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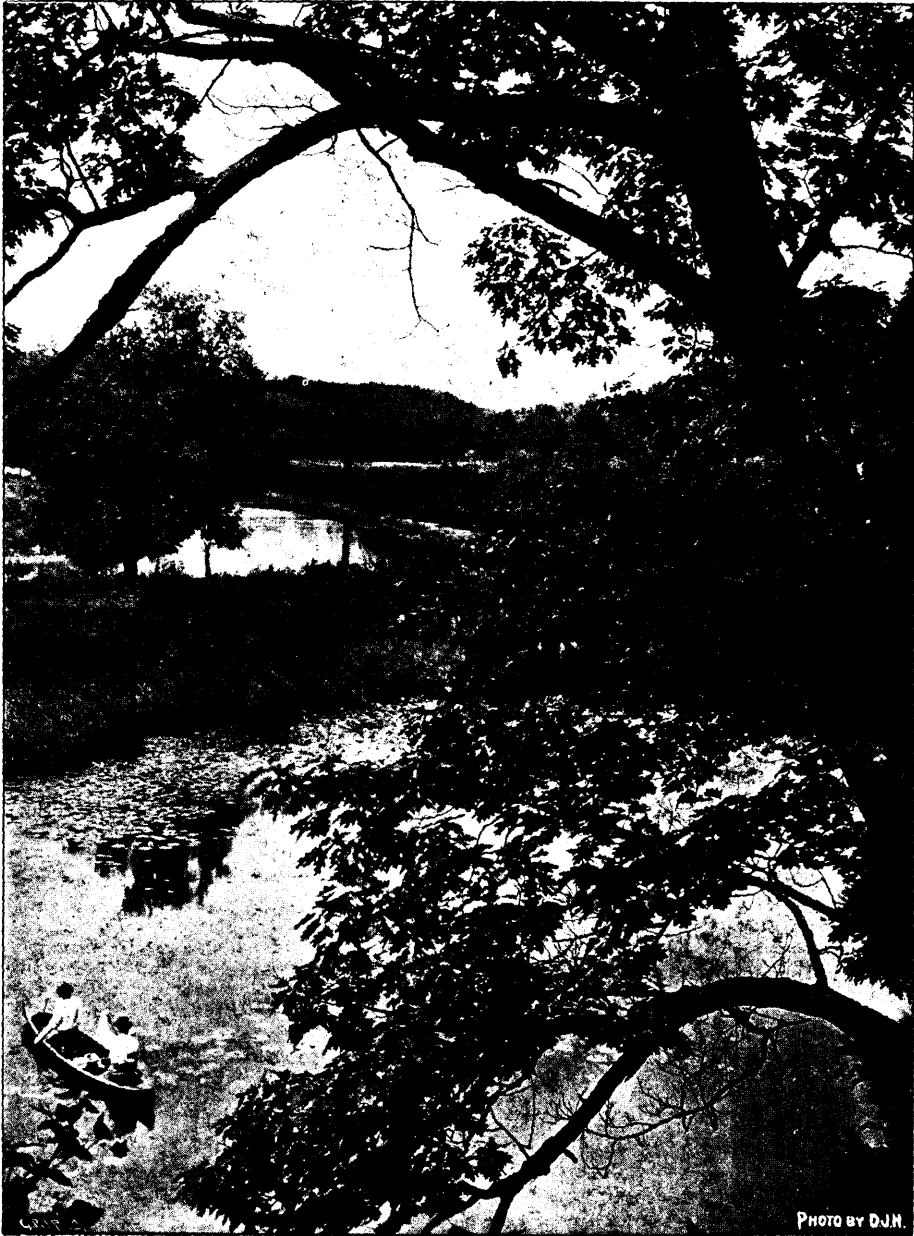


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ON ROUGE RIVER, NEAR TORONTO.

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## AN OLD PROVINCIAL STATUTE BOOK.

BY PROFESSOR B. RUSSELL, M.A., Q.C., OF DALHOUSIE COLLEGE, HALIFAX, N. S.

AMONG the books bequeathed by the late Sir William Young to the library of Dalhousie College, Halifax, although there are many more rare and valuable, there is none that is of such real and vital interest to the historian as that which contains the acts of the first five General Assemblies of the province. An old yellow folio volume, suggesting the general flavor of mild decay—though neither dog-eared nor worm-eaten, as volumes of its age are apt to be—it presents evidence, both in printing and binding, of the pains taken by the publisher to make it the best that the art of the printer and binder could in those early days produce. The title page informs us that it was printed and sold at Halifax, Nova Scotia, by Robert Fletcher, in 1767; but a certain degree of mystery attaches to this announcement, as the volume contains, under a continuous paging, acts of the Legislature down to 1776. This would seem to indicate that the book was published in instalments, the achievement outrunning the original design as indicated by the title page and preface, a theory which is rendered more than probable by the fact that the table of titles of the perpetual acts included in the volume, extends only to the sixth year of the reign of George III., which corres-

ponds exactly with the announcement of the title page and proves that the inclusion of the subsequent acts was an afterthought. A certificate from Richard Bulkeley, Secretary of the province, dated the 13th day of May, 1767, informs us that this edition of the laws of the province, as prepared and collated with the records, by John Duport, Esq., with the revisal and marginal references to acts of parliament and authorities in the law, by Mr. Chief Justice Belcher, was begun by order of the General Assembly on the special recommendation of the Hon. Lieutenant-Governor Franklin, and continued and perfected with the approbation and by order of His Excellency the Governor, the Right Honorable Lord William Campbell. The dedication on the opposite page to His Excellency, the Right Honorable Lord William Campbell, Captain General and Governor-in-chief in and over His Majesty's province of Nova Scotia and the territories thereon depending, is "humbly inscribed," after the manner of the times in which it was done, by the aforesaid Jonathan Belcher, "with all due respect, by His Lordship's most devoted and most obedient servant." This Jonathan Belcher, first Chief Justice of the province, and a member of His

Majesty's council, is a personage of too great importance to require any introduction. The John Duport, Esq., who appears to have performed the more humble, but perhaps not less laborious, task of preparing the laws for publication and collating them with the original records, is a person of less note, whose name has been to a great extent forgotten. We find him, however, forging his way through the pages of Murdoch's second volume; beginning as a justice of the peace appointed in 1749 at an assembly of the Governor and council on board the *Beaufort*, on the 18th of July, O. S., the councillors attending it being Mascarene, Green, Salisbury, Davidson, and Steele. From this comparatively humble beginning, perhaps not so humble as the title would in these days import, we find him cultivating the art which a witty American has termed the art of ultimate arrival, otherwise known as the art of "getting there," with such a degree of success that a few years later—in 1752—he is appointed a judge of the Superior Court of Common Pleas for the county of Halifax. In 1758 he signs himself Secretary of the Council, and in 1766 we find a note in Murdoch of the order for the publication of the volume in hand :—

"On considering the want of a sufficient number of copies of the laws of the province and the great necessity of a correct and complete edition, ordered that Mr. John Duport do prepare such edition, which shall be printed in folio by Mr. Robert Fletcher, he furnishing 200 copies, for which he shall be paid £180."

Of the execution of the work it would be difficult to speak too highly. With no disposition at all, to unduly venerate "things ancient," it must be confessed that, except for the fact that the indices and tables do not cover the full extent of the work, for the reason already referred to, this first publication of the laws of the province is, in all the essentials of a complete and scholarly presentation of the statute law of the country, as far

ahead of the last, as the mechanical art of the present century is in advance of that of the days in which the first publication was put forth. Any one who will take the trouble to examine any important statute in the volume, will be surprised to find, not only a series of side notes comparing favorably in accuracy and point with the obscure and often misleading side notes of our modern statutes, but he will find marginal references to corresponding English statutes, and learned foot notes, referring to such works as Hawkins' "Pleas of the Crown," Coke's "Institutes," Hale's "History of the Pleas of the Crown," Judge Foster's "Discourses," and all the leading authorities then recognized as the master-lights of the profession. A table of such English and British acts as have been enacted in Nova Scotia; a further table of such of the Nova Scotia acts of Assembly as have been enacted from English and British statutes; a table of the respective titles of the perpetual acts, alphabetically arranged; and a table of the principal matters contained in the perpetual acts—which is really a comprehensive index to so much of the volume as it covers—must have rendered the work a most valuable and convenient book of reference for those who had occasion to use it. The very titles of the subjects dealt with are fruitful in suggestion, and must arrest the attention of anyone who is gifted, in the slightest degree, with a historical imagination. Bakers, Biscuits to be Sold by Weight, Bonfires, Bread, Carmen, Carriages, Churchwardens, Clippings, Collers of Fish, Dissenters, Divine Service, Distilling Houses, Dykes, False Tokens, Fore-stallers, French Inhabitants, Gaming, Indians, Papists, Pass to leave the Province, Quakers, Schools and Schoolmasters, Reqrators, Slop Cloathing, Soldiers, Squibs—concluding with Work-House, and Worship, Divine,—how do these titles call up to one's imagination the nascent com-

munity of those early times ; its quaint manners and curious laws ; its thoroughly English blending of religion and thrift, remarked by all observers from Emerson down to Max O'Rell ; its established church ; its tolerance, nevertheless, of Calvinists, Lutherans, and Quakers ; its abhorrence of popery ; its modest, but hearty provision for the education of the community ; its seemingly meddling, but well-meant, and perhaps necessary and beneficial, interference with the laws of demand and supply ; its artificial, but, in the main, equitable, adjustments of the relations of capital and labor ; its old-fashioned indentures and apprenticeships ; its assize of bread ; its minute regulations of the width of carriage-wheels ; its incursions of thriftless sailors and marines, bearing up for the nearest grog-shop for trade off their "slop-cloaths" for rum ; its foes without and fears within from Indians and French, and later on from traitors and rebels ; and, throughout it all, its bravery, sobriety, justice, loyalty and progress ! It was the world in miniature of a hundred years ago ; and it requires an effort of the imagination to call up the positive and negative qualities and characteristics that made it what it was. As Froude, in one of his most eloquent and poetic passages, has said of mediæval England : "And now it is all gone—like 'an unsubstantial pageant faded'—and between us and those old days and times 'there lies a gulf of mystery which the prose of the historian will never adequately bridge. They cannot come to us, and our imagination can but feebly penetrate to them.'" Only from these old volumes, in which they left the most enduring memorials of their manner of life and way of thinking, can we in fancy reconstruct, in some degree, the social and political fabric that has passed forever from our view.

The volume before us covers the period from 1758 to 1776. Beginning with the days of Louisbourg and Ticonderoga—when New Englanders

and Nova Scotians fought side by side on land and sea for the perpetuation of English rule, and builded better than they knew by establishing in this western world the ascendancy of the Teutonic race—it ends with what the preambles of the various acts refer to sometimes as "a most daring and unnatural rebellion," and sometimes as "a most unnatural and dangerous rebellion against the laws of Great Britain and His Majesty's government in his colonies in America." The stirring events of the period that intervened must needs have left their trace upon the statute book ; and in the elaborate preambles, in which it was then the custom to state at length and in detail the reasons for the various enactments, we have not only a glimpse, but often a flood of light, thrown upon the history of the period through which we pass. Previous to the convening of the first General Assembly of the province, the legislative authority was vested in the Sovereign and council, and many of the earlier statutes of the first Assembly were passed either to confirm or to vary the resolutions or acts of the Governor and council. Such is the first act in the volume, which recites that "it has been thought necessary by His Majesty's governors and council of this province, before the calling of a General Assembly, to lay a duty of three pence a gallon on all rum and other distilled spirituous liquors imported into this province, excepting the product and manufacture of Great Britain or of His Majesty's West India plantations, imported directly from thence," which import duty enabled them to grant bounties and premiums from time to time "for clearing and fencing lands, catching and curing codfish, and other necessary encouragements to labor and industry." It is needless to point out that in this enactment we have a glimpse of the old colonial system, an actual case of the preferential trade within the empire which is the creed of a small, but active, body

of political thinkers at the present day, and a striking illustration of that universal reliance on *rum* as a source of revenue, which has been an article of faith with all Finance Ministers ever since the institution of budgets, and which may perhaps continue, except in occasional "moments of weakness," to be the faith of Finance Ministers down to the end of time.

The second chapter deals with a resolution of the Governor and Council for the confirming and quieting of possessions. It was followed in the succeeding year by an act for the quieting of possessions to the Protestant grantees of the lands formerly occupied by the French inhabitants, and for preventing vexatious actions relating to the same. Both acts illustrate a point which must be dealt with later on at greater length, and need not at present detain us.

The fifth chapter deals with the matter of the deepest interest of any referred to in the volume, and illustrates, better than any other, the strides, that in the intervening period, have been made in the progress of human knowledge and the enlargement of human freedom. It shows to us, as no other chapter does, the degree to which the thoughts of men are "widened with the process of the suns." It is suggestively entitled "an act for the establishment of religious public worship in this province, and for the suppressing of popery." The tacit assumption of this title might seem to be that the establishment of religious worship necessarily involved the suppression of Popery, and if that is really the principle that underlies the act, it is made more obvious and more obviously offensive in the detailed provisions which follow. It recites that, "forasmuch as His Majesty, upon the settlement of the province, was pleased, in his pious concern for the advancement of God's glory and the more decent celebration of the divine ordinances amongst us, to erect a church for religious worship

according to the usage of the church of England, in humble imitation of his royal example, and for the more effective attainment of His Majesty's pious intentions that we might, in the exercise of religious duties, be seeking for the divine favor and protection; Be it therefore enacted by the Governor, Council and Assembly, that the sacred rites and ceremonies of divine worship, according to the liturgy of the church established by the laws of England, shall be deemed the fixed form of worship amongst us, and the place where such liturgy shall be used shall be respected and known by the name of the Church of England, as by law established."

After thus setting up the Church of England, in due form, as the established church of the province, the statute proceeds to provide, nevertheless, "and it is the true intent and meaning of this act that Protestants dissenting from the Church of England, whether they be Calvinists, Lutherans, Quakers, or under what denomination soever, shall have free liberty of conscience, and may erect and build meeting houses for public worship, and may choose and elect ministers for the carrying on of divine service and administration of the sacraments according to their several opinions; and all contracts made between their ministers and congregations for the support of the ministry are hereby declared valid, and shall have their full force and effect, according to the tenor and conditions thereof; and all such dissenters shall be excused from any rates and taxes to be made and levied for the support of the established Church of England." It would seem from this, that a very considerable degree of liberality and religious toleration had been attained by our forefathers in 1758. Any brand of dissent from Calvinism to Quakerism can be tolerated "of what denomination soever," but, while according this wide degree of latitude and toleration to Protestant dissenters, at the religion

of the Roman Catholic they most positively and absolutely drew the line. The English statutes of William III. and Elizabeth were reproduced in all their hideous deformity. It was enacted that :

“Every Popish person exercising any ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and every Popish priest or person exercising the function of a Popish priest, shall depart out of this province on or before the twenty-fifth day of March, 1759. And if any such person, or persons, shall be found in this province after the said day he or they shall, upon conviction, be adjudged to suffer perpetual imprisonment. And if any person or persons so imprisoned shall escape out of prison, he or they shall be deemed and adjudged to be guilty of felony, without benefit of clergy.

“And be it further enacted that any person who shall knowingly harbor, relieve, conceal or entertain any such clergyman of the Popish religion, or Popish priest or person exercising the function of a Popish priest, shall forfeit fifty pounds . . . and shall be also adjudged to be set in the pillory, and to find sureties for his good behaviour, at the discretion of the court.”

The Assembly that passed these severe enactments, will need, at the bar of history, all the advantage that can be gained from the more merciful proviso with which the statute concludes, to the effect that :

“The act shall not extend to any such Romish ecclesiastical persons who shall be sent into the province as prisoners of war, or who shall by shipwreck or other distress or necessity be driven into the province, so as that such prisoners of war do not escape before they can be sent out of the province, or that such persons arriving through necessity as aforesaid, depart out of the province as soon as there may be opportunity.” They must also—that is the latter class—attend the Governor immediately and represent the necessity of their arrival, and obey any directions he may give as to

their departure, and neither class must exercise any ecclesiastical functions in the meantime, or otherwise they shall be liable to the penalties of the act.

Perhaps we need not humiliate ourselves too profoundly in view of this legislation, barbarous and oppressive as it appears to us in the light of this better and happier day. The plant of religious liberty is one of slow and painful growth. We are now a hundred years and more from the time when this legislation was placed on the statute book of the province. Look back another hundred years and you will find that even in Maryland (which enjoys the lasting honor of being one of the only two of the early colonies of England that were professedly founded on the principle of religious freedom), in spite of a decree framed by its General Assembly in 1649, that “no person whatsoever in this province, professing to believe in Jesus Christ, shall from henceforth be in any way troubled or molested for his or her religion, or in the free exercise thereof, or any way compelled to the belief or exercise of any other religion against his or her consent,” it was, nevertheless, enacted that if any person should deny the Holy Trinity, he should be first bored through the tongue, and fined and imprisoned; that for the second offence he should be branded as a blasphemer, the letter B being stamped on his forehead; and that for the third offence he should die. While this extremely limited toleration existed in Maryland, under which such men as Channing and Freeman Clarke would have been bored through the tongue, branded on the forehead and finally put to death as blasphemers—not even such a narrow and limited toleration as this existed in any other of those early colonies, outside of Rhode Island. In all the other New England colonies persecution was practised on principle, and as a matter of religious duty. Roger Williams was banished from Massachusetts by the very men who

had exiled themselves from England to secure a larger degree of freedom than they could practise in their own country. Quakers also were banished from Massachusetts, and because they would not stay banished, were, many of them, put to death. Moreover these persecutions were distinctly persecutions for opinion's sake. While we condemn the legislation of our own Assembly as wholly without justification, we are not bound to say that it was wholly without excuse. The six esquires and thirteen gentlemen that assembled at the court house in Halifax in October, 1758, had as honest and genuine a fear of the Pope as old Cotton Matner had of the Devil, when he sat at the bedside of Margaret Rule and "distinctly smelled the sulphur." It was not in cruelty or wantonness that Puritan magistrates ordered the witches to be burned, nor was it from bigotry or religious intolerance that our Provincial Assembly enacted these odious proscriptions. Both measures were resorted to from a mistaken view of what was required for the safety of the commonwealth. We can, at least, claim for our statute, as Colonel Higginson does for that of Massachusetts, that it omits the refinement of cruelty which had become familiar in Europe, of forbidding the unhappy objects of displeasure to leave the realm, and then tormenting them if they stayed. By this statute, bad as it is, a day was set within which it was possible for the subject of the persecution to depart out of the province. The imprisonment that the law prescribed could be avoided by exile, and punishment as a felon only followed on escape from prison. Let us not, however, seek to minimise the enormity of the injustice, or deem such legislation other than a blot upon the statute book of the province. Let us rather rejoice to know that we learned the lesson, not of religious "toleration," but of religious freedom, before it was learned in England, and that when we did awake to the odiousness and injus-

tice of such proscriptions, we based our reform not on any delicate compromises, but on the broadest and fairest and most philosophical principles of civil and religious liberty.

In 1783 an act was passed removing the disabilities imposed by the statute of 1758, but subject to the condition of an oath being taken which no self-respecting citizen could be expected to subscribe without a sense of personal degradation. It would be absurd to suppose that these oaths were prescribed with the desire to give offence to those who were called upon to take them, or that they were devised with any other design than that of safeguarding a concession as to which, even yet, the majority of the representatives were not without misgivings. At length in 1826 we have the bold and luminous declaration, which seems to us now to be one of the common-places of political philosophy, but which, considering the times in which it was penned, and the long history of proscription and persecution that it terminates, deserves to rank along with the *nullus liber homo* of *Magna Charta* and the "all men are created equal" of the Declaration of Independence.

"Whereas, liberty of conscience in all matters of religious belief and freedom in regard to all religious rites and ordinances, are the undoubted right and privilege of His Majesty's subjects in this province; (And whereas by sections 5 and 6 of the act repealing certain disabilities of Roman Catholics certain conditions were specified); Be it therefore enacted that the 5th and 6th sections of the said act . . . are hereby altogether repealed, and His Majesty's said subjects in this province, professing the Roman Catholic religion, shall henceforth be entirely free and exempt from all the penalties and disabilities aforesaid."

Having provided for the revenue of the province, quieted the titles to land, established the national church, tolerated the Calvinists and Quakers, and guarded against the apprehended



encroachments of the Pope, and having done these several things, doubtless in the order of their estimated importance, the Legislature next turned its attention to the defence of the province from invasion, and passed an act for establishing and regulating a militia.

"Whereas by His Majesty's Royal instructions to His Excellency, the Governor of this province, he is directed to cause a Militia to be established as soon as possible; and whereas the security and preservation of this province greatly depends upon the Militia being put into Methods, and under such rules, as may make the same most useful for the support and defence thereof; and that the inhabitants should be well armed and trained up in the art military, as well for the Honor and Service of His Most Sacred Majesty, and the security of this his province against any violence or invasion whatsoever, as for the preservation of their own lives and fortunes; and that every person may know his duty herein and be obliged to perform the same; Be it enacted by the Governor, Council and Assembly as follows:—

Then follows the enacting clause, providing that every male person between the ages of sixteen and sixty, residing in the province, shall bear arms and duly attend all musters and military exercises of the company into which he is enrolled. It would seem that, even in those days, there were some persons who did not appreciate the advantage of being "put into Methods" and trained up in "the Art Military," and it is more than probable that service in the militia in those days was not quite so pleasant a pastime as it is for the most part now. The trainings were doubtless more exacting than now, and the chances for active service were out of all comparison with those of the present day. However this may be, the statute quaintly enacts that "if any person liable to be enlisted as aforesaid, do

exempt himself by shifting from house to house, or place to place, to avoid being so enlisted, he shall pay a fine for every such offence, to the use of the company to which he properly belongs." Three months were given to every son after coming to sixteen years, and to every servant, so long after his time was out, "to provide themselves with arms and ammunition." The arms and ammunition are to consist of "a musket, gun or fusil, not less than three feet long in the barrel, two spare flints, and twelve charges of powder and ball suitable to their respective fire arms, and to the satisfaction of the commissioned officers of the company, on penalty of forty shillings for want of such arms as is hereby required, and two shillings for each other defective appurtenant." Regimental musters, training days and military watches, are all carefully provided for. A view of arms is to take place twice every year, and, finally, detailed provisions are made for an alarm in case of sudden invasion; which it is impossible to read without realizing that the Assembly was not providing for any mere holiday manoeuvre, but that there was an enemy in flesh and blood whose ships might be seen in the offing, or whose forces might be landed on our shores, at any hour of the day or night. It is enacted that "an alarm at the citadel in the town of Halifax being made upon such causes as are agreeable to instructions to be given by the Governor, or Commander-in-Chief for the time being, to the officer commanding the said citadel, shall be by firing a beacon at the summit of the citadel hill, or such other place as the Governor, or Commander-in-Chief for the time being, shall hereafter appoint, and by firing four guns, at the parade in the town of Halifax, or at such other place as the Governor or Commander-in-Chief for the time being shall appoint, distinctly one after the other; and also by firing four guns at George's Island distinctly one after the other, and at

the distance of five minutes after the firing of the four first mentioned guns at the parade or such other place as aforesaid, all persons being called up to arms, upon which all the trained officers, soldiers and others capable to bear arms, that are then resident in the said town, suburbs or peninsula of Halifax, in case the alarm should be made, shall forthwith appear complete with their arms and ammunition according to law at such place or places of rendezvous as may from time to time be appointed by the Governor or Commander-in-Chief for the time being, there to attend such commands as shall be given for His Majesty's service, and that on the penalty of five pounds or three months' imprisonment; the members of His Majesty's Council, Justices and Provost Marshal, to attend upon His Excellency the Governor, if at Halifax, and in other places to appear and advise with the chief military officers of the place when such alarm shall be made, and to be assisting in His Majesty's service according to their Quality. And if any person shall wilfully make any false alarm he shall be fined to His Majesty fifty pounds for support of the Government or suffer twelve months' imprisonment. And all alarms in other parts of the province to be according to instructions given by the Governor or Commander-in-Chief for the time being, to the officers commanding there."

No dry statement of facts could present so good an idea of these early times as this graphic and picturesque enactment of the Assembly, with its elaborate preamble, its call to arms, its quaint suggestion of the skulkers shifting from house to house and from place to place to avoid the enlistment, the musket or fusil not less than three feet long, the two spare flints, the regimental muster, the training day, the view of arms, the firing of the beacon on the summit of the citadel hill, the four guns from the parade "distinctly one after another," the

answering gun from George's Island at the distance of five minutes from the first, the rendezvous at the place appointed by the Governor or Commander-in-Chief, the members of His Majesty's Council, Justices and Provost Marshal attending upon His Excellency and assisting in His Majesty's service, "all according to their Quality." No alarm so sudden, no danger so imminent or serious, no panic so terrible, that the respective quality of the several branches of the services or officers surrounding His Excellency could be for a single moment forgotten or laid aside. Only one stroke was necessary to complete the picture. For the better preventing of false alarms it was further enacted that "no captain, master or commander of any ship or vessel riding at anchor, or being within the Harbor of Chebucto, or any other person or persons whatsoever, either afloat or on shore, within the town, suburbs or peninsula of Halifax, the town or suburbs of Dartmouth, or places adjacent, shall presume to fire any guns or small arms or beat any drum after sunset, unless on some lawful occasion," under a penalty of forty shillings. This of course was not to apply to any captain or other officer of His Majesty's ships of war, for their firing at setting the watch, nor to any of His Majesty's troops on shore or on board in the execution of their duty. "All fines are to be for the use of the regiment or company respectively wherein the same doth arise, (*that is to say*) for the procuring and repairing drums, colours, banners, halberts, pay of drummers or other charge of the said company, and the overplus (if any be) to be laid out in arms and ammunition for a Town Stock." Finally, "it is hereby humbly requested of His Excellency the Captain General, by the Assembly, *and be it enacted* that whilst there is a sufficient number of regular troops within the Town of Halifax for its defence, the militia of the town shall be spared

from watching and warding without the picketed lines of the town."

The time would fail us to speak of a number of interesting and curious statutes that illustrate the social condition and industrial organization of the community. There were statutes regulating the weight of bread, which was to be carefully graduated according to the market price of the standard quality of flour, providing, for instance, that when the price of fine wheaten flour was at or under twelve shillings the 112 lbs. avoirdupois, the sixpenny loaf of the same shall weigh four pounds; when from twelve to fourteen shillings inclusive, three pounds eight ounces; from fourteen to sixteen shillings inclusive, three pounds; from sixteen to eighteen shillings inclusive, two pounds twelve ounces; and above eighteen shillings, two pounds eight ounces. There were acts for the prevention of frauds by butchers and fishmongers, providing that no butcher or other person shall sell or expose to sale any cattle killed, but what shall be killed and dressed in "the most plain manner," and that the clerks of market "shall and are hereby empowered *ex officio* to seize and take all such flesh, blown or fraudulently set off, or fish tainted, or unfit for sale, and to proceed against and commit such offenders in manner aforesaid." There were acts to prevent the unnecessary firing of guns and other firearms in the town and suburbs of Halifax, directed against the firing of any gun, fusil, musket, pistol or other firearm, and to prevent the firing of squibs, rockets, serpents and other fireworks. There were acts for the granting to His Majesty of a duty on wheel carriages within the peninsula of Halifax, to which we might humbly invite the attention of the provincial government and the city council, levying a duty of ten shillings a pair on wheels; "provided, that whereas divers wheel carriages now used for heavy burdens are very hurtful to the public highways, and occasion a con-

stant annual expense for filling up the ruts made thereby, occasioned by narrow wheels, and whereas it has been found by experience that carriages with broad fellies do little or no damage to the roads, and are easier in rough grounds than narrow wheels: Be it enacted that the owner of every waggon, wain, cart, truck or other carriage for heavy burthens having the fellies of the wheels thereof of the breadth or gauge of not less than eight inches at the bottom shall be totally exempted from paying the duties hereby imposed." There are acts in respect to a public market, reciting, among other things, that "whereas disputes and controversies do often arise in public markets which end in quarrels and frays, for preventing whereof as much as possible" various powers are given to the keeper of the market house and various authorities vested in the sessions of the peace, and providing, among other things, that, while the stalls are to be paid for, live poultry, fruits, greens and other vegetables shall be exposed to sale on the benches under the piazza, rent free. There were acts for regulating service, reciting that "great damage and inconvenience have arisen and daily do arise by apprentices and bound and hired servants deserting and leaving their service without a legal discharge," and making minute provisions for certificates of discharge, establishing penalties for employing a servant who has not been duly discharged by his former employer, and remedies for the improper refusal to give a discharge and certificate of service, with a provision that any servant who shall be convicted of counterfeiting or producing a counterfeited certificate under the hand of any master or mistress or Justice of the Peace, by one or more witnesses, or by such servant's own confession, before two of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace, shall be publicly whipped at the direction of such Justices.

Two statutes, that must be referred

to at slightly greater length, illustrate the old fashioned ideas of political economy which were current the world over in those early times. There is this much to be said for our fathers, that their legislation, much as it is opposed to the best considered doctrines of modern political economy, may have been justified in some degree by the exceptional circumstances in which they found themselves—circumstances which may have prevented the unchecked operation of the laws of demand and supply from working out the greatest good of the greatest number. I refer to an act for prohibiting the exportation of raw hides, sheep or calf skins out of the province, excepting to Great Britain (for which I do not know that the apology I have referred to can be offered), and the act against forestallers and regrators, to which the observation does apply. It provides that:—

“From and after the publication hereof, whatsoever person or persons shall buy, or cause to be bought, any victuals of any kind whatsoever, coming by land or water towards any market or fair already established, or that may hereafter be established, in this province, to be sold in the same (except at the distance of ten miles at least from the place where such market or fair is to be held or kept), or shall make any bargain, contract or promise, for the having or buying the same, or any part thereof, or shall make any motion by word, letter, message or otherwise, to any person or persons, for the enhancing the price or dearer selling of any kind of victuals or provisions for the use of man, coming by land or water towards any market or fair as aforesaid, shall be deemed and adjudged a forestaller.

“And be it further enacted that whatsoever person or persons shall by any means regrate, obtain, or get into his or their hands or possession, in any fair or market, any corn, hay, fish, sheep, lambs, calves, beef, swine, pigs, geese, capons, hens, chickens, pigeons,

hares, or other dead victuals whatsoever, that shall be brought to any fair or market whatsoever, within this province, to be sold, and do sell the same again in any fair or market, holden or kept in the same place, within one month after purchasing or selling the same, shall be accepted, reported and taken for a regrator or regrators.”

To make the picture complete, we must import a shadow or two from an earlier statute on the same subject, which recites that:—

“Whereas, large quantities of live stock, fresh provisions and other articles, are imported into this province for sale from the neighboring colonies, and divers persons make a practice of engrossing the same immediately upon the arrival thereof, to the great prejudice of the inhabitants:— Be it enacted, etc.; That all kinds of live stock (oxen and sheep excepted), all dead provisions, grain, hay, roots or garden stuff, which shall be imported for sale into any port of this province after publication hereof, shall by the importers thereof be brought to some public wharf and there openly exposed for sale for forty-eight hours, and public notice shall be given thereof through the town or place where the same shall be so imported, by the common cryer; and no such live stock or dead provisions whatsoever, grain, hay, roots or garden stuff, shall, during the said forty-eight hours, be sold or contracted for in gross, to or with any person or persons whatsoever, on penalty of the forfeiture of the article or articles so sold or bought.” This enactment was restricted so as not to apply to flour, bread, or biscuit, or fish.

It certainly requires an effort of the imagination to place ourselves in the position of the community in which a law like this was not only tolerated, but was probably of absolute necessity to prevent the greatest hardships from being suffered by the great bulk of the inhabitants. But if this statute

strikes us as old-fashioned, what will we have to think of the one that comes shortly after it? Our legislature has within the past twelve-months been wrestling with the conflicting sentiments of those on the one side who are shocked at the thought of a poor debtor being confined in jail for the sake of a paltry amount of money that he is unable or unwilling to pay, and of the creditors, on the other side, who entertain a somewhat pardonable notion that those who have received value at their hands should be required to render a *quid pro quo*. The Assembly of 1758 not only protected the rights of the creditor who had obtained a judgment against his debtor, but for fear that he might leave the province before a judgment could be obtained, they passed a law of *ne exeat regno* of so sweeping and comprehensive a character that I think most of those who now read it will be surprised to learn that there ever could have been such an enactment on the statute book. After reciting the possibility that "injustice may be done to creditors by persons in their debt privately leaving the province, and great inconveniences have likewise arisen from seamen in the royal navy and soldiers being secretly conveyed away," the statute proceeds to enact that all and every person or persons intending to leave the province, shall post their names publicly at the Secretary's office for the space of seven days. If during that interval nobody objects to their going away they can, on payment of a shilling, receive a pass (or, as the statute phrases it, in case they "should not, within the seven days, be underwrote in manner as has been usual, they may receive a pass"). In case any person should see fit to underwrite the intending traveller, he must produce an affidavit at the Secretary's office, setting forth the cause in writing, and in such case the person proposing to leave the province must put up a bond with sureties in the form pro-

vided by the statute conditioned "to pay such amount as shall be found to be due to the claimant after tryall."

