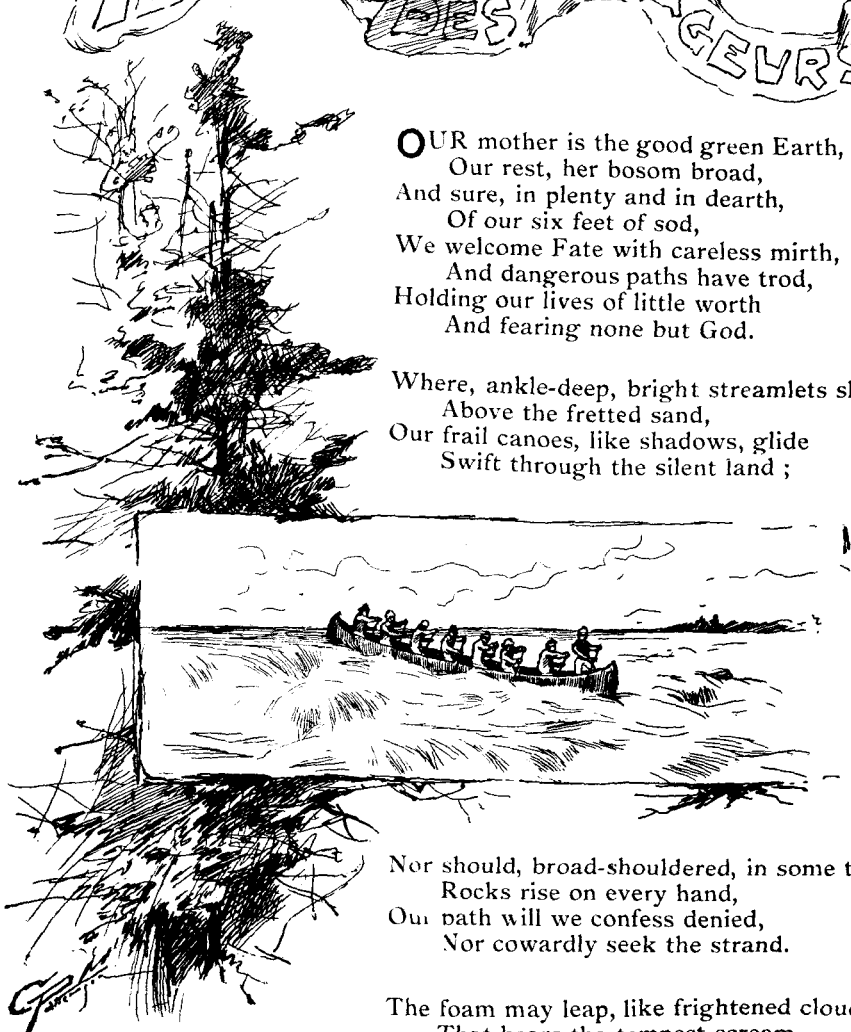
And—partly for the island's sake and partly out of sympathy for what is young and brave and loving—your heart will echo the refrain.

A. M. MACLEOD.

LE CHANT
DES VOYAGEURS

OUR mother is the good green Earth,
Our rest, her bosom broad,
And sure, in plenty and in dearth,
Of our six feet of sod,
We welcome Fate with careless mirth,
And dangerous paths have trod,
Holding our lives of little worth
And fearing none but God.

Where, ankle-deep, bright streamlets slide
Above the fretted sand,
Our frail canoes, like shadows, glide
Swift through the silent land ;



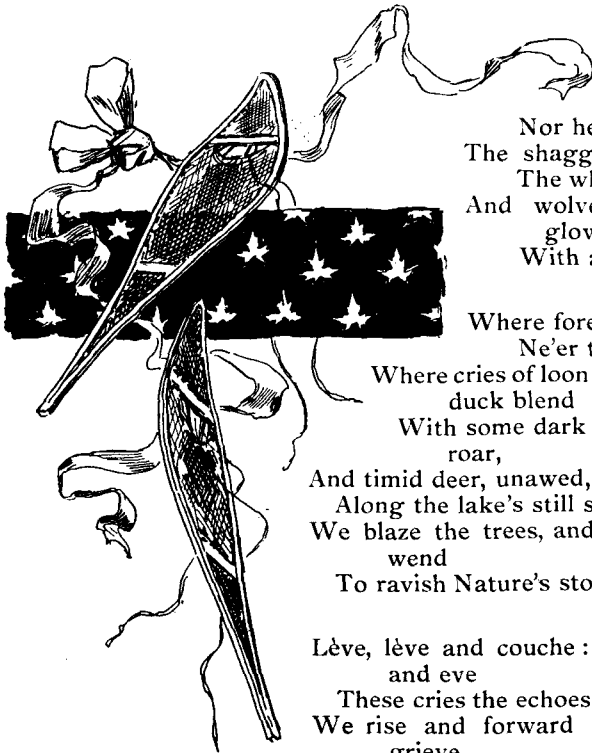
Nor should, broad-shouldered, in some tide,
Rocks rise on every hand,
Our path will we confess denied,
Nor cowardly seek the strand.

The foam may leap, like frightened cloud,
That hears the tempest scream,
The waves may fold their whitened shroud

Where ghastly ledges gleam,
With muscles strained and backs well bowed
And poles that breaking seem,
We shoot the Sault, whose torrent proud
Itself our lord did deem.

The broad traverse is cold and deep
And treacherous smiles it hath,
And with its sickle of death doth reap,
With woe for after-math.
But though its wind-vexed waves may leap,
Like cougars, in our path,
Still forward on our way we keep,
Nor heed their futile wrath.





Where glitter trackless wastes of
snow
Beneath the northern light,
On netted shoes we noiseless go,
Nor heed how keen winds bite.
The shaggy bears our prowess know,
The white fox fears our might,
And wolves, when warm our camp fires
glow,
With angry snarls take flight.

Where forest fastnesses extend,
Ne'er trod by man before,
Where cries of loon and wild
duck blend
With some dark torrent's
roar,
And timid deer, unawed, descend
Along the lake's still shore.
We blaze the trees, and onward
wend
To ravish Nature's store.

Lève, lève and couche : at morn
and eve
These cries the echoes wake.
We rise and forward fare, nor
grieve
Though long portage we make.
Until the sky the sun-gleams leave
And shadows cowl the lake ;
And then we rest, and fancies weave
For wife or maiden's sake.



ARTHUR WEIR.





THERE was something so peculiarly unprofessional about the painting and wording of John Scantleberry's sign that a passer-by would usually carry away some remembrance of it. It was so because John Scantleberry was a tailor, not a painter. He had elaborated the wording and arrangement of his sign with much thought, and when he produced his conception the result was unusual and quaint. Ignoring the existing literature of sign writers, the legend which he chose to describe his employment embodied in an obscure way the peculiar cast of his personality. This would not be evident until a close observation had been rewarded by some glimpse of his character, and therefore to the majority of persons this secret in the wording would remain forever hidden.

"John Scantleberry, working merchant tailor, a great speciality of pantaloons." As if to emphasize this declaration there hung from the upper edge of the square of tin, upon which the letters were painted, a dwarf pair of the pantaloons. They were of careful workmanship, and might have been a perfect fit for some pigmy of fashionable tastes and graceful figure.

The tailor had, perhaps, spent more time on the sign than he had on the pantaloons,—cutting the letters out of posters on the walls, trimming them finely with his shears, pencilling their outline on the tin, which had first received a coat of white, and then filling in the letters with

black paint. That was done some years before the incident happened, which might have made him famous; but although he had moved and removed his quarters, living in all parts of the city and in every conceivable sort of apartment; and, although the diminutive pair of trousers had been many times renewed, yet the sign remained the same. Every morning, rain or shine, wherever he happened to be, the first act of his renewed life was to hang out his tin sign, and when the labours of his day were ended he returned it to its place on the bed-post. I dare say that many an imp, with designs on the dreams of some innocent sleeper, has happened on the couch where he lay stretched, with his name and title hung at his feet, like no common mortal; and I doubt not that the intruder has read the same, and trying on the pair of trousers, which would fit him to a nicety, has envied the race which wore such garments, and has left its benefactor with untroubled visions.

To say John Scantleberry was an uncommon mortal is perhaps not quite so near the truth as to say that he was an uncommon tailor. It is not the custom of these workmen to set up each his separate shop, and to carry on a business with such a show of independence. It is not their habit to change their place of abode as often as the fit seizes them, without regard to the interests of their trade or the convenience of their customers, and it is certainly not their prevalent characteristic to refuse to enlarge the circle of their patrons. But all these peculiarities centered in John Scantleberry; he moved his shop with an irregularity and unreasonableness, which surprised his landlords, and he often refused to deal with a stranger, for whom he happened to conceive a sudden suspicious dislike.

If John Scantleberry could have narrated the story of his past life, it might have been possible to account for his oddities, for his ignorant independence, for his shyness and reticence, for his blind hatred of restraint; but he had no memory, and all the incidents of his childhood and youth were as darkness to him. His mental scenery had no vistas, no distances ending in glamour and haze; he walked from one room of life into the next, and knew only the four walls and the floor; he never looked up to the ceiling. He did not even remember to whom he owed the knowledge of his trade, and he went from one of his lodgings to the other, as an Indian moves his camp. Although he could read he took no comfort from it, and only used his knowledge in perusing some old newspaper, which had wrapped a bundle, or sometimes a torn scrap, blown by the wind within reach of his hand. Of friends he had not one. If he ever felt the need of companionship he was warned by the distress of his mind that some past experience had been disastrous, and he would allow the feeling to lapse.

That dim recollection of his may be sharpened to give some idea of the suspicious shyness of his mind. At a time when his wanderings had led him down into the outskirts of the city, he was established in an upstairs chamber of a certain house there. It suited him well; he had no view from the window and no great noise to disturb him, only the ringing and tapping of a tinsmith's shop underneath. Occasionally in the evenings he would go down and walk along the wide shaky platform, in front of the house, in his bare feet. The tinsmith was a bachelor, like himself, and extremely chary of speech. Scantleberry may have been attracted by this, and he in turn may have expected something from the tailor's look of innocent intelligence. However it was, they occasionally might have been seen sitting some distance apart in the tinsmith's shop,—he on a high stool, beside a higher desk, his bushy eyebrows and protruding lips strongly illumined by a coal-oil lamp, and his visitor somewhere below him, in the shadow, clasping his knees and looking mildly at the silly tins, bright with reflected light. Their conversation was, on the one side laconic and on the other shy, but they were both satisfied, and if the tinsmith had not been a singer their acquaintance might have hardened into a sort of dumb friendship. But on Saturday nights this vocal tinsmith completed the muddling

of his accounts and accompanied the same with music. The first Saturday he had contented himself with humming, and although John Scantleberry had felt uneasy on his chair and had glanced furtively under the desk at the tinsmith's legs, as if he thought he might somehow be making the noise with them against the stool, he did not actively resent the gentle humming. The next Saturday night he was not there, and the solitary tinsmith roared over his additions and multiplications, and had all the tin pans vibrating like so many cymbals. This indulgence made him forgetful, and the next Saturday night, as Scantleberry was unsuspectingly below him, he burst into a flood of sacred song. John looked up sideways, his face expressing incredulity and protest. The smith in the flush of his multiplication had forgotten him, the lamp glared in his face, he had drawn down his bushy eyebrows with immense earnestness, and was shooting his lips out with the vigour of his song.

"Remember sinful youth

("Two tins for two-pence four-pence)

"That you must die.

("Two pans for a yorker)

"That you must die.

("One watering can for Philemon Thomson; that'll never be paid for; God have mercy on his soul.")

Then with renewed vigour and volume,

"Remember sinful youth

"That you must die.

Disturbed in his ecstasy by some movement of rising, the alarmed tinsmith looked down obliquely with an expression of inquiry and shamefacedness. John Scantleberry had passed through all the stages from surprise to personal application. He resented that he should be asked to remember that he was a sinful youth and must die. His rising had disturbed the flow of song and calculation, and he drifted out upon the shaky sidewalk amid a silence so perfect that the tinsmith, whose hearing became abnormally acute, could distinguish the dying vibration of his own pans. The next morning the tailor was gone.

Sooner or later as it seemed, for one reason or another, he would leave every room where he set his foot. Wayfarers who, on Monday morning, saw him stretched on his board asleep, curling his toes when the flies walked up and down his bare soles, might not see him there on Saturday night.

But at last it seemed as if, after all his experiments, he had found a spot to his liking, and his astonished customers returned once and twice to find his sign on

the same doorway. For a whole year he had remained the sole occupant of the top-most flat of the "Globe Building," in Newth street, which is given over to second rate offices and obscure brokers' dens. The region was so unpopular that the offices never passed the second story. Once a broken-down lawyer was forced up into the third, but this was only caused by a temporary pressure, which was soon relieved by a bailiff's seizure of the effects of one of the second floorers. In fact, a comparison might be made between the building and a spider's web full of unfortunate flies, with a bailiff spider dropping in every now and then to seize a new victim. But as these melancholy visitations never occurred above the second flat, John Scantleberry remained unaffected by them. He was the sole possessor of a whole empty flat, with another empty flat below him, and in the large back room, where there was no noise, no great light, and no stretch of view to alarm him, he was contented to stay. Moreover, he could drop in at the office and pay his rent to a clerk, who asked no questions, and who was neither friendly nor solicitous.

As it was in this room that he passed through the great crisis of his life it might be well to describe it. It was not quite square, as one of the partitions ran obliquely to allow for a passage; there was one window to the north, which admitted no sunshine; the floor was irregular and full of holes, where the knots had dropped through; there were also holes where the rats had gnawed the surbase, which were mostly plugged up with round stones. The walls had been covered with paper, exhibiting repetitions of a mountain, with a loaded donkey and two Spaniards in short cloaks coming down the slope, but it was mostly shredded away when John Scantleberry took possession, and he carefully removed every trace of it. His furniture was scanty; his board, a coal oil stove on which to heat his irons and warm food, his bed, his trunk, and a set of shelves with a web or two of cloth. Here John Scantleberry made his last great stand for happiness, fighting his few enemies with what desperation and cunning he could muster, and conquering after a fashion with the aid of fate.

