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Story of Chateaugay.

It is always satisfactory that the party most interested should be enabled to tell his own story, and by a fortunate occurrence this source of satisfaction has been supplied. The Redacteur of the *Courrier d'Ottawa*, Dr. L. E. Dorion, has reproduced most opportunely the narrative of a "Témoins oculaire," dated 3rd November, 1813. This narrative appears to have been published in some of the journals of the day. If a guess may be hazarded as to the authorship, it might be, perhaps not unjustly, ascribed to the late Commander Jacques Viger, of Montreal. Ample in detail and minute in circumstance, it gives, with all the proverbial ease of the French *raconteur*, incidents which correspond in the main with the relations of more pretentious writers. The following account of the Battle of Chateaugay will be little more than the story told by the "Témoins oculaire" done into English. The original will be found in the appendix:

The American army at the Four Corners, under Hampton, after having for some time attracted the attention of our troops, on the 21st October moved direct on our frontier. That same afternoon about 4 p.m. his advanced guard drove in our advanced videttes. They were thrown out to a place called "Piper Road," about ten miles from the church at Chateaugay. Major Henry, of the Beauharnois militia, in command at the English River, notified Major-General de Watteville, who ordered up at once the two companies of the Fifth Incorporated Militia, commanded by Captains Levesque and Debartzch, and about two hundred men of the Militia of Beauharnois. This force advanced about two leagues until, at nightfall, it halted at the extremity of a thick wood into which it would at that moment have been imprudent to penetrate. At daybreak they were joined by Colonel de Salaberry with his Voltigeurs and Captain Fergusson's Light Company of the Canadian Fencibles. Thus composed, de Salaberry pushed on, along the left bank of the river, about a league, and there encountered the enemy. He instantly halted his force. He had some weeks before carefully reconnoitred this very ground, and knew that the whole course of the river presented no better position. The forest was intersected by ravines which drained a swamp on his right, and fell into the river which covered his left. Upon four of these ravines, which were like so many moats, *fossés*, in his front, he threw up breastworks. The three first lines were distant perhaps 200 yards from each other. The fourth was half a mile in the rear, and commanded a ford, by which an assailant coming from the right bank of the Chateaugay might have got into his rear. It was most important to guarantee this, the weak point of the position. Upon each of these lines of defence a parapet of logs was constructed, which extended into the tangled swamp on the right; but the front line of all, following the sinuosities of the ravine in front, formed an obtuse angle to the right of the road, and of the whole position. This whole day—the 22nd—was employed vigorously in strengthening these works, which in strength, natural and artificial, could not be surpassed. They had also the advantage of compelling the assailant to

advance to the attack through a wilderness, remote from his supplies, while our troops had all they required, and were close upon their supports in the rear. The right bank of the river was covered by a thick forest. In the rear, at the ford, care was taken to post about sixty men of the Beauharnois militia.

Nor did the Colonel limit his precautions to the works above spoken of. To secure himself to the utmost, he detached a party of thirty axe-men of the division of Beauharnois to destroy every bridge within a league and a half

ascribed the choice of the ground and the dispositions made. On the 22nd, Major-General de Watteville visited the outposts and approved entirely of the precautions taken, but the labour of strengthening the position continued without intermission up to the 25th October.

When at about 10 a.m. the American skirmishers opened on the *abattis*, Lieutenant Guy, of the Voltigeurs, who was in front with about twenty of his men, fell back, and was supported by Lieutenant Johnson, of the same regiment, in charge of the picket which protected the fatigue party. After a sharp exchange of musketry, the labourers retired within,—the covering party to the front of the *abattis*.

At this moment de Salaberry, who had heard the first firing, rode up from the front line of defences. He brought with him three companies of the Canadian Fencibles under Fergusson, which deployed at once on the right rear of the *abattis*. The company of Captain J. B. Duchesnay was extended on the left, while the company of Captain Juchereau Duchesnay occupied, *en potence*, a position on the left rear among the trees on the bank of the river, so as to take the enemy in flank if they attempted to carry the ford in the rear held by the Beauharnois militia.

It should be observed here that in this part of its course, and between the *abattis* and the ford, the river made a curve or bow so abrupt that at the re-entering elbow of the curve, the fire of the defenders flanked the ford in support of the fire in front.

Then de Salaberry, who had already twice during this campaign tested the American metal—who had longed for another trial—saw his opportunity, and profited by it. He was in the centre of the line—the companies of Fergusson, L'Ecuyer and deBartzch on his right. In the swamp and wood lay Captain Lamothe and a corps of Indians; on the left and left rear the companies of the two Duchesnay's. The place of these troops taken from the first and second lines of defence was supplied from the third and fourth by the Canadian Fencible regiment, under Colonel Macdonell, of Ogdensburg fame.

While these arrangements were being made with precision and rapidity, the enemy debouched from the wood into a large open space in front of the *abattis*. On the left bank of the River Hampton had the supreme command; under him served General Izzard, at the head of the 10th, the 31st and other regiments, amounting to 8,000—or 3,500 men with three squadrons of cavalry and four guns—and yet the artillery was not brought into action. About 2,500 men were thrown on the right bank of the river under Colonel Purdy to force its way through the bush, and take the Canadian force in reserve at the ford below.

The enemy debouched on the plain in front of de Salaberry in column, and advanced in this formation close to the *abattis*, exposing the head of his narrow line to a fire in front, and his flank to the Indians and tirailleurs in the bush and swamp. This was his moment. An American officer had ridden forward, and had attempted to harangue the troops in French. Salaberry seized a rifle, fired, and the orator fell. At the same moment his bugler sounded



LIEUT.-COL. CHARLES DE SALABERRY.
The Hero of Chateaugay, 26th October, 1813.

of his front. And about a mile ahead of the front line of defence above described, he threw down a formidable *abattis* of trees, with the branches extending outwards, and reaching from the bank of the river on his left, three or four across the front to a *savanne* or swamp on the right, which was almost impassable. Thus the four inner lines were effectually covered, and the American artillery, known to number at least ten guns, was rendered useless. They could not be brought into action.

