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A COOLIE WOMAN, TRINIDAD.

THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1893.

No. 7.

THE MANITOBA SCHOOL QUESTION.

BY GEORGE BRYCE, LL.D., WINNIPEG.

MR. JOHN S. EWART, of Winnipeg, wrote in the July number of the *Canadian Magazine* a readable and erudite article entitled "Isms in the Schools," in which, though the field of treatment was much wider, yet our schools were plainly the objective point.

Mr. Ewart discusses at some length the subject of toleration, and writes many melancholy extracts embodying the intolerance of our forefathers. These citations from the writings of the great, and may we not say the good, of the past would make us pity the race, did not Mr. Ewart embrace himself and all of us with the rest, and describe us with a touch of railery as "we, the infallibles."

We may well admire his adroit and good-humored use of the *bon mot* of Oliver Cromwell to the Scottish General Assembly: "I beseech you in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken." No doubt Mr. Ewart regards the writer, whom he calls "one of the bitterest enemies of the Separate schools," as the direct lineal ecclesiastical descendant of the Scottish Assembly. It must be confessed that those descended from the race to which Mr. Ewart and the writer belong have a great deal to fight against. The "perfidium in-

genium" of which we have heard so much as a Scottish characteristic, overcomes the best of us. We must all plead guilty to a charge made by a brilliant littérateur against the Scottish people, that "their obstinacy is truly sublime." Indeed we can all heartily join in the prayer of that fellow countryman who pleaded for heavenly direction, saying, "Lord, thou knowest gif I dinna gae richt, I'll gang far wrang."

So Mr. Ewart's five columns of extracts ranging from Plato to Paley, each one dismissed with just a spice of dogmatism, — "Warburton was wrong," "Burke was wrong," and the like,—lead us to conclude that Mr. Ewart's own doctrine of toleration needs some examination.

Carlyle, a favorite of Mr. Ewart, suggested in one of his lectures that toleration may be abused. He says, "Well, surely it is good that each of us be as tolerant as possible. Yet, at bottom, after all the talk there is and has been about it, what is tolerance? Tolerance has to tolerate the unessential, and to see well what that is. Tolerance has to be noble, measured, just in its very wrath when it can tolerate no longer. But, on the whole, we are not altogether here to tolerate! We are here to resist, to control, and

vanquish withal. We do not tolerate Falsehoods, Thieveries, Iniquities, when they fasten on us; we say to them, Thou art false; thou art not tolerable! We are to extinguish falsehoods and to put an end to them, in some wise way."

Nor has Carlyle, in the trio—Falsehoods, Thieveries, Iniquities—exhausted the intolerable things. We do not tolerate injustice, disloyalty, anarchic tendencies, or official stupidity, against which it has been said "even the gods fight in vain." We say to them "Get thee behind me; thou art false; thou art not tolerable." What a genuine ring there is about the words of the sage of Chelsea! There is a false—hate it, exclude it, destroy it. There is a right—a true—search for it, and treasure it up when you find it. It is hard to find, as all truth is; but it exists; it is worth the toil and sweat and tears and blood of the search.

Contrast with this Mr. Ewart's doctrine. My right is your wrong; my wrong is your right. One for me is as good as the other for you. There is no fixed right. There is no hope of reaching a common standard.

Surely this is what Mr. Ewart means, for he says: "If we cannot decide (and Mr. Ewart says we cannot decide) whether the opinions are harmful or innocent, A has as much right to have his way as B, has he not?" (Page 362.) Or again, "Your opinions are not entitled to one whit greater deference or respect than are the opinions of others." (Page 361.)

Plainly Mr. Ewart believes there is no common standard of opinion; that there can be no consensus of right; that there can be no invariable moral principle in man which can serve as a basis of agreement, and hence of truth.

That being the case, then each must be allowed to believe and act as he likes. One man's opinion may be harmful to society, but the man says it isn't so. His opinion is as good as mine.

He must have liberty. Society is thus debarred from interference with him. Absolute, unrestrained liberty to do as he may choose must be given him. To the mind of the writer, these are the elementary principles of anarchy.

In making this statement, the writer is not condemning Mr. Ewart; who is a prominent and useful member of our Winnipeg community, but simply stating the inevitable drift of the opinions advanced by Mr. Ewart, for he says: "Religious and irreligious opinion is in the category of the debatable; the true policy with reference to all such questions is perfect liberty": or again, "In the name of liberty, I would say to the parents, certainly you have a right to teach, or have taught, to your children anything you like, so long as you can agree about it."

Now it is the contention of the writer, in opposition to these views:

1. That *the state has a right to form and enforce an opinion of its own at variance with the opinions of many of its subjects*, or, in other words, where it sees cause to disregard the "perfect liberty" claimed by Mr. Ewart. A few instances may suffice. The state may rightly insist on the education of all the children in it, whether the parents approve or disapprove. Ignorance is a public danger: the prejudice of a parent in favor of illiteracy may not be permitted. Mr. Ewart is compelled to admit this, when he says: "But at the same time liberty does not require that children should be allowed to grow up entirely illiterate;" though he had just stated that "Liberty requires that children should not be taught isms to which their parents are opposed," knowing perfectly well that one of the commonest isms or prejudices many people have is resistance to the education of their children. The state may compel vaccination, although, as every one knows, a good many of the inhabitants of the province of Quebec are as much opposed, in the very presence of small-

pox, to the vaccination of their families as they are to their education. The state in time of epidemic may rightly dismiss the schools, and prevent people from meeting for public worship, if the public health would thereby be endangered. Every one knows the great powers of expropriation vested in the state by which the rights of the individual may be trespassed upon, although in every rightly constituted state the individual is entitled to compensation. It is surely useless to show further how Mr. Ewart's doctrine of "perfect liberty," unwarily advanced by him, would render the existence of the state impossible.

2. The writer further contends that *the state, being founded on justice, may not give special privileges to any class of its subjects.*

Lieber says: "Everything in the state must be founded on justice, and justice rests on generality and equality. The state therefore has no right to promote the private interests of one and not of the other." This is a generally admitted principle. What does Mr. Ewart propose? He proposes that the people of Manitoba should have their public schools, and that one denomination should be singled out and be allowed to teach their "ism" in certain schools to be controlled by them. He was most strenuous, when pleading the Roman Catholic position before the courts, in insisting that Episcopalians and Presbyterians had no rights in the same way. Though they had schools in the Red River settlement, yet Mr. Ewart contended that their sectarian wishes might be disregarded and that they had no rights except as bulked together with half a dozen other sects as "Protestants." Is that justice?

Further, the state has now said there shall be public schools for all classes of the people in Manitoba. Its exact words are: "The public schools shall be entirely non-sectarian." No one maintains that the ordinary subjects

of education are not within the scope of the action of the state. They are subjects taught by the Roman Catholics everywhere, as well as by others. Nobody proposes that the Roman Catholics shall "have their children taught some ism that they abhor." Since the Roman Catholic people are, "all, but a very small percentage, in localities almost entirely French," they have local control of their schools. Is there the slightest ground for Mr. Ewart's unwarrantable statement that, acting from intolerance, "Manitoba has consciously or unconsciously in view the hindrance of the teaching of the Catholic religion, as something depraved?" Manitoba has simply declared, as the Privy Council has decided she had a right to do, that the public schools shall be non-sectarian; and the Manitoba educational authorities are doing their best justly and temperately to carry out the law.

But the mild, gentle-faced tolerance, that Mr. Ewart so adroitly pleads for, is not the reality for which he is arguing. He knows perfectly well that the school which he regards as the creation of so many parents wishing their "ism" taught "so long as they can agree about it," is not the reality. Mr. Ewart's theoretical school involves an element just as objectionable to the Roman Catholic Church, as the public schools contain. The Roman Catholic objection to the public schools is that they are not under the control of the Church. It is the question of authority that is at issue. See how ruthlessly the bishops in Quebec crushed out the aspirations of Mr. Masson and his associates! Read the assertion of the position of the Church in the pastoral of the Roman Catholic bishops of the United States, and see its arrogant claim of control. To have recognition by the state of the teachers which its religious orders provide and to decide what text-books shall be used in the schools are most strenuously insisted on. Under the late separate school law in Manitoba no

text-book could be used in the Roman Catholic schools without the approval of the "competent religious authority."

Mr. Ewart's decentralizing and ultra-democratic suggestions for overcoming the difficulty will be met with the same disfavor as the Public Schools Act of 1890. To have a portion of the schools of Manitoba, say one-eighth, with the relative proportion probably decreasing, organized separately under the control of the authorities of a special Church; to have that Church dictating the character of the teaching, certificating teachers, and fixing its *imprimatur* on the school and its work, is contradictory to the fundamental idea involved in a state, is an "imperium in imperio," which a free people may justly unite in addressing with Carlyle's words: "Thou art not tolerable."

3. The writer contends that *religion is outside of state interference, unless religion invade the state's domain.* "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's," is more than ever coming to be recognized by large numbers of Christians, and by those outside of Christianity as well, as the true principle. The declaration of Jesus Christ, "My kingdom is not of this world," is best interpreted by the statement that the sphere of the Church, of which Christ is the king and head, is outside that of the state. The school of thought in which Mr. Ewart and the writer were brought up in Toronto taught this so certainly, and the consensus of opinion of the vast majority of people in Canada and the United States is so strongly in favor of it, that possibly it is hardly worth while to argue it further.

The limitation, however, is somewhat necessary, that the state may interfere in some cases in the religious sphere. The case of Mormonism is one to the point. There a so-called religious doctrine is regarded by the state as destructive of social order and

is so repressed. Certain churches regard marriage as a religious contract; the state, for cause, dissolves the marriage thus formed, by granting a divorce. Religious bodies, which in their worship destroy the peace of the Sabbath and interfere with public convenience, are rightly checked by the state.

But on the whole, the trend of modern thought is to allow as great liberty as possible to religious opinion. This is willingly allowed where Mr. Ewart's "perfect liberty" cannot be permitted. Probably most would say that should Roman Catholics or others desire to educate their children in private schools at their own expense, so long as illiteracy does not result, it would be well to allow it. But where this is permitted, for Roman Catholics then to put in the plea of exemption from the public school taxes is plainly unjust; for it would violate the condition of equality on which the state is founded, were this allowed. Many Protestants prefer to educate their children at private schools and denominational seminaries. They never dream of asking exemption from the public school taxes. No one rushes to their aid to denounce the state as persecuting them.

And here, too, comes in the opportunity for granting a large amount of liberty to those who desire special "isms" taught their children, and who are willing to pay for it. If some parents wish their children brought up imbued with the principles of "Imperial Federation and Militarism," private enterprise provides such schools, and we might name them, to which they may be sent. The state may deem it wise to shut its eyes to this so long as illiteracy is avoided. Should others desire their children to be immersed in the doctrines of "Pietism, Sabbatarianism and Anti-Alcoholism," for them, too, private or church enterprise will supply schools, such as we might name, and the state may shut its eyes again so long as general edu-

cation is not neglected. So with schools to educate the young in Conservatism or Liberalism, in Æstheticism or Dogmatism, in Anglicanism or Agnosticism. One may express doubt as to the wisdom of such a course on the part of parents; but they may enjoy the luxury, by paying for it.

When, however, such an one approaches the state to demand exemption from paying his public school taxes, the Privy Council, the people of Manitoba, and, we venture to think, common sense, unite in saying: "The public schools are for all: they may be used by all: thou art asking an advantage over thy fellow subjects: thy claim is not tolerable.

Nor does our advocacy of the principle of the separation of church and state justify Mr. Ewart's dithyrambs at the close of his article, where he says: "And so secularism must have its day, and show what of weal or woe there is in it. It may be the 'ultimate infallible credo'; but it, too, most probably will sink into the ditch and become a dead body, and a warning for all later cock-sure philosophers."

The public schools of Manitoba are supported by the vast majority of the religious people of Manitoba. And in Manitoba the religious education of the children is not neglected. The Church, the Sunday School and the family circle are all agencies for cultivating the religious life of the young. The public schools of Manitoba are essentially the same as the public schools of Ontario. In Ontario the second and third generations of the population have grown up under this system.

The writer has seen many countries of the world, but can say with firmest belief that nowhere will be found a more intelligent, sober, and religious people than the people of Ontario. There are probably fewer secularists or infidels in Ontario than in any population of its numbers in the world. As the writer has said elsewhere, if

there be a defect either in Ontario or Manitoba it is because the Church has not done its work thoroughly; it is not the fault of the public school.

In conclusion, the writer is of opinion that the people of Manitoba have followed a wiser and more patriotic course than that suggested by Mr. Ewart with his lax and unphilosophic plan of so-called toleration. The problem facing Manitoba was unique. The province was made up of people of many nations. Its speech is polyglot, with the majority English speaking; it has eight or ten thousand Icelanders; it has fifteen thousand German-speaking Mennonites; it has some ten or twelve thousand French-speaking half breeds and Quebecers; it has considerable numbers of Polish Jews; it has many Hungarians and Finlanders; it has Gaelic-speaking Crofter settlements. The Icelanders petitioned the Educational Board, of which the writer is a member, for liberty to have the Lutherans prepare their candidates for confirmation in the schools: the Mennonites with singular tenacity have demanded separate religious schools: the French had their Catholic schools, and their spirit may be seen when their late superintendent, Senator Bernier, refused to consent to a Protestant being a member of a French-Canadian society: many of the other foreigners are absolutely careless about education.

What could patriotic Manitobans do? They were faced with the prospect of whole masses of the population growing up illiterate. The Mennonites, who came from Russia, are more ignorant to-day as a people than when they came from Russia eighteen years ago. Yes, British Manitoba has been a better foster-mother of ignorance than half-civilized Russia had been.

The only hope for the province was to fall back on the essential rights of the province, and provide one public school for every locality, and have a

vigorous effort made to rear up a homogeneous Canadian people.

It has required nerve on the part of the people to do this, but the first steps have been taken, and in the mind of most there is the conviction that the battle has been won.

And yet the people of Manitoba are not intolerant. They are, as Mr. Ewart knows, a generous people. Last year the general election in Manitoba turned on this question. There was no abuse of Catholics or Mennonites or foreigners. There has not been the slightest animosity manifested. Violence was unknown in the campaign or at the polls. There was simply the conviction that public

schools are a great necessity for the province; that they are the only fair system yet devised for meeting prevailing ignorance; and that in order to make us a united people, a patriotic love of our province demands this expedient.

Our French-Canadian and Mennonite fellow countrymen are coming to see this. Among both of these classes the public schools are spreading. The Department of Education and Advisory Board are both in a thoroughly conciliatory mood, and earnestly desire every locality to avail itself of government co-operation and the government grant. So mote it be!

WINNIPEG, Aug., 1893.

## THE RAINBOW.

### I.

Up from the West the dull, grey clouds are rolled :  
 All day their gloomy mist close veiled the sky.  
 As sobbing earth winds drove them slowly by ;  
 And now, like ghosts in their cerements stoled,  
 They flee beyond the hills of purple cold,  
 And burn with palpitating light on high.  
 In sparkling foam the waves of vapor die  
 Along the margin of the sea of gold ;  
 While on the quiet palms of myriad leaves,  
 Fall clear and bright the sun's receding rays.  
 Like drops of amber on the golden sheaves  
 The rain drops glisten in the shining haze,  
 And from the heavy boughs the spider weaves  
 The filmy meshes of her faultless maze.

### II.

See, in the Orient throbs a mighty song,  
 A symphony majestic, writ in light,  
 Whose numbers roll with grand, harmonious might  
 From earth to sky, in measures sweet and strong —  
 A hymn of Truth triumphant over Wrong,  
 Clear rising from the purple in swift flight,  
 Through waves of emerald to the amber bright,  
 Ending in crimson cadence low and long.  
 Thus the cathedral earth, at vesper's chime.  
 When from the west the veiling clouds are blown  
 After the rain in the still sunset time, —  
 And in the light is her great altar shown, —  
 Proclaims, as with an organ's voice sublime,  
 The praise of God before His hidden throne.

—GERTRUDE BARTLETT

## A WHIRLWIND OF DISASTER : ITS LESSONS.

BY ERASTUS WIMAN.

It will furnish a commentary on the management of human affairs that in a year when so great a nation as the United States of America had specially invited the attention of the world to the great progress, stability and prosperity of that country, that in that year a financial disaster of the first magnitude should occur. The universality of the misfortune, the fact that hardly any class or locality has escaped, that the depreciation of values has been enormous, that nearly four hundred financial institutions have succumbed, that industries of all kinds have been greatly restricted, and that confidence and credit have received a shock from which it may take years to recover,—are all circumstances that make the event more than usually significant. It is the more significant, not only because it occurs at a period when it was thought the highest success in material prosperity could be exhibited to mankind at large, but because it occurs in the presence of conditions which it would seem were calculated to make impossible so great a calamity. Never in the remarkable history of this country were there apparent so many evidences of prosperity. Never before did it seem that every element of success in life for this vast aggregation of humanity existed so completely as now. A nation of forty-four nations, trading with each other and the world in the products of every climate; occupying areas unparalleled in extent, with natural resources unequalled in variety and richness; with means of communication perfected to the highest degree; with sound financial institutions, and abundant currency as a medium of exchange; with perfect political contentment; at peace with all the world;

with enormous contributions from immigration; with capital from abroad constantly seeking investment; with no foreign indebtedness; and with it all a people of great industry and intelligence, whose genius for business, finance and enterprise is unsurpassed,—in the presence of all these conditions, and at a period when the world was invited to observe them closely, that there should occur circumstances so disastrous and so far-reaching in their effects, seems most surprising, and most unfortunate for mankind at large. It is an object lesson of enormous proportions, and to study its teachings—discover its causes, and discuss its consequences, may well occupy the minds of thoughtful men. The many millions of dollars of loss which the American people have sustained in the past ninety days, will doubtless all be regained; the wheels of commerce will soon again revolve with wonted rapidity, and no serious set-back will occur to the progress of the great galaxy of commonwealths that illumines the western hemisphere. But that at such a period of pride in the achievement of a century, in the face of conditions so extremely favorable to the development of all that is desirable as the result of human effort, that such a financial crash is possible, is full of the deepest import.

Of course, in the presence of a subject so broad, with influences at work so numerous and powerful, and at best with imperfect grasp, it is impossible to account in any one way for the financial disaster that has overtaken the United States. But there are one or two prominent conditions which in a measure have contributed to the results so deplored, and they are conditions that may be termed consequences,

quite as much as they may be regarded as causes. What is apparent on the surface is that the machinery of a great internal commerce is somehow out of gear. Like other machinery, the complicated mechanism of business can only run smoothly if perfect proportions are maintained. Whenever a great disparity in the equilibrium occurs, for instance in the matter of supply and demand,—and this so broadly applies as to affect almost every department of industry,—the result is a disturbance just such as now has occurred.

Attention is directed to the fact that one of the greatest elements of disparity existing in the United States is found in the increased growth of the population and wealth of the cities as compared with the growth of population and wealth in the country. It is true that this tendency all over the world is so marked that to attempt in the United States to account for the recent panic from that cause, would be to imply that every other country was exposed to a like calamity. But there is this difference. The United States, so far as the products of manufactures from cities and towns are concerned, trade only with themselves. Other countries in which cities grow with great rapidity do not depend alone upon the country around them, but, for an outlet, depend upon the world at large. Great Britain, in which the cities have grown with great rapidity, as compared with the growth of the country, would be in a sorry plight if she had not trade for her cities, except that which the country itself affords. France, Germany and Belgium have great cities, but they have also great trade with the rest of the world. With the United States the case is entirely different. The products of their great cities, so numerous and so large, is for themselves alone, and no contribution is made for their maintenance except that which is afforded by the people of the country itself. Hence, if the cities grow with

undue rapidity, and the country grows with meagre pace, it will be seen that a disparity will soon exist that will bring about a disturbance of the equilibrium of supply and demand. This seems to be about what has occurred in the United States, as between those who produce in the cities and those who absorb in the country. As a matter of fact, the disparity in the United States in the growth of population between the cities and the towns, on the one hand, and the growth of the farming element, on the other, is the most startling revelation made by the recent census. The figures show a growth in cities in the last ten years of sixty per cent., while the growth of the population of farmers is only fifteen per cent. In the short space of ten years, which by the way succeeds twenty years of a similar tendency, there has been a growth four times as great in the power of production within the cities, as there has been in the growth of the power of absorption in the country. The difference in the products of cities and towns, on the one hand, and of the country, on the other, must be borne in mind. The cities and towns are far more dependent on the country than is the country on the cities and towns. Food and clothing are alone derived from the country; merchandise and manufactures are from the cities and towns. Not alone are the cities and towns dependent on the country for food and raw material, but they are dependent on the farmer and planter for the absorption of goods and merchandise in exchange for food. In other countries, the manufacturer and merchant have all the world to draw their customers from. In the United States this class has only the farmer and planter to look to as possible customers. It will therefore be apprehended that if the power to manufacture merchandise increases in ten years at the rate of four-fold to the power to absorb the product, the equilibrium, before referred to, of supply and demand must be seriously

disturbed. In the United States this is the condition that exists, and it is important to bear in mind how far-reaching and, to a certain degree, how permanent this state of affairs may be.

Perhaps the best proof of the distinctive tendency of over-production in the manufactures of the United States, which to many appears the direct cause of the present misfortunes of the country, is found in the great number of combinations that have been effected in industrial pursuits. It is no exaggeration to estimate that in fully one-third of the distinctive interests of the cities and towns, consolidation of competitive establishments has taken place. Competition, that in early days was supposed to be "the life of trade" became, by its excess, the death of profit when limitations of demand were reached and there seemed no limit to production. Hence in almost every line of life the new economic principle of combination, as a substitute for that of competition, has come into vogue, and with a result that tens of thousands, formerly employed in competitive establishments, are, owing to consolidation of interests, the elimination of competition, the regulation of production and the fixing of prices, out of employment, or seeking it in other avenues already over-crowded. It is significant that in the very great number of establishments closed, or put on "short time," throughout the United States, in the last ninety days (estimated, perhaps, at one-fifth or one-fourth of the entire manufacturing forces of the United States), there is hardly one interest seriously affected in which consolidation or combination has been consummated. True, certain departments of these industries have suffered in common with others, and in pursuance of the policy of restriction of out-put, many factories have been shut down. But it is a fact that failures and serious disasters have been avoided almost universally by interests in which

the principle of combination has been at work. The necessity, as well as the wisdom of this policy, thus illustrated, proves the assertion that in the growth of cities and their output, a vast disparity exists in comparison with the growth of the country and its power to absorb.

The inference is, that so long as the cities continue to grow at the present pace, and the country, having reached its limitations as to area and other conditions, grows no faster than hitherto, there must either be a universal adoption of the principle of consolidation or an outlet found in the world outside. Either one of these two results is inevitable, or the disastrous conditions, as to internal commerce, prevalent in the last few months, it would appear will permanently prevail.

To confirm the statement that the existing unfavorable conditions of internal trade in the United States are contributed to by the rapid growth of cities, as compared with the slow growth of the population of the country, and equally to show how forceful that influence already is, it may be well to follow out to its logical consequences, the growth of this disproportion, even within the life-time of those now living. Fifty years is not an exaggerated expectation of the average American youth of to-day. Within that period, a census for each of five decades will be taken, and if the same proportion of population in city and country prevails, the result will be very startling. New York and Brooklyn to-day have a population of 2,500,000. In fifty years, even at the rate of forty per cent. increase every ten years, the population of New York and Brooklyn will reach 7,000,000, or 2,000,000 greater than that of London to-day. At the same rate of progress, the population of Chicago will have attained 5,000,000, which is not at all unlikely. Philadelphia, Buffalo, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Kansas City, and numerous other cities,

will have attained an equal proportion. Not only will they be much larger in extent of population than European cities, but they will number four or five times the population of these cities. It will thus be seen that an enormous aggregation of humanity will be gathered together in the cities of America within the life-time of boys now living.

Meanwhile, if the country grows only at the rate of fifteen per cent.—and under existing conditions there is no reason why it should grow at a more rapid rate,—it will be seen what a tremendous condition of disparity would exist. If in the present moment there is a vast disproportion in the power of production of one class of industrial effort and the power of absorption, what will it come to as time goes on and this proportion intensifies the conditions that seem now to offer the principal explanation of existing troubles in the United States in the face of so much that is favorable to the highest degree of prosperity. When it is recalled that there are no more States to go into the Union; that there is a great exhaustion of arable lands; and, further, that nearly forty per cent. of the country is an arid desert, and cultivatable only with irrigation, and that a great land hunger has set in which is unappeasable, it will be seen that even a growth of country places at the rate of fifteen per cent. is not nearly so likely to be maintained as the growth of even forty per cent. in the cities.

Of course, there are other causes, numerous and potent, to account for the financial crash in America, but it is submitted that the rapid growth of one class of the community at the expense of the other has so disturbed the mutuality of interests that is essential to prosperity, that it seems impossible that under these conditions, a commerce which is absolutely internal can forever exist in a healthy condition.

But in addition to the disparity in

growth of cities, on the one hand, and of the country, on the other, there is another unusual condition, heretofore prevailing in the United States, that may have great influence in the creation of existing and future difficulties. This is, the system of taxation of one class for the benefit of the other class, and especially the taxation of the people who live in the country for the benefit of the people who live in the cities. The fact that a vast national debt, amounting to nearly 3,000 million of dollars, arising out of the war, had to be paid, justified a heavy import tax, and by this means it was largely liquidated. But whether the country ever really paid the debt, or whether it was simply shifted from the shoulders of the government to the shoulders of the farmers and miners of the country, is in some minds an open question. The debt, it is believed by some, still exists somewhere; and though the Government does not owe it, and the people collectively are not bounden for it, possibly individually it is scattered among them, and especially among the special class from whom it was levied as a tribute to the policy inaugurated for its collection. But most unfortunately, and perhaps, accounting in no small degree for the existing unfavorable condition, the taxation necessary for the payment of this debt was greatly augmented by the Government enforcing a discrimination in favor of one class as against another, and especially stimulating one class of industry at the expense of another, so that in addition to raising by taxation, within a very brief period, all that was necessary to liquidating the vast indebtedness arising out of the war, there has been contributed by taxation of one class an immense sum, not for the Government, but for the benefit of another class. It so happens that it is the class in the cities that were benefited, and at the expense of the people in the country, and it accounts for the enormous growth of one compared with the meagre growth of the other.

Perhaps the best illustration of the excessive taxation of the one class for the benefit of the other, and of the continuity of the indebtedness thus created, is found in the matter of steel rails, used in the construction of the railroads of the country. Since the war, and up to the recent reduction of the duty on steel rails, there has been constructed in the United States, 130,000 miles of railroad. A duty of \$17.60 per ton existed on steel rails, and it is to be presumed that including equipment, every mile of road cost \$2,000 per mile more than it would have done had this duty not existed. Thus there has been an expenditure in the railroads of the country amounting to about \$269,000,000 greater than was necessary for the construction if no taxation or duty existed. This expenditure is now represented by bonds on the railroads, averaging an interest rate of five per cent., which, as a rule, is paid with the regularity of clock work. The interest on this \$260,000,000 added by the policy of the Government to the cost of the railroads, amounts to \$12,000,000 a year. It is paid only by the proportionate increase in the freight and other charges of the railroads upon the farmer and planter, who are compelled to use the roads to carry their products, which they sell, and for the merchandise which they consume; and as long as grass grows and water runs, this added tax upon their efforts will exist. If this be the case with steel rails, why is it not so with other highly protected products of the manufacturers, which, after they are removed from the domain of competition by the convenient Trust, are enabled to exact any charge fixed upon as yielding the largest possible profit. Thus, it will be seen that one class has been taxed, not only sufficiently to take the original debt from the Government upon their shoulders for all time, but, in addition, that class has had an added tax taken over for the benefit of the more fortunate fellow citizens

who were the favorites of the Government.

Of course it will be urged that had there not been the stimulating influences of favoritism by the Government for the benefit of one class at the expense of the other, the prices of steel rails or other articles would not be as low as they now are. This is not the place to go into a discussion of this point, but this may be said, that the price of every article produced has been so high as to completely shut out the possibility of competing with other countries in the markets of the world; and, further, the existing conditions in the United States are intensified by the fact that not only is the output of everything augmented by Government interference (unless it is in combination), but there is no possibility, owing to the high cost of production, of an outlet beyond the country itself. The people of the United States are practically living upon one another, which is bad enough, as seen in the great collapse of industry, but is rendered worse by the fact that one class is unduly taxed for the benefit of another class, and that there is no possibility of relief from the outside world, in the shape of a demand for what the favored class produces. The added cost of living, of raw material, of business expense, owing to increased taxation for the benefit of one at the expense of another, put upon the products of manufactories, completely shuts out the possibility of a foreign trade, except for the products of the earth, which are brought forth mostly by the heaviest taxed portions of the community. The spectacle presented is an interesting and instructive one.

But a new and improved condition is about to prevail in the United States. The acute intelligence of this great people has already apprehended the mistaken policy of isolation from the rest of the world, and especially the evils resulting from a paternalism in a Government never created for the

purpose of favoring one class at the cost of another. The existing unfortunate collapse shows how impossible it is to get rich by taxation ; and it is clear that never again can any party control the policy of the country, whose claim to power is based on taxation, unnecessary, unjust and impolitic. As soon as the temporary trouble arising out of the silver situation is adjusted, as it will speedily be, the question of a new scheme of taxation will occupy a Congress especially

created by a mighty mandate from the people for that purpose. The existing financial trouble will not have been in vain, if a lesson is taught that nations of the world are as dependent on each other as are individuals, and that selfishness, favoritism and paternalism are inconsistent in a free country, where equal opportunity and an even chance with all the world is the essential element of success and safety.

NEW YORK, Aug., 1893.

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## AUGUST.

Now languorous summer, weary unto Death,  
 Lolleth and dreams among her poppy flowers,  
 And coying softly with the lazy hours,  
 She scorcheth all things with her sultry breath ;  
 'Till with her own delights she quarrelleth,  
 And when the noonday faint before her cowers,  
 She yearneth for the cool autumnal showers,  
 And of her dalliance she wearyeth.  
 Anon she slumbers : in her dreaming sweet  
 The sunlight swims around her veiled eyes.  
 Haply she dreameth of her love complete,  
 Or of her flutt'ring distant argosies !  
 Cometh September, kneeling at her feet,  
 And in his longing arms she swoons and dies.

TORONTO.

• —EMMA C. READ.



## A STUDY IN GRIMINOLOGY.

BY REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

THE title of this paper, it must be confessed, is not attractive. But few are likely to be drawn to an article thus labelled, in the hope of finding in its perusal a source of enjoyment. There are, however, subjects that deserve to be studied for other reasons than on account of the entertainment which is to be found in them. There are great humanitarian and socialistic problems which cannot be solved without the patient and thorough investigation of subjects from which the virtuous mind naturally revolts. One of these is crime.

This evil exists among us, however, and—to use a hackneyed phrase—is apparently here to stay, and the question naturally arises—What are we going to do about it? That the criminals constitute a numerous and growing class in most countries throughout the civilized world, imposing heavy and ever-increasing burdens upon the orderly and law-abiding people, is a fact too palpable to be either gainsayed or ignored. Mr. Boies's recently-published book on "Prisoners and Paupers,"\* in the United States, describes a state of things which, though it does not yet exist among ourselves, comes so near to our own homes as to appeal to us with startling effect. It shows that human nature is the same in the new world as in the old, and that the evil influences which have been at work elsewhere, producing depravity of manners, and leading men into criminal courses, are quite as po-

tent on this continent as in any other part of the globe.

One of the facts brought out in this remarkable volume is—that, phenomenal as has been the increase of population in the great republic—an increase which has been the wonder and the admiration of the world—the increase of the dangerous and the unfortunate classes is entirely out of proportion to that of the population as a whole. Indeed, of late the proportion appears to have been nearly two to one. To be exact, while the increase of population during the decade ending with 1890 has been 24.5 per cent., that of the inmates of penitentiaries, gaols, and reformatories, has been 45.2 per cent. And, that this period, though more strongly marked with crime than any which has preceded it, is not altogether exceptional, is evident from the following facts:—In 1850 the criminals in the United States were 1 in 3,500 of the population, while in 1890 they were in the proportion of 1 in 786.5; from which it appears that while the population has increased 170 per cent. in forty years, the criminal class has increased 450 per cent.