It was only necessary for John to have tasted the approximate happiness his high chamber had brought him, to rebel against those troubles which he was before content to endure. Among his customers was

one old man, by name, J. B. Dagon. Regularly, twice a year, this old man presented himself before the tailor and demanded a suit of clothes, and no money ever passed between them, but only great talk on old Dagon's part about interest and principal, of which John did not understand a single word. The tailor was the soul of honour; in all his countless flittings he never left a landlord to mourn his departure. Upon one unfortunate occasion, driven to desperation by some unbearable annoyance, he had rushed into the clutches of old Dagon, borrowed money of him, paid the rent and departed. And ever since then he had been in bondage to the money-lender, loaded with the chains of interest, which grew heavier and heavier every year. When he was constantly in trouble from other causes the apparition of his master demanding clothes for interest did not give him any great distress. But so soon as these conditions were removed, and he was so favourably settled, he began to chafe under his one infliction.

To return to the former simile, caught in the top strands of the web, he was visited by his own particular spider, who refused to eat him, but only drew a little blood each time. He commenced to reflect, so far as his limited power would allow, that there was no reason why this thing should not continue forever,—why Mr. J. B. Dagon might not come into his room, year after year, and extract his suits of clothes. He had no imagination, and it was the labour of weeks for his mind to advance from the stand-point of vague distrust to the fixed conclusion that he was unalterably in the power of the object of his hatred. When he had mastered his thought it possessed him with a perfect tyranny, and sometimes filled his mind with such terrible and unusual distinctness, that he would give a little moan of surprise and wipe his wet forehead.

Old Mr. Dagon was a short man, with a stoutish figure; he had rather a benevolent face, perfectly smooth, with a bland satisfied expression. His fleshiness gave one an impression of unwholesomeness; there was something puffy and unsubstantial about it; although his face was round and full, it was not firm, and had a disagreeable sallowness, like greasy ivory. His eyes were light blue and watery.

This was the figure that presented itself, panting and exuding moisture, before the horrified tailor. "God bless my soul," he cried, in a loose phlegmy voice, "God bless my soul and body, where next! Up

in the attic, down in the cellar, up stairs and down stairs, and in my ladie's chamber. Scantlingberry, you're a sly dog, a deep dog, with your dodgings and your doublings. It's as much as I can do to keep track of you, but I do—I do keep track of you; if you're a sly dog I'm a long winded one, don't you see, Scantlingberry, and here we are again." Puffing as if he was a very short winded dog indeed, old Dagon gathered the moisture off his face with a handkerchief. "Blast your stairs," he broke out again after a pause, "why don't you get an elevator? I'm perfectly used up and done for." "But," he continued, with malicious slowness, dropping into a gurgling distinctness, "if you think you're going to get rid of me and my lawful rights by dodging into the eave-troughs you're mistaken; I know you, Scantlingberry, I know you for a deep, slippery, dodging rascal, but I have the whip hand of you."

John looked up at him with that look of mild intelligence and listened to his discourse, measured him, and heard him go softly down stairs. But when he was gone something strange happened; he went into a sort of paroxysm, and fell, reeling over toward his bed, clutching the air, and flinging down heavily, where he lay, making a feeble meaningless moan. After about an hour of uneasy drowsing, he recovered and went on with his work, dazed and troubled.

The next week, when he had already cut out Mr. Dagon's coat, and was putting it together, he was suddenly alarmed by hearing a soft foot on the stairs and the familiar wheezing. He dropped his needle and listened; there were voices on the landing, and he felt relieved to hear a more positive step; when they moved along the hall he shuffled over to the door and listened. He did not notice how his knees trembled, or how numb his hands were. It was the janitor showing someone the rooms; he could hear him say: "Nobody up here but a cracked tailor." A voice replied, "lots of room to fling round in," and they both went down stairs.

John had held himself at a terrible tension, and when he tried to turn away from the door he struggled to keep his footing, reached toward his bed, caught at his collar, reeled and plunged down against his board, carrying the stand and the coal-oil stove with him. When he recovered he sat up amid the confusion his fall had caused. The coal-oil stove had gone out; a goose had fallen on his shears, breaking

one blade, and had rested against his leg, burning his trousers and blistering his flesh. He got up as well as he could and lay down on his bed, where he slept the night through. In the morning, as he set things to rights, he noticed that Mr. Dagon's coat was pinned firmly to the floor with the unbroken blade of the shears. He pulled it out and blind-stitched the rent, but something in the look of the steel in the cloth haunted him, and he put the blade aside.

Mr. Dagon came and got his clothes, and the new lodger came and took possession of one of the vacant rooms. He was the driver of an express-waggon, and came in late at night and went out early in the morning. He caused John no uneasiness until Sunday, when he banged about a good deal, and smoked.

But in the meantime, from that obscure memory of the steel through the cloth into the floor, John Scantleberry had filled in a picture of old Mr. Dagon inside the coat and of the blade through the cloth—into what? From such a seed sown in the darkness of his mind, this wan unnatural plant had sprung and was growing up, spreading its bloodless and terrible shoot toward the light. As yet his own figure was not in the picture, and it was only after he had once struck manfully for himself that he drew it in.

One Sunday the driver had been very noisy, and, toward evening, the liquor that he had been drinking all day got thorough control of him. He threw his door open, and sitting, doubled up on the floor, his back against one post, his toes against the other, he spat down the well of the stairs and roared one line of a song over and over. John stood it as long as he could and then, setting his door ajar, he seized a cocoanut shell, in which he kept water standing to wet his seams, and advanced into the hall. It was dark, but, judging by the glimmer from the driver's door, he flung the shell with all his force. It was set into a lead foot to keep it steady, and flew through the air with great force and struck the express-man on the head. He jumped up with an oath and felt around through the darkness. The tailor, frightened out of his life, skipped up the step-ladder that led to the roof. As the infuriated driver struck the ladder he thought he was discovered, and putting forth all his strength he raised the trap-door and stepped out upon the roof. The oaths went silent on an instant; looking up suddenly John Scantleberry saw, stretched

limitless above him, the profound deeps of night trembling with innumerable stars. He drew his breath in sharply through his teeth, as if the sight pained him. He dropped his head and pinched his eyes tight shut, asking himself the question: "Where have I seen this before?" And now his memory achieved one miracle, and struck sharp out of the dimness of his mind this perfect impression: on a road at night, dry coolness, white dust, someone crying, the words "dear little boy;" then, as he threw his face up in the cool air, the limitless heavens and the flashing stars. That was all; a vision of some moment in childhood passed and was gone forever. He shivered slightly, and then looking up again he said softly to himself: "Its like a cushion full of pins." He was the working merchant tailor once more, but even as he subsided his mind threw off the only simile that ever occurred to it. When he went down the driver was quiet, and the next day he took himself off bag and baggage.

John Scantleberry had struck a bold stroke with his cocoanut bowl, and slowly he sketched himself into the picture, slowly and carefully, until so distinct did his figure become that he took the long shear-blade out of his trunk and went up on the roof. There, night after night, he wore it against the rough stones of the chimney, making it sharp and dagger-like. To such a fearful thing had the plant grown in the darkness of his mind, stretching up, striving to bear its terrible fruit.

But as if his quiet was never to be left quite undisturbed, a new and more unbearable noise arose from the court,—the intermittent screaming of a child. Looking down into this court or yard he could see it partitioned by fences into irregular divisions; in one of these the earth, deprived of the sun, had broken out into a green eruption,—one was piled high with boxes, and another was the outlet to the kitchen of a new restaurant, which had opened on the next street. From this yard, or from the adjoining lane, the wailing arose, sometimes in fretful whinings, sometimes in frantic shrieks of rage or pain. For long spaces the little girl, who tormented him, would be happy, and would leave him happy, for her innocent prattle to her rag-doll, or her confidences with the sticks she gathered and played with, did not reach his window. He thought she must go away in these intervals of peace, but on looking out he discovered her picking the squeezed lemons out of a tub of

refuse and arranging them in little piles. He could not hear her animated conversation with the empty skins, he only heard her mournful wail, as an elderly woman, in a striped jacket, snatched her out of the lane.

Watching closely, endeavouring to maintain the peace of his abode, he observed that she was often thrust out in the same fashion, and it was then that her shrieks arose, painful and unheeded. All his efforts for weeks were to find some means to stop this noise, and if he had not been prompted by an accident he might have failed and sought rest elsewhere. He had gone around and examined the restaurant. "Bohemian Restaurant," the sign said, "by Calixe Bellemare; meals at all hours of the day and night; try our fried oysters, by Madame Bellemare; omelette belgique, by Maddle. Bellemare; steaks and chops by the chef," and so on, exactly like a play-bill. He was too timid to approach the enemy from that quarter, but the next time he thrust his head out of the window, to learn the cause of the clamour which had disturbed him, he knocked an empty spool off the window-ledge, and it fell in front of the unfortunate child. She stopped crying, attracted by the bright red object, picked it up and fell to playing with it.

In a few days John had formed a plan of action, and one evening, when his work was done, he went out and bought a small basket and some sugar-candy. When he returned to his room he fastened a long piece of cord to the handle. When, on the following day, the familiar cries arose, John put a stick of barley-sugar into the basket and lowered it to the ground. It rested in front of the child, she saw the candy, picked it out, broke a bit off, stopped crying, and looked away up to heaven, where she was sure it came from. John dodged in, but the child had caught a glimpse of him. Thus he commenced to play angel, and, as he had before triumphed by force over the driver, he now secured himself by a dull cunning.

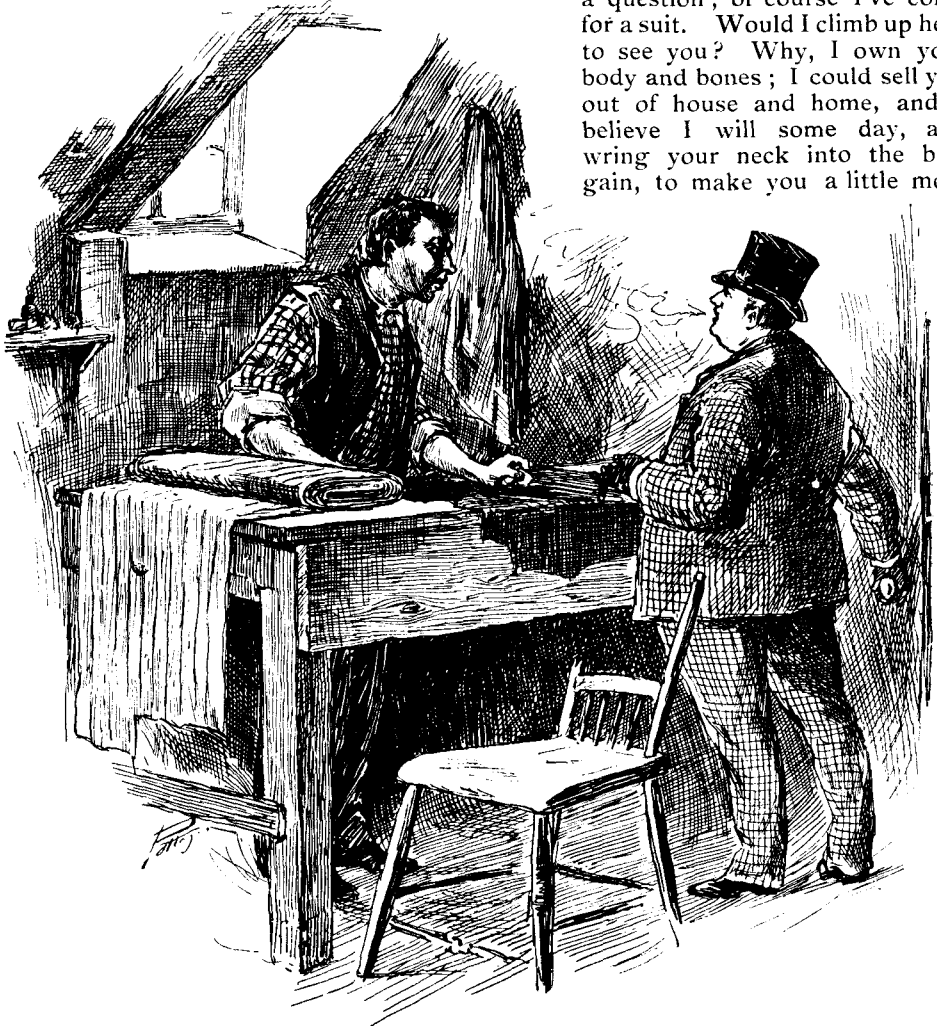
Little by little a curious feeling of interest sprang up in John Scantleberry's heart for the little mortal for whom he played angel. Lowering away his sweets, day after day, he began to draw up in return pebbles, bits of coloured glass, lemon skins, a door knob, the label of a ginger ale bottle, scraps of newspaper, and whatever else the busy thankful little girl could gather. He fell to thinking what would come up next, and one morning, as he saw

the child unwrap the half of a stale tart, saved from her scanty supper, place it in the basket, and watch him draw it up with her hands clasped in wonder at the greatness of her own sacrifice, John Scantleberry's eyes were moistened for the first time in years, and something stirred warmly at his heart. So, strangely enough, a sweet human feeling had taken root there, and was striving for life; while in the gloom of his mind he was nourishing that noxious pallid plant. Night after night, as he sat rubbing his callous ankles, he would trim it and water it until, behold! what terrible fruit was coming to maturity, for his shear-blade was as keen and eager as a dagger, and he had wrapped the thumb-hole with cloth for a firmer hold.

And as the days go by interest is heaping up, and at last brings Mr. J. B. Dagon,

the particular spider, to the top strands of the web, ready for the feast. "Here we are again, Scantleberry, steady as a clock, about run down though with your beastly stairs; my wind pinches my throat and I wheeze as if I was foundered. You'll be going up a smoke-stack next, but you don't catch me,—up I go in a balloon, and if you go into a coal mine down I go in the basket." He burst into a perspiration instead of laughing at his own joke. John looked confidently at him with his sober, innocent expression. He might have been a new convert, receiving a call from his class-leader, so wistful was he, so benevolent was Mr. Dagon.