To these admirable arrangements, as much as to the heroism of his men, must be ascribed the brilliant results which ensued, and to the gallant de Salaberry alone must be

the order to fire, and a blaze of musketry burst from the *abattis* and the swamp. The column halted, paused for a moment, made a turn to the left, formed line and opened a vigorous fusillade—but the fire of the left was, by this movement, thrown into the wood, where it had but little effect. Not so with the fire of the right, which compelled our pickets to retire within the *abattis*. The enemy mistook this falling back for a flight, and raised a great shout, which we returned with interest, and it was all they got from us, for they never had possession of one inch of the *abattis*. While the cheers on the one side were re-echoed by cheers on the other, taken up by the troops in our rear, suddenly Salaberry ordered all our bugles to sound, to augment in imagination the strength of our force. The *ruse* had this effect. We learnt from prisoners afterwards that they had estimated our force at 6,000 or 7,000 men. But for all the shouting and bugling, the musketry fire never ceased. It was so hot and uninterrupted that the enemy never attempted to carry the *abattis*. After a time their fire slackened, and they appeared to await other events—they looked to the other side of the river.

Here the bugle indicated an advance, and Colonel Macdonnell, eager to add to the laurels he had won at Ogdensburg, moved rapidly in the direction of the fire with two companies from the first and second line of retrinchments under Captain Levesque. The Beauharnois militia, defending the ford, had been attacked by Purdy in superior force, and had been compelled to retire. Macdonnell ordered Captain Daly with his company of the 5th Incorporated to cross the ford in their support.

At this moment de Salaberry, perceiving the fire in his front to relax, and the shouts of combatants and the fire of musketry to increase on his left flank and rear, saw, at once, that a diversion was about to be operated at the ford, and betook himself to his left, where the company of Juchereau Duchesny was drawn up *en potence*, and came down to the river just as Daly crossed the stream. From a stump he watched the advance of the enemy with a field glass, exposed the while to a heavy fire, and gave words of encouragement to Captain Daly as he waded through the water. This gallant officer got his men into order and most bravely thrust the enemy home. They fell back, rallied and reformed, and opened a well-sustained fire. Daly was over-matched. He and his brave Canadians slowly fell back. He had been wounded in the advance, and while retiring, while encouraging his men by word and example, he was wounded a second time and fell. Captain Bruyere, of the Milice de Beauharnois, was also wounded at the same time. Their men, unequal in numbers, were compelled to recede, slowly, and with face to the foe, under the command of the gallant Lieutenant Schiller, and once more was heard the joyful shouts and jeers of the advancing enemy. But their exaltation was brief, for rushing forward, unobservant of the company formed *en potence* on the other side of the river, they became suddenly exposed to a crushing fire in flank, which at short distance arrested their march and threw them into utter confusion. Vain was the attempt to rally—they broke and scrambled back into the bush. There it is believed that advancing parties fired upon their retiring comrades, mistaking them for enemies. On the other hand, Hampton, learning that his stratagem had failed, and that the attack on the ford, on which he had so much relied, had resulted so disastrously, drew off his left attack, which for an hour had been inactive, though incessantly persecuted by our skirmishers from the *abattis*. The Canadian troops remained in position, and slept that night on the ground on which they had fought.

In the morning, being reinforced by the company of Voltigeurs under Captain de Rouville and the Grenadiers of Captain Levesque, of the 5th Incorporated, and sixty of the Beauharnois Division, de Salaberry confided to Colonel Macdonnell the defence of the *abattis* against any renewed attack, and pushed forward cautiously—incredulous of Hampton's retreat. About twenty prisoners were taken, and the line of flight was indicated by muskets, knapsacks, drums and provisions strewn in the way. Forty dead bodies were interred by our people, many graves were found, and notably, those of two officers of distinction, buried by their own men. The wounded were carried off, but we knew afterwards that the enemy estimated their own loss *hors de combat* at upwards of one hundred.

This brilliant achievement cost the Canadian force two killed sixteen wounded. Among the officers most prominent on this occasion—and all did their duty nobly—were Captains Fergusson, de Bartzch and Levesque, of the 5th; Captain L'Ecuyer, of the Voltigeurs; the two Duchesnays, of the Voltigeurs, who both distinguished themselves by their *sang froid* and precision in the execution of difficult manœuvres. To these must be added the gallant Captain Daly, of the Canadian Fencibles, and Bruyère, of the Chateauguay Chasseurs, both of whom were wounded. Captain Lamothe made the most of his handful of savages, Lieutenants Pinguet, of the Light Infantry; Guy, Johnson, Powell and Hebben, of the Voltigeurs; Schiller, of Daly's company—all displayed intelligence and vigour. Captains Longtin and Huneau, of the Milice de Beauharnois, gave to their men an honourable example. Of the former it is related that, on the commencement of the action, he knelt down at the head of his company and offered up a brief and earnest prayer. "And now, *mes enfans*," said he, rising, "having done our duty to God, we will do the same by our King." Here spoke out that olden spirit of chivalrous devotion which the history of a thousand years has made the heritage of the Canadian people.

Nor should we pass over in silence the names of the

simples soldats.—Vincent, Pelletier, Vervais, Dubois and Caron—all of the Voltigeurs, who swam the river and cut off the retreat of the prisoners who were taken.