The overflow of such a criminal population, separated from us by little more than an imaginary line three thousand miles in length, would be sufficient to give us trouble enough, and to impose upon us a sufficiently heavy burden, even if we had no such population of our own. But unfortunately we have. Human nature is the same on both sides of the international boundary, and the same influences are at work here that are in operation in the States. With one in about 1,200 of our population in a penitentiary, a reformatory, or a gaol, even though this

*Prisoners and Paupers: A Study of the Abnormal Increase and the Public Burdens of Pauperism in the United States: the Causes and the Remedies.* By Henry M. Boies, M.A. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: The Williamson Book Company. Octavo, pp. 318.

*Criminology.* By Arthur Macdonald, with an Introduction by Dr. Cesare Lombroso. New York, London, and Toronto: Funk and Wagnall's Company. Octavo, pp. 416.

may be discounted to some extent by the fact that our gaols have, in many instances, to do duty as poor-houses and lunatic asylums, as well as for the detention of persons, either accused or convicted of crime, and a considerable proportion of their inmates made up of the unfortunate, rather than of the dangerous, class, we are not in a position to point the finger of scorn at our neighbors, or to treat this subject as one in which we have a merely academic interest.

This is a matter which deserves to be carefully studied by us on our own account. It is one that concerns the safety of our lives and property, the peace and well-being of the community, and the economic interests of the country. Even if we were influenced by no higher motives, these prudential considerations are enough to invest this subject with sufficient interest, one would think, to induce us to make it a matter of careful study. But it is a question of humanity; the criminal, however deeply fallen and degraded, is, after all, a man and a brother. He has a common origin and a common destiny with ourselves; and this branch of social science deserves to be studied on his account, and in his interests, as well as in our own.

There are three things about crime which deserve our careful attention: its *nature*, its *causes*, and its *cure*. These are the points to which the following pages are to be devoted. It will be readily seen by any one who has given any degree of intelligent attention to the subject, that the treatment of these in an article of this kind, in the nature of things, must of necessity be superficial and summary.

"Crime or misdemeanor," says Blackstone, "is an act committed or omitted in violation of a public law either forbidding or commanding it." And this definition has been adopted, in the main, by all who have since written upon the subject. Indeed, the etymology of the term seems to point to a similar, if not an identical, meaning.

Guided by this alone, we should be disposed to define it as an act or omission which exposes to condemnation and punishment inflicted by the civil power. The word, in both its Latin and Greek equivalents, signifies judgment, sentence, or punishment; but by an evolutionary process such as is constantly going on in all languages, the cause has taken the place of the effect, and the word which was originally used to express the latter has come, in these latter times, to signify the former.

In harmony with this view, Judge Sanford M. Green, of Michigan, in his work on "Crime: its Causes, Treatment, and Prevention," says, "Crime is said to consist of the wrongs which the Government notices as injurious to the public, and punishes in what is called a criminal proceeding, in its own name."

These are legal definitions, intended for the guidance of those who are called to expound the law, and who are intrusted with the administration of justice; but whatever value and importance they may have for this purpose, they are scarcely comprehensive enough to cover the whole ground, or radical enough to be made the basis of thoroughly scientific inquiry. The facts that what is called crime and treated as such in one country, may not be so regarded or treated in another, and that what was held to be a crime at one time, and even visited with the extreme penalty of the law, may, in the same country, either wholly disappear from the statute-book or be treated as merely a misdemeanor at another, show the necessity of some more radical and comprehensive definition. Indeed, Judge Green, in the work which has already been alluded to, admits this, and does not, therefore, confine himself to "what the law calls crime," in the discussion of his theme, but includes within the meaning of the term, "all wrongs committed against persons and property, public health, justice, decency, and morality, whether forbidden by a public law or not."

Sir James Stephen, in his "History of the Criminal Law of England," while holding that the only perfectly definite meaning which a lawyer can attach to the word, is that of "an act or omission punishable by law," admits that "criminal law must, from the nature of the case, be far narrower than morality" "It never entered into the head of any legislator," he says, "to enact, or any court to hold, that a man could be indicted or punished for ingratitude, for hard-heartedness, for the absence of natural affection, for habitual idleness, for avarice, for sensuality, pride, or, in a word, for any vice as such." And yet a moment's reflection should be enough to convince any right-minded person that the element of deep criminality may be discerned in all of these. Scarcely one of the crimes which are punishable by law has not its root in one or other of these vices.

It is, however, only when a man's vices intrude themselves upon others that human law has a right to take notice of them and punish them as crimes. "If a man makes his vices public," says Blackstone, "though they be such as seem to principally affect himself (as drunkenness and the like), they then become, by the bad example that they set, of pernicious effect to society." The distinction, therefore, between vice and crime is not essential, but merely accidental. The different light in which they are viewed by the law arises from their relation, respectively, to society.

Crime, then, is an offence against society. It may be either positive or negative, but, in either case, it is a violation of the social pact, an infraction of the bond which holds society together. It is, in fact, a blow struck at the very root or foundation of society. So far as the criminal is concerned, it involves a return to savagery. The very purpose for which society exists is mutual protection and helpfulness; but crime, in its essential, underlying principle, is not only the direct opposi-

tion of protection and helpfulness, but it involves the sum of all those evils from which society seeks to protect itself. The criminal, by the mere fact of his lawlessness, not only puts himself outside of society, but takes up an attitude of hostility to it. This is true especially of the professional criminal, who prefers to live in the habitual disregard of law, to the enjoyment of the rights, privileges, and immunities of civilized life.

Crime and sin are not synonymous terms; the former meaning the violation of human law, the latter the violation of the law of God. All crimes, properly so called, are sins; but all sins are not necessarily crimes. A wrong action in its relation to the Supreme Ruler, and the divine harmonies of the universe, is sin, but in its relation to civil government, and the order and well-being of society, it may be a crime. Crimes, then, are that class of sins which, on account of the injury which they inflict either upon the individual or the community, are properly taken notice of and punished by human government. But the sin which, by reason of its private and spiritual character, is not a proper subject for human legislation, or for the investigation of human courts, may be no less heinous when viewed in the purer light of a divine morality. Radically and essentially, then, sin and crime are the same. Lawlessness is the evil principle, of which they are both the manifestation. "*Every one that doeth sin, doeth also lawlessness; and sin is lawlessness.*" (1 John iii., R. V.)

Now, this is the scriptural definition of sin; but it will only require a little reflection to convince any one of intelligence that it is equally accurate as a definition of crime. The root principle of both the one and the other—the disposition to escape control, to repudiate authority, to have one's own way, to do as he likes—is that which not only brings disorder into human society, but disturbs the

harmony of the universe, and it only requires to get headway so as to become universal among the subjects of the Great King in order to make the Universe a widespread scene of confusion.

If, then, this be the relation between sin and crime, and if lawlessness, which is the essential principle of both the one and the other of them is the common heritage of the race, descending from generation to generation, manifesting itself in each of us according to our various idiosyncrasies, and the peculiar circumstances in which our characters have been formed,—this fact brings us into closer relationship with the wayward and the erring, and gives them a stronger claim upon our forbearance and sympathy than most of us, probably, have ever realized or brought home to ourselves. We shall be all the better fitted for prosecuting an investigation of this kind, if we knock at our own bosoms and ask them what they know that is like our brother's sin. We shall pursue the enquiry with all the more feeling, if we find in ourselves, though beneath a fair exterior, the root principle of many a crime that we have denounced with as much zeal as if we never had any feelings that were at all akin to it.

That which differentiates the criminal from the rest of mankind is not to be found—if I may use a philosophical distinction by way of illustration—in the substance, so much as in the accidents of his faults. It is not in the essence so much as in the form. Account for it as we may, whether on the biblical principle of a lapse from a higher and purer state, or the Darwinian hypothesis of the survival of the evil qualities which belonged to our bestial ancestors, the propension to lawlessness is universal. It is that evil selfishness which seeks to have its own way, and to seek its own gratification, regardless of the rights and interests of others, which is the root of all evil; and that pernicious

principle is in each of us. And if we could ascertain with any degree of precision the influences which are at work in determining the forms in which this vice of our nature manifests itself in individual instances, we should have a disclosure of the causes of crime.

First among these causes is what criminologists call organicity, or the influence of the physical organism on the springs of action. This is a matter which until recently has not received anything like the degree of attention which it deserves. We, long ago, recognized the effect of organicity in determining the capacity and the peculiar qualities of the mind. Men of observation know pretty well what they are to look for in this respect from certain physical types of humanity. Though they may know nothing of the technicalities of phrenology, and have no confidence in it as a science, they never expect to find the mind of a Shakspeare, a Locke, or a Bacon pent up in a contracted skull and compressed brain, or associated with a coarse organization. We have come, in these later times, to trace mental disorder to physical causes. Insanity is no longer regarded as, primarily, a disease of the mind. It is in the malformation of the body, or in its diseased condition, that the root of this terrible malady is to be found.

With these facts before us, is it not strange that we have been so slow to recognize the part that is played by organicity in the production of crime; and that moral as well as mental disease may in many instances be traceable to the same cause? We naturally shrink from the appalling conclusion that large numbers of human beings are born criminals; but the result at which those who have made the subject a life study, after having investigated it most thoroughly, and thought upon it most profoundly, is that a considerable proportion of those who become habitual criminals came into the world with constitutional tenden-

cies so favorable to the development of such a character, as to make it almost inevitable that in a world constituted as this is, they, if left to themselves, should become what they are. If their criminal tendencies are not strong enough to amount to something like a necessity, they are at least so strong as to put them at fearful disadvantage in the struggle—if there be any struggle—for an honest and virtuous life.

This brings us face to face with one of the profoundest, and, in some of its aspects, one of the most appalling mysteries of nature—the law of heredity, by the operation of which nature visits the iniquities of the fathers, and more especially of the mothers, upon their children, and their children's children, to the third or fourth generation, or even farther. A high authority in Germany, found, as the result of patient investigation, that "over one-fourth of the German prisoners had received a defective organization from their ancestry, which manifests itself in crime." Dr. Vergilio says that "in Italy 32 per cent. of the criminal population have inherited criminal tendencies from their parents." Dr. H. Maudsley says, "The idiot is not an accident, nor the irreclaimable criminal an unaccountable casualty." It seems to be the opinion of those who have had most to do with criminals,—who have watched them most closely and studied their history with the greatest care,—that while there are criminals who are such by occasion and by passion, and who do not properly belong to the typically criminal class, the peculiarities of those who have adopted crime as a vocation, and are found to be incorrigible, are in most instances to be traced to inherited tendencies.

It would be easy, no doubt, to make too much of this aspect of the subject. They are not all criminals, by any means, who have the misfortune of being the offspring of criminal parents, and it is not easy to say what proportion of the children of such, and who

have actually grown up criminals, might have been saved from a criminal life, if in childhood they had been removed from the evil surroundings in which they had the misfortune to have their lot cast. The question is sometimes debated whether hereditary tendencies, or evil environment, has most to do with producing a criminal character; but, unfortunately, these generally go together, and the child born of criminal parents grows up in a home in which he finds himself in an atmosphere of crime even from his infancy. And even if in some of these unfortunates the innate propensity to evil-doing was not abnormal, it would be remarkable if from such a school they did not graduate, in due time, as pests of society.

The evil to itself, and to society, that may be pent up in a single family abandoned to criminal courses, is strikingly illustrated in the history of two or three families in the United States, which have been made the subject of special inquiry during the last few years. Dugdale's Study of the "Jukes" family is too well known to need more than a passing notice; in seven generations it produced 1,200 criminals and paupers. The descendants of Ben Ishmael, who lived in Kentucky one hundred years ago, are no less notorious. Among other contributions which this family has made to the criminal class during six generations is that of 121 prostitutes. And if the Jukes's—as we learn was the case—cost the state \$1,300,000, it is pretty evident that the tribe of Ben Ishmael has cost no less.

The history of vicious families in other countries tells a no less startling tale. Count Pastor Stocker, of Berlin, investigated the history of 834 descendants of two sisters, the elder of whom died in 1825. Among these he found 76 who had served 116 years in prison, 164 prostitutes, 106 illegitimate children, 17 pimps, 142 beggars, 64 paupers in almshouses; the whole number estimated to have cost the state more than \$500,000.

It is not, however, criminals alone, in the narrower and stricter acceptation of the term, who are helping to swell the dangerous classes. All parents who are living intemperate, dissolute, idle, or generally vicious lives, are involved in this condemnation. What can be expected from such parents but a debased and degraded offspring. Whatsoever inflames the blood, undermines the health, weakens the constitution, enfeebles the will, and robs the individual of self-control, not only tends to criminality in the persons who indulge in it, but also in their offspring yet unborn. It is sometimes said that seventy-five per cent. of the crime existing in civilized and Christian communities is the result of intemperance alone, and this is probably true, if intemperance be understood in its broad acceptation. There is intemperance in other things beside the use of intoxicating drink. And there are forms of secret sin which touch even more directly the fountain of life than this does, and that contribute even more powerfully toward the production of an imbecile, vicious, criminal, or insane offspring.

These are solemn aspects of the subject, which parents, whether actual or prospective, may well lay to heart. Sad as it is to be depraved ourselves, it is even more appalling to be the instruments of sending a stream of vice and criminality, with its attendant misery, down into the future, to poison and plague hundreds and thousands of people yet unborn. But even when children are not the victims of any abnormalities, either physiological or psychological, they inherit enough of the common depravity of the race to make careful training necessary in order to prevent them from contracting vicious habits and falling into criminal practices. It may well be doubted whether education with us is all that it should be. Submission to authority, and the ability to say no to any temptation—especially when it comes in the line of our own natural

desires—must be learned early, if it is to be learned at all. The same is true of habits of industry and of persevering application. In a word, self-government, involving self-denial, and the subordination of our own desires to right and the superior claims of others, is one of the lessons which, unless learned in childhood, is seldom mastered in later life. The laxity of proper discipline in the home has much to do with swelling the volume of criminality in our day. The theory that children are to be allowed to grow up, rather than to be reared and trained, is producing terrible results.

And the training in the school unhappily does little to make up for this lack in the home. Its fatal defect is the want of practicality. The industrial and business idea is not made as prominent in it as it should be. Its aim seems to be rather to prepare the student to live by his wits, than to fit him for gaining a livelihood by honest toil. The fact that so many are allowed to grow up without any industrial, mechanical, or business training, accounts for very much of the criminality that exists. The ancient Jews judged rightly, that the man who brought up his son without a trade, taught him to be a thief. Then, the gambling element which enters so largely into the business of our times, especially the business by which great fortunes are made within a few years, tends to confuse the moral sense and destroy the basis of morality. The war that is being carried on between capital and labor, in which everything seems to be looked upon as right which helps to push the adverse party to the wall, and in which the right of property is often not only denied, but its possession represented as being a crime, has the same tendency. It may be that even the pulpit is not entirely free from a share in the responsibility. It may be doubted whether the simple ethical principles in our religion are made as prominent as they should be. It is possible, even, for preachers to be

so fully occupied with the theoretical, as to lose sight of the practical; and political economy and sociology, may be allowed to take the place of the divine morality of the New Testament, which is, after all, the hope of the world.

The cure of this great and growing evil is, however, the most important branch of the subject to the discussion of which this article is devoted—this has been anticipated in part. To know the nature and the cause of a disease is to be put in possession of, at least, the first and most essential condition of its successful treatment. The problem, however, is too complex to be dealt with summarily and in an off-hand way. So we have seen there are criminals and criminals. They constitute entirely different types and classes, and what would be effective in one case would not be in another. First of all, there is the typical criminal—he who has adopted crime as a profession, whether deliberately or instinctively by choice, or by the prompting of innate tendencies—who after repeated trial proves to be incorrigible. There does not seem to be any reason why he should be treated with undue severity; indeed, there are strong reasons why he should be treated with the utmost degree of humanity, but there is no consideration which can justify his being set at large. Perpetual imprisonment is the only thing that is consistent with his own best interests and the safety of society. Mr. Boies thinks that after two terms of imprisonment, upon a third conviction the criminal should be treated as an incorrigible and the prison doors should close upon him forever. This seems to be nothing more than is reasonable. We do not hesitate to deal with the dangerous lunatic in this way; why should we deal differently with the criminal.

With the occasional criminal, the man who has committed a crime in a moment of passion, or who has been drawn into it by evil associations and

unfortunate circumstances, the case is different. All sorts of reformatory influences should be brought to bear upon such. The chief object of the imprisonment of such an one should be his recovery from the evil courses into which he has fallen. His sentence should be indeterminate, and he should never be set at large until he has given good reason to believe that he is reformed. Two things should characterize his treatment, kindness and firmness. The laws of the prison should be like the law of gravitation, working as steadily and as beneficently. Nothing unreasonable should be required of any one, but what is required should be exacted to the letter. Submission to authority, obedience to law, and the habitual recognition of the rule of right, should be quietly, steadily, and persistently insisted upon every hour. These are the things which the prisoner needs to be taught, and to have ground into his nature. He should be made to feel that his liberty, and his life, as far as it is worth living, depends upon his mastery of this simple lesson. And, in order to make this consideration the more effectual, the prospect of a time coming when he should be a free man, should be constantly set before him; and he should be made to feel that—though the idea of punishment which always follows in the wake of transgression, should not be excluded from his mind, and the idea also of the safety of society—the state is aiming at, as its supreme object, the making him a new and better man.

But the cure to be effectual must not, however, be confined to the prison and the reformatory. What has been said of the prison regulations, must be true of the law of the land; it should operate with the steadiness and certainty of the laws of nature. England sets an example to the whole world in this respect, worthy of universal imitation; not by the severity of its punishment, but by the certainty with which the criminal is overtaken by the legal consequences of his crime. This is the

reason why crime is constantly diminishing in England, while it is increasing everywhere else. But as we have seen that the home is chiefly responsible for the production and multiplication of criminals, to it we must look for the reduction of their number, and for the gradual extirpation of the evil which menaces society. And the regeneration and purification of the home is the appropriate work of the Church; in it, in its last analysis, is our hope for the world.

### OVER SEA.

Speed swiftly, splendid Sun!  
 You need not stay with me;  
 My thoughts are wide with one  
 Beyond the deep blue sea.

Quick to the waiting West  
 Go o'er your glowing track,  
 And give to Ocean's breast  
 Her stolen jewels back!

Crown the broad bay with foam,  
 And paint the faded skies  
 That bend above her home  
 The color of her eyes.

Then swift her chamber seek  
 To scare away the dark  
 And kindle in her cheek  
 Life's bright mysterious spark.

Glisten along her hair,  
 And give her lips their rose;  
 Her swan-white forehead fair  
 And snow-soft neck disclose.

Then gleams of silver weave  
 To give her eyelids white,  
 But on her lashes leave  
 The lustre of the night.

And back o'er all her face  
 Its animation win;  
 The dainty shadow chase  
 From the dimple in her chin.

Let every sunbeam shake  
 In golden fiery strife,  
 And glow her eyes awake,  
 And love her back to life!

\* \* \* \*

A moment stay your beams!—  
 I almost had forgot—  
 If 'tis of me she dreams  
 I charge you wake her not!

## DOWN THE YUKON AND UP THE MAGKENZIE.

*3,200 Miles by Foot and Paddle.*

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

.....The land where the clouds love to rest,  
Like a shroud of the dead on the mountain's  
cold breast,  
To the cataract's roar, where the eagles reply,  
And the lake its lone bosom expands to the  
sky.

—*Rob Roy.*

PROBABLY no great international commercial transaction of modern times approaches more nearly to the perfect ideal of a "pig-in-a-poke" bargain than the sale and transfer of the great unknown country of Alaska by the Russian Government to the United States in the year 1867; not merely the purchaser, but the seller also, in this case, being in almost entire ignorance of the value of the treasure so unceremoniously exchanged for seven and a quarter million dollars' worth of old gunboats belonging to the people of the United States. The hydrographic chart made by the Russian Government in the early part of the century was known to represent the coast line with reasonable accuracy; but no exploratory survey of the interior was ever undertaken by the Russians; nor has any such survey been subsequently contemplated by the Government of the United States. All that is known of the interior of Alaska and the adjacent country—and this knowledge is meagre and scanty in the extreme—has been gathered from the lips and pens of the few Arctic travellers who, animated with the commendable ambition of the noble lord of high degree of the old ballad, have gone abroad determined "strange countries for to see," and who have returned, from time to time, to astonish civilization with an *experto crede* account of its trackless, frozen, solitary wastes.

The present article, however, deals only casually and incidentally with

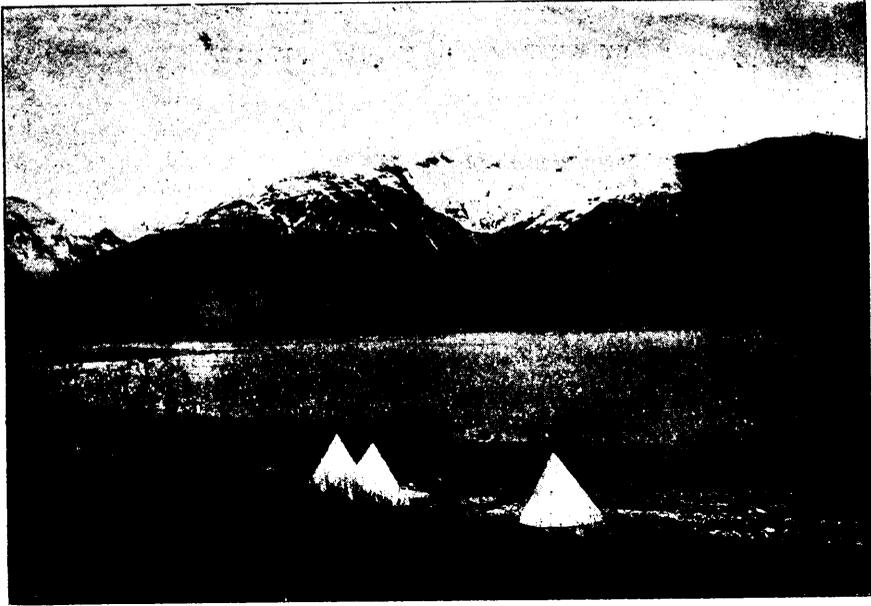
Alaska, but mainly with the adjacent British territory, which, aside from certain lines of travel, may also be said to be a *terra incognita*. To within a few years ago a great unexplored solitude extended to the eastward between the valleys of the Upper Yukon, or Lewes, and the Mackenzie, and from the 60th parallel of latitude northward to the shores of the "frozen ocean." This extensive region is known as the Yukon country, a name rendered appropriate by the fact that it is drained by the Yukon river and its tributaries, which form one of the great river systems of the world. A general account of the exploration of a portion of this great area is the subject of the present article.

Walled in by high mountains, and in consequence unapproachable from every side, it is not strange that the Yukon district should so long have remained in almost undisturbed seclusion. Had it not been for the fact that the rich metalliferous belt of the Coast and Gold Ranges passes through the district from one end to the other, the probability is that it would still have remained unexplored for many years to come.

Only four gates of approach to the district exist, and, strangely enough, these are situated at the four corners. From the north-west, access is gained to the country by following the Yukon from its mouth in Behring Sea; from the north-east, by crossing from the Mackenzie to the Porcupine, and following down the latter stream to its confluence with the Yukon; from the south-east, by ascending the Liard from Fort Simpson and crossing the watershed to the head waters of the Pelly; and finally, from the south-west, by en-

tering where the Coast Range is pierced by the Chilkoot and Chilkat Passes. Nuklikahyet, continuing his journey

As a matter of fact, all these routes are beset with difficulties, and when it from this point to the sea by boat. The object of this expedition was to



CHILKOOT INLET.

is remembered that there are only four roads into a region three times greater in extent than the total area of the New England States, it is not to be wondered at that the total population of the region should consist of a few scattered Indian families and a hundred or so of hardy miners.

Occasional contributions to our knowledge of the district have been made from time to time for at least half a century, mainly by officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, miners and employes of the abandoned Telegraph Expedition; and skeleton maps of the interior have been constructed in accordance with the topographical data, so far as known.

Among recent expeditions that of Lieut. Schwatka, of the United States Army, in the summer of 1883, may be mentioned. Entering the country by the Chilkoot Pass, Lieut. Schwatka floated down the Yukon on a raft from

examine the country from a military point of view, and to collect all available information with regard to the Indian tribes. We are indebted to it also for a great deal of general information with regard to the country. Schwatka, who seems to have gone through the country with his eyes open, used the explorer's baptismal privilege freely, and scattered monuments of Schwatkanian nomenclature broadcast throughout the land, rechristening many places that had already been named, and doing so too in apparent indifference to the fact that many of the names thus set aside had an established priority of many years. Of Schwatka's two subsequent expeditions to Alaska in the interests of a New York newspaper syndicate, very little need be said; little, indeed, seems to have been accomplished beyond taking a huge slice of a thousand feet or more off the top of Mount St. Elias,

without any reason whatever being assigned for this stupendous act of vandalism. This, however, may be said to be aside from our subject, as no one seems to know whether the mountain thus obtruncated is in Canada or not, and until this point is settled no one need feel aggrieved.

In the year 1887, mainly in consequence of numerous applications for mining locations, the attention of the Canadian Government was directed to the gold areas along the Yukon River and its tributaries, which were said to be particularly rich and extensive in the vicinity of the international boundary, and an expedition was determined upon to explore this region. The expedition was entrusted to me.

On the evening of the 2nd of May I reached Victoria, B.C., and at once set about making preparations to start by the monthly mail steamer which was advertised to leave on the 9th. The vessel did not arrive, however, until the 12th. I then found that she was much overloaded, and it was with some difficulty that I persuaded Captain Hunter to consent to take my outfit, which weighed about six tons, and under the circumstances it was a real act of kindness for him to do so. Owing to the heavy load we made slow progress, and it was not until the 18th of May that we reached Fort Wrangell, at the mouth of the Stickeen River. Dr. Dawson, of the Geological Survey staff, landed here, his proposed route lying along the Stickeen, Dease, Upper Liard and Francis rivers, crossing the Arctic and Pacific watershed, descending the Pelly, and returning to the coast by the Lewes—a circuit of about thirteen hundred miles. Before parting with Dr. Dawson I arranged to meet him at the confluence of the Pelly and Lewes or Yukon about the 20th of July following.

The part of the journey between Victoria and Chilkoot Inlet has been so much written of, talked of and pictured during the last few years that I will repeat only one of the many state-

ments made concerning it—that, though it is in ocean waters and can be traversed by the largest ships, it is so sheltered by countless islands from the gales and waves of the vast Pacific, nearly the whole of the length, that its waters are always as smooth as those of a large river. In marked contrast to this is the west coast of the United States, where harbors are like angel's visits.

On the 24th of May I arrived at Chilkoot Inlet and here my work began. The first news I received on landing, and at the very outset of the expedition, was that there was serious trouble with the Indians in the interior on the Lewes River. A miner who had recently arrived from the scene of the alleged disturbance, stated that there had been a fight between the Indians and the miners, at the mouth of the Stewart River. A circumstantial account of the affair was given. The result, as alleged, was that four Indians and two white men had been killed, and that the Indians had come up the river as far as the Cañon to lie in wait for any white men who might be going into the country. I did not have an opportunity of questioning this man, as he had gone to Juneau City the day before I arrived. The rumor seemed to me improbable; but, true or false, it was an unpleasant one to hear, and it must be confessed that it had a somewhat discouraging and deterrent effect upon some members of the party. As there was no means either of verifying or disproving the rumor, I decided to go on. If the Indians in the interior were hostile, I had no doubt I would not long be in ignorance of the fact.

Chatham Strait and Lynn Channel lie in almost a straight line, and during the summer there is nearly always a strong wind blowing up them from the sea. At the head of Lynn Channel are Chilkat and Chilkoot Inlets. The distance down these channels to the open sea is about three hundred and eighty miles and along

the whole extent of this the mountains on each side of the water confine the incoming currents of air and deflect inclined currents in the direction of the axis of the channel. Coming from the sea, these air currents are heavily charged with moisture, which is precipitated when they strike the mountains, and the fall of rain and snow is consequently very heavy. I was unfortunate enough to have three days of the wettest kind of wet weather, so that I could do nothing in the way of commencing the survey. During the delay, myself and party were employed in making preparations for carrying the instruments, provisions and other baggage up to the head of Taiya Inlet, a distance of twenty and a half miles. This was accomplished by securing the services of two boats, belonging to a trader, which were towed to the head of the Taiya Inlet by the little United States gunboat "Pinta," to the commander of which (Captain Newell) I owe a debt of gratitude for his very obliging and attentive treatment of myself and party. The "Pinta" is not properly speaking a gunboat, but simply an iron tug overhauled and made to do duty as one. She carries two brass guns, one small gatling and a crew of thirty men, and although she is a slow sailer, not being able to make more than seven knots an hour, she manages to uphold the dignity of the stars and stripes and to make herself thoroughly respected along the coast. The Indians are especially afraid of her shells, which they call "the gun that shoots twice."

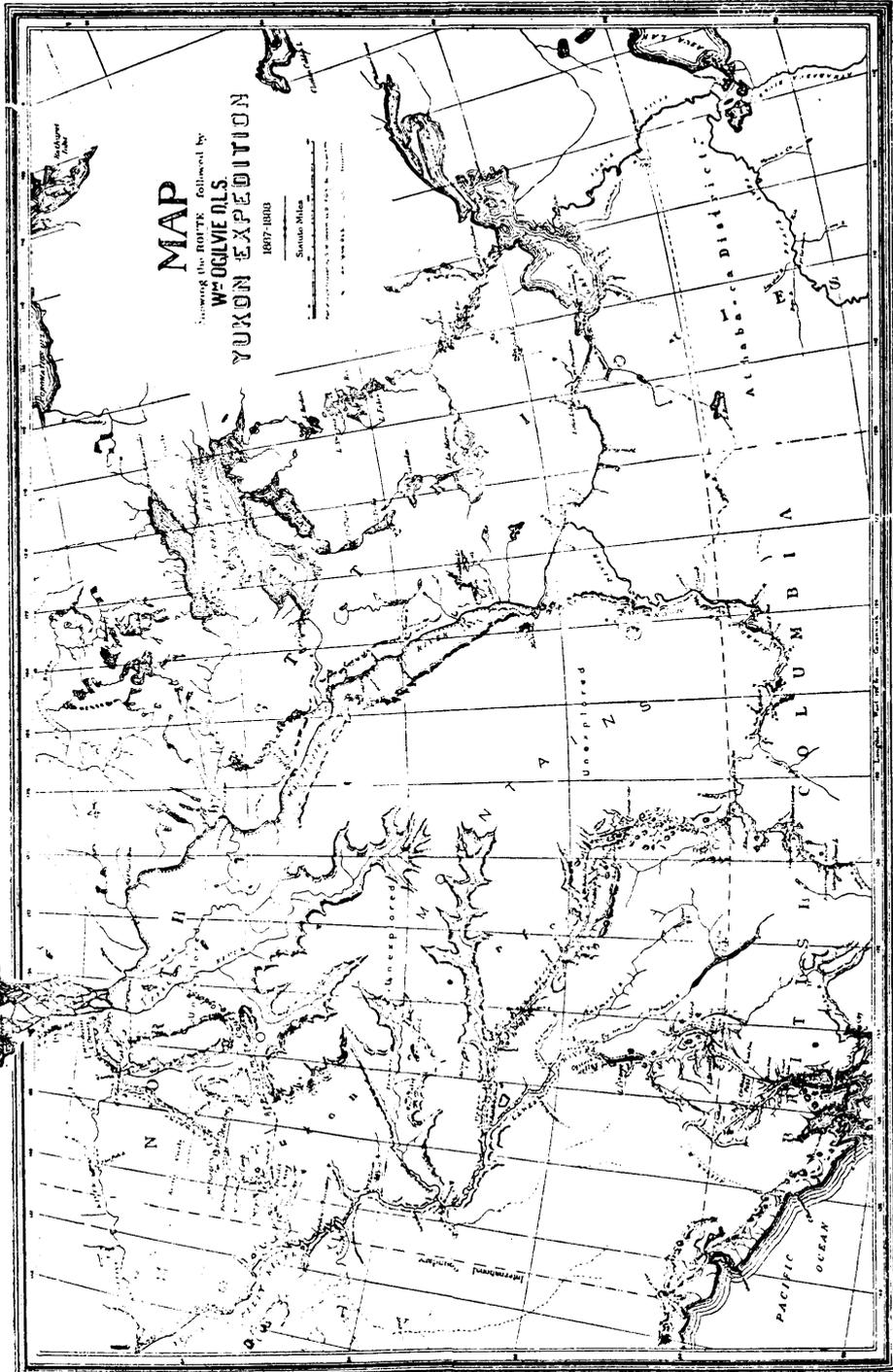
The latitude and longitude of Pyramid Island were fixed by a party sent out by the United States Coast Survey to observe an eclipse of the sun, August 7th, 1869. Beginning at this point I carried the survey over to Haines Mission; then along the west side of Chilkoot Inlet to Taiya Inlet and up to its head.