He did not speak for a moment, then he said: "Mr. Dagon, have you come for a suit?" Mr. Dagon stopped wiping up the perspiration. "Heavens and earth, what a question; of course I've come for a suit. Would I climb up here to see you? Why, I own you, body and bones; I could sell you out of house and home, and I believe I will some day, and wring your neck into the bargain, to make you a little more



"What colour will I have this time."—(Page 43.)

civil." "Mr. Dagon," said the tailor mildly, "it is very hard work to live; I have to give you two whole suits every year." "Give me,—listen to the man,—*Give me,*" cried Mr. Dagon, "when you don't pay me a cent of principal or interest; I rate you with them, you dog, every one. Come, show up some of your shoddy." Scantleberry rose and took down his cloth. "What colour will I have this time?" "Black, I think," said John. "Black, why black?" "Because it is more suitable." "More suitable; you think I'm going to die? Well by ginger, you think death is going to cut in and close up the transaction?" He caught his breath, and nervously rolled his handkerchief into a ball. "My God, Scantleberry, I think you're more than half right; my breath is shorter every day. Something will happen to me sure. I'm afraid—I'll tell you—there's nothing between us, man to man—I'm afraid that apoplexy, or heart disease, or some confounded thing or another, will choke the life out of me." He was terribly in earnest, and the sweat was like dew fallen on his face. John did not say a word. His usual look of mild intelligence was just troubled by a consciousness of the truth in Mr. Dagon's words; the glance of his eye took flight to his bed, under the mattress of which lurked the curious implement designed to fulfil Mr. Dagon's prophecy.

The old man chose his cloth, and set the day of the next week when he should come to try his coat on. John held the door ajar, and heard him go flopping from step to step like a great toad, and in his innermost heart he laughed, and his mouth was even curled by a satisfied smile. He had overcome the rage of his hate, and no longer fainted under it,—calmness and settled assurance had taken its place, and day after day he worked contentedly, if a little feverish, at his task. This unusual haste left him with his coat basted, ready to try on, before the time. Strange, too, he had forgotten something; or had he forgotten it? Was it a new kind of garment that he was designing for Mr. Dagon, or had that gentleman himself ordered the left breast to remain unwadded? However it was, John considered his task finished, for he took to letting the hours slip by while he sat quietly, looking as full of heavy thought as a sphinx; or sluggishly observing how Mons. Bellemare, in a paper cap and white over-apron, whisked custards in the yard below; or the rats dart and sneak about the piled boxes in the express

yard. Now and again he would drop his basket into the yard with some little gift, and not always to induce silence. Such a well of human kindness had that come to be to him.

But at last one night of sleep would bring him into his great day, and his long excitement would be over. On that night strange and unaccountable things visited his slumbers; calls and troubled noises; and running on the stairs and in the streets; and great hurried passages of wind or of men; and large smooth sounds that fell away into almost silence; and then, toward grey dawn, bell strokes that prolonged themselves with sweet continuousness.

He took a long time to get stirring in the morning, moving about slowly, shivering sharply now and then. He made a little tea, but only half drank what he poured out, and chewed a dry crust of bread. It seemed to him that no time had transpired when he heard Mr. Dagon's spongy step on the stairs. He whirled about, making his preparations with his heart straining and choking his throat. Something long and shining he thrust under a fold of cloth beside him on the bench, and when Mr. Dagon opened the door he was fussing with a skein of thread.

The old man looked horribly pale and puffy, and his breath caught noisily in his throat. He sat down, cursing at the stairs and throwing out disjointed complaints on his uncertain breath. John felt a ringing in his ears, as if his head had been struck, and was vibrating into silence. He rose without a word, handing up the new coat. His action seemed to say: why wait, why these common moments, when everything is ready. The old man got upon his feet slowly; he laid off his coat and stood up in his shirt sleeves, working his neck in his collar. John eased his arm with the new coat-sleeve, and smoothed the coat along his shoulders. Then he faced him, and pinned it across the chest. He went behind again, pulling at the skirt all around. His moment had arrived. Dropping on one knee he took the blade lightly in his right hand and rose up. Every nerve was so intensely strung that he seemed to float away from the floor. Thrusting his hand under the left arm he felt the heart beat where Mr. Dagon was obligingly inflating his chest. It would be the work of an instant to snatch away that hand, cover the old man's mouth with it, and at the same moment strike down

with his right arm. It was just done; he towered over his victim; the blade hung above, ready for the sweeping stroke, when, as vivid and fierce as lightning cuts the dead night, a cry sprang upon the silence.

John's head rang with it; he lost his sense of lightness, and felt his knees and the floor under him, and he faltered away weakly, hiding the blade under his coat. The shriek did not sound over-loud to Mr. Dagon, but he looked over his shoulder with a nervous suspicious smile. "Good God, what's the matter with the man;" he cried, viewing his shrunken faltering figure. Scantleberry had slunk to the window, and down what seemed a dizzy depth, full of light and shot with flashes of fire, he saw the child clinging madly to one of the garbage barrels and being rent away by the Chef himself, Mons. Bellemare.

Getting back into the room again, and holding his arms tight on his breast, to conceal the weapon, he tottered to his bed and rolled over there. Old Mr. Dagon came and stood over him in the basted coat; "By ginger, Scantleberry, this'll never do. You're enough to frighten the wits out of a man with your infernal carryings on. The devil will snap you up like a

parched pea some day if you don't mend your ways." John moaned at him. "Go away, Mr. Dagon, go away; come tomorrow or the next day, or whenever you like, only go away now."

Mr. Dagon went away, cursing soundly; and John lay there for the rest of the day, dozing and starting out of his dozes, trying to rise, and failing, through weakness, for he had eaten hardly anything for days, as if he was preparing for a sacrament. Over and over again, as he would float up through his depth of sleep to the surface of waking, he would imagine the deed done, and would pull himself up on his elbow only to see the coat lying where Mr.

Dagon had flung it. Then he would ask the question,—why had he failed? He remembered now, something must have struck him and jerked his hand down. But something,—what something? Yes, yes, it was the little girl called him. He had not counted on that. But never mind, there would be another chance. Mr. Dagon would come again; he would shut the window and everything would be all right.

The next day he took some food, and he managed to work along through the week in a dull frozen way. Mr. Dagon did not return, and he waited for him in his sluggish way, without interest. He did not notice the absence of noises from

the yard, but along towards the end of the second week he noticed that the string of his basket hung outside the window; he had forgotten when or why he had let it down.

It contained a battered brass brooch, wrapped in a scrap of newspaper.

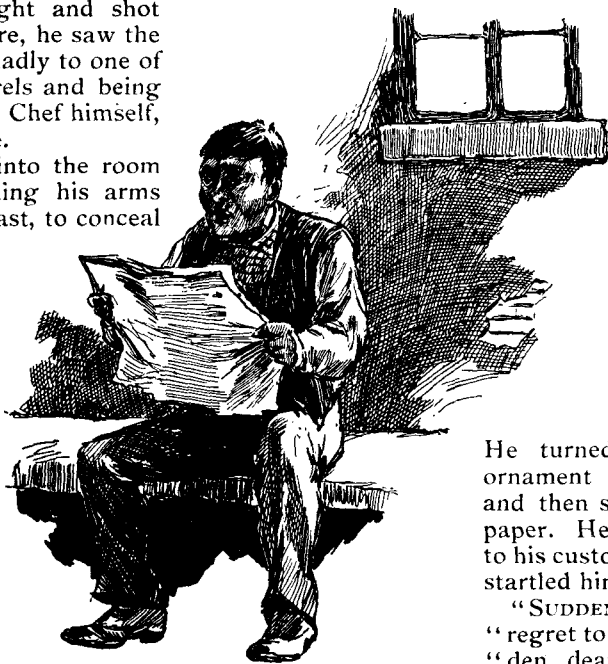
He turned the worthless ornament over in his hand and then smoothed out the paper. He read it according to his custom, and one word startled him into interest.

"SUDDEN DEATH. — We regret to record the sudden death of Mr. John Boyd Dagon, one of our most useful and respected

"citizens. He was stricken with apoplexy at the Globe Building, just as he was about to visit a poor tailor, to whom he had been extremely kind. The deceased was highly esteemed for his many good qualities, and he leaves a large circle of friends and acquaintances to mourn his loss."

Thus had the journal softened the character and reversed the public judgment of Mr. J. B. Dagon.

That evening, walking in the street, John Scantleberry noticed that the enticing signs of the Bohemian Restaurant were gone, that there was a notice of a bailiff's sale in the window, and that the

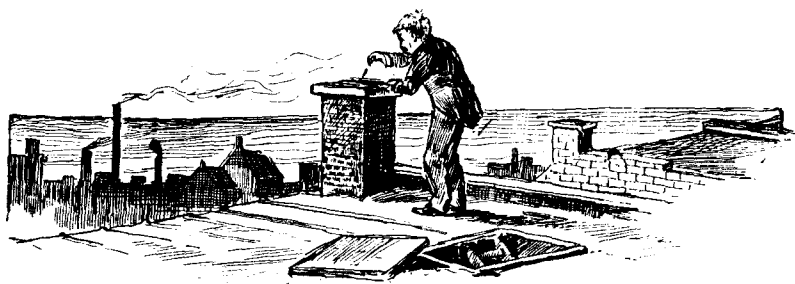


"He read it according to his custom."

Bellemares had fled. Going back to his high room, he took his shear-blade, went up on the roof, and let it drop down the chimney. The basket, the cord and the trinkets he threw into the yard; the coat he sold to another customer, so that nothing remained to recall that violent time. As the days went by he sank into his old lethargy, his mind was dead and numb, his great passion-time had passed.

Like a poor instrument, which the hand of a master has crashed down upon and shattered with irresistible power, his soul lies broken and unresponsive. Only at times, when he chances to hear the cry of a child, a light flames up in some blind alley of his heart, and casts a moving glamour and shadow on the darkness.

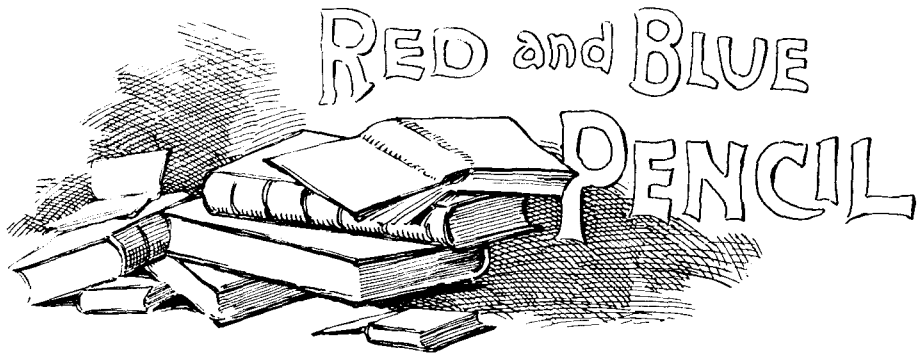
DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.



FOR CANADA.

If some good angel came to me to-night
 And bade me wish, and said 'twould granted be,
 O Canada, beloved land! for thee
 Would be my prayer; not that thou by might
 Of arms shouldst to some far-off mountain height
 Of greatness rise, before whom every knee
 Should bow; nor that thy flag on every sea
 Should wave, successors to thy mother's right!
 But that thy children wearing thy proud name
 May love thee—love thee with a love so strong
 And deep, that as the apple of their eye
 Thou'lt be to them,—and never blush of shame
 Bring to thy cheek, but, braving every wrong,
 Strive for thee, guard thee, and if needs be die.

J. T. BURGESS...



CHERRYFIELD, Jan. 1st. 1892.

DEAR DOMINION,—



GOOD New Year! You still live, but you are much more chary of yourself than formerly; instead of weekly receptions, you come forth from your bower on rare monthly occasions, to gladden your lovers, and “dazzle when the sun goes down, and rob the world of rest.” The anxious fear is that you will refuse to see us at all, after a while; but, even in this age of the pessimist, we hope for better things. Your rarer appearance will perchance lead us to prize you the more.

* * *

SOME FAVOURITE BOOKS.

While Madame Januarius, with more than her usual bustle, has alighted upon us with a sort of breezy impertinence, and commences to unpack her wardrobe and spread her frosty sheets for the night, I manage to get far enough from the humours of the immaculate termagant to reseat myself in philosophic composure, and enjoy imaginative comfort of a softer clime. Jessica draws the blind—that clean linen veil between light and darkness, storm and calm—that magic hem separating the fulgent garment of Therma from that of the flinty-hearted Zero, who is a most unfeeling crystal!—and after giving the fire another poke between the bars, I take down from its shelf my “Spare Hours,” and its fellow beside it as a venture:—which might be enough of entertainment for one evening. I got to thinking:—What makes “Rab” the jewel he is? What perpetuates “Marjorie”—child-shadow, undying?

* * *

What is the peculiar charm of this man, who bears the much-honoured, over-

familiar name of John Brown? And how will you resolve me the peculiar subtlety of his spell? Not largely voluminous like Scott, and as far as possible from the kaleidoscopic magnificence of John Wilson,—who was everything by turns: the style of this favourite writer is felicity itself. But perhaps that is a slight consideration separate from his thoughts, of which it is the artlessly expressive garb; it dazzles not—has no double rainbows,—but it sets you down near the heart of humanity, and often near at Beauty’s own feet, and makes you feel at home there. A poetic temperament is rarely so finely combined with the logical faculty, and that clear and correct sense, the peculiar property of the Scotchman. Such delicacy of brain, such rarity in spiritual organism, have seldom such evenness of action—such balance! So, mentally, we go over his list of elements generously combined; we look again into his undefiled well of English speech; we know his certainty of touch, his strength and clarity of sense, his practical turn well united with taste and genial fancy; his tenderness, his sympathy with all life, and deeply with human life—his conspicuously humanitarian tenderness; his partiality for dogs, and his interpretation of the relation subsisting between the lower orders and man,—touching well the chord of unity in the creation; his pervasive bookishness, and *penchant* for recondite beauties, together with his love of nature, and liberal acquaintance with brown heath and shaggy woods; his great enjoyment of Scott and Thackeray,—the latter, subject of a delicious essay; his breathing sweet of all poetic odors of his time, and all time; his mental saturation with the effluvia of richest minds—exhalations of old fragrant writings, which come like odors of wild-brier or rosemary into every page he wrote; his instant perception of best things; his delicate use or

appropriate quotations, as if Milton or Shakespeare made it bran new and handed it to him just fit for his text;* his unflinching freshness and wholesomeness; the stimulus of his tone; his bracing morality—a morality never prudish or Pharisaic—as where he condones Marjorie's literary license: "Are our Marjories nowadays better or worse because they cannot read Tom Jones unharmed?" (Alas! they have worse to read, and read it.)