It will be seen at once that the whole brunt of the action fell upon the advanced corps under the command of Colonel de Salaberry. This force barely numbered 300 combatants. The battle was fought in front of the first line of entrenchments, at the *abattis*, and at the ford in the rear. On this part of the field de Salaberry commanded alone, and to him alone is to be ascribed the glory of the victory.—*Coffin's* "1812."

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We to-day commence a series of illustrated articles on the early history of this country. The few remaining mementos of the pioneers of France and England in Canada are rapidly falling into utter ruin, and it is the duty of all who value the past to cherish its traditions and associations, and to as great a degree as possible embody them in the permanent literature of the land. As war in some form or another stands prominently out from almost every page of our early history we propose dealing first with the old forts—both French and English—of which any ruins or buildings remain. On another page may be read a description of the old fort near St. Annes, illustrated with a series of sketches. Both letter-press and sketches are from the pen of that most zealous antiquarian, Mr. R. C. Lyman.

Ontario has been celebrating the Battle of Queenston Heights. Surely Quebec has a right to remember the victory of Chateauguay, the anniversary of which occurs this week. "The French population of Lower Canada, writes Colonel Coffin, "are very proud of the victory of Chateauguay, and with just reason. The British population of the Upper Province had achieved a like success over the common enemy at Queenston Heights. It was gratifying to the natural pride of a great national origin, that the fortune of war should have thus equitably distributed her honourable distinctions. They had, moreover, a stronger motive, both for resentment and exultation. The American Government and democratic press, with unexampled effrontery, had cast upon a race '*sans peur et sans reproche*,' the dishonouring imputation of an easy political virtue. They had been charged with a readiness to violate plighted honour, and with disaffection to the British Crown. Truthful and generous in all relations, whether of peace or war, they resented this indignity, as a stain felt more keenly than a wound, and they gave the '*Bostonians*' their answer on the field of Chateauguay."

Is it possible that after all we Canadians are an inferior race and that our neighbours can teach us everything—those of us who are capable of being taught? What is the essential difference between an "American" and a Canadian? Has the latter a less vigorous frame, less propelling and staying power, less of that quick-wittedness which makes the most of things, which can always turn the environment to account and adapt it fruitfully to

one's own needs? Is it true that Americans (we use the word under protest), coming into a Canadian community, can, at a glance, detect natural advantages which we, the lords of the soil, had been apathetically contemplating for years without the slightest notion that there were any such advantages in our neighbourhood, and that, thereupon, in the presence of their stupid admirers, they will set to work and build up industries and make fortunes, in the first place for themselves, and, in the second, for those who enter into their spirit and coöperate with them? Is it true that our mines of all kinds—gold, copper, phosphates, coal—have been largely worked by these shrewd aliens, but for whom, in many cases, they might have remained for scores of years longer like the buried talent of the Parable? Is it true that our lumber resources, our unequalled wealth of water power, our natural entrepôts of industry, have, to the extent that they have been utilized, owed their exploitation largely, if not mainly, to American suggestion, capital and enterprise? Is it true, as we are often reminded, that no literary, scientific or artistic periodical can flourish in Canada, that books published in Canada have no sale, that a Canadian writer to have his work read must seek a foreign publisher, and that our intellectual movement is in the dead-alive state of a people without inspiration, without faith in themselves, and too senseless or obstinate to take example by others who have more initiative? If the answers to these questions must be in the affirmative, all the Queenston celebrations in the world will not rouse us out of the slough of despond. Nay, what kind of parents, it may be asked, have the children who, at this late date, have to be reminded of their country's glories?

The trumpet-call of Principal Grant, heard first by the Toronto National Club, cannot fail to stir the patriotism of every Canadian worthy of the name. But we are too apt to let such brave words have a mere sentimental reverberation, instead of taking their lesson to heart and girding up our loins in earnest to work out our destinies. As soon, moreover, as the echo dies away, we are so prone to be overawed once more by the vaunting of our bigger neighbour and to humble ourselves in the dust before him. We are ashamed to be called annexationists, yet we speak and act as if the world's history afforded no precedent of a smaller nation maintaining its independence side by side with a larger. What we need is firmness and self-respect. We should deem it an insult to be asked to forswear our allegiance. As for the taunts of inferiority, we must accept them as wholesome incentives to renewed exertion. It is no disgrace to be taught by an enemy or an alien. The greatest of ancient peoples understood and practised that principle long ago. It was when they ceased to practise it that their decline began. Our schoolmasters are the past and present of the two hemispheres, but it is on ourselves that our future, in the last resort, must depend.

What we really want is not so much to look backwards as to look forwards. Our neighbours spend a good deal of their time in a sort of idolatrous retrospect. They are very proud of the founders of their Republic. The Father of his Country, especially, they are never weary of exalting in hymns and speeches. Those who carefully study the time, are surprised to discover that the first President was by no means a popular man. Distance (in time as in space) lends enchantment to the view, and even those who despise it are deceived and misled by spread-eagleism. For our own part, we had better eschew it. Deeds, not words, should be our motto. We waste too much time in controversy. In one week we commemorated the repulse of Phips from Quebec and Brock's victory. That is a little absurd and gives outsiders the impression of a house divided against itself. We must beware of Provincialism, which, if not the enemy, is certainly no friend of ours. Akin to it are the absurd jealousies of our cities, which do not always even inspire (the only profit there is in any rivalry) more strenuous endeavours after excellence. How can we present an effective

front to foreign aggression if we waste our energies in intestine squabbles? Differences of political opinion, of course, there must be, but on one point—the advancement of Canada (that is of the Canadian people as a whole), whether our fate is to develop into a nation like Saxony, or a nation like Switzerland or Holland, there should be no holding back.