I have said that the volume brings us down to the stirring days of the American revolution; and perhaps I cannot better close this very imperfect review of the legislation of the period than by referring to two acts of the Assembly occasioned by this momentous event. The one recites that there "is a most daring and unnatural rebellion subsisting in the neighboring provinces against His Sacred Majesty and His government," and proceeds to extend asylum to those of His Majesty's subjects who may be induced to take refuge in this province from the "anarchy and confusion" there. The other recites that "a most unnatural and dangerous rebellion against the laws of Great Britain and His Majesty's government in his colonies of America now subsists, to the great distress of all His Majesty's liege subjects in America;" that "the violence of such rebellion has not only extended to the neighborhood of this province, but actual invasion and depredations have been made upon the same;" and that "more distresses are to be apprehended from the wicked and traitorous pursuits of His Majesty's rebellious subjects, against his province of Canada; that the representatives of the people of this province have in legislature, in the most solemn manner, acknowledged the supremacy of the laws of Great Britain made in parliament by the King, Lords and Commons, to bind this province in all cases whatsoever; And that His Majesty's liege subjects of this province, in testimony of their acknowledgment of such supremacy, and from their zeal and affection to His Majesty's benign government established in this province, have in the most public manner signed an association to evince to their sovereign and his representative in this colony their readiness at all times when danger or necessity may require, not only to hazard their

property, but cheerfully to expose their lives for the defence of this His Majesty's province."

We cannot doubt the sincerity or the depth of the feelings that inspired this loyal and patriotic declaration. Opinions may well differ as to the character of the men whom these resolutions denounce as conspirators and traitors, and as to the import and bearing of the momentous enterprise in which they were engaged. Even in the larger and wiser light of impartial history, it is open to us to think, with Seelye, that their undertaking was a tremendous calamity for themselves and the civilized world, or, on the other hand, with Professor Fiske we may be inclined to think that the men of Lexington were in the true line of succession to the Barons at Runnimead and the men of Marston Moor. To the prophetic vision of the United Empire Loyalist, the destinies of the great republic may seem to draw it hopelessly and forever apart, in sympathies, interests and aspirations, from the parent country and its

vast dependencies in every quarter of the world; while to the kindling eye of many a true lover of his race and nation, it may seem within the bounds of reasonable hope that the triumph of federalism which has been witnessed in the experiment of the forty-four sovereign commonwealths, may yet be extended to embrace in a world-wide federation of sovereign powers all the great branches of the English-speaking people of the globe. Such a conception is no more apparently hopeless to-day than the conception of a federal republic was "in the times that tried men's souls" a hundred years ago. But whatever views we may have as to the events of those stirring and pregnant years, whatever political destiny the future may have in store for our country, it will be a day of evil omen for us if ever the time shall come when we can read without the deepest and truest emotions the loyal and patriotic declaration of our fathers in the Assembly of 1775.

## OH, ERIE CAN FLOW TO ONTARIO.

Oh, yellow the water and gray the sky;  
And none but the gulls that are circling by  
Can hear me, who hear their own plaintive cry.

And shallow they call thee, O! Erie lake,  
But deep enough, thou, for the storm to shake,  
And shallow my heart, but it, too, can break.

And whither go ye when the storm-winds blow,  
White gulls, that are fluttering to and fro?  
And whither, my soul, can it flee in its woe?

And what do ye then, little waves that heave,  
When shore after shore ye are forced to leave?  
And unto what more have I now to cleave?

Oh, Erie can flow to Ontario,  
And I to my love can as surely go,  
Yet, both of us mourn, for we both do know

We cannot remain, but must haste on still,  
With surges that sigh, and with eyes that fill,  
Pursuing the channel of God's own will.

—EVELYN DURAND.

## FRUIT-GROWING IN ANNAPOLIS VALLEY.

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

IN the western part of Nova Scotia is a valley of uncommon beauty and fertility. It is formed by two mountain ranges, one called the North Mountain and the other the South. It begins at Hantsport on the east, and extends to Bear River on the west. The North Mountain begins at the celebrated promontory of Blomidon, which is the easternmost point, and

its easternmost point the valley is several miles in width, but towards the west it grows continually narrower.

This valley is drained by the Annapolis River, which begins about mid-way and runs westwardly, developing gradually from a mere rivulet into a large, navigable river, which flows into the Annapolis basin, a fine



IN THE ANNAPOLIS VALLEY.

runs to Victoria Beach, where it is terminated with equal abruptness by Digby Gut, an outlet of the Annapolis River and basin into the Bay of Fundy. The South Mountain is first seen at Horton, and it extends to Bear River, where for the most part it is either lost or merged in a chain of hills which extend throughout Digby county. At

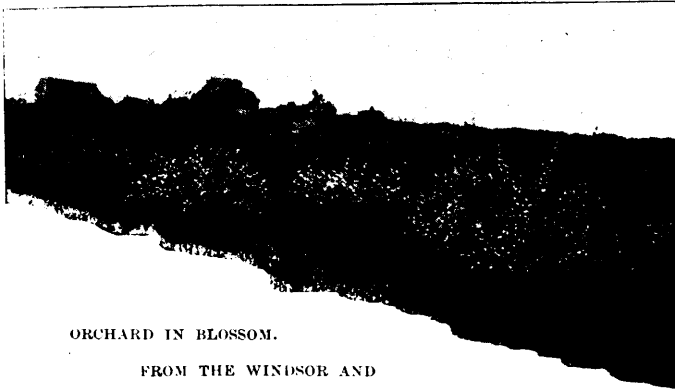
sheet of water which empties through the narrow Digby Gut into the Bay of Fundy. At a point in Aylesford where this Annapolis River begins and flows westwardly, the Cornwallis River takes its rise and flows eastwardly, emptying into the Basin of Minas. Both of these rivers are under the influence of the Bay of Fundy tides, and are con-

sequently tidal rivers, each flow bringing enormous deposits of alluvial mud which has created the soil and given it superior fertility.

This valley, so-called, is the fruit-growing belt of Nova Scotia. In almost every other county in Nova Scotia fruit can be grown and is grown. Especially is this the case in Lunenburg, Yarmouth, Inverness and Cape Breton, and in consequence of the fine qualities of fruit which are grown in other parts of the province, the impression has been formed that these other parts could compete successfully with the Annapolis Valley in fruit culture. But the history of the fruit-growing of the world indicates that

as strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, currants and cranberries, the capacity for production is practically unlimited.

A few years ago the fruit industry was scarcely appreciated in the Annapolis Valley. Its qualities as a fruit-raising country were comprehended by the French in their early settlements. Annapolis Town, old "Port Royal," one of the oldest and most interesting historical points in North America, is in the very centre of the fruit garden, and in this settlement, during its occupancy by the French, as well as in other sections of the valley, including Grand Pré, apple trees had been planted by them, and many of these trees are still living, though considerably more than one hundred years old. The land being fertile, all sorts of agriculture can be profitably carried on, and during the period of Reciprocity potatoes sold at high prices, very often as much as one dollar per bushel being obtained.



ORCHARD IN BLOSSOM.

FROM THE WINDSOR AND

ANNAPOLIS RAILWAY.

while fruit can be grown in many places there are certain special belts where fruit can be grown prolifically and at large permanent profits. The state of Michigan is a fruit-growing state, but the fruit belt there in which fruit is grown permanently with large profit, occupies but a comparatively small portion of the area of the state. The same statement is true of Ontario and the state of New York, and other fruit-growing sections. The Annapolis Valley seems to be the natural home of all kinds of fruit. The great staple fruit grown now for export is the apple, but pears, plums, cherries, and even grapes, are grown luxuriantly, and in the domain of small fruit, such

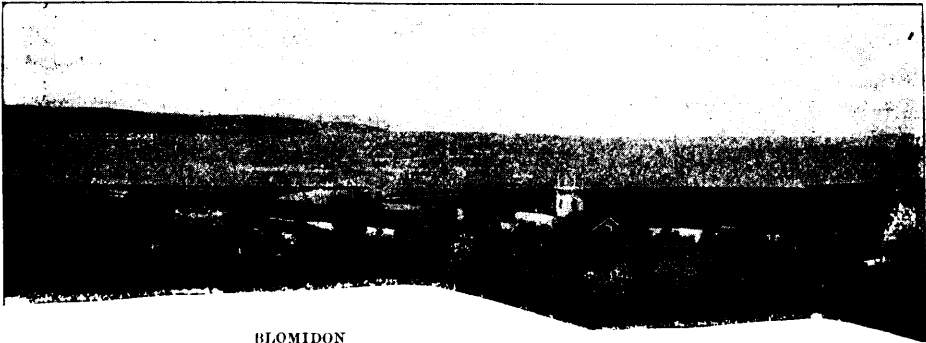
great ease in the Valley, and were for a time a source of large profit, many farmers growing wealthy from their production and export. The splendid marshes along the banks of the rivers make it also a cattle-raising country, and excellent specimens of fat beef have for years been sent out of the valley for market. It was not until the year 1863 that any genuine interest was taken in fruit-growing. Most of the farmers had some apple trees on their farms, which supplied their own wants and afforded the means of supplying the Halifax and St. John markets. In 1863 the Fruit-Growers Association was formed, with Mr. R. G. Haliburton, a son of Judge

Potatoes can be produced with very



Haliburton—"Sam Slick,"—as President, and Mr. D. H. Starr, as Secretary. This society had a very small beginning, but its avowed aim was to stir up the farming population to a sense of the importance of the fruit industry, and to show that it could be carried on to a much greater degree. That Association has continued ever since, and during the whole period of its history there has been a steady and marked increase in the production of fruit in the valley, as a few statistics which I shall give amply demonstrate. It must be understood that in most cases the figures that are given are only approximate, but they may be relied upon as being very nearly accurate, and have been verified by the highest

to increase after the formation of the Fruit-Growers' Association, the necessity for a market, permanent and unlimited in its scope, was felt. In 1871 the first effort was made to place Nova Scotia apples in the English market. Of course many difficulties had to be overcome. Nova Scotia apples were unknown, and the English people could not discriminate between them and Canadian or even American apples. The farmers were not accustomed to packing them in a form that entirely suited the English market. All these things had to be met, and have been met and to a very great extent overcome, until now there is a large and increasing export. To show the development of this English trade,



BLOMIDON

AND MINAS-BASIN, FROM WOLFEVILLE.

fruit authorities in the Province. The probable acreage in fruit culture in the whole valley in 1860 was about 2,500 acres. Most of these orchards, however, were old and not properly cared for, and were producing in a very limited way and only a few varieties and an inferior quality of fruit. The total acreage at present is estimated at 12,800 acres, with at least 8,000 acres covered with young trees which have not yet begun to bear. The product in barrels in 1860, as nearly as can be estimated, would not exceed 30,000. The product for the year 1893 will be at least 300,000 barrels, and is necessarily increasing at a rapid rate each year. As the product began

I may state that the estimated export to Great Britain in 1873 was less than 10,000 barrels; the export last year was over 130,000 barrels. It is estimated that the total export to Great Britain from 1871 to the present year would not be less than 1,400,000 barrels. Formerly the export to the United States was very large. Latterly, however, the competition of American fruit was so keen in the United States that the Nova Scotia producers had scarcely a fair chance, except in certain special lines. Besides, under the McKinley Bill, a heavy duty on apples was imposed, which still further interfered with the trade. For the past twenty years, however, it is

likely that the total export to the United States has not been less than 400,000 barrels, an average of 20,000 barrels a year. The product during the past twenty years has not been less than two and one-half million barrels—which indicates a considerable local market.

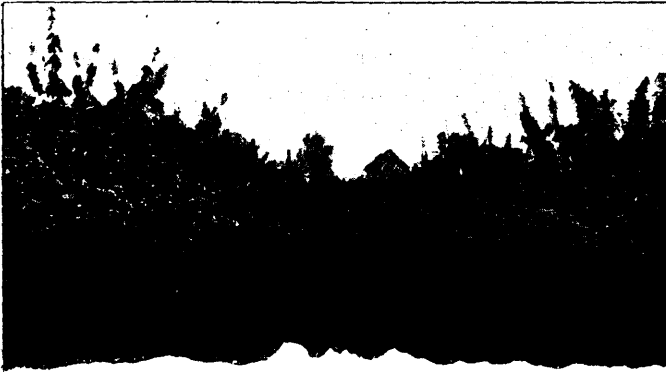
The variety of apples produced in the valley is simply unlimited. An exhibition under the auspices of the Fruit-Growers' Association, reveals so many varieties that a person gets bewildered in attempting to follow them. In reference to the staple varieties of fruit, however, the quality is in some instances higher, and in some cases inferior, to that of competing fruit belts in other parts of North

sibility have they ever been able to reach the peculiar niceties of flavor and juiciness which mark the Nova Scotia product, and, as a consequence, the Nova Scotia Gravenstein apples are still exported to the United States and sold at a very high price. Although not a late apple, it is still suitable for export to England.

The other variety, called the "Nonpareil," is a Russet, famous for its keeping qualities. There are but few varieties of apples grown in any country which will stand the keeping test beyond March. The Nova Scotia Nonpareil is at its prime in the months of May and June, when no other apple can possibly be obtained, and for that reason it has special value. It is not

a very palatable apple, but it commands a higher price probably than any other apple produced in the valley.

It has been already stated that there are about 12,800 acres now bearing apples, with 8,000 more planted with young trees. But this is only the beginning. There are at least 250,000



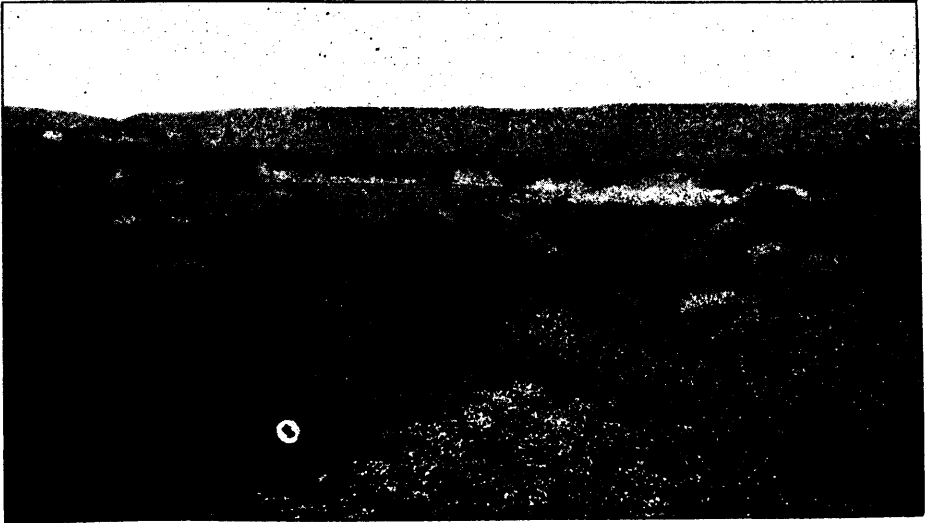
AN APPLE ORCHARD, ANNAPOLIS VALLEY.

America. There are two varieties of apples, however, to which special reference may be made, because in the product of these the Annapolis Valley must be regarded as unrivalled. The first is an early apple, becoming better known each year, called the Gravenstein; it is a most beautiful apple, large in size, of a charming pink color, and the wood developing early, and the product being most prolific. The Gravenstein becomes fit for market about the middle of September, and retains its flavor until December. It is the most splendid variety of apple yet produced. It is grown in New York and other fruit-growing portions of the United States, but by no pos-

acres in this valley capable of producing fruit, and sooner or later the whole valley will be covered with apple trees or other varieties of fruit, including the small fruits. Only a few farmers have ventured upon an extensive planting. It is usual for the farmers to have from one to five acres covered with trees. Scarcely any of the established orchards cover more than ten or twelve acres, whereas it is maintained by those qualified to form an opinion, that splendid profits would be obtained by covering hundreds of acres with trees. Judge Weatherbe, who has bought a fruit farm in the valley, has covered 50 acres with young trees, which are now five or six

years old, and will presently be bearing. It is contended, and not without reason, that if there are large profits in one acre of fruit there will be proportionally larger profits from 100 acres. The reason that more men of speculative temperament do not engage in fruit-growing in the valley, as an investment, is to be found in the absence of the gambling element. Ten years at least must elapse before the trees begin to bear, and at least twenty years must pass before they are in full bearing. Most men who are seeking wealth prefer some enterprise in which, coupled with greater risks,

The scenery in the valley is extremely beautiful. Numerous roads extend over the mountains, both north and south, and from the top of the mountain the view is simply magnificent. Long ranges of farm houses can be seen, with villages here and there dotting the valley. Farming in the Annapolis Valley is far less toilsome than in other parts of the Province, or, indeed, in most parts of the Dominion, and, as a consequence, there is much comfort and considerable style in the methods of living among the people. Young men drive fast horses in handsome carriages, and in most of



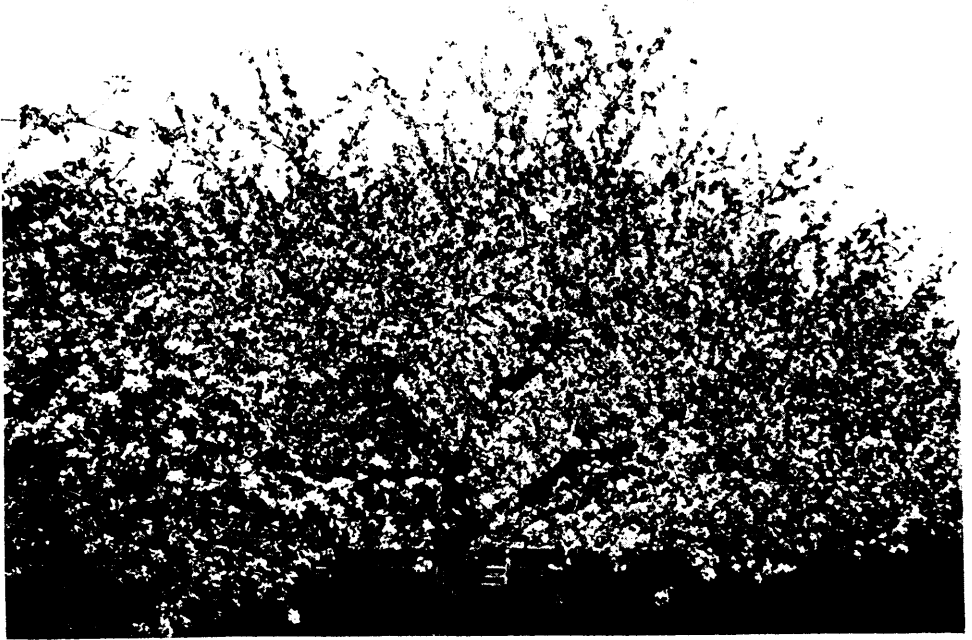
AN ORCHARD IN BLOOM.

there are chances of more immediate profits. Fifteen or twenty years seems a long time to wait for large returns from even small investments. Nevertheless, fruit companies have already been incorporated in the valley, the object of which is to purchase large tracts of land and cover them with fruit, and by cultivating plums and other varieties which bear earlier, it is hoped to pay dividends in two or three years after the formation of the company, though not relying upon larger dividends until the apple trees get in full bearing.

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the houses throughout this valley a piano or organ can be found, and in many of the farm houses the methods of living from day to day are what would be called more than comfortable.

In addition to the Fruit-Growers' Association, there has been a separate organization formed, entitled the Annapolis Valley Small Fruit Association, which is devoting itself to the growth of strawberries, cranberries, gooseberries, currants, grapes, etc., and very satisfactory progress is being made in this direction, the only difficulty, in reality, being in connection with the



APPLE BLOSSOMS.

market. If the United States market were open to the small fruits of the valley, there is no doubt that the industry would develop enormous proportions.

Mr. R. G. Haliburton has been mentioned as the first president of the Fruit-Growers' Association. The next year, Dr. C. C. Hamilton, of Canard, was elected, and he held the position without interruption until 1880, when he died. He was most enthusiastic and indefatigable in the work of the Association. Among his coadjutors in this work may be mentioned the names of Mr. Richard Starr and Mr. R. W. Starr. In 1880, Avard Longley, M. P., filled the office of president. The other presidents of the Association since then have been Rev. J. R. Hart, of Bridgetown; Henry Chipman, M. D., of Grand Pré, and the present incumbent, Mr. J. W. Bigelow, of Wolfville. Mr. C. R. H. Starr was secretary for many years, and, indeed, until last year, when Mr. S. C. Parker, of Berwick, an enthusiastic fruit-grower, was appointed to that office.

The Annapolis Valley has other resources besides that of agriculture. Splendid deposits of iron have been discovered in two or three places, and one of the veins at Torbrook, Annapolis County, is being extensively worked by Mr. R. G. Leckie, and is supplying ore for the Londonderry Iron and Steel Works. It is quite possible that in the event of Reciprocity a considerable export of iron ore may be had to the United States.

The Dominion Government has established an experimental farm at Nappan in Cumberland County, and the Provincial Government has established an agricultural school and model farm at Truro. Both of these, more or less, deal with the growth and care of fruit, but neither of these institutions seems to be entirely satisfactory to the fruit-growers, who are anxious to have a special school of their own in the vicinity of Wolfville, where special attention can be given to the development of fruit culture, the care of trees, the destruction of caterpillars and other insects, the best

method of securing rapid growth of wood, and the proper methods and times for grafting. The Provincial Legislature voted a subsidy towards the establishment of such a school at its last session, and it is understood that the Fruit-Growers' Association are making special efforts to create such a school.

Reference has been made to the fact that old Port Royal, now called Annapolis, is situated in this valley. It must not be overlooked that Grand

tages, there has been in reality a decrease in the population of the valley. It is situated so near to the United States, and the means of access are so numerous, that there is an overwhelming tendency, on the part of the young people, to go to Boston and vicinity rather than to remain and take care of the farms. The result is a scarcity of farm labor, and a development less pronounced than could be desired. It is undoubtedly one of the sections of the Dominion that would



APPLE PICKING, ANNAPOLIS VALLEY.

Pré, the place made famous by the expulsion of the Acadians, is also situated in the heart of the valley. These points of historical interest, with the beauty and fertility of this part of the country, combine to make the Annapolis Valley in summer a favorite resort for visitors, and many thousands pass to and fro on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, which intersects the valley from beginning to end.

The last census indicates that, notwithstanding all these natural advan-

profit enormously by free trade relations with the United States, and with its great resources—natural beauties, and numerous advantages as a place of residence, and with a soil and climate so favored by nature—there can scarcely be a doubt that in the course of time—with proper energy and enterprise on the part of its people—it will be the happy home of very many thousands of prosperous and progressive people.

## GONSUMPTION—A HOPEFUL OUTLOOK.

BY JOHN FERGUSON, M.A., M.D., PH.D.

CONSUMPTION is the great plague of to day. In Great Britain some seventy thousand die annually from this disease, in Canada probably not less than ten thousand, and in the United States about one hundred thousand. In some countries in Europe the death rate is as high as four, five and even eight per thousand living. In Britain, Canada and the United States about ten per cent. of the total death rate is due to consumption; in some instances, as in Maine, it has reached fourteen. Between the ages of 15 and 45 years, about one-third of those who die perish of this disease: while, from the age of 15 to 35, nearly one half of all deaths is due to it. It will be seen that in the productive years of the race, this exceeds every other disease in fatality. When it is further borne in mind that the average period of illness, according to several of the greatest authorities, is some three years, the vast importance of this disease becomes at once apparent. The question is raised, can anything be done to lessen this dreadful scourge, and prolong life in its most useful period? This question I shall endeavor to answer in the affirmative.

First, then, take the influence of heredity. Few things die harder than a common belief in any view of an important question. If there be any notion more firmly believed in than another it is that consumption is hereditary. This belief, to a great extent, is beginning to give way, or to undergo very marked modifications, however, in the minds of some of the ablest observers. If one holds in view the fact that fifty per cent. of the deaths that occur between the ages of 15 and 35 is due to consumption, it must be admitted that heredity is likely to be

found in about one-half of all the cases. If uncles, aunts and grandparents are dragged into the investigation, the net is likely to break and at once holds no solid conclusion.

Dr. Walshe obtained from his very extensive hospital experience that 26 per cent. of consumptives came of father or mother or both parents who had been similarly diseased. He contends that "this ratio is no higher than the consumptive portion of the population generally." He concludes that it does not prove heredity. Many families in perfect health, leaving the country and afterwards residing in crowded quarters of the large cities, lose members of the family from this disease. He is strongly of opinion that heredity has much less to do with consumption than is commonly supposed.

The researches of Drs. Quain, Pollock, Williams, Lugol, Lebert, Galton and many others, fix the heredity influence at about 25 or 30 per cent. Few physicians who have been long in practice doubt the existence, to some extent, of a family predisposition to the disease. One half of all the deaths from 15 to 35, or one-third from 15 to 45, is caused by consumption. Now, if these deaths, say from 15 to 35, happened in one-half of the families in a given district or country, it would go a long way to disprove any hereditary tendency. This, however, is not quite the case. According to my own statistics bearing upon this point, the deaths from consumption that take place between the ages 15 to 35 are not distributed over fifty per cent. of the families; but limited to, at the most, twenty-five or thirty per cent. of the families in a given area. Thus, in one district which I have studied, the population

was 25,000. There were 5,283 families, and 63 deaths from consumption, during the year, between the ages of 15 and 35. But these 63 deaths had occurred in twenty-nine per cent. of the families in which deaths had occurred, leaving seventy-one per cent. that had not suffered from this disease. This would very clearly go to establish that the ravages of the disease are limited to a considerable extent to certain families. The above shows that fifty per cent. of the death rate from 15 to 35, which the 63 amounted to, was confined to twenty-nine per cent. of the families. But right here we are met with the difficulty, how many of these cases, in the same families, were due to infection? This question I shall endeavor to answer.

Many of the very ablest hospital physicians now contend that consumption can be communicated from the sick to the well. In 1865, Villemin of Paris announced his great discovery that tuberculosis could be communicated by the use of the matter coughed up from the lungs. Many confirmed these observations, among them being Sir Andrew Clark, Ransome and Drysdale. Such distinguished authorities as Osler, Bristowe, Bang, Sander-son, Koch, and many others have stated in the most positive terms that the disease must be regarded as a contagious one. Ristowe recently remarked at a meeting of a learned society that the germ of consumption was as surely the cause of consumption as the seed was the cause of the crop of corn. It was only a question of suitable soil. Dr. Bollinger within a very recent date has shown that a certain dosage of the germs has also something to do with the occurrence of infection. When, in 1881, Koch gave to the world his great discovery that consumption was a germ disease, then it became clear to the minds of most medical scientists that it would prove to be contagious. The problem that has been engaging attention since, is the method of the infection.

The important facts that I have just stated, that one-half the number of the deaths between 15 and 35 are due to tuberculosis, and that this half is confined to not more than one-third of the families, would go to prove contagion, as well as heredity. We are here on the borders of a problem of vast inductions. The question of heredity, that of contagion from a sick person, and that of direct infection by dust or food containing the germ, must all be weighed. For example, a young man develops the disease; his father died of it a short time before. Now, did heredity play any part in this case? Or, did the son contract the disease from the father? Or, did the son acquire the disease by inhaling tubercular dust at his work or by drinking tubercular milk or eating tubercular meat? It is easy to see that in the case just supposed, one, two or all three conditions might have been at work. The son may have inherited a suitable soil for the germ, and in addition may have taken into his system some of the germs from his father, and still further may have been employed in an unhealthy work shop, dusty and badly ventilated.

The late Hilton Fagge held that it was impossible to draw a line between inheritance and infection. It is probable that the children of a consumptive parent would be more liable to accidental contamination than those whose family record was clear. In crowded children's homes and unhealthy work-houses, there have been at times endemic attacks of the disease, as many as eighty per cent. suffering from it.

My own studies on this subject would go to confirm those of Dr. G. A. Heron, of London, that, in the past, heredity has been over-rated as a factor in the production of the disease, while contagion has been under-rated. To illustrate what I mean:—several members of a family, who live at home, contract the disease, one after

another, and die; but the other members of the family, who left home early in life, and have lived under more favorable conditions, escape. The heredity was the same. The environments differed. The dust in the house contained dried and pulverized sputum, and so spread the disease. In proof of this, I need only mention the researches of Dr. Nuttall of Johns Hopkins, who showed that the number of bacilli thrown off from the lungs of an ordinary case daily amounted to from one and a half to four and a third millions. Dr. Bollinger has shown that he could produce rapid consumption in guinea pigs by injecting 800 bacilli. A feature of the life history of these bacilli is their vitality. Desiccation, putrefaction, freezing and thawing of the substance containing them do not destroy their infective power.

Occupation is another matter of prime importance in a discussion of consumption. Those occupations are specially bad where the workmen are forced to inhale a dusty atmosphere, to work in a stooping posture, are exposed to frequent changes of temperature, and where the ventilation is bad. These conditions develop disease and irritation in the lungs that afford a good soil for the germ to grow in. The investigations of Dr. Hirt show that out of every hundred sick in the following occupations the result would stand thus with regard to consumption: Flint-workers, 80 per cent.; needle polishers, 68; file cutters, 62; lithographers, 50; brushmakers, 49; grindstone makers and grinders, 40; stone cutters, 36. This is a frightful increase over the death rate from consumption in the general community. Apart from all other conditions, the fatality from this disease increases with the crowding together of people. Any occupation, where too many persons are crowded together; where ventilation is bad; where the men have to work in a stooping position, which interferes with respiration;

and where there is much dust, especially of a hard, angular character, will yield a high death-rate from consumption. In Great Britain, during the past thirty years, the deaths from this cause alone have fallen over thirty per cent. This is due almost entirely to an improved condition in workhouses, the army, and other places where people are grouped together. The evil effects of bad drainage and ventilation are well seen by a study of the British army. At one time the death-rate was about 25 per 1,000 from consumption alone. After the proper drainage and ventilation of the barracks, the death-rate fell as low as 6 per 1,000 from the same disease. To Dr. MacCormac, of Belfast, the armies of the world owe an immense debt of gratitude. He repeated incessantly the statement that, wherever there was overcrowding and impure air, there would be an excessive death-rate from scrofula and consumption.

What has just been said with regard to the workhouse, the barrack and the prison, is equally true of the private dwelling. Breathing over and over again the same air in a bad room is responsible for many a case of chronic lung trouble. Many a time I have known a husband, wife and child to sleep in one bed, and close by, in another bed two or three other children. The room, not more than ten or twelve feet square, had no open window or ventilator whatever. The only opening in the room was the door, and, as there was no counter opening, the air in the room became, towards morning, frightfully vitiated. Under these circumstances, the parents tried to restore their energies for another day's work, and the children made the attempt to grow. It is from such children that the great majority come who die of phthisis between the ages of 15 and 35.

Race is an important factor in the causation of consumption. The disease is very severe in its ravages on the Negro. This may be largely due to



social habits and insanitary conditions. The Indian is now becoming a prey to the same disease. Want of proper food, especially meat, is largely responsible for this. The evil effects of insufficient nutrition are shown by the observations of Marc d'Espine, who has pointed out that, among the poor of Geneva, as many as 233 in every 1,000 deaths were due to consumption, whereas, in the well-to-do, there were only 68 in every 1,000 from this disease.

Thus it is that insanitary surroundings, unhealthful occupations, insufficient nutrition in quantity, quality and variety, prepare the soil for the tubercular germ. This germ is one of the most ubiquitous known. It is found almost everywhere; and, if a person does not live properly, the chances of the germs making an inroad upon the system are enormously increased. On the other hand, as d'Espine has shown, good food, good homes and regular habits reduce the rate, in every 1,000 deaths, from 233 to 68.

Intemperance is one of the great causes of consumption. The reasons for this are not far to seek. Whatever views people may entertain on the vexed question of temperance, there can be no two opinions upon that of intemperance being a vice and a disease-producing habit. Many a strong young man I have seen go into decline almost entirely due to his irregular life and excessive drinking. On the other hand I have seen many a healthy young woman break down and die of the same disease, because her husband drank, and she was badly provided with the comforts of life, the canker worm of sorrow gnawing at her heart and debilitating her tissues.