Under the Anglo-Russian Convention (1825) the inland boundary of the south-eastern coast strip of Alaska is

declared to be "the summit of the Coast Range," or "a line ten marine leagues from the sea." Much depends upon the meaning assigned to these phrases, and, as the location of the boundary is one of the questions of the near future, it is important for both governments to be in possession of all possible information. The attitude and locations of some of the highest peaks around the head of Taiya Inlet were therefore determined. The highest visible from Taiya Pass proved to be some six thousand two hundred and nineteen feet above the mean sea level.

Taiya Inlet has evidently been at one time the valley of a large glacier. Its sides are steep and smooth, and evidences of well-defined glacial action abound on every side. From a high ledge of polished rock on the west side, looking back and down, I caught my last glimpse for years of the broad bosom of the great Pacific shining like molten gold in the level rays of the setting sun. Light clouds drifted across the picture and before I turned away from its contemplation it was completely veiled from view.

At the head of the inlet preparations were commenced for taking the the impedimenta over the Coast Range to the head of Lake Lyndeman on the Lewes River. Commander Newell kindly aided me in making arrangements with the Chilkoot Indians, and did all he could to induce them to be reasonable in their demands. This, however, neither he nor anyone else could accomplish. They refused to carry to the lake for less than twenty dollars per hundred pounds, and as they had learned that the expedition was an English one, the second chief of the tribe recalled some memories of an old quarrel which they had had with the English many years ago, in which an uncle of his had been killed, his idea being to obtain indemnity for the loss of his uncle by charging an exorbitant price for our packing, of which he had the control. Commander



Newell told him I had a permit from the Great Father at Washington to pass thro' his country in safety, and that he would see that I did so. After much talk they consented to carry our stuff to the summit of the range for ten dollars per hundred pounds. This is about two-thirds of the whole distance, includes all the climbing and all the woods, and is by far the most difficult part of the way.

My outfit consisted of two canoes, scientific instruments weighing about seven hundred pounds, camping requisites, tents, clothing, provisions for eight men for two years, carpenters' tools, nails and spikes suitable for building a boat or a house, and, last but not least, might be included about six thousand dollars in gold and silver coin for current expenses, as none of the Indians in the interior will take paper money. I had, in all, exclusive of what was taken over by myself and party, one hundred and twenty packs, ranging in weight from forty to one hundred and fifty-six pounds; and on the morning of the 6th June one hundred and twenty Indians—men, woman and children—started for the summit with them. I sent two of my party on to see the goods delivered at the place agreed upon. Each carrier, when given a pack, received also a ticket, on which was inscribed the contents of the pack, its weight, and the amount the individual was to get for carrying it. They were made to understand that they had to produce these tickets on delivering their packs, but were not told for what reason. As each pack was delivered, one of my men receipted the ticket and returned it. The Indians did not seem to understand the import of this; a few of them pretended to have lost their tickets, and, as they could not get paid without them, my assistant, who had duplicates of every ticket, furnished them with receipted copies after examining their packs.

While they were packing to the summit, I was producing the survey, and

I met them on their return about eight miles from the coast, where I paid them. They came to the camp in the early morning before I was up, and for about two hours there was quite a hubbub. When paying them I tried to get their names, but very few of them would give any Indian name, nearly all, after a little reflection, giving some common English name. My list contained little else than Jack, Tom, Joe, Charley and so on, some of which were duplicated there and four times. I then found why some of them had pretended to lose their tickets at the summit. Several who had thus acted presented themselves twice for payment, producing first the receipted ticket and afterwards the one they claimed to have lost, demanding pay for both. They were much surprised when they found that their duplicity had been discovered. While paying them I was a little apprehensive of trouble, for they insisted on crowding into my tent, and for myself and the four men who were with me to have attempted to eject them would have been the height of folly. I am strictly of the opinion that these Indians would have been much more difficult to deal with if they had not known that Commander Newell remained in the inlet to see that I got through without accident.

These Indians are perfectly heartless. They will not render even the smallest aid to each other without payment; and if not to each other, much less to a white man. I called one of them (whom I had previously assisted with his pack) to take me and two of my party over a small creek in his canoe. After putting us across he asked for money, and I gave him a half a dollar. Another man stepped up and demanded pay, stating that the canoe belonged to him. To see what the result would be, I gave him the same amount. Immediately there were three or four more claimants for the canoe. I dismissed them with my blessing and made up my

mind I would wade the next creek.

Down Taiya Pass flows a small river, the Dayay of Schwatka, navigable for canoes to about six miles above the mouth: above this the current is too swift and rough for boats, and everything intended for the interior has to be carried over the mountains on men's backs, a distance of about seventeen and a half miles. The Pass is heavily wooded to within about two miles of the summit; and getting through these woods, especially with the canoes, was a matter of patience and Christian forbearance.

There is only one really dangerous spot, however,—where the little river runs between perpendicular, or rather overhanging, rock banks. The path for a little distance runs close to the brink, and a misstep here would precipitate one some three hundred feet to the bed of the stream below.

The river has to be crossed three or

ing is about thirty yards wide, and the current is so strong that unless one has a load on his back he can hardly stand on his feet. The Indians when crossing carry a stout stick which they use as a prop while making a step. The women, while fording the stream, tie their skirts up very high and use their sticks as dexterously as the men. Before my canoes came up to this point I had to cross twice; the second time while I was very warm from clambering down the steep side of a hill thirteen hundred and sixty feet high. To people living in ordinary conditions, this would seem dangerous, but no ill effects resulted to me from my cold bath.

From the timber line to the summit, the slope is easy and uniform, with the exception of one steep bit, in which there is a rise of five hundred feet in about as many yards. When packing over the Pass, the Indians, if



HAINES MISSION—THE INDIAN SCHOOL.

four times in the Pass, and as the water, flowing from the glaciers above, is ice cold, it will never be resorted to as a bathing place. The lowest cross-

they get to the timber limit during the day, remain there until about midnight, when the snow in the Pass is frozen, and they can travel over it

with comparative ease. On the very steep places they cut holes in the crust with a small hand axe, and help themselves up with their hands; otherwise, with heavy loads on their backs, they could not get up. When the snow is soft they use a stick which they push vertically into the snow and pull themselves up by it.

I have read somewhere of red snow being seen in this region; so it is, but it is only snow covered with a vegetable juice. When I first saw it I was surprised at the confirmation of the statement I have alluded to; but soon noticed that it was confined entirely to the line of travel. This led me to examine it more closely, when I found that it was caused by the juice of a berry which grows on a ground vine at the head of the timber limit. When pressed, this berry gives out a purple juice, which by dilution shades down into a pale pink. This juice is absorbed by the leather of the Indian's moccasins as he tramps on the berries, and afterwards stains the snow as he travels over it. This, by the heat of the sun and the action of gravity on the hill side, is distributed over a wide space, compared with the track, and is visible after all sign of the track is gone. The red snow of the arctic regions is in part due to vegetable coloring matter. Might not some at least of the instances recorded in which the phenomenon has been observed be traceable to a similar source?

Before proceeding any further, a word with regard to the party may not be out of place. Morrison and Gladman were my lieutenants, and I deem myself peculiarly fortunate to have been so ably seconded. Parker and Sparks the basemen, were both expert canoeists and the expedition owes much to their skill with the paddle. These, with myself, made up a permanent party of five. Two men were picked up at Victoria for the summer of 1887, and Captain Moore, who was going into the country on his own account, was attached to the party for a short time.

The captain is an old-timer. Everybody on the coast from Frisco to Unalaska knows Bill Moore. He is a Hanoverian by birth, but has knocked about the Pacific Coast ever since he can remember. He excels as a storyteller, and many queer stories are also told about him. The captain is one of those easy-going, good-natured but unfortunate individuals, who have a standing grievance against the law of the land, and on whom its heavy arm seems to be continually beating, in a small way it is true, but with monotonous regularity, and apparently with but indifferent beneficial results. Not bold enough to go entirely beyond the charmed circle, and not clever enough to keep just within it, the captain's relations with the executive authorities of the Dominion and of the republic were so strained at all times as to threaten rupture at any moment. An account of the adventures of the little "Western Slope," on board of which, as he says, he had to keep a "tam staff of lawyers" to keep her afloat, and for whom there was "some volverine of a sheriff or customs officer" waiting at every port, would fill a volume in itself. The captain, notwithstanding his little failings, has many excellent qualities and a genuine hearty humor about him that freshened the tired spirits of the party like a spray from a salt sea-breeze blowing inland. His dialect and his peculiar opinions of men and things—always expressed with the emphatic dogmatism of matured consideration—chased dull melancholy from many a wet day's camp.

The captain had a couple of boys mining in the interior at Cassiar Bar, whom he had believed to have "struck it rich," and his object in going down the river was to visit them and help to take care of their good fortune. His paternal solicitude for those boys was highly commendable, and bright visions of prospective wealth made the old man doubly anxious to hurry on and impatient of the least delay.

But to return to our mutton. After completing the survey down to the lake, I set about getting my baggage down. This proved no easy task. Of all the Indians who came to the summit with packs, only four or five could be induced to remain and pack down the lake, although I was paying them at the rate of four dollars per hundred pounds. After one trip down, only two men remained, and they only in the hope of stealing something. One of them appropriated a pair of

on snow blindness, the intolerable pain of which only those who have suffered from this complaint can realize. I had two sleds with me which were made at Juneau city specially for the work of getting over the mountains and down the lakes on the ice. With these I succeeded in bringing about a ton and a half to the lakes, but I found that the time it would take to get all down this way would seriously interfere with the programme arranged with Dr. Dawson, to



LOOKING DOWN TAIYA INLET.

boots and was much surprised to find that he had to pay for them on being settled with. I could not blame the Indians much for not caring to work, as the weather was stormy and disagreeable—raining or snowing almost continuously. After they had left, I tried to portage the stuff with the aid of my own men, but found it slavish labor, and after the first trip one of them was laid up with what appeared to be inflammatory rheumatism. The first time the party crossed, the sun was shining brightly, and this brought

say nothing of the suffering of the men and myself from snow-blindness, and the liability to sickness to which we were exposed by protracted physical exertion under such unfavorable conditions. I had with me a white man who lived at the head of the inlet with a Tagish Indian woman. This man had considerable influence with the Tagish tribe, the greater number of whom were then in the neighborhood where he resided, trying to get some odd jobs of work, and I sent him to the head of the inlet to endeavor to

induce the Tagish Indians to undertake the transportation, offering them five dollars per hundred pounds. In the meantime, Captain Moore and the Indian "Jim," who had been, by my direction, exploring a low-level pass to the south, which I have named White Pass, had rejoined me. I had their assistance for a day or two, and "Jim's" presence aided indirectly in inducing the Indians to come to my relief.

The Tagish are little more than slaves to the more powerful coast tribes, and are in constant dread of offending them in any way. One of the privileges which the coast tribes claim is the exclusive right to all work on the coast or in its vicinity, and the Tagish are afraid to dispute this claim. When my white man asked the Tagish to come over and pack, they objected on the grounds mentioned. After considerable ridicule of their cowardice, and explanation of the fact that they had the exclusive right to all work in their own country—the country on the north side of the coast range being admitted by the coast Indians to belong to the Tagish tribe—just as the coast tribes had the privilege of doing all the work on the coast side of the mountains, and that one of their number was already working with me unmolested, and likely to continue so, nine of them came over, and in fear and trembling began to pack down to the lake. A few days later some of the Chilkoots came out and also started to work.

I was now getting my stuff down quite fast; but this good fortune was not to continue. Owing to the prevailing wet, cold weather on the mountains, and the difficulty of getting through the soft snow and slush, the Indians soon began to quit work for a day or two at a time, and to gamble with one another for the wages already earned. Many of them wanted to be paid in full, but this I positively refused, knowing that to do so was to have them all apply for their earnings

and leave me until necessity compelled them to go to work again. I once for all made them distinctly understand that I would not pay any of them until the whole of the stuff was down. As many of them had already earned from twelve to fifteen dollars each, to lose which was a serious matter to them, they reluctantly resumed work and kept at it until all was delivered: this done, I paid them off and set about getting my outfit across the lake, which I did with my own party and the two Peterborough canoes.

After getting all my outfit over to the foot of Lake Lyndeman, I set some of the party to pack it to the head of Lake Bennett. The stream between these two lakes is too shallow and rough to permit of canoe navigation, and everything had to be portaged the greater part of the way. I employed the rest of the party in looking for timber to build a boat to carry the outfit down the river to the vicinity of the International Boundary, a distance of about seven hundred miles. It took several days to find a tree large enough to make planks for the boat I wanted, as the timber around the upper end of the lake is small and scrubby. To give an idea of its scarceness I may state that a thorough search was made around the head of the lake and over ten miles down it, and only one tree was found suitable for my purpose. This tree made four planks, fifteen inches wide at the butt, seven at the top, and thirty-one feet long. Such other planks as we wanted had to be cut out of short logs, of which some, ten to fourteen inches in diameter and ten to sixteen feet long, could be found at long intervals. The boat required only four hundred and fifty feet of plank for its construction, yet some of the logs had to be carried a long distance, and two saw-pits had to be made before that quantity was procured; and this on ground that was all thickly wooded with spruce, pine and some balsam, the latter generally the largest and cleanest-trunked.

A gravelly spot on the shore was selected and the boat built bottom up. As she approached completion a good deal of speculation was indulged in as to how she was to be turned. The united strength of the party was insufficient for the purpose, and even if it had been sufficient the shock she

captain walked around her admiringly, and was good enough to admit that that was one way to turn a boat, but at the same time he was convinced that it was not the right way.

The boat, as completed, measured thirty-two feet in length by eleven feet beam, and was thirty-two inches



CHILKOOT INDIANS, TAIYA INLET.

would have received in going over would have damaged her badly. The captain, as usual, was full of advice and fertile in suggestions, displaying a profundity of ignorance of mechanical principles which furnished amusement for the whole party and kept them in a constant good humor. After a week's hard work the boat was finished, and I had her mounted on blocks at the two ends and a trench about four feet in depth dug all along one side.

The captain watched these mysterious preparations with considerable interest. When all was ready a lift and a shove from the united party was all that was necessary, and she turned without strain, coming up on the sloping gravel bank on her side. The cap-

tain walked around her admiringly, and was good enough to admit that that was one way to turn a boat, but at the same time he was convinced that it was not the right way. The boat, as completed, measured thirty-two feet in length by eleven feet beam, and was thirty-two inches deep. A new difficulty now presented itself. The entire party were of the opinion that she was not big enough to carry her load, and to satisfy them, before she was launched I calculated her weight and found that loaded she would float with fourteen inches free-board. The captain laughed derisively when I marked her *load-line* on her side, and he insisted that in spite of all calculations, that loaded she would sink. When put into the water she floated well up, however, and as the men began to load her for her venturesome trip, the captain watched that line sink lower and lower until it just touched the water—and there it remained. He then gave vent to his astonishment in language more vigor-

ous than choice, declaring that he had been "for near forty year on de coast and never saw noding like dat before!"

The captain was so proud of the boat and of his share in building her that he insisted she should be named; and, as the story-writers say, "thereby hangs a tale."

The Tes-lin-too, or Newberry, River marks the point on the main stream where gold in placer deposits begins to be found. Dr. Dawson called this stream the Tes-lin-too, that being, according to information obtained by him, the correct Indian name. Schwatka, who appears to have bestowed no other attention upon it, dubbed it the Newberry; but whatever its name on the maps of the future may be, it will never be known by any other name among the miners in there than the Hootalinkwa.

A number of miners, the captain's boys among them, had prospected the Hootalinkwa and reported it rich in placer gold. Such reports, of course, grow rapidly from mouth to mouth—the error being cumulative, so to speak—and by the time the report had reached the captain the Hootalinkwa was a perfect El Dorado. The old man was never tired of conjuring up bright visions of the happy days ahead when we should "get down to de Hoodalinka and scoop up de gold by de bucketful."

"I tell you what it is, boys," he would say, "de Hoodalinka is de place for us. De gold is *dere*, sure, and every bar on dat river is a reg'lar jewel'ry shop. Now, I tell you dat." And so on from morning until night the captain built his air-castle, until "de Hoodalinka" became a by-word among us. When, therefore, the subject of naming the boat came up it was suggested that out of respect for the captain she should be named "de Hoodalinka," and by common consent and amid much merriment (we had not the traditional bottle of wine, unfortunately) the "Hoodalinka" was accordingly named. The two Peterborough canoes,

also, came in for a christening at the same time, while we were in the humor, the longer one being known as the "Mackenzie" and the other as the "Yukon."

While on Lake Bennett, building our boat, I found an extensive ledge of auriferous quartz, the assay of which, however, shewed that it contained only traces of gold. The ledge is sixty to eighty feet wide, and can be easily traced on the surface for three or four miles. A small creek cuts through it about a mile from the lake, and in this creek are found colors of gold.

My boat was finished on the evening of the 11th of July, and on the 12th I sent four of the party ahead with it and the outfit to the Canon. They had instructions to examine the Canon and, if necessary, to carry a part of the outfit past it; in any case enough to support the party back to the coast, should accident necessitate such procedure. With the rest of the party I continued the survey on the lakes; this proved tedious work, on account of stormy weather. In the summer months there is nearly always a wind blowing in from the coast; it blows down the lakes and produces quite a heavy swell. This would not prevent the canoes going with the decks on, but, as we had to land every mile or so, the rollers breaking on the generally flat beach proved very troublesome. On this account I could not average more than ten miles per day on the lakes—little more than half of what could be done on the river.

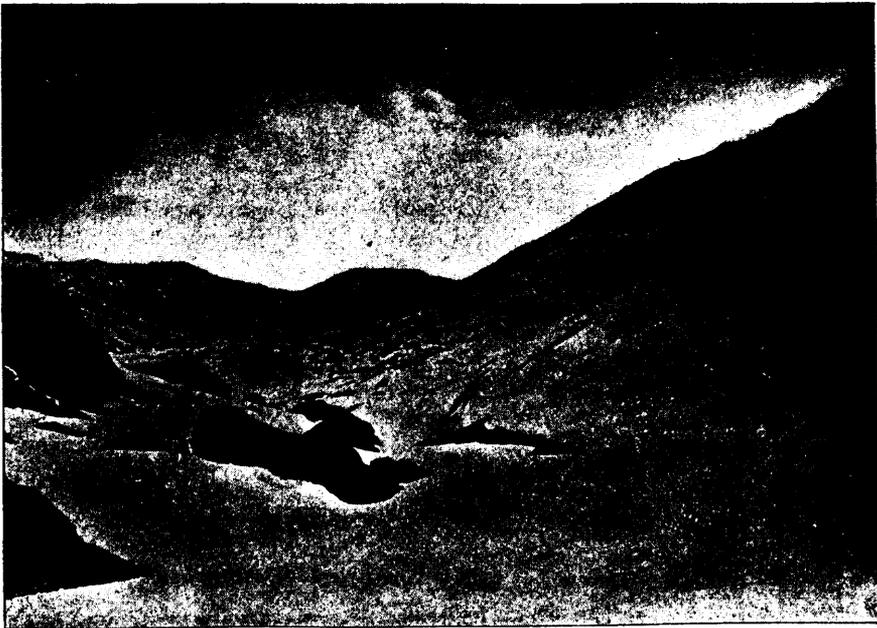
Navigation on the Lewes River begins at the head of Lake Bennett. Above that point and between it and Lake Lyndeman there is only about three-quarters of a mile of river, and that is narrow, shallow, swift and rough. Many small streams issuing directly from the numerous glaciers at the heads of the tributaries of Lake Lyndeman feed this lake and make it the head fountain of the Lewes. It is a pretty little strip of water, about five miles in length, nestling

among grey-green granite hills, which are here and there clothed, down to the gravelly beach, with dwarf spruce and pine.

Lake Bennett is about five times as long and, like all the lakes of the district, narrow in proportion to its length. About midway comes in from the east an arm which Schwatka appears to have mistaken for a river and named Wheaton River. This arm, down to that point, is wider than the other; it is also reported by the Indians to be longer and to head in a glacier which lies in the Chilkoot Pass. As far as seen, it is surrounded by high mountains, apparently much higher than those on the arm we travelled down. Below the junction of the two arms

the flat, shelving beach at the lower end of the lake, apparently reaching the Canon, or to a short distance above it. The bottom of this valley, which looks like an ancient river course, is wide and sandy, and covered with scrubby poplar and pitch-pine timber. The waters of the lake empty through a channel not more than one hundred yards wide, which soon expands into what Schwatka called Lake Nares. Through this channel there is quite a current, and more than seven feet of water, as a six foot paddle and a foot of arm added to its length did not reach the bottom.

Lake Nares, the smallest and most picturesque of this chain of northern lakes, is separated from Lake Bennett



SUMMIT OF TAIYA PASS.

the lake is about a mile and a half wide, with deep water. At the south-west corner there flows into the lake a muddy glacier-fed stream, which at its mouth has shoaled a large portion of the lake. A deep, wide valley lying between regularly terraced hills, extends northward from

by a sandy shallow point of not more than two hundred yards in width, and from Tagish Lake by a low, swampy, willow-covered flat, through which the narrow, curved channel flows. The hills on the south-west slope up easily, and are not high; on the north the deep valley, already referred to,

borders it; and on the east the mountains rise abruptly from the lake shore,

About two miles from its head, Tagish Lake is joined by what the miners have called the Windy Arm (one of the Tagish Indians informed me they called it Takone Lake); and eight miles farther on the Tako Arm enters from the south. This arm, which is about a mile wide at its mouth or junction, must be of considerable length, as it can be seen for a long distance, and its valley can be traced through the mountains much farther than the lake itself can be seen. Except from reports from Indians, it is, so far, unknown, but it is improbable that any river of importance enters it, as it is so near the source of the waters flowing northward; however, this is a question that can only be decided by a proper exploration. Dr. Dawson seems to include the Bone Lake of Schwatka and these two arms under the common name of Tagish Lake. This is much more simple and comprehensive than the various names by which they have been heretofore designated. These waters collectively are the fishing and hunting grounds of the Tagish Indians, and, as they are really one body of water, there is no reason why they should not be included under one name. From the junction with the Tako Arm to the north end of the lake, the distance is about six miles; the greater part is over two miles wide. The west side is so flat and shallow that it was impossible in many places to get our canoes ashore, and quite a distance out in the lake there was not more than five feet of water. The members of my party who were in charge of the large boat and outfit went down the east side of the lake and reported the depth about the same as I had found on the west side, with many large rocks. They passed through it in the night in a rain storm, and were greatly alarmed for the safety of the boat and provisions.

The river, where it debouches from

the lake, is about one hundred and fifty yards wide, and for a short distance not more than five or six feet deep; this depth, however, soon increases to ten feet or more, and so continues down to Marsh Lake, a distance of about five miles.

On the east side of the river are situated the only Indian houses to be found in the interior with any pretension to skill in construction. They shew much more labor and imitativeness than one knowing anything about the Indian in his native state would expect. The plan is evidently taken from the Indian houses on the coast, which appear to me to be a poor copy of the houses which the Hudson's Bay Company's servants build around their trading posts. These houses do not appear to have been used for some time past, and are almost in ruins. The Tagish Indians are now generally on the coast, as they find it much easier to live there than in their own country. As a matter of fact, what they make in their own country is taken from them by the coast Indians, so that there is little inducement for them to remain.

Marsh Lake is a little over nineteen miles long, and would average about two miles in width. The miners call it "Mud Lake," but on this name they do not appear to be agreed, many of them calling the lower part of Tagish or Bone Lake by this name on account of its shallowness and flat muddy shores, as seen along the west side, which, being more sheltered from the prevailing southerly winds, is the one generally travelled. The name, "Mud Lake," however, is not applicable to Tagish Lake, as only a comparatively small part of it is shallow or muddy; and it is nearly as inapplicable to Marsh Lake.

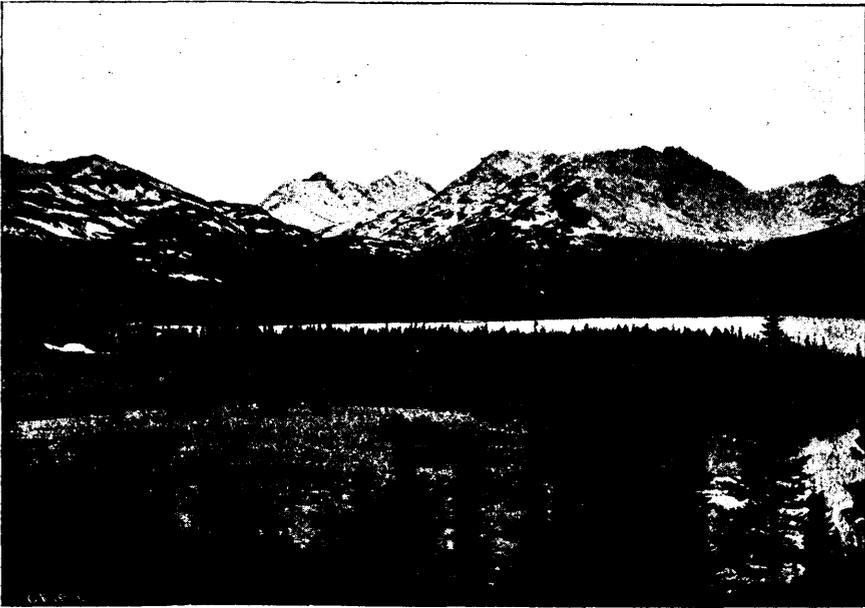
At the lower end of Marsh Lake, on a jutting point of land, are situated several Indian graves, each with its small enclosure (in which, with the dead man's bones, are deposited the few trinkets he may have possessed),

and its long pole surmounted by fluttering many colored rags which appear to serve the double purpose of monument and scarecrow, attracting the reverent attention of human passersby, and at the same time frightening stray birds and prowling animals from the locality.

The Lewes River, where it leaves Marsh Lake, is about two hundred yards wide and averages this width as far as the Cañon.

From the head of Bennett Lake to the Cañon the corrected distance is

No streams of importance enter any of these lakes. A river, called by Schwatka McClintock River, enters Marsh Lake at the lower end from the east; it occupies a large valley, as seen from the westerly side of the lake, but the stream is apparently unimportant. It is not probable that any stream coming from the east side of the lake is of importance, as the strip of country between the Lewes and the Tes-lin-too is not more than thirty or forty miles in width at this point.



LAKE LYNDEMAN.

ninety-five miles, all of which is navigable for boats drawing five feet or more. Add to this the westerly arm of Bennett Lake and the Takone or Windy arm of Tagish Lake, each about fifteen miles in length, and the Tako arm of the latter lake, of unknown length, but probably not less than thirty miles, and we have a stretch of water of upwards of one hundred and fifty miles in length, all easily navigable, and connected with Taiya Inlet and the sea through the Chilkoot and White passes.

On the 20th of July we reached the Cañon and camped at its yawning mouth. I found that the party with the "*Hoodalinka*" had arrived there two days before, and, having carried a part of the supplies past it, were awaiting my arrival to run through with the rest in the boat. Before doing so, however, I made an examination of the Cañon and the rapids below it, incidentally keeping a sharp lookout for hostile Indians, as this was the place where they were said to be lying in wait. I was greatly relieved to find

that there were no Indians about, and no indication of a war party having recently camped in the vicinity.

While we were examining the Cañon, an enormous brown bear put in an appearance upon a rocky ledge above us about a quarter of a mile distant. His inspection of the party, though an exceedingly brief one, must have been entirely satisfactory to himself, for I never saw an animal turn and disappear more quickly than this particular bear did. The singing of a couple of bullets in close proximity to his awkward person no doubt helped him to a prompt realization of the decidedly bad character of the intruders.

Parker and Sparks were anxious to run the Cañon in their canoe. They both thought they had been through as rough water on the Saskatchewan, so, directing them to take a hundred

*Mackenzie* went through all right, but her occupants would not have liked to repeat the trip. They say the canoe jumped about a great deal more than they anticipated, and I had the same experience in going through in the boat.

The Cañon and rapids have been described in several articles by several parties, all agreeing in giving a more or less thrilling and dangerous character to them. That they are dangerous for small boats no one would deny, but that there is such terrible risk and such narrow escapes as have been reported is a delusion. I do not wish to deny any man any credit he may be entitled to for running through them on a raft or in a boat, but what I wish to decry is that any individual should consider and report himself a hero for having done something never before attempted, and in comparison with which a descent of Niagara would pale, if we were to estimate the daring of the feat by the amount of bosh used in describing it.

The only danger in the Cañon is in striking the sides; if one will keep in the channel he is safe, unless his boat is very small. I admit that the run through is exciting, and a person who had had his fears aroused by reading some of the highly-colored descriptions of it, more especially if he had no previous experience of the kind, might lose his head and run into danger, instead of out of it. The walls are perpendicular and high, and they seem to fly past, in the narrow channel, with a frightful roar, involuntarily recalling the sinister "Facilis est descensus Averni" of the Roman poet. Seated on a pile of stuff in the bow of the boat, I directed the helmsman with my arms, as speech was out of the question. The passage through was made in about three minutes, or at the rate of twelve and a half miles an hour. The only exciting episode in our trip was in the final plunge, where there are three heavy swells, each about five feet in height. The last of these broke

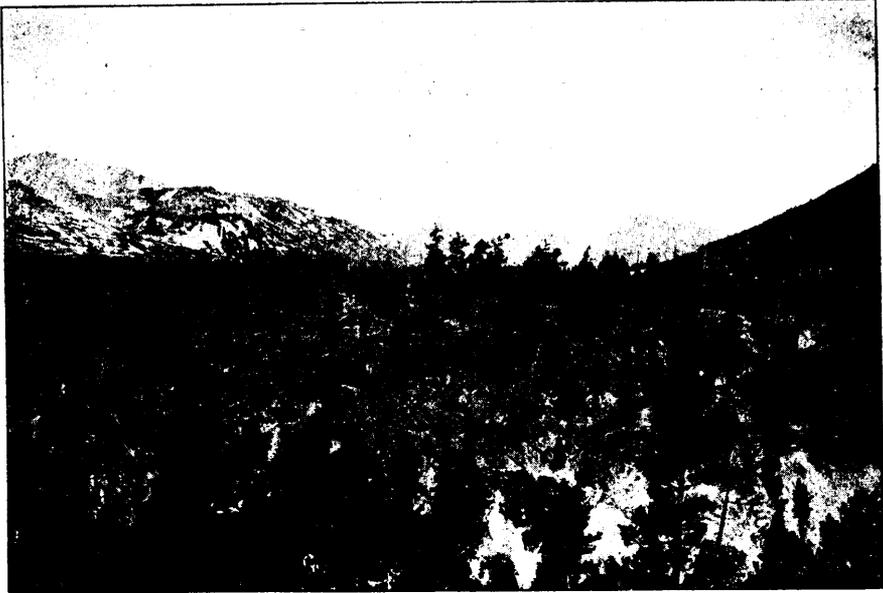


ON LAKE LYNDENMAN.

pounds of bacon for ballast, I sent them down with the *Mackenzie* to await the arrival of the boat and to be ready in case of an accident to pick us up. The

over us in a blinding, drenching shower, from which the white, scared face of the cook looked up in an agony of sudden fear which I shall never forget.

ing thought it best to pray, and to their surprise found themselves safely through before they had finished either.



A TYPICAL SCENE BETWEEN LAKES LYNDEMAN AND BENNET.