The presence in Canada of the Comte de Paris has been made the theme of a good deal of discussion. We have stood honestly apart from the grandson of Louis Philippe, King of the French, since he condescended to use the Boulangist agitation to overthrow the Republic. We would have condemned such a course even if it had proved triumphant. In General Boulanger we never believed for a moment. An officer who sets the example of insubordination is not a person to admire. A statesman who uses his official position to make gain for himself and his clique deserves the most emphatic reprobation. A man who treats his benefactor with base ingratitude, and even goes the length of denying that he is indebted to him in the face of documentary evidence of former subservience, is not a person to be trusted. The Comte de Chambord was a man born out of due time. He was far too pious for the 19th century, and it would have been disastrous to France and to the cause of progress had his restoration been accomplished. But it is to his eternal honour that he rejected any compromise—even a compromise that the Church accepted long since—which he deemed derogatory to his line and to himself. He died, and, after some natural hesitations, the Legitimists accepted the heir of the younger and hitherto rival branch of Bourbon-Orleans as his successor and the Comte de Paris became the acknowledged chief of both sections. The Republic, apprehensively intolerant, banished him from France, and, instead of showing by his demeanour that, the humiliation was unmerited and uncalled for, he at once proceeded to act and speak and write in a manner which tended to justify the government's policy. *Facilis de scensus Averni.* Boulangist intrigue proved a temptation, against the lures of which the prudent and generous Duc d'Aumale warned his nephew in vain. And now the slur of a foiled conspiracy attaches to French Royalism.

But to us the Comte de Paris is not a political leader. With his public career we have nothing to do. He is the descendent and representative of the kings by whose ministers and agents the foundations of New France were laid. His ancestors, Henry IV. and Louis XIII., were intimately associated with the initiation and first upward strivings of the little colony which has become the Dominion of Canada. There is historical fitness, as well as courtesy, in receiving him as a prince of the line of whose kings Canada bears the memories and under whom our oldest cities—including our own Montreal—were born in the wilderness. To allow the Comte de Paris to come and go without some recognition would be simply stultifying ourselves. If the Comte has had short-sighted counsellors and has made mistakes of policy, that is his misfortune, but does not concern us. Personally, his character is above reproach. He has a reputation as a soldier and a man of letters, and is one of the most noteworthy Frenchmen of our day. He is drawn to Canada—a land in which his ancestors once bore sway—by sympathies of race, and the least we can do is to give him a cordial welcome.

During Sir John McNeill's stay in Montreal, a newspaper man gave him a shock by using the word "fake" in his presence. We have of late been becoming far too familiar with the thing which is much more shocking than the word. The fake is the child of a bad parent, and when it goes masquerading to and fro on the earth in the ancestral manner, one has to be constantly on one's guard. Canada has been a frequent victim, and some of the slanders aimed at her have been very cold-blooded. How far the papers across the line that publish the falsehoods are blameworthy,

we can only infer from the avidity with which they accept statements that are clearly concocted with malice prepense. The public taste that relishes such highly spiced fare must be abnormally unhealthy.

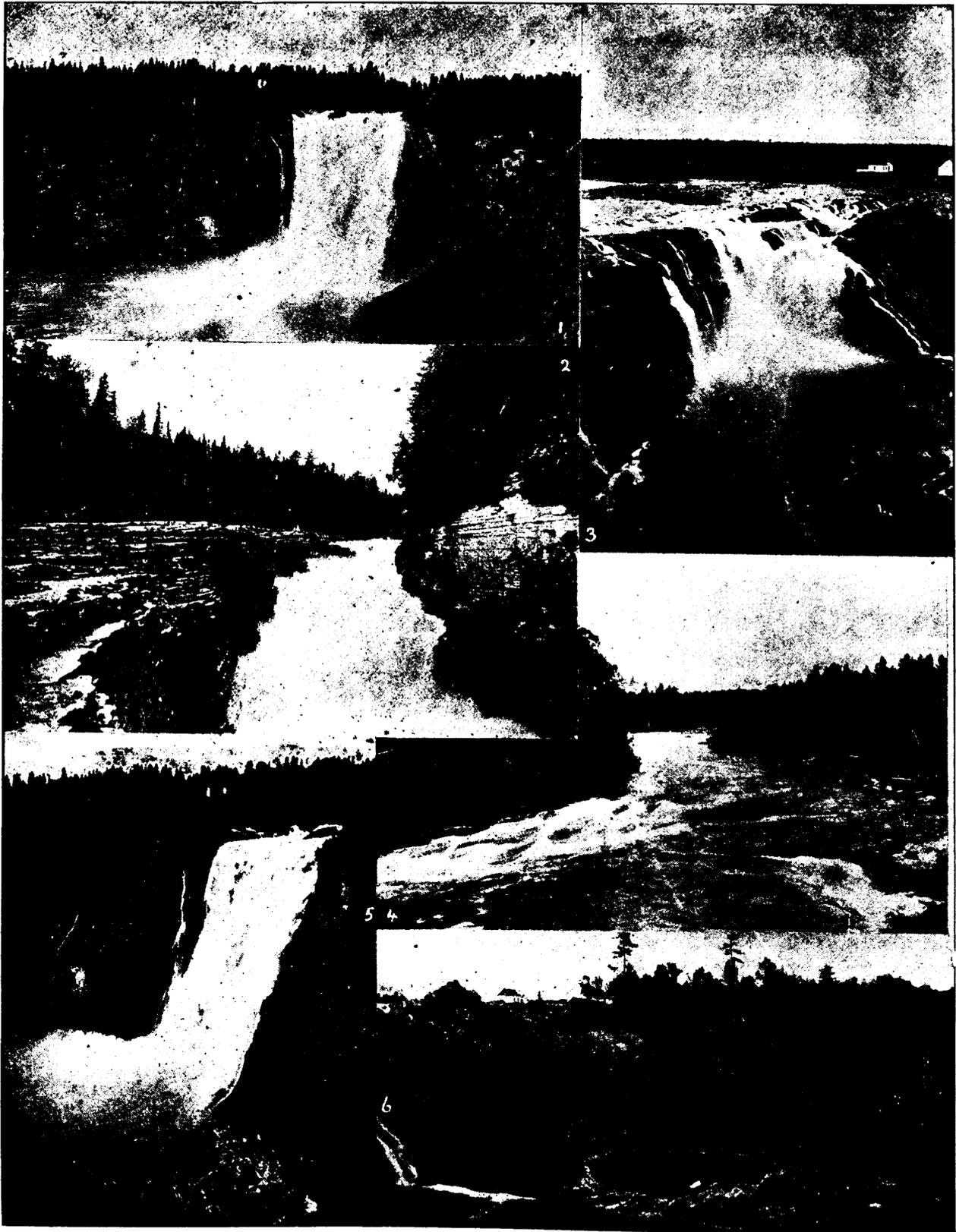
BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