The influence of diet in preventing the disease has just been alluded to. It now remains to see what certain articles of diet may do in the way of causing the disease. Experience has shown that the flesh and milk of tuberculous cows may contain the germs

of the disease. The germs have been found in the milk; and animals fed with such milk have become diseased. Further, the injection of such milk into the bodies of animals has been followed by tuberculosis. In the flesh of animals ill with consumption the bacilli have been found, and animals treated with the juice of such meat, in the same manner as with the milk, suffered from tuberculosis. This is positive proof. The absence of sufficient food is one of the causes of the disease on one hand, while the use of infected food is also a cause on the other. In the case of the adult, so eminent an authority as Burdon Sanderson doubts whether the disease often arises through the digestive canal by means of the food taken. But, while this is the case, he frankly admits that he thinks children are often infected in this way by the milk supply. With this view nearly all good authority agrees. A few years ago, there was an outbreak of consumption in a foundling home in Denmark. The mortality was very high. It was found by Dr. Marten, who was in charge, that the milk supply was bad. When this was detected and put right, the outbreak ceased. If such evidence does not convince, nothing will.

Is the disease itself ever directly transmitted from the parent to the offspring? I answer this in the affirmative. Sanderson, Osler, Froebeli, Ransome, Arloing, Dreschfeld and many others contend strongly that this is a correct view. But the number thus infected, compared with the number dying, is not great. Some children also become diseased by inhaling the germ into the lungs. The number infected in this way appears to be very limited. Among young children, therefore, the great source of infection remains to be the digestive canal, by the agency of meat and milk, mainly the latter. This explains why so many children suffer from tubercular trouble in the bones and joints, and other organs

than the lungs. It also explains why the adult generally becomes diseased in the respiratory channels, because, in his case, in the great majority of instances, he contracts the trouble by inhaling the germs.

Climate and locality have much to do, both in the direction of causation and prevention. The researches of Buchanan in Britain and Bowditch in America, abundantly prove that damp, ill-drained districts yield a high mortality from tubercular troubles. This may be accounted for in different ways. The bacilli may be more abundant under these conditions, or it may be that in such localities there exists a greater number of cases of pulmonary diseases from wet and cold. On this condition of lung irritation the consumption germ becomes implanted. Some localities, that formerly were much afflicted by the disease, have now changed, and the death-rate from this cause has fallen more than 50 per cent. In other localities that were at one time considered exempt from it, the disease is now prevalent. This is due to altered social life, the crowding together in city life, and the existence of unhealthy work-rooms for the laboring classes. In the highlands of Scotland, at one time there was hardly any consumption, but with the introduction of better houses for the people, and public schools, the disease became much more frequent. When the people lived in poor houses, with a large open fire-place, there was, at all events, ventilation. When the houses became better constructed, it also became possible to shut them up more closely, and to do with less fuel. This, of course, caused the atmosphere in the dwellings to become impure. Emil Müller has shown that high altitude, in itself, does not prevent the disease. The population in high altitudes, however, is usually sparse and the air free from organic matter. When these conditions are altered, so as to herd the population together, the disease often becomes prevalent. Arctic and

sub-arctic regions are usually very much exempt from the trouble; and, yet, the natives may so live as often to become victims to it. Thus, again, it is seen that much depends upon the people, as well as upon the climate and locality.

In the study of consumption, the important fact must not be lost sight of that after epidemics of measles, whooping cough, influenza, and after such conditions as are accompanied by a weakness and irritation of the breathing organs, there is a marked increase in the number of cases of the disease. While tubercular disease is entirely distinct from any of the above diseases, still they stand related in a causal aspect to it. This comes about in two ways:—first, by giving rise to chronic inflammation and congestion of the organs of respiration thus favoring the entrance of the tubercular germ; and, secondly, by exciting into an active form those cases of consumption that had really begun, but had not become pronounced,—“this is often only the blazing of a smouldering fire.”

A question of much interest is that of marriage. In families, where a number of deaths have occurred from consumption, the greatest care should be exercised. In the case of a young man, with limited means, it will be readily seen that marriage means a heavy drain upon his resources and strength. He must earn more money, and this means extra work and fewer holidays. In the case of a young woman, the cares of a home and children frequently induce the disease. In all cases of a doubtful nature, it would be well to remain single, or to postpone the date of marriage until the contracting parties are at least forty years of age. By this means the consumptive age to some extent has been outlived, and there will be some private means accumulated that would render the married life easier, and less burdened with anxieties. Until the true bearing of heredity in the disease is worked out, I do not think it would be wise

for the state to go further than prohibit marriages where the disease is actually known to exist.

The disease is not always fatal. There is abundance of evidence to show that a considerable percentage of those who have been tuberculized have recovered. Still the mortality is so fearful that every effort at prevention should be encouraged. The great means of treating the disease must ever be the means that prevent it. When we remember that improvement in sanitary conditions has reduced the death rate in many places, and in some armies, from 60 per 1,000 to 6, there is surely good ground for hope in this direction. The death-rate in Britain is at present, from this one disease, 70,000 yearly; but, at the same ratio per 1,000 as existed thirty years ago, it would be over 100,000. Here, then, is a saving of some 30,000 a year.

Where the consumptive should live must, to a great extent, be decided according to his means. The advice of his physician should be sought. In general terms, however, he should select a thinly peopled locality where there are ample opportunities for outdoor exercise. The air should be cool and dry. There should be a maximum of sunlight, combined with an elevation of five or six thousand feet. Having selected his home, he should take the greatest possible amount of the best quality of nourishment. This will maintain the resisting powers of the system against the inroads of the disease. A liberal supply of meat, milk, eggs, and other nitrogenous diets does much good.

But of far more importance than selecting a locality, after you have the disease, is that of making a selection before you have contracted it. In all cases, where the family record is broken by cases of consumption, I would strongly urge that the person make a good selection, both of place and oc-

cupation, prior to any manifestations of disease. What enormous numbers such a selection would save from an untimely grave!

To sum up, then, I would state:—

1. In cases of heredity, marriage should be avoided, or postponed till after 40, in most cases.

2. A person with a consumptive family history should seek a non-consumptive climate and occupation before he is affected.

3. All expectoration from patients should be destroyed by disinfection or burning.

4. Those affected should sleep alone and in their own rooms.

5. None of the towels, utensils clothing, etc. used by the sick should be used by others until thoroughly disinfected.

6. The meat and milk supplies should be carefully watched to see that they do not come from tuberculous animals.

7. Those known to have the disease should be prevented marrying.

8. Children known to have the disease should be excluded from schools of every kind.

9. Everyone having the disease should be instructed by authority to live in a certain way and to follow certain rules, in order to lessen the danger of infecting others.

10. For the pauper consumptives there should be some national hospitals, alike for treatment and isolation.

11. As the result of the most careful research, it appears that heredity plays a less important part in the causation of the disease than was formerly thought to be the case; and appreciation of the importance of direct infection from another case, or through food and drink, is gaining ground every year.

12. That when there is one death from consumption in a family, there is grave risk that in a period varying from one to three years there will be another case.

## TECHNICAL SCHOOLS FOR WOMEN.

BY HELEN CAMERON PARKER.

THE deafening clamour for higher education for women, which for years has been heard above all other noises, is subsiding. Higher education is now an assured fact and every profession is now open to the woman who desires and has sufficient courage and strength to enter.

But our system of education for woman is not yet perfect. Two momentous facts obtrude themselves upon every thoughtful observer. First—while the intellectual standing of women in America is as high as in any other part of the world, her physical force is lower. While America produces more literary, business and professional women than any other country, she furnishes fewer "good" mothers.

Second—while for every profession which she *may* choose to enter, woman is afforded means of attaining the highest training; for the one profession which she *does* choose, no means of training is provided. For every woman who enters a profession, one hundred women enter homes, or, to put it in another way, for every woman who enters the profession of medicine or law, one hundred enter the profession of home-maker.

These two facts are so important and react so upon each other, that they demand the attention of all intelligent thinkers.

Proud as we are of our educational system, we cannot close our eyes to the truth that it is for our girls, at a certain period in their life, a most unwise one. During her earlier years, our girl is a little animal, different in kind slightly from her rollicking brother; but, as she enters her teens, a new period is reached—the first great change occurs, and of the girl is

evolved slowly the woman. A birth, as full of importance and significance as the birth of an infant, takes place, requiring equal discretion, quiet and care. But see the inconsistency. When the baby girl arrives, she is cared for assiduously; her clothing, her diet, the amount of exercise, the bathing and fresh air, are regulated with great nicety, and, under the care of wise parents, all undue excitement and noise is shut out, all forcing of the dormant faculties is avoided. But when the baby-woman begins to assert her life by excessive nervousness, irritability, inactivity, and sluggishness in the erst-while active, well-poised, sweet-tempered girl, not one of the iron bands with which she is bound is relaxed. Her stand in class, her graduation is at stake; what boots it then that her pulse throbs and her nerves tingle—the prescribed work must be done. When the poor baby-woman moans in the utter agony of helplessness, she is all unheeded. When she grows up, puny and ill-fitted for her duties as wife and mother—a nervous wreck—the cause is sought for in every direction but the right one.

Not until the great physiological truth is fully apprehended, that at this period in a girl's life, mental over-work means physical wreck,—not until the fact that our present system of cram and over-work is responsible for the decline in physical force among our women, is fully realized by those at the head of our educational affairs, can we hope for a change. At present, the high pressure really begins at the age when the pressure should be lessened. For the growth of the infant-woman is required mental rest and physical exercise, and she gets mental

cram and physical torpidity, and with but one result—physical declension.

For this disastrous state of affairs we would find redress. We would have a system in which, from the ages of twelve to fifteen, or later, as individual cases vary, the mental work should be less,—the physical more. After a year or two of comparative brain-rest, we could then be assured that the young woman was at an age to benefit, physically and mentally, from further study, should she desire to proceed with it. If she does not care to go further, she has secured what she requires—knowledge and skill in household affairs. The theory is easily stated: the practical application is more difficult; but we believe that in remedying the second defect, we will redress this wrong, this great wrong, which is being wrought upon our people.

The second truth now claims our attention. Society has awakened slowly to the fact that intellectual training is not the monopoly of the men. Society has seen and said—“The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, and it is, therefore, a moral necessity that woman should receive the best intellectual training which the State can give;” and the doors of our schools and colleges have swung wide to receive her. “Not every woman marries; every woman need not marry; therefore, woman must have, with her brother, equal chances to live an independent life,” it has been said; and the professions have bowed to her, and smiled upon her, and offered her the right hand as a fellow-worker.

A third truth, equally important, is now being dimly seen and whispered:—“Many women marry—the greater number of women marry; therefore, every woman shall be trained in all that pertains to wifedom and motherhood.” What, but this, does the cry for schools of cookery, dress-making, etc., mean?

The fact is obtruding itself forcibly

that the solution of not a few of the vexed questions of domestic, aye, and political, economy lies in the wisest education for women *by the State*. Is it a small matter to the nation that each day scores of women become wives without one idea of the true duties of a wife, of the awful responsibility of a mother, or of the practical work of a home? Would such ignorance be tolerated in any other profession? Is it of no vital importance to the nation that this unfitness of women for their great profession produces hovels instead of homes, and that each of these hovels is a breeding place for disease and crime?

Among the many reasons advanced by workers among the poor and wretched for the poverty and wretchedness so rife, is often repeated, “the thriftlessness of women.” How can it be otherwise? The well-worn adage, “a wife can throw out of the window more than her husband can bring in at the door,” is a positive fact.

While Government does much to neutralize the evil effect of poor homes, it has still much to do. The system of compulsory education has wrested from homes of ignorance and vice many a child, and set him on the high places. Why not provide, and compel, education for home-makers, that out of the hovels may be drawn girls who will transform the hovels into homes? If it be compulsory for woman to be able to read and write, should it not also be compulsory for her to know how to cook a meal, and to make and keep a home?

Infanticide is punishable by law, yet how many mothers, true and noble in heart, feel that they are guilty of the death, or the living death, of their children, through ignorance of the relation of a mother to her child, and of the first laws of child life? Yet the State heeds not!

We are met with the argument, “Mothers can best teach their daughters housework.” An extract from an article in the *Century*, by Washington

Gladden, answers this in part. What training in thrift do the children in the homes she speaks of receive from their mothers?

Especially would a little practical training in domestic economy be useful to the girls of this class. Most of them are destined to be wives and mothers, and the question whether the household shall live in pinching want or in comparative comfort often depends on the skill and thrift of the wife and mother. Here, for example, is a table with minute accounts of the expenditure for five weeks of thirty families in London; and the exhibit is a forcible illustration of the lack of thrift which accompanies poverty. One family with an income of about five dollars a week, made seventy-two different purchases of tea during the five weeks. Inasmuch as this family never took more than two meals a day at home, it is evident that they never bought more than a single drawing of tea at a time; seventy-two purchases of tea in thirty-five days is two purchases a day (Sundays included), and two extra. Of these thirty families, it is evident that quite a number went to the grocery every day of their lives—not a few of them several times a day. This hand to mouth existence is at enmity with thrift; it is scarcely possible that any family should escape from poverty until it learns wiser methods of expenditure. That many of these helpless people are pitifully ignorant of the alphabet of domestic economy is plain enough; is it not possible to give the girls in industrial schools, some practical instruction in this most important art?

She pleads for the poor. But the rich need also a pleader. In how few of our wealthy homes is the mother capable, if able, to instruct her daughter? From homes, wealthy and poor alike, go out each day into new homes girls without one truly wise idea of the work or government of a home, to say nothing of the duties of a mother.

Now that we have faced the two startling defects in our system, we come to the question of remedial measures. In the remedy of the second defect lies the remedy of the first, and the solution of the great domestic problem, the servant girl question. To remedy the first defect, we demand, for certain years in the life of our girl, less brain work—more physical work. To remedy the second, less brain work—more physical—is demanded, and it, therefore, seems the natural remedy for the first.

The missing link is between public

school and high school. In every town we would establish a training school for young women, in which all the practical duties of housework should be taught professionally and done practically. This school might become partly self-supporting, if necessary, by work done for others than the pupils. We would have the course two years, with examinations, sessional and terminal, and a final test examination which should determine the diploma granted. To this school should be admitted all desirous of entering the high school further on, and those who desired to take only the practical course. We would have it a Government school, just as the public and high schools are, under Government control. We would have attendance compulsory in the same sense as that in which our present school system is compulsory.

Many objections may be raised, but they all may be answered.

Some of the advantages of these technical schools for women, other than those already pointed out, we mention. To many homes would hope and joy be born when from this school would come to the side of the toil-worn mother, a daughter intelligently enthusiastic over housework, and full of the new and best methods of work, new recipes, and new labor-saving devices. Her home would be her sphere of labor, and contentedly would she stand in her place as daughter. From homes of misery and filth would be drafted relays of girls who, under the guidance of their teachers, would become true home-makers, skilled in laundry-work, baking, cooking, housework in general, sewing and mending, and forever after benefited by the systematic training received. From these schools would go out women well fitted to rule a home, and women well fitted to serve. Instead of ignorant, thoughtless, inconsiderate mistresses, we would have an army of well-trained wives and mothers, and, side by side with them, an army of

girls to whom "service" had become a science, and house work a profession.

But we cannot hope for Government to take hold of this matter quickly: that is not its way. In the meantime, let some of our philanthropic leaders, aided by our philanthropic givers, open such a school in some centre and demonstrate to the public that a school for home-makers is needed.

The men have their engineering schools, their schools of practical science, their agricultural college, and are soon to have a school for miners. Let us, as women, arise and assert our rights. We have a profession as grand and as important as any: we need training for it—and we will have it.

KINGSTON.

## A GREAT MAN'S DEATH.

When falls on cedar'd Lebanon  
Some giant, many-centuried chief,  
The forest, vocal in its grief,  
Makes long-reverberating moan;

From cliff to cliff the echoes fly,  
Each vale prolongs the notes of woe;  
Wind-wafted, on and on they go  
Till in the infinite they die!

When sinks some isle that wont to be,  
Though smooth the waves above it roll,  
The news is borne from pole to pole  
And round the circle of the sea;

When dies some star that gemmed the night,  
To us, whose little earth-ball turns  
About another sun, still burns  
A thousand years its vanished light.

So, some are born of Adam's sons,  
Whose loss involves the land in tears,  
Whose passing echoes through the years,  
Whose thought through sequent cycles runs.

Nor is that course impulsive staid  
Till all the world has felt the pain,  
Till all the world absorbs the gain,  
Till all the round of man be made.

—A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

## THE INFLUENCE OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL UPON REGENT ART.

BY W. A. SHERWOOD, A.R.C.A.

THE student in the Art Palace of the Columbia Exhibition must have been struck by the constant presence in the art of every nation of the influence of the French school. In the United States collection, of 1154 oil paintings, there are scarcely more than one hundred pictures that might not, upon the gold-framed canvas, have borne the inscription of some French master.

So far as an individual characteristic is concerned, it has not been sought for—in fact it seems as though it were a quality rather to be deprecated than desired.

Previous to the exhibition of 1876 at Philadelphia, the German and English art held a certain control, modified by local conditions, over the American painter, but which they seem to have lost in less than two decades.

At the Centennial Exhibition, France undoubtedly held an important place in the art department, but not such as would warrant even the most credulous in anticipating for her anything more than perhaps a liberal patronage on this side of the Atlantic.

The French Art of 1876 had nothing in common with the French Art, of 1893. The loan collection in the United States galleries affords an opportunity of comparing the art of the two periods. Corot, Daubigny, Millet, Rosseau and Troyon painted with a spiritual humility even in their most common-place subject. The touch of the painter of that date reflected the downfall of the imperial throne, and the humiliation suffered by the conquests of the German army. The French painter of 1893 has put aside the urn, with its sacrificial ashes; has folded the mourning clothes and laid them away. Only seventeen years

have passed, and conscious of his republican freedom, he dares every phase of subject and succeeds in all. Strength, dash, materialism, modernism—these are the ascendant elements of to-day's French art.

I can easily understand why the French art of to-day appeals to the American citizen. The spirit of republicanism is alike the world over. The artist's love of freedom—freedom from the exacting considerations of court etiquette—his love of nature, unfeigned and simple, declare themselves upon canvas. A bond of union from purely political considerations might even have tended to unite the artistic spirit of France to the genius of America. But it is not the art of '93 that has captured the artistic fort of America, it was that of '76—the very antithesis of the modern dashing school.

The art of a nation should reflect the genius of the race—in short, it should be a mirror in which is reflected the varying phases of domestic and national life. If it be that, feeble though the reflection may be, it will awake a sympathy, arouse an interest, or, more, command the unqualified admiration of all. And more, it matters not whether it be the product of another race and nation; so long as it reflects our condition, it will at least for the time, appeal to our inmost feelings. To this I trace the cause of the French art influence of 1876.

In the United States the dew was still fresh upon the widow weeds of many a heart-broken mother, and from the door of many a lonely cottage on the banks of the Potomac, a sweet pale face, as was her custom for many years, looked out at sunset through



chilling tears, seeking a face that would return to her no more. Yes, the civil war had prepared the American people to receive, with a spirit of affection, the mournful masterpieces of the French painters.

The excellence of the German, the English, and the Italian art in the Centennial Exhibition was fully appreciated. The technique in each case was artistically correct. The Italian gallery with its score of Madonnas painted by the old masters and loaned by great personages, was judiciously and critically compared with the Vandykes, the Reynolds and Gainsboroughs, of England; while the Rembrandts of Holland were not forgotten in that critically artistic review. The art of these nations left an impression upon the painters at that time, an impression that is even seen in their paintings of to-day. But the artists of America were up in years; what they came to see was not the subject but the method of manipulation. In the French gallery they delayed too long, however, to learn nothing more than the technique. The face, young and beautiful, of some dying soldier by Detaille recalled sad memories. In silence they turned to the lonely landscapes of Corot, where, with many a distant village steeple melting in the evening light, the last rays of the sinking sun seemed—in nature's own painting in our every day life—like a solace for discords of the day or unexpected sorrows. The impressions made by Corot's paintings were of such a character.

And this is sentiment! Sentiment—is it incompatible with the true end and aim of art? I venture to say this, that the influence of a poetic picture upon the artist's mind, all things being equal, is infinitely greater than the most masterly production of an un-sentimental subject.

The impression made by the French painters of that date was simply marvellous. Many flocked from the schools of art in the New England cities, from

the Academy of Design in New York and the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, to the great *atelier* of arts, and soon the French capital became the nursery of the "New Idea" in art. The American capitalist purchased largely from the French salons.

With the increase of patronage, the character of the art changed. The vivacious nature of the Celt found new fields for tilling, new phases of life, and entered into the work with a vim that returned him a thousand-fold for his toil. The seventeen years of French art has been marked by a gradual development to a state of triumphant realism. Mark how the American painters have followed step by step their French masters, till we see from the young men who since 1876 have gone to Paris, work in every respect equal to the best canvasses of the French painters.

Nor is this French influence felt alone in the school of American artists. The Russian is as strongly imbued with the spirit of French realism as is his American brother of the brush. And, but for the subject alone, the pictures of Moscow and St. Petersburg might as well have been painted by an American or Parisian painter.

Even in colossal subjects, permeated with a certain regal grandeur, when the imperious nature of the Russian is unveiled, there still is seen evidence of the French influence. In minor subjects, at least in the method of execution, in tone and atmospheric effects, like the American painter, the Muscovite has deemed the French system the all in all. In sentiment, the Russian is true to his native instincts. The clink of the steel-girt scabbard sounds everywhere, and, though disguised, you may trace the avenging fire of the nihilist. Yet all this seems as though it found expression in French.

The subtle savagery of the passionate Spaniard finds expression in the French methods. The light tints impasted upon absorbing canvas—he

revels in the very medium, and is ecstatic over the results. Retaining still his individuality, he boasts his power of painting like the masters of the modern school.

Even in Conservative England there are men who pride themselves in the fact that their art was studied in some famous Parisian *atelier*, and they openly affect to despise or ignore everything that is British, or that savors of the English school.

This turn of the Britisher, it seems to me, lies well within the limits of affectation, for in portraiture, in poetic and classical subjects, wherein the delineation of the figure is of first importance, the English school yields the palm to none. In landscape it is easy to understand the desire on the part of the young Englishman to seek the studio of the Parisian painter. In England, Turner has no successor, and the artistic trickery of professors of English landscape painting to-day is assuredly a poor substitute for the works of that immortal painter. Despite the fact that Constable was an Englishman by birth, and painted in England, he has more disciples in France than in his native land. Constable has often been referred to as the founder of the modern school of French landscape painters. They saw wherein the Englishman was right, and were not slow to follow him. Nay more, they carried his principles to the utmost verge; and have reaped a rich harvest from the seeds which he has sown. This state of excellence has given to the French landscape painter a pre-eminence over his English rivals, and necessarily brought from the London schools many students to Paris. And as to their faithful efforts, you have but to look upon their glorious attainments in the Art palace of the Columbian Exhibition.

What of the future? Will the schools of Paris still continue to prepare the palette for the artist of the Western continent and his brother of the Eastern as well? For a time at

least, the condition of art will remain most emphatically French; yet there will assuredly be a change. The American painter has gained from France all he could desire. If he continue as he is doing, his work will stand upon a par with the foremost professors of the French schools. Led by the restless spirit peculiarly American, he will turn his easel to the demands of the ruling power.

Will any of the galleries of the present exhibition afford an opportunity for an adventurous spirit? In all galleries there are master-pieces sufficiently impressive to at least awaken an interest. The brilliant sunlight and atmospheric clearness of the Norwegian painter will not soon be forgotten. The work of Van Beers in the Belgian collection will excite at least a momentary interest. The Belgian art, it seems to me, is not in sympathy with the nineteenth century movement—it is too minute in detail, and wanting in breadth. From whatever school the new leader may come, he must at least possess a power greater than his colleagues, to be the principal professor in a new school of National painters. In every nation's collection there are magnificent paintings, the result of the laborious years of successful genius. Yet by few of all do we seem to be moved by that magnetic influence which holds us and claims from us the tribute that is due to undoubted originality and worth.

Three months have passed since I visited Chicago, and there is but one picture that has made a lasting impression upon my mind. In it, the painter seems to have sounded the clear, pure note in the anthem of art. It is a picture wherein the dignity—the nobility—of labor is exalted above all the triumphs attained by the scholarly masters in the realms of mythological or classical art. This picture is in the English gallery, numbered 170, and entitled "Forging the Anchor," by Stanhope Forbes. It is to me the most sacred picture upon

which I have ever looked! A brief description may present to those who have not seen it, at least a faint idea of the work; the following note made at the time, will suffice:—"Upon the centre and to the left of the canvas stand a group of workmen, close to the furnaces in a large smelting shop—the upraised sinewy arm of the honest smithy guiding the molten metal from the fiery furnace—the anxious faces of the helpmates crowding about, and waiting as it were with breathless anx-

ety, the triumphs of the many days of preparation. It is masterly!" In the painter of that picture I see the future leader of the school of latter day art. But whatever change art may take in its course of national growth, whatever developments it may undergo, one thing is certain,—that future art must be true to the highest ideals of honest worth, of simple nature, and untainted beauty, if it is to receive the guerdon of a more than evanescent success.

### A TEMPORARY MATTER.

Good-bye,—the word shall be, since you have spoken;  
 Nor will I crown your verdict with a sigh,  
 Nor ask for a reprieve; but, for a token,  
 I'll take this last good-bye.

I'll take and treasure it, when it is given,  
 The truest thing that ever you and I  
 Exchanged or gave. Not all the vows 'neath Heaven  
 Shall match this last good-bye.

Your kiss, your clasp, your vows, the hours that fleetly  
 Fled by, shall be forgot—are now; but I  
 Must have this little word. You shall not cheat me  
 Out of this last good-bye.

Come, come—this last good-bye, since you did cry it!  
 The stars lean half-impatient from the sky;  
 And breathless all the air has grown, and quiet,  
 To hear this last good-bye!

Tears? And a little hand stretched to detain me?  
 Hold up your head and let me kiss your eyes;  
 And set a seal upon your lips, not vainly  
 Annulling such good-byes.

—CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

# DOWN THE YUKON AND UP THE MAGKENZIE.

*3200 Miles by Foot and Paddle.*

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

## II.

A DETAILED account of our travels, extending over nearly two years and covering a distance outside of civilization of over three thousand miles, is impossible within the limits of the present article, and a connected narrative has therefore not been attempted.

The ordinary vicissitudes, adventures and hardships incident to travel in an unknown country were encountered, and are here and there briefly chronicled; but many incidents which relieved the daily round of life on the river have been crowded aside, and necessarily exist only as memories which are exclusively the traveller's own.

I am conscious that the endeavor to condense a journey of this kind within reasonable compass must result in the loss of interest which a disconnected style of narrative unavoidably entails, and yet I hope that the more ex-

tended view thus rendered possible, and the more comprehensive idea given of this great country as a whole, will be found to be more than compensating advantages.

Our daily method of work on the river was about as follows:

The captain was an early riser naturally, and now, being anxious to get on down the river, he developed an abnormal propensity in this direction. About three o'clock in the morning he would begin to turn over and grunt something about getting up. After a few of these turnings and gruntings, he would ask what time it was. A sleepy admonition from the tired bone and muscle of the expedition to "keep quiet" was all the answer he would get. After awhile he would sit up boldly and "put the previous question," and when this became monotonous, he would, gathering fresh courage with every passing minute, endeavor to rouse the cook by shouting; but, as



WILLIAM OGILVIE, THE EXPLORER.

this particular cook was no exception to the ordinary run of cooks, rousing him was no easy task. However, the captain persevered, and finally about five o'clock, with a sleepy yawn, the cook would turn out, and the business of the day would begin.

By six, or half-past six, breakfast would be over, and I would be on the river with Morrison and the two base-men continuing the survey from the point where we had left it the previous evening, leaving the crew of the "*Hoodalinka*" to break camp and help the cook with the dishes.

The time when the boat passed us, generally about ten or eleven o'clock, was carefully noted, along with the distance traversed, and it was then an easy matter for Gladman to estimate the respective rates of travel of the canoes and the boat, so that when a distance down stream had been traversed which was likely to be reached by the survey, a convenient spot would be chosen and the camp pitched.

Along in the evening, when it was beginning to get too dark to work, on turning round some bend in the river, the camp-fire would be seen brightly shining ahead, and I need hardly add that supper was generally a hearty meal.

After supper there were notes to write out, observations to reduce, the work of the day to be plotted, and the work of the next day to be planned, so that I considered myself fortunate when eleven o'clock found me seeking "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," and I sank into unconsciousness, from which even the captain's eternal "Vell, boys, vat time is it?" had no power to rouse me.

In this way, day after day, we continued to descend the river.

For some distance below the "White Horse" Rapids, the current is swift and the river wide, with many gravel bars. The reach between these rapids and Lake Labarge, a distance of twenty-seven and a half miles, is all smooth water with a strong current.

About midway in this stretch, the Tahk-heena River joins the Lewes. This river is apparently about half the size of the latter, and its waters are muddy, indicating its passage through a clayey district. I obtained some indefinite information about this river from an Indian whom I met just below its mouth, but I could not readily make him understand me, and his replies were a compound of Chinook, Tagish and signs, and therefore largely unintelligible. From what I could understand with any certainty, the river was easy to descend, there being no bad rapids, and it came out of a lake much larger than any I had yet passed.

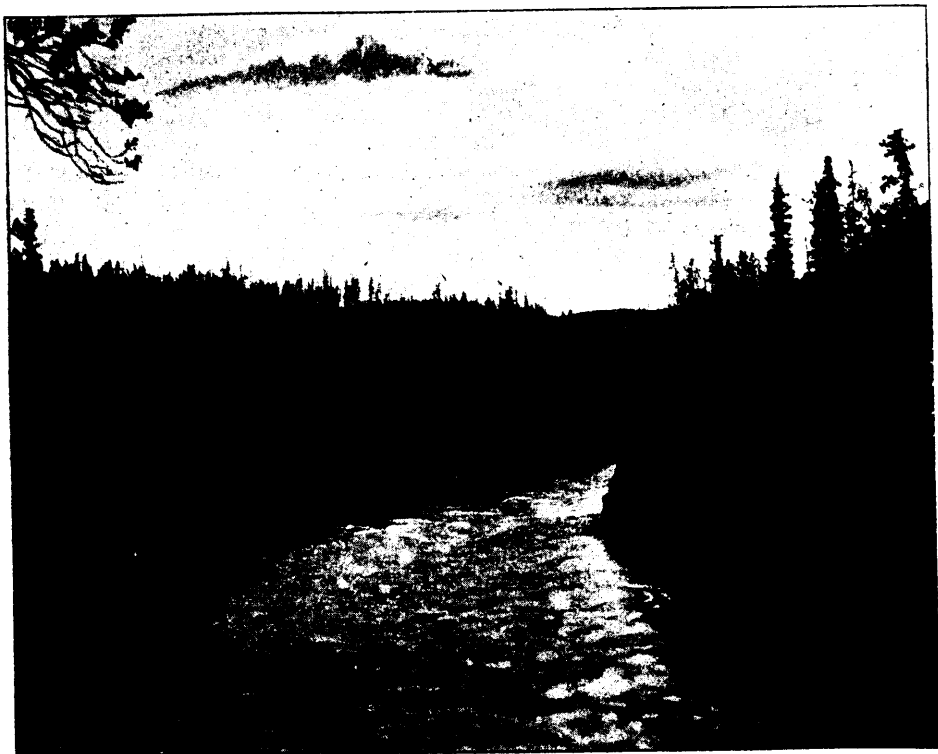
Here I may remark that I have invariably found it difficult to get reliable or definite information from Indians. The reasons for this are many. They all expect to make something out of a white man, and consequently are very chary about doing or saying anything unless they think they will be well rewarded for it. They are naturally, too, very suspicious of strangers, and it takes some time and some knowledge of the language to overcome this suspicion and gain their confidence. If you begin at once to ask questions about their country, without previously having them thoroughly understand that you have no unfriendly motive in doing so, they become alarmed, and, although you may not meet with a positive refusal to answer questions, you make very little progress in getting desired information. On the other hand, I have met cases where, either through fear or hope of reward, they were only too anxious to impart all they knew or had heard, and even more if they thought it would please their hearer. I need hardly say that such information is often not at all in accordance with the facts.

Lake Labarge was reached on the evening of the 26th July, and our camp pitched on its southern shore. The lake is thirty-one miles in length,

broad at both ends and narrow in the middle, lying north and south, like a long and slender foot-print made by some gigantic Titan in long-bygone days.

As the prevailing wind blows almost constantly down the lake, the miners complain much of detention from the roughness of the water, and for the three days I was on the lake, I certainly cannot complain of any lack of attention from blustering Australis.

it is well out in the lake; the nearest point of it to the western shore is upwards of half a mile distant, and the extreme width of the lake here, as determined from triangulation, is not more than five miles, which includes the depth of the deepest bays on the western side. It is therefore difficult to understand that he did not see it as an island. The upper half of this island is gravelly, and does not rise very high above the lake; the lower end is



THE GREAT CANON ON THE YUKON.

The survey was carried along the western shore, which is irregular in many places, being indented by large, shallow bays, especially at the upper and lower ends.