The rapids, extending for a couple of miles below the Cañon, are not at all bad. What constitutes the real danger is a piece of calm water forming a short, sharp bend in the river, which hides the last or "White Horse" rapids from sight until they are reached. These rapids are about three-eighths of a mile long. They are the most dangerous on the river, and are never run through in boats except by accident. Parties always examine the Cañon and rapids below before going through, and on coming to the calm water suppose they have seen them all, as all noise from the lower rapid is drowned in that of the ones above. On this account several parties have run through the "White Horse," being ignorant of its existence until they were in it. It is related of two young French Canadians who ran into it in this way, that they hastily started to strip for a swim, but before finish-

These rapids are confined by low basaltic banks, which, at the foot, suddenly close in and make the channel about thirty yards wide. It is here the danger lies, as there is a sudden drop, and the water rushes through at a tremendous rate, leaping and seething like a cataract. The miners have constructed a portage road on the west side, and put down rollways in some places on which to shove their boats over. They have also made some windlasses with which to haul their boats uphill, notably one at the foot of the Cañon. This roadway and the windlasses must have cost them many hours of hard labor.

The only practicable way of getting the "Hoodalinka" through the "White Horse" was to let her down with a line; and as a precautionary measure I determined to make a couple of anchors for use in case she should become unmanageable in the rapid current. For

this purpose I selected two large pieces of conglomerate rock, weighing from two hundred to three hundred pounds each, which were lying near my camp on the shore, and began cutting grooves in them. While thus engaged the captain approached and inquired:

"What you doing here, Mr. Ogilvie?"

"Making a couple of anchors to help hold the boat back in letting her down the rapid to-morrow," I replied.

"Vell, dem anchors 'll *hold* de boat, sure. She won't get away—no mistake about dat."

I continued chipping away, but I could see that the captain was not satisfied with this expression of opinion, and, moreover, so favorable an opportunity for the display of his superior knowledge of river craft was not to be lost. He returned to the attack with — "What's de use making *two* anchors, anyway, Mr. Ogilvie? I been on some pretty rough

does not we will have the other to heave after it."

Seeing that I was not to be persuaded, the captain walked off in supreme disgust.

The men were rather dubious about getting the "Hoodalinka" through the rapid without accident, and I was not surprised the next morning on looking round for volunteers to find only two within sight. The others had strolled off in various directions.

"Well, Charlie, are you coming with me?" I said.

Gladman, who had never flinched in the hour of danger, now hung back.

"I will go if you want me, Mr. Ogilvie," he said quietly, "but I consider that it is risking my life."

"Oh, well, if you think so you had better not come," I replied. "What do you say, Morrison?"

"I am ready to do what you say," he answered, but with evident reluctance.



ACROSS TAGISH LAKE—4.15 A. M.

waters, and I tell you dat one of dem rocks 'll hold de 'Hoodalinka' in mid-stream."

"Well, perhaps it will, but if one

"All right, then, get a pole and jump aboard."

Two more were added to the "Hoodalinka's" crew—Captain Moore and

an Indian to help keep her clear;— and the other five men took the line on shore.

When all was in readiness, the little craft was poled out into the current, where she hesitated a moment, then gently slid towards the smooth brink of the rapid, dipped and shot downward like an arrow. The five men on shore were jerked forward, desperately clinging to the rope and yelling to me that they could not hold her. The first anchor went over with a big splash. The boat still gained headway. The second anchor was promptly heaved, but with no more effect than the first. The men by this time were up to their waists in water; the boat was fast becoming unmanageable, and, fearing a casualty either from the line breaking or from the men being dragged off their feet, I determined to run her into a little bay just ahead. By snubbing round a convenient tree on a little rocky point, and easing out the line, which was fortunately a long one,

the descent was arrested, but the tension was so great when the full strain came that the line twanged like a fiddle-string. For an anxious moment the "Hoodalinka" hung in mid-stream, the seething water breaking over her; then slowly she swung round into the bay. Here the line was cut and doubled, and by snubbing at every convenient point the boat was let down to the foot of the rapid.

When clear water was reached, *the two anchor-lines could be seen sweeping ahead, the masses of rock attached to them, by their momentum, actually dragging us forward.*

"What do you think of the anchors now, captain?" I said, pointing to the lines.

"Vell, Mr. Ogilvie," said the captain, pausing deliberately to give the utterance added weight, "I've seen strong currents—many a time—but I never before—saw a current—dat would roll along a two hundred pound lump of rock like a pebble."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## TO E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

Down the river! down the river!  
 Hear her laughter ring and quiver,  
 'Mid the rocky walls and mountains  
 Of Thayendinaga's home.  
     Hear the Indian maiden singing,  
     While the waters break and shiver  
     In a thousand silver arrows,  
 Into bubbles, into foam,  
 From her paddles and canoe.

Down the rapid—the wild water!  
 Hear the laughter  
 Brooks have taught her  
 Ring and mock the rushing water!  
 Moons have hid the silver traces  
 Of their fires in the river,  
 But the restless rapid's daughter  
 Scorns their brightness 'neath the surface,  
 Stealing all their hidden graces  
 For herself and her canoe.

# THE FINANCIAL DEPRESSION IN AUSTRALASIA.

BY VORTIGERN.

THE unparalleled and unprecedented wave of financial depression sweeping over Australia and wrecking its banks is not without its lesson. One can form no idea of the dire disasters this merciless storm is causing. It is pitiful to behold the abject poverty existing everywhere, especially in Melbourne. Families that could write out cheques for \$1,000,000 four years ago are now without a cent to their names, and in the majority of cases liable to be called upon to give up to satisfy angry creditors any money they might possibly earn. There are at least 50,000 empty houses in Melbourne. Thousands of desperate and disappointed people would gladly leave Australia were it not for the great distance that separates them from the rest of the world, and for their inability to obtain the necessary money.

The continent of Australia is divided into five colonies :

	<i>Capital.</i>
Western Australia.....	Perth.
South Australia.....	Adelaide.
Queensland.....	Brisbane.
New South Wales.....	Sydney.
Victoria.....	Melbourne.

Adding the island colonies of New Zealand and Tasmania, we have also in Australasia :

	<i>Capital.</i>
New Zealand.....	Wellington.
Tasmania.....	Hobart.

Each has its own responsible government, consisting of an upper and a lower house, elected by the people; and a governor appointed by the British Government. New Zealand, some few years ago, raised large loans in England, and plunged headlong into excessive expenses by building docks, railroads, bridges, large public buildings and other great enterprises that proved unremunerative. Reverses fol-

lowed, and the Bank of New Zealand suffered severely. Ten years ago the colony was at its worst; but with the policy of retrenchment inaugurated, and an absolute stoppage of borrowing, combined with continued good harvests and a largely increased trade in frozen mutton with England, it is to-day in the most satisfactory financial condition of any of the colonies, its last budget showing a surplus of £200,000.

Western Australia is largely unexplored, and is quite a new colony; so has had little or no chance to experiment much yet. South Australia is comparatively new, too, and although suffering in sympathy with the others, has not reached the sensational state they have. Queensland has been very heavily knocked by reckless plunging and the late gigantic floods that swept away over \$10,000,000 worth of property and left 20,000 people homeless.

Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, is over a hundred years old, and is in every respect a lovely city. The public buildings are very beautiful, but have been erected on capital borrowed in the "Old Country" in a most extravagant manner. Ugly rumours as to the colony's ability to repay these loans led to its inability to borrow freely. This brought about the lack of confidence and the comparative stagnation that has led to the failure in that city of a large number of small, though large-dividend-paying, financial concerns, founded on the most unsound principles.

Even in sleepy little Tasmania, which, to the visitor, would seem forever bathed in evening's twilight and tranquillity, failures followed each other quickly. The Bank of Van Diemen's Land, founded over fifty years ago, closed its doors in August, 1891, after

declaring a dividend of over 9 per cent. at its half-yearly meeting in June of that year. Tasmania was booming, owing to the many rich "finds" and the facility with which speculators borrowed money on scrip. People became intoxicated with the successes they saw a few gain; and many unscrupulous men took advantage of this and floated companies by sending from Mount Zeehan, the silver fields, specimens which they had perhaps bought in Melbourne, and false reports of rich finds that had never been discovered. The failure of the bank paralyzed all this, and plunged the colony into despair and debt. One of the directors in the bank had an overdraft of \$400,000 on little or no security. Had prosperity reigned, this bank would have become enormously wealthy; but, as in horse racing, the right horse did not come in.

The key to most of the trouble, though, is to be found in Victoria. The Victorians are a progressive, aggressive, assertive and go-ahead kind of a people. Everything is done with a spirit, and ordinary business precaution, as practised in other parts of the world, was regarded by them as obsolete and behind the spirit of the times. Their motto was always "Put your shoulder to the wheel." They did put their shoulders to the wheel, but as New South Wales tells them, they pushed too hard, and so shot right over. Melbourne, marvellous Melbourne, is really a wonderful example of man's energy. It puts one much in mind of Chicago, but seems even more wonderful, for the population of the whole of Australasia is only about 4,000,000. It might almost be termed a city of banks; for as one is "doing the block" on a Thursday afternoon up and down Collins-street (the proper thing to do, by the by, on that day), you cannot but pause again and again to admire the magnificent bank buildings, most of which bear a brass plate with the appalling words, "in liquidation." About forty years ago Melbourne was a mere

collection of straggling huts on a prairie; but owing to its geographical position it became the headquarters and port for all the successful mining adventurers. Doctors, lawyers, authors, younger sons of noblemen, reprobates, discharged and escaped convicts, and men in every grade of life, rushed to the gold fields and shared the reckless life offered. Their splendid finds built up this city of noble business blocks and palatial residences. The rapidity with which wealth accumulated instilled a reckless extravagance in its people, and led its business men to discard the recognized business methods as "old fogeyish." A feverish gambling tendency possessed everyone. About five years ago a big land boom was started. Banks and building societies sprung up like mushrooms, giving interest up to 11 per cent. on deposits, and advancing money at high rate to buyers of land. In most cases these land banks ran up jerry-built houses, planned townships, ran special trains, and provided sumptuous collations to crowds of people who were sufficiently seized with the land craze to go anywhere to snap up a bargain. Had it lasted there would have been enough homes to house 5,000,000 people, and Melbourne would have had a larger area than London. Thinking men knew it could not last, and it is to be regretted that some of these men simply traded upon the artificial valuations, and perpetrated most outrageous swindling transactions. The tide commenced to turn in 1890. In 1891 and 1892 all these speculative institutions, that were paying dividends up to 20 and 30 per cent., were extinguished, one after the other, like gas illuminations in a sudden squall of wind. The fraudulent methods of many of them were forced to light, and a large number of their officers are now languishing in prison cells. Some of the highest government officials were discovered to have taken part in their management, or rather mismanagement. The Mercantile Bank of Australia, with

liabilities \$12,050,000, was the largest of these bubble companies.

For mutual protection, and to give a semblance of security, the large regular banks formed an association, and were known as the associated banks. This quelled the excitement for a time. And it was thought it would be almost impossible for any one of them to fail. Ugly rumors soon got afloat, however, and the Federal Bank of Australia failed in, I think, August, 1892.

The general depression and lack of confidence became so intensified that a steady and growing run upon all the banks commenced. April, 1893, ushered in the wildest excitement in Melbourne amongst depositors and shareholders. On Easter Tuesday, the Commercial Bank of Australia, with liabilities £14,695,000, closed its doors. They refused the terms of assistance offered them by the rest of the associated banks, considering the conditions so severe that suspension would be preferable.

The failure of several other banks immediately followed; among them the Commercial Banking Co. of Sydney (15th May). This bank's chief office was in Sydney, and its business was confined entirely to the colonies of New South Wales and Queensland. It had for many years been paying a regular dividend of 25 per cent. per annum on a capital of £600,000, and was reputed to be one of the soundest and best managed banks.

Immediately upon the announcement of this failure, the Government of New South Wales issued a proclamation declaring the notes of the four following banks legal tender for six months:

Bank of New South Wales (oldest bank in colonies).

City Bank of Sydney.

Bank of Australasia.

Union Bank of Australia.

The two banks last named, which are English institutions and of undoubted strength, immediately declared that they should not take advantage

of the authority, as they had instructions from London to continue to pay in gold.

The following is a list of the principal failures which occurred in six weeks:

<i>Liabilities.</i>	
Commercial Bank of Australia . . . . .	\$ 73,470,300
Commercial Banking Co., Sydney . . . . .	70,075,200
Australian Joint Stock Bank . . . . .	65,392,500
National Bank of Australasia . . . . .	62,408,000
Queensland National Bank . . . . .	53,114,800
London Chartered Bank of Australia . . . . .	45,731,800
Bank of Victoria . . . . .	43,733,900
English, Scottish and Australian Chartered Bank . . . . .	41,341,800
City of Melbourne Bank . . . . .	30,943,000
Colonial Bank of Australasia . . . . .	22,981,500
Royal Bank, Queensland . . . . .	6,798,000
Bank of North Queensland . . . . .	3,256,500
	\$519,247,300

Add to this the liabilities of the Federal Bank, \$15,182,800, and we have a total of \$534,380,100, made up as follows:—

Paid capital . . . . .	\$ 43,676,000
Reserve . . . . .	24,219,500
Undivided profits . . . . .	3,480,500
Notes in circulation . . . . .	12,874,000
Bills payable . . . . .	30,355,800
Deposits . . . . .	419,774,300
	\$534,380,100
<i>Assets.</i>	
Cash . . . . .	\$ 66,734,800
Government securities . . . . .	18,855,400
Premises and property . . . . .	18,005,600
Advances and discounts . . . . .	430,784,300
	\$534,380,100

The deposits, as given above, were distributed as follows:—

Victoria . . . . .	\$129,386,000
New South Wales . . . . .	100,861,000
Queensland . . . . .	36,733,000
South Australia . . . . .	16,188,000
Western Australia . . . . .	2,443,000
	\$285,611,000
Great Britain . . . . .	134,163,000
	\$419,774,000

Many of these banks will be re-organized. The chief proposals to this end take the shape of suggestions that a part of the fixed deposits should either be renewed for five years or should be converted into preference shares or into debenture stocks. The

Commercial Bank of Australia has re-opened; but dividends will be harder to earn with their increased capital and the falling off of profitable business consequent upon the stoppage of all the public works that kept employed at high wages thousands of men who in turn created general business by their ever-increasing wants and the large circulation of money.

In the last ten years these colonies have increased their combined debt from \$475,000,000 to \$975,000,000. In 1860 it averaged £7 18s. 7d. per head. In 1890 it was £45 9s. 3d., made up as follows:—

		Per head.		
		£	s.	d.
Victoria.....	£ 41,443,216	36	11	5
New South Wales....	46,051,449	41	1	0
Queensland.....	28,105,684	71	17	4
South Australia.....	20,401,500	63	18	6
Western Australia...	1,367,444	27	15	10
Tasmania.....	6,292,800	43	6	3
	£143,662,093	£45	9	3

The annual interest at 31st Dec. 1890, was £5,772,160 = 4.02 per cent.

Debt incurred for	Amount.	P. cent.
Railways and tramways....	£ 96,617,873	69.4
Telegraphs.....	2,727,610	2.0
Water supply.....	14,721,961	10.6
Harbors, rivers, lighthouses and docks.....	8,446,162	6.1
Roads and bridges.....	3,065,696	2.2
Defence works.....	1,487,678	1.1
State school buildings.....	2,055,191	1.5
Other public works.....	5,233,780	3.7
Immigration.....	3,497,419	2.5
Other services.....	1,287,280	0.9
Total debt apportioned....	£139,140,650	100
Unapportioned.....	4,521,443	
	£143,662,093	

The system of credit that has prevailed in Australasia has been a potent cause in helping to bring about the present trouble. A bank would make large advances to an importer, who in turn supplied the retail dealer, the retail dealer demanding credit, as he could only supply customers on the same terms. If crops, wool and mines turned out trumps many outstanding accounts would be settled; but when the great depression swept over them they were precipitated into bankruptcy.

The reserve funds of the banks were, as a rule, invested in the business, instead of being invested in solid securities, redeemable readily in times of emergency. So that in a crisis they had to either increase their capital or borrow,—two very difficult things to do in a panic.

A well-built reserve fund, properly invested, becomes a source of income, and in some institutions will often meet the requirements of a dividend in bad times. The gold reserves, too, were allowed to run down very low. Some of the banks would borrow gold a day before issuing a statement, and afterwards return it. Their harborers, as it were, were mere paper ones, so when the storm burst upon them they found themselves thoroughly unable to cope with its fury.

The profits were based upon the uncollected charges on huge overdrafts, covered by questionable security; and the congratulatory and complimentary remarks addressed to the shareholders by the chairmen at the half yearly meetings had their foundation, often, in what might be.

There being so many governments in Australia it has been found very difficult to properly legislate on banking matters.

On April 29th the Victorian government proclaimed a five days' bank holiday, thinking it might allay public distrust in the meantime. The Bank of Australia, the Union Bank of Australia, and the Bank of New South Wales protested against this action, and remained open. These banks do business all over the colonies, and had they closed their Victorian offices only chaos would have prevailed.

Sir Henry Parkes, ex-premier of New South Wales, has been fighting for a long time for Federation. The Australians should have followed Canada's example long since. Were they federated, Australian stock, in view of the larger security offered, would increase in marketability and

decrease in the rate of interest. They could then adopt banking laws such as the Dominion is protected by.

From a glance at the figures already given, detailing the purposes for which the Australian public debts were raised, it will be noticed that only about £10,000,000 is what would legitimately fall to the share of a Federal Government. The liabilities amounting, to about £134,000,000, would be looked upon as provincial debts.

Assuming, then, that this division be approved, and Federation established, it is clear that the ten millions might, without demur, be at once taken over by the Federal Government, on conversion into a uniform Australian stock, bearing at first about  $3\frac{1}{4}\%$ , but eventually  $3\%$  interest.

The one hundred and thirty-four millions might also be taken over by the Federal Government on the security of the public works, on such terms as it might deem necessary or expedient, in order to insure the regular payment of interest and expenses by the various colonies interested.

New Zealand's debt, up to the end

of 1890, amounted to £38,832,350. I have purposely omitted this in my figures, as that colony would undoubtedly, like Newfoundland, refuse to come into the Federation should such a desirable object be accomplished.

In conclusion, I would like to say that Australia, teeming with natural resources, blessed with an unmalarious climate more brilliant and equable than that of Italy, and peopled from the most adventurous of the colonizing Anglo-Saxon stock, is still in a position to be ranked as a field for investment. Her people have been drunk with the most magical success from which they are now suffering recovery. They will profit by their experience, and in years to come Australia will be the happy, glorious and prosperous land she was, with the additional charm and security that the sun of Federation will spread through the "Dominion of Australasia" when it rises in their horizon, and sheds its warm, comforting and life-giving rays throughout the length and breadth of a united and prosperous country in the southern seas.

CHICAGO, Aug., 1893.



## THE CEREMONY OF "THE KEYS" AT THE TOWER OF LONDON.

BY CAPTAIN C. F. WINTER, R. L. CANADIAN MILITIA.

To Canadians visiting London, especially for the first time, the old Tower of the Conqueror has exceptional attractions, and it invariably occupies a foremost place upon their lists of special points of interest to be visited. That such should be the case is not at all surprising, considering that upon a retrospect of the history classes of our school boy days, the Tower is perhaps to most of us the most prominent landmark in English history during some six or seven centuries.

It is a most interesting old place, containing, as it does, relics of the most eventful epochs in British history, but as the average visitor is conducted only by way of a defined and limited route, many features of the historic pile and its associations are lost and even unknown to the majority of the sight-seeing public. Among others, there is one of these features which I feel confident my fellow Canadians will be pleased to hear of, particularly as it is really a time honored observance and may be counted as one of the few surviving relics of feudalism in England. This is an occurrence which takes place within the Tower every night at eleven o'clock, but to witness which is essentially a garrison privilege, since all strangers are excluded from the precincts of the fortress at tattoo. I refer to the so-called ceremony of "The Keys," which we are told has been performed continuously by the Royal Main Guard at the hour of closing the Tower gates, every night since the time of the Third Henry, that is from about 1250 down to the present time.\*

\* The writer invites correction if inaccurate as to exact date.

To many, I dare say, this will appear open to question, but when one comes to sum up the very conclusive evidence of the uninterrupted occupation of the place from nearly two centuries anterior to the time which I have mentioned, and of the constant presence therein of a military garrison and guards, the likelihood of the custom having lapsed does not seem very probable, except perhaps during the *regime* of Cromwell and the Commonwealth, when one would scarcely think the rounded-headed gentlemen who went out of their way so much at that time to change the old order of things, would retain at the Tower, the very cradle of despotism as it were, a custom savoring so much of kings and their alleged "rights divine." But to come to the ceremony of which I wish to tell you.

Some years since the writer had the honor and privilege of serving Her Majesty as a member of one of her oldest and most distinguished Infantry Regiments of the Line, when, owing to some battalions of the Foot Guards, one of which usually garrisons the Tower, being withdrawn for service in Ireland, his regiment took up duty there in the fall of 1881. On the first day of our arrival at the Tower I happened to be detailed for duty with the Royal Main Guard, and in company with my fellows was much amused at our lieutenant, who after reading over to us the standing orders of the Guard, proceeded to caution us as to the solemnity of a ceremony which we would be called upon to perform that evening at eleven o'clock, the hour of closing the gates. He dwelt upon its

six hundred years of existence, how in old times it was a test and constant reminder of the allegiance of the Guard to the Sovereign, how this was the only place in the world where a military ceremony of such antiquity was performed, and how to any thinking soldier it should be a source of pleasure to participate in such a time-honored custom, which in a manner might serve as a link connecting England's soldiers of the past for many hundreds of years with those of to-day. This was all new to most of us, and naturally we awaited the closing of the gates with much interest. Shortly before eleven p. m. we were all waiting in the guard-room, armed and accoutred, ready to turn out, when, following the sharp challenge of the sentry at the door, we heard him repeat "Required an escort for the Keys. Guard turn out." We at once hurried out, taking our places at "open order" on the stone verandah in front of the guard-room, whilst the escort, consisting of a sergeant and six men, four with arms and two without arms, and who had previously been detailed for this duty, filed down the steps and took up their position on each side of the prime mover in all this commotion, an aged "Beef-eater," or "Yeoman of the Guard." This important personage, who had just arrived with the key of the main gate (a large iron key about 6 or 8 inches long), from no less a place than the Constable's residence in the Queen's House near by, then proceeded with his escort on his duty to close the gates, the four men with arms being for his and the key's protection, and the two without arms to perform the manual labor of closing to the ponderous portals. After their departure we "stand easy," but in a few minutes the "Keys" are heard returning. As they approach the "Bloody" Tower, our sentry at the guard-room door repeats the customary challenge, "Halt. Who comes there?" The Yeoman Porter replies "The Keys." The sentry again calls. "Whose Keys?" to which the Yeoman answers

"Queen Victoria's Keys." The sentry then asks for the countersign, and upon it being conveyed to him by one of the party, repeats, "Advance, Queen Victoria's Keys; all's well." Our Guard is now called to "attention," and rifles shouldered, while the "Keys" party place themselves opposite, the Yeoman Porter taking a step forward and raising the "Key" in full view of the Guard,—that is if it is not too dark or foggy to see (as a general rule, at the Tower in the winter season one seldom sees either Yeoman, escort, or key, it is so foggy). The officer then commands the Guard to "present arms," and saluting also himself, the highest compliment is paid the "Queen's Keys," just as though the Queen herself were present. The "present" being given, the trusty Yeoman holds the key aloft and reverently repeats, "God bless and preserve Queen Victoria," to which all of the Guard and escort respond "Amen," after which the aged Porter returns the keys to the Constable's quarters. This completes the ceremony; the Guard is dismissed and at once betakes itself to the more cheerful surroundings of the open grate in the guard room. There, while story and jest pass the time till the hour of the next relief, the more sober-minded and thoughtful soldier will find ample food for contemplation in the ceremony just performed. In the flames of the ample grate, in imagination he can pass in review the long train of departed warriors who in their day have played their several parts in a similar ceremony. A visit to the armory of the White Tower will have given him accurate ideas of their dress and armament during the several periods of our mother country's history, and it will require no great stretch of imagination to picture the archers of Crecy and Poitiers, the mail clad men who fought for the Two Roses, arquebusiers and match-lock men, crossbowmen and spearmen; the gay cavalier with his flowing ringlets; members of the old train bands, and then the soldiers of

the regular army down to our own time, all of whom, it is said, have taken part in the time-honored custom, and paid the compliment just performed, to the Keys of Kings Edward, Henry, James, Charles, William, or George, and Queens Elizabeth, Mary, or Anne, as the case may have been.

At 5 o'clock the next morning, a similar escort is furnished the Yeoman Porter for opening the gates, but no such elaborate ceremony takes place as that which accompanies the closing.

I dare say many of my readers will say, "how absurd." We thought so at first, and often laughed heartily at the ridiculous figure we cut standing at the "present" in a dense fog, or amidst a howling storm of rain or wind, when the ancient Yeoman with his "Keys" and escort could be dimly made out through the gloom, and sometimes "simply heard, not seen." The climax of the ridiculous, though, appeared to have been reached one night when a freshly joined "Sub" was doing his first guard. The Yeoman on duty was very old and very hard of hearing, and to aggravate this the night was a very dirty one, such as we often got in London in the winter months. It seems the old gentleman with the key failed to catch the usual hearty response, "Amen," after his benediction on Her Majesty. The following morning our colonel received rather a sharp note from the Lieutenant of the Tower commenting on the fact that of the many regiments of the army that had garrisoned the Tower for many years past, it remained for "ours" to be lacking in proper decorum and respect

during the performance of the ancient ceremony of the "Keys." The commanding officer naturally felt somewhat nettled at this, and at once cited the officer and sergeants of the offending guard before him. They all, however, protested their entire compliance with the rules, and that none of the guard had the least intention of slighting authority as represented. Of course the usual response had been given, but the Porter was very deaf and had not heard it; but after that, you may depend, the Yeoman Porter of the day got the full benefit of our lungs.

Though absurd in a way, the old ceremonial is singularly in keeping with its surroundings in the Tower, where everything savors of the past and its by-gone terrors and glories; and it would I think detract much from the place were the old custom discontinued. Morals can be drawn from it, too, as from the old Tower itself. It speaks volumes for the conservative stability of British institutions. What other country, even in its most conservative militarism, has a daily ceremony in keeping with this which was performed before there was an English Parliament, and which is still, night after night gone through with? Then again is there not something fittingly beautiful in this nightly benediction of the aged "Beef-eater," as he holds aloft the key,—“God bless and preserve Queen Victoria,”—followed by the "Amen" of the Lieutenant and his Guard, in this venerable citadel, so long the heart, as it were, of the power and dominion of our English Kings and Queens?



## PLAYHOUSE SONNETS.

BY HECTOR W. CHARLESWORTH.

I.

COMEDY.

There is a rapture shimmering with light,  
A golden laughter minted in the soul  
And rich in tenderness, whose echoes  
roll

From heart to heart in airy, mystic flight  
Till their soft harmony hath found aright  
The spring of love that lurks in every  
heart,

And in the general gladness all have  
part,  
And love of men glows in us warm and  
bright.

Then, in the moment of its joyous birth,  
'Tis well if there appear a sad, wan  
face,

Speaking of grief and lingering a short  
space,

E'en as the face of Death at Egypt's feast,  
Till we shall know that, throbbing 'neath  
all mirth,

Passion and tragedy lie unreleased.

II.

TRAGEDY.

The spell of tragedy is vast and deep!

A fiery, sonorous chant of mighty deeds  
With rare love-cadences, blown from  
the reeds

By poets who have felt the heart-strings  
leap

And throb with passion; men who yearn-  
ed to reap

The inmost truth and beauty of all  
things.

A voice unheard in every deep heart  
sings,

Touched by the mystic spell—and strong  
men weep.

And when the strange romance of souls  
in strife

Burns in our hearts, the while we sip  
of grief,

And ponder o'er the blue, hot fires of  
Fate,

'Tis well if joy shall, like a budding leaf,

Steal forth in gold and tell us 'tis the  
great  
And gladdest, most mysterious truth in  
life.

III.

*Julia Marlowe as GALATEA.*

Quiet as Maytime sunlight, and as fair,  
And simple as a blush rose in the dew:  
In perfect Greece the old fond legend  
grew,

But she in this far time its perfume rare  
Once more makes real. See the glad eyes  
there,

With joy in Life, new found, are brim-  
ming warm;

The soul expands within the tremulous  
form,

And all its depths of tenderness declare  
Her, knowing nought, as wise beyond  
all men.

The dream dies as dreams do; Life quick  
doth leap,

To choke the love and joy that are too  
deep;

But we may love the sweet simplicity,  
The lovely art that in it wakes again

"The light that never was on land or sea."

IV.

*Julia Marlowe as JULIET.*

Mark how this maiden loved! her passion-  
ate heart

Glowed not with flames of some return-  
ing bliss:

The love she gave came as the earliest  
kiss

Of the June sun on buds, whose petals  
part

And glow to roses when the day doth  
start.

We saw first love's unfathom'd joy again,  
First grief with its unutterable pain,

The first distrust of men from wide eyes  
dart.

Th' illusive rapture of her face can show  
The dew upon the soul: within her

veins

The blood of Juliet seems to pulse and  
glow :  
Her lyric tide of love doth surge and flow,  
Till, as a mystic stream of music wanes,  
Death kisses her with breathing soft and  
low.

v.

*Felix Morris as "THE VAGABOND."*

A homeless, hopeless, hungry man in rags!  
Sincere in wretchedness—no gilt ro-  
mance

Put upon beggary—the woeful glance  
Of one by Life thrown naked on the crags,  
And torn in soul and body, while Death  
lags!

He has the wistful mirth that knows  
but pain,  
Until life's old fair vistas glow again,  
And mad with memories the grey head  
wags.

Hark! 'Tis a ghostly shrilling of the fife  
Ringing in martial madness down the  
years!

The hero of the morning time of life,  
Rises in rags with war-songs in his ears,  
And soul athrob with joy of glorious strife;  
While, wondering, we joy with him  
through our tears.

vi.

*\*Franklyn McLeay as THE "BAT."*

You would not call this gnarled thing a  
man :

That were to mock the God that gave  
us life

In image of himself—some savage strife  
Of circumstance hath put on him the ban  
Of hideousness ; he lives—and laughs—a  
wan,

Dark mockery of life ; but mark the rose  
His mangled fingers cherish—who but  
knows

A soul dwells in the shape Tartarean.

Call him "The Bat"—but look upon his  
grief ;

He hath a heart for love and light  
and joy !

They could not mould into a tyrant's toy  
The whole of him ; he sees his mighty sheaf  
Of sorrows grow, and may not know a  
breath

Of human joy but the rare kiss of Death.

\* This actor, though almost a beginner, has achieved fame in all parts of Great Britain and this continent, from the wonderful physical facility as well as the spiritual dignity of his impersonation of the part here designated—that of the court plaything in Wilson Barrett's "Pharaoh." He is a Canadian who graduated with honors at Toronto University in the Class of '89.



## REMINISCENCES OF THE WEST INDIES.

BY JULIA MATTHEWS MOODY.

“CAST off the bow line!”

“Ay! Ay! Sir!” and the last link was severed which bound the steamer *Taymouth Castle* to her dock at Halifax, N. S.

Yes! off at last, to the sunny lands and golden weather of the tropics. Not simply Jamaica and Havana,—which the writer visited two years before, and which served to fill her with a consummate longing and a passionate ardor to see more of the wonders of those emerald isles which are clustered, like the stars in the firmament above, in the azure blue of the Caribbean Sea;—but a long cruise from isle to isle, past capes, promontories and valleys brodered with spicy plants and shrubs and crowned with the palm which Bayard Taylor describes as “the tree whose fluttering shadow wraps us there with love, and silence, and mystery.”

It seemed almost impossible to realize the fact, as in the bright moonlight, and shivering meanwhile with the cold and wrapping our furs more closely round us, we watched the icy streets and snow-covered citadel of Halifax recede from view, that in a few days such wraps would be superfluous, and only the lightest of garments necessary.

It was on the 23rd of February that we left Halifax, and our first port of call was the Bermudas, discovered and named after the Spaniard, Juan Bermudez, in the year 1515. And a lively time we had on our voyage thither! Fiddles or racks adorned the tables; hatches battened down; and at times a curious toboggan slide of wicker chairs and settees (the ship listed to port) slid across the “social hall” with their freight of living beings, who looked as if they were cogi-

tating whether life was, after all, worth living at that moment. A witty Hali-gonian facetiously remarked one morning at the table,—“What delicious breakfast rolls!” At dinner it became quite an art to hold the soup plates at the proper angle. Occasionally, during the conversation, a startling punctuation mark would occur, in the shape of an avalanche of dishes falling from the sideboard to the floor, as if old Neptune was having “Ta-ra-ra boom de ay” performed, with an accompaniment of china cymbals, for his private delectation.