A formula that we have been hearing repeated with deplorable frequency for some months past—that which the judge addresses to a convicted criminal before pronouncing sentence of death—suggests one of the most extraordinary chapters in the legal history of Great Britain. A virtually meaningless form of words to-day, it was once the mainstay of hope to a very large class of offenders. It is, in fact, a relic of one of the most anomalous outgrowths of mediæval practice, originating in the long conflict between Church and State, which reached its most critical stage at the time of the Reformation. To students of Blackstone, Hallam, Pike and other writers on law, its development will be familiar, but to the unread layman a brief outline of its curious evolution may not be altogether without interest. The author of "The History of Crime in England" states that, although the ecclesiastical was by express charter separated from the civil jurisdiction in the Conqueror's time, it had been usual long before his reign to exempt churchmen from what was deemed the indignity of pleading before the secular tribunals. William's regulations aimed at the discrimination of offences and the increase of the spiritual authority over priestly offenders. It was out of the marked distinction between the courts spiritual and the courts secular and the immunities thus accorded to those who had or were qualified to have a cure of souls that the strangest feature in English jurisprudence, subsequently known as Benefit of Clergy, had its rise. The extension of clerical power, after the Conquest (for the Norman Duke, who had made himself King of England, was naturally anxious to have the Church on his side) undoubtedly gave fresh strength to privileges which (though in a different shape) had existed under Saxon and Danish monarchs. "In this way an anomaly which had sprung up in the rudest times gained force enough to survive through ages of a very different complexion, and expired almost recently when everything was changed except itself." The privileges enjoyed by the Church were twofold. One was concerned with places and buildings consecrated to religious purposes. This is very ancient and is common to paganism and to Christianity. The right of sanctuary could not be violated, however heinous the crime of him who sought its shelter. The other related to sacred persons. "Touch not mine anointed and do my prophets no harm"—these words of the divine law in the days of King David and his successors were considered equally applicable to the priests of the Most High under the Christian dispensation. Taking this view, the authorities of the Church, as their influence increased, declined to accept as a favour from the State an exemption which, as they held, pertained to them *jure divino*. The usage under the Plantagenet and later kings was that, when a cleric was accused of crimes which might be punished with death, his bishop or ordinary at once demanded that he should be surrendered to himself. For a long time it was a controverted point whether the accused should be given up immediately on the charge being laid or at a later stage in the proceedings. It was finally decided, in the reign of the Sixth Henry, that the prisoner should be first compelled to appear before a civil judge, and that he should have the option of promptly declining to be so tried or of awaiting the result of the trial, when, if it went against him, he could plead his privilege. The latter mode was the more general, as it gave the chance of a possible acquittal, in which case the plea of clergy was not necessary.

For a long time the only persons who could avail themselves of the *privilegium clericale* were those who had the tonsure and habit of priests. But, as it was not difficult to have one's head shaved or to procure the loan of a clerical garb,

another test, which could only have been thought of in an age of ignorance, was adopted—that of ascertaining whether the culprit could read. After this change came into force the benefit of clergy was claimed more and more by others than clerics. After the invention of printing there were in a few generations as many laymen as priests who could stand the imposed test. In the reign of Henry VII. it was found necessary, therefore, to still further modify the law—a distinction being made between literates who were clerics and those who were of the laity. It is curiously characteristic of the obstinacy with which the English people—the enlightened classes as well as the populace—adhere to tradition and ancestral usage, that a rule which the advance of knowledge had rendered absolutely nugatory, was still retained and applied with absurd persistence. As modified, the law ordered laymen who had succeeded in undergoing the now easy test of reading and thus asserting their right to the benefit of clergy to be condemned to some slight punishment, and to be prohibited from claiming the privilege more than once. In order to keep track of such as had thus escaped the penalty properly due to their crimes, such laymen were marked with a hot iron on the thumb of the left hand. This law, abolished in the later years of Henry VIII., was virtually re-enacted under his son and successor, Edward VI. This last statute gave the privilege to peers of Parliament, even though they could not read, but only for the first offence. Peers were also exempted from the branding which other laymen had to undergo. In all these cases, the persons condemned by the civil courts, who had claimed the privilege of the law, were handed over to the episcopal courts, where, being re-tried in a peculiar fashion (no regard being had to what had already taken place in the king's courts) they were generally acquitted. Being thus purged, the ex-culprit recovered all his civil rights—honour, liberty, lands, and went forth (though previously proved guilty) an innocent man. The scandals thence resulting led to another change in the law early in the reign of Elizabeth, by which the civil power retained the disposal of the delinquent in its own hands. The degradation of conviction was thus made ineffaceable by compurgation and the sentence of the civil court could no longer be haughtily ignored. With the exception of a clause which virtually admitted women (hitherto without the pale of mercy) to the privilege for certain offences, no change took place for nearly a century. Under the reign of William and Mary the brand was transferred from the thumb to the cheek (close to the nose) but, the indelible disgrace driving the unfortunates thus marked to despair, a more compassionate generation restored the old usage.