Just above where the lake narrows in the middle, there is a large island, which is shown on Schwatka's map as a peninsula, and called by him Rich-tofen Rocks. How he came to think it a peninsula I cannot understand, as

rocky and high, the rock of a bright red color and probably granite.

At the lower end of the lake there is a deep, wide valley extending northwards, which has evidently at one time been the outlet of the lake. In this the mixed timber, poplar and spruce, is of a size which betokens a fair soil: the herbage, too, is more than usually rich for this region. This valley, which Dr. Dawson has named

"Ogilvie Valley," is extensive, and, if ever required as an aid to the sustenance of our people, will figure largely in the district's agricultural assets.

We left this, the last lake of the great chain, behind us on Saturday,

with interest not unmixed with apprehension. After friendly relations had been established, I endeavoured to get some information from them. One of these Indians could speak a little Chinook and I was fortunate enough



LOOKING UP THE RAPIDS BELOW THE CANON.

the 30th of July, and proceeded with a moderate current of about four miles an hour. The river just here is crooked and runs past high, steep banks surmounted by scrub pine and stunted poplar which shut in the narrow valley. There are, however, many flats of moderate extent, along the river and at its confluence with other streams, where the soil is fair.

The Tes-lin-too, the El Dorado of Captain Moore, was reached on Monday, the 1st of August. In response to the Captain's stentorian challenge, "Hello-o-o dere! any miners dere?" a couple of families of Indians who hunt in the vicinity appeared upon the bank and regarded our approach

to have two men with me who understood his jargon perfectly. He told me, greatly to the Captain's chagrin, that the miners had all moved further down the river some time ago, to Cassiar Bar and other places. He also told me, with an appearance of truth and frankness, that they had seen nothing whatever of a war-party of Aiyaua Indians from Stewart River. I succeeded also in obtaining some information with regard to the river itself. The river, he said, was easy to ascend, and presented the same appearance eight days' journey up as at the mouth; then a lake was reached, which took one day to cross; the river was then followed again for half a day

to another lake which took two days to traverse. Into this lake emptied a stream which they used as a highway to the coast, passing by way of the Taku River. He said it took four days, when they had loads to carry, from the head of canoe navigation on the Tes-lin-too to salt water on the Taku Inlet; but when they came light they took less than two days.

It may be well to point out, in view of explorations at present going on, that the route to the sea here referred to cannot, in any sense, be considered as unexplored. Teslin Lake has been known to the miners for many years.

About sixteen years ago a miner named Monroe prospected up the Taku, and learned from the Indians something of a large lake not far from that river. He crossed over and found it and then recrossed to the sea. Mr. T. Boswell, with his brother and another miner, spent most of the summer of 1887 on the Tes-lin-too River and Teslin Lake, and from their account and Monroe's, together with the information which I obtained from the Indians met at the mouth of the river, a pretty clear general idea of the region has been arrived at. An instrumental survey is, however, still a desideratum.

Combining all accounts, it is certain that this branch is the longer and more important of the two, and that it offers easy and uninterrupted navigation for more than double the distance which the Lewes does.

The water of the Tes-lin-too is of a dark brown color, similar in appearance to the Ottawa River water, and a little turbid. Notwithstanding the difference of volume of discharge, the Tes-lin-too changes completely the character of the river below the junction, and a person coming up stream would, at the forks, unhesitatingly pronounce the Tes-lin-too to be the main stream. The water of the Lewes is blue in color and comparatively clear.

About eighteen miles below the Tes-

lin-too I saw the first place that had been worked for gold. A hut had been erected and there were indications that a party had wintered here. Between it and Big Salmon River six other locations were met with. One of them, Cassiar Bar, had been worked in the previous season by a party of four who took out six thousand dollars in thirty days. They were still working there when I passed on the 3rd of August, but stated that all they could get this season was about ten dollars a day, and that it was now about worked out.

At the time of my visit they were trying the bank, but found the ground frozen at a depth of about three feet, though there was no timber or moss on it. They had recourse to fire to thaw out the ground, but found this slow work.

Two of the party subsequently went down to Forty Mile River, where I met one of them. He was a Swede, and had been gold-mining for upwards of twenty-five years in California and British Columbia. He gave me his opinion of the district in these words, "I never saw a country where there was so much gold and so evenly distributed; no place is very rich, but no place is very poor, and every man can make a 'grub stake'" (that is enough to feed and clothe him for a year).

The whole length of the Tes-lin-too yields fine gold at the rate of from eight to ten dollars a day; but, as the heart's desire of the miners is coarse gold, they do not remain long in a country in which the fine gold only is found—generally no longer than is necessary to make a "grub-stake,"—unless the gold is in unusually large quantities.

Between the Tes-lin-too and the Big Salmon (D'Abbadie of Schwatka) is thirty-three and a half miles, in which the Lewes preserves a generally uniform width and current.

The waters of the Big Salmon are sluggish and shallow. The valley, as seen from the mouth, is wide, and



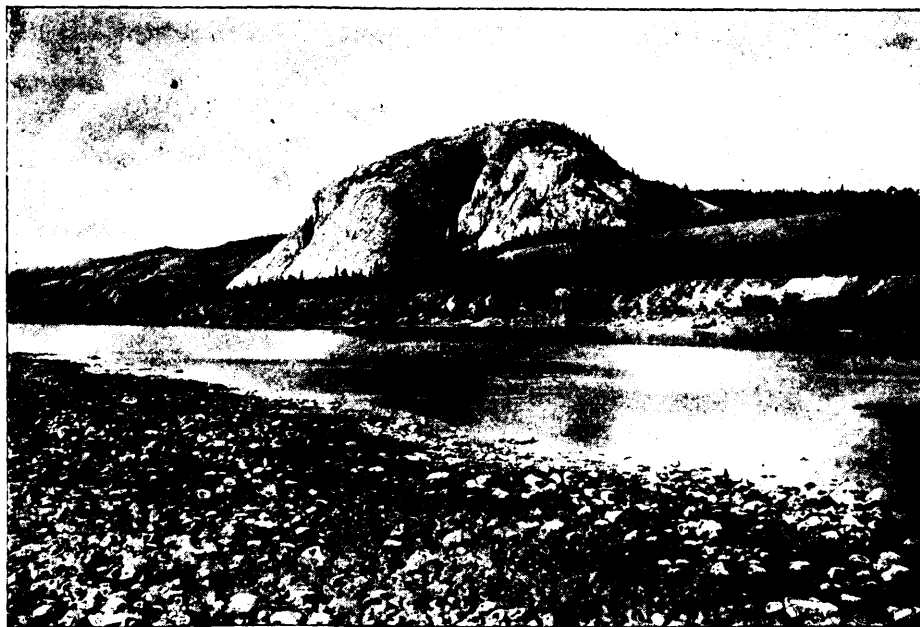
gives one the impression of being occupied by a much more important stream. Looking up it, in the distance could be seen many high peaks covered with snow, and, as this was in the beginning of August, it is likely they are always so covered—which would make their probable altitude above the river, five thousand feet or more.

Two days' run, or about thirty-six miles, the river constantly winding round low, sandy points, and dotted with small, well-timbered islands, brought us to the Little Salmon (Daly of Schwatka), a small and unimportant stream entering from the east. The water is clear, but of a brownish hue. The valley bears to the north-east, and six or seven miles up it some high cliffs of red rock, apparently granite, can be seen.

five hundred feet. It is of a light grey color, but what the character of the rock is I could not determine, as I saw it only from the river, which is about a quarter of a mile distant.

We passed the mouth of the Nordenskiöld on the 9th of August. The river here makes a loop of eight miles round a hill on the east bank, named by Schwatka Tantalus Butte. The distance across from point to point is only half a mile.

Early the next day we heard the booming of the Rink Rapids in the distance, and it was not long before they were in sight. These rapids are known to miners as Five Finger rapids, from the fact that five large, bold masses of rock stand in mid-channel. This obstruction backs up the water so as to raise it about a foot, causing a



THE EAGLE'S NEST.

One of the most remarkable objects along the river, located just below the Little Salmon, is a huge hemisphere of rock, called the "Eagle's Nest," rising abruptly from a gravel slope on the east bank, to a height of about

swell below for a few yards. The islands are composed of conglomerate rock, similar to the cliffs on each side of the river, from which one would infer that there has been a fall here in past ages. For about two miles below

the rapid there is a swift current; not swift enough, however, to prevent the ascent of a steamboat of moderate power; and the rapids themselves I do not think would present any serious obstacle to the ascent of a good boat. In very high water warping might be required.

Nothing whatever was seen here of the "hundreds of gulls," which have their breeding grounds on these rocky points, noticed by Schwatka. These, as well as the "dense swarms of the omnipresent mosquito," were conspicuous by their absence.

With regard to the mosquitoes on the Yukon, Lieut. Schwatka has expressed his mind freely. He says:—

"The mosquitoes were now (5th July) thick beyond anything I have ever seen. As we crossed boggy places, or the marshy rims of the numerous inland lakes, they rose in dense swarms. Hunting, the only object one could have in inland excursions, became impossible on account of these insects; their stings could not be endured, and in looking through such swarms, it was not possible to take sure sight at the game.

\* \* \* I believe this part of the Yukon country (foot of the Canon) to be scarcely habitable in the summer, on account of these pests, and think their numbers sufficient reason for the complete absence of game during that part of the year. On the lower river, beyond Fort Yukon, their numbers appreciably decrease. \* \* \* It is not until the first severe frost comes—about the first of September—that this annoyance is abated completely."

I passed the Cañon less than three weeks later in July than Lieut. Schwatka, but saw very few mosquitoes there; and even as far as the boundary, though a few were seen here and there, we certainly suffered no inconvenience whatever from them.

I believe the exact reverse of what is stated above with reference to the decrease of mosquitoes below Fort Yukon, to be the case. Below Fort Yukon the country along the river becomes flat, and great areas of tundra, or frozen morass, occur. These tundra becoming soaked with summer rains, which can only penetrate to a depth of a few inches, become regular swamps, the natural breeding-grounds for all kinds of insect life; so that if mosquitoes abound on any part of the

river, it would be natural to suppose that it would be in the vicinity of the tundra lands. As I did not go below the boundary, however, I can only speak with certainty of the upper part of the river. Practically speaking, there were, when I passed, no mosquitoes there. There is an operation, known in French cookery as *farcing*, commonly practised by small school-boys upon credulous companions, and capable of furnishing much mild amusement when indulged in to a limited extent. I have found the miners of the Yukon to be particularly fond of this amusement; and this may account for the highly colored stories of Esquimo dogs, and even of bears, having been killed by mosquitoes, which were gravely related to the gallant lieutenant by these accomplished *farceurs*.

After getting a couple of snap-shots at the rapids, we ran through and camped for dinner on a little shelving point on the east bank.

About a mile and a half below our camping-place, a small, dark-colored stream, the Tatshun, enters the river from the east. To this spot I directed the basemen, after dinner, to proceed. As they neared the point, I took up my station at the telescope, and was idly watching them, when a sight met my view that sent the blood in an instant tingling through my veins with excitement. The canoe was within a few yards of the shore, when suddenly, as if by magic, the bank above became literally alive with Indians. Shouting, gesticulating wildly, and flourishing their arms about, they came charging furiously down the sloping side of the river.

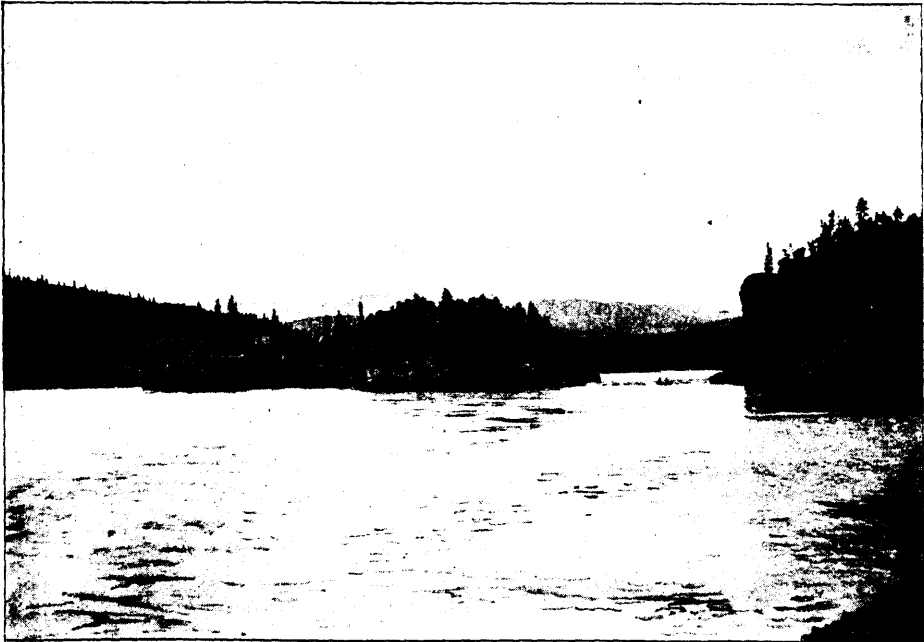
Now we had not seen an Indian for three hundred miles, and, indeed, with the exception of a solitary one near the mouth of the Tahk-heena, and the few miserable Tagish encountered at the Teslin-too, we had seen none since we entered the country. Our apprehensions of trouble had gradually subsided the farther we advanced; but

now our worst fears about the Indians told of in the miner's story at Chilkoot Inlet received ample confirmation from these unmistakably hostile demonstrations. The suddenness, also, with which they had burst upon our view, made them an alarming spectacle. "There they are at last," was the thought that passed quickly from lip to lip.

In a moment our little camp was astir. To seize my Bullard, leap into the canoe with Morrison, and call to

her bodily. The "*Hoodalinka's*" slashing sweeps, beating the water to a foam, could be heard in the rear. It was a race for life!

It is said there is but one step, and that a short one, from tragedy to comedy; but Momus never dropped the awful mask of Mars more quickly than he did on this occasion. By the time we were fairly into the race, there seemed to be a lull in the hostile demonstrations—some devilish ruse, no doubt. As we hurried on with re-



THE RINK RAPIDS. THE "HOODALINKA" TAKING THE DIP.

the others to follow to the rescue, were the acts of a few seconds. The crew of the "*Hoodalinka*" had two rifles—a Winchester and a Martini-Henri; besides these, every man had a Colt's revolver, and we determined to make as good a fight as possible under the circumstances.

But one idea filled our minds—to get there in time to prevent the massacre of our companions; and, bending every energy to the task, the little "*Yukon*" shot through the water, impelled by strokes that almost lifted

newed energy, Gladman quietly picked up the field glass to reconnoitre the enemy.

"It's all right," he shouted from the boat, in the coolest possible tone; "they're shaking hands all around." This was true enough; the warlike scene had shifted with the suddenness of a panoramic view. The poor savages were huddled together on the beach, extending the most friendly and cordial welcome to Parker and Sparks, who were standing unhurt in their midst. Moreover, we now noticed

what, in our excitement, we had omitted to observe—that not one of the savages was armed.

The relief from the tension of mind experienced by men nerved for a desperate encounter, who suddenly find that the enemy has vanished into smoke, can be better imagined than described. The ludicrousness of the situation struck us so forcibly that we gave way to prolonged peals of the heartiest laughter that have ever rung on the quiet bosom of the great Yukon.

It has been my lot to meet many Indians roaming the vast tracts from British Columbia to Labrador; but, of all the miserable creatures I ever saw, these were, without exception, the worst, the poorest, and the most unintelligent. It is needless to say that none of our party understood anything they said, as they could not speak a word of any language but their own. As an instance of their stupidity, I may mention that, wanting to buy some tea and other provisions from me, they tendered in payment the tin stamps that are put by some manufacturers on plugs of tobacco. These they signified to me had been given to them by the coast Indians in exchange for furs. It is possible they had taken them off the tobacco brought to them by these Indians, and were trying to swindle me, but I am inclined to think not.

They were engaged in salmon fishing at the mouth of the Tatshun, and I tried by signs to get some information from them about the stream they were fishing in, but I failed. I tried, in the same way, to learn if there were any more Indians in the vicinity, but again I utterly failed. I then tried by signs to find out how many days it took to go down to Pelly River, but, although I have never known these signs to fail in eliciting information in any other part of the territory, they did not understand.

One thing, however, they did comprehend. Thinking that my men

would relish some fresh fish, and knowing that these Indians are expert fishers, I took some silver from my pocket and, holding it in my hand, went through a little pantomime performance. The Indians gravely watched me pointing to their nets and to the river, and making the motion of giving the coins. Two of them understood what was wanted, and catching up their nets, sprang down the bank with great alacrity. They were gone about ten minutes, returning with three fine salmon.

As their mode of catching salmon is identical with that mysterious process witnessed by Schwatka further down the river, and which appears to have puzzled him greatly, I may describe it briefly.

The fish, in their long journey up from the sea—nearly two thousand miles—naturally follow the slack current in the shallow water near the shore, and they swim generally about two feet below the surface. One can easily trace their passage through the water by the slight ripple which they make on the surface, and, as they cannot see in the muddy water, they may, with care, be taken by gently placing a scoop-net in their way and lifting them out when they enter it. *Voilà tout le mystère!* The Indian judges the depth by the size and character of the advancing ripple, and simply moves his net to and fro, keeping it always directly in front of the unsuspecting fish. The salmon are passing constantly, thousands every day, so that an Indian youth has plenty of practice and soon becomes expert in this peculiar mode of fishing. No picturesque watcher on the bank was seen, nor was any extraordinary power of vision necessary, the ripple being plainly visible to every one. On the way down the Lewes, the first of these "salmon ripples" noticed by us was about twenty-five miles above Five Finger Rapids. I have frequently seen them on the Thompson and Fraser rivers and

in other parts of British Columbia, but there, as the streams are for the most part clear and the surface broken by eddies, a different method of taking the fish has to be adopted.

The Indian, knowing the habits of the fish, chooses some jutting point round which the river takes a sudden bend. The slack water is, of course, inshore, and though he cannot see the fish, on account of the roughness of the water, the fisher knows that hundreds of salmon are passing this point every hour. He gently drops his scoop-net into the water up stream, sweeps down with the current through three quarters of the circumference of the circle, lifts the net, completes the circle, quietly replaces the net and repeats the operation over and over again.

In these sweeps the greatest care is necessary, as the fish are exceedingly alert and the least inadvertence will send the whole line off into deep water. The Indian's judgment and skill here come into constant play and also finds ample exercise in the selection of suitable fishing grounds.

Six miles below Rink Rapids are what are known as "Little Rapids." This is simply a barrier of rocks which extends from the westerly side of the river about half way across. Over this barrier there is a ripple which would offer no great obstacle to the descent in a good canoe. On the easterly side there is no ripple—the current is smooth and the water apparently deep. I tried to sound it with a six foot paddle, but could not reach the bottom.

About a mile below Little Rapids the river spreads out into a lake-like expanse, with many islands; this continues for about three miles when it contracts to something like the usual width; but bars and small islands are numerous all the way to Pelly River. About five miles above Pelly River there is another lake-like expanse filled with islands. The river here is nearly a mile wide, and so numerous and close are the islands that it is im-

possible to tell, when floating among them, where the shores of the river are. The current, too, is swift, leading one to suppose the water shallow; but I think that even here a channel deep enough for such boats as will navigate this part of the river, could easily be found. Schwatka named this group "Ingersoll Islands."

On the 11th of August, near Hooche-koo Bluff, I met a party of miners coming out who had passed Stewart River a few days before. They had seen no sign of Doctor Dawson there. This was agreeable news to me, as I expected that on account of the many delays I had met with on the coast range, he would have reached that point long before I arrived.

These miners also gave me the welcome news that the story told at the coast about the fight with the Indians at Stewart River was a pure fabrication. The individual who spread the rumor was a lawless character who had attempted to take the life of another miner—for which offence he was ordered to leave the district in mid-winter, an order which the miners consider equivalent to a sentence of death. Strange to say, however, he succeeded in reaching the coast, having made a distance of over five hundred miles, of the most difficult and dangerous travelling, between the months of February and May; and there, partly from malice and partly to account plausibly for his inopportune appearance, he concocted the diabolical story which I had heard.

The method of administering justice among the miners is simple and expeditious. They have their own code of laws, based on a pretty clear application of the principle of right and wrong in dealing with each other, and any one who should attempt, by means of technicalities or "sharp practice," to make wrong appear right, would, I fancy, be judged more guilty than the culprit himself. Any one who has been wronged, or thinks he has, calls a meeting of the camp, which at once

resolves itself into a board of trial to hear and dispose of the case. In all such trials, a man's known character for truthful and honorable dealing, or the reverse, is an important factor.

he had been so confidently building all the way down the river, now tumbled about his ears in a sad heap of ruins. One of his boys had evidently had enough of the country, and



CONFLUENCE OF THE PELLY AND YUKON.\*

The miners, although they may not, perhaps, understand all the fine shades of difference between *meum* and *tuum* distinguished by a Supreme Court lawyer, are keen judges of fair play, and it is hardly necessary to add that their decisions, from which there is no appeal, are generally regarded as satisfactory by all interested in the case. This is certainly more than can be said of the decisions of many of the so-called "Courts of Justice" of more favored countries.

The same evening I met nine miners on their way out, and the next day I met three boats, each containing four men. In the crew of one of them was a son of Captain Moore, from whom the Captain obtained such information as induced him to turn back and accompany them out. I was sorry for the old man: the air-castles, which

was glad to get out of it, even with empty pockets; the other, after various fruitless efforts to make a "grub stake," had given it up, and was sawing wood for the more prosperous miners at \$15 a month.

Next day, the 13th, I reached the mouth of the Pelly, and found that Dr. Dawson had arrived there on the 11th. The Doctor had also met with many delays, and, though nearly a month behind the time arranged for our meeting when I parted from him in May, we arrived here within two days of each other. He had also heard the story of the Indian uprising in the interior, and had, on account of it, been kept in a state of anxious watchfulness for the greater part of the summer. I was pleased to find that he

\*The high cliff to the left is common to both rivers. The pine at the bottom of the cliff is probably 70 feet high.



RUINS OF FORT SELKIRK ON THE YUKON.

was in no immediate want of provisions, the fear of which had caused me a great deal of uneasiness on the way down the river, as it had been arranged between us in Victoria that I was to take with me provisions for his party to do them until their return to the coast. The Doctor was so much behind the time arranged to meet me, and so anxious to avoid delay at the upper lakes, which freeze over early in the autumn, that he determined to start for the coast at once. I therefore set about making a short report and plan of my survey to this point; and, as I was not likely to get another opportunity of writing at such length for a year, I applied myself to a correspondence designed to satisfy my friends and acquaintances for the ensuing twelve months. This necessitated three days' hard work.

On the morning of the 17th, the Doctor departed for the outside world, leaving me with a feeling of loneliness

which can only be realized by those who have experienced it.

I remained at the mouth of the Pelly during the next day, taking magnetic and astronomical observations, and making some measurements of the river.

About a mile below the junction with the Lewes, and on the south side, stands all that remains of the only permanent trading post ever built by white men in the district. This post was established by Robert Campbell, for the Hudson's Bay Company, in the summer of 1848. It was first built upon the point of land between the two rivers, but this location proving untenable, on account of flooding by ice jams in the spring, it was, in the season of 1852, moved across the river to where the ruins now stand. It appears that the houses composing the post were not finished when the Indians from the coast on Chilkat and Chilkoot Inlets, came down the

river to put a stop to the competitive trade which Mr. Campbell had inaugurated, and which they found to seriously interfere with their profits. Their method of trade appears to have been then pretty much as it is now—very one-sided. What they found convenient to take by force, they took; and what they found convenient to pay for, they paid for—at their own price.

Rumors had reached the post that the coast Indians contemplated a raid, and, in consequence, the friendly Indians in the vicinity remained about nearly all summer. Unfortunately, however, they went away for a short time, and, during their absence, the coast Indians arrived and pillaged the place, and set fire to it, leaving nothing but the remains of two chimneys, which are still standing. This raid and capture took place on Sunday, the 1st of August, 1852. Mr. Campbell was ordered to leave the country within twenty-four hours, and accordingly he dropped down the river. On his way he met some of the local Indians, and returned with them, but the robbers had made their escape. I have heard that the local Indians wished to pursue and overtake them, but to this Mr. Campbell would not consent. Had they done so, it is probable that not many of the raiders would have escaped, as the superior local knowledge of the natives would have given them an advantage difficult to estimate, and the confidence and spirit derived from the aid and presence of a white man would have been worth much in such a conflict.

Mr. Campbell went on down the river until he met the outfit for his post on its way up from Fort Yukon. He turned it back. He then ascended the Pelly, crossed to the Liard, and reached Fort Simpson, on the Mackenzie, late in October.

Nothing more was ever done in the vicinity of Fort Selkirk by the Hudson's Bay Company after these events, and in 1869 the company was ordered

by Captain Charles W. Raymond, who represented the United States Government, to evacuate the post at Fort Yukon, which he had ascertained to be west of the 141st meridian. The post was occupied by the company, however, for some time after the receipt of the order, until Rampart House, which was intended to be on British territory, and to take the trade previously done at Fort Yukon, was built. Under present conditions the company cannot very well compete with the Alaska Fur Company, whose agents do the only trade in the district, and they appear to have abandoned—for the present at least—all attempts to do any trade nearer to it than Rampart House, to which point, notwithstanding the distance and difficulties in the way, many of the Indians on the Pelly-Yukon make a trip every two or three years to procure goods in exchange for their furs.

The ruins of Fort Selkirk stand on a flat of considerable extent, which is covered with a small growth of willow, poplar, and a few spruce. The soil is a gravelly loam, covering a sub-soil of gravel, evidently detritus. This flat extends up the river for several miles, but is all covered thickly with timber, except a small piece around the site of the fort.

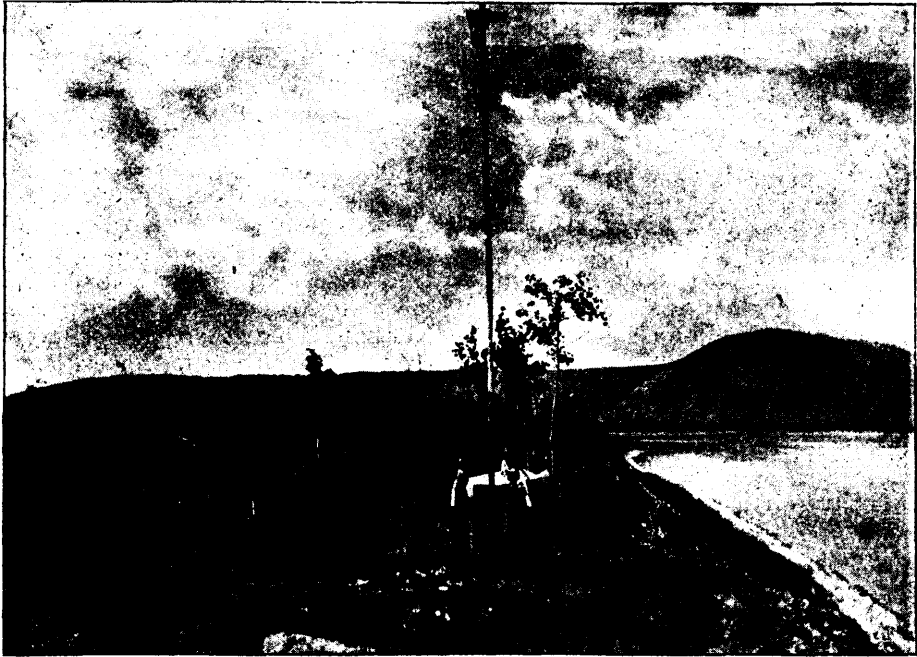
On the north side of the river there is also a large plateau, bounded by a perpendicular basalt cliff, two or three hundred feet high, on which the soil appears to be poor, judging from the thinness and smallness of the trees. This plateau seems to extend up the Pelly for some distance, and down the Yukon some ten or twelve miles. As seen from the river, it reminds one of the slopes and hills around Kamloops in British Columbia.

On the 19th I resumed my journey northward. Opposite Fort Selkirk, the Pelly-Yukon river is about one-third of a mile broad; and it maintains this width down to White River, a distance of ninety-six miles. Islands are numerous, so much so that there



are few parts of the river where one or more are not in sight; many of them are of considerable size, and nearly all are well timbered. Bars are also numerous, but nearly all are composed of gravel, so that navigators will not have to complain of shifting sand-bars. The current, as a general thing, is not so rapid as in the upper part of the river, and the depth in the main channel was always found to exceed six feet.

25th. The water of this river is a chalky white color, and so muddy that it is impossible to see through one-eighth of an inch of it. The current is very strong, probably eight miles or more per hour. I spent most of the day trying to ascend the river, but found it impracticable; after trying for several hours, the basemen succeeded in doing about half a mile only, and I came to the conclusion that it was useless to try to get up this stream to



INDIAN GRAVE NEAR RUINS OF FORT SELKIRK.

On the evening of the 22nd, on coming ashore to pitch our camp for the night, I was fortunate enough to get a shot at a "wood cariboo," which came down to the river-side to drink, a few hundred yards from the spot where we had landed. This was the only "wood cariboo" seen on the river. It is a much larger and more beautiful animal than the ordinary cariboo which roams in vast herds over these northern hills, and resembles the elk or wapiti, except that the antlers are smaller.

White River was reached on the

the boundary with canoes. Had it proved feasible, I had intended making a survey of this stream to the boundary, to discover more especially the facilities it offered for the transport of supplies in the event of a survey of the international boundary being undertaken.

The water from this river, though probably not one-fourth of the volume of the Pelly-Yukon, discolours the water of the latter completely, and about two miles below the junction the Pelly-Yukon appears almost as dirty as the White River.

Between White and Stewart Rivers the river spreads out to a mile and upwards in width, and is a maze of islands and bars.

Stewart River, which was reached on the following day, enters from the east in the middle of a wide valley, with low hills on both sides, rising on the north side in clearly marked steps or terraces to distant hills of considerable height. The river, a short distance up, is two hundred yards in width, the current slack, and the water shallow and clear, but dark-colored. While at the mouth, I was fortunate enough to meet a miner, named McDonald, who had spent the whole of the summer of 1887 on the river and its branches, prospecting and exploring. He gave me a good deal of information, which I have incorporated in my map of the district. This man had ascended two of the main branches of the river. At the head of one of them he found a large lake, which he named Mayhew Lake; on the other branch he found falls, which he estimated to be from one to two hundred feet in height. I met several parties afterwards who had seen these falls, and they corroborated this estimate of their height. McDonald went on past the falls to the head of this branch, and found terraced gravel hills to the west and north; he crossed them to the north and found a river flowing northward. On this he embarked on a raft, and floated down it for a day or two, thinking it would turn to the west and join the Stewart, but finding it still continuing north, and acquiring too much volume to be any of the branches he had seen while passing up the Stewart, he returned to his point of departure, and after prospecting among the hills around the head of the river he started westward, crossing a high range of mountains composed principally of shales with many thin seams of what is called quartz, ranging from one to six inches in thickness. On the west side of this range he found the head waters of Beaver

River, which he descended on a raft, taking five days to do so.

It is probable the river flowing northward, on which he made a journey and returned, is a branch of Peel River. The timber on the gravel terraces of the water-shed, he described as small and open. He was alone in this unknown wilderness all summer, not seeing even any of the natives. There are few men, I think, so constituted as to be capable of isolating themselves in such a manner.

On the 1st of September, we passed the site of the temporary trading post shown on the maps as Fort Reliance. A few miles above this point the Tondac River of the Indians (Deer River of Schwatka) enters from the east. It is a small river about forty yards wide at the mouth, and shallow; the water is clear and transparent and of a beautiful blue color. The Indians catch great numbers of salmon here. They had been fishing shortly before my arrival, and the river for some distance up was full of salmon traps.

Several days of continuous heavy rain now interrupted our work, so that Forty Mile River (Cone Hill River of Schwatka) was not reached till the 7th of September.

The current in Forty Mile River is generally strong, and there are numerous rapids, one, in particular, not far from the mouth, in which several miners have been drowned. The river is not wide, and one would think an ordinary swimmer would have no difficulty in reaching land; but the coldness of the water soon benumbs a man completely and renders him powerless. In the early part of the summer an Indian, from Tanana, with his family, was coming down to trade at the post at the mouth of Forty Mile River; his canoe upset in these rapids and he was thrown clear of it, but the woman and children clung to it. In the rough water he lost sight of them and concluding that they were lost, it is said he deliberately drew his knife and cut his throat, thus perishing, while his family were

hauled ashore by some miners. The chief of the band to which this Indian belonged came to the post and demanded pay for his loss, which he contended was occasioned by the traders having moved from Belle Isle to Forty Mile, thus causing his men to descend this dangerous rapid; and there is little doubt that had there not been so many white men in the vicinity he would have tried to enforce his demand.

