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OCT., 1892.

THE LAKE

MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO
POLITICS,
SCIENCE
AND GENERAL
LITERATURE

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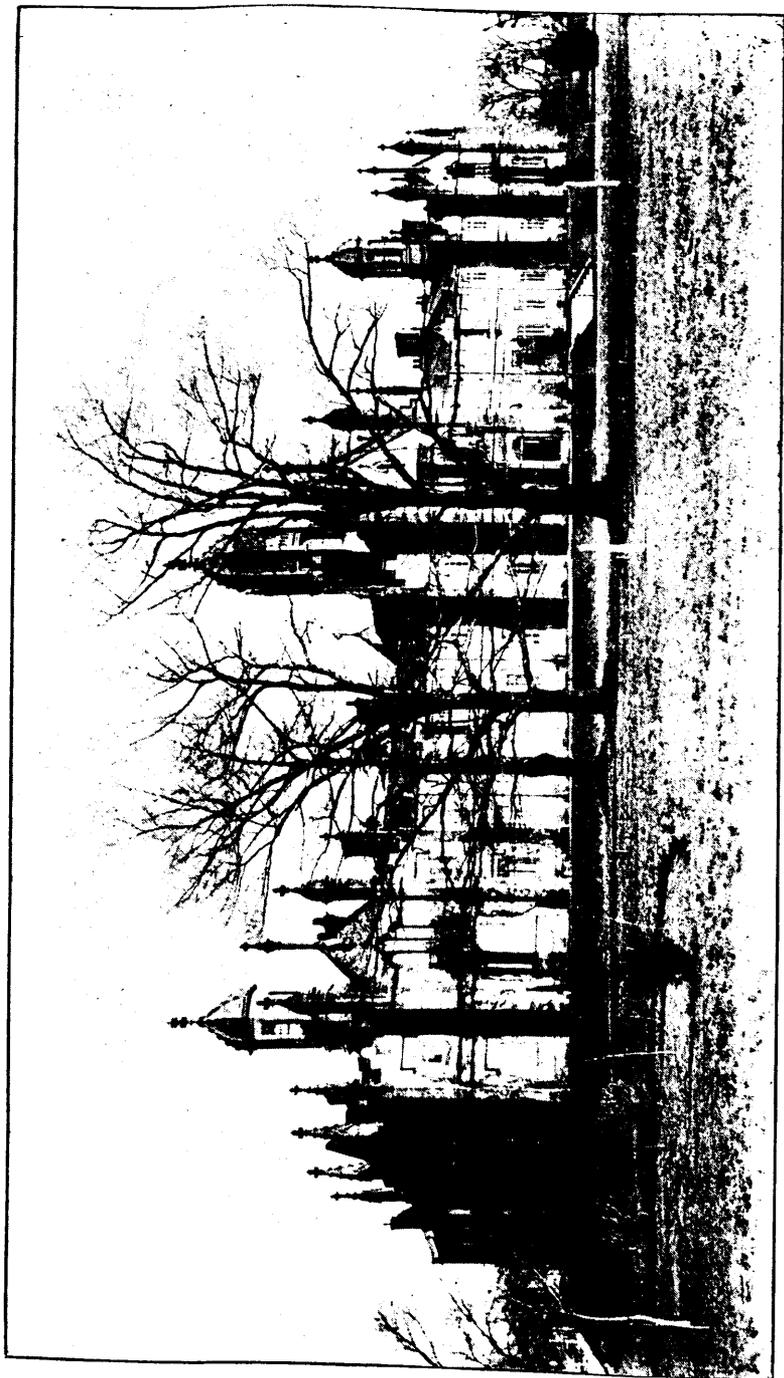
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OCTOBER, 1892.

No. 3.

THE CANAL TOLLS QUESTION.

BY R. S. WHITE, M.P.

“The government of Her Britannic Majesty engages to urge upon the government of the Dominion of Canada to secure to the citizens of the United States the use of the Welland, St. Lawrence, and other canals in the Dominion on terms of equality with the inhabitants of the Dominion; and the government of the United States engages that the subjects of Her Britannic Majesty shall enjoy the use of the St. Clair Flats canal on terms of equality with the inhabitants of the United States, and further engages to urge upon the State governments, to secure to the subjects of Her Britannic Majesty the use of the several State canals connected with the navigation of the lakes or rivers traversed by or contiguous to the boundary line between the possessions of the high contracting parties, on terms of equality with the inhabitants of the United States.”
Article 27, of the Washington Treaty, 1871.

The controversy which has arisen between the governments of the Dominion and of the United States, respecting the observance of article 27 of the Washington Treaty, has its origin in the system of rebates of canal tolls adopted by Canada for the encouragement of the export grain trade by way of the St. Lawrence route. That system was inaugurated in the spring of 1884, and has been continued from year to year since that time by Order-in-Council, a refund of 18 cents per ton being paid out of the toll of 20 cents per ton collected, upon wheat, corn, peas, barley, rye, oats, flax-seed and buckwheat, passing down the Welland and St.

Lawrence canals for export. Public attention was first directed in the United States to this policy by President Cleveland, who, in a message to the Senate, of date August 23rd, 1888, wrote, “Evidence has for some time been before Congress, furnished by the Secretary of the Treasury, showing that while the tolls charged are, in the first instance, the same to all, such vessels and cargoes as are destined to certain Canadian ports, are allowed a refund of nearly the entire tolls, while those bound to American ports are not allowed any such advantage.” President Cleveland accordingly recommended that “such legislative action be taken as will give Canadian vessels navigating our canals, and their cargoes, precisely the same advantages granted to our vessels and cargoes upon Canadian canals, and that the same be measured by exactly the same rule of discrimination.” This recommendation was not acted upon and the subject remained quiescent until October, 1891, when the State Department at Washington transmitted to the British Minister a copy of a memorial of the Lake Carriers’ Association complaining of the alleged discrimination; and since then, the matter has been the subject of conference and correspondence between the Canadian and United States

Governments. The complaint of the United States is fully set out in the message of President Harrison to the Senate, of date June 20th, 1892, and accompanying documents. He says:—

That these orders as to canal tolls and rebates are in direct violation of article 27 of the treaty of 1871 seems to be clear. It is wholly evasive to say that there is no discrimination between Canadian and American vessels; that the rebate is allowed to both, without favor, upon grain carried through to Montreal, or transhipped at a Canadian port to Montreal. The treaty runs:— 'To secure to the citizens of the United States the use of the Welland, St. Lawrence and other canals in the Dominion on terms of equality with the inhabitants of the Dominion.' It was intended to give the consumers in the United States, to our people engaged in railroad transportation, and to those exporting from our ports equal terms in passing their merchandise through these canals. This absolute equality of treatment was the consideration for concessions on the part of this Government, made in the same article of the treaty, and which have been faithfully kept."

We need not quarrel with President Harrison upon his interpretation of clause 27 of the treaty. In so far as Canada chose to act upon the representation of Great Britain, she was bound to give equality of terms, and any departure from that condition constitutes an infraction of the spirit of the compact, and may fairly be made a ground of complaint. The American contention is for equal terms to consumers in the United States, to those engaged in railway transportation, and to exporters. Equality of terms has been granted, rejoins the Canadian Government. No consumer in Canada enjoys the benefit of the canal tolls rebate; the grain must be exported to become entitled to the concession. No railway in Canada enjoys the benefit of the rebate; the grain must be carried down the whole length of the Welland and St. Lawrence canals and exported by vessel from Montreal to earn the reduction of tolls. The conditions governing

the rebate are these:—(1) the grain must have been originally shipped for Montreal, or for some port east of Montreal, and actually sent out of the country: (2) it must be carried through the Welland and St. Lawrence canals, and (3) trans-shipment *en route* must be made at a point within the Dominion. Subject to these regulations, the rebate is extended to American vessels and cargoes equally with Canadian vessels and cargoes. The United States Government claims, however, that grain passing through the Welland canal to Oswego and Ogdensburg for local consumption, or rail transportation ought to receive the rebate. Why? There is no stipulation of that kind in article 27. The essence of the engagement is equality of terms, and so long as Canadian citizens are compelled to pay full tolls on grain carried through the canals for local consumption, and on grain transported by rail through Canada after having passed through any portion of the canals, so long must citizens of the United States be subject to the same conditions. No argument can be sustained upon the point that Canada has violated the letter of clause 27 in this respect. Putting aside altogether as paltry and contemptible any contention that might be based on the fact that Canada has never by legislative enactment consented to give equality of treatment to Americans in her canals, it is indisputable that the artificial water-way between Lake Erie and Montreal is open and accessible to American vessels upon identically the same terms as to Canadians.

There are those, however, who believe that the interpretation of treaty engagements ought not to be made by the rigid rule of three, and that the spirit as well as the narrow letter of the compact should be observed. In this view a point may be made against the Dominion

Government for having confined the trans-shipment of grain to Canadian ports. The Government, in an Order-in-Council of date June 17th, 1892, states the object of the rebate system to be "the encouragement of ocean shipping *via* the St. Lawrence," and continues:—

"It is alleged that the Canadian rule creates discrimination between the two nationalities, on the ground that permission is given to vessels of both nationalities to trans-ship cargoes destined to Montreal at an intermediate Canadian port, without forfeiting the claim to rebate, while vessels of neither nationality can receive rebate if their cargoes are trans-shipped at an American port. Strictly speaking, this creates no inequality in the use of the canals, though it undoubtedly does discriminate against the United States ports as points of trans-shipment. The United States vessel may obtain its rebate precisely as a Canadian vessel can, by trans-shipping its cargo, (if trans-shipment is necessary) at a Canadian port. And, on the other hand, neither Canadian nor United States vessels can obtain a rebate if they trans-ship at a United States port.

A discrimination is here admitted, as between points of trans-shipment, and I am bound to say the Canadian case would be infinitely stronger, indeed impregnable, but for this lapse. It is the one and only point in which Americans can be said not to stand upon terms of equality with Canadians, and clearly the Canadian rule is directly opposed to the avowed purpose of the rebate system, namely the encouragement of ocean shipping *via* the St. Lawrence. There is some reason for believing that the resort to retaliation by the United States was prompted by the refusal of the Canadian Government to extend the rebate to grain trans-shipped at Ogdensburg, and it certainly does seem somewhat anomalous that a policy adopted professedly to encourage an export trade by way of the St. Lawrence should be burked by a regulation requiring trans-shipment on the Canadian side. In every other respect the American carrier may comply with

the conditions of the Canadian Order-in-Council; he may transport the grain down the whole length of the Welland and St. Lawrence canals to Montreal, and export it thence to Europe, but if the intermediate trans-shipment has occurred at Ogdensburg, instead of at Kingston, the rebate is refused. Such a policy might almost be regarded as injurious, instead of helpful to the growth of ocean shipping *via* the St. Lawrence. Summing up this aspect of the question, therefore, the conclusion is reached that while no treaty compact has been violated by Canada, nor the letter of the engagement broken, the spirit of the agreement has been transgressed in the withholding of the rebate from grain trans-shipped at an American point on its way to the ocean vessel.

There was, however, an obligation also placed upon the government of the United States, by Article 27, namely to urge on the State Governments to secure to British subjects the use of the State canals on terms of equality with the inhabitants of the United States. A reading of Article 27 shows that only one absolute engagement was made—that Canadians should have equality of treatment in the St. Clair Flats canal: the Canadian canals on the one side, and the State canals on the other, were to be thrown open contingently only upon the proprietary governments deeming fit to open them. A failure on the part of either Canada, or of the States of New York and Michigan, to open their canals to citizens of the other country would not, and does not, constitute any infraction of the treaty clause, although it might, of course, lead to reprisals founded upon a conviction of bad faith. Now, the charge has commonly been brought against the Federal Government of the United States that it did not urge the State Governments to open their canals to Canadians,

and that the latter have failed to observe the implied engagement. This aspect of the subject is, therefore, interesting. The Washington Treaty was concluded on May 8th, 1871. Towards the close of the same year, the Governor of New York addressed the following letter to the President of the United States :—

STATE OF NEW YORK,
EXECUTIVE CHAMBERS,

ALBANY, Dec. 4th, 1871.

SIR,—I received this morning your letter of Nov. 29th, transmitting to me a copy of a treaty concluded on May 8th last between the United States and Great Britain, calling my attention to 27th article thereof, whereby the United States engages to urge upon the States Governments to secure to the subjects of Her Majesty the use of the several State canals connected with the navigation of the lakes or rivers traversed by or contiguous to the boundary line between the possessions of the high contracting parties, on terms of equality with the inhabitants of the United States, and requesting me to bring the provisions of this article before the Legislature of this State, now about to convene, and to recommend to it such legislation as will secure to the subjects of Her Britannic Majesty in North America the use of the canals of this State on equal terms with our own citizens.

I have caused enquiry to be made of those charged with the administration of the canals of this State, and learn from them that they know of no restrictions now to be found in the laws of the State upon the equal use of the canals by British subjects and American citizens; that there are no restrictions upon foreigners being the owners, in part or in whole, of boats entitled to navigate our canals; nor would a boat owned wholly in Canada be forbidden the use of our canals, or be subject to other tolls or other regulations than those imposed upon boats owned in our own State.

I shall, nevertheless, with great pleasure, call the attention of the Legislature to the subject, and recommend them to pass such laws as they may find to be necessary to carry into effect at once the agreement made in the 27th article of the Treaty. I have, etc.,

JOHN W. T. HOFFMAN.

His Excellency,

ULYSSES S. GRANT,

President of the United States.

The pledge of Governor Hoffman was redeemed. In his annual message in January, 1872, he called the attention of the Legislature to the subject, and recommended the prompt passage of any laws which might be necessary for the fulfilment of the agreement on the part of the United States government under Article 27. No laws, however, were passed, for the reason that there were no restrictions to be removed. As for the State of Michigan, its Legislature, by resolution on March 23rd, 1872, opened the Sault St. Marie canal to Canadian citizens on terms of equality with citizens of the United States. It appears, therefore, that the Washington government took steps to carry out its promise to urge the State governments to open their canals to Canadians on terms of equality with Americans, and that both New York and Michigan complied with the request. Yet on November 12th, 1874, the Canadian government passed an Order in Council complaining that the engagement entered into by the United States under Article 27 had not been carried into practical effect, and recommending that the British Minister at Washington should be communicated with for the purpose of ascertaining whether the American government intended to carry out its promise. The correspondence shows that Sir Edward Thornton, the then British Minister at Washington, renewed his communications with the State department, only to be assured once again that the engagement under Article 27 had been faithfully complied with, whereupon Lord Carnarvon requested the Canadian government to give particulars of the specific cases upon which the latter had founded their representation that the Americans had not kept faith. On February 18th, 1875, an Order-in-Council was passed at Ottawa, which concluded as follows :—

"That as the Governor of the State of New York now asserts positively that Canadian vessels are not prohibited from navigating these canals on terms of equality with American vessels, he, the Minister, recommends that Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies be informed that the Canadian Government no longer continues to be of opinion that Canadian vessels are excluded from the canals of the State of New York, and will take the necessary steps to promulgate, officially, this important information, in order that Canadian canal boat owners and forwarders may be enabled to take advantage of the privilege referred to."

The Canadian Government, however, had soon cause to change its opinion that Canadian vessels were no longer excluded from the New York canals, as on May 28th, 1875, complaint reached it from the president of the Ottawa and Rideau Forwarding company, that "lumber cannot be bonded in Canadian vessels going through the United States canals." The subsequent official correspondence between the two Governments disclosed the surprising fact that the real difficulty to the navigation of the New York canals by Canadian vessels was interposed, not by the State authorities at all, but by the Federal government itself. Mr. Fish, then Secretary of State at Washington, declared in answer to the complaint founded on the case of the Ottawa and Rideau Forwarding company, that the Revenue laws of the United States would prevent the use of the entire navigation of the canals by Canadian vessels. Mr. Fish went on to say: "The law of the United States provided that a vessel arriving in the United States with a cargo from abroad, should enter and discharge her cargo at the first port of entry she met. In entering the United States through the Champlain canal, the first port of entry would be Whitehall, at the northern extremity of the Whitehall canal. There a vessel arriving with a foreign cargo would be

"obliged to discharge her cargo. If a Canadian vessel had a fancy for navigating the canals further on, she could certainly do so and go as far as Albany," *but without cargo.* Mr. Fish added, that he supposed the idea and object of the Canadian Government were that Canadian boats should be entitled to bring cargo from Canada through the canals and down the Hudson to New York; this, he said, was impossible by reason of the provision of the law with regard to the first port of entry, and because, neither by the treaty of Washington nor by any other treaty, had the navigation of the Hudson river been allowed to British vessels. This view of Mr. Fish was supported by Mr. Bristow, the Secretary of the American Treasury, who, in a letter of date October 9th, 1875, pointed out that under the provisions of Section 3097, Revised Statutes, all vessels laden with cargo arriving in the United States from contiguous territory on the northern frontier, are obliged to make entry, and under Section 2771, all vessels not of the United States which make entry must unload where they make entry. The position, therefore, at this date, more than four years after the conclusion of the treaty, was that the United States Government after urging the State Governments to secure equality of navigation to British subjects, itself prohibited this navigation by a Federal law. Canada, however, did not despair of bringing the American Government to a fulfilment of the pledge given in Article 27. A clause (3,129), of the Revised Statutes of the United States was discovered which clothed the Secretary of the Treasury with power "to permit vessels laden with the products of Canada, to lade or unlade at any port or unlade at any port or place within any collection district which he may designate," and accordingly the attention of

the United States was drawn to this section. The American coon at last, five years after the conclusion of the treaty, came down, instructions being issued in June, 1876, to the collectors of customs at Plattsburg, Buffalo, Oswego, Burlington, Albany and Troy to allow Canadian vessels laden with imported goods to pass down to Albany under the same conditions and regulations as governed the navigation of American vessels going from Canada; and the collectors were instructed to allow free transit to all return cargoes shown by the manifests of Canadian vessels to be destined for Canada. Thus ended this particular phase of article 27, in relation to which it may be noted that, contrary to the opinion generally prevailing, the State governments of New York and Michigan opened their canals to Canadian vessels on terms of equality with American vessels in 1872, that President Grant, in 1871, urged these governments so to do, and that the obstacle long interposed against the navigation of the New York Canals by Canadian vessels was the interpretation put upon the revenue laws by the Federal government.

A point of considerable importance is made by the Canadian Government in connection with Article 30 of the treaty, which relates to mixed transportation by water and land from one part of the United States to another across Canadian territory and *vice versa*. The privilege was of value to Canadian carriers, and a large traffic developed between American ports on Lake Michigan and Lake Ontario across the Province of Ontario. This article, however, was abrogated in 1885, after two years notice from the United States, and the Dominion Government claims this abrogation to constitute the exaction of the penalty provided for the imposition of discriminating

tolls on the canals. In the authorized protocol to the conference between the British and United States High Commissioners, with regard to the 30th article of the Washington Treaty, it is stated as follows:—"They desired and it was agreed "that the trans-shipment arrangement "should be made dependent upon the "non-existence of discriminating tolls or "regulations on the Canadian canals, and "also upon the abolition of the New "Brunswick export duty on American "lumber intended for the United States," and in accordance with this understanding the last clause of article 30 reads as follows:—"The Government of the United "States may suspend the right of carrying "granted in favor of the subjects of Her "Britannic Majesty under this article, in "case the Dominion of Canada should at "any time deprive the citizens of the "United States of the use of the canals in "the said Dominion on terms of equality "with the inhabitants of the Dominion, as "provided in article 27." Inasmuch as the United States did, in 1885, suspend this right of carrying, the Dominion Government, contends that if the restriction of trans-shipment to a Canadian port can be construed as constituting an inequality in the use of the canals, the penalty agreed upon between the United States and Great Britain, in such an event, has already been exacted by the United States. I cannot go quite so far as this in my interpretation of clause 30 in its relation to the canals. The United States agreed to the concession of certain transportation privileges under that clause for a period of twelve years, and when the twelve years had elapsed, due notice having been given, the privileges were terminated. Had Canada refused to give the Americans the use of her canals on terms of equality with Canadians at any time within the twelve years, then it

was within the right of the United States—and so provided in the bond—to suspend the privilege of carrying by mixed transportation. The United States has not exacted the penalty for canal tolls discrimination by terminating article 30 after twelve years; it has merely followed the letter of the Treaty. To have exacted the penalty, the right of carrying would need to have been suspended within the twelve years. What the contingent clause of article 30 does prove, however, is that the United States recognized that no absolute engagement is made by Canada in article 27 to open Canadian canals to Americans on terms of equality, and the American Commissioners accordingly armed themselves with every weapon to induce, if not compel Canada to comply with the request of Great Britain. If Canada had been bound by treaty to concede the use of her canals to Americans on terms of equality there would have been no necessity to provide the rider to clause 30, because if Canada deliberately broke a formal engagement, the United States would be free to do so also, without previous stipulation.