Pike mentions the *privilegium clericale* as one of the causes of that estrangement between clergy and laity which prepared the public mind for the great breach with the Church of Rome. The manifest injustice of dealing leniently with persons convicted of crime because they had enjoyed educational advantages, was equally a source of alienation between class and class in the later stages of this strange law. Therefore, in order to make its operation impartial, it was enacted in the fifth year of Queen Anne's reign that benefit of clergy should be granted to all criminals convicted of any of the specified offences, whether they could read or not. The subsequent alterations of the law it is needless to recapitulate. It lingered on in one shape or another till the seventh year of George IV. (1827) when the last traces of it disappeared from the statute book. In consulting old trials one frequently meets with the addition—"without benefit of clergy" to the verdict on peculiarly atrocious crimes. At first sight one might fancy that judge or jury assumed the power of condemnation for the next world as well as this, but such is not the case. It simply meant, what the judge often appends to his pronouncement in our own time, that the condemned person need not look for any commutation of his sentence. When the modern judge asks the convicted man if he has any thing to say why sentence should not be passed on him, he is using a formula applicable to conditions which no longer exist.



1 and 5 Falls of Montmorenci.
 2. The Natural Steps.
 3. Falls on the Chaudière.
 4. Rapids above Montmorenci.
 6. Pool near Chaudière Falls.

SCENES IN VICINITY OF QUEBEC. (Photos. taken by G. R. Lighthall, Esq., N. P.)



"Give dat money to me"

No 1 wort

De bar hes play "Peek a boo"



Act 2. — "your a Cuckoo. your a Hayseed."



Act 3. The Song "Old home down on the farm"

SCENES FROM "THE CANUCK" AS PLAYED AT ACADEMY OF MUSIC, MONTREAL, OCTOBER, 13th to 18th.

(By our special artist.)

OUR ENGRAVINGS

GERALD E. HART, ESQ., EX-PRESIDENT SOCIETY FOR HISTORICAL STUDIES, AUTHOR OF "THE FALL OF NEW FRANCE," ETC.—We have pleasure in presenting our readers with a portrait of Mr. Gerald E. Hart, of Montreal, author of "The Fall of New France." Coming of old English-Canadian stock (his ancestors being among the earliest settlers in Canada under the English flag), Mr. Hart has naturally taken special interest in the history of his native land. He was born in the city of Montreal, March 26, 1849. His father, Adolphus M. Hart, was a well-known member of the legal profession. His paternal grandfather, Aaron Hart, was a commissariat officer on the staff of General Amherst, at the time of the conquest of Canada by the English in 1760, finally settling at Three Rivers, and becoming a large landed proprietor in that vicinity. Mr. Hart obtained his earliest schooling in Montreal. The family removed to the United States, he received further tuition at the excellent public schools of New York. Returning to Canada, he finished his education at Lawlor's English Academy at Three Rivers, sitting at the same desk with George T. Lanigan, the poet and humorous writer, subsequently chief editor of the *New York World* until his untimely death. Having been actively engaged in business since leaving school, Mr. Hart has not had much leisure to devote to literature; nevertheless he has written and studied to some purpose. The most of his leisure time, however, has been devoted to society work, especially that of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal, of which he was secretary for many years; later its vice-president, and was at length elected an honorary life member. This society is, to-day, in a very flourishing state, and next to the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, is the oldest society in the country. In 1877, under the auspices and with the hearty co-operation of a few other members, Mr. Hart originated and successfully carried through a Caxton Exhibition—the only one of the kind ever held in Canada—devoted to old and rare books, early Canadian imprints, etc. He has delivered several public lectures before the Montreal Society of Historical Studies (of which he is a past president), notably one upon Bibliography, with exhibits of rare volumes from his own library, including the second and fourth folio Shakspeare; quarto Shaksperes; first, second, third and fourth editions of Milton; first (Kilmarnock), second, third and fourth editions of Burns; MS. books before the art of printing; missals; books printed by Schaeffer, one of the inventors of the art, etc., also books bound by some of the most celebrated binders of this and past ages. This lecture was much appreciated and has greatly stimulated the taste for rare and fine books in Montreal. Among the Canadian books he produced most of the original authorities, such as Ramusio, Thevet, Lescarbot, Sagard, Champlain, Denys, Creuxius, Boucher, Relations des Jésuites, Lettres de Marie Mère de l'Incarnation, etc. Mr. Hart had (until its sale at Boston in April last) the finest library in Canada of original Canadian works prior to 1820, even surpassing the collection in the Government Library at Ottawa, and having few superiors among the libraries of the United States. Mr. Hart has read papers of value on the Geographical Names of Canada, the Canadian Rebellion of 1837, etc. The work, however, which has given him a national reputation is his "Fall of New France," published in 1888, which has been favourably noticed in various literary and historical journals on both sides of the Atlantic. The book itself is an excellent specimen of book-making—a credit to author and publisher alike—and the attention it has attracted abroad has proved of great benefit to Canada. All this literary work has been done in the midst of an active business life, Mr. Hart having for several years held the responsible position of general manager of the Citizens Insurance Company of Canada, and at present holds the same position in connection with the Phoenix Fire Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn.