Fifteen miles below Forty Mile River a large mass of rock stands on the east bank. This was named by Schwatka "Roquette Rock," but it is known to traders as "Old Woman Rock;" a similar mass on the west side of the river being known as "Old Man Rock." The origin of these names is an Indian legend, of which the following is the version given to me by the traders:—

In remote ages there lived in this locality a powerful Tshaumen. There also lived in the neighborhood of this powerful being a poor man who had the great misfortune to have an inveterate scold for a wife. He bore the infliction for a long time without murmuring, in the hope that Xantippe would relent; but time only seemed to increase the virulence of her tongue and temper. At length, growing weary of the unceasing torment, he complained to the Tshaumen, who holds a position and exercises an influence among the people he lives with something akin to that of the wise men or magi of olden times in the east. The Tshaumen comforted him and sent him home with the assurance that all would soon be well.

Shortly after this the poor man went out to hunt and remained away many days endeavoring to replenish the domestic larder, but without avail; he returned weary and hungry, only to be met by his wife with a more than usually violent outburst of scolding. This so provoked him that he gathered all his strength and energy for one grand effort, and gave her a kick that sent her clear across the river. On

landing, she was converted into the mass of rock which remains to this day a memorial of her viciousness and a warning to all future scolds. The metamorphosis was effected by the Tshaumen, but how the necessary force was acquired to send her across the river, here half a mile wide, or whether the kick was administered by the Tshaumen or the husband, my narrator could not say. He was also altogether at a loss to account for the conversion of the husband into the mass of rock on the west side of the river; nor can I offer any theory, unless it be that he was *petrified* by astonishment at the result.

Such legends as this would be of interest to ethnologists if they could be procured directly from the Indians; but repeated by men who have little or no knowledge of the utility of legendary lore, and less sympathy with it, they lose much of their value.

On the 14th of September, I finished my survey to the boundary. In the afternoon, while waiting for a sight, an incident occurred which relieved the tedium and furnished amusement for many days.

Parker and Sparks had gone ahead down the river to set up the base. Instead of doing so, however, they appeared to be beating about the bush in a most unaccountable manner. I was becoming impatient at the delay, and watching through the glass, when I saw them make a swift rush from the wooded bank to the canoe, grasp the paddles and ply them with desperate energy. My first thought was that they had been attacked by a bear, but Morrison, who was watching their movements closely, said:

"Is there not something in the river ahead of them?"

"Yes, by George! they are after a moose," I cried, turning the glass in the direction indicated. A magnificent buck moose had taken the water some fifty yards ahead of them. Now a man with a canoe can easily overtake a moose swimming, and the con-

sequence was, that before they had reached the middle of the river, they were right on top of the animal. So close in fact were they, that they could have jumped upon its back if they had so wished.

Now was the time for the *coup-de-grace*, and, when I saw Parker hastily drop the paddle, and nervously fumble about for his rifle, I knew the curtain was up for a highly entertaining performance. A puff of smoke went up, and—bang! went the Winchester, announcing that the battle had begun. Without waiting to see the effect of Parker's shot, Sparks excitedly whipped out his revolver and began a regular fusilade at short range. The fun was now fast and furious. Bang! went the Winchester—Pop! Pop! went the pistol shots—and on serenely swam the moose, making straight for a bar in the river.

"By George! Charlie, they are going to lose him," I said, laughing till the tears ran down my face. "Here is our winter camp, and lots of fresh

meat right at the door; you had better go down and try a shot."

In the meantime the young Nimrods had emptied both rifle and revolver to no effect; the moose had gained the bar and was flying across it at railway speed. Gladman, whom nothing ever unduly excited, set off leisurely. Arrived at the point where the moose had taken the water, he proceeded methodically to set up and adjust the base. By this time the moose had gained the bank and was lost to view, still pursued by Parker and Sparks, who, having no more ammunition, were yelping like a couple of dogs.

While taking the angles I was startled to see the moose suddenly break covert from the bluff right above Gladman's head and come tearing down the bank towards him. The moment was an exciting one. Startled as I was to see the animal reappear in this way, I was thunder-struck to see that Gladman was entirely unconscious of danger, and thinking, no doubt, that the moose had made good



THE EXPEDITION ON THE YUKON.

his escape, and that it would be useless to follow him, was standing with his back to the bluff busied about some little matters of the camp.

I pride myself on being able to *shout* when the occasion demands it, and now, making a trumpet of my hands, in my excitement I fairly roared, "Moose, Charlie! Moose!! M-oo-s-e!!!"

Gladman heard and understood, though the distance must have been a good mile and a half.

Picking up his rifle, he ran up and down the beach looking in all directions. He could see no trace of the animal, while from my point of view, with the glass, I could plainly see him, with nose outstretched and antlers laid back, crashing down the bank not twenty yards from him.

The mystery was cleared up by Gladman walking quietly down the shore, round a bend or bay in the river, to a point about half a mile below the camp, from which the faint yelping of "the dogs" proceeded. This point was directly in the line of sight of the telescope, and it was here, instead of at the camp, that I had seen the moose rushing down the bank. When this simple explanation dawned upon me, it is needless to say that I felt mortified at my stupidity. My vexation vanished, however, when a few minutes later I heard two shots in quick succession from Gladman's rifle, which I knew meant that we should have moose steak for supper.

We had now reached our winter camp, and the next few days were busily spent in preparing our winter quarters, and in building a magnetic observatory and a transit house. As I had been led to expect extremely low temperature during the winter, I adopted precautionary measures, in order to be as comfortable during our stay there as circumstances would permit.

A few remarks descriptive of our residence may not be uninteresting.

After clearing away the top soil and excavating some distance into the side of the hill for a foundation, the bottom round of the house was laid and embedded in the place so cleared. The next round of logs was then put up and fitted in place; it was then rolled off, and on top of the first round was laid a thick layer of moss. The second round of logs was then put back in its place on top of the moss, which was so thick that the second round did not lie on the saddles at the corners, but rode on the moss. This was done with each succeeding round until the requisite height was reached, when the ordinary kind of shanty roof, consisting of poles, was put on. On these was laid a layer of moss about one foot thick, and on this about one foot of clay. In the roof were two ventilators, which could be closed altogether if necessary. The faithful "*Hoodalinka*" was taken to pieces, as we had no further use for her, to supply boards for flooring and a door.

To heat the building, a large stone furnace was built, in size three feet by eight; the front end of this was fashioned into a fireplace with an oven on top for cooking; the other end was formed into a chimney. The structure was a large mass of stone, bound together by a tough white clay which we found in the vicinity, and which baked hard and white, and did not crack with the heat. When this mass was once heated, which it took two days to do, it retained the heat for a long time.

With the weight of the roof and walls, the moss between the logs was so pressed, that it filled every crevice, and made almost a solid wall. During the winter the ventilators were kept open all the time; yet the lowest temperature observed in the house during our stay was 48° Fahrenheit; the average in the morning, before the fire was lighted, was about 60° Fahrenheit.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# ORIGIN OF THE SOCIAL CRISIS IN THE UNITED STATES.

(*A Monarchist's View.*)

BY VISCOUNT DE FRONSAC.

WHEN to an organism or to a mechanism anything happens to disturb the plan of its motion, before the reason why the disturbance has happened may be known, the laws that govern must be understood. That great complex organism, the state, whose unit in some epochs is the family, in others is the individual, and in some times and places is both, is no exception to the rule. It is an error of judgment to suppose that any law has exceptions—exceptions belong to different categories.

The United States was founded on two different systems of social polity. The Southern colonies reckoned family as the political unit, and early had hereditary estates engrafted into their system. In Virginia and the Carolinas entailed estates were permitted by law. This law fostered the growth of the family, and favored agriculture necessarily. Consequent on this, city influence in Southern affairs was small, and Southern cities could not compare, even with cities of the same size in the North, in wealth, culture, and enterprise. The South had few manufactures. The glory and valor of the section was with the country families, and with them none in the North could compare in fame and continuity of excellence. The sum total of wealth in the South was not so great as that in the North; but, individually, the people were more comfortable, for in the North there early began that instability of institutions resulting in the increase of wealth among the few, and extreme poverty and industrial servitude among the many.

The Northern colonists came to the

New World to found a government without a king, and a church without a bishop. As aristocracy is an adjunct of monarchy, and aristocracy relies on the strength and permanence of the family, the Puritans of the New England colonies made laws inhibiting the entailment of estates. Agriculture is the necessary pursuit of those who have great estates. Since, in New England, the individual instead of the family was made the political unit, and the laws were so framed as to discourage great landed holdings, the enterprise of the section went to the building of towns and cities. What farms there were, were poor and small, and the farming class were stingy and dwarfed in sentiment. The best blood was in the cities, of which Boston was chief. The chief pursuit was commerce on the seas, and the merchant class of the higher order were cultivated and liberal by intercourse with foreign nations, and their children received the benefit of their parents' experience, education and wealth. The commercial cities of New England also received, among foreign settlers of a mean description who acted as servants and laborers, others of a higher degree, until gradually the old Puritan stiffness and bigotry wore away, and the family as a unit, if not actually in use, began to have a theoretical value.

But with the formation and growth of cities and towns in the interior of the New England and Middle States, a new element began to exercise an influence over the laws already in existence. These new cities of the interior—away from the sea—were not based on commerce, but owed their

importance to manufacture of an increasing variety of objects of utility and ornamentation.

At first, the trade of these manufacturing centres was mainly with the South, but the commercial enterprise of the coast cities, speedily bearing in ships the commodities of foreign manufacture cheaper in price and more artistic and durable, caused the representatives in the national legislature to be divided into two classes—(1) those who wished to allow foreign goods a free market, for the benefit of the buyer and sea-merchant; and (2) those who desired to put a heavy tariff on foreign goods, to exclude them, for the benefit of the home manufacturer.

This was the first menace of imposing the Northern system on the South. Such a system, bred in manufacturing cities, meant the impoverishment of the agricultural South, the decline of the great sea-merchant class, and the substitution of the individual unit in the place of the family in every part of the States. The attempt to impose these tariff laws met with opposition in the South and in the coast cities. The opposition in the South took the form of declaring that the rights of the States were invaded by the general government, since the Constitution by which the States agreed to be ruled gave the general government the privilege of assessing taxes for revenue only, and in this instance it was endeavoring to lay the South under tribute to the manufacturing North. South Carolina declared that she would not permit a tariff to be levied in her ports. This was the celebrated nullification act, promoted by John C. Calhoun, of that state.

In the coast cities of the North, the opposition took another course. The cry there was; "Free trade and sailors' rights!" (meaning the rights of commerce).

Now, there was in the South at this time a system of negro slavery

which the foes of the South, in the general government, seized on as a plea to alienate the political friendship between the South and the coast cities of the North—a friendship based on free trade, and, in addition, on the Southern side, on State sovereignty. By maintaining this sovereignty, the South hoped to maintain her family unit system, agricultural stability and general prosperity—a prosperity that was greater with even the humblest individuals in the South than with people of the same class in the North. The poor whites of the South were never hungry; they never rioted from bad treatment, nor "struck" for higher pay, as their fellows of the North.

The policy was eminently successful. The question of slavery became involved in the quarrel, and the South was isolated.

It is folly to suppose that compact, agreement or promise will stand before self-interest or expediency, unless upheld by force. The South, in 1861, in contending with the Northern democracy determined to call on this force, and assembled her armies to repel the armies which had been prepared and assembled to invade her territories and overthrow her institutions. The Northern democracy, led by patriotic furor and the arguments of the anti-slavery people, were blind to the fact that behind this was the plan of the manufacturers of the interior cities to form—after the South had been crushed—a monopoly, and finally an oligarchy, to rule the country.

It was during the civil war which followed that the clothing mills, the iron foundries, manufactories of all kinds, began to feel the benefit of a partial monopoly. When the war was finished, slavery was gone; the family unit system of the South was broken. What then remained? The scheme of a tariff for the benefit of the maker of goods, and a transfer of a further burden of taxation on the agricultural districts of the country.

Foreign commerce, also, being under restrictions so great as to amount to prohibition, the sea-merchant class expired, or retired to other lands.

From this time the manufacturing element and their friends the railroad magnates enjoyed the monopoly of the market and the carrying trade. That class, as the financial records of the country show, was the only class that increased in wealth. All others lost in proportion. The ship-yards were empty. The proceeds of the great importing houses grew smaller. Sea-captains transferred their services to foreign flags. The farmer, unable to secure enough from the sale of his produce to supply his farm with the necessary appliances and material for raising good crops, mortgaged his little holding and sent his sons to the neighboring city, to be the "slaves" of some milling company. Three-fourths of New England farms were thus mortgaged. The influence of this monopoly extended to the half-opened West, and in those States adjoining both banks of the Mississippi, the average was two-thirds of the farms under mortgage.

In the meantime the cities grew, and the country districts became abandoned about them. The South, that, immediately after the war, had advanced a trifle from the desolating influence of invasion, sank back again in despair.

But in order to keep control of the market, the manufacturing monopolies whose scheme had triumphed with the government, by the imposition of a tariff of enormous degree,—under the excuse of raising a revenue to pay the principal and interest of the war debt,—determined to combine. For this purpose nearly every manufacturing industry of a kind went into a "trust," or "combine," to make it impossible for any firm to sell goods for less than the dictated figure. The market being closed, the supply of money necessarily was limited,—more so than it would have been with an

open market. The vast capitals of the trusts rapidly ate the principal and interest of individual buyers—of the great body of the people,—through the greater expense of living that advanced prices entailed. Many laborers left off working, in despair, and joined the multitude of "tramps" that filled every district of the land. People in New York city lived, in the poorer quarters, more closely packed and meaner than in the most of the overcrowded cities of Europe.

The party for free trade was not dead. It became an article of "political faith" in the platform of the "Democratic party." Several times, an election of a presidential candidate and a majority of honest representatives in Congress would have insured its success. But it was not until the election of Cleveland the second time that the calamity of free trade threatened the trusts and combines.

Every four years since the establishment of the American democracy, have the communities of which it is composed been threatened by more or less danger to their commercial and financial arrangements.

When Cleveland was elected in 1892, the manufacturing establishments and all the "trusts and combines," believing that their power was shaken, began to do less work and withhold the capital they were about to invest. But, along with this, as they, through their influence over the government, had closed the market, and as they had manufactured so many goods that the supply was increasing over the demand, the surplus could not be carried into other markets, because their own market price was equal to the price of foreign goods, plus the tariff. The tariff, in some cases, was 100 per cent. Then, again, as they had been steadily drawing the principal of the people's property to themselves by these means, it had previously become a necessity to raise the coinage of silver to an equality of gold, in order,



by giving a false basis to the financial scheme, to prolong the period of their operations. As the spider plays with the fly, as the cat allows the partial escape of the mouse, only to pounce on it the more greedily, so they, by issuing silver on a gold basis, gave the people a fictitious prosperity.

It has been said that the money-power which these combines represent, angry that the people should have escaped them by the adoption of free trade principles, determined to stop the mills, withhold payment from the banks, and discharge employes from railways and factories. Their alleged purpose in so doing was to bring the people, by the power of distress, to acknowledge their masters, and to believe that popular prosperity depends on subserviency to the plans of the moneyed classes.

It must be understood that for long years there has been such a community of interest between members of Congress and the manufacturing trusts and railway combines, as to lead the careful observer to conclude that Congress is the stock exchange, and Congressmen are the salaried attorneys or clerks of the same.

But it has been so expensive for these monopolies to run the government, costing every presidential election the output of \$20,000,000, that possibly the easier plan of coercing the people might prove less expensive in the end.

Years ago, the astute Gladstone, in conversation with an American banker in regard to the extreme wealth in the hands of a few, when compared with the sum-total of all wealth in America, showed that it were possible for a union of such wealthy men to control affairs, by bringing calamity on the market through the withdrawal of their capital and the stopping of the multitudinous industries which they directed.

But, while this might be possible to those who have the means, yet in the continuance of affairs on the lines

drawn out in this article it is the effect of laws operating in the body politic, which even the money power could not affect. It is all very well for the man being borne along on the current to seem to direct it. How much he directs it may be shown when he attempts to move in the opposite direction.

If all the great corporations and monopolies and millionaires should distribute their wealth to the American people, while the laws on which the movements of the American social system are made remain unaltered, the same catastrophe would occur again later on.

The effect of these laws was foreseen from the very beginning by a few representatives of the American colonies in the constitutional convention of 1787, but their protests were unheeded, because no one believed in them but the silent, unrepresented minority of wise and cultured men, who of right are the natural rulers, but in democracies never have a right.

The deplorable condition of things in the United States has been brought about by avarice and selfish partisanship. Avarice has erected these barriers against free trade which have put chains on the sea-merchant, the sailor and the farmer. Selfish partisanship of politicians has effected an abolition of the family as a unit, in order to admit the servile horde of foreigners to an equal, individual, share in the government, well knowing that the gain of their votes is always to the demagogue, never to the cultivated class whose ancestral or family history, if recognized, would make them chief.

However much the mind of the American seeks to avoid the truth, it must come finally—even if too late to be of any practical value,—that “democracies are the aspects of a people’s government in a state of decay.”

It has been so throughout the world’s history. Democracy was the government of Greece when that nation fell

into servitude. It was the government of Rome, when citizenship was made universal and barbarism disgraced the prerogatives of Cæsar. France, also, now so corrupt in private life as well as in public, can boast of nothing worthy the happier epochs of the empire and the monarchy. Yet neither Rome nor France have had a government so democratic as has the United States. In Rome, the emperor, though sometimes elected, was supposed to rule for life, and had the choice of a successor approved by the Senate. Rome also had a nobility, founded on that sort of merit that prosperity recognizes, even if honor does not. And France has a Legion of Honor, falsely so named under the corrupt republic, and her Senate has life members, while the nobility are neither excluded from citizenship nor denied their titles. Yet in America none of these things exist, or are allowed to exist. Every foreigner of rank is obliged to disavow his family dignities before he can become a citizen. Every prop that personal ethics seeks is taken away, and the flat equality renders government into the hands of the worthless and ignoble. It is they who have made these laws and restrictions, from fear of the better classes. It is they who have sold the heritage of colonial excellence, that did not belong to them, to avarice, and now they shall reap their reward.

Already the cry of the hungry is heard in the streets. The torch of the incendiary is being dipped in petroleum. The knife of the assassin is being sharpened in secret. Poverty, gaunt and pitiless, is marshalling his legions, who are as gaunt and pitiless as himself. Cruelty, that has oppressed them at the command of the monopolist and money-sharper and politician, now, by reflex, gives life to their bodies. Revenge guides it to a purpose. That purpose—who can withstand! Is it that the pampered and unprincipled, who have no centre of action but in isolated self-interest, are about to be broken by insurrection? Is it the restoration of the ancient aristocracy of the South, that this same pampered and unprincipled class plotted to ruin in the days that are gone? May not the Southern section of States, with what memories yet remain with them, unite among themselves to rekindle the beacon of their hope; to form anew the model of their confederacy that was broken at Gettysburg; to restore the sceptre to the family, and rulership to its more enduring principle? No one can foresee!

The remedies that Congress provides will be insufficient to patch up a system radically wrong. They can only postpone the breaking away of the flood through all that confines.

## TO WILLIAM WATSON.

Too arid of those earthly crumbs of praise,  
He strove with youth's wild will to make the gods  
Fling down from their repast the food he prays  
And clutches for between the Muse's nods.

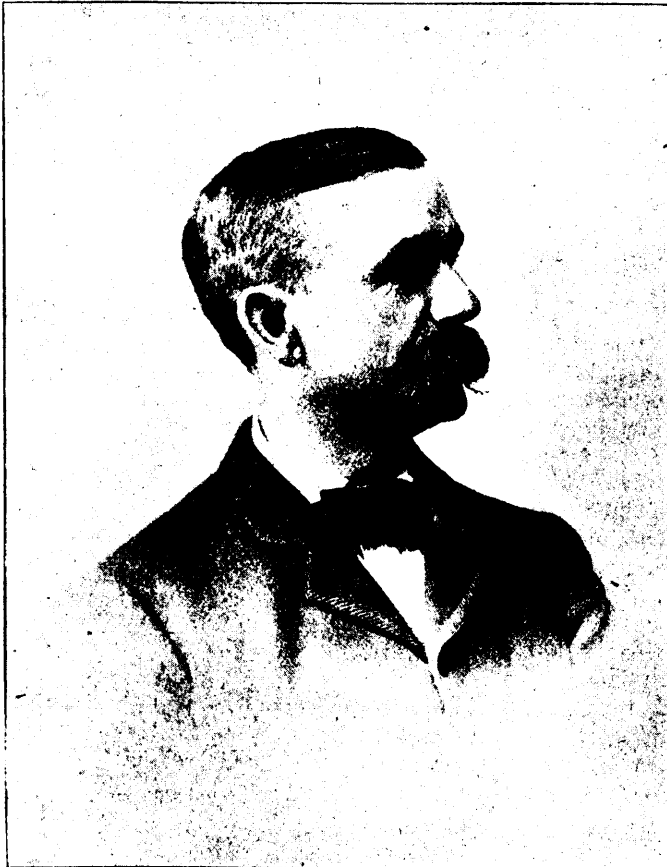
They gave the gift divine, and yielded him  
The god's Tarpeian madness, pitying  
Yet heartless, damned with godlike blessing grim:  
What would we not to gods a ransom fling?

—ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

## O'HAGAN'S POEMS: A STUDY.\*

BY EMILY MCMANUS.

It was Fletcher who said long ago, the poet is but a dreamer or a visionary, a being of little moment in this busy, practical world. Yet in reality under this aphorism is as potent today as it was then; yet how few foundations of a nation; who shows it a true ideal toward which to strive; recognize it. Nay, do people not act



THOMAS O'HAGAN.

as if they believed the very reverse to be true? "Let us make the laws," they seem to say, "and we care not who makes the songs." To the many who gives heart and hope to the toilers, and points the heights to which their unborn sons will climb. Not all imaginative is the picture the poet draws who tells us:—

\* "In Dreamland, and other Poems," by Thomas O'Hagan. The Williamson Book Co., Ltd.

"In the dim, waste lands of the Orient stands  
The wreck of a race so old and vast,  
That the greyest legend cannot lay hands  
On a single fact of its tongueless past ;  
Not even the red gold crown of a king,  
Nor a warrior's shield, nor aught beside,  
Can history out of the ruins wring—  
*They had no poet, and so they died.*"

History, at least, has proved to us that a country which has no inspiration for a poet, which cares so much for the material side of life that the spiritual side is not allowed to develop, will never become a great, a wise, or a happy nation: and this Emerson felt when, in his magnificent diatribes against the materialistic tendency of his country, he electrified his prosperous compatriots into questioning if, after all, the dollar were almighty. And yet, was the warning heeded? Of that fine literary band which grew up about Emerson,—Longfellow, Bryant, Poe, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes,—all born within a decade or two of each other,—only Holmes remains, and who are there to take their places? Strange, is it not? There is no poet in all the Great Republic worthy to take rank with these. Surely the cry is, "Ichabod! Ichabod! Thy glory is departed."

But we have wandered far a-field, to where the shadows lie; let us come back to the promise of our own dawn; for, truly, in several of our younger poets—Lampman, Roberts, Campbell, Scott—there is a vigor and a glow which bespeak a glorious morning. We can only hope that no wave of unspiritualism will ever rise high enough in Canada to prevent that morning from merging into a perfect day.

At present one gratifying fact in Canada is the literary activity which, in spite of a widespread indifference and lack of the ordinary stimulus (we refer to the absence of a home market for literary wares), shows no sign of abatement. One of the surest proofs of this is the number of books of poetry yearly issued from the Canadian press. Quite recently, Mr. J. H.

Brown, of Ottawa, gave to the public a volume of poems of excellent material and fine literary finish, which certainly deserves a more cordial recognition than has yet been accorded it; and later still, Mr. Wetherall, of Strathroy, has issued a collection which should be in the hands of every Canadian, containing, as it does, many of the finest poems in our literature.

The latest volume of Canadian verse, "In Dreamland, and Other Poems," by Thomas O'Hagan, is a beautifully bound and finely printed book, containing poems of patriotism, of faith, and of affection.

"The world is too much with us: late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:  
Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!"

So Wordsworth mourned in the beginning of this century, beating, not all in vain, against the apathy of his age; and so Mr. O'Hagan very appropriately introduces us to his charming volume of poems, each one a tacit protest against worldliness. In particular, "A Christmas Chant" shows the strong, keen joy there is in unselfish fellowship:

"Ring in the memories of olden days,  
And the joys of bright Christmastide,  
A wreath of song for the hearts that live,  
A prayer for the souls who died.  
Ring in the love of a mother's heart,  
The faith of a father's tear—  
These bind the links of sweet Christmastide,  
A golden chain for the year,  
O hearts that love,  
Ye feel the cheer:  
The wreath of song  
But hides a tear.

"Around the hearth we miss each friend,  
Around our joys fond memories blend;  
The broken strings—ah, who will place?  
Life's tuneful lyre recalls each face:  
The old—the young—the loved ones dear—  
Bloom in our heart through memory's tear.

"Ring in the starry songs of heaven,  
The flame-lit hours of happy home;  
Across the sky in distant dreamland,  
Sweet voices fill the starry dome.  
The heart of June is filled with throbbings,  
Hark to the laughter of sweet May!  
Around the fire bright months of roses  
Clasp hands and welcome Christmas day.  
O hearts that sing  
And know not sorrow,

Ye dream of hopes  
That light to-morrow.

"Come, let us welcome at the door  
The friends our hearts have known of yore ;  
Give to our boards good Christmas cheer,  
And crown with flowers the closing year ;  
Sing 'round the merry, merry song,  
The wine of life—in deeds prolong."

There is a simplicity and an earnestness here which gives this poem a charm often lacking in more ambitious efforts. Indeed, the chief merit of all Mr. O'Hagan's poems consists in a directness of thought and purity of diction, joined with an un-failing melodiousness. His poems appeal to the heart rather than to the mind, and thus have within themselves that quality which in all ages has taken deepest hold of the people. This peculiar charm we find strongest in "The Song My Mother Sings," which has a fine lyric flow, and ease of movement :

"O sweet unto my heart is the song my mother  
sings  
As eventide is brooding on its dark and noise-  
less wings ;  
Every note is charged with memory—every  
memory bright with rays  
Of the golden hours of promise in the lap of  
childhood's days ;  
The orchard blooms anew and each blossom  
scents the way,  
And I feel again the breath of eve among the  
new-mown hay ;  
While through the halls of memory in happy  
notes there rings  
All the life-joy of the past in the song my  
mother sings.

"I have listened to the dreamy notes of Chopin  
and of Liszt,  
As they dripp'd and droop'd about my heart  
and filled my eyes with mist ;  
I have wept strong tears of pathos 'neath the  
spell of Verdi's power,  
As I heard the tenor voice of grief from out the  
donjon tower ;  
And Gounod's oratorios are full of notes sub-  
lime,  
That stir the heart with rapture thro' the  
sacred pulse of time ;  
But all the music of the past, and the wealth  
that memory brings,  
Seem as nothing when I listen to the song my  
mother sings.

"It's a song of love and triumph, it's a song of  
toil and care,  
It is filled with chords of pathos, and it's set in  
notes of prayer ;  
It is bright with dreams and visions of the  
days that are to be,  
And is strong in faith's devotion as the heart-  
beat of the sea ;

It is linked in mystic measure to sweet voices  
from above,  
And is starr'd with ripest blessing thro' a  
mother's sacred love ;  
O sweet and strong and tender are the mem-  
ories that it brings,  
As I list in joy and rapture to the song my  
mother sings."

Many other poems in the volume show this same strong affection for the days of childhood and the ideals of the past. The titular poem in particular dwells on this :

"I dreamt a dream of the old, old days,  
When life was sweet and strong,  
When the breath of morn swept thro' the groves  
Like the notes of a joyous song ;  
And I knelt beside my mother's knee,  
And lisped in faith her prayer,  
When the lilacs bloomed and the roses bled,  
Too full of the morning air."

So, too, "A Gate of Flowers," "Reverie," and "Two Roses" deal with that happy period of life before care has claimed her subject. Yet charming as are these poems through their sympathetic cadences and natural longings, we feel that in "Ripened Fruit" the author has struck a truer because a deeper and more vibrant chord. Change is the law of our being; what then avails regret for the past? Happier are those who are allowed to pluck the "Ripened Fruit."

"I know not what my heart hath lost ;  
I cannot strike the chords of old ;  
The breath that charmed my morning life  
Hath chilled each leaf within the wold.

The swallows twitter in the sky,  
But bare the nest beneath the eaves ;  
The fledglings of my care are gone  
And left me but the rustling leaves.

And yet I know my life hath strength,  
And firmer hope and sweeter prayer,  
For leaves that murmur on the ground  
Have now for me a double care.

I see in them the hope of spring,  
That erst did plan the autumn day ;  
I see in them each gift of man  
Grow strong in years, then turn to clay.

Not all is lost—the fruit remains  
That ripened through the summer's ray ;  
The nurslings of the nest are gone,  
Yet hear we still their warbling lay.

The glory of the summer sky  
May change to tints of autumn hue ;  
But faith that sheds its amber light  
Will lend our heaven a tender blue.

O altar of eternal youth !  
O faith that beckons from afar !

Give to our lives a blossomed fruit—  
Give to our morns an evening star !”

In his songs of Canada Mr. O'Hagan shows a true poetic fire and earnestness. In particular, "My Native Land" has a fine patriotic ring and should be set to music. Here is one stanza :

"My native land, how dear to me  
The sunshine of your glory !  
How dear to me your deeds of fame,  
Embalmd in verse and story !  
From east to west, from north to south,  
In accents pure and tender,  
Let's sing in lays of joyous praise  
Your happy homes of splendor,  
Dear native land !"

Other poems of this class are "Our Own Dear Land," "An Ode to the New Year," "A Song of Canadian Rivers," and "The Maple and Shamrock." Everywhere Mr. O'Hagan shows his love for Canada, and his faith in her future. No chilling pessimism mars his verse, no mistrust darkens it,—

"While with a faith and purpose true  
We'll guard your future glory,  
Our own dear land !"

In his songs of Ireland, Mr. O'Hagan is equally felicitous. "A Dream of Erin" is sweet and plaintive,—but only a dream. "A Message to Erin" is a song of love and hope, typical of Erin's children the world over. But by far the best of his Irish poems is "Erin Machree."

"'Tis strange that, tho' cradled 'neath maple  
and pine,  
My soul should thirst strong for thy patriot  
wine:  
In childhood I dreamt of thy ivy-crown'd  
tower,  
And in fancy I've strayed by the streamlet and  
bower—  
And I've wandered afar from the place of my  
birth  
To the land of my fathers—the fairest on  
earth—  
And with heartfelt devotion I've wished thee  
as free  
As the home of my birthplace, dear Erin  
Machree !"

This is a poem in every way worthy of the high praise bestowed by the Dublin press on Mr. O'Hagan's earlier volume, "A Gate of Flowers," published in 1887. Without doubt the

wealth of sentiment and patriotic fervor went far in attracting not only Irish regard but French as well, for we find "A Gate of Flowers" translated into French, and published in Paris, an attention not often paid to Canadian poems.

But, considering the ardent glow of his patriotic poems, and the proverbial tendency of his race towards the softer passions, there is a remarkable dearth in Mr. O'Hagan's poems of anything at all approaching love. "To Laura," a short poem of two stanzas— not particularly remarkable for fire— is the only indication of such we find. It looks very much as if our poet, in this particular, has proved false to all the well established traditions of his race and brotherhood. We question if ever poet before so completely ignored that 'diviner breath of being.'

Poems written for special occasions, "Profecturi Salutamus," "Memor et Fidelis," "Moore Centenary Ode," etc., and poems "In Memoriam" make up the remainder of the volume. Of these latter, the best is one in memory of the author's father, showing strongly Faith as an abiding principle of life. Other poems show this principle of Faith even more fully, and perhaps we cannot do better in closing this sketch of a volume, pure, simple, and melodious in every line, than to quote the author's closing poem showing his rule of life :—

#### "MY IDOL.

Hearts oft bow before strange idols,  
Strength of power and breath of fame,  
And, forgetful of life's morning,  
Dream of noontide's gilded name:  
But the idol that I cherish  
Knows no glory e'en in part—  
'Tis the simple faith of childhood  
Long grown strong within my heart.

In the darkest hour of trial,  
When each star has veiled its face,  
Turn I fondly to my idol  
Full of heavenly light and grace :—  
Then my step grows firm and steady  
Down the mystic path of night,  
For the simple faith of childhood  
Guides me, leads me ever right."

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON.

## MOVING HOUSE.

BY BERNARD MCEVOY.