Finally, let us briefly consider the character of the reprisals to which the United States has resorted. At the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, hitherto free to all vessels irrespective of nationality or destination, a toll of twenty cents per ton upon freight is levied under certain conditions. The proclamation of President Harrison imposing the tolls in accordance with the Act of Congress, reads:—
 “Provided that no tolls shall be charged
 “or collected upon freight or passengers
 “carried to or landed at Ogdensburg, and
 “south of a line drawn from the northern
 “boundary of the State of New York
 “through the St. Lawrence river, the great
 “lakes, and their connecting channels to
 “the northern boundary of the State of

“Minnesota.” In this way our neighbours have copied our example, and rendered the occasion for complaint on our part somewhat dubious. Canada grants a rebate of tolls on all cargoes bound for Montreal or a port east of Montreal, whether the vessels be British or American. The United States grants exemption from tolls to all cargoes through the Sault canal bound to Ogdensburg, or any American port west of Ogdensburg, no matter what the nationality of the vessel. Just as the full tolls are exacted by Canada on all cargoes through the Welland Canal to American ports, so are full tolls exacted by the United States on all cargoes through the Sault Canal bound to Canadian ports. There we have what Secretary of State Foster calls “parity of conditions,” and it is really somewhat difficult to discover in the conduct of the United States any justification for threats and denunciations on our part. Instead of either whining or menacing, the common-sense course is to frankly admit that the Americans have merely taken a leaf out of our book; to recognize that the policy of reprisals is neither dignified nor profitable; and, conscious that two can play at the game of fence, to honestly seek to establish a large measure of reciprocity in the carrying trade. The Dominion Government has intimated that the discrimination in favor of the St. Lawrence route will be abandoned at the close of the present season, but the United States may fairly be asked for some equivalent for any surrender of the right to control the tolls for the use of the canals. They gave in 1871 mixed transportation by land and water to obtain the reciprocal use of our canals; they should be asked to restore the privilege of this carrying trade, to enlarge the treaty period for the navigation by Canadian vessels of Lake Michigan, and for the transit-in-bond of

merchandise through the United States. event the not very dignified game of re-
 If reciprocity in the coasting trade can be crimination and discrimination between
 secured, so much the better ; but in any the two countries ought to be terminated.

RUTH.

BY ADALENA WESTNEY.

Lonely the twilight seemed,
 Tho' o'er the sky
 Touches of sunset gleamed:
 Then with a sigh
 Softly I called her name—
 Called, but she never came.

Calmly the starshine fell;
 Trembled each leaf;
 Whispered the lily bell
 "What is thy grief":
 Then with my heart aflame
 Called I my darling's name.

Flowers—she loved you all,
 And list'ning, she
 May perchance hear your call;
 Bid her to me.
 Sweetly they called her name—
 Called, but she never came.

Never, ah, nevermore,
 Heart against mine,
 Nestling close as of yore—
 Dear heart of thine.
 Weeping, I call the name—
Come, but she never came.

Coldly across my cheek
 Came breath of night;
 Then seemed a voice to speak
 In whisper light—
 "Stars shine with silver ray,
 But she is far as they.

And, tho' you reach your hand
 With yearning so,
 In that bright, far-off land
 She will not know;
 But when thy work is done
 Thou 'lt see thy darling one."

THE SOUTH SINCE THE WAR.

BY A. W. WRIGHT.

In the preface of a book written in Virginia thirty-six years ago I find the assertion "The unrestricted exploitation of so-called free society is more oppressive to the laborer than domestic slavery." The book to which I refer was a defence of the institution of slavery, and the writer sought, by comparing the condition of the negro slaves of the South with that of the wage workers and factory operatives of the North, to demonstrate that the physical and moral welfare of the former was the better cared for. He quoted Carlyle, Fanny Wright, and other authors to show that in England and other countries the changes from vassalage and villanage to free labor had really tended to the physical and moral injury of the laboring class. To a Canadian, used to looking upon human slavery as an abhorrent thing, destructive of all the nobler virtues, both moral and intellectual, such a book does not appeal sympathetically, yet what I have seen in the South compels me to doubt whether after all it is not true that both morally and physically the negroes have lost by emancipation. To the question, may man rightfully hold property in man? I would still give an emphatic negative, but a dispassionate observer will be forced to admit that the system which in the South has succeeded to chattel slavery has not really bettered the condition of the negroes. It is true they no longer dread having their children torn from them to be sold at the block, and they no longer change masters under the hammer of the auctioneer, but now they are not certain of

employment and of wages sufficient to support life, and it may well be doubted if hard necessity does not part as many families as did the auction block. The whip of the overseer does not now spur them to greater exertion, but the goad of hunger and dreaded want is a sharper spur, and their daily "tale of bricks" is greater than before.

During the past few years I have had occasion to visit various sections of the South, and what I have seen and heard there causes me to write in this way. I have seen Northern writers and heard Northern speakers blame the poverty of the negroes on their indolence and improvidence, but I have seen enough of them and their ways to convince me that the charge of laziness and improvidence is, to say the least, an exaggerated one. I recall a conversation I had with one negro, a man of fifty-five years of age. He was in a cotton field where a number of negroes of both sexes were picking cotton. I asked him how he found his farm pay him? In reply he told me that last year he fell in debt seventeen dollars, though he had had his two boys hired out a part of the time. The year before he had just managed to clear himself, and this year he was afraid he would be behind again as the cotton did not promise very well. This man had been a slave before the war, and I asked him whether he was better off now than then. He told me that he had had a good master, and always had good victuals and plenty of them, and good clothes. Now his victuals were neither so good nor so plentiful, and he often had to "go half

rations." As to his clothes, he laughed, and pointed to them, and really he might have traded with advantage with any scare crow. When he was sick "befo' de wah" he was cared for: now he and "de ole woman and de chillun" must look after "dereselfs." "When I wanted a dolla' den, my ole Massa always done give it to me. Now I aint nebber seen a dolla' for more'n a year." One expression used by this old negro—and he looked much older than he was—particularly struck me. Looking over at the cotton pickers he said, "Befo' de wah we used to sing at cotton pickin: you nebber hear dat no mo." In conversation with others I found that this absence of song in the fields of the free South had been noted by others besides this negro.

Most of the farming in the new South, is done on what is known as the mortgage system. That is, the farmers give a mortgage or lien on their growing crop to a merchant and get provisions, etc., in advance. The system appears to work just about as a similar system did among the Jews in the time of Nehemiah. I was told of the experience of one negro under this system. For years he had toiled on his farm, only to find that the whole crop fell just a little short of paying his account with the merchant. At last came a year when he had a bale of cotton more than usual, and he took his crop to the store only to find, that even with the extra bale, there was only five cents coming to him. "Fore de Lawd, Massa Jones," he said to the merchant, "I done thought dere would a been mo' dan dat, and I reckoned ter buy a dress for de ole woman dis year, and some shoes tor de chillen; dey aint had none for tree year now, I spec I can't do it dis year. Sure you's made no mistake in dat count, Massa Jones?" "No," said the merchant, "you can examine it for yourself." "Oh!

I spose its all right," said the negro, "I don't know nuffin' 'bout 'counts but it pears ter me just dis way, nought to nought an' figger to figger, all fer de white man and none fer de nigger."

But the poverty and the inability to make accounts square at the end of the year, is not confined to the blacks in the South; with but few exceptions the white farmers are but little better off. Many of them have told me that they are steadily but surely falling behind, and this though they work hard and economise in every possible way. Yet the South is a beautiful country with fertile soil, perfect climate and illimitable natural resources. Strange that in a land so fair and with such boundless promise of reward for industry, there should be such hopeless poverty. Such things do not come from chance. I have seen shallow Northern writers attempt to explain it away, by blaming it, as I have said, on the indolence of the people. I know that I speak truly when I assert it is not due to any lack of physical or moral stamina on the part of the Southern people, white or black.

During the first years after the war the South prospered. Though the planters returned often to ruined homes, and though they had lost thousands upon thousands of dollars of slave property, they did not lose courage or hope. They set to work with a will to retrieve their shattered fortunes. Though their capital was gone they borrowed money. Prices were good and the interest was easily paid. In the meantime the emancipated negroes found their labor in demand at good wages, and they earned money and saved it: many of them bought little farms, paying part down, and with excellent prospects of meeting future payments with good wages and good prices they were prosperous and happy. Freedom did indeed seem to them a blessing with-

out alloy. From 1865 till 1873 the South shared in the wave of unprecedented prosperity which swept over the Union. It had suffered more from the war than the North, and consequently its prosperity was not quite so great: the dark and disgraceful rule of the carpetbaggers also retarded the return of prosperity. But despite all this the Southern people prospered, and anyone looking over the condition of the Southern States twenty years ago would have been justified in predicting that before the century should close, the prosperity of the South would be completely restored, her people free from debt, and the race problem solved by the common happiness and prosperity of both races. How comes it, then, that before the last decade of the century is well entered upon we find this prosperity vanished? Instead of being free from debt, the people, white and black, are staggering under a burden of indebtedness they are utterly unable to bear. Instead of good prices the products of their farms will barely pay the cost of production. Instead of good wages and steady employment, laborers can hardly get a bare subsistence in return for their labor, while, except in the busy farming seasons, unwillingly idle men are the rule rather than the exception.

I believe there is an explanation for all this, and one explanation only. In 1873 the United States contracted the currency. By direct and open legislation such as the resumption act, and by secret and surreptitious legislation such as the demonetization of silver by a tricky juggling with words, the circulating medium of the nation suffered a tremendous reduction. The result was what might have been anticipated and what was doubtless intended by those who engineered it. As the currency was contracted, prices and wages fell, until it took twice the

quantity of farm produce and twice as many days labor to pay the interest on the farmers' and laborers' mortgages. In the South the contraction of the currency and the resultant fall in prices was felt with especially crushing force. The planters found that the entire product of their farms would barely pay the interest on the money they had borrowed. All hope of paying the principal was gone. Unable any longer to pay for men they had to discharge their hired help, who were thrown into the towns and villages with the inevitable result of lowering the wages there. The negroes and poorer whites who had bought and partly paid for little farms were also caught in the maelstrom; their crops would no longer pay the interest on the unpaid portion of the price their farms. It was hopeless for them to look for days work, for already there were more men than there were jobs. The occurrence of the contraction of the currency and the beginning of the industrial ruin of the South at the same time is not a coincidence merely; the two facts are of the nature of cause and effect. It was contraction of the currency that arrested the returning prosperity of the South, that stilled the song of labor in its fields, and that causes the negro to pause and wonder whether, after all, it had not been better for him to have remained a slave.

If the Southern farmers would turn their attention to mixed farming, I have heard it said, they would overcome their difficulties. What I have seen leads me to doubt it. In North Carolina they have tried it, and without any improvement of their condition. I asked some of them why they did not raise more cattle, pointing out that besides the profit on the cattle they would be saved a heavy outlay for fertilizers. I was told that cattle raising did not pay: that beef

cattle could not be sold at the cost of raising them. I wondered at this, for I knew that in Canada the farmers often turn the corner, as it were, with their fat cattle. After a time I learned the cause. It was Colonel Livingstone, now a member of Congress, at that time President of the Georgia Farmers' Alliance, who explained the trouble. Next in importance perhaps only to the Standard Oil Company in a land of rings and combines, is the great beef combine, which from its headquarters in Chicago and Kansas city, stretches its tentacles into every state and county in the Union. If a butcher starts a business anywhere he is offered the choice of selling the combine's beef or of meeting the opposition of a shop established at his door by the combine. The consequence is that there is no longer any home market for cattle. Practically the farmers are brought into direct competition with the ranches of New Mexico, Texas or Nevada. Nay; worse than this; the special advantages which the combine is able to secure from the railways, despite the interstate commerce law, put a further discount upon the price of the cattle raised by the farmers of Georgia and the Carolinas.

If the price at which farm lands are offered for sale be a test of the prosperity of the farmers, let me state a few facts.

Southern Maryland, say the counties of St. Mary's and Charles, were at one time the most productive on the continent. The lands are wonderfully rich, and the climate has not a drawback. Draw a circle around this district, making Southern Maryland the centre of a circle 400 miles in diameter and you include more than five million inhabitants. Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia are close at hand, while New York, Brooklyn and Boston are easy of access. Yet land is offered for sale there, with no purchasers, at ten and twelve dollars per acre. I saw one farm with growing crop, stock and implements offered for sale at \$3,500. It had 265 acres—60 in corn, over 300 peach trees four years old; there were one span of horses, two of mules, a cow, pigs, wagons, harness, and good buildings. This farm is near Baltimore. In answer to a letter, the man who was offering this farm said he had several others to sell at equally good bargains. Yet I repeat the land is good, the climate superb, and location unexceptionable. What then is wrong? Let those who deny that bad legislation can blight, as good legislation can bless answer. By an Act of Congress prosperity has been turned into depression, and men are treated as oxen muzzled while treading out the corn.



TWO LEADERS OF THE COMMONS.

SIR JOHN THOMPSON.

BY J L PAYNE.

The ideal biography is that of the man who struggles long and patiently for some coveted distinction, battling bravely against discouraging odds and at last reaching the goal in triumph. The career of Sir John Thompson falls short of the popular standard in that it is essentially the history of honors and office seeking the man rather than the man seeking these distinctions. Seven years ago he entered the Dominion Parliament, an absolute stranger to the great mass of the Canadian people, and to-day he holds, without having coveted the honor, the highest office in the gift of his fellow-citizens. To my mind, however, this does not rob the story of either its inspiration or instructiveness. On the contrary, it surrounds it with elements of novelty, rich in fascinating lessons to us poor mortals who look for prizes still beyond our reach. It plainly shows that superior skill and ability are often recognized by the people in common, and promptly—even spontaneously—rewarded with fitting laurels. Let us hurriedly arrange the facts of this remarkable life in review order.

Sir John Thompson was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, in the year 1844, of Scotch-Irish parents. His father, a native of Waterford, Ireland, was for many years editor of the *Halifax Sun*, and a warm personal friend of Joseph Howe, who appointed him Queen's printer. The junior John was sent to the common school and afterwards to the Presbyterian Academy at Halifax. He was well-grounded in the subjects taught there.

But probably he would say that his early practical education was most successfully prosecuted in the newspaper office. When he was in his sixteenth year, he was articled as law student to Mr. Henry Pryor, and while in his office sustained himself by his skill as stenographer, reporting the debates of the Legislative Assembly in connection with Mr. Bourinot, now Clerk of the Commons of Canada. His law studies were pursued under these disadvantages, but he had set himself the task of mastering the principles of law, and pursued his work with great persistency and determination. During his apprentice years he was preparing himself in the best possible way for his life work—law and politics. He was called to the bar in 1865, at the age of twenty-one.

For some time he kept up his work as stenographer, but clients came, and soon he was recognized as a rising barrister. In 1870 he married Miss Ann Affleck, daughter of Capt. Affleck. His family consists of three daughters and two sons.

In 1879 he was appointed Q.C. During the decade 1870-1880 he was elected alderman of the City of Halifax, and with his usual determination to get to the bottom of subjects on which he is engaged he studied closely the Municipal Institutions of the country: the knowledge thus acquired was of great service to him in subsequent years. During the same decade he was appointed a member of the School Board, and became in course of time its chairman, an office, the duties of which he discharged with an impartiality and ability that won for him the con-

fidence of both Roman Catholics and Protestants. This Board, owing to the peculiar conditions under which it worked—there being no Separate schools recognized by the Educational Act—was for him a good school for diplomacy, and undoubtedly gave him a fine training to be put to valuable uses in after years when he became prominent in national affairs. He would probably find it difficult to apportion the relative value to his future work of his newspaper training, his stenographic enterprises, his aldermanic experience and his educational activities.

During the same decade he took his first prominent position in political life, and in the Election of 1874 when the Hons. Alfred Jones and P. Power were the candidates of the Liberal Party. The Conservatives declining to bring out opposition, a few persons determined to present for election Mr. Robb as an advocate of protection to native industries. Mr. Thompson took a lively interest in the candidature of Mr. Robb, having already reached the conclusion that the policy of Protection was the sound policy for Canada.

In 1878 he was elected Member of the Provincial Legislature for Antigonish and was in the same year appointed Attorney General in the first Liberal-Conservative Government his native province had had since Confederation. On the retirement of Hon. Mr. Holmes, the Premier, in May 1882, Mr. Thompson was appointed Premier—a position he held till after the general Provincial Elections when he attained the goal of his ambition by being appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. In this post he hoped to end his days, but in 1885 strong pressure was brought to bear upon him to re-enter politics in the wider arena of the Federal Parliament. After resisting the pressure for a long

time he finally yielded, and believing that the call of his party was the call of his country, he reluctantly doffed the ermine to mingle again in political strife. He sought election in his faithful county, Antigonish, where he found that the electors had unabated confidence in him, and he came to the Commons as Minister of Justice in the Session of 1886.

Sir John had not been in Parliament a year when a grave crisis presented itself, menacing alike the life of the Administration and the peaceful relations between the two predominant races in Canada. Louis Riel had been hanged at Regina for treason, contrary to the expressed demand of many of his fellow French Canadians. Influenced by the sympathies and prejudices which actuate all minorities, the people of Quebec had asked that the retributive hand of justice might be stayed; but the sentence of the Court was carried into execution. As Minister of Justice, the immeasurable responsibility of weighing the evidence and reporting thereon to Council had rested on Sir John Thompson and, now that the drop had fallen, there came to him the task of vindicating the Executive action. It was a critical test of the judgment, the grasp of details, and the forensic ability of the man. With impulsive indignation, thousands of French Canadians had rushed upon the Champ de Mars and raised a fiery protest against the course of the Government. A score of Ministerialists from that province joined in the popular outcry and threatened the permanent severance of their allegiance from their political chieftain. The situation was critical from many points of view. The wounded feelings of nearly an entire province had to be healed and the fealty of angry dissidents in Parliament won back to the Conservative cause. No one could foresee the unhappy consequences

if in these respects there should be failure. But Sir John was fully equal to the needs of this great emergency, and on the 22nd of March, 1886, he demonstrated the marvellous potency of that calm reasoning and wonderful grasp of details which has made him during the past seven years so conspicuous a figure in Canadian public life. I shall never forget that really great speech, or the impression which it made on my mind as I heard it from the press Gallery of Parliament. It embodied no appeals to sentiment or sympathy or prejudice; but aimed from the very opening sentence to show that the Executive had been just. It traced the history of Louis Riel and graphically pictured the enormity of his crime. Not content with the bloodshed of 1870, nor softened by the leniency of the Crown in that instance, this arch rebel had led a new revolt with all the attendant horrors of desolation and waste of human life. Having made the case complete and unanswerable, Sir John burned this sentence into the memory of all who heard or read it: "And when such a man comes to me suing for mercy, *he shall have justice.*" This was the climax of two hours of irresistible logic, and I shall ever remember that sentence as one of the most eloquent which has fallen on my ears. Justice was all that could be asked, and justice had been done. History has recorded the result of that impressive speech. Parliament was convinced of the righteousness of the Government's course; and, not being insensible to the force of reason, the excited French Canadians were also soothed into tranquil acceptance of the law's stern decree. Thus an imminent peril to the nation's peaceful life was averted.