All these enumerated qualities we find in him, with a peculiar gratefulness in the finding. But the charm always present, and chiefly felt in his writings is that of a delightful personality. It may justly be affirmed of him, as of Dr. Prime, of the *New York Observer*, that his secret of style is almost unapproachable. He was a "writer of such piquancy, diffused personality, and cumulative variety, growing from experiences that no successors can parallel, as to make him unique, and to cause it to be no disgrace to any other man not to equal him. Such qualities as his are not transmissible, even in the direct line from Adam."† His self-revelations are the openings of very heart-Edens, free of all shadows of noxious entrances, but forever uncontaminate—

"Flowery arbors . . . alleys green."

He was in what he writes—a delicious sauce to every dish. His child-world is more real than that of Dickens, and his child sympathy is as genuine. While you have the communication of his preferences, delights, joys, sorrows, humours, convictions, you share his gentle enthusiasm, and delight in the presence of something more than the printed page. He lends every theme he touches the mellow, sunny charm of his own hand; without any exhausting expenditure (for no author was ever in less danger of writing himself out) he puts the very nerve, juice, blood and marrow of his life into his rare sentences. Then he takes us into his confidence in so upright and manly a way; giving us so few foibles, so little of vanity or any weak-

ness of character,—while still we are assured of his unbounded charity, and sympathy with souls as sad as erring,—that we instinctively love him, and admire and respect his sturdy Scotch character as much as relish the charm of his writing. What a perfect and typical biographical bit is that monograph on his father, whom we know from the portraiture, and venerate with him. I know of no similiar writing to be named with it. It is the picture of an inner life, seen as clearly as words can make us see it,—the limning of a soul behind its physical features; it is the revelation both of father and son; in condensation it is the cameo, in perfect beauty a gem.

We have not said these things, nor others forgone, as uttering the new, the singular, or that which may not have been said more adequately before; but as recording our sincere admiration of the writer, and introducing him, maybe, to some readers of this journal. I cannot conceive anyone, with a genuine taste for literature, not relishing him. Not long since, hearing a lady,—visiting our town from the New England Athens,—speak in high terms of Thackeray and of George Eliot, and especially of the luxurious setts of them in her possession, I put "Rab" into her hands. I expected to hear a good report of it, from its brevity and her abundant leisure, and especially from her effusive fondness for a spaniel, whose wonderful qualities demanded certainly, and received, more eloquent explication than George Eliot or Thackeray. Though questioning more than once, I could not learn that my favourite had made the slightest impression on her, or that she had intelligently read a single page. I began to suspect that her profession of literary love was of that shallow and pseudo kind, too common in these days, where people for the sake of tone must in high life have had some kind of brush with books. We will need not say to the lover of Dr. John Brown avoid this affection; and a study of his writings will help its possessor, as he may well desire, to escape from it.

* * *

And what is this second book that has happened to my hand, but that pure poem, of unique design and delicate fancy, "The Angel in the House" of Coventry Patmore? Does the praiser invite the damning phrase? for I seem to remember some cold courtesy given to this excellent author, the painter of domestic manners the most

* A fine and familiar instance is his quotation of James 4: 14 in "Rab." "She lay for some time breathing quick, and passed away so gently, that when we thought she was gone, James, in his old-fashioned way, held the mirror to her face. After a long pause, one spot of dimness was breathed out; it vanished away, and never returned, leaving the blank, clear darkness of the mirror without a stain. 'What is our life? It is even a vapor, which appeareth a little season and then vanisheth away.'" Such a use of a familiar and hackneyed quotation gives the mind a peculiar uplift, and a new sense of the inherent power and impressiveness of Scripture; to alter the line of Goldsmith but slightly.—Truths divine come mended from his pen."

† Rev. J. M. Buckley, D.D. Editorial in *New York Christian Advocate*, Dec. 24, 1891.

laudable under the sun. Lace work or forest ferns not more delicate or finely-woven than these smooth rhyming sentences ; but nothing dilettante is in their meaning or spirit. It is a domestic idyl,—out of fashion now, for aught I know—that cannot fail of charm to a chaste, devout spirit. It is a sort of natural history of love, under its properly restrained and refined conditions ; in which the inception, development and fruition of the “maiden passion of a maid” pass before us in beautiful order. Barbarism on the one hand, and veneer or affectation on the other, are eliminated. There is seen and heard what is the true and false, which in imagery and fulness of music are sharply distinguished. It surprises and delights us with its *curiosa felicitas*,—its occasional quaintness and perfectness of expression. Surely the man who wrote it must have been a worthy one ! It is one of the poems, better deserving to be known and read because of its literary and moral worth ; and it is no slight thing in its favour that John Ruskin quotes and warmly commends it. One passage, descriptive of the voice of the poet’s heroine, as heard in the church on the Sabbath, goes pulsing in my memory :

“ Her soft voice, singularly heard
Beside me, in the Psalms, withstood
The roar of voices, like a bird
Sole-warbling in a windy wood.”

* * *

SCHOOL-BOY DREAMS.

“ Ah, happy hills ! ah, pleasing shade !
Ah, fields beloved in vain !
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain !
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth
To breathe a second spring.”

—THOMAS GRAY.

Schoolmates ! We, dwelling here, abode not in Tartarus, from which were no glimpses of the Elysian Fields. In the near neighbourhood, at least, Arcadia was lying. Where is that dear landmark, the prodigious gum-tree, down whose resinous sides we fancied running the fragrant riches of Araby ; and whose soughing branches, dark-waving, sounded to our ears a “harp in divers tones ?” Alas ! there was a mouldered, shattered stump, when I visited it last ! But still our brook remains,—though much denuded of its woods,—sparkling through the alders at the foot of the slope where

we went for thorn-berries ;—that brook which, whether it went by grassy hollow or through woody gloom, tumbling down its tiny linns, or spreading serene in shadow of the slaty shelves that rose above it, sent music through my dreams ; and still sings in my brain, as in its secretest retreat, a song undying. How often have we traced it through every winding of the descending hills to its Avon-home at Blue Beach ! These were in memory, and many more of our pleasant haunts, while we sat within this some-time irksome confine, now shattered and dismantled before me, and life could not be wholly tame nor cheerless while they were with us. Ah, where are the long streams of sunshine that came down through these dingy windows in that olden time, with all the goldenness of young imagination ! Did they lie down to auriferous slumber in our souls, as they have condensed more darkly in the hearts of our Acadian hills ? Into the old school-house I see them come, with many a glimmering mote swimming before the fanciful eye—floating in from Fairyland ! And, if we saw nothing else outside, we could see the blossomed apple-boughs that almost touched the panes, and could hear the sweet contented rustle of the leaves coming often through the open window. In the fresh summer mornings and long, dreamy afternoons the door was thrown open—outward into the little hedgy recess, and fastened, with the broom-handle thrust before it into the thorny thicket. Then we could see the passers-by betimes, while many a rural sight and sound was given us. To one—would he were with us now !—whose eyes I believe to have been filled with a hallowed poetic light,—the far-away hills and woods with meadowy spaces nearer, and the clear blue deep of air with its slumbery clouds high-brooding, seen by glimpses through the open door, were more grateful than when their visionary heritor was free to wander abroad ; and if the rainbow bent its arch beyond the distant hill, the green nook where its ethereal beauty seemed to rest would for him have held the pot of imaginary gold. Poor little child of dream and phantasy ! Was later experience but mockery of his May-day dreaming ? Did Nature ever smile on him as she used then to do, and are all voices yet eloquent of peace and innocence ? Or in that better land are we sensible of the charms of our youth on the earth. Then in some sense was this a goodly world for him, after all. Haply the

dreams that vanished like broken bubbles still abide for him, and the olden lights have not vanished from before his face. Heaven had not gifted him with a frame of power, and he was pitifully deficient in health and vital energy. But that gift, to him—as gift of some kind the Destinies will not deny—was a heart of patient, quiet endurance, yet yearning, as a cage full of wild birds panting to be gone, with heaving, ruffled bosoms,—whose notes are sometimes musically glad, and sometimes if our mood says so—melancholy. Though not framed for martial life, or deeds of active practical heroism, yet he delighted in the singers of heroic songs and the doer of heroic things; and if he would never be among those who lead up to “the deadly breach,” or follow a desperate charge to the taking of a redoubt, he would feel the thrill that animates some who can go there. He was of make and mould to commune with the silent and invisible things, the little-observed forms about us; to interpret voices that to many are meaningless, and to prove for himself the truth, not always acknowledged, that

“There are powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;”

testing, by many a delightful experiment, that “wise passiveness” amid which the soul may be fed. It was known to the master that he had this susceptibility to such influences; and if he could not know how stars rain fire on the poet’s mind, and trees toss fancies to him from all their branches, and mottled meadows give him joy in stintless measure, while the brooks and rivers run consort to his spirit, he knew enough to spare him some of the humiliations that are in store for such as he. When with vague-seeming gaze he looked out from tamer symbol and cypher into that wonder-world which was never far-off, and of which he was never weary; or, when he pored upon the globes ** that were sometimes brought in to illustrate our geographical lessons, watching those curious images of the rolling worlds terrestrial and sidereal, wandering away, away—the master knew something of his meaning mood, even when his apparent inattention demanded reproof. So somewhat he fostered the love of the muse in the dreamy boy; and well I remember the day when in the Cyclopædia the master lent him he found the life stories of Burns

**I have never seen a pair superior to those possessed by our master; and I believe they were exceptional in schools at that date, and even at the present.

and Campbell, and felt that he too some day might be ranked among poets, and that he would rather be poet than be king.

* * *

On solemn vision and bright silver dream
His infancy was nourish’d. Every sight
And sound from the vast earth and ambient air
Sent to his heart its choicest impulses.
The fountain of divine philosophy
Fled not his thirsting lips.

—SHELLEY. *Alastor*.

He was the lame boy of the village, and frequently an invalid; and when they looked into his pale face, or upon his slender figure, as it halted along the public way, the neighbours might wonder what would become of him, or what, if he continued long in this world, so aimless and impotent a youth could ever do. They expected soon to see him borne to that hillside he was so fond of frequenting and left to that rest which is the final relief to all our woe. Through the days of autumn, after the summer’s comparative sprightliness, he could go limpingly along the road to the school-house,—while often, in spite of his disability, for the mere love of roving he wandered widely; but when the chilly leaden days of the later season were come—perhaps when November was near its close—he drew his painful foot up on the slab-bench, with nothing but weariness and sorrow in his eyes, for the knowledge of a long winter wherein he could walk no more; while some sturdy fellow, after the school for that day was closed, carried him home on his shoulders,—to appear no more till the spring was well advanced, and the old thorn hedge by the school-house door was again covered with tender leaves.

To him the master was not usually unkind; for his misfortune and the temper of his spirit were provocative of sympathy and pity. Not entirely hapless the fleshly weaknesses,—achings of bone or nerve if they are occasions of added strength or tenderness of spirit. Sympathy with real suffering has its covert place in rudest hearts; and hands that could deal roughly with the burly boor who put at nought the master’s authority, could tenderly touch the slight and easily-shrinking form of a weakling pupil. Alas! these outward slights of the time appeal to us most naturally, for they are more easily comprehended. Who needs our pity and forbearance most it may be difficult sometimes to determine. The cripple that halts in the street, the blind man feeling his way darkly, the maimed and wounded, command our sympathy,

and secure us from adding to their burden or insulting their disability. Even the imposter knows *this* much of human nature, who thrusts for gain this sham defect under our eyes, so easily can we see his lack and our advantage when the thorn is really in the flesh, and outward. But what of those inward penuries and bruises? The unfortunates who have moved us at least to spare them may be at ease compared with others who excite no such compassion and enjoy no such immunity. And this is because we are not conscious of painful defects and wounds of the inner life, in the persons who would otherwise appeal very strongly to us; we see not the mortifying lacks and missing organs of the soul, that seem to ask, who did sin, this man or his contemners? The bloodless mutilations, more difficult to endure, they cannot be paraded, but are instinctively relegated to solitude. Nay, the outworking even of some hidden good, the effort of some wounded spirit to relieve itself by expression, may produce an effect we execrate, for we know not yet all the hidden parts of man; and so the unfortunate becomes criminal and odious in the dim-discerning eyes of some other fellow-mortal. Few are without an inward thorn; and if, when we talk with cold contempt or virtuous indignation, we could know *all!* But we cannot!

"Then gently scan your brither man,
Still gentler, sister woman."

Our master was as much the "man of feeling," on occasion, as even Mackenzie's hero. Have I not seen a mist gather and rise to a tear of loving pity in his eyes, as witness of another's sorrow or misfortune? Nor was he habitually unkind to any, however the teacher may be said to have his favourites. He could pat the cheek of some tiny miss in her primer, and show signs of pitifulness toward any weak or unfortunate one of his flock. And if violence or passion did sometime prevail, it was to his after regret; and I believe that in his later years a blessed change came over him, and that, from some unseen Instructor, he learned more perfectly the law of love and gentleness; but then his scholars had gone away, and he was no more their teacher. I bear my grateful witness that a warm heart did beat within him, and that, if harsh and stern sometimes, he did love his scholars, and cared for their welfare,—often bearing with them when they did unworthily. Did any one of them die, he too was their mourner; for on the day, as I remember,

when one of them was buried—the dark-haired little Linnie—on that hillside where so many of our villagers have gone to rest; and while the old school-house was lonesomely vacant, he stood at his gate as the procession came up, the saddest man!—and joined with the last of the passing train to follow the form of his little pupil to the silence and solitude of the grave.

* * *

We have heard how Landor was disenchanted by an attempt to read poetry to his new-made bride. David Barker—who has given us more characteristic rural sketches than any other poet in Maine—seems to have had a similar experience in his dealing with

VILLAGE MARY.

Some months ago—so say my notes—
When Sabbath's brazen bells were chiming,
The music from their hollow throats
Induced me straight to take to rhyming.

For many a dreary hour I sat,
And having closed poetic labour,
I put my rhymes within my hat
And started for the nearest neighbour.