At 7 p.m., on February 27th, we were off the white fixed light of St. Davids, Bermuda, opposite which the powerful revolving light known as Gibb’s Hill, together with H. M. S. Blake’s search-light, formed an imposing sight. At daybreak the pilot (a gentleman of color) came aboard, and navigated us up to Grassy Bay, where we anchored, in company with a number of men-of-war belonging to the British North American squadron, which rendezvous here every winter. A small tug, the *Triton*, came out to convey the passengers to the Hamilton dock. With what interest we looked towards the shore, noting the quaint white stone houses, with corrugated roofs, and with pipes leading to the big tanks from which the Bermudian obtains his water supply! The houses are mostly built after the same pattern and are whitewashed periodically. The material used is limestone, which is so soft that it can be sawed, but upon being exposed to atmospheric influences hardens and becomes very durable. The roads strike one at once, they are so smooth and well kept. It is a perfect heaven for bicyclists.

There are beautiful drives in every

direction. Passing down Cedar Avenue, which is an exquisite bower of ever-green, we drove out by the North Road to Joyce Caves. Aloes, Spanish bayonets, paw-paws, palmettos, palms of various species, the Pride of India, calabash, mahogany, India rubber and goodly cedar trees, while all along the route bananas, plantains and onions were in great abundance. At

high groined roof, from which dazzling white stalactites hang suspended, in some places nearly touching the stalagmites below. A still, silent lake adds to the solemnity of the place, and the weird shadows cast by the glare of the torch produce "a sort of supernatural feeling." One would hardly be surprised if a mermaid should appear recreating in yonder water; or, per-

chance, we have stumbled upon Prospero's abode! and is that lulling sound the voice of Ariel? or, is it the low hum of the distant sea? How the imagination runs riot in such a place!

It was with almost a feeling of regret that on March 1st we bade farewell to these beautiful isles and sailed through the extraordinary turquoise-blue water on our way south. Our next port of call was St. Thomas, which we sighted four days after. How pleasant was our voyage thither! The sun smiled indulgently on the ladies who had hitherto kept below, and who now with demure faces reclined in their deck chairs,



BOTANICAL GARDENS, TRINIDAD.

last we approached the entrance of the caves. It is a noticeable fact that the road in this vicinity has a hollow sound when the horses' hoofs alight on it. Taking a couple of guides, each visitor is presented with a candle, and after an exciting scramble, one of our dark skinned friends proceeds to light a branch of palmetto, and then one can almost fancy himself in some old temple, the cave appears so vast, with a

with the indispensable novel close at hand, or were idly making attempts at embroidery; while the gentlemen exerted themselves with deck quoits and shove!-board. Thus the days glided by, and the evenings had their own peculiar enjoyments.

Such opportunities were afforded to sweep the heavens as would rejoice the soul of an astronomer. Antares, a double star of 1st and 7th magnitudes in

Scorpio, is an intense fiery red, like the planet Mars, and from this it gets its name, which means "the rival of Ares" (Mars). To us, so far north, this beautiful star is not particularly noticeable, but "under the Southern Cross" it alters its hue and bickers into fiery red and brilliant green, Willis beautifully describes it as—

"Capricious Antares  
Flushing and paling in the Southern Arch."

It was in latitude 27° 40' and 64° 40' longitude that the brilliant Canopus was first seen. The late Lord Tennyson mentions this beautiful star in his "Dream of Fair Women" in that portion relating to Cleopatra. It is deep yellow in color and greatly resembles the bright disc of royal Jupiter, except, of course, that it scintillates. It is safe to say that it ranks next to Sirius in brightness, but it is not visible anywhere north of the parallel of 38°. It is in Argo Navis (the ship), one of the largest, most important, and longest named constellations. Plutarch relates that Canopus received its name from Canopus, the pilot of Menelaus.

As we proceeded farther south it was curious to note the inverted positions of some of the northern constellations. Perseus appeared to have some difficulty in rendering assistance to Andromeda, as he stood on his head. The North star grew fainter and fainter, and each night brought it farther down from the zenith, until at length we saw

"The pale shining Southern Cross on high,  
Its faint stars fading from a solemn sky."

Who has not felt a thrill at the first sight of it? There it shines, a cross of gold upon the altar of the heavens; and there it shone over eighteen hundred years ago above Calvary's cross. Involuntarily one murmurs as one looks at it, "Christe Eleison!"

On Sunday, March 4th, about six a.m., we were passing the Virgin Islands, which are shrubby and rocky in appearance. A singular looking one

to our right resembles a sailing ship, and is consequently called "Sail Rock." Indeed, as the sunlight fell upon it, one could readily imagine it a vessel in full sail. These islands were discovered by Columbus in 1494, and named Las Virgenes, in honor of St. Ursula and her companions. The western portion of the group belongs to Spain, the central to Denmark, and the eastern to Great Britain. The islands are about one hundred in number, and mostly uninhabited. It is rumored that they are overrun with rats.

How eagerly we levelled our glasses towards the unknown shore, while at intervals the sharp *click* of a *snap-shot* would break the silence. Presently St. Thomas came in sight,—more vegetation, very high ground. A succession of mountain peaks, some cone-shaped, others in frills, stand out against the pale blue sky, with cloud cumuli above them, and pale green water lapping idly at their feet.

St. Thomas is exceedingly picturesque and quaint. The entrance to the harbor is narrow, but it widens into a beautiful basin, horse-shoe in shape, almost entirely surrounded by mountains varying in altitude from 700 to 1,550 feet. In the centre, situated on three spurs of the hills, lies the town of Charlotte-Amalia, the capital of the island. It is built in the form of three triangles, and the streets rise in terraces one above the other. The houses are mostly grey or buff. All have flag-poles and red tiled roofs which glitter in the clear atmosphere. The tiles are about the size of a brick and about the thickness of a man's hand. The harbor was filled with ships. Besides our own staunch *Taymouth*, there were German and Brazilian men-of-war, several mail steamers, a dozen barques and ships and innumerable smaller craft.

St. Thomas was the principal rendezvous of the famous old buccaneers. There are two castles still extant, called Bluebeard's Castle and Blackbeard's Castle, perched far up on the slopes of

the mountains, where those free, bold-hearted corsairs used to revel after a successful cruise.

Upon going ashore we saw many new trees whose acquaintance we had not made in Bermuda. The flamboyant was curious, being almost entirely free from foliage, with long pods attached to the branches. The spa was among the most graceful. It stands about as high as our northern elm; the drooping foliage, similar to a laburnum's, recalls Ruskin's idea that "the trees of the earth are capable of a kind of sorrow." Strolling up to the "Hotel de Commerce," which was built in a somewhat Spanish style, we made our way to the upper verandah, where we sat facing the harbor, with

er lip, quite à-la-militaire,—all perambulated to and fro, awaiting the advent of the St. Thomas band.

Never shall I forget the scene which greeted my eyes when looking out of the northern casement of our sleeping apartment. The hush of the night had fallen. The moonbeams tossed kisses to the drowsy trees and sparkled on the scarce rippling water. The white houses and trees were silhouetted sharply against the silvan slopes of Signal Hill, which thrust its head far up into the sky, and, crowning it apparently so close that one could touch it, the North Polar star rested like a tiara upon its brow.

The scene recalls Goethe's

"Hushed on the hill  
Is the breeze;  
Scarce by the zephyr  
The trees  
Softly are press'd;  
The woodbird's asleep on the  
bough.  
Wait, then, and thou  
Soon wilt find rest."



BLUEBEARD'S CASTLE, ST. THOMAS.

the park in the foreground containing a band stand and café. Troops of colored nurses with babies in arms, toddling little niggers in pretty, bright frocks, dudes of black and white, man-of-war sailors, soldiers, and the ordinary peasants with their fantastic turbans so jaunty in effect,—some with such killing hats tied with gorgeous ribands on their chin, close to the low-

About five o'clock the next morning we were awakened by a loud report of "the morning gun," and simultaneously the dulcet tones of a bugle sounded the reveille, arousing us with little ceremony from our dreams. What novelty there is to be found in a morning's ramble through the quaint streets of St. Thomas. You are easily recognizable as strangers. You are under the constant survey of the precocious negroes, who have no scruple in complimenting or ridiculing your personal appearance. At every corner some baskets or trays with a motley collection of fruit, fish, candy and cassava are thrust at you, with such an air of careless indifference as to whether you purchase or not. Buying a huge circular piece of cassava, I suggested to the party who sold it that "it would

make a very good sun hat." "Yes marm! Gawd bless you, so it would," was her fervent reply. An old driver named "Henry," with an eye to business, followed us all around, stopping when we stopped and moving cautiously when we continued to stroll. At last, summoning up his courage, he touched his cap and asked if "Massa want to goa for a drive, sah?" Driving along we passed one of the public schools, a small building somewhat gothic in style. Upon going in we found the teacher, a most courteous lady, who had her hands full with 160 negroes of all shades and sizes. One was forcibly reminded of Mother Goose's old ditty:

"Four and twenty black birds  
Baked in a pie—

When the pie was opened  
The birds began to sing, etc."

And sing they did with all their hearts, keeping excellent time. Education is compulsory, and even on Saturdays the pupils have to attend a morning session. Soon it became time for us to return to our steamer and bid farewell to St. Thomas, and many a lingering look we cast behind us as we leaned over the taffrail and watched the picturesque little town grow fainter and fainter, until at last even the mountain peaks disappeared from our sight.

Early next morning we dropped anchor in the harbor of Basseterre, St. Kitts. It is a beautiful spot, surrounded by high mountains. One towering volcanic peak called Mount Misery is 4314 feet high, with an accessible crater over 800 feet deep. St. Kitts lay on our port side, while to starboard, about fifteen miles away, the high mountains of Nevis, their tops shrouded with vapour, were plainly seen. A sprinkle of rain produced a double rainbow, which spanned the heavens from the ocean's brink to the mountain. I counted fifteen different tints of green down the slopes of the latter, from the vivid

emerald of the cane, to the almost black hue of the shadowy ravines.

The first settlement by the English in the West Indies was made at St. Kitts by Thomas Warner and his followers, in 1623. Their first act was to drive the Caribs from the island; but, feeling that they would return to avenge themselves, Warner gave a warm welcome to the crew of a French brigantine which arrived at St. Kitts in 1625. He invited them to make a settlement. They accepted, and the island was divided between them, the French settling at Basseterre and the English at Sandy Point and Old Roads. This, naturally, resulted in war, and in the latter part of the seventeenth century the French were in possession, but by the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, the whole island was conceded to Great Britain.

Basseterre is the capital of St. Kitts. The population numbers about 7,000. Driving through the town, we noticed that many of the dwelling houses were surrounded by beautiful gardens, of which we could only catch a glimpse through the gateways, for the West Indians are fond of imitating English customs, and their gardens are shut in from view by massive high stone walls.

The drive to Brighton is unequalled in the loveliness of the scenery. The road, bordered with white cedar, silk cotton, bread fruit, and gay almond trees, twists and curves around the foot of Canada Hill and Dales' Mountain, with Key Bridge at the foot. Away to our right stretches the sparkling blue Atlantic, with the surf rolling in with a delightful musical sound upon the beach. At the foot of Dales' Mountain we noticed a very massive stone wall about 12 feet thick. It was built for a protection to the inhabitants of Key, as a few years ago, during a hurricane, an immense torrent of water rushed down the mountain slope, sweeping everything away in its course. The principal place of interest at Brighton is the sugar mill. Here one can see the whole process of sugar-

making, from the time the canes are crushed by the powerful rollers until the syrup is brought into the crystal state in the boiler. The employes receive wages of five shillings per week, and subsist principally on salt fish and meal.

At St. Kitts we tasted sapadilla, pawpaw, bread fruit, guava, choochoo, and, last but not least, the luscious mango. One requires much dexterity in managing a mango, as it is such a slippery thing; indeed, in order to fully appreciate Stoddard's description in his *South Sea Idylls*, one should have tried his or her individual skill in eating it.

Steaming away from St. Kitts, we reached Nevis in about two hours, anchoring about a mile from shore. The mountain of Ben Nevis, 3,596 feet high, towers above the clouds, and slopes at first abruptly, then gradually, to the valley below; and at the foot the quaint little town of Charlestown nestles against the soft emerald cushion that Nature has provided for it. After the usual parley in securing a boatman, we went ashore. As a rule, the West Indian oarsmen face the bow and give a sort of back-water stroke.

A little way from the town are the ruins of the Bath House Hotel, built of stone, in 1803, at a cost of £40,000, and sold recently for £40. Close by, in a bower of tamarind and mango trees, is the bath house, two stories high. The lower story contains a large tank, into which a natural sulphur spring flows. The temperature is about 100 degrees Fahrenheit.

One should take a stroll along the beach to the right of the jetty. It is carpeted with delicate shells of beautiful tints and shapes. In the opposite direction, St. Paul's Church, decorated with fluttering palms (it happened to be Palm Sunday), enticed us to enter and join in the hearty service. The choristers (robed) numbered about thirty boys, all colored, save one. They sang extremely well, and paid

far more attention to their "shading" than many of our northern choirs.

The next island touched at was Antigua. It is low compared with others of the group, but still there are hills and valleys dotted with bright patches of cane. The water here is of a peculiar, rare, pale green. After quite a sail in a small tug we arrived at the pier of St. John's, passing with a shudder the lazaretto isolated on a hill at the north of the harbor.

Near the pier is the public library, where we were surprised to find two large rooms containing 8,000 well-bound books, also current magazines and papers distributed through the reading-rooms. St. Patrick's Cathedral (Anglican) looms up on an eminence at the back of the town. It has two towers, and has double walls as a preventive against injury from earthquakes. Quite an interesting place to visit is the reformatory some miles out of the town. There are 147 boys there. They make their own garments. They are drilled every morning, and fairly well educated. The good conduct boys win a red badge, earning thus 3d. per week. Their dinner consists of soup and Irish stew etc.: each boy receives a large bowlful, which one small nine-year-old said was not sufficient, and, like Oliver Twist, wanted more.

Leaving Antigua we sailed over to Montserrat, where we had time only for a short stroll amid an avenue of outstretched palms and Wesley Mission boxes, and "just a penny, me darling," uttered in soft persuasive tones by the irrepressible negro woman.

The next place touched at was Guadaloupe, which consists of two islands separated by le Riviere Salée. The banks of this river are lined with mangroves. It is one of the hottest places in the West Indies. The eastern island is flat and sandy.

Point à Pitre was our port of call. It was totally destroyed by an earthquake in 1843, but has been rebuilt in a very substantial manner. It contains the second largest sugar factory in the

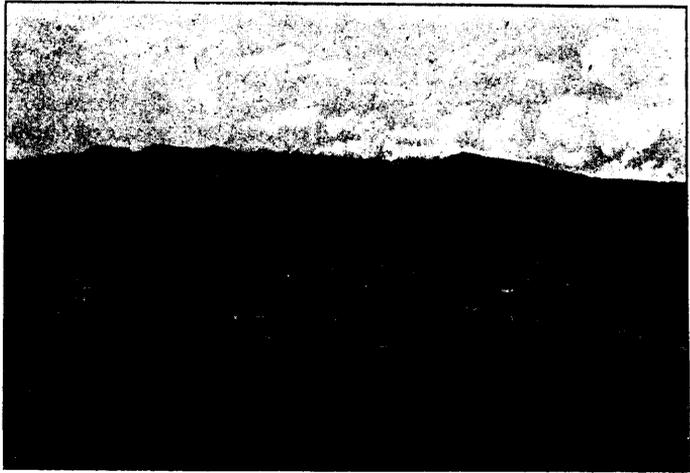
world. Visit the open market place by all means; you will not soon forget the scene. Here you may see the products indigenous to the soil, and the natives in their daily characteristics, habiliments and customs. A clamor of French arises on all sides! Such fantastic turbans and kerchiefs of vivid contrasting colors, worn with such a *démarche*! One had to step carefully to avoid treading on the babies, who seemed to spring up like mushrooms under our feet.

The western part of Guadaloupe rises sheer from the ocean in one grand mass, the peaks ranging higher towards the southern extremity until the "Soufrière" is reached. The latter is over 5,000 feet above the sea. Basse Terre, where we called to deliver mails on our homeward way, is situated at the foot of this mountain.

Of all the Caribbean Islands, as seen from the sea, Dominica is the grandest and most beautiful. Enormous mountains, thickly wooded, which can be seen from Gaudaloupe, 30 miles distant, arise precipitously from the ocean, peak after peak filing their crests far up into the blue. Mount Diablotin, 5,314 feet above sea level, is the highest in the Caribbean archipelago. Great cloud cumuli veiled their summits; below the verdure was of every conceivable tint of green and golden brown. On a plateau, in bold relief against the sky, stood an avenue of palms so metaphorically described by Stoddard as "those exclamation points of nature!" Browning's lines rushed to my mind as I looked at Dominica:

"Hills draw like heaven,  
And stronger sometimes, holding out their hands  
To pull you from the vile flats up to them."

Dominica was given its name by Columbus because he discovered it on Sunday, during his second voyage in



SAINT PIERRE, MARTINIQUE.

1493. It occupies an important naval position, separating the French West Indian possessions. The Spaniards owned it first, then the French wrested it from them, and probably would still hold it had it not been for the memorable battle fought by Rodney, April 12th, 1782, when, after a terrible slaughter on both sides, De Grasse surrendered his sword to Rodney on the quarter-deck of the *Formidable*, and Dominica became English and has since remained so.

Roseau is the principal town. It is situated on the western coast, which shelves off so rapidly that within a gunshot from shore no soundings can be made. The town is squalid in appearance, but very clean, owing, probably, to the abundant water supply, streams running down every street. It is not an unusual sight to see the babies being washed in the gutters. Here one sees a typical native street, with rows of huts seldom containing more than one room for

which the rent is usually \$3 per month.

The Botanical Garden, directly opposite the Government House, overlooks the sea, and contains many rare plants and trees, among which we noticed particularly the curious "cannon-ball tree" and the "traveller's palm," the latter the shape of a huge fan, and the fronds containing a quantity of liquid very refreshing to thirsty travellers.

Leaving Dominica behind us in the twilight, we sailed towards St. Pierre, Martinique, thirty miles distant. It is in this vicinity that one can best see "around the waves phosphoric brightness," which Byron describes so beautifully, in the "Corsair."

From the harbour of St. Pierre the ravages made by the recent hurricane are seen, as the mountain, which rises abruptly from the water, is almost bared of trees, and lots of new roofs on the houses testify of the calamity. The Roman Cathedral, built of white stone, with two towers, first attracts your attention. The natives, attired similarly to those of Gaudaloupe, jabber in the spacious market-place; a panic in the New York Stock Exchange is nothing compared with their noisy vociferation. A river divides the town. Here the females have a unique way of doing the fashionable "drawn linen work." They, however, designate it as "washing;" but a recent writer humorously calls it "offering up sacrifices of linen." Rinsing the clothes in the stream, they used a jagged rock for a wash-board, a detrimental process, to say the least.

The Roman creed predominates as is evidenced by the many wayside shrines containing images of the Mater Dolorosa, or Salvator Mundi, which we passed on our way to the famous Botanical Gardens. The Gardens are beautifully laid out, and contain many varieties of palms, orchids, cacti, and an enormous ceiba, or silk cotton tree, with immense gnarled branches. A great precipice leaps

down abruptly, with a waterfall dashing over it, flanked on each side with most luxuriant foliage. We were somewhat timid about walking out of the main path, on account of the venomous snake called *fer de lance*, which is the curse of Martinique and St. Lucia. It is yellow in color, with a tail like a rat, and very fearless. One darted in our way and received a volley of stones from our black guide, but it escaped uninjured.

Leaving Martinique, we passed the celebrated Diamond Rock about a



mile to the south. It rises perpendicularly from the sea 600 feet. Captured from the French by Admiral Hood in 1804, it was entered on the admiralty books as "H.M.S. Diamond Rock," and was held for nearly two years, when, for the lack of ammunition, it was surrendered to the French.

Of course we were on the *qui vive* to see the famous Pitons of St. Lucia, two cone-shaped peaks which rise sheer from the ocean up nearly 300 feet, thickly wooded, and almost inaccessible.

The port is Castres, and is the only place affording wharfage in the West Indies. It is to be made the coaling station of the British fleet. Castres is an exceedingly picturesque little place, and the scenery reminded us of Jamaica, as we viewed it from the wayside rustic bench upon the mountain slope. The road, bordered with mango and other tropical trees, twisted and curved down the valley. The mountains towered above on the right, and

at the left descended abruptly to the harbor, horse-shoe in shape. Various little creeks wound and slipped between the ridges of the opposite hills, one of which the light-house crowned. As we looked on this peaceful scene, it was hard to realize that battle after battle had been fought here, between Caribs and English, and English and French, the struggle lasting for 150 years before St. Lucia eventually became British.

Our thoughts of the past were speedily put to flight by one of those heavy tropical showers which come and go suddenly; and we took refuge in a quaint little mortuary chapel (fortunately near) until it was over. We left soon afterwards for Barbados.

After a pleasant run, we steamed into Carlisle Bay, the harbor of Bridgetown, the capital of Barbados. The scene is a lively one. Boat after boat, with black oarsmen frantically gesticulating, swarm round the sides of the steamer, each trying to get the advantage of the others in securing passengers. "Dis yo boat sah!" "Try White Wings sah! She's berry clean, sah!" Here the divers come out and dive for pennies, fearless of sharks; or a scratch band consisting of an asthmatic violin, a cracked horn, and a jingle triangle, warble the irrepressible "Tara-ra" into our unwilling ears. Bum-boat women appear with tempting jars of guava jelly, and curios which are simply irresistible.

Upon going ashore we hastened to the Marine Hotel situated at Hastings, two and a half miles from Bridgetown. It is near the ocean, and very pleasant it was to get out of the hot, glaring white streets of the town, and inhale the cool ocean breeze in this charming spot, the murmuring surf blending with the exquisite music of the band of the West Riding Regi-

ment, which gave an open air concert on the esplanade that afternoon. At the "Marine" we made the acquaintance of a potent West Indian beverage called "Swizzle." Its fame had preceded it, but it even excelled our expectations. An interesting place to visit in Bridgetown is the establishment where ice is artificially made. It was something akin to a Turkish bath to emerge from the chilling atmosphere into the scorching streets. The whistling of the steamer recalled us, and hastening on board we soon afterwards sailed for Trinidad.

After the excitement and novelty of being on shore, the "*dolce far niente*" of ship life is delicious. We passed Tobago twenty miles to windward. It



PITONS OF ST. LUCIA.

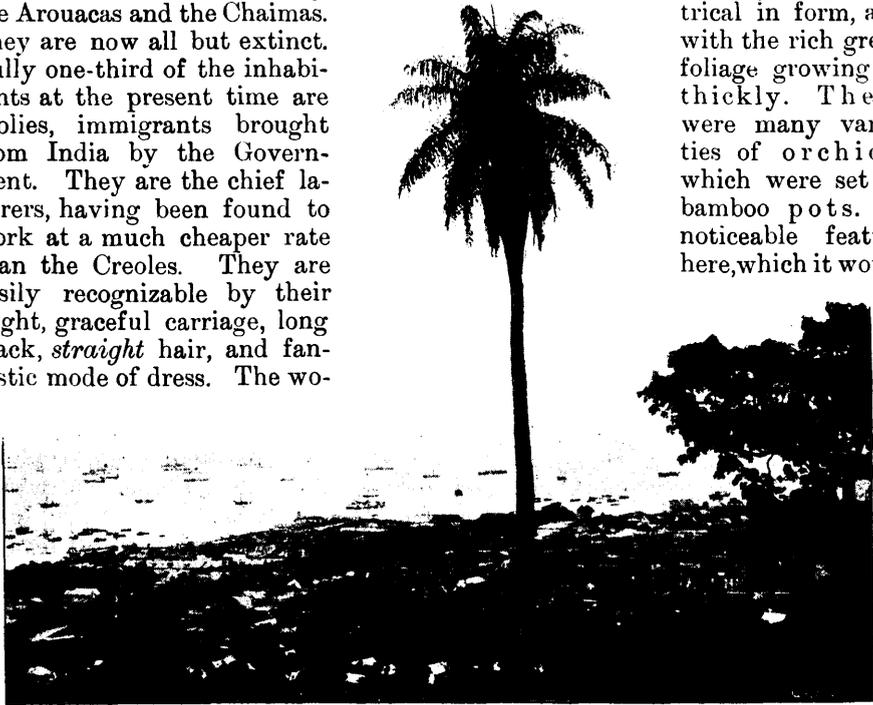
is supposed to be Robinson Crusoe's island, and his cave is still to be seen at the southern end. Grenada loomed up to leeward, by many authorities considered the "Gem of the Antilles."

The approach to Trinidad is very grand. Miles and miles of virgin forest reach away to the mountains, running up to a height of 2,700 feet. The passages, or bocas, from the Caribbean sea into the Gulf of Paria, the embouchure of the Orinoco, are four in number—east to west—Boca Mono, Boca Huevor, Boca Havior and Boca Grande, with the Spanish main or Venezuela on the west. The passages are very narrow, save the Grande Boca, but the

water is very deep, the current rushing through the openings at a six to eight knot gait, at times making the Grande Boca only safe for vessels not propelled by steam.

Trinidad was discovered by Columbus, July 31st, 1498, when, catching a glimpse of the Three Sisters (peaks of Moruga united at the base), he called the island Trinidad, the formation of the hills having suggested to him the Trinity. It was then populated by several tribes of Indians, chiefly the Arouacas and the Chaimas. They are now all but extinct. Fully one-third of the inhabitants at the present time are coolies, immigrants brought from India by the Government. They are the chief laborers, having been found to work at a much cheaper rate than the Creoles. They are easily recognizable by their slight, graceful carriage, long black, *straight* hair, and fantastic mode of dress. The wo-

strolled through the streets, which were patrolled by impudent black vultures. Noting the fine shops and cathedrals, we wended our way to the market, which is a good criterion of the eccentricities and customs of the people. The botanical gardens were reached after a pleasant ride in a tram. They are most beautiful, and contain many rare plants, trees, and shrubs. Here we saw cinnamon, clove, Brazilian nut, and that beautiful tree, the nutmeg, so symmetrical in form, and with the rich green foliage growing so thickly. There were many varieties of orchids, which were set in bamboo pots. A noticeable feature here, which it would



PORT-OF-SPAIN, TRINIDAD.

men wear great quantities of jewellery —tiaras, rings, ear rings, nose rings (a sign of marriage), bangles, necklaces, anklets, and toe rings of gold and silver, which, as a rule, they willingly sell to you. In addition to the Indians and coolies, there are Spanish, French, Portuguese, German, British and Chinese.

Landing at Port of Spain, the capital, at about 8.30 p.m., we repaired to the principal hotel, known as the "Ice House." Early next morning we

be well to imitate in other places, is that nearly all the plants and trees are labelled with their botanical names, and, if imported, their native soils are stated. The grass was of a brilliant green, and the eye was not offended by any of those disfiguring placards, which one sees at home—"Keep off the grass!"

Returning to the Ice House for breakfast, at 11 o'clock, we tasted, for the first time, a dish peculiar to the West Indies, called pepper-pot. It

was passed round in a big pot, and *prima facie* looked anything but tempting.

The drive to Coolie Town was next on our programme, and very quaint it was. Queer little huts each side of the road, some with a little charcoal fire in front, at which a coolie sat, occupied in making silver bangles. The steamer's whistle now summoned us, and soon we were under way for Georgetown, Demerara.

After a two-days' run through the muddy, red water—so through the sediment discharged by the Orinoco, we arrived at the wharf at Georgetown. Quitting the steamer, we went to the "Tower Hotel," to which we had telegraphed from Trinidad for rooms.

Strolling around, we went into the new St. George Cathedral (Anglican), which was opened for service, for the first time, on March 26th. It contains a fine, large, three-manual organ, with forty-one stops and about nine combination levers, and was manipulated by the organist very ably and with much feeling. High-street is charmingly picturesque. A canal, frescoed with the broad leaves and exquisite blossoms of the *Victoria Regia*, flows through the middle of it. The canal is framed in green sward, and shaded with lordly palms and white cedar, while the gorgeous frangipani, in one mass of red blossoms, presents a striking contrast. The driveway is smooth, and the villas nestling in their peculiarly luxuriant gardens overlook the fairy scene.

We visited the museum, the law courts, the market, and went the round of the stores, picking up many curiosities.

The Botanical Garden does not contain such *rare* tropical trees as that at Port of Spain, but it is more pleasing to the eye. Owing to the humidity of the climate, the grass is delightfully fresh, and presents a pretty contrast to the peculiarly red soil of the driveways. There is one long avenue



A CANEFIELD, DEMERARA.

of stately trees, almost meeting overhead, their trunks shrouded with beautiful clinging blossoming vines, which destroy the stiffness of form which many trees have. We drove from thence to the sea wall. Here lovers promenade, and nurses bring their little charges, who are mostly of a pale complexion; one rarely sees a healthy, rosy-cheeked child in the West Indies.

Demerara has recently lost one of the best Governors the colony has had in modern times. I refer to Lord Gormanston, who, by the way, was the first Roman Catholic who filled the office. He has been appointed to Tasmania, and sailed from Georgetown March 23rd. Under his *régime* occurred the Portuguese riots in 1889; the establishment of the North-West district; the connection of Bartica with Georgetown by telegraph, and the sudden development of the gold industry. In 1887 the export of gold was less than 12,000 ounces. In 1892 it was

nearly 130,000 ounces, and yielded a revenue in royalty alone of nearly \$120,000.

At last we bid farewell to Demerara and return upon our homeward way, and, after calling at the different islands and reviving our former pleasant experiences, we again set foot in Bermuda on Easter Sunday.

Picture to yourself a white stone church, cruciform in shape, surrounded by tall cedars and graceful oleanders. The pillars of the nave were festooned with wreaths of cedar. Upon the lectern and pulpit were crosses made of blush roses, Michaelmas daisies, and maiden hair fern. This beautiful combination, typical of the Cross of Calvary elevated for the poor and lowly as well as for the rich and cultivated, — stood out in relief, with a background of Easter lilies. Upon the altar a cross of callas, flanked with Eucharist and Easter lilies, opened their pure petals, dispersing incense, which the breeze, a fitting censor, wafted upward through the opened casement. Truly it has been said that "Flowers preach to us if we will hear," and it seems to me that they are peculiarly emblematic of Easter.

Great hedges of red and white oleanders abound in profusion; the air is fragrant with lilies—acres and acres of them. And the roses! Oh! the roses! and geraniums and begonias growing wild out of doors! And the lantana, or sage plant, which pokes its blushing little face out of every niche and angle of the quaint roadside walls, smiles at you, the life plant clinging amatively about it, greeting you at every turn.

"One Spirit—His,  
Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding  
brows,  
Rules universal Nature. Not a flower  
But shows some touch in freckle, streak, or  
stain,  
Of His unrivalled pencil."

And now farewell to Bermuda's sunny isles and hospitable people! May the day be not far distant when I see again thy coral shores, and stand in the shadow of thy rustling palms, listening to the music of thy waves idly lapping on thy beach; inhaling thy balmy, perfumed air! Who does not feel at such times with Susan Coolidge?

"Thank God for life!  
Life isn't sweet always, still it is life,  
And that is a cause for praise.  
*I am alive!* And that is beautiful."



## ROBERTS.

BY T. G. MARQUIS.

SOME fourteen years ago the children of the High School at Chatham, New Brunswick, a saw-dust strewn town on the banks of the Miramichi, had their curiosity intensely aroused by the news that the "new teacher" was a distinguished poet,—having already won a place in Scribner's Monthly, then one of the two leading magazines of this continent. This, to their minds, was equivalent to having a world-wide reputation; and a few of us were ready to worship our poet with as much reverence as we now give to Shakespeare, Milton, or Browning. When the poet arrived we were amazed to find that he was little more than a boy: and had it not been for the venerable aspect given to his countenance by a pair of glasses, I am much afraid we would have doubted the reports, and looked upon him as being like unto ourselves.