The two succeeding years found Sir John assiduously engaged in mastering all the details of the fisheries, and other

international questions. In the winter campaign of 1886-1887 his tour through Ontario with the veteran Sir John Macdonald gave much strength to the Conservative cause, and the people of this great province had at the same time an opportunity of seeing and hearing the man who was destined to take first place in the direction of their public affairs. It was my good fortune to be present at a majority of the meetings held by the famous "Chestnut Combination"—as the *Globe* dubbed the itinerants—and I was thus able to observe the profound impression which the Minister of Justice made everywhere. It may be many years before another party so distinguished and accomplished in campaign warfare as were Macdonald, Thompson, Foster and White will move about among the people. It was a complete combination. Each speaker had his special view of public matters to present, and each did it with force, taste and tact. In the entire political history of Canada nothing so successful and memorable as that long tour has taken place.

Following the general election of 1887, the Minister of Justice represented Canada on the Fisheries Commission at Washington, and it was universally conceded to be but a proper recognition of his great services when, in August 1888, he was made a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. To be knighted within three years after his call to the Federal Cabinet was an honor without precedent in the annals of our country.

In the early part of 1889 another crisis arose over the Jesuits' Estate matter. Bitter and angry prejudices were aroused in Ontario against the action of the Quebec Government in compensating the Jesuits for the loss of their estates at the time of the cession. The Federal Executive

were urged to disallow the measure passed by Mr. Mercier, and a period of serious excitement supervened in this province. Racial and religious questions, always fraught with danger, were raised. Sir John was again the adviser in Council, by virtue of his office, and he reported in favor of allowing the Quebec measure to receive executive sanction on the broad ground of provincial autonomy. The Government acquiesced. Then followed the now famous debate in Parliament, in which the Minister of Justice undertook to defend the course of the Administration. This he did in a speech that has no parallel in modern Parliamentary experience for its calm and forcible logic, as well as for accurate comprehension of the intricacies of the case. The division list recorded the effect, when 188 voted in vindication of the Government and 13 against. Here again the sagacity and clear judgment of the Minister of Justice had saved our country from strife and trouble of a most serious nature.

Space forbids reference to the numerous important acts which marked the administration of Sir John's duties in the year 1890. We come quickly to that last crisis in political affairs when paralysis fell silently and swiftly upon the guiding hand and head of the Government. Sir John Macdonald died on June 6th, 1891, and immediately thereafter His Excellency requested Sir John Thompson to accept the Premiership. Among a free and self-governing people, such as we Canadians are, this was the highest distinction attainable, and had he responded only to the impulses of ambition it is certain he would have accepted the proffered trust; but here his innate modesty and clearness of perception asserted themselves. He declined the office and the honors. I shall not presume to dis-

cuss all or any of the motives which actuated him in this decision. Many suggest themselves. I shall rest content in the conviction that he was moved by the highest considerations of patriotism, both in relation to his own usefulness to the state and that of others. Be that as it may, the mantle of Sir John Macdonald, so far as the great chamber of representatives was concerned, did actually fall upon him, and with the unanimous consent of the predominant party it has rested there to this day. He is our First Commoner, and will be while the Conservative party retains control of the reins of Government. He stands to-day the foremost figure in Canadian affairs.

There is something supremely captivating in the history of a life so successful as has been Sir John Thompson's. It provides the material for building a hero. But what, I may be asked, are the elements of strength in the man's make up which have brought him so quickly into great prominence? It has been long a pet notion of mine that all permanent success will be governed by a man's capacity. The word perhaps means more to me than the ordinary definition warrants. Some men have made superficial accomplishments the means of gaining a place of distinction; but lasting and brilliant honors can only be won by men of large and well trained minds. The capacity to think clearly and grasp a wide range of facts, to weigh and determine values accurately, will always be the ultimate measure of lofty achievement in nearly every walk of life. To use a homely illustration, the man who has only a pint of thinking capacity can never hope to fill a place in which a quart mind is needed. It may be said that Sir John Thompson has encountered circumstances favorable to his rapid promotion. That is unquestionably true;



HON. WILFRED LAURIER.

but to my mind these circumstances would have ruined a man of lesser ability. They were only favorable because he was equal to the demands of the situation.

I shall not attempt to classify the qualities of mind which have marked his public career. I have never been able to individualize all the parts which go to make up a clear judgment, or I should do so now; for it seems to me that Sir John's strength must be looked for in this comprehensive attribute. But he has more than that. He has an enormous capacity for work of either a mental or physical character. His ability to grasp is aided by his strength to pursue. He has a commanding presence, and an impressive style of speaking. He is not an orator, according to the popular standard; but into his speeches he brings the genuine eloquence of incisive and convincing logic. He never resorts to rhetorical embellishments, nor to the use of pedantic terms. He simply uses good, colloquial English, and nothing more. He is never tricky in debate, trading upon the slip of an opponent, but always fair, analytical and courageous. Thus it is that he has the respect of both sides of the House, and invariably commands universal attention. He is far from being loquacious, always reserving his observations until the right time, and then employing as few words as will make his views understood. He is essentially an analyst, and the Opposition most dread him when he proceeds to deal in detail with any of the measures or questions which they introduce against the Government cause. He is never sentimental, romantic, nor sensational. He has often shown himself quick of repartee, but seldom has he employed witticism in a speech. I have heard him tell a few good stories in private, but in his arguments he is always serious and earnest.

This he seems to be from a conscientious appreciation of the gravity of the question under discussion, from the habits of an arduous legal life, and from a natural sense of dignity. The prompt and fearless manner in which he meted out punishment to those found guilty of irregularities by the inquisition of the 1891 session fairly illustrated the inflexible regard for right and justice which seems to move him in all his acts. Considerations of expediency he does not pause to weigh.

In private life it is perhaps true that he is partial in his choice of intimate friends. He is certainly lacking in that abounding suavity which enabled Sir John Macdonald to make everybody feel "at home" after a few minutes acquaintanceship; but it would be a great mistake to suppose that he carries the reserve often manifested at first meeting into the associations of his home life. On the contrary he is fond of abandoning himself to the jollity of an evening with congenial friends, loving to accompany his postprandial smoke with stories, with music and amusements of one sort or another.

In conclusion, let me say that Sir John is a relatively poor man, to whom public life has brought nothing but sacrifices and unremitting toil. To serve his country he gave up a life that must have been most attractive to a man of his character and habits, and in everyway to be preferred from a worldly standpoint.

HON. WILFRED LAURIER.

BY JOHN A. EWAN.

It was Sir George Cartier I think who wittily described himself as an Englishman speaking French. The phrase would serve very well to describe Mr. Laurier, if he did not spoil it by also speaking English so well. And he does speak Eng-

lish well. It is not the every-day colloquial English that has become shop-worn and frayed knocking about the market-place, but the English of the classics, the English of Burke and Chatham, of Clarendon and Hume. It is the English acquired, not by sordid intercourse with one's fellows, but the noble English of noble books. The reason of this is very obvious. In his intercourse with his neighbours, his clients and his friends he uses French. His English has been acquired to a large extent through reading. Reading largely historical, one would judge, for in debate he frequently justifies or illustrates his contentions by instances culled from the lives of the heroes and martyrs of liberal thought in other times. For these soldiers of freedom he always displays a high enthusiasm. The mention of a name high on the bead-roll of progress never fails to light his eye and add to the eloquence of his tongue.

Mr. Laurier's career has been a remarkable one, and a study of it gives one a fresh faith in the belief that honesty, candour, and zeal solely for the people's welfare are not an insuperable bar to a leading place in politics. French Canada has given us a number of distinguished men—Papineau, Lafontaine, Dorion, Cartier, Morin, Tache and Joly. Of these, Cartier probably possessed in the greatest abundance those gifts whose origin and springs are hidden, but which are nevertheless most real—those qualities that give one man natural dominion over his fellows. His genius had an odd turn and was mixed with much dross, but it was vital and real. Papineau has been much overrated. Far be it from me to detract one iota from the services he rendered. It is no pleasing task to the ordinary man, to keep up a continued hostility to those in authority. They

usually contrive to make it uncomfortable, to put it mildly, for the chronic critic. But in Papineau's case, an atmosphere of constant irritation and agitation seems to have been, not the means, but the end of everything. Moreover, it always gives his worshippers a severe wrench to learn that during the greater part of his political career, he managed to enjoy simultaneously the plaudits of the multitude and the spoils of office—to wit, the speakership, with a remuneration of four or five thousand dollars annually attached.

The names of Morin, Lafontaine, Dorion, may well stir the pride of men of their race and indeed of Canadians of any race. Mr. Laurier, however, has had reserved for him a distinction that none of his compatriots enjoyed. Not one of the renowned French Canadians whom I have mentioned was ever the unquestioned leader of both sections of one of the great Canadian parties. A dual system of leadership was common from the time of the union in 1841, till Confederation. The English and the French-speaking sections of both parties were each led by one of its own members, and the administrations were known by the designation of the duplicate leadership, as the Baldwin-Lafontaine, Hincks-Morin, Macdonald-Cartier, Brown-Dorion, Macdonald-Sicotte, Tache-Macdonald administrations and so on. In these combinations the English leader was almost invariably the dominant spirit. After Confederation the one man principle was restored, Sir John Macdonald, Mr. Mackenzie, and Mr. Blake being the unquestioned heads of the party which they led. It appeared as if there were a tacit understanding that the French Canadian public men must ever play a secondary part on the Federal stage. If there was any such understanding, it was gloriously broken when Mr. Laurier was elected leader of the Liberal party,

not of Quebec, but of the Dominion. It was one of the most significant events in recent politics, and is the completest answer that could be imagined to those unhappy foreboders who go about with "rainy eyes," deploring the impossibility of any real fusion between the two races of which this Dominion is composed. The experiment then made has proved a remarkably successful one. Time has only served to show the wisdom of the choice. Mr. Laurier has strengthened his hold on his party. His popularity in this province, where he was comparatively unknown, grows daily and will continue to grow the more his real character is revealed to the people. He has the true personal magnetism; not the kind that consists in being all things to all men and being accounted a good fellow, but that deeper attraction that men find in a chivalrous and aspiring soul, absolutely freed from self-seeking and the petty and sordid aims of narrower men.

Eloquence is not absolutely essential to success in public life, and is perhaps less so now than at any period in history. The gentleman with the "barrel" has become so important a factor in politics that so long as he is active and efficient speakers may almost be dispensed with. Nevertheless the gifts of the orator are still a potent influence in free communities, and he who has a judicious command of them will ever take a leading place wherever men are assembled together to discuss their interests. Mr. Laurier is richly endowed in this respect. In modern legislatures rhetorical tropes and oratorical graces are somewhat tabooed. It is a hard matter of fact age, and the aim now appears to be to deal your opponent vital thrusts without ever appearing to have studied the laws of fence. This idea is carried to extremes, and the distressing attitudes of some parliamentary

talkers should be kodaked, and transmitted to future generations of speakers as samples of posture that it would be well to avoid. Mr. Laurier appears to have struck the happy mean between the old and the new. To a graceful figure and noble face, full of sensibility, he adds the harmony of dignified natural and appropriate gesture. No other man in the house, with the one exception of Mr. Chapleau, possesses this art and in the case of either of them the pleasure of a speech is almost as much in the seeing as in the hearing of it. His voice, while not powerful, is yet musical and varied. His language is rich, happy and copious, and the fact that he is using a tongue not his mother's is only betrayed by an occasional misplacement of the accent. He is conscientiously industrious, and every occasion finds him ready to mingle in the hurly-burly of debate when he finds that a telling point has been overlooked by the speakers on his side. It is scarcely possible to dwell on Mr. Laurier's equipment as a parliamentary gladiator without transgressing the space which the editor has placed at my disposal. I will, however, conclude my reference to this branch of the subject by a glance at the controversial code by which the Liberal leader is guided in his contests with his opponents. Even they will admit that his rule of conduct in this respect, is a high one, while some of the more truculent partisans on his own side may incline to the opinion that it is too highly pitched to suit the rude warfare of party. His fairness, frankness and moderation of statement have done much to ameliorate the acerbities of political discussion on the floor of Parliament, and any apparent loss of strength which this moderation appears to entail is more than compensated for by the moral power with which it furnishes him.

Mr. Laurier is in his 50th year although most people, judging from his appearance, would put him down as fully five years younger. Politically speaking he is in the very prime of life, and the next fifteen years should be fruitful of great performance on his part. He has reached the calm plateau of life, the era of the ripest wisdom, with a record unsullied. No man can lay his finger on a single stain in his character or his career. He has been true to his political faith. He has added lustre to the Parliaments of which he has been a member. His present lofty position draws on him the attention of the Dominion, and the glory of the man is that the more clearly the light beats upon him, the more clearly will be seen his solid merits and splendid endowments. The criticism has been heard that Mr. Laurier is not a "practical" politician. The business of a leader, we are told by certain people, is

to win in any way and at any price. We all know what this means, and to that class of politicians it may be said at once that Mr. Laurier is not their man. Besides, their views are of very short range. Fighting the devil with fire, is not a paying game. He has got all hell at his back to draw on for material while you have only your little bonfire with its few feeble brands. The safest motto for a politician is, be faithful to the people. It is true they are very ungrateful, but if you want gratitude and recognition of your devotion and sacrifices and congratulatory addresses, don't go into politics. Nevertheless, there, as everywhere else in life, honesty is the best policy. It would be nothing short of a condemnation of popular institutions, and a sinister outlook for the nation if it were true that men of Mr. Laurier's stamp were impossible in public life.

A DIRGE.

BY A. L. M'NAB.

Cold, grey and drizzly drifts the dreary day—
 Drifts to the gloom-girt shores within the West,
 And cowering sinks before Night's spectral sway
 To troubled rest.

The lowering heaven lends no guiding light,
 Wild, black-winged shades her flickering beams debar,
 Save in the East, there gleameth, coldly bright,
 A lonely star

Which sheds its tearful beams above thy Grave,
 Where sear and shivering droop the wind-swept flowers :
 Death doth above my slumb'ring darling wave
 Thro' dragging hours.

Oh! cloud-bound night, and naked sighing trees,
 Oh! wailing winds and mad waves making moan;
 Thy woe-tuned voices chant her litanies;
 Love, Life is flown.

YOUNG MEN IN POLITICS.

BY FRANK YEIGH, PRESIDENT YOUNG MEN'S LIBERAL CLUB, TORONTO.

“ He who believes in self-government for the people must first exercise government over himself.”

If the true spirit of Democracy is to pervade this new world in reality, all classes as well as all ages of men must participate in the control and guidance of the Ship of State by such a study of current events and national problems as will lead to an intelligent voice in the conduct of affairs. Of these various classes of the community, the young men form a not inconsiderable section and upon them as such rest responsibilities peculiarly their own. It is the qualities that appertain to young manhood—freshness, hope, ardor, generosity, courage and faith—that render its responsibilities the more pressing.

The young men of any country or state constitute, as I have said, a substantial percentage of “the body politic.” Organized either independent of one of the great political parties, or working in harmony with the one or the other, they might easily prove a most potent factor in the direction of public affairs; they might, indeed, if they exercised their full strength, hold the balance of power. That the young men of Canada do not now exert anything approaching to the maximum of their strength and influence is, I maintain, unfortunately true; that this indifference is a source of danger in any country governed constitutionally is equally true. Without the participation of every portion of the community in every act that appertains to the welfare of the state, “the voice of public opinion” is a misnomer. Herein lies the individual responsibility of citizenship.

The inter-relationship of all things in

this world, the inter-dependence of men, render it impossible to say that non-action or indifference on the part of a single voter is of no moment to the state at large, and every young man who commits this crime of shirking the duties of citizenship shifts the responsibility on another who has his own to bear. The ballot is a trust, but it is a trust that is abused by thousands. In the Presidential campaigns in the United States when the largest vote has been polled, only about one in ten of the population voted, every voter voting for nine others. In the last general election for the Dominion, held in 1891, out of 1,210,000 voters, 861,000 polled their votes, leaving a balance of nearly 350,000 who failed to do so. It is clear. I repeat, that the carelessness or indifference of any portion of the community puts the greater strain on the portion that strives to act up to the full standard of citizenship.

I believe, therefore, that every young Canadian should take a more or less active part in politics. Because politics have been degraded by a few unprincipled partisans is no excuse for inaction, nor is the plea frequently made that the few can attend to the country's welfare, or perhaps ill-fare, for the many. Both excuses are fallacious and weak.

If there are evils connected with party politics, as unfortunately there are; if the professional politician is apt to appeal to the baser motives of men, as he has been known to do; if the development of an extreme partizan spirit begets a regrettable narrowness of view and a spirit far re-

moved from good will and brotherly regard, as may perhaps be the case; if a strong indictment can be made against the pursuit of politics and the methods employed in that pursuit, if all this can be asserted and proved, does it necessarily follow that a young man, entering the political arena as an earnest and well-intentioned student of political problems, need degenerate by such a step? Is it not possible that his high ideal, pure purpose and zealous intent to do the State service as one of its units, will survive whatever of evil lurks around? Or, on the other hand, will any one admit to expose his supineness and weakness, and cast discredit on his strength of manhood by refusing to take part in politics for fear of contamination? Such a view is as cowardly as it is weak.

The young man in politics need not aspire to speak for all nor to usurp the rights and functions of his elders; he need not commit the sin of presumption by assuming a superior wisdom which his years do not warrant, but he can at least, and perhaps at most, lay his vigor, his ambition, his hope on the altar alongside of the experience and the age-tempered wisdom of the men who have passed from the ranks of youth to those of middle or old age; he can advantageously couple his spirit of radicalism with the natural conservatism that comes with years; he can do something to prevent the growth of Canadian Tammanyism; he can contribute a little to the party conventions, for the young-man-point-of-view is at least worth hearing; he may indeed at times have as clear a vision as he who sees through spectacles; he can help to erect barriers against unjust legislation; he can, in a word, help his country by doing his duty honestly and as a voter.

While there is ground for the criticism

I have ventured to make, yet there are signs on every hand of an increasing interest in public questions on the part of young Canadians. An evidence of this fact is seen in the many junior political organizations that now exist—Liberal, Conservative and Independent. Young Men's Liberal Clubs have been formed in nearly all of the large centres of population in the Dominion. The Young Men's Liberal Club of Toronto had last winter a thousand members, and that number bids fair to be doubled during the session recently opened. Large clubs are also to be found in Montreal, Hamilton, London, Brantford and other places, while new ones are from time to time being formed. The Young Men's Liberal-Conservative Association of Toronto is also a strong organization with a very large membership, and recently a Provincial League of Young Conservative clubs was formed.