PEOPLE choose, as a rule, smooth things to say to their friends, and the voice of perfect candour is rare. Candour does not seem to consort with perfect friendliness. When a man says, narrating a conversation, "I told him exactly what I thought of him," we know instinctively that what he said was the reverse of complimentary. It is a sad thing that so few of us can bear the truth to be told us about ourselves, and it is one of the perils of the opulent and powerful that they never hear it—or hardly ever. This concealing of the truth extends to the possessions of our friends as well as to themselves. Thus, if a man live in a small house, the adjectives employed by his acquaintances are, "snug" and "compact." When they get out into the street after calling upon him and his wife, they say: "What a fearful crammy hole—hardly room enough to swing a cat round." The man and his wife, however, only hear the first verdict, and they are comforted and strengthened in their determination not to remove to another dwelling at present. There are inconveniences, but a house that can awaken such commendations cannot be so very bad. Another caller congratulates the mistress of the tiny home that she escapes the responsibilities and work attendant upon a larger domicile. It is probable that a married couple would never move house if they listened only to the advice of their friends. It is certain that they never would if they took the advice of their landlord. It is a poor place indeed that a landlord or an auctioneer cannot find a complimentary epithet for.

Another difficulty in the way of moving house is the habit that some people have of taking root in a place.

They stretch out fine filaments of soul into every room and corner. They grow to their surroundings. Events happen, and the house becomes redolent of associations and memories. That is a poor life that does not warm and enliven its brick and wood tement. It is not only the sunshine of this year that comes in at the windows, but that of years gone by. When the snow comes, the imagination shapes it into the ghosts of winters past. And what shall be said of the ties that connect us with stores, with tradesmen, with bells sounding in the early morning, with the letter-carrier who brings our letters, with the daily walk of the children to school? All these things are against listening to the voice that says we shall have to move.

Of course, the great difficulty is getting a place to move to. A great many causes of insanity are mentioned in the statistics of lunatic asylums, but as house-hunting is not one of them, any reasonable man must doubt those records. Lightheartedly a man may begin to seek for a house, but as he pursues the quest his heart sinks within him like lead. He begins it furtively and casually by looking at the advertisements as he comes home in the street-car. But as he gradually yields to the fascination, these become his only reading. He mentions a few of them at the evening meal, and they begin to form the constant topic of after-dinner conversation. Both the good man and his wife discover that deep buried in their hearts is that love of change which in the savage state of humanity leads to nomadic habits. Hitherto it has been repressed by circumstances, or by the antagonistic influence of

other forces. Moreover, the advertisements afford starting points for imaginative excursions into the future. If there are any young people, imagination runs riot, and talk goes at a fast and furious rate. The younger people are, the more faith they have that change of location means betterment. After a few evenings of the seductive literature of house advertising, the household goes to bed thoroughly demoralized. The older heads keep their equilibrium, but the youngsters simply give the rein to fancy and are talking into the small hours about what they will do in the new house. From this time on, a series of phantasmagoria passes before the mental eyes of the hapless family. Now it is one street, and now another. A house looms up in all its magnificence of accommodation, only to be effaced by one possessing greater advantages. The probability is that after a week or two of this kind of dissipation the head of the household puts his foot down with determination, and savagely calls a halt. Men in these circumstances have been known to determine to go in future about the operation of house-hunting with secrecy, and to say nothing about it to anybody. They will determine to let the thing drift, and go on with their business. If the right kind of chance comes, they will seize it, but they are not going to repeat the operation of going over unsuitable houses indefinitely. This determination is usually taken after a considerable experience of the futility of this sort of thing. Again, a man is apt to look at the potentialities of a house with different eyes from those of his wife. He looks at a house and is charmed with it. For the moment it appears to be all that is delightful, and he almost agrees to rent it on the spot. But when he takes the partner of his joys and sorrows to see it, the glamour seems to fade. Under her pertinent and searching questions, the luckless man feels that he really

knows nothing about a house at all, and wonders that ever he could have thought the one specially under consideration a possibility. There is perhaps nothing that gives a man such a wholesome distrust of his own powers as an experience or two of this sort.

But when the necessity for moving is real, it becomes assertive. In a week or two the tabooed subject is revived, and the fire of conversation upon it blazes again with vigour. It is common at such times for the head of the household to begin to talk of it in a judicial and exhaustive way. He gets a piece of paper and a pencil, and endeavors to arrive at some definite limits within which the earthquake now recognized to be inevitable is to take place. There is great virtue in a piece of paper and a pencil. Sometimes his wife gets these articles too, and it is observable that she often arrives by their means at totally different conclusions. The debate now thickens, and with warm-tempered people there are sometimes tiffs of temper that are quite serious. It looks as though the attempt to change the domicile would overturn the household in a calamitous crash. It is with a sick heart that a man realizes this, and determines at last that "something must be done." Happy is he who in this state of things can rely upon his fortunate star. In nine cases out of ten the man chooses a house as he chooses a wife—with a desperate dash. He screws his courage to the sticking point and does it, thereafter feeling at first as if he had murdered somebody, but ultimately experiencing a delicious peace. What is done can't be undone. He has agreed to take a house, and the advertisements have lost their power over him. He will be drawn this way and that by contending forces no longer. A sense of certainty comes into his tone. The thing is done, and he answers all objections by a simple assertion of this important fact.



By degrees the futility of objection under these circumstances filters through the household. As for the pater-familias, he rejoices for a day or two in absolute freedom from anything to do, either with the house he is leaving or the house he is going to. The absolute and realest of all delights for a man is, of course, to have no house at all, to be detached and free, to put on his hat and to feel that it covers all his belongings. This is why a man really feels so jolly after being burnt thoroughly out. A fire that destroys everything, and leaves the man disentangled from all the coils and accumulations that have gradually wound themselves around him, is a blessing about which there is very little disguise. Under usual circumstances we are, as Shakespeare says, "limed souls struggling to be free,"—held and bound, not only by conventions, but by properties, many of them the most tawdry of stage properties, yet which we cherish as though they were of our heart's blood. Now, we should have a chance if five or six times in our lives we were, as it may be said, born again—sent out into life with the minimum of clothes and other cumberings, and delivered from all the concatenations of our familiar surroundings. This really, it may be supposed, is what happens to us at death. Is it possible that by successive departures from the scene of our existence we may gradually attain something like perfection?

Our friend, however, is soon recalled from his freedom of spirit. He learns that freedom of spirit and carpets cannot exist together. We do not live as in Japan, where people are too wise to indulge in either furniture or carpets. On the other hand, furniture is a principal article of our creed, and it is only poverty that preserves people from making their houses into mere exhibitions of chairs, tables and bric-a-brac.

It will often be found that houses are dominated by some important

article of furniture. In the old times in England cottagers thought themselves tolerably well off if they could start married life with a "grandfather's" clock, a bed, two chairs, and a warming pan. But everybody could not get a warming pan as well as a clock, and of the articles of luxury the clock came first. Many a day of a housewife's hard work has been soothed and alleviated by a rub at the polished panels of the tall clock case. All title to respectability was not gone so long as this important piece of furniture was retained. It was an assurance of thrift; a guarantee of character; the occasion, doubtless, of much simple pride. These old clocks are to be "picked up" now sometimes at the stores of second-hand dealers in country towns, and if the story of them could be told, it would be affecting indeed. In these days we do not have many grandfather's clocks, but in most houses there is to be found some piece of furniture which, as it were, gives the pitch of the household chorus. Laugh not at the grand piano, the drawing-room suite, or the marble and ormolu clock, however much they may be out of harmony with their surroundings. By such anchors a good many folk are kept from drifting out into seas of carelessness and ruin. They are things to be fought for and lived up to. And even where the latter does not seem possible, they have a good effect on people. We may feel our pieties irksome sometimes, but let us at least recognize the tendency of human nature to make itself lares and penates, and to surround ordinary pieces of furniture with a reverential regard that does much to keep the world together as a compact sphere.

Besides this master note of the household gamut, there is generally a considerable amount of miscellaneousness. There are very few houses that are furnished on principle, because, whatever people may say, the carrying out of principles of decoration and

furnishing costs a good deal of money. Most of us have to put up with what we can catch, and it is only the select few who can preserve the unities, and have rooms in which there is no jarring note. When Oscar Wilde and William Morris and Walter Crane tell us so charmingly how to furnish our houses, it is not lack of appreciation that prevents us from following their precepts. We admire their aesthetic teaching, but to carry it out takes a long purse. We therefore can only obey their edicts in imagination. Our castles in the air are all beautifully appointed, and if these apostles of culture could only see them, they would find them quite satisfactory. But the houses we really live in are the accretions of time and chance, where our taste, which is of course correct and enlightened, has been overruled by inevitable necessities. The advent of a baby means the going up in smoke of a plan we had for remodelling the dining-room, and a long sickness makes a religious resolve to dispense with some of our pictures in favor of better ones become like the baseless fabric of a vision. Removing to a new house, however, usually gives the opportunity of a little blossoming out of what is in a man.

Of the supreme moment when the wagons actually come, and the household stuff is piled on the boulevard, it is only possible to speak with bated

breath. A man feels at such times like a restless and disembodied spirit wandering about in Hades. He is out of the old house and he has not yet attained the new, but meanwhile he has all the anxieties of possession. The trouble of his wife is perhaps greater. She distributes her solicitude over the whole distance between the house she is leaving and the one she is going to, and may be compared to a hen in the presence of danger, whose brood will persist in diverging to all points of the compass at once. He who should endeavor to characterize the procession of a migrating family in such circumstances would find a difficulty in the selection of exact similes. It partakes of the nature of a funeral, of the march of campaigners, of a triumphal pageant. Conquering and to conquer, these brave spirits are going forward with zeal and valour. Triumphant they are, for when once their household goods are all on wheels much has been overcome. But the pace of the cavalcade is funereal, and the event marks the demise and quiet burying of much that in its life was pleasant, and that in its death is regretted. As our friends toss for the first night on their sleepless pillows in their unaccustomed rooms, their thoughts frequently revert to the old house, now silent and deserted, in the windows of which appears the legend, "This house to be let."



IN THE ANNAPOLIS VALLEY.

## WITH A FISHING TUG ON LAKE SUPERIOR.

BY HENRY J. WOODSIDE.

WHILE Superior is much larger than any of its great sister lakes, and is in every way better adapted for the propagation and preservation of fish life, the gross product of its fisheries is less than any one of them. This is, however, largely due to the fact that they are as yet in their infancy, comparatively speaking. Lake Superior fish cannot be excelled for flavor, but there is not the profit of a large local sale for them fresh from the water; packed in ice, they have to be shipped long distances by steamer and railway car, and have to compete with other fish caught nearer the same markets. Yet, owing to their superior quality, they command a ready sale wherever marketed.

Every variety of fish found in the lower lakes may be found in Lake Superior: sucker, herring, whitefish, siskawitz, salmon trout, speckled trout and sturgeon, are the principal varieties caught. The first named fish is rejected, as unfit for the market.

The fishing interests of the north shore are largely in the hands of one company—the Port Arthur Fish Company—which owns and uses in the work five tugs and thirty-five sailboats, and employs about one hundred and thirty-five fishermen between Port Arthur and Rosspport, one hundred and twenty-five miles eastward. The catch from this system of fishing stations is gathered by tugs daily, and is brought to Port Arthur, whence it is taken by the propeller *Dixon* twice a week to

Duluth to be shipped to St. Paul and cities farther south.

Mr. Brimson, manager of the company, assured me that it is a nice trip; and having provided plenty of large dry plates, and a little kodak for snap shooting, I embarked on the *Kakabeka*, the flagship of the fleet—a tug of one hundred and thirty-five tons burthen and with a speed of ten miles per hour. I could not have made a better selection, for, in addition to the fact that she is a good, staunch craft, her commander, Captain Beebe, formerly of Bay City, Michigan, has the A. B. C. of fishing at his finger ends.

The *Kakabeka* carries a crew of seven men—the captain, the steersman, two engineers, the cook, and two fish-packers. Her lower deck was mostly covered by the bulk of fourteen cars for shipping the fish. Each car is mounted on iron axles and accommodates eight hundred pounds of fish interlaid with layers of crushed ice. The cars



DINNER IS NOW READY IN THE DINING CAR.

are made on the refrigerator principle, and preserve their contents perfectly. In the bow of the boat is the cooking galley, which answers the purpose of a dining-room, where the crew

sit around a small square table and are served from the stove, a few feet away. Underneath this is the fore-castle where the men sleep. The centre of the boat is occupied by the boiler and engine, and in the stern is a little cabin where a dozen people can sit. On the upper deck is the wheelhouse, the captain's room, and a long life boat.

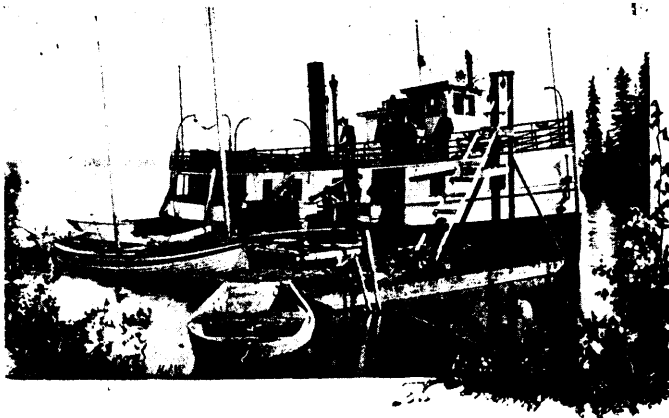
Thunder Bay, Black Bay, and Nepigon Bay, running far into the north shore, are the principal scenes of the fisherman's work, though Thunder Bay of late years has been largely avoided by fishermen, as the Dominion Government prohibits the use of pound nets within its waters. The *Kakabeka* steamed straight across Thunder Bay and past Thunder Cape, and, stopping at the once famous mine, Silver Islet—now a summering place for the people of Port Arthur—steered on down

she entered Burnt Harbor on Edward's Island. Here the first lot of fish were taken on. The harbor is named from the fact that the tug *Three Friends*



FISHERMEN'S TENT.

was burnt here last spring while lying in the beautiful cove. A small wharf on piles, a pile driver on a flat scow, a couple of fishing boats, and a sort of dingy or flat-bottomed punt, constituted the harbor furniture. On the shore a tent was pitched, almost hidden in a thicket of bushes, where raspberries, elderberries and red currants strove for recognition among the green leaves of the birch and sumach. An examination of the tent and its kitchen, the latter made out of a fish car placed on its end, showed that it was not the fishermen's receiving day, and, unlike Aunt Dinah, they did not seem to have even a "clarin' up day." In



LOADING AT BURNT HARBOR.

the shore, dodging among the islands so thickly scattered through this part of the lake, until the mouth of Black Bay was reached. Having crossed over,

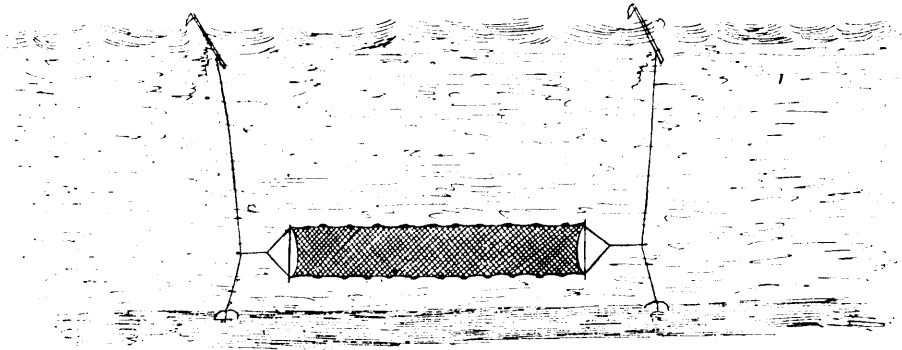
the far end of the tent lay a pile of blankets. Near the open end a broad box, littered with cans and plates, showed the remains of sundry fish skeletons and

fragments of standard eatables. In the kitchen was hung a smoked ham, and in the shelves were crowded groceries and cooking utensils;—most of the latter, however, graced the ground in front of the camp, in company with old shoes, tin cans and tools.

In the far end of the cove, twenty rods away, a hundred gulls wheeled around in the air or quarrelled for the possession of a rock, all the time complaining of the presence of the tug which had disturbed them at their meal of fish offal. These cute birds are tireless on the wing, and come in great numbers to be at the raising of the nets, when the small fish and suckers thrown away become their portion. Stooping to the water in its lazy flight, the gull will seize a fish apparently too large for its throat, lifting it by the head in the upward flight, the fish curving downward like a long proboscis. A movement or two of the bill and throat and the fish has disap-

peared in the green water. Then more dodging among islands followed, and just as the shadows of evening were falling on a long, bright, summer day, Nepigon straits were crossed, and a short time after that the tug was lying in Squaw Bay, on the lake side of the big island, St. Ignace, that shelters Nepigon Bay and the mouth of the famous trout river itself. Here five of the pound nets were to be lifted by the light of the moon, then showing half of her circle in the south. Three fishermen and a dory had been picked up on the way down for this purpose, and their work was cut out for them.

It may be well here to describe what gill and pound nets are. The gill net is a simple affair compared to the pound net. Fishermen were prohibited from using the pound net in Lake Superior until of late years, owing to its great effectiveness in catching fish. The gill net will be understood after an examination of the following cut.



A GILL NET.

peared, while the gull, with an innocent look in his eyes, is meeting the angry exclamations of a dozen friends who have hurried up to help him at the feast. The offal at the cleaning docks is also their portion, and they soon become on very familiar terms with their human friends.

Leaving Silvoy's, the *Kakabeka* passed through a long narrow channel, dropping a couple of cedar buoys on the ends of rocky reefs, whose surface could be seen seven or eight feet down

It is first a strong twine net, well tanned before being used, to prevent its rotting in the water. The meshes are from four and a quarter to five inches long when two of the corners are drawn apart to their fullest extent. There are two nets to the box, the web alone being very light until the leads are attached to the side which is to go deepest down, and the floats to the upper side. There are two leads to the rod, and the two nets will be about ninety leads, or forty-five rods in

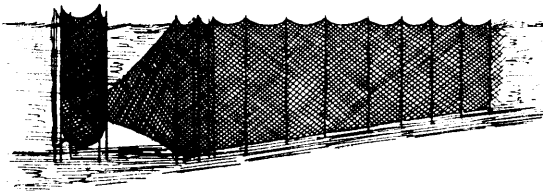
length. As much as five hundred pounds of fish have been caught with the two nets of a box, but that is exceptional, and, as the fish move in shoals, twenty-five pounds is oftener the catch. In the spring the nets are placed close to the shore, but as the season advances, and the water becomes warmed up, they are moved out into deeper water, until, in July and August, they are in forty or fifty fathoms of water. Salmon trout retire to seventy or one hundred fathoms deep during that season.



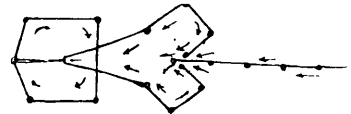
LIFTING THE POUND NET.

For pound net fishing, the fisherman begins to get out the piles in April. These vary in length from forty to seventy-six feet. The latter are for sixty feet of water, as twelve feet of their length is driven into the sand, and four feet more project up out of the water. When the ice is away, the piles are driven in a suitable place. This occupies about three weeks' time, gill net fishing going on in the meantime. Then, about the first of June, everything is ready for the pound net to be hung in its place. It is well tarred to withstand the rotting effect

loosened and one side of the net is lowered until the boat is floated inside the pound itself. Then three men seize the net at its side, and by passing it gradually under the boat, which moves over toward the opposite side, raising the bag in the process, the fish are gradually cornered in the far side, where they splash and dart around in the steadily shallowing net, until they are at the gunwale of the boat. Then the central man picks up a short-handled, circular, shallow dipnet, like a frying pan, and begins to ladle the fish into the boat. The operation of raising consumes about three quarters of an hour. The



A POUND NET.



PLAN OF POUND NET.

of the water. Three men can hang a pound net in fifteen hours. The diagrams here given will make the plan of these nets tolerably plain.

The hole in the end of the tunnel is

suckers and small fish are thrown out into the water to recover, or to become the prey of the gulls. When the fish are all dipped out, the net is allowed to sink, the boat is floated out of the

enclosure, and the lashings are tightened up to their proper condition.

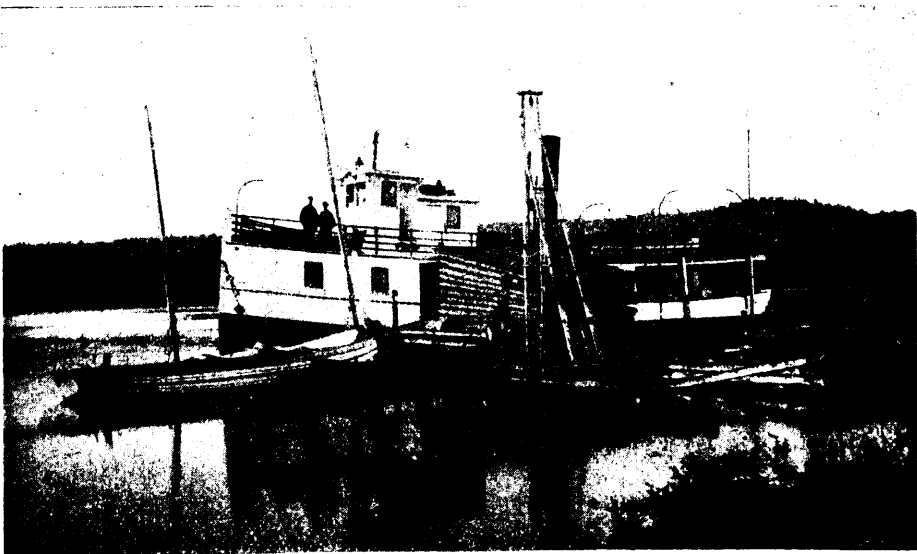
The fishermen fish steadily until the first of November. About that time the spawning season begins; with trout it lasts ten days; with white fish fifteen days. The Dominion Government has made a close season during November, and, it is said, contemplates extending the time to six weeks; but fishermen claim that this will be three times too long. On the American side of Lake Superior there is no close season, and so the Canadian fisherman is at a great disadvantage, because spawning time is the best period of the year for his trade, as the fish come in on the reefs and shallows to spawn.

Only about five per cent. of the spawn deposited by the fish in the lake comes to maturity. It has numerous enemies. Enormous sturgeons and the ubiquitous sucker devour great quantities of it, the former following by instinct the females into the shallows to spawn. The eggs lie during part of the months of November and April,

and their chance of ever hatching out. Female whitefish will turn and devour their own spawn.

In the dim light of the moon, on Squaw Bay, the tug was headed, by direction of one of the fishermen, toward the quarter near where the first net lay. For half an hour she crept around the shore like a mouse in a pincushion. "Rocks!" said the captain, "they stand up around here like that"—bringing his fingers and thumb up in a cluster to indicate numerous points sticking up from the bottom—"and this boat is not furnished with runners like some boats that we hear of." By-and-by everything seemed to be satisfactory, for the chief fisherman and his two assistants vanished from the deck, and a moment after the dory shot out from the tug's side and disappeared in the darkness.

After half an hour of waiting and watching, a prodigious flapping broke out of the gloom like the startled rise of a flock of ducks from calm water. The fish were being cornered and in



THE "KAKABEKA."

and during the whole of the months of December, January, February and March. It will thus be seen that the chances are against any large propor-

tion of them ever hatching out. their desperation were churning the water into foam, in vain effort to escape. After another half hour's waiting, the boat came out of the shadow,

and, drawing alongside the tug, the man with the shovel net began to pile whitefish, trout, and suckers on the slippery deck, until the dark wood was obscured by a silvery sheen that glistened in the light of two oil lamps. After being unloaded, the dory passed out of sight again on its way to another net.

Then the work of the packers began. Their weapon was a small, keen butcher's knife each, and they worked on the end of a flour barrel, topped by a square cover with a hole in the centre. The fish were picked up one by one and placed on this improvised table; two swift prying cuts removed the gills; one opened the body; a couple more cleaned the blood and entrails out, and along with the gills, they were scraped into the barrel through the hole in the centre of the cover. The disembowelled fish was then thrown into the fish box, and, when nearly full, the whole was then weighed and emptied into one of the ice-sprinkled fish cars. In fish-cleaning, as in all other occupations, there is a spirit of rivalry and emulation. An ordinary packer will clean from eight to ten in a minute. Hall, a negro on Cockburn Island, Lake Huron, is said to hold the belt with a record of fourteen per minute: a Frenchman coming second, with a record of thirteen cleaned and the gills out of the fourteenth, in a minute.

"No, we don't care for suckers," said the boy packer, contemptuously, as he picked up one of the offenders, and dropping it out of his hand, met it with the toe of his boot in a violent kick that sent it spinning past the ear of the man ladling out the fish from the dory. "We throw out about a ton of them from the net," remarked the man whose head escaped the slimy missile.

"The fishermen were in the habit of throwing sturgeon back into the lake as being valueless, when I came here," said Captain Beebe, "but I soon found a market for them, as I

had handled them on Lake Huron." Now the sturgeon is considered as valuable for export purposes as the other fish caught on the north shore. The average weight of those caught is from twenty-five to thirty pounds, but some are taken that weigh over eighty pounds. When ready for packing, with tail, head and fins cut off, and white bellies opened, their appearance is unpleasantly suggestive of very pallid dressed hogs, minus the head and legs. In life, the sturgeon's rounded shovel-like nose, with four tring-like feelers, indicates his habit of rooting in the mud for food; and his hideous, round, sucker mouth shows that he is not a fighter, but trusts to his thick skin armor for defence. Altogether the sturgeon of to-day is about as degenerate a descendant of the *Mishe Nahma*, with which *Hiawatha* battled, as can well be imagined. He sports no brilliant war-paint; he shows no fight when captured: and his little, piggish, lack-lustre eyes convey the impression that his time is chiefly occupied in keeping his capacious stomach filled.

The pickerel is as rapacious, cruel and unscrupulous a fish as swims in the lake, but his flesh commands a ready sale in the eastern markets.

After watching the process of cleaning the fish for some time, I retired to the cabin and laid down, soon gliding into a deep slumber, from which I was awakened once by an animated discussion between the two engineers, just changing watch, as to who should "clean them flues."

A story is told of a well-known character on the north shore, who was employed to pilot a steamer through Black Bay, the eastern shore of which is filled with bad reefs. Standing by the wheelman, giving orders with great dignity, he was asked by the captain of the boat if there were many rocks about there. "Lots of 'em," said the pilot. Just then the steamer ran, with a terrible bump, ten feet up on a sloping reef. Turning to the captain and



without changing his tone, he added, —“that’s one of them, captain!”

I slept for a couple of hours, when, without warning, the little vessel, then running about three miles an hour, stopped with a bang, and after giving a couple of violent lurches, slid back off the rounded surface of a rock three feet under water. As my mind grasped the situation, my first thought was,—“that’s one of them.” No damage was sustained by the tug, and after listening awhile to the clatter in the water, a hundred yards

light grows in the east;—the thick outer curtains of the night are being drawn aside by invisible hands. As the light increases, objects near at hand assume strange shapes, the silent forest shows a spectral outline, and a thick white mist hangs over the lake. The light grows; a strange melancholy broods over nature, as if she waited the coming of some dread visitor; the fleecy mist-patches tremble in the valleys; the misty pall on the lake sways uneasily. The wonder is growing; a faint color comes in the east, which is

soon woven with the rays of the coming sun; the master weaver is now plying his shuttle, with the most beautiful of colors working the sky in harmony with the rising fire, hung like a flaming banner above the dark battlements of earth. At last a great ray of gold comes over the tree-tops and quivers on the motionless foliage and swaying mistbanks; then, with a burst of light and glad-



STURGEON AND WHITE FISH.

away, where a pound net was being lifted, I lay down again and only awakened as the dim morning light showed the lofty shores of Nepigon Straits drifting by on either side, as the *Kakabeka* steamed up to the fishing station at its narrowest part.

In the Lake Superior country, in summer time, the daylight fades through a twilight reflected from the brilliant western heavens, where the sun has gone down in a glory of crimson and gold, and protracted far into the night, until it is sometimes nearly ten o'clock before the lamp of day may be said to have flickered out its last ray in the gathering gloom. Between three and four o'clock in the morning, a grey

ness, the sun-god rises majestically from his eastern flame-birth and swings over the earth, dyeing forest and flood, mountain and valley, with a light so vivid and warm that the mist patches quickly dissolve from the lowlands, the cloud rolls away from the bosom of the lake, and all nature awakes to the warmth of another day. It is only in northern latitudes that the full beauty of a sunrise can be seen and appreciated, for the night-lamps of the sky are blotted out long before the time appointed for them in more southern climes.

The fishing station is twenty miles from the mouth of the river. Three men and three dilapidated dogs, wear-

ied with much fighting, greeted us at the little pier. In a small shed upon it stood a couple of fish cars containing the catch for the past day. In a country seamed, as the north shore is, with numberless trout streams, whose brilliant-hued inhabitants seek the lake at intervals, it would be surmised that some of them are caught in the nets with the baser throng. Some noble trout are thus caught, but as the law requires that they shall be returned to the water, no record of their number is obtainable. I once helped, before the law came into force, to weigh a dozen speckled trout caught

be made, instead of dodging through shallow channels. A couple of hours later the vessel lay in a pleasant little bay, where three hardy Finns had bivouacked, for no camp was to be seen. Their fishing outfit was placed near the little pier, and the ice supply was covered with heaps of moss. They seem to have slept under the half-deck of their fish-boat and cooked their meals at the fire that smoked against the rocky, moss-covered bank, which at this point ran up almost sheer a couple of hundred feet. After taking in their store of fish the boat proceeded on to Burnt Harbor. Shortly after



AT A FISHING STATION.

by fishermen in a certain bay west of Port Arthur. They weighed, each, from two and a-half to four pounds in their clean weight.

Starting from Nepigon Straits at 6 a.m., the tug was soon afterward rolling heavily on the long swells of Lake Superior, and the "Paps" or twin mountains of Black Bay came in view again. The *Kakabeka* has a sharp bow, and has a habit of dropping it suddenly after a wave has passed from under it, so suddenly that the wheelsman averred that it left the heavy cars in the air sometimes. Because of the rough water, a long detour had to

our arrival there the fishermen returned with a good catch and proceeded to clean them for immediate shipment.

In the afternoon the *Kakabeka* came to a pound net that was to be lifted by the the three fishermen who had come down with the tug. I accompanied them to see the operation performed. Seated on the extreme bow of the dory, that tossed like a cork in the rough water, I essayed two snap shots at the exciting scene when the fish were being cornered and ladled into the craft, but they were not marked successes.

After that work was over, the tug

was run into Pete Trombley's harbor, but neither Pete nor any of his fish were there, and with emphasized regret the captain brought the *Kakabeka* back from the pier and started for Port Arthur.

As a result of the trip, six cars were filled with cleaned fish, which, with two hundred pounds more in another car, made a total of two and a-half tons collected, a smaller aggregate than usual.

The fishermen receive from thirty to thirty-five dollars per month wages, or, if paid by the weight, two and a half to three cents per pound for the fish, which, after passing through several hands and incurring heavy freight charges, are retailed at from eight to ten cents per pound in the cities where they are marketed. The fishermen are principally French. They are a hardy, jolly, generous people, with splendid constitutions and able to make light of the hardships of their occupation. They are usually away from their families all the summer months, and they rough it at the various fishing stations where a log shanty or a tent is their shelter.

There is not much money in the business, but occasionally one of the craft strikes it rich, like the man at Killarney, on Lake Huron, who recently caught 17,000 pounds of fish in four lifts, which netted him over \$800, and who was hardly persuaded from going

on an extensive holiday trip to celebrate his good luck.

It is claimed by intelligent fishermen that if the government would abolish the close season altogether, and establish a fish hatchery on Lake Superior, there would be no fear of a decrease in the number of fish in the lake. On Lake Huron the American Government has several hatcheries, notably at Detroit, Alpena, and Potoski, where millions of small fry are dumped into the lake every year. During the spawning season a commissioner accompanies a fishing crew and secures from the catch the number wanted of females that are ready to spawn. These are immediately stripped into three quart dishes filled with water, and the milt of the males is then stripped on to the spawn, whose eggs when stirred for a few minutes all become detached, an indication that they will hatch. The eggs are then covered with ice-water and taken to the hatcheries, where they are kept until they develop into tiny fish. A female whitefish yields about twenty-five thousand, and a trout about twenty thousand eggs. These hatch in less than five months and attain the size of about a two pound fish in three years. With artificial methods, eighty-five per cent. of the eggs mature, but in the lake only five per cent. of the spawn becomes fish.



PORT ARTHUR.

## A CANADIAN GHOST STORY.

BY REV. HERBERT H. GOWE.

### I.

A GHOST story in a new country! Not a very likely thing, and, certainly, when I went to Canada from England for a few weeks' pursuit of health, ghost stories were about the last things I expected to hear.

Yet there was no mistaking the seriousness with which the Dean asked me, "Would you like to hear a ghost story, of which this is the very scene?"

I had been staying for a few days at the city of K——, in one of the snowiest parts of the country, and was so charmed by the winter beauties of the place, I expressed myself quite enthusiastically on the subject to the Bishop, to whom I had been introduced on the Sunday morning.