His influence soon began to be felt. He was a man who could not fail to reach the young heart, joining in our games with all the vigor of his athletic nature, and giving us personal help in our studies with his keen, young intellect. His influence over the minds of the elder pupils was very great, and the hour of his arrival gave some of us our bent. From that hour we loved literature; to one among us it became a passion that even a residence in flat, unpoetic, grain-growing, cheese-producing Ontario cannot eradicate. Every line from his pen has had the power to call up happy memories of days spent under the graceful birch; of rambles by the Miramichi and near the willow-clad city of Fredericton; of hours with the poets, particularly with Shelley, the one who had more power to touch our hearts than any other singer in our language.

"Ave," C. G. D. Roberts' latest poem, has been before me for several days, and the metre, the thought, the rich coloring, the exquisite pathos, the fine sympathy, have so taken possession of my heart that I have been impelled to write a word in his praise, and to indicate what I believe to be Roberts' place both as a poet and a patriot.

The poem is one of the happiest,



PROF. ROBERTS.

from an artistic point of view, that he has ever written. It is in memory of Shelley, and, while characterizing his work and life with marvellous power and fidelity, it gives his influence on the poet himself in so subtle a manner, that it leaves not the slightest doubt as to the sincerity of the work. The difficulty with most poets is that they beat about for a subject to write upon and then work up their inspiration,

The result may be highly artistic, rich, strong, but the student will have no difficulty in recognising the false fire, and will detect a lack of sincerity that is fatal to the most carefully wrought line. Roberts, in this poem, is free from this fault. Shelley's personality has filled his being from boyhood. The skylark's song has vibrated in his heart in the woodland ways of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia; the "cloud" has helped him to see new beauty in the heavens, new shadows on the earth; the "sweetest songs that tell of saddest thought" have solaced many months when the soul was faint with unutterable longings; all his life he has loved the "wild child-heart of Shelley;" so that "Ave" might be called the fine crystallization of many years of unuttered song.

Minds unacquainted with Acadian scenery and Roberts' work as a whole, will not, perhaps, at a first reading, or even after many readings, feel the full force and beauty of this poem. What, they will ask, can Tantramar have to do with Shelley? Not much, it is true, but it has a great deal to do with Roberts. Shelley has been to Roberts a grand song impulse, a source of never-dying music; and with Shelley is associated the spot in nature that first lifted his heart above the material aspect of earthly scenery, and made song take possession of his brain. Those vast Westmoreland flats, "miles and miles, level, and grassy, and dim," that red sweep of weedy shore, the blue hills, the sea mists, "the sting of buffeting salt;"—his life is full of them, and they are to his eyes what Shelley is to his mind. Through them he has been taught to look for the beauty, the sublimity, in all nature, just as Shelley has been an inspiration to him in his own lyrical efforts; and the introduction, to anyone acquainted with Roberts' previous work, will be considered not only a fine piece of poetry in itself, but most fitting for this ode. Shelley strikes "with wondering awe his inward sight," and these are the very

words he uses to describe the influence of the Tantramar Marshes on his being.

This poem gives us Roberts' mature work. Since the publication of "Orion," we have had continuous growth, not, perhaps, so marked as we would have desired, but this poem is a distinct advance on anything he has previously done. Nearly all his old mannerisms are effaced, and his good qualities stand out strong and fine, stamping him as an original poet in force and fire. His characterizations are incomparable; "the speechless ecstasy of growing June" with its "long blue hours;" the "glad bobolink, whose lyric throat peals like a tangle of small bells afloat;" the "gusty flocks of sandpipers;" the "orange flood" coming "roaring in from Fundy's tumbling troughs and tide-worn caves;"—are all pieces of local coloring given with a realistic force without a rival in American literature.

His compassionate breast

Wherein abode all dreams of love and peace,  
Was tortured with perpetual unrest;

"his eager brain;" "the avatar of song, Love, Dream, Desire and Liberty;" "Thy bright and chainless power;" "the breathless child of change;" all these and many other such expressions give us a fuller insight into the soul and brain of Shelley than all the volumes that the learned compilers have written in these latter days. One stanza is so perfect in its grasp, and so full in its knowledge of Shelley, that it must be given in its entirety.

Thyself the lark melodious in mid-heaven;  
Thyself the Protean shape of chainless cloud,  
Pregnant with elemental fire, and driven  
Through deeps of quivering light, and darkness loud  
With tempest, yet beneficent as prayer;  
Thyself the wild west wind, relentless  
strewing  
The withered leaves of custom on the air,  
And through the wreck pursuing  
O'er lovelier Arnos, more imperial Romes,  
Thy radiant visions to their viewless homes.

The poem is a master-piece of diction; every word is chosen with unique power, and yet is free from that ob-

trusiveness that mars the work of even such a word-master as Tennyson. Once or twice such expressions as "hubbub" and "troughs" strike us as uncertain; but when the mind recalls the tide-tortured New Brunswick and Nova Scotian rivers and salt Fundy's storm-tossed waters, they are readily recognized as the most fitting words that could have been used.

But the great beauty of the poem—as the predominant beauty of any such poem must be,—is the perfect wedding of the words and thought to the rich music. There is an undertone of mourning in the opening lines; a sadness seems to creep in from the waste of waters, and the music plays a pipe-like dirge along the reedy shore. Seashell echoes, sea-bird cries, plaintive marsh notes, seem to haunt the flowing lines that lead up to the lyric love that mourns the death of our unrivalled Prince of Song. The organ responds to every touch of the player. The lyric note, as is natural, is struck with the greatest frequency, but occasionally the verse assumes an epic grandeur that is Miltonic in its sweep:

He of the seven cities claimed, whose eyes,  
Though blind, saw gods and heroes, and the fall  
Of Ilium, and many alien skies,  
And Circe's Isle; and he whom mortals call  
The Thunderous, who sang the Titan bound  
As thou the Titan victor; the benign  
Spirit of Plato; Job; and Judah's crowned  
Singer and seer divine;  
Omar; the Tuscan; Milton, vast and strong;  
And Shakespeare, captain of the host of  
song.

Poets have frequently linked names together in high-sounding lines, but no cluster has, perhaps, a stronger, more original music than this. The breaks and pauses are handled with so much skill, and the whole is so sequacious, that the most unpoetic mind must admire its strength. The stanza beginning:—

Lament, Leric, mourn for the world's loss!  
is the essence of plaintive music. It resembles Adonais and several stanzas from "The Pot of Basil," but it resem-

bles them only in so far as they are the expression of absolute grief. Shelley and Keats were both lyrical souls, giving unrestrained utterance to their passion, and Roberts' verse has the same spontaneous depth of feeling as their immortal sorrows.

"Ave" is, I believe, the strongest and most original work of our poet. It is free from the faults of his early classical work, and from the intense realism of his more Canadian poems. He is happy in his theme; and critics will probably place this master-piece alongside of the best work of the kind that has been done in English since Adonais; and this not only on account of its artistic qualities, but for its intensity and depth of thought.

Roberts has now been before the literary world for fifteen years—ever since the publication of *Memnon*, in 1878—and Canadians, while thinking of him as the Canadian poet, have failed to give the appreciation that his work deserved. It is, perhaps, a mistake to look upon him simply as a Canadian poet. While he is this, his poetry has a universal value; and to speak of a man in that insular way is apt to detract from his influence, even in his own land. He has a gift, rare among men, of being able to take the scenes before his eyes, and give them to the world, so that we who cannot see with our own eyes may see through the poet's mind. He is Canadian in so far as he deals with Canadian scenery and Canadian subjects, just as Tennyson is English in his fine local touches; but he appeals to the common heart, in so far as every spot of earth that man can inhabit is of interest to mankind. Hundreds have been drawn to Lincolnshire and the Isle of Wight by Tennyson's vivid pictures, and few, I think, can read "Tantramare Revisited," "Fredericton in May Time," etc., without a yearning desire to see these places for themselves.

Roberts, like almost every modern, has essayed classical themes, and has

had his measure of success. His efforts will stand well with the very best of such men as Gosse. But these show the scholar and the artist rather than the poet. Given a certain amount of Hellenistic culture and the Grecian spirit, and any man with a fine ear might produce exquisite work in that line.

We turn from "Orion," from "Memnon," "Ariadne," "Actaeon," etc., to "Tantramar Revisited," "Salt," "In September," "The Potato Harvest," "Birch and Paddle," etc., and in these we see a poetic power not found in the more scholarly work. It is with very much the same feeling that we turn to the "Angelus," "Winnowing the Grain," "The Reapers," after the sensuous delight of paintings on classical themes. Too much could not be said in praise of the poems mentioned. They are absolute transcripts of Nature. To one acquainted with Acadia, with sea-sights, sea-sounds, and sea-odors, they have the power of bringing these things vividly before the mind's eye. Roberts has done more to give the outside world an insight into the scenes of his native land than any historian or essayist could have done. This has been a part of his mission to mankind, and he has done his work well.

Mr. Roberts has had an even more important task than this. He has one of the highest ambitions a man can have—a whole-hearted desire to stir his countrymen up to a sense of the weakness of their present position, and to fill them with a national spirit. Throughout the entire Dominion of

Canada there is a subtle influence at work, infusing into the young and active minds a desire for something different from their present system of dependence on the Monarchy of England. Annexation, seemingly the most simple of all changes, has been for years held up by the mercenary and the pessimistic as the only salvation of the Dominion; Imperial Federation, with its enthusiastic apostle, Mr. Parkin—Mr. Roberts' old master, by-the-way—has been vigorously presented to Canadian minds, and has met with but small success.

Prof. Roberts might be considered the Coryphaeus of the Independence movement in Canada. His "Collect for Dominion Day," his "Canada," his "Ode for the Canadian Confederacy," are all full of the fire that makes a nation; and if the tide of national feeling only rises to the height that the hopeful amongst us anticipate, these songs will become deeply graven on the hearts of all patriotic sons of the "Child of Nations." If, in his Tantramar poems, he has succeeded in portraying his native land with truthful eye and loving heart, in his patriotic poems he has caught the spirit of liberty and freedom that burned so gloriously in the heart of Shelley; and he has struck a stronger chord of patriotism than any other Canadian. But his power in this direction will not be recognized until others have been filled with something of the same spirit—till the sons of Canada are determined that earth shall know the "Child of Nations" by her name. And the day is not far distant.



# THE GOMET.

BY A. ELVINS.

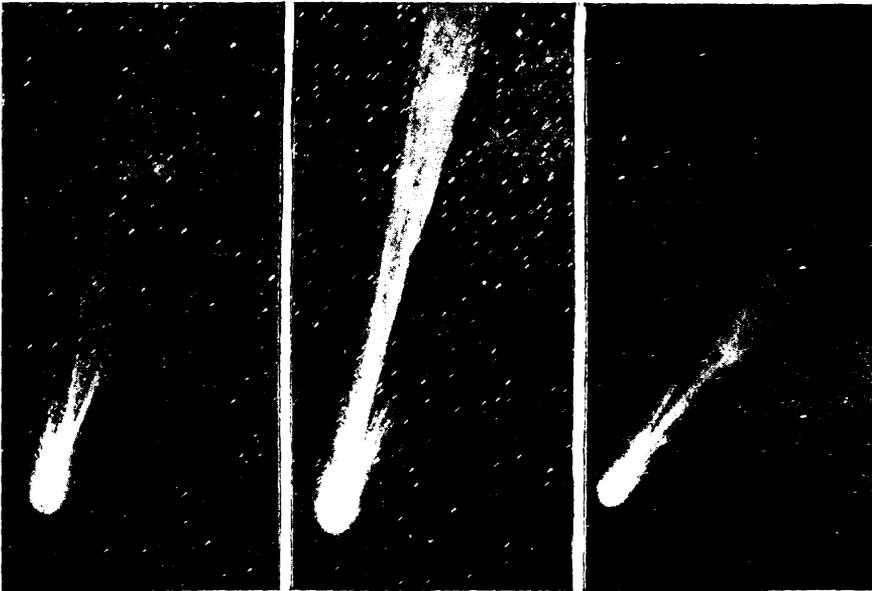
THE recent appearance of a comet in the north-western sky has been the means of arousing the interest which has always existed when one of those strangers has paid a visit to our system. It is, therefore, quite natural that many questions are asked in relation to our visitor from outer space, and it is the object of the writer to

bright, forming striking objects which at once arrest the attention of everyone. The part nearest the sun is brightest, and is followed by a long and fainter light; we call the bright part the head, while the faint light following is called the tail. Sometimes this tail is quite straight; sometimes it is curved. Coggia's com-

April 4th, 1892.  
Exposure 1h.

April 6th, 1892.  
Exposure 1h. 5m.

April 7th, 1892.  
Exposure 50m.



PHOTOGRAPHS OF SWIFT'S COMET.

Taken by Prof. F. E. Barnard, at the Lick Observatory, with a 6 inch camera of 31 inches focus.  
From *Knowledge*.

state some facts which are known, and some fancies which are indulged in by those who have made such objects a special study.

To the naked eye, comets differ vastly in appearance. Sometimes, as in the present instance, they are so dim as to be seen with difficulty; at other times they are very large and

et, 1874, was straight, whilst Donati's in 1858 was a beautiful curve.

Even without any instruments, something is easily learned about those strange objects. We can see that they are not stationary among the stars, but are moving; they recede from some stars in their neighborhood and approach others; and it can be noticed that

when they pass over stars, the stars are seen through them. So we find two facts proved by the unaided eye: first, that comets move; second, that they are not opaque, but transparent.

In the telescope, comets are more striking objects. Their tails are not much better seen than we see them with the naked eye, but the head is seen to far better advantage; they increase in brightness from the outside to the centre, and in some cases throw jets of light out in front of themselves, which turn backwards and mix up with the tail: Coggia's comet, 1874, was one which showed this phenomenon well.

The head of a comet is usually said to consist of two parts—the nucleus or brightest part (thought by some to be a solid planetary mass), and a fainter part called the coma. I have not been able to see anything more than a gradual increase of light toward the centre, and think that, as a rule at least, no solid nucleus exists. Every globular cluster of stars becomes more dense at the centre, because we look through a greater depth of stars near the centre than near the outside; I think that this is the case with most comets.

But of late the naked eye and the telescope have been supplemented, if not superseded, by the admirable work of the celestial photographer. The beautiful photographs of Swift's comet, taken at the Lick observatory in April, 1892, by Prof. Barnard, show details which the telescope cannot reveal, and are far more trustworthy than any drawings.

The photographs, which are here reproduced from "Knowledge," show plainly that comets are subject to rapid change. The one taken on April 7th shows a division in the cometary matter; a small comet is distinctly seen forming in the tail.

The drawings of Rordame's comet which I made on July 21st, at 9 p.m. and 9.40 p.m., give a true representation of the late comet as seen with a

three inch achromatic,—power one hundred and twenty. At 9 p.m. the outer part of the head was over a star, which was seen through it: this was only seen through the coma, but Miss C. Hershell and Miss Mitchell have seen stars through the nucleus. The motion of the comet in relation to the star can be plainly seen in the views which were taken at forty minutes distance in time.

The density as also the mass of all known comets is exceedingly small: as has just been noticed, stars may be seen through these bodies, and though they sometimes pass very near the planets, they have never been known to influence the motion of the latter in the slightest degree; whilst it is well known that the planets have acted so powerfully on some comets as to change the form of their orbits, and the periods of their revolution entirely. Lexell's comet in 1770 was entangled among the moons of Jupiter, and remained near that planet for four months. Jupiter completely changed the orbit of the comet, which has not been seen since.

The modern investigator is greatly aided in his researches by the use of an instrument of modern invention—the spectroscope. Under certain conditions, it reveals the nature of distant bodies when they give forth light. Light coming from any luminous body, when it is passed through this instrument, acts differently according to the nature and condition of the matter emitting the light. If light comes from a solid incandescent body, it is seen as a long ribbon of light, red at one end and violet at the other, with all the colors of the rainbow between these two. But if the light comes from incandescent gas, we do not see such a ribbon of light, but one or more bright lines, crossing the space covered by the bright band in the spectrum of solids; and further than this, the bright lines coming from a gas of one chemical element do not fall in the same part of the spectrum,

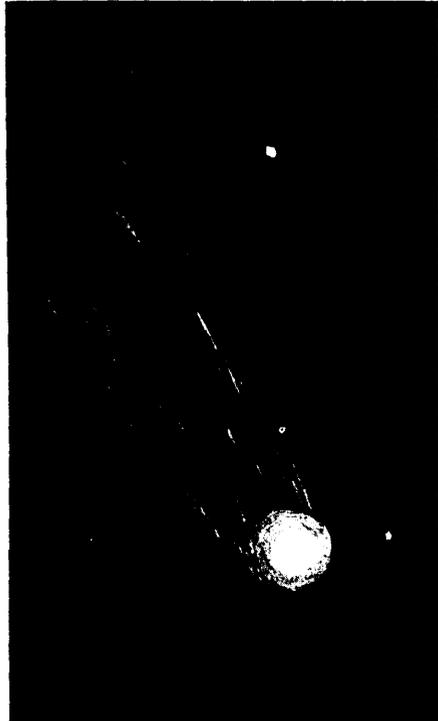
in which fall the lines coming from another element. So we can tell not only whether the light comes from a solid or from a gas, but, when it is a gas, what the chemical element is which emits the light. This instru-

spectrum as seen with his excellent instrument.

It has been found that whilst some comets come from far outside the solar system, and, after rushing around the sun, fly off again into space, others



RORDAME'S COMET.  
July 21st, 9.40 p.m.



RORDAME'S COMET.  
July 21st, 9 p.m.

ment. attached to a telescope, has been used to determine the nature of cometary bodies, with the result that the light of comets is found to proceed from hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen gases; and sometimes a faint continuous spectrum is also seen, showing that some of the light comes from solid incandescent matter.

Rordame's comet seems to show the spectrum of hydro-carbon, for the lines correspond with the spectrum of such a flame. Mr. A. F. Miller, a brother member of the Toronto Astronomical Society, has kindly furnished the writer with the drawing accompanying this paper, representing the

are permanent members of our system, and move in elliptic orbits around the sun, which is always in one of the foci of the ellipse. Such comets seem to cluster around the planets, and form groups, with their aphelion distances passing near the orbit of the planet which seems to be, or to have been, somehow connected with the group or family. Several comets of short period are thus connected with Jupiter; some are connected in the same way with Saturn, Uranus, Neptune; and a group which passes far beyond Neptune, seems to point to the existence of another planet outside of the orbit of that most distant of the known planets.

Just here I must notice one of the most interesting discoveries of modern times. Everyone has often seen what seemed to be stars shoot through the sky, and many have speculated as to the nature of these meteors. It was very long before this question, which doubtless was asked by our forefathers as well as by ourselves, found a correct answer; but one step followed another in the enquiry until the question was finally answered.

The attention of the world was drawn to this subject by the splendid meteoric shower of 1833. Prof. Newton, of New Haven, Prof. Daniel Kirkwood, and other distinguished astronomers, showed that the meteors seen on that occasion were moving in an orbit, and entered the earth's atmosphere from without. It was noticed also, that on the same day of the same month (Nov. 12) thirty-three years earlier, Humboldt saw a meteoric shower of grand proportions in the Andes. It was finally found that the meteors were part of a vast swarm which moved in an orbit which the earth passed through about Nov. 12, and that the orbit was a little inside the earth's orbit when at perihelion, and a little outside the orbit of Uranus when farthest from the sun.

It was also discovered that one or



SPECTRUM OF RORDAME'S COMET.  
By A. F. Miller, Esq.

more comets moved in the same orbit, and the conclusion was soon arrived at that Prof. Kirkwood had been right in suggesting that meteors are the fragments of comets, left in the track of these great wanderers, and that it is such fragments rushing through our atmosphere which we see as shooting stars.

Later observations have confirmed this view. We pass in August through

an orbit which contains both comets and meteors, and we get a shower from this one every year.

But about Nov. 27 we pass through a stream of meteors more instructive still. They come from the region in and near Andromeda, at that time of the year just overhead. Now it is known that at this date the earth passes through the orbit in which a comet formerly moved. Biela's comet, which is the one referred to, has divided and subdivided so frequently that, as a comet, it has ceased to exist. When in our neighborhood in 1846 it was seen to divide into two parts, and at its next return two separate comets were visible following each other. Biela's comet has ceased to be visible; but on each 27th of November we get more or fewer meteors, and every six years (which is the period of Biela's comet) we get a splendid shower.

It is worthy of note that all meteors are not small bodies which burn up before they reach the earth's surface. Some are large and do not undergo entire destruction by the heat produced by their friction in passing through the air. They reach the earth, and are of all sizes, some weighing many tons.

But gases as well as solids move on together in those meteoric orbits. We have seen that comets show gaseous spectra, and it is quite certain that we encounter gases and solids in these meteoric or cometary orbits.

This brings us to the most speculative, but at the same time the most interesting, part of the enquiry. Does our passing through those meteoric streams have any effect on the atmosphere and surface of the earth.

I remark first, that the mass and volume of the earth must be constantly increasing by the addition of the matter from without. Of course the increase of matter is extremely small when compared with the earth's size, but the downfall adds billions of tons of matter to the earth's bulk every year, and it only requires this to con-

tinue long enough to give the earth the size which Jupiter now possesses. This is a pregnant thought, but there is no escaping from the conclusions to which it leads.

Again, we must notice as a second fact, that when matter is retarded or stopped by other matter, heat is always developed. Now, millions of bodies having their motion of translation destroyed in our atmosphere and at the surface of the earth will in a small but certain degree add to the molecular motion of the earth's matter,—which is simply increasing the earth's temperature.

I think the fall of the cometary or meteoric matter may help us to understand the nature and cause of some of the unexpected changes of temperature which take place over considerable areas of the earth's surface, and that a slow but permanent rise of temperature may result.

It is a question whether this influx of outside matter, mixing with the gases and vapors of our atmosphere, may not form chemical combinations which may affect the health of mankind. It is not impossible that such may be the case. Some epidemics have broken out so suddenly and over such wide areas, that this view of the case may be regarded as more probable than it would first appear. Many diseases are doubtless caused by bacteria, but it is not certain, or even probable, that all are. This question may be followed by physicists who are also medical men, and I must leave it for them to settle.

I have long thought that our auroræ or northern lights may be due primarily to the fall of very finely divided matter (probably iron molecules) into our atmosphere. Clouds of meteoric dust rushing with planetary velocity into our atmosphere would as surely take fire, and burn up, as the larger particles do in meteoric showers; or some gases might combine with the gases of our atmosphere, and by a process of slow combustion,

like that of phosphorus in the air, give us the auroral light.

This view of the aurora would enable us to understand why some auroras are so widespread, and others so local. Some are seen over the whole world at the same time; others are visible over only a very small area.

The matter must be regarded as descending, but, when it ignites, the



COMET b, 1893.

Photographed by Dr. H. C. Wilson, July 11, 1893.  
From *Astronomy, and Astrophysics*.

light will pass upward, burning up the metallic dust as it proceeds.

An observer standing south of an auroral shower will see the streamers or beams northward of his station, and as the auroras fall around the magnetic pole as a centre, we usually see them in the northern heavens. But when we are just under the descending matter the streamers pass downward on every side of us, and we see an opening in the centre, from which

the rays diverge like the meteors in a meteoric shower, and from a somewhat similar cause. If this be the true theory, the aurora is *cometary* matter falling earthward.

It may be interesting to know what becomes of the meteoric matter of which comets are composed. Of course, we have seen that much of it falls on the planets and is added to their mass: by far the larger number of meteors,

however, may be diverted from their orbits by planetary action and pass not only sunward, but into the sun itself. The meteoric matter near the sun, where it is most dense, will also frequently come into collision, lose its momentum and fall on the sun, and thus, in part, the solar heat is doubtless maintained.

Toronto.

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## BY THE SEA.

### A REVERIE.

Thou restless, rolling, sounding sea,  
Thou mystic sea —  
That chafest, with untiring strife,  
Thy bonds to free!

Ever as on thy breast I gaze,  
Thy heaving breast —  
Comes o'er my soul, with surging tide,  
A vague unrest:—

A longing for a wider life,  
The thought of years  
Far gone, that now I only view  
Through misty tears.

I see the child I used to be  
Stand on thy shore;  
With parted lips, and eager eyes,  
She scans thee o'er.

The salt breeze lifts the heavy hair  
From off her brow;  
Her heart beats light with youth and hope;  
Yet then, as now,

Thy music seems to strike a chord  
Within her breast  
Akin to thine own ceaseless dirge  
That will not rest.

And, like a caged bird, her soul  
Throbs 'neath some thrall,  
Vague, undefined, but none the less  
A prison wall!

A maiden grown, again she comes,  
Drawn by thy might;  
Her life is crowned with happy days,  
Her future bright;

Yet does thy voice wake in her soul  
A minor strain,  
Whose cadence vibrates thro' her dreams  
Like hidden pain,—

A sense of powers repressed, that e'er  
Strive to be free,  
Yet have their bounds set as thine own,  
O, mighty sea!

And now I stand by thee once more;  
But youth is fled,  
And hopes that once I cherished dear  
Are cold and dead.

And the resistless tide of time  
Rolls, fathoms deep,  
Above the graves where treasures rare  
In silence sleep.

Yet have I learned in life's stern school,  
To bear the pain  
Of loss and cross, and prisoned pow'rs  
That strive in vain;

And wait the birth-hour of the soul,  
When, freed from clay,  
It rises far beyond the stars,  
In endless day—

In that blest land where time shall be  
No longer known  
And "no more sea" upon the shore  
Its myst'ry moan.

HELEN T. CHURCHILL.

Lockeport, N.S.

## THE "SKY-PILOT:" A SKETCH OF WESTERN LIFE.

BY A. F. CHAMBERLAIN, M.A., PH.D.

It is well nigh thirty years since I, Henry Rateham, found myself in the Rocky Mountain region of New Caledonia (as British Columbia was then called). I had come from the east in search of a relative, who, although he stood heir to not a little property, had, in a fit of pique, left his native village to waste his life in the gold-diggings of the Columbia.

It was Saturday morning in Tenuke in July, 186-, and the camp was all agog with excitement. Josh Lewis, the oracle of the little mining town, stood on a stump in front of Jim Dens's "Golden Gate," haranguing a score or more of the gold hunters.

"I tell ye, pards," he was saying, "there's another o' them parson feller's a-comin' to stir up these diggins'. He's a-going to wawa<sup>(1)</sup> Sunday; they say he's a reg'ler coyote at the preachin', and can talk like a chief at a pot-latch<sup>(2)</sup>. I 'spose ye'll have a good look at the sky-pilot, and take in his gospel talk?"

"I'll go fer one," said a bronzed, rough-looking fellow. "It's a pretty tough critter I am, but, pards, my mother allus went to hear the parson,"—and here his voice faltered, while a tear filled his eye,—“and I went with her, too, boys, in them days. You can count me in.”

"Me too!" came from several others at once, and Josh, seeing his proposal met with general acceptance, called out,—“Come along, boys, let's liquidate! What'll ye have? Name yer pizen.”

The crowd, sauntering up to the bar, wet their whistles in true western fashion, filling the air with the choic-

est flowers of miner's rhetoric:—  
“Here's to ye, Josh! May the coyotes never scratch open your grave. May ye live as long as old Nick! Ye're the tyee<sup>(3)</sup> talker o' this ranch! I'll bet my best hoss agen a yeller devil's pig-tail that Josh could get away with the preacher, hands down!”

While these rough compliments were being dispensed, another miner walked in. “Here's Mike!” said several at once.

“Hello, Mike!” called out Josh Lewis, as soon as he noticed him, “will ye have somethin'?”

“Will I, indade? Did yez iver know Mike O'Harmin to refuse a drap o' the cratur? Shure and what's an Oirishman widout whiskey?”

So Mike took his glass, and draining it almost at a draught, set the tumbler down. Turning to the crowd, he began:—“Well, byes, ye'v heard the news, I 'spose. There's another of thim sky-pilots a-comin' this way. This mornin' early's I wuz a-comin' in from lookin' after the hosses, and was clost to the old bridge 'cross Deer Crick, I saw a feller wid a biled shirt on, sittin' there a-fishin'. Yis, shure as ye're a-livin', sittin' there on that bridge—'tain't fit fer a muskiter to dance a hornpipe on—a-fishin'! He seemed sorter occypped like, so I went on to the shack and left the tender-foot to himself. By and by, just as I wuz a-fixing up fer dinner, I saw a shadder in the door, and, jump my claim, if that tender-foot wasn't there a-bowin' and a-scrapin'. Sez he:—‘Is this the residence of Mr. Michael O'Harmin?’ ‘Mike O'Harmin, sur, sez I, ‘at yer honor's sarvice; come

(1) *Wawa*:—A word from the Chinook jargon; meaning “to talk.”

(2) *Potlatch*:—An Indian festival at which gifts are made.

(3) *Tyee*:—Chinook jargon word for “chief.”

in and hev a boite!' 'Thank you for your kindness, sir,' sez he, 'I am on a mission to this district, and shall be glad to accept your kind hospitality.' Hang me, byes, if I knew what he meant by bein' on a mission. 'Spos'd he wuz one o' thim d——guv'ment spies or Yankee dead beats? But just before he sat down, the feller with the biled shirt stuck his hand into his pocket and hauled out somethin' nicely done up. Taking the paper offen it, he stretched it out almost under my nose. It wuz a fish, not much bigger than a minnie—so small that a coyote pup 'd eat a whole bushel fer breakfast, and then be like to starve before sundown. And what do yez think the tender-foot sez, byes? 'Mr. O'Harm-in,' sez he, 'will you do me a great favor? I've been fishing. I never caught a fish before in my life, and I'll be exceedingly obliged to you if you'll cook this one for me—the first fish I ever caught,' and he looked proudly at that confounded minnie. 'Cook it, is it ye mane! Why, a half-drunken Siwash<sup>(4)</sup> wouldn't have looked at the d——n thing!' So, kinder riled at sech foolishness, I sez, 'D——n the fish! Throw it to the cat!' and I up and grabbed the minnie and chucked it under the table, where my old mouser, Bill, soon had it chewed up.

"Well, the tender-foot seemed sort o' taken a-back at such doin's, and I had a mighty hard time of it, persuadin' him to stop for grub. However, he sot down and we got a-talkin'. Sez I:—'I hear there's a sky-pilot snoozin' round these parts. Hev ye sot eyes on him, stranger? They say he's a daisy to spout; talks like a cardinal.' Just then I noticed the feller had a book beside him on the table, and, coyotes and catamountains! if it wer'n't a Bible! So sez I to him—wonder I didn't do it before:—'Who be ye sir?' Sez he:—'I am the Rev. Jonas Delver, a minister of the Gospel, and, if the Lord wills it, I am going to preach in Tenuke to-morrow.' Well, byes, stam-

(4) *Siwash*:—Chinook jargon word, meaning "Indian."

pede my hosses if I didn't want to hire an Indian to kick me round fer a week. Here was the preacher, and I'd been a-conductin' myself like a fool, and cussin' and swearin' like a drunken half-breed. So I just begged pardon of the parson, best's I could, tellin' him how I was rough, uneddicated like. He didn't seem much hurt after all, for he up an sez:—'I did not, of course, expect to find in this remote district, the refinement and elegance that constitute the ornaments of social life in more civilized communities, but I do hope to find honest and good-hearted men.' Yes, that's what he sez, byes, sure as ye're livin', fer I was mighty careful to keep it all in my head.

"Well, after dinner, I showed the parson to Phil Jones's, where he'll stop while he's here."

"Mike, ye're a daisy!" said Josh Lewis, after the Irishman had done. "Come, byes, let's liquor up again, and then Mike 'll sing a song!"

When the drinking was over, Mike began in stentorian tones:—

Old man David,  
Long time stop,  
Halo Klutshman,  
Tikegh swop. (5)

He got no farther, for some one called out:—"Hello! there's a tender-foot strollin' along. Mebbe it's the parson."

It was the parson; and as he came up everybody shook hands with him heartily, except Sam Sniggles, who grunted out:—"I ain't got no use fer them fellers as works only one day in the week, and then does nothing 'cept find fault with folks. D——yer preachers, I sez. Let'm work fer a livin'. He won't get nothin' out o' me."

"Dry up, Sam Sniggles, or I'll blow the top o' your good-fer-nothin' head off!" interrupted Josh Lewis. "Drop

(5) Beginning of song in the Chinook jargon:—

"Old King David,  
Long ago,  
Had no wife,  
And sought for one."

that kind o' talk, mind you, while parson's round." And Samuel subsided.