There is not a university or college but has its debating society, and the same can be said of many of the high schools and collegiate institutes. These organizations are doing much to remedy the evil I have endeavored to point out, but very much remains to be accomplished. Where one club or society of the kind referred to exists, there should be a score. The results are obvious. The educational advantages alone accruing from a discussion of current subjects can hardly be overestimated, while the mental development involved is of equal importance.

There is a great opportunity for effective work by the utilization of the university extension movement in our educational centres, where the professors of political science might give courses of lectures before clubs of young men. Every young man should also endeavor to include a course of reading on political economy and constitutional history—such

works as "Walker's Political Economy" or "Bourinot's Constitutional History of Canada." "Houston's Canadian Constitutional Documents" is also a valuable work to peruse.

The subjects that are ripe for discussion and that call for study are many. Take, for instance, the question of parliamentary representation in connection with which Mr. Sanford Fleming offers a prize of \$1,000 for the best essay on "Electoral Representation and the Rectification of Parliament." Here is an inviting field for study. Then there is the question of protection versus free trade. An analysis of the principles underlying these two opposing trade doctrines would be a most valuable equipment in discussing the matter, or in voting in connection therewith. The relation of capital and labor is a pressing problem, with its kindred subject of arbitration, as is the revision of our constitutional act, the true scope of Governmental expenditure, the proper functions of the Senate, the wisdom or otherwise of subsidies to provinces or railways, the nineteenth century danger of combines, the venality of voters, and similar questions. There is the topic, too, of democracy versus aristocracy—whether the blunders of self-government are worth more to the world than the wisdom of aristocratic government; the question of ballot and franchise reform; the wide range of kindred subjects of an industrial and sociological nature; the future of Canada—these are but samples of the problems that call for thoughtful study from Canadians, young and old.

Young men have an important place in history. "The forces which propel society in the direction of improvement, and the ideas we form of the nature of that improvement, are the forces and ideas of youth" is the opinion of an American essayist. The world moves

under the impulses of youth to realize the ideals of youth. Wherever in history we mark a great movement of humanity, we commonly detect a young man at its head or at its heart. Of the world's warriors, young men are prominent—Scipio was 29 when he gained the battle of Zama; Charles the Twelfth only 19 when he won the battle of Narva; Alexander of Macedon accomplished all his victories only to die at 32; Cortes was the conqueror of Mexico at 36; Charlemagne was master of France and Germany at 30; Clive had firmly established British rule in India at 32; Napoleon was only 27 when he defeated Austria on the plains of Italy.

But examples taken from the field of politics are more pertinent than those chosen from the field of battle. The successes of American statesmanship are largely the successes of young men. Alexander Hamilton, who died while yet young, was a force in American politics as early as 25. He was the statesman of the revolution, as Washington was the soldier, and Franklin the sage—a constitutional statesman, who strove to build upon a new foundation what had been pulled down.

Calhoun's influence as a young politician was very great, even though, later in years, "when he took snuff, all South Carolina sneezed." John Adams was another of the young statesmen of the Colonial period, and ever since the dawn of America's independence, a high and important place has been filled by her young men. Indeed, they have often played the most active and important part as witnessed in the great campaigns of 1848 and succeeding years when Van Buren, Sumner, Seward, Colfax, Dana and others, were, though young, the leading speakers and legislators. To-day the League of Republican Clubs is a potent

power in the ranks of that party, the membership being composed of young men who contribute a tremendous power of enthusiasm as well as work. Both the great political parties in the United States are recognizing the value of youthful allies as never before, and are constantly increasing the facilities for enrolling them in their service, in addition to giving them a prominent place on their platforms and committees.

English political history also furnishes a rich array of names: young men who impressed themselves upon the nation while yet but youths. Such a one was "the young Mr. Grey," of 1797, who pressed for parliamentary reform, though he was "the old Earl Grey," of 1832, before he saw its accomplishment; such a one was the young Chatham, "who was guilty of the atrocious crime of being a young man;" such a one was William Pitt, England's Prime Minister at twenty-four; such a one was William Ewart Gladstone, who entered Parliament while yet 23, and whose youthfulness of mind and spirit seems perennial after 60 years of public life. It is a curious fact too, that the Eighty Club of British Liberalism is chiefly composed of men under 40. Two of the members of the new House of Commons are but 22; the ages of forty members range from 22 to 30, and one hundred and forty from 31 to 40. Our own House of Commons and Local Legislatures also illustrate the possibilities of young manhood by the number of members of comparatively early age that occupy their benches. In the Canadian House of Commons, there are forty members under forty years of age, and eight of these are thirty or under. This proportion of young men in a House of a little over two hundred members is in itself not only a proof of the fact that young Canadians are beginning to hold a

rightful place in the country's Parliament, but an evidence as well that the door is open to others. A review of the biographies of Canadian statesmen, dating from the beginning of the century, also shows that many of them entered upon their public career early in life.

What may be said of young men in Literature, Music and Art? Shakespeare completed Hamlet when he was about 36; Mozart died at the same age; Goethe's best work was accomplished while a young man, as was Newton's, in science, Bacon's, in philosophy, and Watts', in mechanics. The latter invented his steam engine before he was 30. The originators of the *Edinboro' Review*—Sydney Smith, Jeffrey, and Brougham—were young men, as were the founders of *Blackwood*. Burns and Byron died each at the age of 37; Shelley at 29, and Keats at 25.

Among the makers of new Italy we see Mazzini, who during the early years of his troubled life did much to keep alive the idea of an Italian nationality; in fact he was a revolutionist at 22! Garibaldi was banished at 27, and Cavour entered into the great conflict as a young man.

Thus from every age, from every country, from every avenue of life's activities can be drawn the evidences of the effective powers of youth when turned into its God-ordained channels, evidences that are quoted in order to suggest the greater possibilities of to-day.

It is as true, on the other hand, that there is such a theory as perverseness of youthful energy. The aspiring Canadian youth need not be an Alcibiades in politics—ravenous for notoriety and cursed with a presumptuous self-assertion; he need not aspire to copy such a man—"the most magnificent demagogue in the world," nor follow in the footsteps of a modern English Prime Minister who is described as having brought the act of

political adventure to a high point. He need not link intellectual power with moral perversity and egotism as Byron did; he need not be over-zealous as the band of young men whose excess on that line led the French Revolution into a Reign of Terror.

It is perhaps after all a matter of properly or improperly directed energy. The same energy and youthful force which has and is making itself felt on religious lines, as seen in the Christian Endeavor, the Epworth League and scores of similar organizations, would produce equally tangible and effective results in the field of politics. The church needs young men who will spend their talent in its service; society needs young men who will strive to maintain within it a healthy tone and a helpful spirit, and in a no less degree

politics needs young men, who, recognizing it as a noble art in that it involves the art of governing, realizing its possible nobility and dignity, and believing that the ballot is a trust, assist in the governing, add to the nobility and dignity, and fulfil the trust conferred upon them in a self-governing land.

In conclusion, I cannot do better than quote a noble sentence that fell some years ago from the lips of the Hon. Edward Blake in an address to young men: "We must keep our eyes lifted up; we must remember that we are climbing the hill! top of time; we must realize that as we mount higher fresh horizons and new prospects are opening before us; we must realize that new occasions bring new duties and strive to help forward that which is obtainable."

HAUT-CANARD.

BY PROF. THEODORE H. RAND, CHANCELLOR OF MCMASTER UNIVERSITY.

The broad sea-widowed dykes of Haut-Canard
 Lay golden green beneath the August sun;
 The lush herdsgrass and clover sweet had won
 Tithonus' strident songs anear and far:
 The clattering scythes from dawn till evening star
 Flashed while their hasting steel left aught undone,
 And waving plains, demure as some fair nun,
 Their glory gave, surpassing Tantramar.

Lo! as the harvest moon comes up the sky,
 Her shield of argent mellowed to the rim,
 The phantom of the buried tide doth flow,
 And without noise of wave or sea-bird's cry,
 Fills all its ancient channels to the brim,
 Its levels of a thousand years ago.

Canard, N. S.
 Sept.

The phantom tide, occasionally seen on an evening in early September, traces perfectly the ancient shore line, and the illusion is so complete in the moonlight as to deceive the keenest eye. It is produced by the condensation of vapor, which is spread over the former sea-bed only.

A BREAKFAST AT LORD HOUGHTON'S.

BY GEORGE STEWART, LL D.

Richard Monckton Milnes, I never knew, but Lord Houghton, as that graceful poet came to be called, in later years, I met, through the friendly offices of Lord Dufferin, who gave me a letter to him in 1884. He was old and infirm then; a stroke or two of paralysis had left him very feeble, but his engaging manner had not lost its wonderful charm. I should like to have seen him in the days of his prime, when half the literary world was raving over Keats, and the "Cool of the Evening," as Sydney Smith called him, the "best fellow in London," as Motley dubbed him, kept open house, and gave breakfasts to the great, on the slightest pretext. As a breakfast giver he legitimately succeeded Sam Rogers, banker, poet and courteous gentleman. Around his board he gathered the men and women of genius of the century, allowing no lion or lioness to escape. Even gruff Carlyle went sometimes, much as he hated breakfasting and dining out, and his journals,—those remarkable papers which worried everybody a few years ago,—contain frequent references to the people whom he had been asked to meet there. Motley, who went very often, used to lament that the Bird of Paradox, as he playfully called Milnes, did not shove his entertainments to the other edge of the daylight, and give us "cups that inebriate, instead of cheering." In those days, Milnes was a charming talker at table, a lively teller of stories with a point to them, and a "conscientious consumer of good things, liquid and solid," as one of his friends used to say. To meet him then, must have been a

liberal education in itself, in a small way. In his old age, much of the sunniness and brightness of his nature had passed away, but enough of the fine intellect remained, to make the hours fly in a most agreeable fashion.

My letter to the poet brought me an invitation to breakfast, and on the morning of the 23rd October, at the hour of ten, I found myself at No. 1, Rutland Gardens. I must confess that, at first, I was a little shocked, when my host came shuffling into the room, for though I had known of his illness, I was not at all prepared to see the havoc which his insidious disease had played with his face and limbs. But I had not been long in his company, before his delightful personality asserted itself and something of the old, indefinable charm of manner and of speech returned to him. The breakfast was served in a pretty and well-appointed room, and in a leisurely way which left plenty of time for conversation. Lord Houghton was in good spirits. The Malmesbury Memoirs had just come out, and he had taken the volumes up with fear and trembling, lest he should figure in them, as some of his friends had figured in the injudicious Mr. Froude's Reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle. But Lord Malmesbury had been more discreet, and the two or three places where Lord Houghton had found his name contained nothing at which he might take umbrage. He had been preparing a new edition of his Shelley for the press, and as the work was then, practically, out of his hands and in those of the printer, he felt freer than he had been for several

months past. Parliament was in session, and the Mamstraasna riots had largely engaged the attention of the public. Lord Spencer, nicknamed "The Red Earl," had been severely attacked by Mr. Parnell for his administrative acts in Dublin, and Sir George Trevelyan, then Irish secretary, was vigorously defending him and the Government, in the House of Commons. The talk drifted easily from politics to literature, and Lord Houghton had much to say about American books and authors. He had many old friends in America, and his eyes filled as he spoke of Longfellow and Emerson. Both were lovable men, he said, and with Lowell and Holmes, represented very nearly all that was good and great in American letters. Lowell, then United States Minister at the Court of St. James, he deemed America's strongest critic and essayist, though Whipple, in some departments of criticism, did not fall far short of the author of "My Study Windows," and "Among My Books." Indeed the lightness of Mr. Whipple's touch, his grace of style, and incisiveness of phrase seemed to please him very much. Some of his work he thought fully equal to Macaulay at his best. For Oliver Wendell Holmes he had a warm place in his heart. He had often begged him to cross the ocean and be his guest, but "The Autocrat," pleading illness and age, declined to make so long a journey, though sorely tempted to do so. Lord Houghton had gone to see him, and had tried in vain, to get the doctor to take an out-going Cunarder and visit England. When Dr. Holmes did finally make his famous tour, some months later, in 1886, his old and unvarying friend, was in his grave. One of Lord Houghton's poetical invitations had been sent to Dr. Holmes, on his birthday, August 29th, 1884, and the author was good enough

to repeat the lines to me that pleasant Saturday morning in October, over the coffee-cups and a particularly enticing chop. I begged, of course, a copy of the verses, and here they are:—

TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

AN INVITATION TO ENGLAND FROM A
BROTHER POET.

When genius from the farthest West—
Sierra's wilds and Poker Flat, —
Can seek our shores with filial zest,
Why not the genial Autocrat ?

Why is this burden on us laid,
That friendly London never greets
The peer of Locker, Moore and Praed,
From Boston's almost neighbor streets ?

His earlier and maturer powers
His own dear land might well engage,
We only ask a few kind hours
Of his serene and vigorous age.

Oh, for a glimpse of glorious Poe !
His Raven grimly answers "Never" !
Will Holmes's milder muse say "No,"
And keep our hands apart forever ?

On the occasion of the visit which Lord Houghton made to New York, a few years before he died, an incident, he told me, occurred at one of the receptions given in his honor. The room was full of literary people, statesmen, judges, lawyers and soldiers. Everything had gone off beautifully, and at the close of a bright little speech, which had been handsomely received, the poet-nobleman quoted a couple of verses of a highly appropriate character. Loud applause followed, and one of the gentlemen present, hurrying up to Lord Houghton to compliment him, observed, "I suppose, my Lord, that the poem you have just given us is one of your own?" "Oh, no," said the Bird of Paradox, with a smile, "those lines are from one of your own poets." You will find them, with a good many others of equal beauty, in Joaquin Miller's "Songs of the Sierras."

Mr. W. D. Howells's writings came in for a few words of praise. Lord Houghton ranked his novels among the best of the time, though he thought they lacked virility, and too much effort seemed to be wasted on the common-place, which had, properly speaking, no right to an apostle. The portraits were drawn with an artistic and bold hand, but it was a pity there was left so little for Mr. Howells's creations to do. Mr. Henry James he thought, had a firmer grasp, though, he too, devoted a good deal of energy to the development of an idea which, in the end, shrank to almost nothing. Among English novelists, Black, Blackmore, and George Meredith were his favorites. But when he wanted something particularly exciting he took up Wilkie Collins. Much was, naturally, said of Tennyson and Browning, Matthew Arnold and Sir Edwin Arnold. The latter's work was just coming to the front then, and had not yet taken the high place it holds to-day. But in 1884, Lord Houghton regarded him as one of the great minds of the day, and said that his Oriental poems would yet hold a noble place in the literature of his country. That wish has since been fulfilled.

And then, the talk turned to the Presidential election, in the United States, of the year. Lord Houghton's sympathies

were Republican, but on this occasion, he thought that Mr. Cleveland should, on account of his policy on the tariff, receive the mandate of his people. As a matter of fact, the Democrats, aided by the disgruntled Republicans, who disliked Mr. Blaine for causes explained fully to the electors, returned Mr. Grover Cleveland. Mr. John Bright, whom I met about this time also, shared the hopes of Lord Houghton, and trusted that Mr. Cleveland would be chosen, because he saw in him the elements of a free-trader.

It was nearly noon before the breakfast came to an end. The morning had passed away almost before I knew it. An engagement to see the Elgin marbles, warned me that I must soon leave the kindly roof of the genial old man. I arose to go, but, before departing, he insisted on my taking a note of introduction to the officer in charge of the British Museum, of which he was a director, and a card for the gallery of the House of Lords. Once, afterwards, I saw him again. A few days, only, had intervened, but though his manner remained unchanged, he looked much feebler, and his infirmities had become more marked. He must have gained in flesh and in strength not long afterwards, for it was not until 1886, that he died.

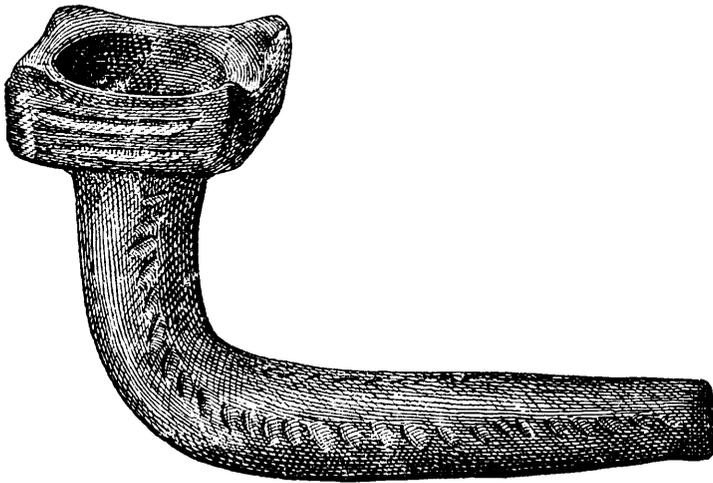


ARCHÆOLOGY IN ONTARIO.

BY DAVID BOYLE, D SC.

So far as this country is concerned, archæology is mainly associated with the study of Indian relics, and it is only within a comparatively recent period that objects illustrative of aboriginal life have ceased to be regarded merely as curiosities. Indeed there are yet too many of us who continue to look upon the ancient specimens of carefully worked bone and stone as so much bric-a-brac and nothing more. Connected with this superficial

must have exercised over primeval man influences corresponding to those produced in more advanced conditions of society. Food and shelter are prime necessities of existence, and the means of procuring these form the chief factors, within certain limits, of all that constitutes what we call national character. The conditions of life affecting the Eskimo differ very largely from the environment of the Hydah, the Cherokee, or the



AN ONTARIO PIPE.

estimate is the fallacious notion that members of the old race possessed little or no individuality, and that the chief distinction between even widely separated peoples consisted mainly in name. Only a little thought should prove sufficient to modify or wholly correct such views. It is as true of savage as of civilized life that man is a creature of circumstances, and nothing can be more natural than the conclusion that climate, soil and physical configuration of occupied territory

Zuni, and (not to mention language), the tools, utensils, ornaments, clothing and habitations vary accordingly. In so far as any parity of circumstances does exist between tribes or nations even immense distances apart, the correspondence in manners and customs and in methods of procuring food are sometimes surprising, but here, as a rule, all similarity ends except in what may be attributed to a common humanity, embracing family affection, social ties, and the numerous

germs of thought and action which in their elaborated forms pertain to what we call civilization.

As much confusion and misunderstanding have arisen from the hitherto popular belief that what was true of one tribe of Indians applied to all, it would appear to be only reasonable that students should specialize their observations, first, at home. The American field is a wide one and a rich one, and Ontario is not among its least interesting and instructive areas. Within the limits of this province may be studied all that remains of some early

of ethnology efforts in this direction must prove futile. Based, however, on the belief that man "of every kindred, and nation, and people, and tongue," has had a common origin, the assertion would seem safe that dispersal must have taken place when there was little advancement beyond the ability to throw a stone or to wield a club. If we accept this belief we must acknowledge that considerable progress had been made by the pre-Columbian natives as hunters and mechanics, as farmers, as artists and as poets—it may even be added, as philoso-



A HYDAH PIPE.

peoples who were in many respects as diverse in habits and in modes of thought, as they were in language. Their traditions and mythology were in some cases similar, but not identical, if we may judge from yet lingering but scanty testimony; and not only so, but occasional resemblances have been marked between them and the folk-lore of savage man in other portions of the world. Silly attempts, based on such coincidences, have been made to connect American primitive man with ancient races in other parts of the world, but in the present condition

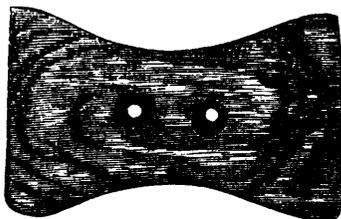
phers. In the more southerly parts of North America a literature was in process of evolution, but unless we regard pictographs in this light, no such claim can be maintained for the early natives of Canada. It is, nevertheless, open to us to conceive the possibility of development along this line, although we may frankly make allowance for the requirement of vast periods of time. But it ought not to be to profitless theorising of this description that we should devote our time. The field of investigation in other directions is quite extensive, and if the mater-

ial is not so abundant as elsewhere, the charm of adding to the common stock of knowledge is rather enhanced than otherwise on account of the difficulties that may present themselves.