"Take him out, Mr. Dean," he replied, "to see some country work, and if you can manage to pitch him into a snow-drift, perhaps he will change his mind."

So it was settled that I should accompany Mr. Arthur every afternoon on his weekly journey to Mooseland, a small settlement nine or ten miles from the city.

It was a glorious drive. I had by this time got quite to revel in the delight of a long sleigh-ride. The tinkling of the bells seemed to me the pleasantest sound in Canada, and I had often gone on the river, where the ice was some three feet in thickness, jumped upon the first sleigh that I spied, and gone on for several miles until I saw a suitable vehicle in which to make the return journey. At night it was especially enchanting. The air was intensely clear, the sky spangled with innumerable stars—at least twice as many as I had ever seen in Eng-

land—the vast sheet of ice shimmered with faint light, and the dark woods crowning the hills a quarter of a mile away on either side, gave a weirdness to the scenery which quite prepared my imagination for the howling rush of a pack of wolves. Moreover, there was the thought of the vanished races of this old, new land. In those woods I could feel

"My footsteps press, where centuries ago,  
The red men fought and conquer'd, lost and won!  
Whole tribes and races, gone like last year's snow,  
Have found the eternal hunting grounds, and run  
The fiery gauntlet of their active days,  
Until few are left to tell the mournful tale."

But I am wandering from the Sunday drive on which my tale opens.

Owing to the late period of the winter—it was now March—the pleasures of sleigh-driving were getting rather uncertain. In some places the road was through pools of water, which reached almost to the floor of the "*pung*," as our peculiar species of sleigh was termed. Then we would traverse for a time a road of soft, yielding snow, in which the poor horse would sink at every step up to his knees. This was, of course, slow work, and the unevenness of the road produced plenty of bumping, or as it is here called technically, "*Thank'ee mums*."

But as we got further from the town, the road became harder and smoother, and for a mile at a time we were able to dash along like the wind. Here the snow, in the snowy winter referred to, was many feet in depth, considerably over the tops of the fences, and it was curious to see the tops only of the low fir trees projecting from the snow. Woe betide the

unlucky traveller who went one foot out of the beaten track. He would soon find himself in a perilous fix. To enable travellers to keep the road, small fir-trees are stuck in the snow along either side. This had been done since the first fall of the winter's snow, and so each layer had been firmly trodden down, and a beaten track made, itself of a considerable depth. At one point we were enabled to see the depth of the snow at a settlement where the folks had been digging up the meat put there at the beginning of the winter. The pit which formed this natural refrigerator was fully nine feet in depth.

In other parts there was less snow, and the dark forests on either side, of spruce, pine and fir, rising out of a carpet of the purest white, were very impressive in the solitude. The settlements themselves seemed indeed but very small slices cut out of the primeval wood. There were settlements of all degrees of cultivation. Here a mere log-house, surrounded by a few blackened stumps, which a year ago were flourishing giants of the forest; here a frame house, with outhouses and barns, where more than one generous harvest had been stored; here a prosperous farm, where the very stones and stumps had been removed, and the land broken up by the plough.

But these signs of civilization only made the virgin forest more awe-inspiring and gloomy; and it was at one point where the gloom was especially deep that the Dean almost involuntarily drew rein, and addressed to me the question I have written above:

"Would you like to hear a ghost story, of which this is the very scene?"

He did not speak lightly, as I had so often heard ghost tales spoken of, and his eyes had a strange light in them, which made me feel the slightest possible hair-stirring pass over me for a moment.

I said I should like to hear it very much; but, to my surprise, he said no

more on the subject, and went back to the company of his own thoughts.

We got to Mooseland soon after this, had our service, which was as bright and hearty as Canadian country services generally are, and then started out on the homeward journey. We had been talking of various matters suggested by the service, till we arrived again at the dark pass of timber, when my companion suddenly stopped, seemed to hesitate for a moment or two, and then plunged into the following recital:

"You know," he said, "that since the making of this road, I have, as a rule, taken the journey to Mooseland every Sunday afternoon, and I have had, in the time, some strange experiences.

"One Sunday the wind blew away my buffalo robe, and I had to wade breast high through the snow to get at it, while the horse continued his way along the road, and I had the very narrowest squeak of being left to perish in the snow. Another time I found the forest burning on each side of the road, and I had to urge the horse frantically through the fiery avenue, emerging half-dead with suffocation on the other side. But these are ordinary Canadian experiences, and what I am now going to tell you is a little out of the ordinary.

"One Sunday afternoon, just over a year ago, I was driving along as usual, thinking of my sermon, when I was suddenly startled by seeing the figure of a man on the edge of the wood, some distance in advance. It would have been strange enough to see a man here at all, but this man—! How shall I describe him? In fact, I can't describe *him*, as I never saw his face. He was standing with his back half-turned towards me, and I noticed especially, though he seemed erect and young, he was dressed in a style which has certainly gone out of fashion for a generation or more. However, I said to myself, 'Some wayfarer about to ask for a lift to the next settlement!' and say-

ing this, I slackened speed to give the stranger a chance of jumping into the sleigh. To my astonishment he took no notice of this whatever, but still keeping his face turned from me, slowly crossed the snow-road and disappeared into the forest on the other side. At the time I never thought what an impossible feat this was, but after service I felt a curious half fear as I approached the place. Nothing further, however, happened, nor all through the summer, but some months ago, soon after the first deep fall of snow, at the same place, in exactly the same position, and in the same odd dress, I saw the man again. This time I called out as I approached him, but he was as one that heard not; only again slowly crossing my path, he disappeared in the same mysterious fashion. My curiosity this time got the better of my fears, and I got out of the sleigh, to discover—not altogether to my surprise—that there was not the slightest trace of a footprint in the snow, which lay around as smooth as a sheet and perfectly undisturbed. As far as I dared, I examined the woods on either side, but there was no sign of the presence of any human creature. I called out till the echoes made me afraid, and then I went back to the sleigh, feeling that I must have been dozing on my journey, or that my mind was giving way to the strain of my work. For this reason, chiefly, I repressed a natural temptation to mention the apparition in the settlement, though perhaps there might have been some one to have thrown some light on the matter.

That the appearance was not a creation of my own brain, however, I soon had substantial proof. About a month later, I had a young man named Peter Glynn with me in the "*pung*," and, as he was driving, I resigned myself to my usual meditations, and (I am afraid) soon fell fast asleep. From this I was awakened by the sudden pulling up of the sleigh. I heard a sharp cry of amazement from my companion, and awoke to hear:—

“Who’s that old chap ahead? He looks as if he had been buried and come out of his grave.”

“I said nothing, but followed with my eyes—now wide awake—the same dumb show I had seen on the two previous occasions. When the apparition had finally disappeared, I said aloud:

“Now we *must* look into this. This is getting serious.”

Glynn looked at me, as if not quite sure of my meaning, but we both got down. He took one side, and I the other, and, as long as we dared to stay—for it wanted not more than half an hour to service time—we made as thorough a search as it is possible for mortals to make in the realm of the apparently supernatural. Suffice it to say, that no footprint rewarded our exploration, no voice answered our shouts, and the wood seemed as though man had never broken its complete solitude. So we went on our way, and that is the last time the uncanny thing has crossed my path; but though there seemed no disposition on the part of the ghost to speak to me, or to hear anything from me, I live in a weekly fear that all is not yet seen or heard, and that I may find myself some time or other in the midst of a strange and ugly story. Perhaps I ought to have followed my impulse, and made known the story in Moose-land, but the folks there were nearly all new settlers, and could hardly know anything of the traditions of the place.”

That is the story, just as I was told it; and the narrative occupied the rest of the home journey. We reached home just after dark, and I confess I felt relieved that the darkness did not come on till we were well out of the wood.

## II.

As I thought of the story afterwards, it seemed rather a meaningless one, after all; or at least it required another revelation to explain its mean-

ing, and the few to whom I told the story smiled at it, and said that, even if they were accustomed to put faith in ghost stories, they would expect the ghost to behave in a rational manner (at least, rational for a ghost), tell its story, wring its hands, or display, in grim pantomime, the method by which its ghosthood was attained.

To all this, I had no answer to make, but I felt that a sequel was not impossible, and that some time or other I should hear that which would put a new light on the story.

In this hope I have not been disappointed. I am not a good correspondent, and so did not keep up the communication I ought to have had with my friends in Canada, but every now and then I did have a letter from the Dean, and one day I found a more than usually bulky one, with the Canadian postmark, and almost before I opened it, I had the apprehension that it related to the forest ghost.

It is this letter which enables me to give the following addition to the story, an addition sufficient to show that there probably was, after all, a reason for the strange way in which the restless spirit haunted the scene of his untimely death. A few things are still problematical to me,—especially have I always been puzzled to imagine why the ghost appeared three times to Mr. Arthur. Perhaps, had he spoken of what he had seen in Mooseland, there was an old woman among his hearers who would have found her rest a little sooner.

After I left K—, the ghost was seen once more, or rather twice, although of this there is no very direct evidence.

The first of these occasions was as follows: It was summer time, and the woods were full of flowers and fast-ripening berries, tempting the children on their way to and from school to wander from the main roads and make more lengthy paths than actual necessity demanded.

Thus, when a child named Alice

Graham was one day three hours late home from school, there was little doubt where she had been. But she brought no flowers or fruit—only a pale, ashy face, which frightened those who saw it, and puzzled them, too, till, after a long silence, succeeded by a passionate flow of tears, they got from her that she had seen the figure of a man first of all crossing the road, and then moving among the trees, silent, yet restless. She had lost herself, and went to ask him the way home, but what she saw struck her dumb with fright, though she could not tell what she saw, and, after a time of blankness, she had run all the way home by mere animal instinct, without knowing or thinking of the road.

People laughed at her, comforted her, pitied, questioned her, not without tremor themselves, in spite of their skepticism, but the only further grain of information they extracted was that the figure looked hither and thither, and seemed like one waiting very wearily.

“Ay, God in heaven, maybe *he's* waiting, too!” said old Janet, from the corner of the log-house.

The little knot of neighbors turned and looked at her, for her words seemed the fruit of a sudden awakening, and when they looked, they *saw* an awakening in her face, too.

Poor old Janet had had a strange history,—a fruitful theme to the gossips, though few knew very much about her. A poor, lone, silent old woman, so dull and stupid that half the neighbors set her down as bereft of her senses, and generally called her, “Puir Janet”—a woman now past the threescore and ten years of the Psalmist, and with all human beauty dead, yet she made the remark, “Maybe *he's* waiting, too,” in such a tone that a whole life's history seemed to be stirring the soil of its grave, and her face betokened a sudden interest, such as had only been betrayed years and years ago. A strange old

woman she was, indeed, who would sit in her corner day after day without stirring, or speaking, or doing anything, if only to make the hours fly faster. Consequently, this sudden resurrection from her habitual death in life startled those who now heard her exclaim, "Maybe *he's* waiting, too!" But she soon relapsed, or seemed to relapse, into her usual apathy, and the light faded from her face, as a brilliant sunset fades into the night gloom. Alice, too, was soon her former self again, though very quiet, and the neighbors went their various ways, to recount, with such additions as gossips love, their afternoon's experience.

Old Janet had no relative in the settlement,—or anywhere else, so far as it was possible to learn,—but she had lived there from the time that the first clearing had been made, and was far and away the oldest inhabitant. For many years she had supported herself in various ways, and, when age and increasing infirmities made this no longer possible, she had been taken in by a hospitable farmer, Tom Graham, who had too tender a heart to see the old woman die of want—helpless burden as she had become.

But she was not to be a burden much longer. That night there was an unaccustomed stir in the farmhouse. Alice was in bed, and the other inmates had been fulfilling their duties in various parts of the house, when, all else done, the help, Betty McKay, went to assist old Janet to her bed.

But when she peered into her corner, expecting the usual business of rousing the old woman to a state of consciousness, she was more than surprised to see that the place was empty.

All over the house went Betty in search, getting more and more amazed as she went, and at last, as she sank down on a chair, breathless with the zeal of her pursuit, genuinely alarmed. Calling her mistress, she took up the search again, and the two had a fur-

ther hunt over the house, as resultless as the former; and it was soon clear that if Jane was to be found at all, it was certainly not within the house.

There was nothing to be done but to set to work outside, where the summer evening was now drawing to its close. It was as lovely as an evening outside Paradise could be, and the fading sunlight cast the long shadows of the trees across the clearing and made the distant mountains look like the bounds of fairy-land. No one could be surprised at a human being longing to be outside on such a night, only Janet had not been outside at all latterly, and her feeble feet could hardly carry her far. But there was no sign of her in the clearing, and the little search party, now swollen to five, wandered for some time on the outskirts, and questioned many a farmer returning from his work, before they got the smallest clue to the fugitive.

It was old Josh Dawson who had seen her, quite deep in the wood. She had 'skeered' him, he said, and to see an old dame making her way along the wagon road as though she had the strength of forty years back, made him clean forget to stop, or even to speak to her.

"The old critter," he said, "seemed more like a lassie hurrying to meet her sweetheart, than anything else I could think on." And though they abused him roundly for his stupidity in letting her pass, he consented to join them and point out the place where he had seen her last.

It was the place, as the reader may guess, where Alice Graham had seen the ghost. Guided by some subtle instinct unexplainable by any hypothesis of chance, she had come to the very place, where, among the tall trees, the weary spirit had watched and waited so long.

They could not see her at first, especially as in the forest it was getting dark, but presently the wind fluttered the loose end of a black shawl on the ground, and when they hurried up, they



saw old Janet stretched along prone on the earth. The flowers of the forest seemed to have reached over her their blossoms, and twined them about her hair like a bridal wreath. And she looked like a bride, a bride *not without a bridegroom*, for, lo!—the sight froze the blood of the spectators with horror—a mouldered skeleton was crushed together in her arms, and her bloodless lips were pressed to the eyeholes of a naked skull. But *she* had not thought the sight gruesome. Death had made her young again, and though there were some who said she had been frightened to death by her discovery, and by the apparition which Alice had seen that afternoon, those who saw her face as it looked when they emerged once more into the clearing and it caught the very last beam of the dying sunlight, knew that the last moments of her life had been the happiest too, and that a bliss too strong for the poor old heart to bear had broken the last fetter and borne away her spirit.

### III.

What did it all mean? The gossips were busy for many a day, but the truth was, to a large extent, only a matter of surmise.

So much, however, was raked up amongst the old inhabitants of the settlement, and, separated from an abundant fringe of self-contradictory fable, may be set down as follows:

Fifty years ago Janet had been young and beautiful, and had had the tribute of admiration from many a love-lorn young farmer. Two had laid especial siege to her heart, and of the two she had no hesitation whatever in choosing one,—Will Stevens by name. The other took his rejection very unamiably, and it was no secret that he bitterly hated his more successful rival.

But, one day, both disappeared. Some whispered that there had been foul play, others said they had gone off to England, and a man answering to the description of Dick Watson—the rejected one of the twain—was said to have died in an English workhouse. But Janet would never believe that Will had deserted her. She vowed never to marry, declaring she would wait for Will, as she was sure Will would wait for her. So the years flew on and stole away her youth and beauty.

But, if all this be true, Janet's faith was justified, and the two lovers had been nearer to one another than the surviving one supposed. Who will say that the dead have no tender memories for this earth of ours?

Foully done to death, as the fractured skull proved, Will Stevens had not passed into the land of oblivion, where plighted troth is washed away in Lethe, and human love is dead for evermore, but his constant wraith guarded his forest grave till *she* should come who had been the music of his life.

Her delay had been long, but we doubt not that in the land beyond the grave, where all love which is eternal has fuller fruition and reward than we can know below, the freed spirits met and recognized each the other's faith. Janet's prayer was granted, too, that she might meet Will once more on earth, and so—there in the forest glade where they had first known the springtime of love, the ghost and the woman met, and the ghost kissed the weary lips and the cheeks pale with weeping, and left them—dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two days later Mr. Arthur buried the woman and the skeleton in one grave, at the very spot where they had been found together.

## SUNDAY ON MOUNT ROYAL.

Joy is upon this wooded hill to-day,  
That through the drowsy week was sunk in rest  
And quiet ; now, by some mysterious sway,  
The trees are all in festal raiment drest,  
Chanting devout in proper ranks a lay  
Of most excelling praise ; Oh, voiceless priest !  
Bid me, an alien, to this sacrifice,  
That in the bliss of these pure pieties  
I may, one hour, believe the joy of Paradise.

Oh, priest-like influence in earth or air,  
Moving with censer's breath the woods among,  
Stay—let the veiled earth at will be fair,  
And let the babbling waters chant their song  
In lawless jollity, bold, *debonair*,  
Whose gleesome tones to no control belong.  
How shall in endless note that anthem roll,  
And all things beauteous bow in gracious thrall,  
And man be yet forgot, who fairer is than all !

Commingling rays, whose seven-fold unity  
Decks the dear world in rare and glorious hue,  
Blending serene the soft delights that be  
On vivid sward or yon benignant blue—  
Shade in the vales your rich variety,  
And dull the summer's flaming retinue,  
So it may be that when the dalliance sweet  
Of flower and sunbeam Him no longer greet  
He will remember me, low kneeling at his feet.

Or, if not silent, blissful powers, beyond  
All former numbers, lift a strain on high  
Whose pleading, if compassion yet be found  
For mortal woe, will draw it from the sky ;  
He is our Maker, and that sacred bond  
Time hath not sundered, nor can He deny  
Its right ; tell Him in grief our years are sped—  
Will He show fruitless wonders to the dead ?  
His are we, and His will be still when time has fled.

O ! little birds, that trust in Him always,  
And flowers so fine arrayed that never spin,  
To your exceeding bliss of holy day  
Our best and wisest do not enter in :  
O ! birds and buds, our birthright stolen away,  
Have ye, and well ye glad yourselves therein,  
Short-sighted ones, and happy in a morn  
Which dies, even as your incense sweet, upborne  
To empty air, in which eternal whispers mourn:

## EMERSON'S CHOICE OF REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

BY JEAN MCILWRAITH.

AN epigrammatic style is dangerous both to writer and reader, inclining the one to sacrifice sense to sound, and the other, to accept without question statements which are but partially true. Take "Representative Men" for example. The terse buoyancy of the style is apt to carry away the hero-worshipper, but the calmer mind will pause to criticise Emerson's selection of men to illustrate his different classes.

Whether it be in the ordinary acceptance of the term, Philosopher, by which we generally mean a searcher after wisdom, or, in Emerson's own conception—"one who defines"—no more fitting representative man could be found than the one here chosen. Plato is not only the founder of the first great school of Philosophy in ancient times; all modern idealists own him as their father. From the little we can learn of his life, he was indeed a diligent searcher after truth, studying with Socrates, and also with the greatest minds of other lands. His education did not cease with his maturity, but was continued up to old age and death. Emerson says, that "Philosophy is the account which the human mind gives to itself of the constitution of the world," and, impossible as it may be ever to arrive at absolute truth on this, or any subject, the account which the mind of Plato has given to itself of this enigma is of such transcendent merit that in all the generations since his time it has not been surpassed. He combined the analytic and synthetic modes of research, drawing practical conclusions from his most abstract conceptions. To him poet, sceptic, mystic, man of the world, and writer go for inspiration, but pre-eminently he is the Philosopher.

A mystic is one who endeavors "to grasp the divine essence or the ultimate reality of things, and to enjoy the blessedness of actual communion with the highest." This, Swedenborg certainly tried to do, and professed to have succeeded in doing, but he attempted still more. Was he not too scientific to be a typical mystic? There, as elsewhere, Emerson makes the term suit the man, instead of choosing a man to show forth the usually accepted definition of the term. He allows his mystic a much wider range than we can imagine permissible to the Hindu devotee, with head sunk on breast, absorbed in introspection. Swedenborg was surely too active, too robust, both in mind and body, fitly to represent that school of dreamers. He had a good deal of the reformer's energy and dogmatism, in spite of those trances which his fine constitution enabled him to endure. Narrow as Swedenborg's theology appears in some aspects, it is yet too broad, too positive and practical for that of the orthodox mystic, and not sufficiently lofty. He keeps his feet firmly on the ground, and is by no means carried off into the clouds.

Mysticism does not tend to benefit any but the individual—is not progressive. The Mystic's highest hope is a speedy absorption into the Deity. Swedenborgianism, on the other hand, decidedly makes war upon materialism, and tries to do away with accepted dogmas by the infusion of others, which in their turn become equally mechanical.

Swedenborg may be called a Spiritualist, or a Pantheist, for his visions are such as are common to the former class, and his ideas of the divine meaning throughout nature savor of the

latter. Thomas à Kempis is more of the Mystic, pure and simple, and had Emerson gone to Germany, he would there have had an embarrassment of riches from which to have chosen a more suitable representative than Swedenborg.

Montaigne can hardly be taken as a good specimen of the Sceptic, in the generally accepted definition of the term. He was not a restless discontented soul striving ever for the removal of his doubts, and upborne by the hope of some day accomplishing that end. In his *Essays* he writes quite contentedly, seems to think he has arrived at a philosophic way of looking at things, and is therefore happier than those who constantly worry over the solution of insolubilities. He even appears to be a good Roman Catholic, though not so devout as to allow his intellect to be enslaved. Whatever of Scepticism we find in Montaigne is due to the influence of the Greek writers, whom he admires and copies, and is of an entirely different kind from the modern variety. It consists in a sort of cheerful pessimism, a common sense, and breadth of view which prevent a man from expecting too much of life, or from aspiring to know too much.

Kant says that "Scepticism is not a permanent resting-place for human reason," but Emerson thinks that it is. He describes the Sceptic as an ideal critic, sitting aloft to weigh men and things impartially, but having no special interest therein. He considers him the happy medium between the dogmatist and the materialist, but is he not rather the unhappy medium between Christian and Agnostic.

Emerson has a high ideal of the Sceptic, and he idealizes Montaigne when he makes him its representative.

His apology for so doing seems hardly sufficient. He had pleasant youthful associations with the works of the great Frenchman, and he justly admires him for his honesty. But Montaigne could not have been so frank had he been deeply impressed with

the paramount importance of any of the subjects he discusses. He is but a superficial philosopher after all, a thorough man of the world, one who by education, reading, travel, has gained a happy knack of seeing more than one side of a question. He is a humorist, too, without the bitterness necessary for a satirist. Being more in love with himself than with anyone else, he can treat the non-ego with impartiality, and, cheerfully resigned to things as they are, he is more Agnostic than Sceptic. His motto is, "Ignorance is bliss, because it is impossible to be wise."

When we think of Hume, and the long line of modern sceptics that have followed him, and consider that scepticism is the prevailing spirit of the nineteenth century, we wonder that Emerson should have gone back to the sixteenth century for his representative man. The reason probably lies in the idea which Emerson had of a sceptic, similar to that held by the old Greeks. With that conception, he could hardly have found a more modern instance than Montaigne.

Shakespeare, the poet: Here we can heartily endorse Emerson's selection of a man. Whether we take Shakespeare's own passage,—

"The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling," etc.,

for our standard, or Emerson's, "This power of expression, or of transferring the inmost truth of things into music and verse," he fulfils the demand. He does it in a sense in which no other writer of ancient or modern times has accomplished the same.

Napoleon, however, strikes one as being very far from what we mean when we speak of "a man of the world." That expression conjures up visions of Chesterfield, or Machiavel, quite the reverse of the conquering Frenchman, who, in the first place, was not a gentleman, either by heredity or environment. He was not of high birth, nor was his education in the military groove calculated to give

him that ease in all society, which is a necessary qualification for the man of the world. He was a perfect boor in his manners, and nowhere have we a more graphic picture of the littleness of this great man than in Tolstoi's "War and Peace." Not many of our heroes could stand this *valet de chambre* inspection, but the man of the world, if he does not rise to the heights of a great soul, should be noted for consistency, toleration, and balance of character,—none of which are conspicuous in Napoleon's repertoire of virtues. He was distinctly a specialist,—a man of one idea, and that idea, according to Emerson, was success, or power. Here we must take exception to our author's conception of a man of the world. He describes him as a realist, a man to whom success is a god; who despises shame, and includes religion and morality among them,—a kind of an Oliver Cromwell without the conscience. This appears too high and too narrow,—not broad enough for a man of the world. Napoleon, though he conquered all the nations of Europe, and, in that sense, is worthy of the author's title, maintained the same attitude throughout, and therefore got but one view—the conquerer's view—of them all. As Socrates says of a young man, he was not improved by travel, because he carried himself with him.

The other title which Emerson gives Napoleon seems more appropriate—"the incarnate democrat"—for he exhibited the best as well as the worst features of democracy, including its culminating point—tyranny. A man of the people he certainly was, but not a man of the world.

We need not go beyond the limits of the present work to find men more suitable than Napoleon to represent this class. We have Montaigne for a specimen of the sixteenth, and Goethe, of the nineteenth century man of the world. The essays of the former exhibit a literary polish which must be

the outcome of the man himself. He had travelled with his eyes open; was accustomed to courts, but at home everywhere; not over-burdened with heart; possessed by a due sense of *les convenances*, but not enslaved by them. Goethe, too, is a cosmopolitan type, a product of the civilization of to-day, possessing all that Napoleon lacked in manners, moderation and *savoir faire* to make him the ideal man of the world.

In writing these essays, Emerson chose minds with whom his own had much in common, and representative men they undoubtedly are, though not always of the class in which Emerson places them. At the end of his list, he has probably been undecided how to label Goethe, the latest in date. Having already filled up the Philosopher, Mystic, Sceptic, Poet, and Man of the World pigeon-holes, into any one of which he might have squeezed this versatile German, he must create an opening to suit the man, and therefore dubs him "The Writer," a very non-committal term this, which may mean any scribbler for the newspapers; but Emerson bulges it out to suit the man for whom he was in need of a title. He is a reporter, not of the commonplaces of every day, but of the affairs of the universe; an interested and critical spectator, more than an actor; a scholar and poet, representing the spirit of the age. In this conception of the Writer, Goethe illustrates the theme better than perhaps any other modern, but Emerson speaks more fitly when he calls him the "type of culture."

With all its faults, the epigrammatic style of Emerson arrests the attention and stimulates the faculties as more exact writing never could. His original manner of treating these great men introduces them in a new light, and they gain greatly in human interest viewed through the spectacles of the New England seer.

## AN OLD FLAME.

BY CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

WHEN Harry Proteus' wife went down into the country with little Ethel and the baby, for the purpose of recruiting her fagged energies, and putting fresher roses into the cheeks of little Ethel—there was nothing the matter with the boy's health, bless him!—Harry was left in a peculiar position. He found his occupation gone—that is, the occupation of his leisure hours and evenings. The piano seemed to cast reproachful glances at his unskilled hands, as if mourning the absence of the touch of Mrs. P's white fingers. The ivories appeared to have become imbued with the nature of the ebonies, for the whole key board, to Proteus' eyes, seemed to have gone into black. There was no jolly Ethel to romp with; and no baby—the baby had got past its howling period—to demonstrate to an indulgent parent a growing intelligence, the like of which was not recorded in the annals of infantile phenomena. Altogether, there was an utter air of loneliness about the house which the complete bachelor freedom he now enjoyed, coupled with the aroma of unlimited cigars, could not dissipate.

At odd periods of his domestic life, after a tiff, or when something had gone wrong, or when his wife had been irritable, Proteus had sighed momentarily for his lost bachelor life; and had wondered what it would be like to taste the old freedom once more. Now that he practically had it, he felt out of his element. He was not addicted to any of the vices, except smoking, which in men of this kind should be regarded as a virtue, and encouraged accordingly. He had fallen into that common error made by young married men, a disinclination for the athletics of his earlier days;

and as for reading, one cannot be content, unless he is a grub, to devote himself to books in the hot weather. A little desultory turning over of the pages of something light is as much as the average man cares for. What was he, then, to do?

When a man unexpectedly meets an old flame, whom he has not seen for years, a host of memories will crowd upon him; and these are fashioned according to the circumstances under which the flame was kindled, kept alive and died—if it did die. When our friend, Harry, met Mrs. Macintyre, the Bella Eversly of former days, he experienced a sensation which was a blend of pleasure, bitterness and wonder. He had loved her five years before; but something had come between, and inside of a year he had recovered—and married. Thinking of his wife, and his tenderness for her, he asked himself, as he looked at his former sweetheart, if anything of the old weakness lingered in him? Bella did not seem very much changed; certainly not at all for the worse. A little stouter, perhaps, but the symmetry of her graceful figure had not suffered, and the damask of her cheek had been tempered favorably by time. Was the old love quite dead, after all? Or was it growing to life again, just because the springlike influences of opportunity smiled?

Opportunity to renew old tendernesses, spite of marital oaths and devotion, presented itself in its most alluring and practical form. Mrs. Proteus was one hundred miles away, which was as effective as a thousand. The vast majority of the gossips of Proteus' own set were at the seaside or in the country—it is the same thing—where its members were concocting

fresh scandals for the dull autumn days when they should be at home. And Mrs. Macintyre was alone; that is, her husband was elsewhere—on business.

"Come and see me at my hotel, Harry," said Mrs. Macintyre.

An invitation of this kind would have been regarded by those very suspicious people who are eager to make the worst out of what is sometimes best, as the determined foundation of a course of unqualified flirtation. The elasticity of the meaning of this word flirtation in the minds of very ingenious people is too well known to need comment. However, with Mrs. Macintyre and Proteus there was no thought of wrong. Possibly old chords had been touched, and found, strangely enough, tuned and ready to play the old airs. Bella had still a soft spot for Harry, which association might render dangerously susceptible. But at best—or worst—she only looked forward with a sense of very intense pleasure, yet platonic enough, to a talk over old times and the events of years, with Harry. Why should she, she said to herself, deny herself this simple crumb of comfort? But when we scrawl the initials of our innamorata, there is a great temptation to go on and write the whole name, just to see how it will look.

As to Proteus, he did not care to analyse *his* feelings in the matter. He endeavored to persuade himself that Providence or Fate—he preferred to imagine it was the former—had opportunely placed this lost love of his in his way for the purpose of keeping his affections *oiled*, as it were, till Carry came home. His pulses tingled, nevertheless, as he made his toilet. It flashed across his mind that Mrs. P. would not smile if she could at that moment guess the nature of his engagement for the evening.

"You look as fresh as ever, Bella," he said, as he drew his chair out on the upper verandah of the hotel, where Bella was sitting.

"Thank you, Harry. And you—I cannot say as much. You look, what shall I say, worn? No; tired, perhaps."

"I fancied I seemed revived as I glanced in the glass half an hour ago, and thought of seeing *you*."

"O Harry! Harry! *Glanced* in the glass! And back to the old compliments, eh?"

"Is it old? I was not aware that I had ever paid you that one before, because I did not remember ever having had an equivalent occasion to. There, *that* is not a compliment."

"Yes and no. And so you are married now. And so am I. How odd it seems, doesn't it? Or perhaps it does not to you. But after all you and I went through, Harry! We went to school together, too, didn't we?"

"Yes; and I cut your name and my own on the old beech by the river behind the school-house."

"And I have the knife yet," sighed Mrs. Macintyre. "You gave it to me, you remember; or perhaps you don't. And I gave you a copper. You have saved it, I suppose. You were always so saving, Harry."

"They are there yet," murmured Harry sentimentally, and looking retrospective.

"What, the river and school-house?"

"No; the names. I was out there the other day to—to look at them."

Mrs. Macintyre laughed, then sighed; and both became silent.

"Would you like to go out and see them?" said Harry suddenly.

"Yes, I should. I don't know that there is very much in looking at a few blurred marks on an old tree, but I should love to have a peep at the old place."

"I meant the old place, not the letters," said Harry, somewhat irascibly.

"Well, there! don't be angry. Can't I banter with *you*? Did your wife object to your coming to see me?"

"She's out of town," answered

Harry grimly. "So I couldn't tell her, you know."

"I see," said Bella quietly. "So I have you all to myself, as I did in the old times."

Proteus looked keenly at her, but Mrs. Macintyre evidently did not intend to convey any equivocal meaning.

"How on earth did you happen on the old place, Bella?" he asked presently. "It was buried forever with you, I thought."

"Not quite that, Harry. But I can tell my troubles to you, can't I?"

"I thought you had done with them," said Harry, a little cynically.

"Are you—with yours?"

"That is another matter. I suppose we all have a touch of tribulation now and then." He felt ashamed of the words a moment later, for he felt like Peter when he denied Christ.

Mrs. Macintyre laid her hand upon the balustrade, and resting her white chin upon her fingers, gazed down into the street.

"Marriage with me has been a dismal mistake, Harry," she said wearily. "But it was my own fault. When I lost you—"

"You put it the wrong way," said Harry.

"Well, which was it? What does it matter—now? It is the same thing—in the end. You found time to forget, and marry a good little woman; for I know she is good, though she never liked me. And I found time to remember, and to marry—a brute?"

"Not quite so bad as that, surely, Bella!"