My neighbour's eldest girl I knew
Laid claim to being "literary";
So to her father's house I flew
To read my poetry to Mary.

She was the fairest of our race;
Her waist was small, her fingers tapered,
And smiles around her rosy face
Like lambkins round a pasture capered.

I read of war and read of peace,
And read the deeds of many a nation,—
Of ancient Rome and ancient Greece,
And many a thing in this creation.

I read of husband and of wife—
A note prepared to please my fairy;
I hinted of my lonely life
And of the witching name of Mary.

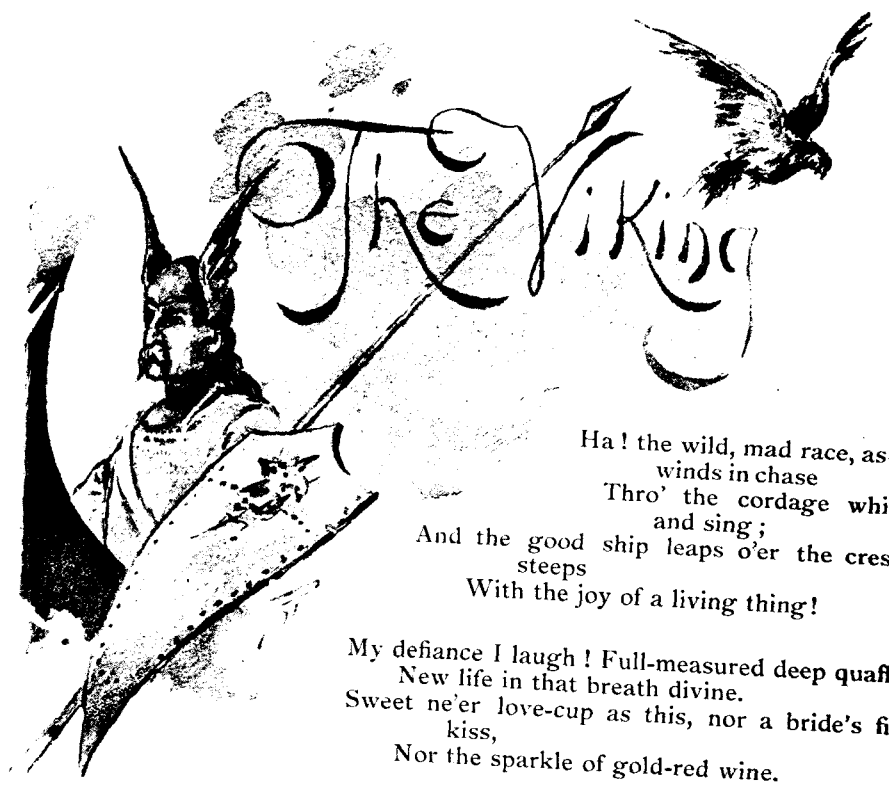
I read how *raven* eyes encased
A dagger for each trusting lover;
But eyes of blue, and slender waist
I echoed nearly ten times over.

I closed my reading, raised my eyes
To throw me on her tender mercies,
When with a drowsy yawn she cries,
"By hokey, them is pretty verses!"

Within my hat I put my rhyme,
And raised the latch and left my fairy;
But never have I since that time
Read any poetry to Mary.

Still Mary is comfortable and interesting; she makes good corn cakes, and hereafter her husband's stockings will be well darned,—which might not have been to her praise had she been too responsive to the verses.

PASTOR FELIX.



Ha! the wild, mad race, as the
winds in chase
Thro' the cordage whistle
and sing;
And the good ship leaps o'er the crested
steeps
With the joy of a living thing!

My defiance I laugh! Full-measured deep quaff
New life in that breath divine.
Sweet ne'er love-cup as this, nor a bride's first
kiss,
Nor the sparkle of gold-red wine.

AS a bird from the North, my winged
prow swoops forth
Swift on its venturous quest.
Brave deeds shall be done and rich guerdon
won,
'Neath the skies of the golden West.

In the fathomless deep my forefathers
sleep—
And the shrouding Sea guards her
dead—
To a brave death hurled, with their flag
unfurled,
'Mid the storm or the battle's red.

Shall the Sea-King's son fear his pathway
to steer
Thro' the rage of the storm's black
night
Ever following fast and his dirge at last?—
In Valhalla's Halls there is light!

Ho! little I reck tho' the leaning deck
Gleam white in the foamy sea,
And the hiss of the gale fill the bellied sail,
And the comb of the wash swirl a-lee!

At the glad call, "The Foe!" from their
dice-play below,
Sword in hand swarm my bearded
crew.

As the prey draws a-near, full-throated
their cheer
Rings out o'er the heaving blue.

Hark! the stout timbers crash, and the
grapling's teeth lash
My keen prow to her gaping side;
And the red torrent flows as the steel's
cruel blows,
Stalwart-armed, mow a swath deep
and wide.

Vain helm, corslet or shield: die who do
not yield:
Streams my conquering flag to the
breeze!
On its unstayed emprise it, heralding,
flies,—
Reign I, master of men and the
seas!

SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.



The Late Prince Albert Victor,
Duke of Clarence and Avondale.

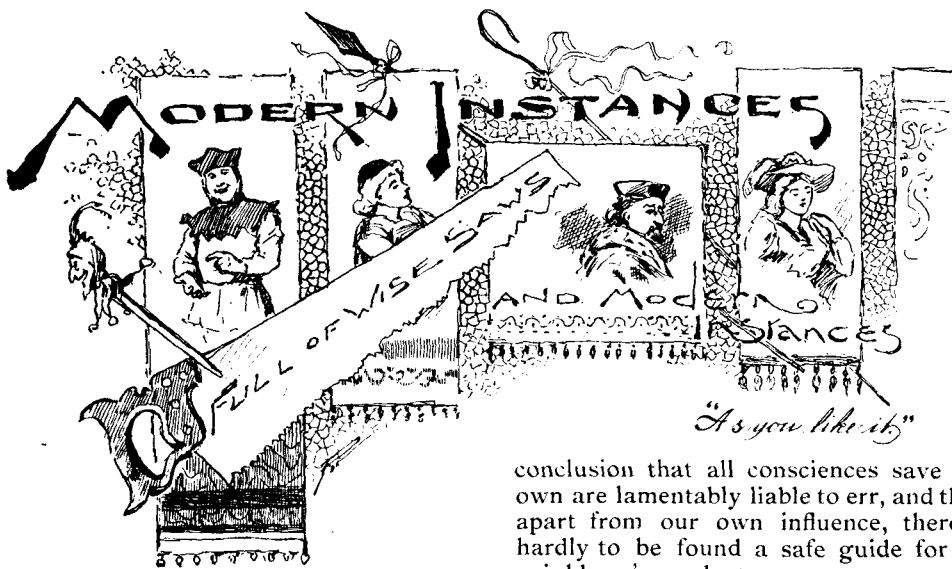
THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

NO death that has occurred in the English-speaking world for over half a century has awakened as great a degree of kindly feeling and sincere sympathy as the demise, on the 14th of January, of H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence. In all sections of the habitable globe the half-masted colours and the dull booming of minute guns gave evidence not only to the vastness of Britain's power, but to the affection and interest her sons bear to the nation's head. The symbols of mourning so widely displayed were but another proof of the world-circling drumbeat so eloquently depicted by the great American jurist.

And yet when we analyse the sense of loss it will be seen that the emotional and purely sympathetic aspect—as well as that distinctly national—has been a potent factor in the degree of general mourning expressed and felt. As the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, and as the heir presumptive to the Crown the tidings of his death would have been heard with sorrow, and the national demonstration of outward mourning not the less imposing; but in the absence of the peculiar and more personal surroundings of the case, the hearts of his countrymen would have naturally been moved to a far lesser degree. Within the present reign, men of infinitely greater service to the nation have passed away, yet their deaths, while honestly mourned and widely deplored, have not been accompanied by the sense of sincere grief which has gone out in this case from all classes of Her Majesty's subjects; even that of the greatest Briton of the century, the "Iron Duke," was, although felt to be an irreparable loss, not followed by the heartfelt sorrow as has been expressed in the present instance. The high and stainless character of the late Prince, and his gentle and loveable nature, had been brought into unusual prominence of late; and above all the circumstances of his betrothal to one of the most popular ladies in his circle, a thorough English-

woman in all but lineage, had surrounded both with that interest which is twin-sister to affection. The near prospects of a union with one he loved dearly, as well as the more distant vista of succession to the throne of the greatest empire on earth, made life look very fair; and the sudden extinction of all,—hope of bride, of throne and of happy life—have surrounded his memory and his sorrowing relatives with the heartfelt sympathy of all British peoples. Monarchy is in England far more popular to-day than it was three-quarters of a century ago; its representatives are invested with a degree of public sentiment, interest and personal loyalty impossible in any other system of rule.

The late Prince Albert Victor was born at Frogmore, on the 8th of January, 1864, and had therefore at his death just entered his twenty-ninth year—an age when it is hard to die. He was brought up with great simplicity in his father's residence at Sandringham. At the age of fourteen he entered the Royal Navy as cadet on H.M.S. "Britannia," the training ship at Dartmouth; after two years service he and his younger brother George went on a tour around the world on H.M.S. "Bacchante." On the return of the vessel to England in 1882, Prince Victor entered at Cambridge University, and in the vacations attended lectures at Heidelberg. He subsequently went to Aldershot in preparation for his military career—joined the army as lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, but soon after exchanged into the Tenth Hussars. In this corps he attained promotion in due course, and held a majority at the time of his death. He returned from a visit to India in 1890, was raised to the peerage and took his seat in the House of Lords on 23rd June of that year. He was an Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, Hon. Colonel 4th Bombay Cavalry, and Major 5th Pomeranian Hussars. In him the Queen loses not only a favourite grandson, but an excellent soldier, proud of his profession and of his regiment.



THE LITERARY CONSCIENCE. IF she who said "O Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!" had addressed herself rather to Conscience than to Liberty, the shaft of her satire would have gained a wider range and carried a yet more pungent point. Ever since the world became possessed by the malicious modern spirit of analysis, the divine right of conscience, no less than that of kings, has been subjected to an almost sacrilegious scrutiny. In regard to kings, it soon became accepted by the world that the divine right was a quality inhering much more pertinaciously in some kings than in others. In regard to conscience, the collective term is beginning to prove inconvenient. Reluctantly we learn that, as there are kings and kings, there are also consciences and consciences. We are irresistibly impelled to acknowledge that the divine right of some consciences is much more indefensible than others. If I had not the fear of Democracy before my eyes, I would hazard the conclusion that the common kind of conscience is richer in heart than in brains. In intention admirable, it is apt in solving only the simplest problems of conduct, and in the face of any complex predicament it falls into a spasm of nervous distress. It makes haste to shift its responsibilities upon the shoulders of some one of those maxims which ignorance has crystallized out of the floating folly of ages. From such a reflection we are led, not logically but alluringly, to the

conclusion that all consciences save our own are lamentably liable to err, and that, apart from our own influence, there is hardly to be found a safe guide for our neighbour's conduct.

Granting—as doubtless no one will be persuaded to do,—that the common kind of conscience is virtuous but dull, there are, of course, many varieties in the species conscience, which would require as many separate characterizations. My present concern is with one variety only, the Literary Conscience. The literary conscience dare not be dull, and cares not to be virtuous. This statement may not be true, but it is epigrammatical; and where is the truth that has not learned to sacrifice itself to an epigram? Whether true or not, there are one or two observed facts which may be recorded here for the use of those distrustful of my deductions. Of all consciences the literary conscience makes, perhaps, the most obtrusive claim to virtue. It has been heard to say didactically—"praise the man who praises you!" And when, not for argument but for information, I reverently question why, it answers, "because he has given the most convincing proof of his wisdom and his benevolence, and they who speak with wisdom and benevolence are the only ones the world should listen to." Another man ignores me or abuses me, and instinctively I turn to my literary conscience to learn what I shall do in such a case. "Annihilate him, not in vulgar spite, but in sorrow," says my conscience. "Of course," I assent, most cordially, "but why?" and conscience says—"because he has proved himself, in the way you can best appreciate, to be either ill-informed,—in not knowing you; or incapable,—in not recognizing your genius; or malevol-

ent,—in striving to obscure your fame and deprive the world of the benefit to be gained by coming more closely in contact with your influence. Again I have heard the literary conscience admonishing very earnestly—"Write what the people will buy; write wisely if they prefer wisdom; but if they prefer folly, write foolishly." Here there came, for the first time, a note of surprise in my voice, as again I questioned "Why" And my conscience answered—"Because so only will you keep yourself alive, and able to be of use to your fellow-men. So only will you earn an honest independence, from which, if you have not by that time forgotten how, you may write to improve the world; and where, at the same time, you may be safe from the scorn and enmity which will surely soon assail your quixotic enterprise."

These mandates of the literary conscience are in some respects bewildering. Perhaps they need not be considered binding on all writers. Some there have been found so bold as to repudiate them each and all, and so fortunate as to achieve success in spite of this defiance of precedent. Such a consideration encourages me to resolve that, in these and successive "Modern Instances," I will strive to bring myself under the guidance of the common kind of conscience. It shall be my effort to be virtuous,—which in literature means to be honest, even as in literature also honesty means virtue; and as for the other characteristic, I will be only so dull as Nature hath preordained.