Since it has been generally conceded that the mound-builders were Indians and not a previous, supplanted people, a considerable amount of additional interest has been imparted to archæological pursuits in those portions of the continent where earthworks are not found, as there are no longer any harassing attempts to distinguish one class of relics from another, and no consequent bewilderment as to how this or that object of one suppositious type happens to be found side by side with another thought to be of different origin. Besides this, there is the somewhat selfish gratification that, after all, the student working in mound territory possesses only peculiar, not superior, advantages over those who devote their attention to portions of the country not so characterised.

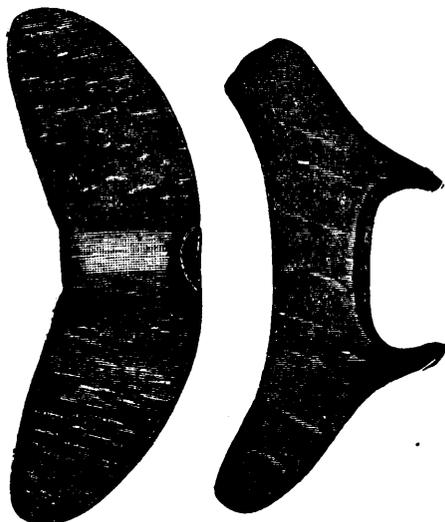
As it is, we are totally ignorant of the uses to which many tolerably plentiful types of specimens were devoted, or it might be better to say that some of us are totally ignorant, for there are not wanting those who without hesitation can specify the application of every relic they see! Regarding the smaller flints, we may feel pretty certain that they were employed as arrow-heads, and we may conclude that some of the larger ones were used as knives, or as spear-heads, but when we meet with articles of this kind from eight inches to a foot in length, and from three to five inches wide, we may call them spades and hoes, but we are only guessing. We naturally enough conclude how pipes were used, and we are probably not far wrong about grooved axes and beads, but in the great majority of cases we are wofully "at sea." Not a

few writers speak confidently of "skinners," and "tapping-gouges," and "twine-twisters" and "spying-tubes," and "banner-stones," and above all, of "ceremon-



GORGET (ACCORDING TO SOME, A TWINE TWISTER).

ial stones," but the truth of the matter is that these are only guesses, and sometimes very wild ones. Perhaps we shall never know the purposes for which most of these objects were intended, but meanwhile it is our duty to preserve everything connected with the life-history of the aborigines, hoping, it may be faintly, that some fortunate discovery may throw light on what has been so long obscure.



CEREMONIAL STONES.

Of almost equal interest with a knowledge of the uses to which the more-than-doubtful objects were applied, is the knowledge of how they were produced.

Cushman and others have set themselves to the task of manufacturing similar articles under conditions corresponding to those that prevailed of yore, and the results have proved highly satisfactory. Still we can never feel assured that the methods employed by a nineteenth century imitator were those of a fifteenth or former century workman in a specified locality, although we may know how similar operations are performed to-day in some other parts of the world. In a general way, it is known that the processes of hammering or pecking, rubbing and drilling were resorted to, and many of the articles produced evidence of a high degree of mechanical skill: we know also that the methods must have been both tedious and laborious. It is probable that, as among ourselves, mechanical labor was specialised to some extent at least. Adepts would find it more profitable to produce certain articles for barter than to hunt and fish for themselves, while those who delighted in the chase could procure by exchange better pipes, tools and ornaments than they could make. It is a matter of history that commerce existed between some tribes. The Tobacco Nation furnished the "weed" to all surrounding tribes, and it is more than probable that a large number of clay pipes found in various parts of the province were produced by these people, and there is reason to believe that the Neuters supplied immense quantities of "flints" to tribes less favorably situated respecting the abundance of raw material.

Such considerations tend in some measure to explain why in localities widely separated there are frequently found certain relics of a type common to an extensive area, mingled with those that are peculiar to comparatively small sections.

It is a somewhat common belief that

almost any living Indian can supply all necessary information relating to the uses of, and methods of producing, everything known as a relic: who should know, forsooth, if he is ignorant? But appeals to Indians are usually vain. The most intelligent of them confess their utter inability to shed a ray of light on our difficulties. Myths and traditions, more or less corrupted, they yet possess in abundance, but in none of these is there any satisfactory reference to our 'puzzles.' Rash and conceited Indians, like similarly constituted whites, do occasionally insist somewhat dogmatically on the use or application of this or that type of specimen. Within the past few days a St. Regis Indian, when examining one of the particularly mysterious objects known for convenience as "bird amulets," asserted positively that it was a "secret messenger," employed in communicating infor-



A "SECRET MESSENGER."

mation of a confidential kind from chief to chief. Very circumstantially he pointed out that a string was passed through the basal holes, then twisted round the projecting eyes, and wound in various ways about the body, all of which taken in connection with knots made here and there, enabled the recipient to understand what the sender meant to convey. While it would be manifestly unsafe to pronounce unhesitatingly against this view, although there are many opposing reasons that will suggest themselves to every archæologist, it can only be placed in the meantime along with numerous other theories, some of which are, in truth, not half so reasonable.



HON. SIR JOHN S.D. THOMPSON

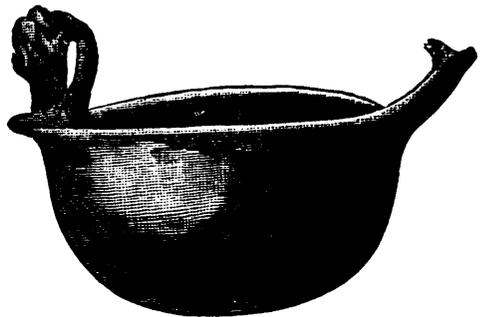
The fact is that the Indian knows no more about those long disused stone implements or ornaments, or whatever they may have been, than do we ourselves. Finding no reference to them in their folk-lore, there is a bare possibility that some yet-to-be-discovered drawing,



CANADIAN POTTERY.

however rude, will enable us to arrive at a more definite conclusion than we are now warranted in forming. Meanwhile the study of "Indianology," as exemplified in relics, is an interesting one. In the field of biology as applied to the lower animals, many of the world's profoundest students find ample scope for investigation. It would seem, therefore, that the study of all relating to man—even to savage man—is worthy, noble, instructive, and hence elevating. Many young men and women in this country might engage their attention in less profitable and less fascinating pursuits than the anthropology of Ontario's aborigines, although the probable result in dollars and cents can scarcely be held out as an inducement. Already there are, in various parts of the province, gentlemen who incidentally, or during their leisure hours, apply themselves diligently and intelligently to archæological study. They are not mere collectors—if ever they occupied

that position, they have long since abandoned it—they are all that is implied in the word student. They aim to connect their finds with the *life* of the past and present; they recognise that the habits of thought and motives of action which influenced the lives of early men on this continent form a not unimportant chapter in the history of our species—that in the crude attempts at organisation, and the simple methods of government, may be seen degrees and stages similar to those reached by peoples who ultimately attained the highest point in culture; that the modes and materials of manufacture were such as all nations have employed in the infancy of their history, making due allowance for environment; that the myths, superstitions, beliefs, ordeals, merry-makings, burial customs, social traits and war-practices, with what is involved in these of the relation of parent and child, tribe and individual, victor and vanquished embody in a general way what we may conceive to have been at some period the experience of nations, ultimately even the most advanced. It may seem unnecessary to state that these



MOUND POTTERY.

students do not value Indian relics as "curiosities," they rather appreciate them as evidences that the germs of what go to constitute art and science must be sought for in the beginnings of society itself, and they feel privileged to bear even the

humblest part in adding to the common store of discovery such instances as are afforded by the vestiges of pre-historic man in our own country.

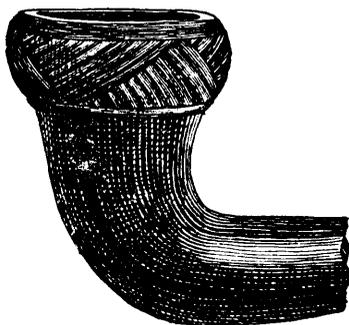


CINCINNATI TABLET.

For many years it was somewhat of a reproach to us that outside of college walls (and not much inside) but little attention was paid to the study of matters affecting the Aborigines of old Canada. From popular books of African travel we were better acquainted with the savage negro than we were with the savage Indian, unless, indeed, we had drawn some spurious inspiration from the stories of Fennimore Cooper. Schoolcraft, Catlin, and other less known writers had depicted modern life among the Indians of North America, but it must be remarked that none of these dealt more than incidentally with the native of pre-Columbian days. The nearest approach to satisfactory information of archæological value was supplied

by the reports of the French Missionaries during the seventeenth century, and it is but scanty and fragmentary.

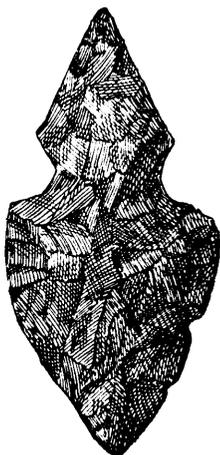
We possessed no public collection to illustrate primitive life within our borders—at least, no collection worthy of the province, or at all commensurate with the extent and richness of our field. A considerable quantity of valuable material had been got together by various persons, but most of it found its way to museums in Europe and the United States. Edinburgh, London, Berlin, Vienna, Paris and Washington absorbed perennially nearly everything that was unearthed. Upwards of forty years ago, German professors made certain portions of Upper Canada their digging-ground. We awoke to the necessity or propriety of forming a provincial archæological museum at least twenty-five years too late, and long after such countries as Mexico, Guatemala and Costa Rica had led the way. At the present late date we can boast but little of what has been accomplished during the last six or seven years. It is true that a number of interesting pre-historic, and some almost equally inter-



AN ONTARIO PIPE.

esting historic, localities have been examined and reported upon—sketches of a few have been made—one has been accurately surveyed—a number of single and communal graves have been opened—village sites have been noted, “long-

house" situations marked and portages traced, and a few thousands of specimens have been placed under glass and labelled in the Canadian Institute; but where so much remains to be done, the work performed is trifling. A not inconsiderable number of the best specimens referred to have been placed in the keeping of the Canadian Institute for public purposes by men of the stamp already spoken of as ardent and unselfish students of archæology in Ontario, including A. F. Chamberlain, M.A., Ph.D., A. F. Hunter, M.A., Mr. George E. Laidlaw and Dr.



A COMMON FLINT.

T. A. Beeman; Dr. T. W. Beeman; Dr. C. B. B. Tweedale; Dr. R. Orr; Mr. James Dickson; Mr. Cyrenius Bearss, and Dr. M. I. Beeman. Other enthusiastic and well-informed students include among their number the Rev. Mr. Annis, Rev. T. T. Johnson, Dr. McGregor, Dr. McCallum, Rev. John McLean, Dr. Johnston, Dr. Jones, Dr. Herriman, J. H. Coyne, M.A., and Messrs. Waters, Heath, Crouse, Melville brothers, Burt, Jones, Chadd, Matheson, Johnson, Stewart, Spain, Conner brothers, Mullock, Welsh, Price, Long and others whose names do

not now occur to the writer. To most of these the province is considerably indebted through the Institute.

It cannot be sufficiently deplored that the present accommodation of the museum is so defective, and that recent efforts to put it in a better position, have so far, proved abortive. Incomplete as the collection is, it is probably the most extensive in British America, and ought to be within easy reach not only of every resident in Toronto, but of every visitor to the city.

Meanwhile it is to be hoped that the work will go bravely on, the workers awaiting the "good time coming," when the Archæological Museum in Toronto may be as creditable to the intelligence of the people as its best friends could wish.

Five annual illustrated reports have been issued under the authority of the Canadian Institute, and the demand for copies has far exceeded the extremely limited supply. In these unpretentious publications may be found a bare record of what has been accomplished mainly by means of a small grant from the provincial legislature, the withdrawal of which would assuredly put a stop to further prosecution of the work, and at the same time render valueless to a large extent what has already been performed. Nothing is more certain than that the circulation of these reports has been the means of encouraging many persons to take up intelligently the study of the archæology of the province, and these added to those formerly engaged in its pursuit, form a band of workers from whom much may be confidently expected by way of contributions to our scanty knowledge, and of material to form as complete a collection as possible to exemplify primitive industry in Ontario.

SERVICE.

BY W. T. TASSIE.

To hold life sacred, virtue praise,
Love, first and last, as life's sweet song ;
To nurse hope through disastrous days,
And patience under wrong ;

To lay the burden of hard pain
Upon thy heart, and bear the cross
And crown of mocking thorns again,
And know it is not loss ;

To love thy purblind race, and steal
From vice its beauty, and dethrone
The idols of the crowd who kneel
In darkness of their own ;

To give to reason all her due ;
To love the crown of rose and leat,
And in the barren wastes to strew
The flowers of right belief ;

To shield the poor and maimed and low ;
To meet with love their shafts of pride,
And kiss the withered face of woe
When all men turn aside ;

To ward the stings of craft and gold
And bear the gibes of power and place,
Worthy and steadfast, zealous, bold,
Like one of ancient race ;

To find reward in worthy strife ;
To lend thy strength to tottering feet,
And light dark ways in humble life—
Is surely service meet.

Gird then thyself for praise or blame,
And let thy meed be duty done,
But hold not hope of lasting fame,
For, toiler, there is none.

A HORRIBLE NIGHT.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE NORTH-WEST REBELLION.

BY GEO. B. BROOKS.

In that land of clear skies and magnificent distances which is bounded on the south by the north branch of the Saskatchewan river, and which stretches northward to the region of eternal ice and snow, there is, perhaps, no lovelier spot than that known at one time as the Frog Lake Settlement. Beautiful as the landscape generally is in that particular portion of the Dominion, nature seems to have redoubled her efforts in some localities, and to have made one supreme exertion to excel herself about the lake and settlement with the somewhat uneuphonious name. Grander scenery, more magnificent views, can be seen in hundreds of places in Canada, but it is doubtful if anywhere else—even in beautiful Prince Edward Island—can be seen more pastoral loveliness, more of that charming landscape which so reminds the traveller of rural England. There is the same hill and dale, the same refreshing greenness of leaf and blade, the same park-like beauty, the same wealth of fern, bracken and wild flowers: all that is wanting to make the visitor believe himself in Devonshire or Kent is the villages with their ivy covered churches and thatched cottages.

Frog Lake is a sheet of water about ten or twelve miles in length and from three to four miles in width, clear as crystal, full of fish and studded with islands. It is connected with the Saskatchewan river by Frog Creek, and it is on the bank of that creek, five miles from the lake, and thirty from Fort Pitt, that

the settlement was planted, some ten or twelve years ago with every prospect of a flourishing future, by sturdy pioneers from Ontario. Seven years ago the place was in ashes; its inhabitants—those who had not been cruelly tortured and murdered—had been driven away, and where once all was industry, hope, happiness and contentment, there was desolation and ruin.

The events which led up to the North-West Rebellion of 1885 are too well known to need recapitulation, but during the month of March in that year rumors of a very ugly kind reached Winnipeg from Fort Pitt, Edmonton and Battleford districts, and were forwarded on over the rest of the Dominion. Among them was one to the effect that the Cree Indians in the Fort Pitt district, after driving Inspector Dickens and his force of Mounted Police from the Fort, and taking the Hudson Bay factor and his family prisoners, had raided the settlement of Frog Lake and had massacred its people. The excitement in Winnipeg and throughout Canada was intense, and was rendered doubly so by the impossibility of obtaining any trustworthy news. Time brought no details of the affair, for the Indians and Halfbreeds were in rebellion, the telegraph wires had been cut near Battleford and there was no communication to be had with that place, Fort Pitt, Edmonton, or Frog Lake.

The Dominion Government issued a call to arms—a call responded to with alacrity, from the Atlantic to the Pacific—

and it was the lot of the writer, as a commissioned officer in the 91st Regiment or Manitoba Light Infantry, to be one in the first party of white men who reached Frog Lake settlement after the rumor of massacre had been received.

Without going into any description of the plan of campaign that General Sir Fred. Middleton saw fit to carry out, it is necessary to state that a column under the command of General Strange, and consisting of the Alberta Mounted Rifles, the 91st Winnipeg Light Infantry, the 65th Mount Royal Rifles, 25 Mounted Police, with a 12 pounder field piece, and about 50 Mounted Scouts under Inspector Steele—a total force of about 800—congregated at Calgary early during the month of April, 1885, the object being a rapid march to Edmonton, which was supposed then to be in a state of siege, and the relief of that place. The excitement at Calgary when the troops from the east arrived there was intense. The wildest rumors were flying about regarding the uprising of Indians and the dreadful danger of the settlers in the north. Applications for military help and assistance poured in on General Strange, and that thorough soldier, as brave a man as ever wore British uniform or was snubbed by a self-conceited Commander-in-Chief, had to yield to the pressure, and a company of the 91st, under command of Captain Vallancey, was sent south to Fort McLeod, while another company of the same regiment, under command of Major John Lewis, was sent to the Blackfoot Reserve at Gleichen, and a third company of the same regiment was left at Calgary, together with a company of the 65th Mount Royal Rifles. The remainder of the force, some 500 men, started for Edmonton, which place was reached late one Sunday afternoon, after a rapid march of eleven days, two of

which were spent in crossing the Red Deer river, at the time considerably swollen by melted snow and rain.

Everything at Edmonton was quiet. There had been uneasiness and the settlers had crowded into the fort for protection, but had returned to their farms, the Indians having given no trouble. Leaving a company of the 65th to garrison the fort, and sending another company of the same regiment to the Indian farm near Edmonton, the remainder of the force proceeded eastward towards Fort Pitt, the mounted men by land and the infantry in flat boats down the Saskatchewan as far as Fort Victoria. At Fort Victoria the four companies of the 91st rejoined the Scouts and Mounted Police and proceeded with them by land to Fort Pitt; the companies of the 65th continuing their journey to the same destination in the flat boats.

The scenery along the north shore of the Saskatchewan was exceedingly lovely, but neither Indians, half breeds nor whites were met after Fort Victoria had been left. That place had been looted about ten days before the troops arrived there, and bags of flour, sides of bacon, etc., stolen from the fort, had been cached along the banks of the river, together with several thousand dollars worth of furs. All this property was secured and appropriated to the use of Her Majesty. The march towards Fort Pitt was slow, owing to the swollen condition of the creeks and the time it took to get the baggage waggons across, and also to the care which had to be exercised to avoid falling into an Indian ambushade. No one knew where the Red Skins and their allies, the Half Breeds, were. Not a soul was met to give any information; it was the march of a column into an enemy's country without any knowledge of the number of that enemy or his whereabouts,

only that he was somewhere near. The Queen's Birthday, 1885, fell on a Sunday, and is a day never to be forgotten by the members of General Strange's Edmonton column. The day broke with heavy rain, thunder and lightning, and as the troops turned out at 4 o'clock a.m. and folded away the dripping tents, humped their backs in their dripping overcoats and swallowed their morning coffee, it dawned upon most of them that soldiering in earnest is somewhat different from what soldiering is on the streets of a city. The constant marching, day after day, the lack of any comfort, the hard ground every night for a mattress, the hot days and cold mornings and nights, the suspense, and, above all, the inability to catch up to the Indians or even find out anything about them, were having their effect. When after the troops fell in that Queen's Birthday morning, reeking wet, and the chaplain had offered prayer and the Old Hundred had been sung, General Strange addressed the column, stating that during the night the scouts had brought him trustworthy information that the Indians were in the neighborhood of Fort Pitt and we should probably be up with them in a day or two, a mighty shout of gladness went up from those 500 and odd men. And when the brave old soldier further called upon his soldiers to remember it was the Queen's Birthday and to give her Majesty three cheers, there went up three cheers and a tiger that neither the thunder, lightning, rain or wind could drown. The despondency vanished in a moment, and, in spite of the heavy walking and dripping clothes, no 500 men ever stepped out for their day's march of 25 miles with more spirit, and more determination to take it out of the Indians when they got the chance, than did our brave men in that far northern portion of the Dominion.