"O yes; and worse. If it were not so, he might be here now, or I might be—let me see—at Monte Carlo, we will say. That is the way the fashionable novels put it. However, I say that he is in Europe or New York, on business, you understand. He got tired of me at the end of a year. A year goes very fast when you have lots of money. But he had always

had lots of money, and I hadn't. So it went more quickly for me. But that was what I had wanted—money—and I found the price I had paid. He was honest enough to say the year had been infernally slow for him. It wasn't exactly honesty; it was bluntness. He proposed a separation, and I was glad of it."

"And how did you happen to come here?" said Harry. He felt he must say something. The record of Bella's troubles touched him as if it had no parallel in domestic history.

"The fancy for old scenes and faces," answered Mrs. Macintyre dreamily. "Do you know how many people yearn to see the old home or the old place where they were loved and where they spent the best hours of their lives? They are in the millions, these exiles! You go away, and see in a few years, even less than that, how you will ache to get back."

"I'm afraid not, Bella," said Proteus, laughing. "I have every desire to go away, I can assure you, but I should have none to come back. I am no Roman in that respect."

"That is no compliment to me, Harry."

"I did not suppose that you were anything more than a transient visitor, or that you had any angelic idea of making a heaven out of the dullest place in Christendom. Besides, we only pay compliments to people we care nothing about. We make them the targets of our milk and water wit."

"You have grown quite pessimistic, Harry. You were not so once upon a time."

"I do not see what pessimism has to do with a man's having come to see the truth of certain things; or his disgust at a town and corporation, to say nothing of a government, that treat him more shabbily than Athens treated Alcibiades. Unless it be that your so-called pessimist is your really true optimist, as Edgar Saltus says; and I think he is more than half right. But how long are you going to stay, Bella?"



"I only intended staying a day or two. I am on my way to the St. Lawrence."

"Nonsense!" rejoined Harry. "You can see nothing in a day or two. Ah, but then you said you only *intended!*"

"I expected you would think differently, from what you have just said about the town."

"I don't let my personal feelings bias my opinions. Besides, you are not in the position of a stranger, who has only eyes for the tallest buildings and the handsome women and the best houses, and ears for the latter's cost and the latest scandal. You have old scenes to revisit. You said as much yourself just now."

"True, O king!" responded Mrs. Macintyre gaily. "You are right. How long should I stay, Harry?" Mrs. Macintyre was getting a little sentimental, I am afraid.

"It will be a dangerous thing to leave that question to me, Bella. We won't talk about it now. To begin with, the place is about as dull—it's normal condition—as Margate in winter, if I remember Thackeray correctly. But it is pretty outside."

"Very well, Harry. And you will come and take lunch with me to-morrow, will you? That is, if it will not interfere with your business. And then we can have a nice long afternoon. See how fine the sky is and full of promise!"

"Business is nothing but a name just now; and it should be forgotten if it were otherwise," said Proteus, as he rose to say good-night. "I shall be delighted, and shall lie abed till noon to dream of it."

This was very well for a beginning. To Bella, the events of the days that followed were like a succession of delightful dreams. As for Proteus, he lived in an atmosphere of delightful dreams, too; but it occurred to him frequently that this thing could not last. He even played this second part so merrily, that he wrote his wife, telling her not to hurry home if the country

air was doing her good; and when he had posted the letter he wondered if the country air *was* really doing her good.

These drives, however, down dusky lanes on still evenings, with the stars, or perhaps the moon for an audience—and sometimes even *she* grew shy—were dangerous. One night Harry had asked Bella to kiss him. This is a different thing from asking a woman to let you kiss her. His arm—it would have been a customary action five years before—had slipped round her waist; and the horse, a well-trained animal with a wonderful instinct, had slipped into a walk. Bella hesitated, thinking, perhaps, of his wife. But she loved him, and one woman is liable to forget the rights of another when the same man is the object of their affections, and when the *man* will not remember. So the kiss was given.

Proteus went home deliriously happy. Fresh lips are wonderful stirrers of the pulse; but when they are lips you kissed once upon a time, and when the kiss is accompanied by a look from a pair of eyes that smiled indulgently on all you did or said, then there is a deeper charm and sweetness.

Proteus went to bed, but he could not sleep. Neither a rosy mouth, nor the memory of it, is a good narcotic. The moral side of the thing would present itself with disagreeable force and persistency. It always does—in the dark. He was a man who said his prayers every night, partly because the youthful habit had clung to him, and partly because he felt timid about breaking off from it. It was the same prayer, perhaps, with very few grown-up alterations, that he had been saying ever since he learned the art of repetition,— "God bless So-and-So," omitted from time to time, as God saw fit to bless So-and-so, or his relations, according to the idea that death is a blessing. But this night Proteus did not kneel down. He was not, in the strict sense of the word, a hypocrite;

he could not, at least, dissemble himself against himself.

He got up, lit the gas, and sat on the edge of the bed, regarding his reflection in the mirror with a gravity and touch of irritation that was comical.

"What is the use of a man praying for the welfare of his soul, when he knows in that soul he is playing a double part, and will play it again to-morrow?" he muttered aloud. "But after all, there has been no great wrong done. I have kissed her, and told her I love her as much as ever; which is not true, perhaps. Bella is a weak woman, and I suppose I should be stronger. No, I don't suppose Carrie would like it. And Carrie mustn't know. Bella loves me—that is where the trouble lies. And yet why should I put the blame on Bella? I am a miserable coward; that is the plain truth of it. Why can't I make up my mind *now* to write Carrie, asking her to come home, telling her I am lonely? It would be an honorable lie, at any rate, out of dishonor. After all, I can't love Carrie as much as I thought I did. And yet, if death were to come in at that door now, and say: I must take one; which shall it be? I would say—Bella. Do I really love Bella still? Or is it only because the thing is new, and has a flavor of wrong in it, and because it is sweet? Heaven knows it is sweet! And yet the thought of Bella's going away makes me feel wretched. At all events, I can pray for Carrie and Ethel, and the boy, thank God; and feel myself the miserable weak fool that I am!"

Matters unfortunately *progressed*, as Harry cynically termed it to himself. People, it is scarcely worth mentioning, had long since remarked the affair. Some scowled, and, doubtless, Mrs. Bargo, or one of her confreres, would have written Mrs. Proteus an anonymous letter, because you can say so much more untruth in an anonymous letter than you can over your

own signature, but that, as I have said, the gossips were out of the town for the main part; and those who were not did not know Mrs. P.'s address, which in this instance was to be regretted. Not a few—of the men—said what a lucky dog Proteus was; but they never would have believed it!

The affair had become one of daily inseparableness now. One evening during the oft-repeated drive, the talk turned on that inevitable climax, Bella's going away. It would have been more proper to have said Mrs. Proteus' coming home. Old topics, interrupted by the hand of circumstance, had been resumed. The ashes of the old love had been stirred up quite vigorously, and the bright coals discovered there had served to kindle a fire that was not to be easily quenched.

Only the day before he had received a letter from his wife, imploring him to come down and dissipate their loneliness, and as Ethel was not well: and in reply he had written some excuse. Something had to be done, he had said to himself fiercely, fighting down the better impulse that struggled weakly within him.

"She writes that she will be back shortly," he said, presently. He threw his cigar away as he spoke, glanced at his companion, and then looked dreamily out at the harvest landscape.

"Yes," said Bella, faintly.

"The train will not go east for two hours," continued Proteus, in meditative voice, still looking away at the darkening woods and the ruddy sky beyond. "We would be in New York or wherever we liked to-morrow. Bella, will you go?"

"Harry ———,"

"Will you go, Bella? Look up, darling! You do love me, I know. There—kiss me, and say you will! Bella, it was all a mistake between us before—the last five years of our life have been a mistake. But now I shall have you, and we shall have each other forever!"

Then Proteus whipped the horse up. His brain seemed on fire, his nerves taut. They talked with avidity on indifferent subjects, relapsing into spaces of silence that seemed interminable to either. When they reached Bella's hotel, Harry sent the horse to the stable, lit a cigar, and walked briskly towards his house. He felt the need of stretching his limbs.

When he reached his gate, he found a boy in a faded blue uniform sitting on the verandah steps, fast asleep.

He woke the lad up. He was from the telegraph office, the boy said, and he had been waiting a long time for Mr. Proteus.

"Why didn't you stick the message in the door?" said Proteus, as he unfastened the latter, and lit the gas in the hall.

The message was paid for, the boy said, but he wanted Mr. Proteus to sign for it. "They was very particular at the office," he said, confidentially, "about signing." Proteus signed, and the boy still lingered. So Proteus, being in a high good humor, gave the boy a coin, and the coin and the boy quickly disappeared.

Proteus opened the yellow paper, mildly wondering what it could be about. It was from his wife, and ran:

*"Expect us to-night. You might have come. Ethel not well."*

Proteus crumpled the paper slowly in his hand, and stared at the pattern of the wall-paper, with his lids half-closed. Then he turned into the silent drawing-room, drew the curtains apart, and stared out into the street through the half-open slats of the blinds.

Confusion! His plans spoiled, and by that little minx! But soft! not spoiled. The east-bound train would leave an hour before his wife's train came in, and he and Bella would be fifty miles away by that time.

He smoothed out the message with a half-triumphant, half-pitying expression, and read it again, very slowly, dwelling on each word. He found himself suddenly trying to picture

Carrie arriving at the depot, and her surprise at not finding him there; and her still further bewilderment at reaching the house and discovering it in darkness, and no Harry. For the servants were taking their much-needed vacation also. And then later —

It was not a pleasant thing to picture. Proteus started, and confronted a rather pale face in the hall mirror, the reflection of his own, distorted by a very ghastly smile. He grew fascinated with this not flattering likeness, and fell into a sort of reverie.

He returned to consciousness by hearing some one at the door. It was the telegraph boy.

"Another message?" demanded Harry.

"No, sir, but I thought you might have an answer," said the boy, yawning.

"Have you been waiting outside all this time?" said Proteus, aghast.

The boy nodded. "It ain't very long," he said, with a comforting smile. "Only three minutes."

Proteus shook himself together. He felt confused, and not altogether master of his brain.

"No, there is no answer," he said, slowly. "Stay," he added. "Would you take a letter for me to the Allan House, at once, if I gave you a quarter? Well, sit down there and wait."

"What shall I say to her?" he said to himself, as he paused before his secretary, biting a pen-handle.

"Ah, I will send her the telegram, with a line, and she will understand. It is for the best."

"Take this to the Allan House," he said, handing the envelope to the boy. "It is for Mrs. Macintyre. See that she gets it *yoursel*, at once. Oh, here's your quarter. And look here! Send a cab to me here right away, and tell the driver to hurry!"

The boy disappeared, and Proteus hurriedly gathered his top coat and umbrella together. A flourish of wheels on the pavement up to his gate told him his cab had arrived.

"Look here," he said to the cabby, as he turned out the gas and locked his hall door, "that local train from the west gets in about eleven, doesn't it, and a train leaves here in about a quarter of an hour, that meets it somewhere?"

The cabby assented. "All right," said Proteus, plunging into the cab. "Drive me to the station, quick!"

As the cabman mounted to his seat, a boy came down the street, whistling, and stopped at Proteus' gate. Harry stuck his head out of the cab, and asked what was the matter.

"Here I am," cried Proteus. "Drive on!" he called out, as he took the envelope from the boy; and away the cab flew.

He thrust the missive into his side pocket hurriedly, thinking, if he thought at all, that it was an epistle on some matter of business of the day's transaction. He did not want to think at all. He had one desire; to get on that train, feel the train in motion, and then know that he was safe.

It was a long drive to the depot, although the horse worked hard.

Harry smoked viciously, and shouted to the cabman, and did a hundred things to forget what he was doing. He arrived at his train not a moment too soon, and got on board, after hurriedly paying the cabby double fare, and dropping his umbrella twice, as the cars moved out.

He sat down viciously, and almost breathless, and stared out of the window. Sorry?—well, he did not like to think about it. He might be a fool, perhaps. He amused himself watch-

ing the streets and buildings he knew as they filed by. The train was running slowly, and presently a large stone building came in view, brilliantly lighted. It was Bella's hotel. He gazed grimly up at the rows of bright windows, recognizing Bella's; and he pictured to himself the hurried packing of trunks and valise. And at the thought his heart sank again, and he wondered why he had not waited for the train to New York. Then, as he had thought of Carrie, he thought of Bella, waiting, waiting for Harry—in vain.

The hotel was gone, and Proteus sighed, and stretched his legs upon the seat opposite, plunging his hands deep into his coat pockets. His fingers came in contact with the letter he had forgotten, and he drew the envelope out half-curiously, and opened it. The letter had been rapidly scrawled, and some of the words were blurred, as if the writer had been crying.

"Dear Harry"—said the letter—"do not think of our going to night! Oh, I have thought of it all, and cried since you kissed me, and I will not let you do this wrong. We must be brave, Harry. and you must think of Carrie, and little Ethel and the boy. It has been all my fault, I know; but I love you, Harry! You must not think I do not. But I know you will be the old brave Harry, and help me to forget and be true to ourselves, even if we have forgotten. I cannot write any more, but good-night and God bless you, Harry!"

BELLA.

"God bless *you*, Bella!"



## GABLE ENDS.

### THE ONTARIO LAW SCHOOL.

The Law School of the Province has resumed its work with some changes both in the curriculum and in the staff of lecturers. Lectures to students at law, in some form or other, have been in vogue for very many years. In the earlier period of legal education in the Province, the students were required to "keep term," a relic of an old English custom, and lectures during that time—which was while the full courts were sitting for term business at Osgoode Hall—were delivered by eminent members of the Bar in a comparatively small room in the east wing of the building. This was a laudable undertaking, as far as it went, but the general advance of education, collegiate and otherwise, made changes imperatively necessary. Conservative, as lawyers proverbially are, any conservatism that had its seat at the Hall quickly responded to the progressive spirit of the times and the professional needs of the country. The teaching faculty was in due time organized on a broader and more liberal basis. Greater inducements were held out to experienced and able men to take part in the work of instruction. The curriculum was revised, the standard of examinations raised, and richer prizes for proficiency in the educational course were held out to diligent and deserving students. The habitat of the student was also completely transformed. The old lecture room in the east wing was discarded, and a large, handsome and well-equipped annex erected for the exclusive use of the school in its modernized form and with its modernized methods of instruction. In a word, the whole system of legal education was reformed and immensely improved, so much so that a law student of twenty years ago would now scarcely recognize the accessories and interior economy of his professional *alma mater*.

For these great and beneficial changes in legal education, a real debt of gratitude is due the Law Society. The results, as a whole, have been of incalculable advan-

tage to the student and to the profession at large. A well-educated Bar is a national boon. If, by reason of the higher tests of ability and learning now exacted, the avenues to professional preferment have been made more difficult, the goal, when reached, is proportionately more honourable. A call to the Bar is a greater reward of merit than it ever was before. The legal grist, if less in quantity, is infinitely better in quality. This, it is admitted, has been very largely, if not mainly, due to the Law School, the efficiency and good influence of which have come to be universally recognized. Under the altered conditions of its advanced and practical curriculum, it is fully equal, if not superior, to any institution of the kind on the continent.

The School was established on its present basis in 1889. It is conducted under the immediate supervision of the Legal Education Committee of the Law Society, subject to the control of the Benchers. Mr. Charles Moss, Q.C., the chairman of the committee, and Mr. B. B. Osler, Q.C., have been particularly active in promoting the interests of the institution, and they have had the energetic co-operation of other members of the Bench. Attendance at the School is made compulsory. The course is three years, and the term of instruction seven months in each year.

The course of study is a very thorough one. It embraces every branch of jurisprudence, not excepting private international law and cognate subjects, such as Canadian constitutional history and law. The holding of weekly moot courts, for the forensic argument of legal questions, is one of the features of the lecture room. The examinations, which are strict and searching, are being gradually brought within the immediate control of the school staff. For some years past there have been two intermediate examinations in addition to those for solicitor and for call to the Bar. The "intermediates," it is understood, will be abolished next May, and other examinations substituted that

will be more in harmony with the objects of the curriculum; these will not interfere with, but, rather be in aid of the examinations for solicitor and for admission to the Bar, which will be retained.

The School is in charge of a most capable staff. The present lecturers are Messrs. W. A. Reeve, Q.C.; E. D. Armour, Q.C.; A. H. Marsh, Q.C.; J. King, Q.C.; and Mr. McGregor Young. Mr. Reeve has been at the head of the School since its organization. He gives his whole time and energies to the work of teaching and management, and has proved an able and painstaking Principal. Two of his colleagues, Messrs. Armour and Marsh, have been connected with the School for some years past; they are prominent members of the Bar, whose special qualifications for their duties are universally admitted. Mr. King, who was appointed to the staff in June last, and whose abilities and experience are widely known, is a decided acquisition to the School. Mr. Young, who was also appointed in June, is a member of the Bar, whose acknowledged fitness for this position will be sensibly felt in the work of instruction. The principalship is a permanent appointment: the other four lectureships are tenable for three years, and the incumbents are eligible for reappointment by the Benchers in convocation. There are also three examiners who are elected triennially by the Bench, and who are not eligible for re-election. The present examiners are Messrs. A. C. Galt, W. D. Gwynne, J. H. Moss, and M. H. Ludwig. Heretofore the lecturers have had no voice in the examinations, but, under a recent rule, this policy has been altered, and hereafter the students will be subject to examination in the subject-matter of the lectures, as well as in the prescribed text-books. This change has been well ordered and cannot fail to be productive of good results. The former practice of excluding the teachers from any share in the examinations, was, to say the least, anomalous, if not unprecedented, in an institution of this character.

Some advisable changes have also been made in the text-books of the curriculum. Dr. Maclaren's work on "Bills and Notes" has been substituted for Chalmers' handbook on the same subject. Mr. Marsh's "History of the Court of Chancery" has been added to the first year course, and Mr.

W. H. P. Clement's "Law of the Canadian Constitution" to the third year course. These are proper recognitions, for a worthy purpose, of native Canadian literature. To all who are interested in this institution and the splendid preparatory training which it affords for the practice of a useful and honorable profession, it is satisfactory to know that it has entered upon another year of its work under such favorable conditions.—HISTORICUS.

## THE WISDOM OF NATURE.

### I.

A Voice went crying through the Night:  
 "Lift up thy head, O Man, and see,  
 While grope thy fellows toward the light,  
 The quiet stars above them be.  
 Blind brawlers, for some petty mastery,  
 Your battle-smoke shall never dim their  
 shining,  
 Their knowledge is too high for your  
 divining."

### II.

Dark mountains, dipping to the great  
 Grey wilderness that meets the dawn,  
 What beacon on your brows elate  
 Blazed for a moment, and is gone!  
 What whisper of a God perchance hath  
 drawn  
 The clustering clouds to hearken and to  
 see,  
 And hold communion with Eternity?

### III.

When shall the Sea the secret yield,  
 Of Him who spake to it of old,  
 And Being's Cause, yet unrevealed,  
 To that First Silence did unfold:  
 The inarticulate deep shall ever hold  
 And shall repeat the secret o'er and o'er  
 In mystic murmurs, brooding evermore.

### IV.

On Life's hard highway, oft bespread  
 With dust of care and mire of pain,  
 By weary bending of the head  
 To pluck slight wisdom we are fain.  
 But our dull scroll shall clear revision  
 gain,  
 When we come home to Nature, and her  
 peace,  
 Where all the tempest of the soul shall  
 cease.

—HENRY MARMADUKE RUSSELL.

## CHARLOTTE.

Have ye h'ard av Charlotte Brady,  
 Limpin' wid a crutch  
 That houlds up th' foineest lady  
 Nature's lovely touch  
 Iver trimmed wid tityvation,  
 Rarely seen in all creation ?

Charlotte's only twinty-one ;  
 Frish an' young she looks ;  
 S'arch th' poets boy the ton,  
 Or th' story-books,  
 An' her loikes ye'll *niver* see ;  
 H'idden she wis born t' be.

If th' wurld could watch wid me,  
 Hivens ! what a stare  
 Would be gapin' longingly  
 At th' casement there !  
 Laughter, sadness, blank surprize,  
 Would be shown in its eyes.

In a crumblin' tinnymint  
 Charlotte sthands shuprame,  
 Brutes, wid brutish sintymint,  
 She has larnt t' tame.  
 Rogues that scoff th' leggyshlatur,  
 Cringe before th' pritty cratur.

**Timmy Mann, th' Pugilist—**  
**Champion hivy-weight ;**  
**Paddy Gann, th' Socialist,**  
**Thraitor t' th' sthate,**  
**In her crutch a sciptre see,**  
**Niver swung boy royalty.**

Whin th' house is fast ashlope,  
 Charlotte prays t' Mary ;  
 Sthop yer heart an' take a pape—  
 Swear ye see a fairy,  
 Bindin' over bades untowid,  
 As a moiser hugs his gowld.

" Mary, Mary, howly Mother,  
 Listen to me prayer ;  
 Hard it is bad dades t' smother  
 Under Hiven's glare ;  
 Kape th' avil thoughts away—  
 Shure, they 're roisin' as Oi pray ! "

Charlotte as she limps t' bid,  
 Charlotte when she wakes,  
 Often wid a shlapey lid,  
 Charlotte's fancy takes  
 Such a long, trimindous floit,  
 That it flits from human soight.

Chase it wid a tillyscope  
 P'inted t' th' skoies ;  
 Pierce th' place whir airthly Hope  
 Broight an' dazlin' loies ;  
 Watch that gorgiss sproit alone,  
 That is sated near th' throne.

Did ye iver in yer loife  
 See a crown loike that ?  
 Kin ye think av jewel's roife  
 Blazin' in a hat ?  
 Parly buds wid gowlden stim  
 Blossom on *that* diadim !

\* \* \* \* \*

Charlotte as she limps through loife,  
 Prayin' all th' way—  
 Charlotte picks th' jewel's roife  
 Out av fancy's thray ;  
 Buds av parl wid golden stim  
 Sews she on her diadim.

—MICHAEL CAR.

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 QUEEN ISABELLA.

Queen Isabella ! Full four hundred years,  
 With all their toil and tears,  
 All their débris of human hopes and fears,  
 Of schemes and strivings and achievements  
 vast,  
 Lieheaped and piled above thy buried past ;  
 Yet doth thy glory last !  
 And sound again, with more than clang  
 of spears,  
 In a world's listening ears !

For what are broken thrones  
 And mouldering turret-stones  
 And old escutcheons of proud dynasties ?  
 What are their triumphs high,  
 Flaunted against the sky,  
 To show the fringe of gold or broidered  
 frieze ?  
 The braveries that adorn  
 Mantle or robe outworn—  
 What are they but the gleam of dead men's  
 bones ?  
 And what are these !

What are these specks that shone,  
 Full-orbed and splendid, dazzling as the  
 sun,  
 Upblown to greatness, broken by the blast,  
 And into fragments cast ?  
 The things that could be shaken—these  
 are they—

The treasures and the honors of a day,  
The glories that grew dim and turned to  
clay,  
The dust of empires in our faces blown—  
Huge, huge the pile hath grown !

But thou, fair Queen—thy holy zeal for  
truth

Keeps an unfading youth :

Thou hadst the vision clear, the enlighten-  
ed eyes

That could discern true greatness. High  
emprise,

And deeds of greatness evermore must  
seem

To craven souls, a dream ;

But Faith that hath looked up and seen  
the stars

Clear shining, tho' the clouds be cold and  
grey,

Thro' seas of danger, and thro' hindering  
bars

Can find its way !

Thou hadst a fearless strength that could  
defy

All dread of loss or failure, purpose nigh,  
Unswerving trust and loyal constancy !

Thou hadst a courage, born of noble thought,  
Which to thy woman's heart a true love  
taught

For all brave deeds by brave men bravely  
wrought !

Thou hadst the beauty of self-sacrifice,  
More lustrous than thy jewels, and a prize  
Of richer, holier worth ; and thou had'st  
power—

The Queen's, the woman's dower ;

And thou didst use it wisely, and thy name

Is spoken with Columbus, and thy claim

Is one with his to an immortal fame !

So, to you twain the wealth of every clime  
Shall come in tribute—homage of all time,

The prize of labor and the laurel crown,  
Of Learning's fair renown !

The measures of the science-marshalled  
spheres,

Pride of Invention and Discovery,

The prophecies and visions of the Seers,

Bright hints of things to be !

The spoils of all the lands and all the seas,

The drift and flottage of the centuries !

—MARY BARRY SMITH.

ST. JOHN, N.B.





## SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

For the amateur astronomer in this country the publication of a magazine especially adapted to his needs is an event of some importance. The first number of *Popular Astronomy*, the magazine referred to, has reached us. It is edited by Professor W. W. Payne and Mr. C. R. Willard, the former being the well-known director of Goodsell Observatory, Northfield, Minnesota, and contains matter which must prove helpful to most, and interesting to all amateurs. The staff of contributors is a brilliant one. Prof. Winlow Upton writes upon "Constellation Study," Prof. Jas. E. Keeler upon "The Spectroscope and some of its Applications," Prof. Elger and others upon "The Moon," Prof. S. W. Burnham upon "Double Star Astronomy," Mr. J. A. Brashar upon "Making Telescopes, and the Care of Them," Mr. W. F. Denning, F.R.A.S., upon "Shooting Stars and How to Observe Them, and What They Teach Us," Prof. E. E. Barnard (the discoverer of Jupiter's fifth satellite) upon "Celestial Photography," and Dr. Lewis Swift upon "Comet Seeking and Nebulae;" while many others have promised to write upon other branches of Astronomy. In fact, the whole scheme of the editors seems to be excellent, and, no doubt, as time passes the magazine will be enlarged to provide for new wants. For the amateur who has a telescope there is a special department, viz., "The Face of the Sky," which includes a description of the star sphere (with star charts) for the month of publication; planet notes, planet tables, minima of variable stars, the configurations of Jupiter's satellites, phases and aspects of the moon, occultations of stars visible at Washington, comet notes, etc., etc. The frontispiece of the September number consists of two views of the moon reduced from photographs, and is, no doubt, an earnest of

the excellence in illustration that will be aimed at. The magazine is a monthly publication of 48 pages, price \$2.50 per annum.

The constellations which make the winter skies glorious are gradually taking up, at convenient hours, the positions in which they are best observed. In the north there are Cassiopea, Andromeda, with the great nebula, and Perseus, with the wonderful variable star Algol, while overhead, in the course of the night, there now pass Aquilla, Cygnus, Pegasus, Aries, Taurus, with the Pleiades and Hyades, the beautiful red star Aldebaran, and Jupiter himself, in all his beauty, Orion, with the nebula, the Greater Dog with Sirius, and the Lesser Dog with Procyon. Mercury will be an evening star toward the end of October, and should be looked for immediately after sunset. Venus, the very bright star seen in the west after sunset, will, late in October, begin to rise into better position for observation. Mars and Saturn are not visible, being on the other side of the sun, passing, therefore, overhead in the daylight. Jupiter is the most brilliant object in the night skies, and may readily be picked up owing to his position a little to the east of, and below, the Pleiades. This planet should be carefully studied this autumn because he passes so nearly overhead that he can be seen to much better advantage than usual. Almost any telescope will show his moons and indications of his belts. In a good telescope, Jupiter, with his moon and belt systems, is an object of surprising interest, the motion of the planet, as he swiftly rotates on his axis, and of his moons, as they rapidly revolve around him, passing first between us and the planet's wide disc, and then behind him, being easily perceptible. G.E.L.

## BOOK NOTICES.

*Journal and Proceedings of the Hamilton Association for the Session of 1892-93. No. IX. — Demy Octavo, 173 pp.*

This well edited volume is an evidence of the intellectual life and activity existing in the Hamilton Association, a society which may well challenge comparison in utility and achievements with the learned societies of almost any city on this continent. The papers in this number of the journal are, without exception, able and interesting, and they cover subjects in Geology, Botany, Entomology, Biology, Philosophy, and Literature. Some of the papers bring to light new and interesting information in regard to the flora and geology of Southern Ontario. Similar societies to the Hamilton one, and similar

journals, if established in all our cities, would do very much for the development of Canada in literature and science.

*Tib.* By George Douglas. Crown octavo, 320 pp. Toronto: The Rose Publishing Co. "Tib" has all the charm of an idyl. It is redolent of the clover field and the gentle rain. It opens quaintly and strikingly, and pursues its way in the quiet fashion of the curious rural life of the hamlet around which its scenes are laid, unfolding in its course most natural and charming portrayals of people and their surroundings, and of the joys and sorrows and pathos and half-tragedies that enter into the lives of the inhabitants of the smallest village. Some of the character-sketching is exquisitely well done.

Perhaps, as Mr. Gladstone appears to think, the schoolmaster is a much worse man than the author supposed him to be, but "Tib" is a new and beautiful and noble addition to the striking characters that live and move in the fiction of our century. It is difficult to convey a true idea of the peculiar flavor of this story. It may not be altogether satisfactory to those who love the sensational novel, but will appeal strongly to those who appreciate Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

*A Merchant Prince: Life of the Hon. Senator John Macdonald.* By REV. HUGH JOHNSON, D.D. Crown Size, 321 pp. Cloth. Toronto: William Briggs.

To become a millionaire through the ordinary ways of commerce, is not very difficult to any man of fair talent, courage, common sense, and perseverance, provided he is determined, above all things, to win wealth, and has the requisite amount of selfishness and carefully exercised unscrupulousness. But to make a million, and to make it in a way that is strictly and scrupulously honest, not merely in the conventional sense that obtains in society, but in the deeper sense approved by a sensitive and enlightened conscience, requires great ability. It is, therefore, with pleasure that the public will receive the biography just issued by the publishing house of William Briggs, of the late Senator Macdonald—a man whose conscientious public career and benevolence were not less well known in Canada than the remarkable success achieved by him in business. The volume is well printed and beautifully bound. The author has had abundant opportunity, from personal acquaintance and otherwise, of forming an accurate opinion of the life of the subject of his memoir. He has used his material well, and presented in a concise yet comprehensive way very much of interest in regard to the personal characteristics, the home and public life, and the business principles and methods which contributed to the remarkable success in the commercial world of the late Mr. Macdonald. The volume will be read with interest and profit by thousands.

*The Prince of India; or, Why Constantinople Fell.*—By LEW WALLACE. Crown 8mo, 1060 pp., 2 vols., cloth. Toronto: William Briggs, publisher; Williamson & Co.

A story of absorbing interest and great power, and fully illustrative of General Wallace's genius in description and in treatment of historical developments, the "Prince of India" is likely to attain a popularity scarcely second to that attained by "Ben Hur." The story at once captures the reader's attention, and holds it to the very end. The leading character of the tale, "The Prince of India," is drawn vividly, and forms a new type of the Wandering Jew, quite as likely to capture the imagination of the world as the best of the presentations of that

character that have hitherto been given. A strange combination of decent pride, ambition and power the old man is after his thirteen transformations from extreme old age back to young manhood,—his fourteen hundred years of accumulating knowledge and disappointments. With equal success the author has portrayed the daring, dashing and faithful Amir Mirza, the chivalrous Sultan Mahommed, the lovely and high-souled Princess Irene. In fact, in portraiture of most of the characters of the story, whether by set description or incidental unfolding of the characters through the incidents of the tale, the author has shown a master hand. And around the characters life moves with a pleasing and constant variety. There are plots within plots, not at all confusing, and, besides their bearing on the main catastrophe, and their value in reflecting many of the conditions of the age, very interesting in themselves. Graphic in the highest degree are many of the scenes depicted. The pilgrimage to Mecca, the wild final rush over the desert sands to within sight of the city, the fanatic devotion of the pilgrims around the black Kaaba, the weird vigils of the priestly multitude under the torchlight on the heights of Blachernie, the gathering storm on the Bosphorus, driving the boats before it to shelter behind the White Castle, the gloom of the Imperial Cistern, the brightness and joy of the fête at the country palace of the Princess Irene, the preaching of a new old evangel in St. Sophia, the midnight interviews of Mahommed and the star-reading Prince of India regarding the time of Constantinople's doom, the gradual investment of the city, the opening fire of the great terror-inspiring guns of the Turks, the awful struggle in front of the gate St. Romain, and the scenes in St. Sophia and the streets when the Turks finally conquered—are all brilliant pieces of description. The accuracy of General Wallace in his reproductions of the life, architecture, and general conditions of the times of which he writes is well known, and makes some of his stories not only interesting, but valuable, and worthy a permanent place in the library. Whether his comparatively happy disposition of the Princess Irene, after the fall of the city, is a justifiable departure from the actual facts of the case, or his glorifying picture of the conquering Sultan is a warrantable license for a novelist, may well be questioned; nevertheless the value of the story, in at least stimulating a love of history, and helping the reader to an appreciation of the destructive influence of the fanaticism of the clerical factions of the Eastern Empire, can scarcely be denied. Altogether, the "Prince of India" offers room for congratulating the author on adding to his laurels, and the public on having another rich treat in the way of fiction to enjoy.