* * *

THE SHELLEY CENTENARY. Had the literary conscience of the early portion of this century been less brilliant and effective in the promulgation of its errors, and had the common kind of conscience at that day been less obtuse and more discriminating, the fact that this year is the centenary of Shelley's birth would be a matter of more general interest than it is. Almost from the beginning, Shelley has commanded the passionate reverence of those who are able to apprehend at first hand the excellence of beauty and sincerity and love. But for that far larger number who, while apprehending beauty and sincerity and love, do so, not immediately, but through precedent, and under the guidance of inherited prejudice, Shelley has a more vital message than was borne by any of his great contemporaries. To this message, however, the ears of those most in need

of it have been deaf. They heard echoes from the tuning of the instrument, and, taking this for the orchestration of Shelley's genius, were forever offended. They read, without the exculpating context, the one error of Shelley's life, and flung up hands of horror as they turned away. And their need, though they know it not, is—Shelley! It is not Wordsworth, not Keats, not Byron, not Coleridge, but Shelley, who will pander least to their self-righteousness, sting them most with noble shame, spur them with the loftiest and freshest impulse, and show them the whitest radiance of sincerity. How grotesque and pitiful a figure is the Shelley of popular imagination! How unlike that Shelley whose honesty knew not the savage grace of compromise, whose keenest sufferings came of his taking thought for others, whose mistakes were all the fruit of too much faith in his fellow-men, whose charity was a passion, whose sincerity burned through those poor but pardonable shams wherewith men shield themselves from the pangs of truth, and won him hate where he sought for love. Yet this is the real Shelley; and for one who observes with reverence this first centenary of his birth, one hundred will do honour to the second. Wordsworth seemed to eclipse him; because he taught the peace of Nature to curtain strong and restless spirits, who thereupon proclaimed their lesson to the world. Byron has seemed to eclipse him; because in him an age found candid and convincing utterance. Keats has seemed to eclipse him; because he offered men the joy of a divinely simple worship, the worship of pure Beauty. Yet with these three great poets we can hardly doubt that the ultimate criticism will place Shelley as something more than peer. To some such result the criticism of France, more impersonal than our own, is already pointing. The further we get from the influence of those personal considerations that warp our judgment, the loftier looms this figure which we are now contemplating. The most altruistic of poets, the most lyrical of English lyrists, the most spiritual of our imaginative creators, the most intellectual of that brotherhood of giants who brought back Romanticism to England,—and falling short of the greatest in one point only, his insufficient knowledge of the heart of man. This limitation is to be remembered always. It is to be remembered that we must not go to Shelley to find Shakespeare. But to Shelley we

may go when in danger of forgetting the essential elements of poetry. To Shelley we may turn when Mr. Howells is persuading us that there is no such thing as genius. To Shelley we may escape from the blind tyranny of fact, and in our emancipation realize that it is not facts, but the relations of facts that signify. Not the deed, but the idea, is eternal.

* * *

ELTON HAZLEWOOD. Let him who would write wisely not write of his contemporaries. In the department of criticism, at least, I believe this to be a safe rule. The personal element enters so insidiously, and assumes so many a discreet disguise. There are so many different points of view to be considered; and an entire clarity of candour is so all but unattainable. It is not strange, then, if I touch with diffidence on the subject of the Rev. Frederick George Scott's new book "Elton Hazlewood." I only refer to it here because I wish to a great many people the same opportunity that I have myself enjoyed, of forming erroneous opinions about its value.

"Elton Hazlewood" is a short psychological romance, written in vigorous, coloured, sometimes lyrical, prose. The work of a priest of the Anglican Communion, it succeeds in the difficult task of displaying unmistakably the stamp of its origin, and at the same time avoiding every trace of dogmatism or intolerance. It has the loftiest of ideals, it has virility, it has imagination in no small measure, it has that direct sincerity which seems to distinguish even the crudest efforts of this literature which is beginning to take shape in Canada. It betrays, however, in no other way the least hint of its Canadian parentage, being uncomprisingly English in every conceivable regard. Everything we write in Canada must be judged in two categories. We must consider how it stands in relation to Canadian literature, and then we must consider, with vastly greater care, how it stands in relation to that literature of our race in which American, Canadian, and Australian literature form but more or less important subdivisions. This is the point of ultimate consequence. Canadian literature may be written in either French or English; but

for its final rating, that which is written in French must be judged in its relation to the literature of France.

As a contribution to Canadian literature, it seems to me unquestionable that "Elton Hazlewood" should be ranked with the very few—three or four at most—distinctly creditable things which Canadian literature has to show in the department of imaginative prose. As a contribution to English literature in general it has to face the application of more exacting standards. Its importance and its significance begin to shrink amazingly;—but they do not vanish. They remain, though diminished, yet not to be ignored. The book seems in some ways to challenge comparison with such a work as the "The Countess Eve," of Shorthouse, and suffers by a certain want of completeness, of rounded fullness, of all that suggests leisurely and inevitable development. Here and there one feels a touch of crudity, suggesting that the writer has not yet attained the full mastery of his powers. The romance of Shorthouse is no less brief and tenuous, but it is wrought to a far more satisfying symmetry, a more crystalline and enduring perfection. In the "Countess Eve," and in all that Shorthouse writes, we feel the lack of a broad knowledge of the human heart. This lack, already noted in that incomparably loftier idealist of whose centenary I have just been speaking, constitutes the most serious defect in the beautiful compositions of Shorthouse. Such defect, as it appears to me, is still more perceptible in "Elton Hazlewood." Mr. Scott's conception of human nature is a noble one, and his creations are good to associate with. But his knowledge of man is hardly to be called comprehensive. He sees not wide, but with a measure of true insight in a few directions. As for his conscience,—much manifested alike in his verse and in the work before me, it seems to combine in happy agreement the brilliancy of the literary conscience with the virtuous intention of the common kind. This is promising, and leads me to think, in contemplating Mr. Scott's work, of the faithful saying of Vauvenargues—"Great thoughts come from the heart."

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.



Of the books, pamphlets and magazines which have accumulated for our scrutiny, "Rhymes Afloat and Ashore," by William T. James, Toronto, comes first to hand. Mr. James' name and work is not unfamiliar—some very pleasing verses having appeared in several Canadian periodicals. This volume is, we believe, the first publication by Mr. James in a collected form, and is a very pretty specimen of book-making, both in printing and binding. The contents one can read with much pleasure. We cannot say that they exhibit the highest poetic type but they are certainly in advance of many verse-volumes offered to the public. A stanza in the Proem well expresses the general drift of the work:—

"A vagrant rannel, to this tome"
 "Diverted by much labour,"
 "Sings modestly by heart and home"
 "Of good-will to one's neighbour,"
 "And scenes where sympathy will find"
 "The revel of an author's mind."

The volume would have been, we think, improved by the omission of a few of the poems, as distinctly inferior to the general works. Many of the verses deal with life at sea, and are as a rule, bright and full of action.

Rhymes Afloat and Ashore, by William T. James, Toronto: Published by the Author.

The Rev. Mr. Eaton's book is a valuable contribution to the history of the early and most important periods of Nova Scotia history; to the later history of the church in that colony very little space is devoted. Ecclesiasticism has played a very vivid part in British North American history; a point apt sometimes to be overlooked, but brought into new prominence by such works as that now spoken of. The foundation and growth of the Church of

England in Nova Scotia and her sister provinces is concisely stated; while the details of personal and local history are for the most part full of interest to the reader. We may especially mention the chapters on "Exiled Clergy of the Revolution" and "Distinguished Laymen" as being not only of great historical and genealogical value, but as bringing into prominence men whose high character and determined loyalty to the Crown did so much to strengthen—one might almost say establish—British domination in the northern colonies. Canada owes the national freedom she to-day enjoys to the Tories of the Revolution and their memory deserves the highest honour. There are few dull pages in the book, and Mr. Eaton deserves great praise for so valuable and instructive a publication.

The Church of England in Nova Scotia and the Tory Clergy of the Revolution, by Arthur Wentworth Eaton, B.A., Presbyterian of the Diocese of New York. New York: Thomas Whitaker. Montreal: W. Drysdale & Co.

A new book by Henry Faulkner Darnell, D.D., recalls a name once well known in Canada. Dr. Darnell was for some years Rector of St. John's, P.Q., and acting chaplain to H. M. troops in garrison there. In 1862 he published a volume of poetry entitled "Songs by the Way," which received warm praise from critics in high places. His varied contributions to the *British American Magazine*, published a year or two later, were excellent, and very attractive to the readers of that periodical. For a number of years Dr. Darnell has resided in the State of New York, and has written several works which have been highly spoken of. The volume now before me bears the title of "Kindesliebe, a Romance of Fatherland," and contains much excellent work. The plot is perhaps rather strained, but the book where this is not the case is a *rara avis*

nowadays. Strong and vigorous is the language, and yet entirely free from harshness or any jarring note. Although the metre chosen somewhat hampers expression, the rhymes are harmonious and the story runs in an easy and graceful way. I can cordially commend the work to our readers.

Kindesliebe, a Romance of Fatherland. By Henry Faulkner Darnell, D.D. Philadelphia: McCalla & Co.

So many and so excellent are the magazines of the day that a diffident student is apt to become bewildered at the array of literary merit that confronts one on the library table. Unless one has unlimited time at his disposal to begin with *Blackwood* and go religiously through them all down to the latest aspirant for recognition, he must pick and choose what may possibly appeal especially to Canadian readers. Here an interesting fact becomes apparent—the growing list of our own writers, whose work appears month after month in the best monthly periodicals of Britain and America; it speaks well for the growth of literature in the Dominion, and shows that not only fame but a more substantial recognition is being extended to Canadian authorship.

The last issue of the *Annals of the American Academy* contains some excellent criticism on recent Canadian books,—Howland's "The New Empire," Houston's "Constitutional Documents," Smith's "Canada and the Canadian Question,"—from the pen of Mr. John M. McEvoy, of Toronto. The remarks are from the standpoint of a patriotic Canadian, but are free from bias and worthy of general attention.

In the January *Methodist Magazine* is a brief study of "Owen Meredith's Poems," by the Rev. Dr. Reynar, of Victoria College. The paper is well written and diversified with copious quotations from the writings of the noble poet.

Littell's Living Age continues to offer weekly to Canadian and American readers the cream of the British magazines. Nothing relating specially to this country appears in the January issues, but there is some splendid reading on general subjects. I would especially mention "The Egyptians and the Occupation," from *Blackwood*; "Glimpses of Byron," and "Thackeray's Portraits of Himself," from *Murray's Magazine*. "The Brand of Cain in the Great Republic," from the *Contemporary*, is a very powerful article, and gives a vivid picture of the darker side of life south of the Canadian frontier.

We have great pleasure in welcoming another Canadian monthly magazine, this time a western publication; it is *The Manitoban*, a well-printed and well-edited periodical of 32 pages, illustrated with cuts, chiefly of Manitoba scenes. The article to which most attention will probably be directed is the first of a series on "The Red River Expedition of 1870," by an officer of the force; the continuation will be looked for with much interest. *The Mani-*

toban is probably the first monthly of a general literary nature published in Canada west of Hamilton.

Of the January magazines our readers will find *Harper's Monthly* unusually attractive. Two papers of Canadian interest begin the number; the first is "De littl' Modder," a French-Canadian dialect sketch, by William McLennan, of Montreal—from whose pen, by the way, also came a charming little paper in the December number of the same magazine. The Englished vernacular of our French fellow-subjects has been receiving much attention within the past few months, and Mr. McLennan's setting has invested it with a pathos which is marvellously attractive. Mr. Ralph's "Canada's El Dorado" is a brilliant eulogy of British Columbia—eulogy which cannot fail to draw wide-spread attention to the vast resources of that province. All is told in an easy and unpretentious way, and therefore carries all the more force. His mention of the extent to which the fourth of July is observed is, we should judge, the only inaccuracy in the paper. The illustrations are by Frederic Remington, and, as might only be expected, add markedly to the interest and attractiveness of the article. Another very striking paper is that on "London of Charles the Second," by Walter Besant. The interest and charm of the great city can never be exhausted; its history and the life of its people are never failing magnets, drawing the keen attention of all.

The *Atlantic Monthly* commences the year with a measure of high scholarship, unusual even for that always scholarly periodical. There is a charming short story, "The Missing Interpreter," by Herbert Whitney. "The Creed of the Old South," by Basil Gildersleeve, is the title of a very able paper on the principles that actuated the participants in the late civil war. Still another article on James Russell Lowell is given us—this time an exhaustive study by Henry James. On the whole the number is a rather cold one: there is nothing in it with the fire and swing of Agnes Repplier's paper in the December issue.

In the *Arena* the articles on Eastern life and religion—"Mohammedan Marriage and Life," by Dr. Jannaris, and "What is Buddhism," by Charles Schroder, will probably be found most attractive to the general reader. Excellent portraits are given of Walt Whitman and of Hamlin Garland, with a very interesting sketch of the former by D. G. Watts. Mr. Garland begins a good serial story, "A Spoil of Office," which presents, to Canadian eyes, singularly unattractive pictures of life in the Western States.

The *Century* is always stately and artistic; the illustrations in the January number are of an unusually high order. All tastes vary; what seems to me of most interest are "Custer's Last Battle" and "A Battle in Crackerdom." The first, with Frederic Remington's artistic aid, is a plain soldier-like account

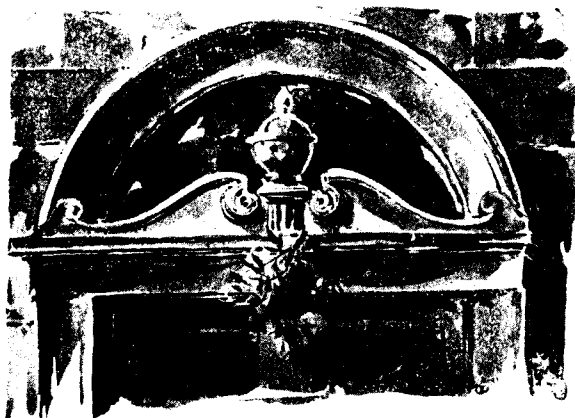
of the Indian campaign of 1876, so disastrous to General Custer and his command. "A Battle in Crackerdom" is a beautiful story of Southern life, by Harry Stilwell Edwards. In this number is a short poem by William Wilfrid Camptell, of Ottawa, entitled, "The Cloud-Maiden." Mr. Campbell has done better work; in the last three verses only does one see the usual luxuriant brilliancy of his thought and expression. Douglas Sladen, well known to our readers, has some pleasing lines on "Milan Cathedral."

The strong features of the *Cosmopolitan* are "The Columbus Portraits"—a splendid series of reproductions of the principal engravings of the great navigator; "In Camp with Stanley," by A. J. Mounteney Jephson; "Old New York," by James Grant Wilson, and "Fencing and Fencers in Paris," by Charles de Kay. All are handsomely illustrated, and are well worth careful reading. Archibald Lampman, of Ottawa, gives a few lines of verse, entitled, "A March Day," all—except, possibly, the last—of great beauty.