About noon the rain ceased and the clouds rolled away, and by evening the column halted for the night one mile from Frog Lake Settlement, posted double sentries and sent out a strong picket. As already stated no trustworthy news had been received from the settlement for weeks. The fate of the people there was still in doubt, and, naturally General Strange was anxious to ascertain the worst. It was a glorious spring evening. After supper the order came for a troop of scouts and a company of the 91st well armed, to proceed to the settlement and reconnoitre, and should any rebels be seen, to fall back on the main body without risking any engagement. Cautiously the order was carried out, those engaged in doing so passing a night which will never be forgotten as long as memory lasts.

With the exception of a half-starved dog, a number of hawks, eagles and other birds of prey, there was no living creature to be seen about the place. The settlement itself was in ashes. The walls of the little Roman Catholic Church were standing but the roof was gone, and the bell was broken and lying in the churchyard. The mill was an utter ruin and every house and cabin in the settlement had been fired and either totally or partially consumed. It was a sorrowful sight—so much ruin and destruction in the midst of so much natural beauty. But what about the settlers? Were they lying dead among the ruins, and were the rumours that had reached Winnipeg and shocked all Canada true, or had the settlers escaped? The doubt had to be settled, and the only way to settle it was by searching the ruins.

It was about seven o'clock when the troops commenced the search. What a horrible discovery there was! About the ruins of the little church there was a

strong, fetid, disgusting smell; and attracted by this unnatural odor, and by the fat sleek-looking birds of prey that were perched on the walls of the building, a party of the 91st made an inspection—one never to be forgotten. In the basement of the church, and evidently thrown there after death, were the bodies of four white men very far gone in decomposition. Words fail to express the horror of the sight. In every case the features of the deceased were unrecognizable, having been rubbed with coal oil and then set fire to. Every head had been scalped; the hands and feet in every case had been cut off; and the leg and arm bones protruded. The hearts of the dead victims had been cut out and other indignities which cannot be mentioned here—had been practised—it is to be hoped after, and not before, death. It was a sickening sight, arousing in the hearts of those who witnessed it, feelings of indignation and a desire for swift, terrible vengeance. Strong men—men who had faced death in the trenches before Sebastopol, who had stormed the walls of Delhi, and had fought in Zululand and Egypt; men who wore Crimean, Indian Mutiny, Egyptian and South African medals—broke down and blubbered like babes. There was not a man in all that little company of red coats who was not deeply affected, and not one who did not echo the remark of an old Indian Mutiny soldier that the devils who had perpetrated the foul deed must be wiped out without mercy or quarter.

Word of the state of affairs was sent back to the camp, and in a short time a fatigue party with lanterns, shovels, picks, etc., was at work. It was no easy matter getting the bodies from the basement of the church to the surface, they were so much decomposed. With great trouble,

and after long working in a sickening atmosphere, it was at last accomplished by getting tarpaulins under each body. By midnight the remains of the four dead men—two of whom were the Roman Catholic priests in charge of the mission, as was evident by the fragments of dress they wore—were lying side by side amid the wild roses in the little churchyard. While one party had been engaged getting the bodies to the surface, another had made four rude coffins and four large crosses, and another had dug four graves. Just at break of day—about 3 a.m.—the bodies of the murdered men were reverently lowered into the graves, the Litany for the Dead of the Roman Catholic church being read over those containing the two priests by Captain Frank Clarke, a Roman Catholic officer of the 91st, and the burial service of the Church of England being read by Lieutenant-Colonel Osborne Smith of the same regiment over the graves of the two laymen. The soldiers stood around bare-headed, and simple as the ceremony was, no four men were ever buried by strangers with more reverence and devotion than were these Frog Lake victims. The service over, the graves were filled in, a rude cross was planted at the head of each and wild roses and other wild flowers were gathered and twisted into wreaths and were hung on the crosses, and there in that beautiful scene of desolation, with nature at its brightest, and the birds carolling their morning hymns, were left to slumber their long sleep the poor victims of Indian treachery, cunning and cruelty.

At 5 a.m. that morning the column continued its march towards Fort Pitt, arriving there the same evening to find the place in flames, and a strong force of Indians in the neighborhood.

CROWFOOT'S DEATH SONG.

BY R. D. MEYERS.

I Crowfoot, chief of the Blackfeet,
King of an ancient race,
Have seen near four score winters,
Am looking in death's face,
Calm as a Blackfoot warrior
That ne'er turned back from foe :
Clad in the robes of the dying
I wait the call to go.

I was born where mountain shadows
Darken the summer plain,
And reared by the Lake whose waters*
Sound ever a weird refrain,
And taught by my father's sachems
Ages of garnered lore.
A boy I spoke at council fire
And the badge of chieftain bore.

I found my children scattered ;
I bound them in one clan .
Aye brothers were we together—
Blackfoot, Blood, Piegan.
Than ours no horses were fleeter ;
Rifles never more true ;
Sure was our vengeance, swifter
Than ever the wild duck flew.

We measured strength with bold Nez Perce ;
We quelled the fierce Teton ;‡
The Ogallalla felt our might
And died without a moan.
Th' Assinaboine was an ally true ;
The Sircee was our slave ;
The Yankton aye a traitor was ;
The Ojibway a knave.

NOTE.—This poem represents truly the attitude of the renowned chief's mind.

* Sounding Lake.—Vide Butler's " Wild North Land."

‡ *Oz* in Teton, Yanton and Sisseton is pronounced long.

I spoke,—ten thousand heard me,
 And swift at my command
 A cloud of long-haired warriors
 Like tempest swept the land.
 Behind—lay smoking_ teepees ;
 Before—the flying toe :
 We tossed them in their childlike strength
 As whirlwinds toss the snow.

My grandsire saw La Verandraye :
 With him the blackrobe came
 Who told them of a God unknown
 Of strange yet simple name ;
 Who taught a creed of faith sublime,
 A Father's watchful care
 Guarding the dwellers of the plains
 And e'en the birds of air.

I tried to follow in His steps,
 But hard I found the way :
 Why sent He the scourge among us
 To waste my tribe away ?
 Why banished He the buffalo
 To give the tame herds room ?
 Why sent the road of iron
 To seal the Indian's doom ?

Lead forth my strongest war horse
 Arrayed as for the fight ;
 Give lance and knife and rifle—
 Give quick ! Dark grows the night.
 True to the faith of my fathers,
 True to the old belief,
 I, Crowfoot the brave, have spoken :
 I die a Blackfoot chief.

SCENES FROM NATURE'S PHANTASMAGORIA.

BY REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

We live in a world of shadows, and even the things which to us seem most real are but appearances. This is not mere sentiment, but one of the most elementary truths of science. If there be any such thing as reality in the universe, no one ever saw it, heard it, smelled it or tasted or handled it. As the philosophers say, it comes not within the cognition of the senses. The schoolmen made matter to consist of substance and accidents: the accidents, however, are that with which the senses have to do; the substance, if there be such a thing—and I do not doubt that there is—can only be apprehended by the reason. If it is not a mere mental abstraction, a creation of the mind itself, it is something which can only be seen by the soul's interior eye. It is not apprehended through the media of the senses, but by the immediate contact of the intelligence.

This any one who pleases may easily verify for himself. Let him take any material object he will—an apple or an orange will do as well as anything else—and let him try his senses upon it, and he will soon find that all he can make of it is a complex and curious group or combination of qualities. The eye will tell him its color, its figure and its dimensions. The sense of touch will inform him whether it is hard or soft, cold or hot, rough or smooth. The ear will report whether it gives forth any sounds, and if so, of what nature they are. The tongue will detect the taste, and the olfactory nerve the odour. But when each of these has given its report, and the sum of all that they have discovered

is cast up, they tell us only of qualities. They tell us nothing of the substance to which these qualities belong, nothing of the objective reality in which these attributes inhere.

If then it be true, as some of the philosophers would have us believe, that there is no true knowledge but that which enters the mind through the senses and is verifiable by material experiment, it is scarcely worth while to talk about optical illusions, auricular illusions, or of specific illusions of any other kind. May not the world itself be an illusion; and all that is in it, including ourselves, only an imposing system of illusions, in a word, a grand phantasmagoria? I am not suggesting this as a truth, but simply indicating the gulf to which this materialistic philosophy leads. If the human mind is not capable of directly and immediately apprehending substance or reality, and the external senses cannot give us the knowledge of it, how do we know that there is any such thing? The conclusion from such premises is, that either it does not exist or that we have no possibility of knowing it. The goal to which this theory leads is either universal skepticism or an agnosticism which is without limit.

It is not my purpose, however, to deal in this article with these profound questions, or to lead the reader very far from the beaten track of the experiences of every day life. It may not be amiss, however, to say that what has just been indicated is the goal to which both Sensationalism and Idealism lead, the conclusion in which they both find their summation. If sensation alone is the

object of perception, and the intuitions and primitive judgments of the mind, as witnesses, are to be ruled out of court, what is to save us from the skeptical conclusion of David Hume, that what we call the universe is made up of sensations and impressions. Or if with Aristotle and Locke and their followers, we make ideas the only objects of perception the case is not made better. In that case we have no evidence of the existence of anything beyond an ideal world. And if ideas be, as they have been defined, phantasms, then, phantasmagoria is the word, assuredly, that most accurately expresses the sum of material things at least: and perhaps a rigorous criticism would show that the logical outcome would be the wreck of mind as well as of matter, so that when the goal was reached, philosophically speaking, all that would be left us of the universe would be an infinite series of dissolving views.

Happily for me I am not a philosopher, neither am I writing for the entertainment or instruction of philosophers. Never having got beyond the region of common sense myself, and writing only for the behoof of common sense people, though it may be regarded as a vulgar prejudice by advanced thinkers, I shall take for granted the reality of the material world; and by so doing shall limit Nature's phantasmagoria to those phantasmal appearances or illusions which are ever and anon produced by the play of the elements around us, and the unreality of which is being as constantly demonstrated by our experience. Among these are the phenomena of optical illusions. To some of these aerial creations which have come within my own observation what remains of this article is to be devoted.

The first of these that I shall mention I met with among the foot hills of the

Rocky Mountains. I was travelling on the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, between Pueblo and Denver. Our road lay, during the first half of the journey or thereabout, through the valley of a stream which empties itself into the Arkansas at the former of these places, and the latter half through the valley of another stream which scarcely could be distinguished from it, but for the fact that, upon close observation, it was to be found to be running in the opposite direction, and, as I afterward found, emptied itself into the Platte. As both of these streams are brawling mountain torrents which take their rise about the same place, this point constitutes "the divide" between the water-sheds of these two great rivers. Here we reach, as I was informed, an altitude of eight thousand feet above the level of the sea.

It was at this point that one of the most charming sights that can easily be imagined came into view. It was that of a mountain which seemed to be a mile distant, or two miles at most, but which subsequent experience led me to conclude was ten or twelve miles off, or more. The surface of the mountain, so distant in fact, and yet apparently so near, in consequence of the rarity and extraordinary transparency of the atmosphere, was dark, almost black, and it was covered from its base to its summit with trees of frosted silver. I have but little, I fear, of the poetic temperament. I seldom become ecstatic in the presence of either the beauties or the sublimities of nature, and yet I confess my feelings nearly touched the ecstatic point as I gazed entranced at this thing of beauty, the memory of which, though I knew it to be an illusion, has entered permanently into my dreams, and will be to me "a joy forever."

It was almost cruel in me, I see now

that I come to think of it, that I began to explain to my fellow-passengers that this was an illusion, and to show them how it was produced. Where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise. And I am afraid that some of the ladies present scarcely enjoyed the sight as much when its illusory and phantasmal character was explained, as they did while they retained the conviction, as they did for a time, that it was real. But the fact is, though it was early in October, and though it was balmy and summer-like on the plain, there had been a slight fall of snow in the mountain, just enough to cover the ground. The mountain pines which, in contrast with the snow, appeared to be almost as black as ink at the distance we were from them, fell into the back-ground, and formed what to our eyes seemed to be the dark surface of the mountain, while the snow, seen through the pines, was thrown forward and took the place of the trees. And the illusion was so perfect that from our point of observation the slightest defect in it could not be detected.

Another of these illusions occurred in the valley of the Hudson. I was going down to New York by the West Shore Railroad. And any one who has travelled by this route, especially at night, is likely to remember it, especially if he has been the occupant of an upper berth in the sleeper. Of course it is not at all comparable to a ride on a camel's back, in an African desert. It is, however, sufficiently lively to impress itself upon one's memory. The curves are somewhat numerous, and quite sharp enough for a train thundering along at the rate of forty miles an hour. And as each new direction that the road takes makes a corresponding re-adjustment of the level of the track necessary, so as to make the outside of the curve higher

than the inside, and when these occur a dozen or twenty times a minute, more or less, the oscillation is considerable. Well, I travelled by this road, on a fast train, and occupied an upper berth: the journey was, therefore, rather memorable; and left upon my mind an impression of the sinuosities of the shores of the Hudson that I had never received before.

There was, however, no illusion about this. Of its reality I have never had the least doubt. And yet it was to this I owed the experience that I am about to describe. If the road had been straighter and my sleeper had run more smoothly, in all probability I should have been fast asleep; and even if by accident I had been awake, I would have been less curious about the localities through which I was passing. As it was, I was curious to know where I was and whither I was going. Fortunately I had a window and the privilege of looking out. It was early dawn. The day had just broken. I found that we were running, or at least apparently running—so it appeared to me—along the margin of the Hudson. Of course I knew it to be the Hudson, but not from appearances. If I had not known that the route of the road lay along that river I would probably have concluded that we were running along the margin of the sea, or at least of some great lake. By some unaccountable freak of nature, the waters of the Hudson had so broadened that they had become an ocean and seemed to stretch out into infinity. The illusion was so complete that I should not have been surprised if I had seen the ships moving about on its surface.

Suspecting the unreality of the scene I tried all I could by the use of my senses to find something that would break the spell and destroy the illusion. Having been in the habit of travelling now and

again for the last fifty years up and down the Hudson I had a pretty good idea of its breadth. I looked for the land on its eastern shore ; but not a vestige of it remained. It was now broad daylight, and nothing but the wide waste of waters could be seen. I had become interested, not to say excited. The air was balmy, fresh and delicious, and with only a little imagination one could have smelled the odour of the salt sea. But while my interest was at its height, so far as it could be excited by this watery scene, something wonderful took place. A single thread of gold was shot through the blue so suddenly and instantaneously that I could not say whether it was from south to north, or from north to south. But there it was a single thread, only a thread, as fine as sewing silk, but it was clear and distinct.

I had no time to speculate, however, for the mighty shuttle was at work, and now another, another, and still another thread was shot, as by magic, through the azure web. And now these lines of gold became lines of fire, and began to glow with ineffable lustre. Nay, they seemed to become living things, and to exult and dance as they began to melt and mingle, and the whole quivering mass began to glow and send forth from its centre coruscations in every direction ; causing the very waters to have the appearance of burning like a furnace ; realizing to an extent that I had never witnessed but once before, the apocalyptic vision of a "sea of glass mingled with fire."

I need not describe what followed, as it does not belong to the phantasmagoria. The illusion at this point came to an end. From the quivering, dancing mass of flame at the centre of this scene of supernal splendour the upper edge of the sun, clearly defined, arose ; the valley of the

Hudson was seen to be full of fog, which however, no longer presented the appearance of a compact mass, but, ragged and broken, began to disappear ; and in but a few minutes the scene which had interested me so profoundly, had dissolved into thin air, or invisible vapour, though as I have said of the dark mountain covered with silver trees, as a vision of surpassing beauty it had entered into my dreams forever.

Another of these optical illusions, and the last that I shall mention in this article, is one that I have never attempted to describe, and now I have no hope of doing justice to it, though the impression of it remains as distinct in my mind as if it were at this moment actually before me. It occurred near Toronto, in a part of the country where there was nothing remarkable in the way of natural scenery to heighten its effect. It had been a day of rain, but the atmosphere was clearing up, and the sun was setting in supernal splendour. And one part of the illusion consisted in the apparent nearness of the celestial scene. Only the breadth of a field from where a friend and I sat in a buggy, in which we were driving, it began, and such was the marvellous perspective of the arrangement of its various parts, that it seemed to stretch out into infinitude.

It was a picture in which the beautiful and the sublime were so mingled that each of these seemed to heighten the effect of the other, and their combined effect was overwhelming. In presence of it, I have to confess, even my phlegmatic nature was kindled into ecstasy. I experienced something of the feeling which I imagine took possession of the patriarch, when he stood in presence of the burning bush in the desert, in which he recognized the revelation of the Divine presence. If I had been an Orien-

tal I should have probably taken off my shoes. As it was I did not want to move, and even to speak would have seemed like a desecration. My friend and I, subdued and awed into speechlessness, sat by the wayside and gazed in silence at the "excellent glory." Away yonder in the extreme distance was its culminating point, and that which gave unity to the entire scene. To my apprehension there was but one thing to which it could be likened. I hope there was no irreverence in the thought, there was certainly none in the feeling—it suggested to me ideas of the throne of the eternal. There was no form or shape that could be seen, and no voice that could be heard, but one could hardly divest himself of the idea of a living presence in that throbbing, quivering, glowing mass of colourless flame—while on either side of it were what appeared to be thrones, only surpassed in splendour by that in the centre, to which these seemed to do homage.

Then, as if to make the vision of heaven complete, from under the throne there issued a mighty river, which seemed to symbolize the river of the water of life. This river, in its many windings, owing to the wonderful arrangement of light, seemed, as I have said, to stretch out into immeasurable distance, expanding as it flowed onward until it widened into a sea; and through the whole of its course studded and gemmed with islands composed of gold, diamonds and all manner of precious stones; while the headlands, capes and promontories along its shores were composed of the same material. What appeared to be a sea stretched away northward, between us and it, but not so as to separate between

us and the river, which lay almost at our feet, projected a point of land, but land transfigured and glorified, the outline of which was clear and distinct, the purple and blue cliffs becoming gradually bolder as the coast-line swept away to the eastward.

Then as to heighten the effect of this glorious scene by contrast—away to the north, or perhaps a point or two east of north—lay a frowning terrible mass of black vapour, a storm-cloud black as night, so black that it required but little imagination to conceive of it as the smoke of Gehenna; and from the centre of it arose three fiery volcanic peaks, as if *Ætna*, *Vesuvius* and *Stromboli* had all been brought together. The burning lava that bathed these peaks at first glowed with a brightness approaching to that of flame, but gradually faded into sullen red, and every moment became darker in color. But this was but the dark back-ground, from which the eye turned instinctively to the glory which I have been ineffectually attempting to describe—a glory which retained its superlative grandeur and awe-inspiring majesty until the central splendour, upon which the very being of all the other objects of beauty and sublimity, which if included, depended, had sunk beneath the horizon and the illusion was at an end; and one of the grandest pictures that the eye of man ever rested upon vanished into thin air. My friend and I pursued our journey silently for a time, being overwhelmed with the conviction that we had seen indescribable things, and above all that we had had such a vision of heaven as we should never have again so long as we remained on earth.