SKETCHES FROM "THE CANUCK."—In this issue our artist gives some scenes from "The Canuck," a serio-comic domestic drama, which was played in the Academy of Music in this city before crowded audiences during the week ending on the 18th inst. It takes its name from the central character, a French-Canadian *habitant* of means, to whose home circle we are introduced. The interest turns mainly on that bane of American society, the divorce court, the resort to which cast a shadow on the moral and well-to-do farmer's household. But "all's well that ends well" and happiness ultimately succeeds anxiety and threatened disgrace. Mr. McKee Rankin took the chief rôle, a part which he has made his own by innate gifts, rare sympathy and careful training. The play, though faulty in some details, was, on the whole, a fine success, and the act-

ing of Mr. Rankin and his associates met with ample applause.

UNITED STATES TROOPS AT FORT NIAGARA, N.Y.—The scene in our engraving has been famous under three successive dispensations. The first structure erected on this spot was La Salle's palisaded storehouse, built in 1678, when the unfortunate explorer was supervising the construction of the Griffin—the first craft that, under the direction of civilized man, ever ventured forth on the bosom of Lake Erie. Later, La Salle's stockade being destroyed by Indians, the French raised a stronger one, and about the middle of last century a fort of stone was built here by the Marquis de la Jonquière. This fort was taken by Sir William Johnson in 1759 and remained in possession of the British until 1783, when it was ceded to the newly constituted Republic. In the war of 1812 it was retaken by the British and Canadian troops, who held it to the close of hostilities. Its white walls form a conspicuous spectacle from the Canadian side of the river. The uniforms of the figures in our engraving suggest memories of the struggles with which the eventful history of Fort Niagara is associated.

SCENES AROUND QUEBEC.—These scenes, familiar, we doubt not, to many of our readers, are supplementary to the copious list of views of points of interest in and around the Ancient Capital which we have already published.

VIEWS OF THE JACQUES CARTIER RIVER.—The view



GERALD E. HART, Esq.

in our engraving is in continuation of the series begun some time ago, and is a characteristic illustration of the natural beauties of the Jacques Cartier.

FORT GEORGE.—Of the forts on the Canadian side of the River Niagara, where it enters Lake Ontario, we, of course, hear nothing prior to the year 1791. In that year the town of Niagara-on-the-Lake was projected, and the lines of Fort George were laid down. The fort was constructed the following year to command the shipping and the harbour at the mouth of the river. The ruined remains of the old fort are easily accessible, and, notwithstanding the levelling and disintegrating processes to which they have been subjected by "decay's effacing finger," the outlines of the solid embankments of earth which constituted its principal strength are still distinctly visible and may be followed with the utmost ease by any one who wishes to study the form and structure of the old historic landmark. The ruins of Fort George lie a short distance up the river, a little way back from the bank and between it and the wide open common on which the Canadian volunteers are wont to encamp. Time has worn down the sharp edges of the earthworks, and has reduced the sharp outlines of the gateway, or main entrance, to a mere gap in the embankment. The only two of the old buildings still remaining, and one is in ruins, are, or rather were, brick structures covered with an arched brick roof, and probably used in former days as a subsidiary magazine or storehouse. Another stone building is still standing in the vicinity, and in a much better state of preservation, commonly spoken of as the magazine of the old French fort. This was a sort of outwork of Fort

George, consisting of lines of earthworks to the south side of the fort, but though the stone building is comparatively well preserved, the bastions and embankments have in places yielded to the influences of storm and time, and are hardly to be distinguished from the surrounding surface of the earth. Standing on the eastern bastion of Fort George and looking across the meadows, and the river which intervene between it and Fort Niagara, a Canadian can hardly avoid asking himself why it is that we have allowed these old historic forts, in and around which so many gallant deeds of daring were achieved by our heroic predecessors, "in the brave days of old," to go to ruin and decay, while there across the river the Stars and Stripes float proudly every day, and all day long, proclaiming to the world that our American cousins have set sufficient store by their old fort and the hallowed memories that cluster round its earthen ramparts to induce them to protect the embankments and the buildings they contained against the devastating encroachments of lime and exposure to the elements.

Chateauguay.—The Canadian Marathon.

Following the good example of Col. Denison and other loyal Canadians in Ontario in celebrating the anniversary of Queenston Heights, patriots of the Province of Quebec will recall that Sunday, October 26th, 1890, will be the seventy-seventh anniversary of the day of Chateauguay, the

Canadian Marathon—like the immortal Athenian fight in point of numbers—about 5,500 Americans and less than 300 Canadians actually engaged, but the Marathon in our history because it saved Canada against a similar disparity of odds. Had Hampton been victorious there was nothing to stop his advance on Montreal, ill-garrisoned and unprepared, and, with Montreal fallen, Canada would have had her back broken, her upper and lower forces cut off from each other.

The story of the war of 1812 is recalled by the situation of to-day. The best and most respected people throughout the United States having achieved what they fought for—in the years following 1783 as in the years following 1865, desired nothing better than to live in a neighbourly way with the Canadians and the British. But the Major McKinleys and General Porters of that day coveted the Naboth's vineyard across the St. Lawrence and thought that while England was maintaining, almost single-handed, the struggle against Napoleon, was a good time to jump upon her back and strip her of her possessions. President Madison shared or yielded to their opinions, not remembering how the Switzers met Charles the Bold, and Leopold of Austria, or foreseeing his own capital in flames.

The war was in vain. It was declared to abrogate the right of search and concluded without obtaining its abrogation. The best Americans protested against its declaration as they deprecate commercial hostilities now.