"Well, I swow, if there ain't another tender-foot—you can tell it by the way he's ridin' that hoss!" said one of the miners, as a young man rode up and prepared to dismount. As he entered, he was greeted with cries of:—"Glad to see you, stranger! Come and liquidate."

"No, thank you, gentlemen, I don't drink."

"Don't drink! Well, corral my hosses, if there ain't another sky-pilot! Ye're a parson, ain't ye?"

"No, I'm no parson; I'm plain Henry Dubbs, but I don't drink."

"Nor me neither!" came from a man sitting in the corner. "Give us your paw, pard, I've been mighty lonesome lately, but there's two of us now—three, counting in the parson—and that's a crowd in these diggins'."

The speaker was a grizzled miner of some sixty years—one of the oldest inhabitants of the camp. Jim Ralson had been at the mining on and off for twenty years, in California and the north. Seizing the opportunity to converse with an old stager, the young man withdrew with him and the parson into an adjoining room, where they talked till supper-time came round.

Meanwhile, in the bar-room, the rest were making merry. "I say, pards," suddenly began Josh Lewis, "this new sky-pilot ain't much like old Holston, who was round these diggins' ten years ago. He could preach like a son-of-a-gun—told him so myself. Could play poker, and take a horn in a way that would make a tender-foot's hair curl. You remember him, don't you, Bill."

"Indeed, yes," said the miner addressed. "I mind the time he came all the way from Yakano—that's nigh onto 350 miles—on horseback; startin' with three pounds o' bacon and a flask o' whiskey. And when he reached the camp he'd lots o' bacon left, but devil's the drop o' whiskey. And the

first thing he let us see was his euchre deck. O, but he was a stunner!"

"And do you remember," broke in another miner, "the row he had with Jedge Gamble. He sort o' riled the Jedge by reflectin' on his doin's. It was that day, you know, when the Jedge got on the stump in front there and talked to the byes a bit afore the court began. 'Byes,' sez he, 'why the devil didn't ye lynch them two rascals and save the districk a lot o' money, and myself a peck o' trouble.' That's the way the Jedge used to talk. He and the byes were in cahoot. As he was lettin' himself off this way, up comes the parson, and blowed if he didn't sail right into the Jedge and insinuate that he was a-doin' wrong, prostitutin' justice, and that sort o' thing. Was the Jedge riled? Never saw him wass in my life, not even the day that Bill Deems so riz his dander by informin' the crowd that the Jedge, havin' done with the court of chance, would sit in the court of iniquity. You saw the Jedge that day, Josh. If it hadn't been fer some o' the byes, he'd a-killed poor Bill. Well, the Jedge lept off that stump in no time, and sez:—"You confounded tender-foot, do you know who I am? Fer less'n two bits, I'd run ye into the calaboose myself, after givin' ye a good lickin' on the spot. Insult a Jedge, would ye? I'll teach you how to behave yourself," and the Jedge, with fire in his eye, reached out to grab the parson, who, by this time, was half scared to death. Suddenly, however, Josh Lewis called out:—"Hold on, Jedge, that's the new sky-pilot!" "That's the parson, is it—eh—well, he's like the rest of them—more blame fool than anything else. Let him 'tend to Heaven and I'll run this ranch. I won't trouble him if he'll keep his tongue off me. But lassoo a mustang! I can't abear his talk. But here's a hand, parson. Let's liquor up, byes. Have a drink, sir.' "With pleasure," said the sky-pilot, and the last seen of the two was that they were havin' a

friendly game o' cards just before supper time. It's a pity the old Jedge ain't here now, for this new parson don't drink, don't swear, don't play poker, don't do nothin'. He's one o' them Canada fellers—too good for this world, I guess."

Just here the parson entered, and sitting down in a chair, listened attentively to the conversation of the miners. Before long, Lum Ki, the cook, entered from the kitchen, ringing the supper-bell. Spying the parson, he rushed over to him, grasped his hand heartily, and cried out:—"Lum heap likee see Melican man. Jos say Melican man heap savez peachee—muche chin-chin talkee."

And so they went into the supper-room. And a good, big western meal it was, no mistake about that. Fish-stories, bear-yarns and Indian tales, came thick and fast. The preacher and young Hubbs retired early, but the rest kept up their drinking and talking till the stars went in.

Sunday morning, at 10 o'clock, church was held. The big room next the bar served to hold the audience, and, out of deference to the occasion, business was suspended till the service was over. There was a good attendance; everybody for miles around was there—ranchers and miners. Some had come thirty miles or more. Little stock those rough pioneers took in theology, but they always treated the parson well, and most of them came to hear him preach when they could.

After a brief prayer, the Rev. Mr. Delver, who had previously distributed a few books amongst his congregation, announced that the services would be opened by the singing of a hymn; and he read out the first verses of one of the old Calvinistic kind. But just at that moment, old Ned Lapstock—a rancher from Susu Lake—rose up,—a lean and lanky fellow he was,—and called out in his usual loud voice:—"No, you don't, parson! We don't do no singin' in these parts. This ranch ain't no bird-cage."

The preacher, somewhat surprised at the unexpected turn of affairs, hastened to explain that he considered singing an important and necessary part of public worship.

But this had no effect upon Ned, who retorted:—"O, well, run your own show, parson! Sing it yourself!"

Most of the boys thought it a good time for a joke, and when the singing took place, about the only participants were the parson himself and Lum Ki, who, with his book turned upside down, was humming away with right good will; he had caught the tune and that was about all.

The preacher—although women were at a premium in that settlement, and the only two in the district were present, and were his most attentive listeners—took his text from Genesis—"The woman tempted me and I did eat,"—a procedure of which the major portion of his audience certainly did not approve. The sermon was long, and rather above the heads of the hearers. When the parson was about half through, old Ned rose up again, and in loud tones, exclaimed:—"Sing another hymn, parson, and call it square!" But he stuck to his text like a brick, and when he had done, a right good collection was taken up. Everybody contributed something, even the Chinaman, who took delight in saying, with an expansive grin:—"We allee samee heathen, you savey," put his hand into his pocket, and extracting a handful of miscellaneous coins, dropped them into the hat, while a Papist, who happened to be present, tossed a dollar into it, with the remark that he didn't bank on the preacher's theology, but supposed he had to live like the rest of us.

But, funniest of all, old miserly Jack Dudley gave his mite; and what a mite it was! It came about in this way. Jack and Phil Jones were sitting together, and when the hat came round. Phil said:—"Jack, you ought to give something." Jack was rather nettled just then, and replied:—"Will you go

halves with me?" "Yes," said Phil; and with the remark, "Here goes," Jack pulled a bill out of his pocket and handed it to Phil, who, looking at it in curiosity, let it drop into the hat, wondering what on earth had come over Jack Dudley. After service was over, and the bar was busy again, Phil said to Jack:—"What a generous fellow you are, Jack! The parson thinks a great deal of you!" "What do you mean?" said Jack. "Don't you know what you had me put in the hat this morning?" queried Phil, "It was a tenner, you know." "I didn't know I was such a d—— fool," replied Jack. "No more preachin' for me." It was a long time, however, before the boys left off chaffing him about his contribution to the parson's exchequer.

After a good dinner, the afternoon was spent in harmless amusement, and when supper-time came it brought the usual number of stories of sport and adventure.

Bright and early the next morning the parson was off, "with lots of bacon and no whiskey," the miners said, and soon afterwards, leaving that honest, merry company, I, with young Dubbs, set out for Sale's ranch, where, I was informed, I should meet the object of my search. I found him, and we returned home together.

I have never had the occasion to travel in that region again, but pleasant memories will linger with me long, and never shall I forget the "skypilot," and the ranchers and miners of Tenuke, with their frank, rough ways.

## SUPPER IN A SHEEP RANCHER'S JACAL.

BY LINDA BELL COLSON.

THE Eastern horizon was delicately tinged with yellow and pink, which slowly dispersed as the moon, the *luna pastor* of the Mexican herders, that is the shepherd's moon, on the night after the full, rose and flooded the prairie with its pale light.

The plains stretched out like a great silent sea, until they were merged in the blackness of the mountains looming in the distance.

Here and there, dark against the pale coloring of the prairie, lay knots of sleeping cattle, and occasionally breaking the level sweep, groups of palma and cactus plants stood up, gaunt and tall.

We had left the lonely little railroad station on the southern Pacific far behind us, and were riding straight towards the mountains, following a narrow trail scarcely discernible, to my untrained eyes, from the general grayness of the prairie.

We were on the way to spend a few days at the sheep ranch of a young Englishman, which was situated high among the mountains bordering the Rio Grande, some twenty-five miles from the nearest railroad, and I know not how many more from the nearest town. Our host had met us at the station with the warm welcome of one who but seldom sees the faces of friends. Even the bronchos he had led in for us to ride seemed in a manner to partake of his pleasure, and we had started out gaily on our long ride.

We "loped" along at a good pace. The tall figure of our host in his picturesque cow-boy costume, tall *sombrero*, leather *chaparraras*, spurred boots, stout six-shooter and long bowie knife, riding slowly in advance of us, was sharply silhouetted against the moonlit sky. I had seen him last in England, at the country home of his father, an officer in the British army, and as

I listened to the familiar English voice, the great lonely Texas prairie faded away, and a vision of the old English home, surrounded by velvet lawns and stately oaks, rose before me.

I was recalled to a sudden sense of the present by the erratic movements of my horse, a spotted broncho named Gaucho, which was making frantic efforts to strike out for himself, and not until, in obedience to my host's instructions, I had given him a few cuts of my quirt, applied to the flanks with the deft backward movement of the hands, learned by every rider on the frontier, would he consent to follow the others; and then our host told us the story of Gaucho.

"Many years ago," said he, "when the canon, towards which we are riding and in which my ranch is situated, was an Apache encampment, Gaucho was stolen by the Indians and taken out to their headquarters, and there branded on both ears in such a manner that he has ever since borne the name of Gaucho, or lop-ears. When the Apaches were driven out of the pass by the United States troops, Gaucho was recaptured and restored to the white man, but his long stay among the silent red men seems to have made him rather taciturn and unfriendly. Poor chap; he's getting old, but he is a good one to go yet, though he is not as smart-looking as he once was."

He paused at the end of his story, and a silence fell on us. The night was advancing. For the last hour we had been slowly ascending, and now, having ridden through a narrow pass where high on one side loomed an old Indian fort built in the solid rock, we climbed a bold spur of mountain; then descending again, rode into a wide canon, and the sheep ranch lay before us.

There stood the jacal, our host's home, a small brown shanty, built of scrub oak and cedar poles, plastered in the chinks with mud, and covered by a sloping roof thatched with bear grass. Near by, a couple of white

tents were pitched, and two or three Mexican herders, wrapped in their blankets, lay asleep on sheep skins on the hard baked ground before the jacal. On either side of the canon rose a bald, uncovered ridge, dotted with white specks—the recumbent forms of the sleeping sheep. Darkly below, a wide *arroyo* showed, from whence floated a faint perfume from the pink blossom of the wild walnut trees growing thickly along the water course.

As we rode up, the herders sprang to their feet, and a yellow dog barked us a noisy welcome.

Inside the jacal, which contained only one small apartment,—the general living room—a Mexican *peon*, a tall *sombrero* on his head, a cigarette in his mouth, was busily preparing supper over a fire of cedar logs burning cheerily in the huge "rock" fire-place.

He was assisted by a beautiful young Mexican boy, Romaldo by name, whose features and coloring were simply perfect.

There was no light but that from the fire, and the flickering rays danced fantastically across the smoke-grimed rafters of the sloping ceiling and the dark walls hung with the skins of the mountain lion, coyote, fox and antelope, and decorated with deers' and lions' heads, arrows, guns, six-shooters, bowie knives, and cartridge belts, lariats, lassoes, and all a cowboy's usual paraphernalia. Above the fire-place the white skull of an Indian shewed out weirdly against the dark wall.

The earth floor was scattered with sheep skins: a deal table, a couple of rough chairs and some packing boxes filled with canned food, made up the furniture of the room.

In one corner stood a great pile of papers, principally fat copies of the London *Times*, through which our host told us he was carefully wading. The papers always reached him, a large number at one time, and he read them in turn. It was now April, but he had only begun on January and he

laughingly begged us not to expect him to know anything of the world's history since the ending of the old year.

The yellow dog, considering he had done his duty towards us in his loud welcome, now lay down on a sheep skin before the fire to watch the operations of the two Mexicans, who sat crouching on their heels, stirring the various dishes simmering appetizingly over the coals. They glanced at me furtively now and then from out their sleepy black eyes; they had never seen a white-skinned woman before, and I dare say I was fully as interesting to them as they were to me.

I was very tired and very hungry after my long ride, and when presently we sat down to our supper it seemed to me a repast fit for the gods. I do not think I shall ever forget a single detail of it.

The intense silence without; the knowledge of our isolation; our farness from all else human; the quaint, smoke-grimed interior; the picturesque figures of the two Mexicans, with the ruddy glow of the fire-light playing on their swarthy countenances; the warlike hangings on the walls—it all seemed so unreal—but the supper was real enough, and, oh! how delicious it tasted, in spite of the strangeness. Our host, like many Englishmen who go out to rough it, was an excellent cook, and he had well instructed his Mexican assistants. Our menu was a varied one. Quail, which had fallen a victim to our host's unerring shot, delicately roasted over the coals; a dainty manufacture called "devilled sardines;" a hot bread cooked in a kind of pot-oven affair, and, it goes without saying, *frijoles guisadoes*, beans,—one has them three times a day on a frontier ranch and exceedingly good they are too, when one has learned to like them. Besides, we had *huevos fritos*, *chili verde con queso*, and, to drink, the incomparable *champurrado*. What though we supped without table cloth or napkins, on a pine table, off tin plates, with tin mugs, pewter

spoons and rough knives and forks,—we had hunger for sauce, and never did a merrier group make greater havoc of a supper. Our long ride in the open air had made us proof against any form of indigestion, and when at last we retired to our tents for what remained of the night, it was to sleep the sleep of the utterly satisfied.

I give below the recipes of the purely Mexican dishes, as I learned them from our host:

**FRIJOLAS GUISADOES.**—Place one pound of beans to boil (Mexicans always cook them in an earthen vessel) and boil until they are thoroughly soft; they will take from four to eight hours, when they must be mashed (or in the expressive language of the frontier, *machacado*) until not a bean remains whole. Heat two or three ounces of *mauteca* (lard) in a skillet and pour the mashed beans into it, when a tremendous spluttering will take place, the hot grease giving the *frijoles* the peculiar flavor possessed by this most common of all Mexican dishes. A few onions shredded and fried in the lard are an addition, and a few pods of *chili colorado*, (red peppers) stirred into the grease just before the beans are poured in and allowed to boil with them for a few minutes, are supposed to add greatly to the tastiness of the dish.

Indeed a great number of dishes are made with the mashed beans as a foundation. Cheese grated and added to the beans after they have been poured into the hot lard is a favorite one, but the secret of having a good dish of beans is to have the beans thoroughly boiled and the grease hot.

**HUEVOS FRITOS.**—*Huevos fritos* are simply eggs poached in very hot lard, delightfully crisp and brown about the edges and soft in the inside.

**CHILI VERDE CONQUESCO.**—Nip a tiny bit of the point off of as many pods of *chili* (peppers) as you require—twenty or thirty is enough for a good dish—and roast them in the coals until the outer skin will separate from the flesh part. Then peel them and give the green pulp a good washing in cold water; mash this up in a basin with three or four tomatoes (all the better if they have been roasted in the coals and then skinned), and a little salt. (On a ranch, of course one has generally to fall back on canned tomatoes.) Place a couple of ounces of *mauteca* (lard) in a skillet or frying pan and let it get thoroughly hot, when the *chili* and tomato should be emptied into it, and about a half a pound of *queso* (cheese) shredded in and the whole allowed to boil up for a few minutes before serving.

**CHAMPURRADO.**—Boil one quart of *maize* (corn) until it is soft enough to grind on the *metate*. When it is ground, mix the paste with two quarts of water, and strain through a fine sieve. Put it on to boil and add a cake or two of grated chocolate and a little *piloncillo* (native sugar), some cloves and cinnamon.

## THE SAULT STE. MARIE SHIP CANAL.

BY J. J. KEHOF.

THE River St. Mary, flowing a distance of sixty miles, carries the waters of Lake Superior into Lake Huron. It runs its noble course in varying width from about one hundred feet at one point to four miles at another, and forms in its main channel part of the international boundary. As it passes between the Canadian town of Sault

built parallel and close to this and completed in 1881. In 1889, the United States Government commenced work on a new canal on the site of the one of 1855, now demolished to make room for the new one, which is likely to be finished next year. Our neighbors will then have two canals to accommodate the immense and growing



THE STONE-CUTTERS' YARD.

Ste. Marie and the Michigan city of the same name, it rushes over a rocky bed in shallow rapids of half a mile in length, with a difference of nearly nineteen feet between the upper and lower levels. To overcome this impediment to navigation, there was built on the Michigan side a canal which was completed in 1855. Another canal was

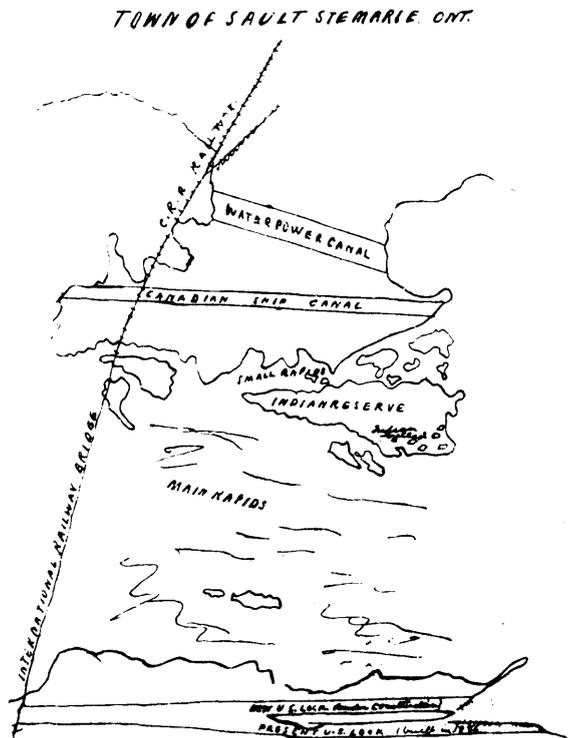
traffic which now presses very hard on the canal of 1881, at present the only one in use.

The project of a Canadian Ship Canal has been suggested at different times, and as early as 1851 it was attempted to form a company for its construction. This company did not become incorporated owing to the opposi-

tion of the late Sir Francis Hincks, then Prime Minister. The action of Sir Francis was made the subject of grave charges against him, which, however, were fully disproved on an investigation by a select committee of the Legislative Council in 1855. But even earlier than the time of Sir Francis, and earlier than any one now living can remember, a canal and lock had actually been constructed and used on the Canadian side. No trace of this canal was visible until, when excavations were being made in May, 1889, for the water power canal, the timbers of the old canal were unearthed. It was built in 1797 by the North-West Company -- in its time a rival of, but afterwards amalgamated with, the Hudson Bay Company -- and was destroyed by the United States soldiers in the war of 1812. The curious reader can obtain fuller details of this canal at page 25, *passim*, of the Canadian Archives of 1886.

The need of the Canadian Ship Canal has been very specially felt on two memorable occasions. The first of these was when the United States Government refused to allow Sir Garnet Wolseley to go through the Michigan canal with the Canadian troops on their way to quell the first Riel rebellion. The other was during the canal toll excitement of last year. Whatever may be the opinion of any one, be he a political partisan or not, every Canadian would have been better pleased if the Government had been in a position of independence. It would have been so, and the Washington Treaty, too, would have been different in terms if our ship canal had been built twenty years ago. Apart from these political considera-

tions, however, the growth of Manitoba and the North-West and the consequent increase of lake traffic require the building of the fine public work



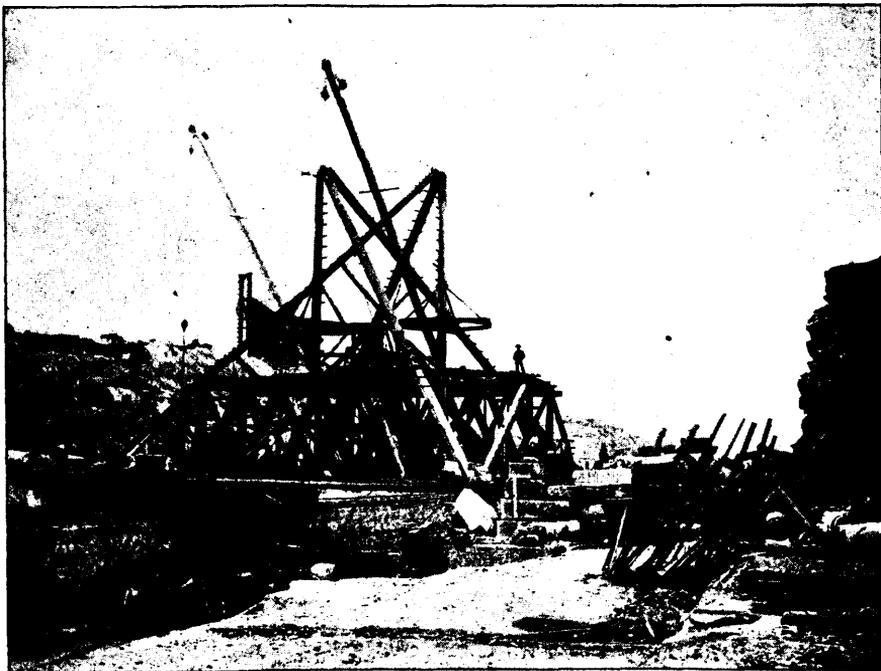
which is now under construction, and an account of which, in its building and in what it is to be, is here attempted.

Work was commenced on the 1st May, 1889, by Messrs. Hugh Ryan & Co., the contractors, and at the time of writing the greater part of the excavation is done, and sixteen courses of stone out of the twenty-two of the lock-pit walls on both sides are built. The whole of the work will easily be completed so as to have the canal open for navigation in the summer of 1894.

The site of the canal is through a neck of land jutting out from the mainland. This land may be called either a peninsula or an island, the term to be used depending on whether a small stream running on the north-

erly side be considered of sufficient importance to make this jutting land an island rather than to make it a peninsula. There was, until three years ago, a larger stream, but this has been since diverted by the work of the contractors. A glance at the map will give the reader a good idea of the location of the canal and its relative position to the canals on the other side of the rapids. Before ground was broken, this neck of land was a wild and beautiful piece of nature. There were many small streams where the fisherman caught fine specimens of speckled trout, and plank bridges thrown across these streams afforded a means for the strolling tourist to reach the Indian fishing village, which is still on the banks of the main rapids. There are now left but two of the

consists of an upper stratum of sandy loam mixed with boulders, and below this is red Potsdam sandstone of varying hardness. The work of excavation gives employment to about four hundred men on an average. The excavation of the lock-pit is completed, and, as already mentioned, a large amount of masonry work is done. The facing or cut stone comes from Amherstburg, while the backing stone comes from Meldrum Bay on Manitoulin Island. The quarrying of the stone gives employment to upwards of two hundred men in the two quarries, and a fleet of vessels is required for the transportation of the material. It takes about two hundred stone cutters and masons to do the work for the lock-pit walls. There are also numerous machinists, carpenters, etc., and no



A TRAVELLING DERRICK.

streams, the construction of the ship canal and of the water power canal having destroyed the others.

The general formation of the ground

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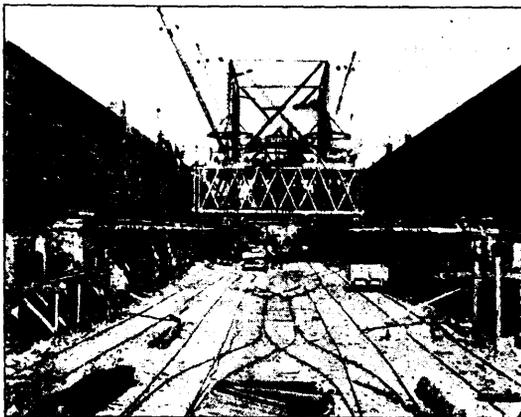
fewer than eighteen blacksmiths. The magnitude of the operations being carried on may be better conceived from the statement that there are fifty-three

teams of horses and ten miles of railroad track. The bottom of the canal is now like a railway yard, and is a scene of constant activity; tram-cars, carrying stone and concrete, being constantly moved and switched.

The stone is all brought to this railway yard and hoisted by three travelling derricks stationed at points convenient for the work as it progresses. These travelling derricks deserve special mention. They are each built on a truss reaching from one wall to the other, and carried on a track of a gauge of forty-eight feet six inches. The walls on which these derricks rest are the walls of the culvert, the bottom of which is twelve feet below the bottom of the lock wall. They project below the lock-pit, thus making a channel under the basin or floor of the lock: a narrower channel will be used for culverts to convey the water into and out of the lock. After the masonry is completed and the derricks are taken away, a timber covering will rest on the walls, which project as above described. The derricks are so built that they have hoisted the stones that are laid in the lowest course, and will hoist the coping stones, which will lie on top, forty-four and one-half feet higher. Each derrick has four masts, two for each wall. The engine on each derrick drives five sets of drums, four being for hoisting and the fifth for locomotion of the derrick on the tracks.

The various pieces of machinery for hoisting, pumping, drilling, stone-crushing and other purposes require a large amount of power. Water-power has been utilized, and one thousand horse-power obtained. This both drives the air compressor and transmits power by cable to various machines on the work. The compressor is here used for the first time in Canada on a public work, though it is also used, I believe, in mining. The great merit of air-compression is that the pow-

er can be transmitted a long distance without loss, unless by a possible leakage. On this work it is used for some of the rock drills and hoisting derricks. Others of these drills and derricks are driven by steam-power. The total number of derricks is forty. The cable runs the pumping engine which keeps the big ditch dry, and also transmits power to a stone-crusher one thousand three hundred feet away. There are two stone crushers, one with a capacity of fifteen to thirty tons per hour, and the other able to crush from twenty-five to forty tons in the same time. The amount of crushing done depends on the hardness of the stone to be



LOCK-PIT WALLS.

crushed—whether it is a hard boulder or soft sandstone. The stone is crushed for concrete, and while the crushers can be regulated to produce different sizes, the heavy rocks which enter the jaws of these crushers are broken so that the pieces can go through a two and one-half inch ring.

To more fully describe the work of construction would require more space than can be afforded in this sketch, which is intended not for engineers or builders of canals, but for the general reader. The whole of the work is mainly carried out for the contractors by one of the three members of the firm, Mr. Michael J. Haney, who is well known as a civil engineer of re-

pute. A good testimony to the ability with which the work is carried on is that with all the enormous mass of material, the numerous engines and the 750 workmen, order and system are evident everywhere. It is also worthy of note that in the course of four years of construction but one man has been killed; his death was caused by the breaking of a derrick.

three feet in a season, and depends on the effect and direction of the wind. On the 22nd of August, 1883, after a wind storm, the water was three inches from the top of the wall in the Michigan Canal; it is usually five feet below this.

The filling and emptying of the lock will be accomplished by means of the four culverts beneath the floor of the



THE STONE-CUTTERS' YARD.

The length of the canal from water to water will be three thousand seven hundred feet. The masonry walls will be one thousand one hundred and six feet on each side; the length between the gates will be nine hundred feet and the width of the lock sixty feet. There will be but one lift to overcome the eighteen and three-quarters feet of fall between the upper and lower levels. There will be twenty-one feet of the water above the mitre sill, taking the lowest recorded water level. In this connection it is to be observed that the level of the water has a variation of about

lock. In this floor there will be one hundred and fifty-two openings through which the water will flow up or down as may be required. The old way of letting water through a sliding valve in the gate itself or through the walls around the gates was found objectionable, for the reason that the force of water driving the boats to the lower gates and breaking their lines, often causes damage to both boats and lock. This will be avoided by the method to be adopted, as the boats will belifted rather than shoved.

There are to be three sets of gates at the eastern or lower end; one is to be

a guard gate and will be used only when it is wanted to empty the lock for repairs. Of the other two gates, one is a spare set to be used in case of accident to the other, which will be the outer gate and in constant use. At the west end there will be a main gate and a guard gate.

The width of the walls will be eleven feet at the top and twenty feet at the bottom, but there will be a uniform width around the gates of twenty-five feet carried the whole way up. There will be altogether seventy-five thousand cubic yards of masonry in the work.

The manner of opening and closing the gates is not yet determined, but it

is most likely that electric motive power will be used. This power will be generated from the water power; this water power will be supplied by means of a pipe running back of one of the walls, and turbine wheels will be used to generate the electricity.

There have been a great many changes in the design of the canal and lock since the plans and specifications were first made, but in the main the plans are those of the late Mr. John Page, who was chief engineer of the Public Works Department at Ottawa. The resident engineer in charge on behalf of the Dominion Government is Mr. W. J. Thompson.

SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT.



## JULIE'S DOWRY, AND HOW IT WAS WON.

*A Tale of the days of Marie Antoinette.\**

TRANSLATED BY MRS. CLAYES FROM THE FRENCH.

My earliest memory is that of living at the village of Montreuil in the house of the good cure', whom I loved as a father. It was he who brought me up and taught me the little that I know of music. After a while he permitted me to sing in the choir of his chapel. In those days I had plump, red cheeks; a shrill, clear voice; long, curling hair that blew about my face; wooden shoes and a blue frock. Now, I do not care to look in the glass often; when I do it does not show me quite the same picture that it did then.

There was an old spinet in the parlor of the cure's house; it was not in very good tune, but to play upon it was a delight of which I never wearied. The dear, old man, who always encouraged me by declaring that I had by no means a bad ear, took great pains in drilling me upon the scales, and making me practise solfeggio. When he was pleased with my efforts, he would pinch my cheeks until they glowed, and say, "Maurice, my boy, you know that your father and mother were only poor peasants; but, nevertheless, if you attend to your catechism and your prayers, practise diligently until you become perfect in your solfeggio, and leave off fooling about with that rusty old musket, I have no fear you will in time become a first-rate musician." This increased my courage, and I pounded away harder than ever upon the poor old spinet.

But my life was not wholly filled with music, catechism and prayers. Sometimes I was permitted to amuse myself, and then I had a companion—

a little girl not a great deal younger than myself, who bade fair to have a very fine singing voice, and whom the cure also instructed in music. Her name was Julie, and her mother was the cure's housekeeper. I thought she was very pretty, and so it was evident did others as well.

When she was not more than thirteen years of age, and as yet knew nothing of the value of her sweet face, strangers often turned to look again as they passed her on the street; and I have seen grand ladies descend from their carriages to kiss my pretty one and talk with her. I grew very proud of her beauty and her voice; and we loved each other as brother and sister.

One of our greatest pleasures was to take the lump of bread that always made our luncheon, and to go hand in hand to the end of the park of Montreuil, to eat it close to where a party of masons were engaged in building a pavilion for the queen. This habit of ours finally resulted in our making the acquaintance of a young stone-cutter, some eight or ten years older than ourselves, who encouraged us to sit upon the grass, or a stick of timber, near the place where he was at work.

He proved to be kind and gentle, always good-humored, and sometimes even gay, though that was seldom. When he had an unusually large stone to cut, we helped him to the best of our ability; I by pulling with all my strength at one end of the saw, while Julie poured water upon its blade. We soon became the best of friends.

This young man had already known something of the troubles of life. His father, who had been an architect, died after losing all that he possessed; and

Published about seventy years ago in a Paris news paper.

then the son, although at heart a poet, was obliged to work diligently at stone-cutting, to support his widowed mother and two small brothers by his labor. He always bore himself cheerfully, however, singing at his work little songs and couplets which he improvised at the moment and which Julie and I greatly admired. Sometimes we sang with him, and sometimes he amused himself by composing little dialogues and plays, which he made us learn, teaching us how to repeat them with the proper tones, gestures and actions, just as if we were really performing them in a theatre. But he never neglected his work, meanwhile, as was proved by his becoming a master mason in less than a year. To us he was simply Michael, but his full name was afterwards known to the world as that of the distinguished dramatist, Michael Jean Sedaine.

The good cure' loved me so much and treated me so kindly that I was truly in danger of forgetting that I was the son of two poor peasants who died of small-pox before I was old enough to remember ever having seen them. At the age of sixteen, although ignorant enough, I had acquired a little Latin, a good deal of music, and was skilful in all kinds of labor appertaining to the care of a garden. I was also very happy. Julie and I were constantly together. She nearly always would place herself where I could look at her as I worked, and we were content even when no word was spoken between us.