Most Canadians will find interest in the paper on "Phillips Brooks," by Julius Ward, in the *New England Magazine*; the stalwart and eloquent Bishop of Massachusetts has a world-wide reputation. Professor Woodward's beautifully illustrated description of "The City of St. Louis" is very attractive. "Christmas Eve" is the title of a poem by one of our leading writers, Agnes Maule Machar, of Kingston; it is based on a pathetic incident that cannot but bring sad thoughts to every reader. The verses are good.

To the many Canadians interested in the army and its doings, *The Brigade of Guards Magazine* will be found very attractive; its real field is wider than the name would imply. The December number has a bright little sketch called "A Hunt Breakfast in Canada," by the Hon. Mrs. Ivor Herbert, of Ottawa; its only demerit is its brevity. There might also be specially mentioned the concluding paper of an admirable series on "The Rise and Progress of the British Army." It is concise, clear and accurate.

Another Canadian monthly enters on its second year with the January number. *Canada*, edited by Dr. Matthew Richey Knight, well bears out its name; its articles ring with nationalism in the best sense of the word. J. M. Lemoine, Charles G. D. Roberts, Maud Ogilvy, Rev. A. J. Lockhart and other well-known names are among its writers, and their contributions are interesting and of high literary merit. I regret, however, to see space given to an article from the *New Orleans Picayune*, on "The Story of Evangeline," in which mis-statements abound and violent abuse is given to the British authorities for its treatment of the Acadians and their final expulsion; treatment the leniency of which is amply proven by the unprejudiced historical statements of Parkman, Hart, Akins and Hind, who also show the absolute necessity for the deportation of settlers who had every opportunity given them to live in peace, but who persisted in enmity to the Crown into whose hands they had fallen. Our young people should be taught the facts of this matter, not the fiction, whether it be in poetry or prose. Mr. Lemoine's paper on "Quebec Life in 1759" is singularly interesting, and we trust another instalment will appear in *Canada's* next issue.



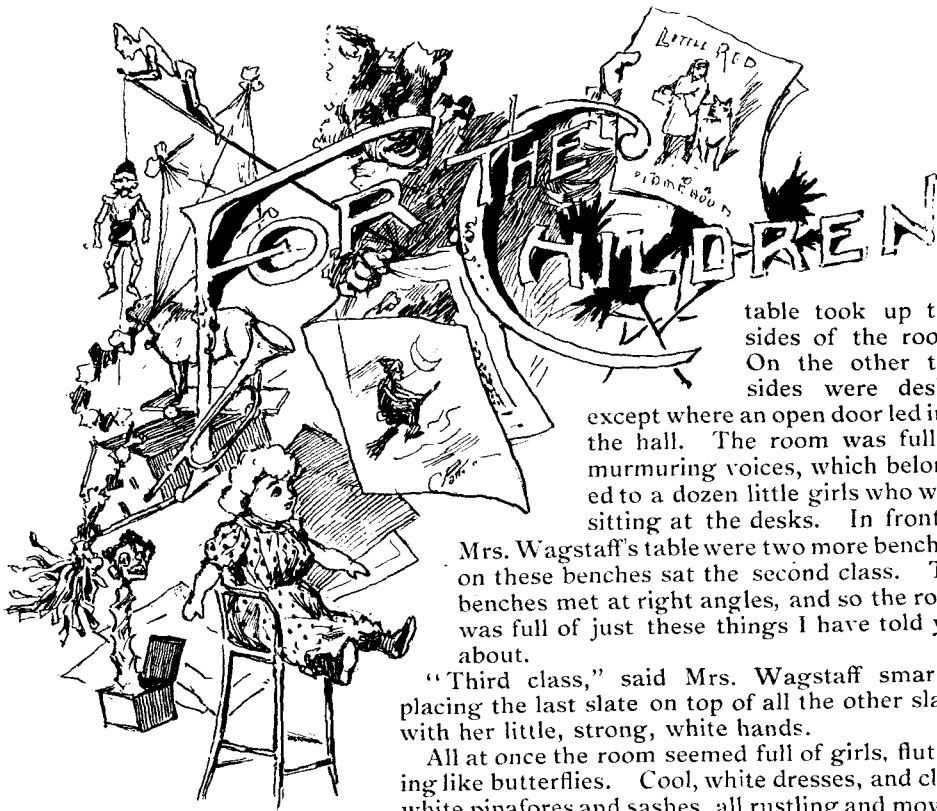


table took up two sides of the room. On the other two sides were desks, except where an open door led into the hall. The room was full of murmuring voices, which belonged to a dozen little girls who were sitting at the desks. In front of

Mrs. Wagstaff's table were two more benches; on these benches sat the second class. The benches met at right angles, and so the room was full of just these things I have told you about.

"Third class," said Mrs. Wagstaff smartly, placing the last slate on top of all the other slates with her little, strong, white hands.

All at once the room seemed full of girls, fluttering like butterflies. Cool, white dresses, and clean white pinafores and sashes, all rustling and moving at once. Then the third class were sitting on the benches with their eyes fixed on Mrs. Wagstaff, and the second class were sitting at the desks with their faces turned to the wall. The third class smoothed their pinafores, settled their sashes, threw back their hair and waited for Mrs. Wagstaff to begin.

Mabel sat head, Sharley in the middle, where the two benches met, and Mary was foot that morning.

Mrs. Wagstaff opened the spelling book, ran her finger down the column until she found the place, then ran her eye over the class and began with Mabel. When it came to Sharley's turn Mrs. Wagstaff said:

"Companion."

"Com, com,——" said Sharley, then she stopped.

"Don't repeat, go on," said Mrs. Wagstaff.

"Companion."

"Wrong—next."

The next girl, who was Edna, spelt it right. Then Sharley had to move down while Edna took her place. Sharley smoothed her brown holland pinafore and looked very grave indeed. The next round

SHARLEY'S SLEEP.

"BUZZ, buzz," went a blue fly against the window pane. "Twice two's four, twice two's four," murmured a little boy over on the bench beside the folding doors. His head was resting on his hands, and his elbows were resting on his knees. He swung his body back and forth like a pendulum. Mrs. Wagstaff was sitting in her arm-chair behind the table, looking over the examples that the second class had just worked out.

It was a hot morning, but Mrs. Wagstaff didn't look hot. She was dressed in black bombazine. A white lace cap, with purple ribbons, rested primly on her head. The white curls that lay on each side of her face looked as smooth as silk. They never looked any other way.

Behind Mrs. Wagstaff's chair was another bench, and on the bench sat another boy, half hidden by the black bombazine skirts. One fat leg was crossed over the other fat leg, and his fat fingers laboured across the slate with a stumpy pencil. The two benches, Mrs. Wagstaff and the

chased down the class till it came to Sharley again.

"Comply," said Mrs. Wagstaff, with her finger on the place and her eye on Sharley.

"Com, com, plice."

"Comcomplice, I wonder what that spells. Two mistakes, Sharley; if you make a third you will go to bed right after tea."

Sharley's eyes grew round, a pucker came in her forehead and pink into her cheeks. The girls nudged each other in dismay, drew little frightened breaths, and made round eyes. They spelled their words as if they were afraid of breaking them.

"Concentrate," said Mrs. Wagstaff, with her finger on the place and her eye on Sharley.

"Consen——"

Mrs. Wagstaff shut the book.

"Write these words on your slate twice and remember after tea."

Sharley was sitting next Mary now. But Sharley sat foot, and Mary was above her.

The clock in the hall struck 1, 2, 3—up to twelve and the girls ran out to play, all but the ones who went home and Sharley. Sharley wrote the words, showed her slate to Mrs. Wagstaff, and then walked slowly up-stairs. She sat down on the floor beside her bed and looked miserably out of the window. It was open, but there was no breeze blowing in. She could hear the shouts and laughter of the girls floating up from the play-ground below. Her doll was lying on the bed, staring with all her might at the ceiling. She was covered with a doll's quilt. Sharley caught her by one leg and jerked the quilt away. The doll stood up stiffly, with one leg held tight in Sharley's little, brown hand, but she seemed to find her head heavy, for she bent back a little.

"Old thing!" said Sharley, "why don't you say something and stop staring?"

The doll didn't answer, so Sharley caught the other leg in her other hand and walked the doll on her head all up and down the bed. But for all that the doll wouldn't say anything and wouldn't stop staring.

Mary crept into the room and slid down on the floor beside Sharley. Sharley still walked the doll up and down on its head.

"Don't, Sharley, you'll hurt it," whispered Mary.

"No, I won't, it can't feel."

"Maybe you'll break it."

"Don't care."

Mary sat down flat on the floor and looked at her, her fat little legs showing beneath the short skirt. Sharley pitched the doll away, and it fell with its face buried in the pillow, like a naughty child crying.

"Horrid old spelling," said Sharley.

"Why don't you learn it?"

"Can't; some people can spell as soon as they are born and some can't; I can't."

"I can't sometimes, but then sometimes I can."

"Oh, I can spell sometimes, too; used to be able to spell before I came here. But I just can't for Mrs. Wagstaff."

"Ooooh—" screamed Mary, softly. She would have screamed louder had she not been afraid of Mrs. Wagstaff hearing.

"Don't know what made me pinch you," said Sharley. "Your ankle looked so nice and round and fat, I wanted to; I didn't mean to hurt you."

"All right, never mind, Sharley. There's the dinner bell."

The two little girls ran down stairs with their arms round each other's neck. And the soup smelled stronger every step they took.

Tea was over, and Sharley walked slowly upstairs. The stairs were growing a little dark. The sun would not set yet for two hours. The long, level sunbeams shone in at the bedroom window and reddened the little white beds. They glowed on poor Amarantha's yellow locks. She was still lying on Sharley's pillow.

"So ridiculous to go to bed when the sun's up, Amarantha," murmured Sharley.

She pulled off her shoes and stockings and swung her bare legs reflectively while she sat on the edge of the bed.

"I can't remember when I went to bed before with the sun up. I'll not go to sleep anyway. I know, I'll put you to bed, Amarantha."

So she fell upon the doll and tore off her little clothes, throwing them in an untidy heap in the middle of the bed. She laid her in the bed and tucked the bed-clothes hard and smooth under her chin.

"Untidy child, Amarantha! Watch me fold your clothes."

She folded them neatly, and laid them in a tidy pile.

Someone stirred down-stairs. The girls were all out playing in the garden. She could hear them laughing, and Pickle's short sharp bark floated in with the evening air. With hasty fingers she undid the fastenings of her clothes, crept into her small white night-gown and scrambled

into bed. There was a foot-fall on the stairs. She had forgotten about Amar-antha, and the doll's hard head came into sharp contact with her back.



"Ooooh—" she murmured, and pulled it away.

Mrs. Wagstaff's purple cap-ribbons appeared over the top stair, and she walked solemnly into the room.

Sharley looked up at her from the pillow. Mrs. Wagstaff's hands were folded over her black bombazine dress, and her cold blue eyes looked all over the little bed and the tidy pile of clothes, then came back to Sharley's face.

"Have you said your prayers, Sharley?"

Her cheeks flushed. It hadn't seemed like bed-time. She had forgotten them.

"No, ma'am."

"Get up and say them now."

Sharley threw aside the clothes and slipped to the floor. She knelt by the side of the bed and hid her face.

Mrs. Wagstaff stood quietly looking at the little white figure and the bare pink feet peeping from beneath the night-gown. The sun shone on it kindly and made a glory of the tumbled yellow hair.

Sharley got into bed again. Mrs. Wagstaff tucked her in just as Sharley had tucked the doll, with the clothes hard and smooth under her chin.

"Good-night, Sharley."

"Good-night, ma'am."

The sunbeams played in dancing lights on the wall, and Sharley lay and watched them until her eyes were dazzled. She sang songs under her breath to put Amar-antha to sleep. The long shadows came creeping, creeping towards her bed.

Long ago the girls' voices had grown silent. It was study hour. Now they would be eating the two crackers and drinking the glass of milk that they had for supper. It was cracker



"Mrs. Wagstaff opened the spelling book."

"So ridiculous to go to bed when the sun's up."

"One fat leg was crossed over the other fat leg."

night. Last night they had had bread and butter.

"I'm not hungry, Amarantha, I don't care."

Someone was coming up-stairs. Someone who breathed heavily and had a stealthy step. It was a robber!

Sharley strained her eyes to see through the half dark. It was old Mary.

"Is that you, Mary?" whispered Sharley.

"Yes, child, I've brought you your crackers. I couldn't manage the milk, but I've put butter between them. See, they're stuck together with it. Missus' doesn't know; I must go right off. Mind the crumbs."

Sharley put out her hand and took the biscuits.

"Thank you, Mary, good-night."

Old Mary went away down stairs again.

"I'm not going to eat them, I'm not hungry, and they get into the bed and make it horrid and crumby, Amarantha."

She slipped the biscuits underneath some of her clothes that lay on the chair beside her.

Then the girls came upstairs, and Sharley lay and feigned to be asleep until they rustled and whispered into bed, and the lights were put out.

"Oh, Amarantha, will it never be time?" sighed Sharley to her doll.

The girls in their beds lay and drew long regular breaths, and Sharley, trying to breathe like them, fell asleep.

Amarantha, who never closed an eye, began to slip from her place on Sharley's arm, and slipped down and down until her head lay by Sharley's side. Sharley rolled and Amarantha's head came against her ribs.

"You old thing!" said Sharley. She caught the doll by the head and flung her to the foot of the bed.

The clock in the hall down-stairs struck 1, 2, 3—up to twelve.

"It's time," said Sharley, starting up in bed, "how jolly!"

She sprang softly out on the floor and scrambled into some of her clothes. Then with watchful glances right and left, and stifled breathing, she crept down-stairs. Along the hall, through the dining-room, to the kitchen door she went. With cautious fingers she lifted the latch, opened the door and stole out.

The sweet, cool evening air blew about her. It had been hot inside. She danced along on the short, sweet summer grass that felt as soft and cool as water to her

bare feet. The full moon was riding three hours high in the sky. There was not a sound, not a breath of wind. She had carried her biscuits down in her hand and now laid them carefully on the platform round the pump. The open kitchen door cast a black velvet shadow on the grass. All the garden was flooded with moonlight. Sharley danced and capered, throwing queer-shaped, waving shadows on the grass. The air was sweet with perfume from the mignonette and the lilies,—the white June lilies that held up their holy cups for the dew at the foot of the garden. Pickle, who had been sleeping somewhere under the house, came running to meet her.

"Oh, Pickle, old Pickle, I am going to have my play now. I had to go to bed right after tea."