DEARER DAYS.

BY JAS. A. TUCKER

Thick streams the sunlight o'er the whole horizon,
Spilling and trembling like a golden wave
Down thro' the ether that so lightly lies on
Caressent grasses o'er my dear one's grave.
Let me lie here, where all is sweetly still,
And dream of dearer days.

The gladsome beetles wing the drooping summer,
Which haags oppressive-odorous on the air ;
The singing-birds and piping insects come here,
And flitting butterflies, to greet the fair—
The beauteous maiden, who, beneath these ferns,
Still dreams of dearer days.

Not dead my love, but slumbering 'neath the odor
Of roses tost upon the sleepy day:
The honeysuckles and the lilacs load her
With their soft, amorous breath beneath the clay ;
And ah, so sadly-happy ! here she lies,
Dreaming of dearer days.

At eve wind-legions muster 'round her pillow:
She hears their trumpet-calls and feels the tread
Of troops of flower spirits, like a billow
Surging to guard her in her royal bed.
They would not aught should come by night to harm
The queen of dearer days.

And in the morn, her dream is thrilled to splendor
With the hot blood of the awakening earth,
Where, with impassioned throbbings, full and tender,
It lifts, thro' tears, a smile to greet the birth
Of the new day, that bears upon its bosom
A dream of dearer days.

And I—I would that I were also sleeping
Beneath these long and tangled grasses here,
And knew no more of sorrowing and weeping—
Of shattered youthful hope and realized fear—
But with my loved one, thro' the long, long hours,
But dreamed of dearer days.

SALUTATIONS.

BY REV. W. S. MCTAVISH, B.D.

From time immemorial men have had some recognized form of saluting their friends and acquaintances. Though the fashions have sometimes changed, as all fashions do, yet there has ever been some one method, which was regarded as the proper thing for the time being. It is both interesting and instructive to observe the forms of salutation that have prevailed at different times and in various countries. We intend, however, to deal neither with military salutes nor epistolary greetings, but only with salutatory acts and expressions. Some of these are quite grotesque, some rather amusing, some very graceful, and some decidedly awkward.

Among the Hebrews in early times, the form of salutation was very simple and, naturally enough, was cast in a religious mould. It consisted of such expressions as, "The Lord be with thee," or, "The Lord bless thee." At a later stage in their history the form became much more elaborate, for, in addition to these greetings, there were inquiries regarding the health of the person addressed, or regarding that of his family. Generally too, the greeting was accompanied with a number of gestures expressive of different degrees of humility, and sometimes also, with a kiss. The headgear, however, was not removed. Of course, if the person were riding or driving, it was necessary for him to dismount. The same custom prevails among the Jews in the East at the present day.

"Salute no man by the way." Such was the charge which Christ gave to the seventy disciples when sending them

forth to preach the Gospel. At first sight the prohibition strikes us as somewhat peculiar and out of harmony with the character of Christ, and with the business on which the messengers were sent. Dr. Thomson, in "The Land and the Book," discusses this point so well, that we cannot do better than quote his words: "This seems to be a departure from the general rule to become all things to all men. Would it not appear very churlish and offensive to refuse the *salam* even of a stranger? It would; and I do not think that the prohibition extended that far; but the disciples were sent upon important and urgent business. They were ambassadors from their Lord and King, and were not to loiter by the way in idle conversation with friends whom they might chance to meet. The same is now required of special messengers. No doubt the customary salutations were formal and tedious as they are now, particularly among Druses and other non-Christian sects, and consumed much valuable time. There is also such an amount of insincerity, flattery and falsehood in the terms of salutation prescribed by etiquette in this land, that our Lord, Who is Truth itself, desired His representatives to dispense with them as far as possible, perhaps tacitly to rebuke them."

But though Christ enjoined His disciples to make haste and not delay when on that special business, we know that neither He nor His followers neglected the ordinary civilities of society—indeed, He even went so far as to reprove Simon the Pharisee for having overlooked the common courtesies of the time. He

told His disciples when they entered into a house to salute it, and we know moreover, that the apostles greeted one another according to the fashion of the times, and that they requested their fellow believers to observe the ordinary form of salutation when they were assembling together.

In the early Christian Church the members kissed one another when they assembled. Though rules were made governing the practice, yet the custom involved some inconveniences, and in the course of time degenerated. Tertulian spoke of the annoyance it must be to a heathen husband to see his wife exchange the kiss of peace with her religious brethren. Clement, of Alexandria; had to warn the Christians of his day against those shameless kisses which made the church resound, and caused foul suspicion. In the course of time the church councils had to deal with the practice, and it was finally decided that when the deacon said, "Salute one another with a holy kiss," the clergy should kiss the bishop, the men the men, and the women the women. This custom, though it still prevails in substantially the same form in the Eastern Church, was abolished in the Western about the thirteenth century.

A distinguished divine once remarked that he was glad that the custom had passed away, because there might be some whom we would not care to kiss, and others who might not care to kiss us; besides, good-looking persons would find the supply greater than the demand.

When Mohammedans meet they use the term "Salam." Practically the expression means, "Peace be with you." But it is extended only to those whom they regard as brethren, or members of the same religious community. The women make use of the same term, and when they meet an intimate male relative,

they also kiss his long, flowing beard. A bow, more or less pronounced, is made by men of almost all nations, and when it is properly made, it is both graceful and dignified. By some, however, it is carried to extremes. In Denmark the gentlemen bow to each other very often. One writer has said, "So frequently do the gentlemen bow to each other in the street that their hats seem to be more in their hands than on their heads. It is considered the greatest breach of decorum to enter even the smallest shop without removing the hat. In this respect they follow the custom of the Parisians and Viennese. Even porters and hucksters salute one another with profound gravity."

The Japanese are the very soul of politeness, but they bow so repeatedly and so low, even "dusting the mat with the forelock," that their actions border on the grotesque.

Although osculation is not now regarded as a proper form of salutation in the church, it is still in favor among some of the men of Northern Europe, as well as among the gentler sex of our own and other countries. Mr. Frank Vincent Jr., in describing the manners and customs of Denmark, says, "The men there actually usurp the time hallowed privileges of the women in matters of osculation; for they hug and kiss each other on parting for a long distance, or upon meeting afterwards, while the women, poor things, can only look sadly on at such times, taking no part in the conventional ceremonies through which Danish friendship and affection express themselves." In this respect the Danish women are in as neglected a condition as the women of Japan. In speaking of the latter Miss Duncan, in "A Social Departure," says, "No lover or husband has ever kissed them. This fashion of ours has probably

been canvassed among them, and set quietly down to be another of the incomprehensible ways of the foreigners."

The national salutation of welcome and farewell in Iceland is a kiss. In "Letters from High Latitudes," the Earl of Dufferin mentions the following incident: "Turning round to Fitz, I whispered that I always understood that it was the proper thing in Iceland for travellers departing on a journey to kiss the ladies who had been good enough to entertain them, little imagining that he would take me at my word. Guess then my horror when I suddenly saw him, with an intrepidity I envied but dared not imitate, first embrace the mamma by way of prelude, and then proceed in the most natural manner possible to make the same tender advances to the daughter. I confess I remained dumb with consternation; the room swam around before me. I expected the next minute we should be packed, neck and crop, into the street, and that the young lady would have gone off in hysterics. It turned out, however, that such was the very last thing she was thinking of doing. With a simple frankness that became her more than all the boarding-school graces in the world, her eyes dancing with mischief and good humor, she met him half way, pouting out two as rosy lips as ever might be the good fortune of one of us creatures to receive. From that moment I determined to conform to the custom of the inhabitants."

It has been often stated that the Laplanders touch noses when they meet. This, however, appears to be a misconception. At all events, Mr. Vincent, who has been already quoted, states that the women embrace and that the men shake hands in the ordinary way.

The cab-men of London have a method peculiarly their own for saluting their fel-

lows and acquaintances. Frequently no word is spoken but the whip-stock is elevated in a most precise and dexterous manner—so dexterously, indeed, do they do this that they can be successfully imitated only after considerable practice.

It is not necessary to dwell upon such ordinary salutations as "Good morning," or, "How do you do?" Their chief merit lies, perhaps, in their brevity. Nor is more than a mere mention required for those we use on special occasions, such as "Merry Christmas," and "Happy New Year." Suffice it to say that we regard them both as expressive and appropriate. During the first century of the Christian era there was another special salutation. We are told that when Christians met on Easter, they greeted one another with the words, "The Lord is risen indeed." Apparently the custom soon passed away, but while it was in vogue it was quite as appropriate as our salutations at Christmas or the New Year.

There is one form of salutation which savors of rudeness and vulgarity. A quotation from Cowper will be sufficient to explain and to dispose of it without further comment.

"The man who hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon or to bear it."

There is another form of greeting which savors of sanctimoniousness. In "Lectures to My Students," the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon says that he was once at Rome, and there he saw two monks meet. One said in a grave, sad tone, "Brother, we must die," and the other responded in the same sepulchral voice, "Yes, brother, we must die." Now while it may be necessary to be reminded often of the nearness and certainty of death,

we would prefer some more cheerful way of saluting our friends.

There is still another mode of salutation which smacks too much of usurpation on the one hand, and abjectness, even degradation, on the other. We refer to the practice of kissing the Pope's foot. This custom, Dr. Kurtz informs us, was borrowed from the Italians, and was introduced about the thirteenth century when the Popes began to realize their power and prestige. When we think of the relation of the two parties we feel as if the visited ought to say to the visitor, in the words of the Apostle Peter to Cornelius, "Stand up, I myself also am a man."

"Of all the methods of greeting friends

there is none perhaps more seemly or expressive than the clasping of the hands."

"The shaking of the hand speaks the language of the heart." Dr. Talmage has truly said, "When two persons believing in the same thing, and working for the same object, and trusting in the same God, and hoping for the same heaven, come face to face, look each other in the eye, and cross palms with a tight grip, and shake hands, that is human equality and Christian brotherhood. I fall down to no man in obeisance; I gaze down on no man in arrogance: but looking into the face of friend and foe, I am ready to exclaim in the words of Jehu to Jehonadab, "Give me thy hand."



SOMETHING ABOUT SCALES

BY GEO. E. BRAME.

Let us consider for a moment what would be the condition of modern society if the little machine we call "scales" had never been invented. In the very earliest ages man lived by agriculture only, but as the human family multiplied, other means by which to subsist became a necessity, hence the gradual development of trades. With this development there arose the necessity to assess the values of the multifarious merchandise which the skill and ingenuity of the artizan classes produced, and this essential requirement of the merchant was supplied by the invention of scales, an invention which has been elaborated to such an exquisite degree of perfection as to enable the diamond merchant to ascertain to the $\frac{1}{64}$ part of a grain the weight of his precious gems, and the constructor of the most ponderous steam engine to know the weight of his powerful machine with an equal degree of nicety. By this invention it was rendered possible to arrive at an exact balance of parts. This is the idea conveyed to the mind by *scales*, and from them was derived the idea of book-keeping, which is the art of discovering balances.

It is not, however, the merchant's scale, but the musical scale, which we are about to investigate. Nevertheless, the scale of the merchant is the most fitting object we can select to illustrate the true meaning of the musical scale. This scale has passed through various forms and modifications from the time of the Egyptians down to the present, until now its formation corresponds to the structure of a pair of scales. Five tones and two

semi-tones constitute what is termed the scale. This is the material of the major scale which must be so arranged that two whole tones shall always precede a semi-tone. Hence it follows that what is usually termed the scale is really a succession of two series or consecutive scales of two tones and a half, each held in balance by the remaining whole tone. These two series, or *tetrachords*, are identical in structure, quantity and time.

Thus the beam of a weighing machine may be said to represent the central tone which holds in suspension the remaining four tones and two semitones in equal quantities, securing the exact balance of parts, which has led to the development of the Science of Harmony. The earliest tonal system of which we have any authentic record was invented by Pythagoras, a celebrated Greek philosopher, about 500 years before the birth of Christ. His scale consisted of seven tones, which were said to correspond to the seven planets, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, the Sun, Venus, Mercury, and the Moon.

Music, in all ages, has originated with the prevailing religions, whether pagan or divine. Even in pagan countries it was always considered an incentive of virtue, and the Egyptians confined their musical talent almost exclusively to the priesthood, who cultivated the art secretly and employed it to intensify the mystery of their sacerdotal office.

The Chinese have had a musical system from time immemorial, but their predilection for drums has led to the confinement of their system to their own country: this no one appears to regret.

The tonal systems, however, of all the ancients are now considered crude and incongruous, in some respects intensely dissonant, the fifth tone being omitted by some, and the third tone by others, thus rendering it impossible to develop a system of harmony, as the absence from the scale of the third note made it impracticable to harmonise a musical theme.

The ancient Israelites were gifted with a refined sensibility and poetic temperament which excited the most exalted ideas in regard to music, which they associated inseparably with religion. They addressed the Almighty in hymns of praise, regarding music as a divine link which connected man with his Creator. It was a *sine qua non* that every priest and every rabbi should be an educated musician, thus barring out any approach to the frivolities which characterize the musical department of divine worship in too many Christian temples to-day. Moses was a musician, as well as a leader and lawgiver. It was he who gave directions for the construction of the two silver trumpets which served to give the signals to the Israelites during their forty years' sojourn in the wilderness. Miriam's jubilant song of triumph after the destruction of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea, was not only regarded as a divine inspiration—it became enshrined in the hearts of the Hebrew people as their National Anthem. Sacred music reached its highest development in the time of King David, the sublimest librettist the world has ever seen. His imperishable compositions were written for the "Chief Musician," or musical director of the Synagogue, and by him set to music. These compositions were sung antiphonally by the priest and people, by divided choirs, or by a precentor and chorus. When Israel's warrior king delivered his

dying charge to his son and successor, Solomon, in reference to the building of the Temple, he also bequeathed to him the immense stores he himself had accumulated for the building and beautifying of Israel's National House of Prayer, and some idea of the vastness and magnificence of the provision made for the musical part of the service may be gleaned from the following statistics.

Ten thousand garments of fine linen for every priest, 200,000 trumpets, 200,000 garments of fine linen for the singers, and of other musical instruments, including psalteries and harps, 40,000. Solomon made all these immense and magnificent arrangements for the honor and glory of his God. These arrangements found such acceptance in the eyes of God that at the dedication of the temple "there came down a thick cloud which afforded to the minds of all a visible image and glorious appearance of God's having descended into this temple and of his having gladly pitched his tabernacle therein."

The Jews, however, failed to develop a system of harmony owing to the imperfect form of their musical scale. The Arabians developed a scale system in which the tones were divided into three parts, making the octave consist of $17/3$ of which $15/3$ represented the five whole tones, and the remaining $2/3$ the semitones. This formation of the musical scale has remained to the present day, and as it embraced the octave, was a great stride in advance of other prevailing systems. Pythagoras retained the octave 5th and 4th, but discarded the 3rd. Terpander, another Greek scholar, on the other hand, rejected the 5th, which is the axis on which all modern harmonies revolve. We perceive from this rapid sketch that the science of music has been evolved from the science of mathematics.

The ancients failed to reach the high plane to which more modern musicians have attained, because they sought to make music subservient to the interests of a pagan mythology, but it is to the fostering care of the Christian Church that we attribute the high degree of musical development we enjoy to-day. Had Pythagoras prevailed we should have been deprived of the reposeful sensations produced by the retention of the 3rd, and had the no less arbitrary ruling of Terpander been final the very gates of harmony would have been forever closed, and the magnificent tone pictures which have been evolved out of the seven notes of the scale through the stamping of their now individuality upon them by succeeding generations of composers would have been denied to the world for ever. The ancient Romans derived the basis of their musical system from the Greeks, and about the year 50 of the Christian era, Diodorus introduced the major 3rd into their diatonic scale, which the Greeks had rejected, but which the Arabians had incorporated into their system. Had this interval been finally rejected not a bar of music which has been sung in any Christian assembly during the last thousand years would have been, or could have been sung. Palestrina, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and a host of other composers would have laboured in vain, and the reverence we cherish for their memories might have been frittered away in a senile admiration of pagan dirges. "Nearer my God to Thee," the most popular item in the repertoire of Christian Hymnology of the day could not have been written, for the reason that the melody commences on the 3rd note of the scale. Had Terpander's dictum been accepted as final, Handel could not have written his grand "Hallelujah" chorus in the Messiah, the

5th being selected by the composer as the leading note for the entry of the triumphant theme "For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." For the same reason Beethoven could not have written his "Hallelujah" chorus in the "Mount of Olives," the fifth note of the scale having been also employed by him for the entry of the jubilant theme announcing the accomplishment of man's redemption through the sacrifice on the cross. For the same reason the ecstatic strains which have wafted millions of weary souls to their eternal rest would still lie buried in the darkness and obscurity of the uncreated, the music of the Christian church being dependent mainly on the retention of the very intervals which the pagans had rejected.

The earliest records of the Christian era show that music was an essential part of worship, the consolation of the captive and persecuted, and the soul language in which martyrs gave expression to the Divine ecstasy that sustained them at the stake, on the cross, and in the horrid arena, in which merciless cruelty consigned to the fangs of ravenous wild beasts, alike the hoary head of the aged and venerable and the tender bosom of youth and beauty. Many a pitiless pagan heart was touched by the sublime faith which vented itself in songs of victory over death, and many a convert was thus made. St. Augustine was converted through the influence of Christian music, and Cecelia, a Roman lady of noble birth, also fell under its inspiring influence and joined the ranks of the persecuted followers of Christ. Martyrdom was her reward, but her tomb became a place of religious resort, where hymns were sung in her honor, and her name has been perpetuated as the patron saint of sacred music.

The destinies of nations as well as of

individuals have been changed by this potent, mystic sequence of sounds which we call the musical scale. The Marseillaise hymn, Haydns' hymn to the Emperor, and "God save the Queen"—each embody a nation's history.

Can it be, that the labours of successive generations of musicians from the remotest times shall find their finality in death? We do not hope this : we do not think this. The only occupation which has been revealed to us in which we may be permitted to engage in that future state to which we aspire to attain is that of music; there is therefore a fitness in qualifying for it. It is not inconsistent from any standpoint to regard Heaven as an arena in

which we shall be afforded infinite opportunities for the higher development of such culture, accomplishments and attainments as we may acquire in this preparatory state of existence. It is not on record that aspirants for companionship with the angelic choirs will be relegated to elementary schools to qualify themselves, nor has it been revealed that miracles will be performed in their behalf. They who aspire to comradeship with the countless choirs, whose happiness will find expression in an eternal service of praise, should reflect that the path to all this future music may be through the narrow channel of the musical scale.





HON. GEO. BROWN'S MONUMENT, QUEEN'S PARK.

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

BY E. DEANE.

"What a beautiful girl!" I exclaimed under my breath.

I was leaning against the side of the pier, smoking, and watching the white sails of the fishing boats dipping and rising on the distant horizon, like white birds.

She was with an elderly gentleman. Altho' scarcely past middle age, his hair and mustache were snow white, and his face wore a look of settled melancholy and care. His hand rested on her shoulder tho' there was nothing of the invalid about his walk, and it seemed to me to be more with the motive of controlling her pace, than to assist himself.