One day I was employed in the park of Montreuil, and Julie had accompanied me. I was trimming the branches of an elm tree and binding the clippings into faggots, when Julie said, rather breathlessly—

"Oh, Maurice! here are two ever so grand and beautiful ladies coming towards us down the path. What shall we do?"

Turning, I saw two ladies, young and lovely, one a step in advance of

the other. The first was clad in a rose-colored silk dress of great richness, and was moving so rapidly—in fact she was almost running—that the other could with difficulty keep up with her.

Frightened, like a little fool of a peasant that I was, I turned to Julie, saying, "Let us run away." But it was too late to do that, for the rose-colored lady had actually made a sign to Julie, who, blushing scarlet, laid hold upon my hand as if for protection. I snatched my cap from my head and leaned against the tree, quivering as if I had been one of its own leaves.

The lady came directly up to Julie and, gently touching her chin, lifted up her head, saying to her companion, "Did I not tell you the dress is beautiful? Just what I want for my Tuesday masquerade! And she, too, is lovely. My little angel, you will give me your clothes, will you not? My people shall fetch them and I will give you these of mine in exchange."

"Oh, madame! Oh, madame!" was all that Julie could utter.

The other lady, who was smiling gently, tenderly, but with a melancholy look within the smile that I have never forgotten, now came forward and, taking Julie's hand in hers, bade her have courage, even while assuring her in a low voice that no one ever refused to comply with the wishes of the lady who had first spoken.

"Make no change whatever in the dress," said the rose-colored lady, playfully shaking a little gold-headed whip she carried in her hand; then turning towards me she added, "This is a fine lad, too; he must be a soldier, and then you two shall marry each other." She spoke rapidly, laughing lightly as she said the words, gave Julie a gentle tap upon the cheek, and left us overcome with amazement and admiration.

We looked each other in the face without being able to articulate a syllable, and then as by a simple impulse, turned towards the cure's house, where

we soon arrived, still holding each other by the hand, still very silent, though inwardly delighted with our adventure.

The good cure' saw that something unusual had happened, for Julie was alternately red and pale, while I hung my head as if I had been guilty of a fault and was ashamed to meet his eye.

"What is it, Maurice?" he said. "What is the matter, my child?"

"Monsieur le Cure'," I answered very gravely, "I must be a soldier."

"A soldier!" he repeated, and I thought he would have fallen to the ground. "Do you wish to leave us—to leave me? What is it, Julie? What has happened to him that he wishes to become a soldier? Do you no longer love me, Maurice? Have you no affection for Julie? What have we done to forfeit your regard? Do you no longer value the education I am giving you? Speak! Speak! ungrateful boy!" and he shook me by the shoulder.

I hung my head still lower. I could see nothing but my wooden shoes. Still I managed to answer in a tolerably firm voice, "I must be a soldier."

The cure' was pale to the lips, and his hand trembled. The old housekeeper brought him a glass of wine, and began to cry. Julie, too, was crying, but she was not displeased at my desire to be a soldier. She comprehended that it was because I wished one day to marry her, as the lady in the park had said.

Just at that moment, in the midst of all our disorder, there appeared two tall, powdered lackeys, and a waiting-maid dressed like a grand lady, who inquired whether Julie had her dress made ready for the Queen and the Princess de Lamballe. The poor cure' was struck quite dumb, while the housekeeper was so frightened that she could not find courage enough to open the casket which the maid presented to her, saying that she had brought it in exchange for Julie's clothes. Soon, however, Julie and her

mother, accompanied by the waiting-maid, went up stairs to her dressing-room, but wearing all the while an air of apprehension as of one who goes to meet a serious misfortune.

When we were left alone, the cure' questioned me as to the meaning of it all, and I told him, as well and as briefly as I could, the whole story.

"And it is for this you propose to go away from us all?" said he. "Can you not see that the greatest lady in France spoke to a peasant lad like you only on the impulse of the moment, and has already forgotten all about you and your affairs? She would think your head light with folly should any one tell her you proposed to act seriously upon her unconsidered words. Besides, you would gain nothing while losing much. You can earn six times as much money by gardening and teaching music as you can get by enlisting as a soldier. You will lose all that I have striven to teach you. I do not mean, alone, that which you have learned from books; but, taken from the innocent life you have hitherto known, and thrust among the coarse surroundings and coarser manners of the camp, you will no longer be gentle, modest and well-behaved, but will become rude, insolent, and it may be even vicious. Julie will not wish to marry a man like that, a rough, perhaps dissipated, soldier; and even should she desire it strongly, her mother could never permit it."

Again my head was bent. Lower it went, and lower, as the cure' was speaking. My eyes were glued to the toes of my wooden shoes; I pouted; I scratched my head but yet contrived to mutter, "I care not for it all, Monsieur le Cure'; I still must be a soldier."

My dear, old curé could say no more. He opened the door with a look of sorrow and despair, pointed towards Versailles, and left me without another word.

I accepted the gesture and marched out. I thought then he was very hard

with me, but now I understand him better. I pulled up the collar of my blue frock, set my cap jauntily on the side of my head, took my stick in my hand and started for Versailles without bidding adieu to any one.

At a little inn on the roadside I came upon three showy, noisy fellows. They wore cocked hats edged with gold, white uniforms with rose-colored facings, powdered hair and mustaches made stiff with pomatum. They were recruiting for the Royal Regiment of Auvergne. They politely invited me to sit at table with them—a table spread with roasted chicken, potted hare and partridge, of all which they made me eat, assuring me that it was no better than the daily fare of the soldiers of that regiment, that their drink was claret and champagne from one year's end to another, and that by joining them I should learn how true were their statements. I assure you that I did.

They swore, also, for they were by no means sparing of oaths, that in this regiment the life was one of liberty; that here the soldiers of the ranks were better treated than the officers of any other corps, enjoying constantly the society of good fellows and pretty women; that the music was the best in the army; and that a man who could play the piano was granted any favor. This last touch decided me. I enlisted. I had the honor of belonging to the Royal Regiment of Auvergne.

Without doubt it was a fine regiment; but I longed for a sight of Julie and the cure. I expected roasted chicken for my dinner, and I got a sort of ragout, made of bread, tough mutton and potatoes, known to all the world by the name of *ratatouille*. They taught me to hold myself and my head erect; to perform the manual exercise with great precision; to march in ordinary, quick, and double quick time; they made me wear a long, thick, heavy queue, that dangled half way down my back; and they

complimented me by promising that if in time I pleased them, and all went well, I should be admitted into the first company of grenadiers. But, on the other hand I could not see my dear cure, or Julie; and I had no moment for music. And this was not the worst. There came punishments for trifling offences.

One day, when I had been so unfortunate as to commit some slight error at drill, they made me kneel upon the stone pavement, motionless, with my face turned towards a burning July sun, upon which I was forced to gaze, and hold my musket at my shoulder, in the attitude of firing. I was farther honored by the devotion of a certain corporal, who, placing himself near me, encouraged me to maintain my position by rapping me over the knuckles with his cane whenever he detected the lowering by an inch of the muzzle of my gun. It was a new invention in the line of punishments, and the colonel had a caprice to try it upon me that day.

After I had been playing the part of a petrified man to the best of my ability for some thirty minutes, my corporal, wearied of his task, retired to refresh himself with a measure of wine, and directly after, I saw advancing towards the end of my gun the slender, graceful figure of our good friend, Michael, the stone-cutter.

"Ah!" I breathed softly, "you are come at a lucky moment. Oblige me, I pray you, by placing your cane for an instant under the bayonet of my gun, if you can manage it without being seen. It will not harm the cane, while my arms will be filled with gratitude."

"Maurice, my old friend Maurice, is it possible that this is you?" he exclaimed, "and this is your reward for leaving Montreuil? or rather part of your reward, for you must be in a fair way to lose, also, all the music you used to love so much. Do you think that which you hear at parade worth the change? It is a pity, Maurice, a

pity. Do you not now repent the choice you made that summer day, if you have not done so before this? Perhaps you may have lost something else, something worth more than even the music; am I right, my friend?"

His words roused my pride. "It is all right," I replied, lifting my musket off his cane. "It is all right, every one has his own conviction; let each act as he thinks best."

"Have you forgotten the luscious peaches which you used to raise, with Julie for your assistant, in the cure's garden? And they were neither so rosy, nor so fresh as her lips."

"That is right—it is all right," I repeated stolidly. "Let every one have his choice."

"It will take a long time of this kneeling upon the hard stones, aiming your gun at the sun, before you will become a corporal."

"That, too, is all right," I answered again, my courage once more returning to me. "All things come to those who can wait patiently, ever doing their best; and by-and-by I will be not a corporal only, but a sergeant, and then I will marry Julie."

Michael sighed. "Ah, Maurice, my poor boy, you are too proud and ambitious; your courage is admirable, but you are not wise. Suppose some one would buy a substitute for you, would you not be glad to come home and marry Julie at once?"

There was a meaning in his tone that set me thinking. "Michael," I answered, "How is it you are no longer wearing a mason's dress? You now have a velvet doublet in place of your old jacket and apron, and your character is as much changed as your clothes. Once you would not have talked to me in the way you are doing now. I remember you used to say, 'Every one must fulfil his destiny'—that is precisely what I am doing now. No. I should feel like a pauper; I could not marry on another person's money, not even though it should be my old friend

Michael who had it in his power to offer it to me. Besides, I am following the Queen's command, and that cannot be so far wrong. It was she who told me to become a soldier and I should marry Julie."

"Tell me, Maurice, if the Queen would release you, and give you the money, would you then marry Julie?"

"No, I could not take a charity like that, even from the beautiful Queen."

"But suppose Julie should gain a dowry herself?"

"Ah, Michael, that would be a very different matter—we would then marry, as the Queen said."

"I will tell this to her Majesty," said Michael, beginning to move away.

"Stop, Michael, are you mad, or is it possible that you have become one of the servants in the palace?"

"Neither the one nor the other, although I do not any longer work at cutting stone."

"What do you work at then?"

"Oh, I use pen, ink and paper."

"For what purpose?"

"I write trifles, not always bad—as you shall see; some day I will show you one,"

"I am glad to hear it"—I began to reply, when up came my corporal and hit Michael's stick a blow that sent it flying a dozen yards in the air; and at the same time ordered the sentinel to the guard house for allowing a citizen to enter the parade ground.

Michael calmly picked up his stick and moved away, saying as he went, "I promise you, Maurice, I will relate all this to the Queen."

Little Julie was a good girl, but her character was firm and decided. She made both her mother and the cure understand that she would never marry any one but Maurice, and that she expected to become his wife.

While I was absent, turned out of the house for years, if not forever, she worked as quietly at making her clothing and household linen, in preparation for this event, as if I had been still her

every-day companion and the time for our marriage fixed with the approval of every one.

One day she was sitting in the door of the dear old house, working and singing as sweetly and as merrily at her work as if nothing had ever happened to distress her, when she saw a magnificent carriage with six horses, turn into the avenue and come rapidly towards the house. It was driven by postillions in rose-colored livery and powdered hair, so small at a distance that their great jack-boots showed almost larger than they. The carriage stopped at the cure's door, and a brace of footmen jumping down threw open its door, disclosing a gorgeous but empty interior: there was no one within. Turning with uncovered heads to Julie, they begged of her, with deepest bows, to have the goodness to enter and take her place upon the seat.

Now, although, no doubt, Julie was dazzled, she had too much good sense to be upset and lose her head. She offered no objections and consulted no one. She rose and made her simple preparations, by taking off her wooden shoes and putting on others of fine leather with large silver buckles, which she wore on holidays; folded her work neatly; laid it aside; and walked to the carriage, which she entered, supporting herself upon the arm of the footman as if she had been in the habit of doing it every day of her life. Since her exchange of dresses with the queen nothing seemed to have the power to surprise her.

The carriage was driven to Trianon; and upon its arrival Julie was conducted by tall footmen, with great ceremony and many bows, through suites of rooms, all dazzling with gilding and mirrors, until they reached the door of an apartment, through which came the sound of a merry, musical laugh that the girl thought she had heard before. Her heart was beating loudly through excitement and a little fright, as the door was thrown open, but her courage returned,

for within was her friend the Queen and the Princess de Lamballe.

"Ah, here she is at last!" cried the Queen, and ran towards her, smiling gaily, and took both her hands. "Isn't she fresh, and blooming, and altogether charming? Just the thing for our little plot; and she has talent, too. Oh, we shall surely succeed. Listen, my child: there are two gentlemen coming here soon. If you have ever seen either of them before, do not act as if you had done so. Do exactly what they tell you and nothing more. I know that you can sing, and they will wish to hear you. They may ask you to speak, to sit, to stand, to move away, to approach; and you must then seat yourself, rise, go, come, as they direct. If their decision be favorable we, Madame de Lamballe and I, shall have something to teach you. I assure you it is all to be for your good, and you will not find it difficult to do thus much to please us, will you, my good girl,—my pretty girl?"

Julie answered only by a deep blush and a modest smile, but she felt that she could have knelt and kissed the feet of the beautiful Queen, who was so kind, and perhaps her face spoke for her better than her tongue could have done.

The Queen had hardly finished speaking when two men came in. One was tall, thin and stately; the other short and stout. When Julie, looking up, saw the tall one, she in her astonishment exclaimed, though softly, "Ah Ciel! it is—" then, recollecting her instructions, became silent and still.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Queen, "what do you think of her? Will her appearance answer our purpose?"

"Is she not Rose herself?" exclaimed Michael Sedaine.

"Let me hear but a single note," said the short man, "and I can tell whether she will prove the Rose for Monsigny, as well as for Sedaine. Now, my child, let me hear you sound the gamut—Ut, re, mi, fa, sol—"

Julie sang it after him.

"It is enough, I am satisfied. Her voice is superb," said Gretry.

The Queen clapped her hands and laughed with pleasure, exclaiming, "She will succeed and earn her marriage dowry."

Some little time after my interview with Michael, my regiment had been ordered to Orleans. I suffered cruelly from home-sickness, and finally became really ill. I was thin, pale, and almost too weak to perform the duties. Many of my comrades laughed at and played tricks upon me, some because they really thought I was ailing, others because they believed that I only feigned.

I had heard nothing from Michael, Julie or the cure, and was nearly at the end of my hope, and my endurance was fast going with it, when one day an officer of my company approached me and said, "Maurice, you can read: come and look at this placard"; and he led the way to a wall upon which was posted a play bill that read as follows:

"By the Royal Command,

"On Monday, the 27th inst., there will be performed the new Tragedy of Irene, by M. de Voltaire, and the Operetta of Rose and Colas—the words by M. de Sedaine, and the music by M. Monsigny—for the benefit of Mlle. Colombe, who will take the part of Rose in the Operetta.

"The Queen has graciously signified her intention of honoring the theatre by her presence on this occasion."

I looked at the captain, wondering why he had shown me the placard, and unable to understand what it had to do with me. He replied to my questioning look, saying, with a smile, "Come, you are a good fellow, and a good-looking fellow too, and you love music; besides you once did me a service, which I have not forgotten. You shall have your hair curled and powdered, and I will place you on guard at the door of the Queen's box on the night of the play."

It was done as he had said. On the

Monday evening I was standing in full uniform upon a purple carpet, at the door of the royal box, surrounded on all sides by garlands, festoons and sheafs of flowers.

The manager was bustling here and there, too full of a certain happy, nervous excitement to remain more than a moment in the same place. Just opposite the spot where I was standing he ran upon Gretry, whom he was apparently seeking.

"Ah, Gretry, my dear friend Gretry," he said, "may I not have just one little word with this famous singer, whom you have brought me? I am far from presuming to doubt her powers, but—you understand—there has been no rehearsal—the Queen—you know how important it is—how anxious I am."

"Calm yourself," answered Gretry coolly, "you will be satisfied when you hear her upon the stage. Sedaine and I have heard her; that should be enough for you. But tell me, you have not forgotten to double your prices, I hope."

"Oh, more than that, I have raised them to a louis-d'or. Less than that would have shown a want of respect for the Queen."

At this moment a great shouting outside announced the arrival of the royal carriages; and the Queen entered so quickly that I had hardly time to present arms before she passed into the box. She was followed by a number of ladies and gentlemen, and among them I recognized the beautiful but sad face of the lady who had accompanied the Queen in the wood at Montreuil.

The performance began directly, but the Queen paid little attention to the play, chatting and laughing all the while the tragedy was going on; and the people, taking their rôle from her majesty, also refused to listen. But no sooner did the opera commence than she was all attention, and the audience, too, became silent and listened eagerly.

Suddenly I heard a voice of richest melody that went straight to my heart. It moved me so that I trembled from head to foot and was obliged to lean upon my gun for support. I had thought there was only one voice like that in the world; was it possible there could be another?

I listened with all my ears. I raised myself upon my toes and tried to peer above the heads that hid the stage from my view. At last I succeeded—I beheld the singer. It was a little peasant, and I marvelled greatly. She was as like my Julie in person as in voice, and in dress as in person. There was the same height; the same shape; the very clothes; the red frock—the white apron—the blue and red striped stockings—the shoes with their silver buckles, upon the same dear little feet.

“Oh!” I breathed to myself, “what wonderfully clever people these great actresses must be. Now here is this Mlle. Colombe. She has a fine house in Paris and lives like a duchess, with dozens of servants to wait upon her, and she looks exactly like my Julie; yet, she cannot be my Julie, for my poor little love could not sing like that, though her voice is every bit as fine. To-morrow she will be exactly like some one else, I suppose; very likely some grand stately personage who would not in the least remind me of Julie.”

I was still looking when the door of the box was thrown open, nearly hitting me in the face. The Queen had desired it to be opened, as she found the heat too great. I heard her speaking rapidly and laughing with much enjoyment.

“Excellent, excellent! Ah, nothing could be better! The King will be so amused when I tell him the story. Mlle. Colombe will not regret permitting me to take advantage of her reputation and name; and she will lose no credit, either. Ah, my dear Princess,” turning to Madame de Lamballe, “we are the truest of benefactors; we are

making these people do good without knowing it. They are enraptured with the great singer, and only await our signal to overwhelm her with thunders of applause.”

She tapped her fan lightly upon the front of her box, and in an instant the house rang with “Brava! Brava!” and the clapping of the hands of the great audience. Rose could not open her lips without calling forth a storm of applause, and the beautiful Queen was apparently the most delighted person in the audience.

When the opera was over, wreaths and bouquets thrown from all parts of the house fell in showers at the feet of Rose. Her triumph was complete.

“And now where is the real lover? Bring him. We must have him also,” said the Queen to the Duc de Lauzan.

He at once left the box and made a signal to my captain, who was marching up and down the corridor. He bowed profoundly to the Duc, and said a few words in a low tone, while both glanced at me.

The Queen also turned her eyes in my direction. But at that moment I saw coming up the stairs Michael Sedaine; following him was the manager and M. Gretry, and—could it be—Julie—the real Julie—my own, own Julie—my love—my bride? Yes, yes—I could no longer doubt.

I heard, as in a dream, the manager murmuring—“A fine house! A noble benefit! Eighteen hundred francs at the very least!”

The Queen rose from her seat, and, leaving the box, took Julie by the hand, saying with a bright smile and a look of great benevolence, “There my girl, this is the only way in which you could have earned your marriage dowry in an hour, without disgrace or wrong.” Then turning to me she added, “I hope M. Maurice will not now object to receive a fortune with the hand of Julie, as she has gained it by her own talent and honest exertions.”

## THE DEVIL'S HALF-ACRE.

BY FIDELE H. HOLLAND.

FAR away in the heart of the forest to the north-east of the square-mile granted to Chief Brant for services rendered the English in time of war, and then called "Wellington Square," there nestled in the centre of a clearing a small, rough log cabin inhabited by two persons—a white man, and his companion of the gentler sex. The pair were both young, fine-looking, and well educated,—quite unsuited to the style of life they had adopted; but this gave rise to no remark or speculation, for there was no one to criticise their motives or enquire into their relationship; complete isolation seemed to be their choice and portion.

Nearly four-score years have passed away since the square half-acre on which the primitive dwelling stood was cleared and planted with a few apple trees and tea plants by these lonely settlers, whose place of abode was known only to the friendly Indians who made the forest their hunting ground, or to the trappers who occasionally passed that way along the trail that led to the carrying-place at the head of Lake Ontario—where trading was brisk and skins plenty, and where fish and game abounded; hence Chief Brant's selection of the beautiful spot when given his choice of the location of his well-earned grant. Well the wily redskin knew the rare advantages of his acquisition. All around the lonely clearing in the forests the grand old timber kings stood, casting long shadows, at the bidding of the golden sun, on the young trees—so different to themselves—that the white strangers had planted; they guarded the clearing from the fury of the storm; they sheltered it from the fierce rays of mid-summer sun and the bitter cutting of winter's blast. Green and

fertile, the square of virgin soil lay at the feet of the forest kings, responding to the culturing hand of man, as a maiden to a lover's kiss, basking in their shadows, refreshed by their moisture,—a green oasis in a giant world of green.

At the close of one June day the female occupant of the lonely cabin was seated in the doorway busily stitching some rough work, ever and anon pausing to listen for a footstep in the forest that she knew well would soon be heard crashing through the dry branches on the homeward way. She was dark, slender and fair to look upon—this forest dweller,—the style of woman a man loves, oftentimes too well for his own peace of mind. Large, dark eyes framed in an oval face, finely chiselled features and sloe-black wavy hair, spoke of French descent; her claim by features to French parentage being accentuated by a certain quick, nervous manner, and more than one unconscious gesture peculiar to her countrywomen. As she sat there in the shadows of the tall trees, she seemed a most incongruous feature in the lonely scene,—an alien figure in a foreign landscape.

Far away in the woods, now nearer, now more distant again, came the sound of shooting, the sharp ping of shot: the Indians were abroad shooting game; it was no unusual sound at this hour.

The silent stitcher pursued her work undisturbed; then all at once she began to sing—such a bright, gay little French chanson, it fairly made the echoes ring. Her voice was strong and sympathetic. As she sang, she dropped her book, and crossing her hands over her knees,

gave herself up to the enjoyment of the bright refrain. Her white teeth showed as she smiled over the gay words; her pretty head kept time to the air.

Ping! ping! It was close at hand; the song ceased suddenly, there was a pitiful gasp, a moan, and the singer fell all in a heap beside the rough step on which she had been sitting. A dread silence fell on the clearing; only the plaintive note of a bird broke the stillness. A tiny red stream crept its ominous way beside the form of the silenced singer. The twilight deepened.

"Lois! my Lois!" A deep musical voice broke the silence at last; a bounding step came crashing through the under-brush. "Lois, where art thou? Lois." No answering voice greeted the call. Never before had she failed to reply gladly to him. "Lois!"—there was astonishment and chagrin in the voice this time. "Lois! where is my chérie, my fadette?"

A moment later he bounded into the clearing, stopping short with an exclamation of horror. "Mon Dieu! what is this?"

On his knees beside the prostrate form of her whom he had called Lois, Paul Daudet realized that a terrible calamity had befallen the companion of his loneliness. He raised her in his arms, kissing her passionately the while. "Open thine eyes Lois, my Lois," he cried. "Speak to me, my chérie!" By terms of endearment, by passionate caresses, he endeavored to bring her back to consciousness. He carried her into the cabin, and laying her tenderly on the rough bed, knelt beside her, watching her eagerly. Would those dark lashes never lift again, those lips never smile, never speak his name? "It is the punishment," he cried, his eyes raised to Heaven. "The punishment come at last. Oh! Lois my darling, we were too happy; the great God has found us out at last." At the early dawn, just when night drawing her mantle about her withdraws, when

myriads of birds waking, softly welcome the break of day, and when it is said that the angel of Death, loves best to claim his own, Lois opened her eyes, and looked up into her companion's face, the love-light in her eyes defying the shadows of death that even the watcher in spite of his despairing hope could not fail to see.

"Paul!" said a weak voice (could it be the same that sang so blithely but a few hours ago!) "Paul, the punishment has come." The listener groaned. "You, Paul, sinned against the Church—against God. I sinned against my husband—I was all to blame; may the good God forgive me."

"My chérie! My darling! I cannot live without thee. Can He be so cruel? Surely He is merciful."

"Yes—but—not—to—such—as—we."

Lois' voice was getting weaker and weaker, "the prayers, Paul—the Church—is—there—no absolution for—me?"

Then and there, Paul Daudet, renegade priest, sinner against God and man, said the prayers for the dying, the solemn absolution over the dying woman, his Lois, his passionately loved companion, who had left her husband, home, honor, and country for his sake, as he had deserted Church and friends for hers.

The sun rose, casting glints of light across the cabin floor. Paul Daudet sat like a statue beside his beloved dead, unmindful of the time—lost in retrospection. He saw Lois as she was so long ago, a loved and honored, but unloving wife. He heard again her innocent child confessions that he, as her clerical confessor, was privileged to hear. He saw her striving to obey duty, and stamp passion under her feet; alas! with bad success. He saw her fall into temptation and leave all for him, but ah! how she loved him—how he loved her. It had been a forest Eden, this blessed spot, where they had gone to hide together from the wrath of Church and individual. But

not from God! No, He had found them out.

The hours passed that turned Paul Daudet into what he ever after was, a bitter, silent, heart-broken misanthrope, in whom no one could have recognized the clever churchmen and brilliant preacher, who once disappeared with the pretty child-wife of his best patron.

The hours passed, yes, and the months and the years. Lonely and embittered Daudet lived. So gruff and rude was his manner that the little clearing in the forest earned through him a forbidding name. The Indians avoided it—they said an

evil spirit roamed there—so in time the few settlers near named it "The Devil's Half-acre," and to this day the name clings to it. Yet, once it was a forest Eden. Alas, for the lasting happiness of man! Soon even its name will be a thing of the past. The axeman has already laid its south-east forest guardians low. Soon their grand old companions will share their fate; and the plough following in due course of events, the spot where Paul Daudet and pretty Lois lived and loved, will be scarce a memory; the green oasis with its log cabin a thing of the far off past; the moral it preached a forgotten warning.

## SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

(ASTRONOMICAL.)

In the report for 1892 issued by The Astronomical and Physical Society of Toronto there appeared, as the frontispiece, a drawing by one of the members, representing an observation of Jupiter made by him on the 20th of September, 1891. The object of the drawing was to show the uncommon apparition of a double shadow following Satellite I in transit across the planet's disc. The member asked Dr. Barnard, the discoverer of Jupiter's fifth moon, and Mr. W. F. Denning, F. R. A. S., of Bristol, England, a careful observer of Jupiter, to suggest a theory that would account for the apparition, which had several peculiar features connected with it. These gentlemen, not having seen the phenomenon, declined to commit themselves to a definite statement. The subject has, however, been recently revived in *L'Astronomie*, a monthly publication, edited by the celebrated Camille Flammarion, in which the drawing is copied. After setting out the facts, the article proceeds thus:—"L'explication la plus simple de ces phénomènes paraissait être celle qui en été donnée par M. Flammarion: l'atmosphère de Jupiter aurait une très grande profondeur, et ses nuages seraient étages à de grandes distances. L'ombre d'un satellite tomberait tantôt sur des nuages supérieurs et tantôt sur les couches inférieures ou sur le disque lui-même. Mais dans l'observation actuelle la distance est bien grande entre les deux ombres." This view is not, however, universally accepted,—a fact brought out in a recent discussion upon the article in a French magazine, which arose in the Royal Astronomical Society, and was led by Mr. Edwin Holmes, F. R. A. S., the discoverer of the Holmes' Comet, which occasioned some popular excitement in November of last year. There is considerable diversity of opinion on the matter.

Miss C. W. Bruce, of New York, by a princely gift of \$50,000, has rendered a great service to astronomical science. With this money, the Clarks have been able to construct for the Harvard College Observatory a photographic telescope carrying an object glass two feet in diameter. This instrument will be able to photograph in five minutes faint stars requiring twenty minutes exposure in older telescopes, and at the same time will cover five times as much sky. The spectra of faint stars can also be photographed better than before. The telescope will first be mounted at Cambridge, Mass., and then at Arequipa, Peru, so that the entire heavens may be photographed by it. Well, done, Miss Bruce. Would there were more like you!

During the first part of September, Mercury will be a morning star; but will rise so short a time before the sun, that he will not be readily visible. Towards the end of October, he will again be an evening star, and will be visible in the twilight, just after sunset. Venus is an evening star, but will not be well placed for observation until the latter part of October. October 12th, at 9.40 p. m., Venus and the bright star Delta Scorpii will be so close together that they will appear in the same field of the telescope. Mars, Saturn, and Uranus are practically invisible. Jupiter is the most lustrous object in the midnight sky. His place is in Taurus, between the Pleiades and the Hyades. No amateur astronomer should lose the opportunity afforded this year of studying Jupiter and his system, [as his position is very high in the heavens, and he may, therefore, be seen to uncommon advantage. Neptune is also in Taurus, about 14° east of Jupiter and near Iota Tauri.

## BOOK NOTICES.

*A Manual of Punctuation.*—By JAMES P. TAYLOR. Demy, 16mo, 83 pp. Toronto, Grip Printing and Publishing Co.

This neat little work is admirably arranged and excellently adapted to serve the uses of any one desirous to learn how to prepare copy for the printer, or to punctuate proofs—a large class, it need scarcely be said. With each of the many rules given for punctuation are many examples, covering almost every conceivable form of expression. There are also furnished lists of abbreviations, and common foreign phrases used by English writers, and very copious instructions as to the preparation of “copy” and the various steps taken by the printer and proof-reader before the copy appears in print. With all the rules of the abundant punctuation favored by the author there will not be universal agreement. But the rules about which differences of opinion might exist are few. Not many writers can read this work without finding it suggestive and enlightening.

*In Dreamland and other Poems.*—By THOMAS O'HAGAN. 16mo. Royal, 84 pp. Toronto, The Williamson Book Co., Ltd.

This little volume is a welcome addition to the library of Canadian poetry. Beautifully printed on the best of paper, and tastefully arranged, its appearance is quite as prepossessing as that of any work issued from the Canadian press. The contents do not disappoint the reader. Mr. O'Hagan's poetry is full of tender, delicate feeling, and though the metre is sometimes imperfect, and the diction not always as lucid and finished as it might easily be, there are many lines of exquisite music, and not a few ideas of great poetic power and beauty. Amongst the gems in this volume are “November,” where the aspect of the season blends with corresponding emotions of the soul in short quatrains of singular beauty; a “Christmas Chant” rich in powerful metaphor and in melody; “Memor et Fidelis” rich in humor and kindness; “Ripened Fruit,” and “The Song my Mother Sings”—the last a poem of rare beauty, deserving to rank amongst the choicest poetical pro-

ductions of Canada. Of Mr. O'Hagan's capabilities in the way of delicate choice of sound to harmonize with sentiment, we have evidence in “The Funeral Knell,” and in “A Song of Canadian Rivers.” The latter, if set to music by a capable composer, would be one of the most popular of Canadian songs; in fact it is doubtful, if either in French or English, it has amongst Canadian poems its superior in natural melody. Throughout, Mr. O'Hagan's verses, while frequently touched with sadness, are not at all pessimistic: they are full of faith and hope.

*Ontario's Parliament Buildings; or, a Century of Legislation.*—By FRANK YEIGH. Illustrated. Demy octavo, 172 pp. Toronto, The Williamson Book Co. (Ltd.)

This volume is not only well written and full of interest, but is valuable to the historian, and an absolute necessity to the intelligent journalist or Ontarion politician. Beginning with the first parliament of Upper Canada, held at Newark in 1792, it touches graphically the chief scenes enacted in all the parliament buildings up to the present one, and even in connection with the new building the opening ceremonies, as befitting an historical event, are detailed for the benefit of the future historian. The interest attaching to the various buildings used for provincial legislation—the very sites of some of these buildings unknown to present occupants of the sites—have a charm, which none would imagine possible until perusal of this interesting volume. The value of Mr. Yeigh's work, however, does not end with mere interest; it shows throughout careful research, and an appreciation of the importance, to many, of the less interesting contents. For instance, there has been preserved—it might otherwise have been lost—a list of members of the Provincial Legislatures and the old ante-Confederation Parliaments of Canada, from 1792 to 1892. The volume, which is well illustrated, is very creditable to the author, and should be in the hands of every student of Ontarion or Canadian politics.