The dog sniffed at her bare legs.

"Oh Pickle, how soft your hair is! Oh! how queer it feels, ooo—Pickle, your tongue is so rough and funny! it tickles."

Sharley jumped up and down and laughed, showing all her teeth, but making never a sound.

"Let's have a race, Pickle."

Up they flew to the pump, back to the lilies and up again.

"I feel, Pickle, as if I could run forever," panted Sharley.

"Now we'll have our supper,—one biscuit for you and one for me."

She sat down on the edge of the platform and ate her biscuit slowly. Pickle gobbled his up and looked hungrily at her.

"Greedy thing! now you want mine too."

She broke off a small piece. "Beg, sir, beg."

The dog sat up and dangled his fore-paws pleadingly.

Sharley tossed the scrap of biscuit into the air. Pickle jumped and caught it.

She laughed a clear, ringing, childish laugh.

Pickle barked sharp and loud.

Sharley paused aghast and listened. She looked up at the windows expecting every moment to see Mrs. Wagstaff's head come out.

The dog wagged his tail and looked for more, but Sharley shook her head and stole away into the house, shutting the kitchen door softly behind her. The moon rode high and flooded the garden with light.

Pickle lay down again and went to sleep.

Sharley crept up-stairs and slipped into

bed. She nestled down into the clothes; her legs were cold, and she rubbed them against the sheets. An uncomfortable little shiver ran all over her, and she sneezed once, twice, "Oh dear, dear me, so loud!"

"Amarantha," she said, sneezing again, "I do believe I've caught cold, but 'twas such fun. Oh dear, dear me."

"Such fun, Amarantha," she murmured again, as she fell asleep.

"Sharley, Sharley, wake up. The bell has rung," said Mary, tugging at the clothes.

Sharley never stirred.

Mrs. Wagstaff put her head in at the door.

"Sharley not up yet?"

She took her by the shoulder.

"Twelve hours' sleep and the child hasn't enough yet! Why! she's had her doll in bed with her. Sharley, wake up."

Sharley opened her eyes and jumped.

"Oh, please, ma'am, Amarantha!"

"Will stay with me to-day."

MARJORY MACMURCHY.

THE END.



A FAMILY MEDICINE

For constipation, dyspepsia, sluggishness of the liver, bilious attacks, jaundice, sick headache, rheumatism, malaria, fevers, and the common complaints of the stomach and bowels, Ayer's Cathartic Pills are most efficacious. They are sugar-coated, contain no injurious drug, and are purely vegetable in their composition. The most popular and well known medicine in use, doctors everywhere recommend them. Dr. Connors, Centre Bridge, Pa., writes: "Having long used Ayer's Pills with good results, I can confidently recommend them above all others."

"Ayer's Pills are the best medicine I ever used; and in my judgment no better general remedy could be devised. I have used them in my family and caused them to be used among my friends and employes for more than twenty years. To my certain knowledge many cases of the following complaints have been completely and permanently cured by the use of Ayer's Pills alone: Third day chills, dumb ague, bilious fever, sick headache, rheumatism, flux, dyspepsia, constipation, and hard colds. I know that a moderate use of Ayer's Pills, continued for a few days or weeks, as the nature of the complaint required, will prove an absolute cure for the disorders I have named above."—J. O. Wilson, Contractor and Builder, Sulphur Springs, Texas.

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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

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The best and most popular remedy is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It soothes the mucous membrane, allays inflammation, softens and removes phlegm, and induces repose. This preparation is recommended by physicians for hoarseness, loss of voice, obstinate and dry cough, asthma, bronchitis, consumption, and all complaints of the throat and is invariably successful wherever faithfully tried.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

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DELICIOUS NEW PERFUME.



Crab-Apple Blossoms.

(Extra-Conc. ntrated.)

"It is the daintiest and most delicious of perfumes, and in a few months has superseded all others in the boudoirs of the *grandes dames* of London, Paris and New York"—*The Argonaut*.

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ARBUTUS. INDIA LILAC
PEAU D'ESPAGNE.
RUSSIA LEATHER.

In handsome one ounce bottles.

See that each Bottle bears our No. 1 Sachet Seal in red and white.

35 Cents a Bottle.

Free Samples mailed to any Lady in CANADA sending her address.

LYMAN, SONS & CO.,
MONTREAL.

Mention this paper

Intercolonial Railway.

1891 Winter Arrangement. 1892

Commencing 19th October, 1891.

Through express passenger trains run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Leave Montreal by Grand Trunk Railway from Bonaventure St. Depot	8 00
Leave Montreal by Canadian Pacific Ry from Dalhousie Sq. Depot	22 00
Leave Levis	14 35
Arrive at Riviere du Loup	17 45
Arrive Trois Pistoles	18 48
Arrive Rimouski	20 20
Arrive Little Metis	21 22
Arrive Campbellton	24 30
Arrive Bathurst	2 35
Arrive Newcastle	3 48
Arrive Moncton	6 05
Arrive St. John	9 35
Arrive Halifax	12 50

The Buffet sleeping cars and all other cars of the fast express train leaving Montreal at 8 o'clock daily (Sunday excepted) run through to Halifax without change in twenty-eight hours and fifty-five minutes.

The trains to Halifax and St. John run through to their destinations on Sundays.

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway between Montreal and Halifax are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

For tickets and all information in regard to passenger fares, rates of freight, train arrangements, &c., apply to

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136 1/2 ST. JAMES STREET.
Montreal.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

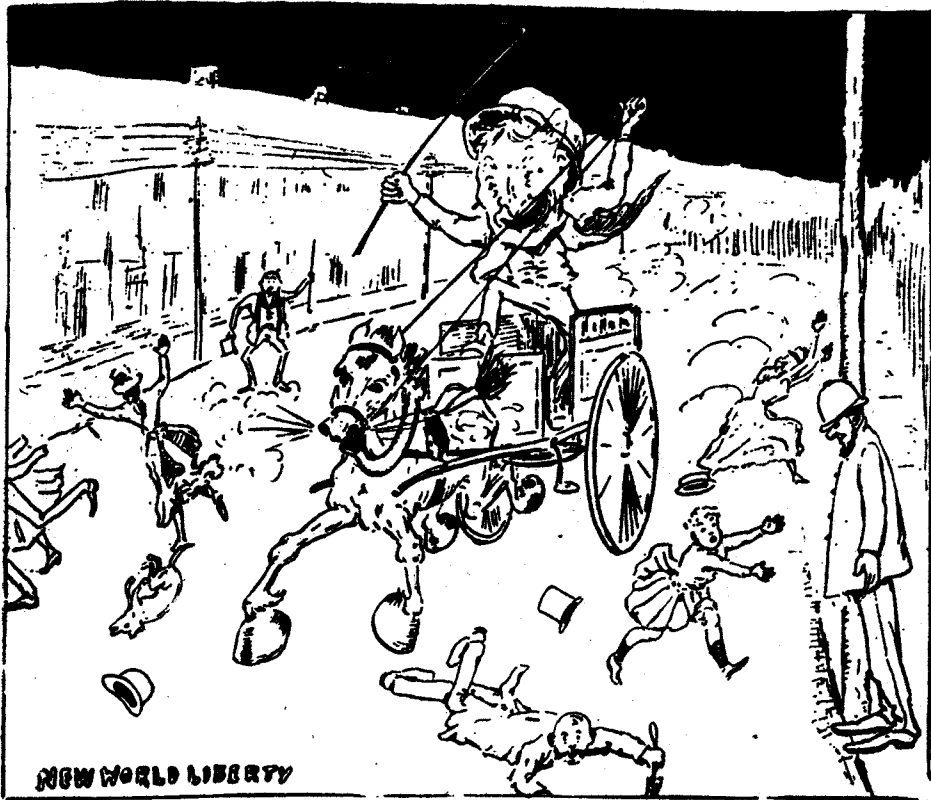
RAILWAY OFFICE,
Moncton, N. B.
15th Oct., 1891.

SPACE TO LET.



SPACE TO LET.

SPACE TO LET.



SPACE TO LET.



'Tis quick
'Tis easy
'Tis satisfactory
'Tis economical to wash with
SURPRISE soap
on wash day

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OF CANADA (Ltd.)

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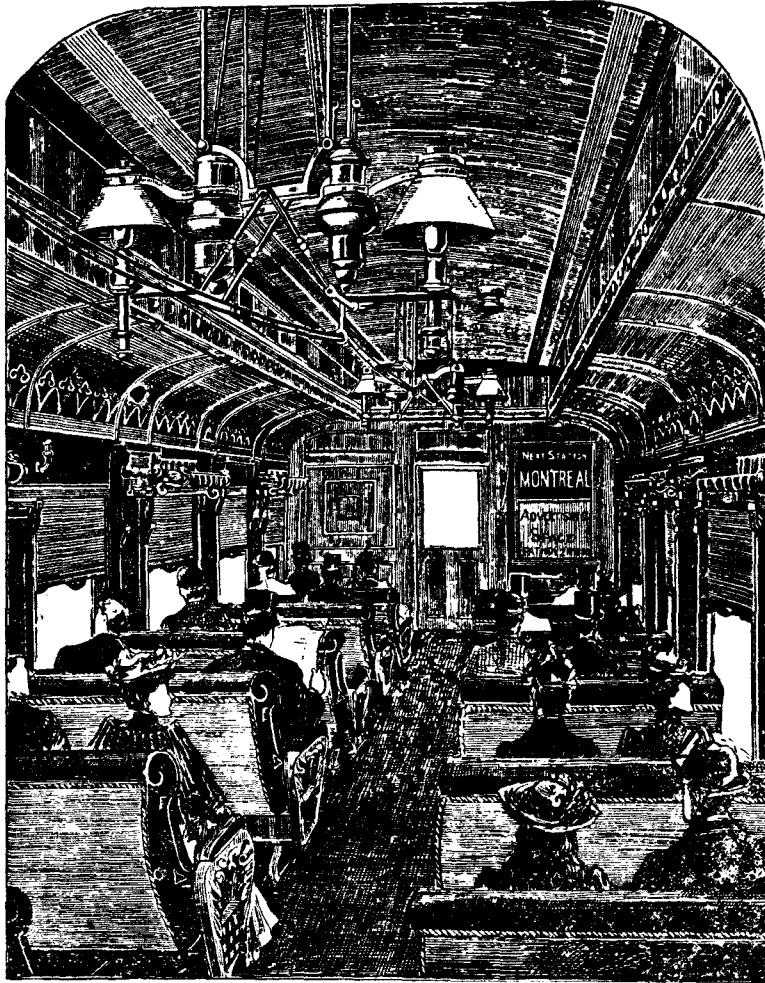
CAPITAL STOCK,
\$100,000.

C. G. CLOUSTON, DIRECTOR
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W. J. DAWSEY, "
HECTOR PREVOST, "

WE illustrate this week a STATION INDICATOR for railway cars, which is a great improvement on the prevailing system of having the names of the stations announced by the brakeman. This verbal system is unsatisfactory in many ways, and various forms of mechanical indicators have been designed; some worked simultaneously throughout the train and others worked automatically from the track.

The Allison Company has perfected a device which is very simple in construction, and is operated by the brakeman of the train, who pushes a lever, whereupon a gong is sounded, and a plate is exposed to view bearing the name of the approaching station. It consists of a frame of neatly ornamented wood, placed in prominent position at each end of the car, containing a number of thin iron plates, painted with the names of the stations in characters legible in any part of the car. The backs of these plates are utilized for advertising purposes, and as a medium of advertising is excelled by none.

This indicator has been adopted by the Grand Trunk Railway for their entire system and in conformity with the terms of the contract we have the right to advertise in all their passenger cars.



The first instalment has been completed and is a marked success, and now the Allison Company respectfully solicit the patronage of the public. As a medium of advertising one can readily understand how much superior it is to any other, when it is remembered that no advertisement except those contained in the "Indicator" is allowed to appear in any of the Grand Trunk cars; that as the advertisement on view in the "Indicator" appears directly under the plate showing the name of the station being approached, every passenger in the car can not fail to observe it; that the Grand Trunk passes through all the principal cities and towns in Canada; these and many other circumstances combine to make The Allison Railway Station Indicator the best advertising medium recommended to the public.

PATENTED NOVEMBER 21ST, 1890.

Upon application we should be glad to quote prices on any number of plates. Address,

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For Samples, sent free, write to C. ALFRED CHOUILLOU, Agent, Montreal.

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— AND THE —

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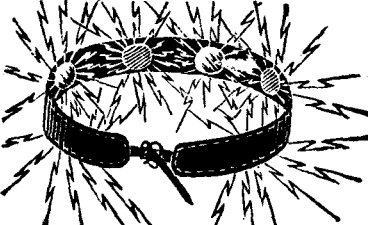
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Visits and correspondence solicited from any part of the Dominion.

If you intend purchasing a piano or an organ, of any description, do not fail to ask for illustrated catalogues. They will cost you nothing and will certainly interest you.

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PRICE, ONLY \$3.00



WITH
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READ OUR HOME TESTIMONIALS:

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Call or write for Health Journal. Price Lists and Testimonials free by mail.

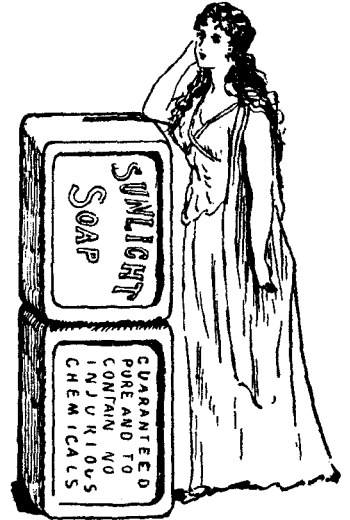
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Sent to any address. Enclose from \$1 for sample Box to Headquarters, 254 St. James St. Montreal.

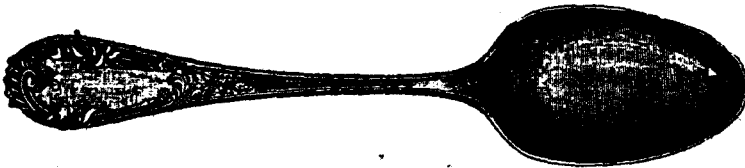
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NO EGGS REQUIRED.
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