She had the loveliest face I had ever seen or dreamt of. Her eyes were of that deep violet hue seldom seen after childhood, shaded by dark curling lashes. Her features, small, but exquisitely chiselled, and the faultless complexion, were framed in a mass of wavy auburn hair, that gleamed in the sunlight like burnished gold. She was a little above the average height, and slender without appearing thin.

As her eyes met mine I was conscious of a little shock. And the remarkable part of it was it was *not a pleasant shock*.

I was so startled that I continued to stare instead of turning my eyes away, as properly and naturally I should have done. So that she was the first to withdraw her gaze, and she did it in such an unseeing and indifferent manner, that I was piqued to an extent I had never before been in my life. There was an air of distinction about both father and daughter—for such was, I felt sure, the relationship—that lent them an additional interest.

Who were they?

They sat down so close to me that I felt compelled to put out my pipe, but I did not feel it equally compulsory for me to move, for they could have chosen other seats farther away, had they wished. Scraps of their conversation reached me distinctly. So far he only had spoken, of the weather, the morning, the sea, in a deep well bred voice. And I began to wait and to long for some remark from her, with a longing that was absurd and inadequate.

At last!

"Father, I wish I could fly. I should like to skim over the top of the waves, resting now and then on their crests, as the seagulls do."

Her voice was soft and low but I was conscious of a second *shock*, and like the first I was totally unable to account for it.

"You would soon tire of imitating the seagulls, my dear, and would wish for your pretty frocks, and your dogs and friends again."

What a matter of fact father! I even felt a little angered, for the girl's wish had found an echo in my own heart, as I watched the gulls fighting over their breakfast of the freshest of fresh fish.

"Yes, I dare say I should tire of it, I so often get tired of—of everything, I think."

What a pathetic remark for such a young girl, I thought. And I glanced quickly at her to see if there was a droop of the sweet mouth, or any dimness in the lovely eyes. But no, she was smiling gaily at her father.

"Fannie says I must give a garden

party. She says people have been so civil and attentive to us, and we have done nothing."

"Fannie is always putting ideas into your head. I come down here to rest. But I suppose I must do something, and a garden party is less exacting than any other form of entertainment."

"Yes I like it best, too. I can be out in the sunshine and watch the butterflies. Do you think we have lived before—like the butterflies, father?"

"I wish you would fill that foolish little head of yours with common sense, instead of these fantastical fancies. Come; it is time for us to return home."

I watched them out of sight, and then I found that the gulls and the boats had lost their interest for me. So I slowly wended my way back to my hotel.

Who were they? I asked myself this question at intervals during the rest of the day. I had only arrived myself the night before, and so far had not met anyone I knew.

In desperation I at last appealed to the proprietor. "Elderly gentleman and young lady? Impossible to say: there are a great many elderly gentlemen and young ladies here," said he, smiling blandly, and rubbing his hands.

"But, they cannot all be as beautiful," I said rather disgustedly.

"Would you think they were residents or visitors, my lord?"

"I er—should think visitors—yes, decidedly so," remembering her remarks about the civility shown them.

"Then I am afraid I cannot help you."

During the next few days I saw her twice; once driving a pair of cream colored ponies, with another lady; and once on the pier again with her father. Suddenly I remembered the garden party. The society paper of the place would be sure to mention it among the forthcoming

attractions. Yes, here it was at the head of the list.

"Invitations are out, we understand, for a garden party to be given by General Houghton and his lovely daughter."

"Hello! Egmont, what are you doing here?"

Looking up impatiently, I recognized in the young parson addressing me, an old school fellow.

"I think I might better ask you that," I said, as we cordially shook hands.

"Oh, I am a fixture here at present. I am on duty at St. Peters," mentioning the fashionable church of the place.

"Well, this is luck! Parsons always know everything. Now tell me, who are General and Miss Houghton?"

Do I imagine it, or does my friend look suddenly pale and embarrassed!

"You have seen her?" he asked slowly. "But of course you would, you know she is very beautiful."

"The most beautiful woman I have ever seen, and that is saying a good deal," I reply emphatically.

"Are you going to the garden party?"

"Yes"

"Then for heaven's sake get me an invitation."

"But —."

"But use no buts, but use all your powers of fascination, as curates so well know how," pushing him gently towards the door. "Go, and come back and dine with me." And he went.

The garden party is a thing of the past. And my peace of mind has gone with it—gone never to return.

I had never before met anyone so charmingly fresh and innocent as Miss Houghton. How had they kept her so unspotted from the world! One thing, however, puzzled me greatly. She had evidently no recollection of having seen

me before! Yet it was apparent that the general recognized me at once.

Yesterday I lunched there. And I was alone with her for a few minutes. They guard her so carefully—and rightly so—that this does not often happen.

“Lord Egmont, I wish—I wish so much that you would take me for a sail some day? Fannie and father do not care for sailing.”

“Will you let me—really?” I asked eagerly, “and would they not object?”

A strange expression flashed across her face. It came and went so quickly, that even now I cannot say with any degree of certainty whether indeed I really saw it, or if it existed only in my imagination. Then she turned her head a little aside and said: “You think we must ask them?”

For a moment I was startled. It was something new for me to be anyone's conscience keeper! But I pulled myself sternly together, and was just going to reply with some decision—“Certainly,” when unfortunately I glanced at the lovely face so near me. I hesitated and was—lost.

“What do you wish?”

“Don't tell them. They would not—I mean they might not let me go.” A tremulous anxiety was in her voice. What a child she was in spite of her eighteen years!

“When shall it be?” I asked gently.

“I think Thursday.”

And then we were summoned to luncheon. To-morrow we are to go sailing. But I have qualms of conscience I never had before, and I would we had confided in ‘Fannie.’

The boat was waiting for us in charge of an old sailor I always employed. As I followed her into it, I noticed for the first time a suppressed excitement in her whole manner I had never seen before.

“Follow the sea gulls,” she said quickly.

“They will lead us a nice dance,” I said laughing. But to gratify her whim we sailed towards some that were floating near us.

“Oh, how lovely—how lovely,” she exclaimed, clapping her hands. “Make the boat go faster, Lord Egmont.”

She took off her hat and let the wind and the sunbeams play among her golden tresses, and as she sat there, her eyes dancing with excitement, she was almost weirdly beautiful.

All at once she rose, and laughingly pointed to a sea gull that was following us.

“How I wish—”

Did she sway gently towards the bird? I almost thought so. Or did the boat give a lurch? It matters little—in an instant she had fallen over board.

I shall never forget the supreme agony of that moment. I plunged in after her, and seized her as she rose to the surface, and in a few moments the old sailor had dragged us both safely into the boat again. She was quite unconscious, and we laid her on a sail in the bottom of the boat. When we reached the pier, General Houghton and Fannie were waiting for us. It did not strike me as singular at the time that they should be waiting, or that they had brought a carriage. I suppose I was too dazed with grief and fear. Afterwards when I thought of it, it seemed more than mere coincidence. My face must have been a sufficient apology, for the General put his hand kindly on my shoulder, and said, “Don't say a word. I understand it all.”

We carried her gently to the carriage, and they drove rapidly off. Towards evening I called to inquire after her. The servant said “Miss Houghton was as well as could be expected.” This decidedly ambiguous answer caused me to pass a miserable night. I had the most horrible forebodings. She had taken a

severe cold, and might die, perhaps! The thought of that exquisite girl cut off in the flower of her youth and beauty drove me nearly distracted, and it also opened my eyes; and I knew myself to be deeply and irrevocably in love with her. The following day I called again, and again received the same answer. Could I see the General or some member of the family? The man was sorry, but his orders had been strict—the family were unable to see anyone.

As I walked disconsolately away, I met Frazer and told him my trouble.

"She must be very ill. You are a clergyman—perhaps they would see you. Will you go at once?"

"Certainly not. I am not in the habit of forcing myself where I am not wanted."

"But you may be wanted for all you know."

"Then they will send for me. You seem very anxious for—for a stranger," he said, suddenly.

Something in my face revealed the truth to him.

"Goodness," he muttered, "you too"! I don't know which face depicted the greatest consternation. Evidently we were rivals.

"What a fatality" he continued hoarsely.

"Egmont, take my advice and go away at once, in kindness to yourself and—to them."

"You are very complimentary" I said angrily.

"I neither mean to be complimentary or the reverse. I speak to save you and them pain."

"You are too kind—too modest" said I ironically. "What you mean to say is, I suppose, that you were first in the field? All the same I shall try my luck: thanks." And I walked quickly away.

But it was the last straw. I went home

and wrote General Houghton a note, imploring him to see me. I received an answer in the affirmative.

Is there indeed such a thing as second sight? I believed so without doubt as I approached the house. And I thought the servant's face, as he admitted me, reflected the gloom in my own.

"Can you ever forgive me? I shall never be able to forgive myself." I said, as I noticed how care worn the General looked.

"We were equally to blame. We should have watched her more closely."

This implied reproach to Miss Houghton was more than I could bear.

"Surely you blame her too severely? I am the one—."

"Stop!" he cried "you misunderstand me. I have something to tell you." He paused, unable to proceed.

It was coming. He was going to tell me of her engagement to Frazer.

"Wait," I exclaimed eagerly. I would at least have the satisfaction of speaking first. "I have come to ask Miss Houghton to be my wife—with your permission?"

"Goodness!" he said faintly "another victim!"

A fear of I knew not what overcame me and kept me silent.

"You never suspected then?" he asked after what seemed an interminable pause. I was going to say something about Frazer, when he continued—

"You thought it was accidental—her falling into the water? *She threw herself in.*"

I could only gaze at him in speechless horror.

"Water has a fascination for her she cannot resist. Yet when living within sight of it, she is quieter than at any other time."

"What do you mean?" I gasped hoarsely.

He rose and taking my arm led me out of the room, and down a short passage. Putting his finger on his lips, he softly opened a door. She was standing with her back to us. Her beautiful hair was loose, and covered her like a cloak. She was motionless, her arms crossed above her head.

"I love him, I love him," she murmured softly.

I made a step forward, but my arm was held as in a vice. I also noticed for the first time that Fannie was in the room.

"Beautiful gull, I nearly caught you." And she began to laugh.

What was there in that laugh that revealed the horrible truth to me? The General drew me quickly out of the room.

"Yes," he said, answering the question my lips could not articulate. "*She is mad.*"

AN UNFINISHED TALE.

BY E. MACG. LAWSON.

Not one of us had yawned yet, none of us seemed to be at all sleepy though it was just midnight. What had been a huge bonfire of stumps, but which now was a glowing mass of embers, formed the centre of our little circle. We did not care to look into the awfully intense darkness behind us. Not a star, not a cloud, no sky and a terrible stillness. Strange that none of us had suggested returning to camp. Other nights a dozen such propositions had been made before twelve o'clock. And it was not pleasant either, for I think we all were feeling depressed. A party of campers—pleasure seekers—with numberless black bottles and loads of good tobacco, lying about a bone-fire at midnight, feeling depressed! Nonsense. And yet it was so. And there we sat, smoking silently and gazing across the fire into each other's eager faces—eager, I know not why. The silence was very impressive. The lake a few yards from us gave forth no sound. There was not a breath of wind. "Why don't you talk, Ned" said Bolton in a soft voice as though he feared waking some one. "For the same reason that you do not." And we said no more but

continued smoking in silence. Suddenly we all started to our feet.

Out of the darkness, that awful still darkness, a man stepped into our midst—what was once a man rather. As I jumped to my feet I had accidentally stirred the fire, and a little flame darted upwards as if to give us a better view of the intruder. His face, although traces of refinement still remained in some of the features, was shrunken and distorted, apparently the result of some terrible mental suffering. His locks were snowy white, and his eyes—I think no such eyes were ever before seen in human sockets. Terror flashed from them. Agony smouldered in their depths. I shuddered as I met his gaze. He was bent as if with age, and his whole appearance was so utterly incongruous with the instinctive feeling I had that he was a young man, that I was at once shocked and mystified. We surveyed him in perplexed silence.

"In heaven's name, gentlemen," he said, abruptly, "let me linger among you awhile to dispel the terrors that beset me in darkness alone." He peered for a moment into the night behind him, then

seated himself between me and the fire.

"A madman," I whispered to Bolton.

We were all silent again, with our eyes fixed on our strange visitor. His eyes were fixed on the fire. After a while Bolton reached for a bottle and poured out a glass of wine and timorously handed it to him. He drank eagerly.

"You are very kind," he said.

"You seem to be in trouble," I ventured.

Just then a night-hawk screamed high overhead. The man started and became deathly pale.

He was calm again. "Trouble!" he said, bitterly, "I have such a trouble that no human power can cure. Every sound fills me with dread and the stillness terrifies me. I shun the daylight and fear the darkness. My mind is unhinged and my body a wreck. There is nothing left me but death, and I fear even its unknown terrors. Alas! where shall I fly; where escape this awful torture?" He placed his hands to the sides of his head and rocked to and fro as one in agony. Suddenly he sat up and gazed into the fire again. "You shall hear," he exclaimed, "you shall hear how hardly fate has dealt with me. You will understand and pity my sad condition. I have had a terrible experience—an experience that was never intended for any human being." Bolton passed him another glass, and he drank it at a draught.

"Let me tell you all." He made a long pause, then, "fifteen years ago," he said, "my father suddenly left Edinburgh and came to America. He gave no definite reason for so doing. But I had noticed that he had been troubled with some secret, gnawing trouble, for over a year before we left. One day he called me to him and said, "Duncan, I am going to renounce my claim to the

Mac—estates," (I withhold our name) "and start over again in America. I am the direct heir, and yet, for a reason that I trust you shall never know, I am going away to leave it all behind forever. God forgive me if I do you any wrong in this, but now it is imperative we go." In three days we started for America. You must understand that my father had not long returned from India, where he had been for several years. He had left me in charge of a good tutor and I spent most of my time away in the highlands. So I had been very seldom at the Hall. Once when I was about nine years old, I was there for a few days. I remember distinctly every little detail connected with that visit, for it was then that I received the first faint impression that a sword heavier and sharper than that of Democles was suspended over our heads. It was a faint impression then, and being young I forgot it. I had heard two of the grooms talking together. I had heard my father's name mentioned and with boyish curiosity I listened. They talked of some horrible monstrosity that had been born into our family two generations ago. They said that this monster had been the heir to the Mac—estates: that it was so utterly inhuman and monstrous that the family were ashamed to give notice of its birth. That this monster had been shut up in a blind room where the window was high above the floor, and further, they said, that this terrible thing with outrageous proportions, hideously enlarged, *was still alive in that room*. I told father. He laughed at me and told me not to talk any more about such nonsense. But I afterwards noticed that it was from that day that his troubles began. And a year later we were in America. Here my father's health began to fail him. I saw him grow old before my eyes, in a few years. He ap-

peared to be haunted by some dreadful secret. However, he lived for twelve years; then one day I was summoned to his bedside. "Duncan," he said, "I am dying. Yet I have been spared to give you warning. Duncan, my son, you are young, you have done well at college: you have a promising future before you. If you do not wish your future life blighted, do not seek your inheritance in Scotland. They will send for you. Do not go." And my father cast on me a look of terror that I can never forget. Then in a piteous wail—"O my son, my son, you are lost," he cried. His gaze seemed to penetrate into the innermost recesses of my thoughts, and thus, with this prophecy on his lips, my father died.

Without a cent to commence on, I hung out my shingle and endeavored to work up a practice, for I had just completed my medical course at Toronto University. But it was slow work, and I could not earn enough to keep me out of debt. At the end of the year I found myself in desperate circumstances "What a fool I am," I would say, "to remain here and starve when I have just to cross the ocean and take charge of a castle and live in peace." But invariably coupled with this thought came the thought of that terrified look of my dying father, and his awful prophecy: "O my son, my son, you are lost!"

One day I was sitting in my ill-furnished surgery debating this question in my mind. "After all," I said, "perhaps father's mind was unhinged." The door bell rang and the postman handed me a letter. It was from Edinburgh, and bore the family seal. It was a long, formal letter, telling me that the possessor of the Mac— estates had suddenly died, and as I was the heir, it would be to my advantage to hasten to Edinburgh to be duly installed. It was a trying moment

for me. I closed my ears to the pursuing sound of my father's voice, and I turned away from those terrified eyes that haunted me. In a week I was on the ocean sailing for Glasgow. In the cry of the sea gull I recognized the wail that burst from the lips of my dying father, "O my son, my son, you are lost!" In the dark water I seemed to see what I saw in the depths of father's dying eyes. Many times I woke up trembling with fear at the sound of the wind, and in the stern commands of the captain I heard my dead father's reproachful voice.

I did not stop a day in Glasgow, but hastened to Edinburgh. The family of my father's youngest sister was living at the Hall, and I was kindly welcomed back. Too kindly, I thought. It seemed to me that I detected a look of pity in their faces as they shook hands with me, and the more I saw of them the more evident it became. They seemed to like me. Why should they pity me? Not one of them had congratulated me on my good fortune. It was irritating. There was an air of gloom about the place that depressed me. I had been at the Hall three weeks when one day I came across one of the two grooms, who fourteen years ago had made such an impression on me. His name was written indelibly on my memory.

"Mr. Fraser," I said, "fourteen years ago I heard you talking about some horrible thing that came into our family a couple of generations ago, and—" The old man became livid.

"Who d'ye ken that? For ony sake dinna speer 'bout that!"

I was determined to learn the truth. I seized him by the throat and threatened to choke him if he did not tell all he knew.

"Maister," he said, "yon that ye ken is truth."

I released him. I decided to investigate the matter secretly. Without arousing suspicion I examined every room in the castle. I found nothing of what I was in search. Then I remembered the blind room whose only opening was on the outside. How should I find it. I thought of a scheme. I caused it to be announced that a ball would be held in the castle in two weeks. My idea was to have a light at every window available from within. Then I should go out and discover the window from which came no light. That should be the blind chamber. The excuse for the ball was the desire I had to make myself known to my relatives and our family's friends. The time passed slowly, but at length I found myself in the midst of a gay throng, and the ball was at its best. Everything had been arranged as I desired. Just at the close of a dance the butler announced that a gentleman awaited me below. I had arranged it thus. I excused myself and went down. I seized a cap and went out into the court.

The castle presented a beautiful spectacle. "It is all mine" I said. No wonder I was eager to clear up the mystery that marred it.

The speaker paused and began to tremble. Then controlling himself he continued: "I examined the windows. They were all ablaze. Now my heart stood still. Along by the corner of the left wing I saw a window that had the appearance of an empty eye socket. There was in it no light."

Again he stopped and looked about in terror; his hands trembling.

"I had anticipated the necessity of a ladder and had placed one at a convenient distance. I placed this to the dark window and ascended. At the first step I felt a chill shudder shake my frame. Would to heaven I had then turned and fled. I ascended I was trembling with fear, yet I was resolved to see this affair through to the bitter end. Having reached the window I drew a stout cord from my pocket and made it fast to the sill. Then I lit a little dark lantern that I had brought, and quaking with an indescribable fear, yet inspired with an unusual determination, I seized the rope and descended into that awful darkness.

"O heavens!"

He sprang to his feet and shrank backwards from some imaginary horror before him. He placed his hands to his head, and with eyes protruding with terror, "O father," he cried, "I am lost! I am lost!" and he fell backward a corpse.

It was a dreadful shock to us, and we stood petrified with fear.

"Well," said Bolton at last, pale as the corpse at his feet.

"We cannot tell this story to the authorities." I said: "They will not believe it."

"No," said Bolton, "let us return to camp."

"But the body."

So we brought down a camp-bed and lifted the body upon it, and we sat up all night smoking. In the morning we wired the authorities. The only information they found on the dead man's clothing was a letterhead of the Steamship Pomeranian, showing that he had just arrived from Glasgow.