In 1813 General Wilkinson was commissioned to capture Montreal in the hope that its capture would lead to the fall of Canada, as had the capture of Quebec from the French in 1759.

He and General Hampton were concentrating on Montreal by different lines of march, when that autumn morning of October 25, 1813, the army of the latter tried to force the lines held by de Salaberry with his few hundred Voltigeurs and Sedentary Militia—the last defence between them and their prey—with such disastrous results.

The sequel is well known. Every true Canadian should have pictured in his heart the romantic figure of the knightly de Salaberry, almost by his single exertions defeating the overwhelming numbers of the alien; the touching spectacle of Captain Longtin and his handful of Beauharnois militia rising from their knees, fortified by prayer, and his memorable saying "that now they had fulfilled their duty to their God they would fulfil that to their King"; de Salaberry's self-depreciatory letter to his father, "I have won a victory on a wooden horse," and the bugling that routed an army. He and his men had actually won it barefoot.

As time goes on people may forget the individual exploits of his officers—of Daly, with but seventy men, hurling himself into the heart of the foe, of Fergusson and the Duchesnays, and of the faithful Indians; but in every loyal Canadian heart de Salaberry's bugles will go on sounding to the end of time, waking such echoes as they woke in the heart of the Canadian poet, Lighthall, delivering the inaugural lecture before the Society of Chateauguay, when he concluded his address with: "The meaning of it all is this—that, given a good cause, and the defence of our homes against wanton aggression, we can dare odds that otherwise would seem hopeless; that it is in the future, as in the past, the spirits of men, and not their material resources, which count for success; that we need only be brave, and just, and ready to die, and our country can never be conquered; and that we shall always be able to preserve ourselves free in our own course of development towards our own idea of a nation."

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

On the Virgin Stalk.

By MISS A. C. JENNINGS.

Overlooking the blue salt water, upon a soft ridge of land securely walled up by the rocky cliff below, in the seaward suburb of a maritime town stands a fine old house built of Scotch granite; built so substantially that its stout walls and stable foundations seem impervious to the shocks of Time or his potent auxiliaries, the devastating threats of a wild and stormy coast.

This seaside dwelling was certainly destitute of those gentle natural attractions fostered by inland seclusion. It was not enclosed by thriving orchards or fertile meadows. Neither was it marked by that external sentiment and atmosphere of peace which pervades calmer scenes.

But it was not without its own beauties of cultivation. Its lawns were models of velvet turf, and its extensive gardens, belted by sheltering pines, ran up the ascending ground until they met the spur of wooded land in which, at that point, terminated the towering hills in the rear.

Although the charm of rural and pastoral loveliness was missing, Cliff House looked out upon a majestic picture, and its cheerful human interest was identified with the sterner features of its neighbourhood.

The house stood near the mouth of a noble harbour, and opposite, twenty miles across, loomed the mariner's friend, the tall beacon-light of "Dead Man's Beach."

Much nearer—in fact, you might say close in shore—lay the dreaded twins, two great jagged rocks called "The Sisters." Fatal sisters they had been to many a stout vessel, in spite of chart and pilot when almost safe in port. Between the opposing promontories which guard this well-known basin the broad breast of water is softened by verdant islands crowned with the fortifications and equipments of defence.

The dwelling, with its grounds, occupied the hollow of a crescent shaped curve in the ridge I have named, dominating, as a consequence, a peaceful little haven below, shut in on each side by its natural sentinels, the great rocks which lay basking in the warm light and looking as if it would be the most proper and congruous event for the mermaids to glide up out of that glassy water and sit combing their long hair upon these sunny ledges.

But they never did; probably those ocean belles considered the fishermen of the adjacent shores ineligible lovers, and wisely remained faithful to their kindred men of the sea.

And perhaps it was a spectacle quite as pleasant to see the daughters of the Cliff House come tripping down the steep path that wound from that mansion to the sheltered little bay beneath, and group themselves among the rocks in the balmy twilight of the long summer evenings, when there was a well-grounded expectation that the dipping stroke of familiar oars would soon be heard, as more than one trim and tasteful little craft from the city, a mile or more above, would come dashing round the projecting point opposite and run their prows ashore in Silversand Cove.

These were delightful hours for youth and love and hope, hours which neither Time nor Fate could spoil or mar in retrospect, howsoever adverse these grim powers might hereafter prove.

Fair maidens and true lovers they had mostly been, of that sensible practical type which does not tangle its affairs foolishly, and prosperous marriages had left the soft waves and rocky walls of the trysting cove silent and lonely and the old house on the Cliff almost deserted.

It had been a gay, happy home, full of life and cheer, but it was well-nigh empty now. The mother was dead, and Hugh Wylde, its master, the rich West Indian merchant, was left almost alone under the roof which birth and death had endeared to him.

Only one of all those pretty, sprightly girls remained to give him comfort and companionship as he grew an old man.

But that one was as good as two or three others, and her father was perhaps peculiarly fortunate in the child reserved to his declining years. Not one of those who had gone eager-hearted and hopeful out into the battle of life would have been content to share the uneventful seclusion that had become habitual to the grave elderly man when his brief business hours were over.

It did not occur to him that the detached situation of his home made life rather desolate for his daughter, who was necessarily so much alone. He went to town every day himself, and knew that with a carriage at her disposal she could, comfortably, do likewise.

He had no intention of leaving the place which was associated with so many years of his life, and Helena did not complain of her monotonous days. Helena was neither the eldest nor the youngest of Mr. Wylde's daughters. She had been one of the "children" when her fashionable elder sisters went the way of matrimony, and as she had not taken kindly to lovers it seemed quite a natural thing when those who were younger than herself launched out upon that unknown sea and left her, unadventurous, behind.

Such of Mr. Wylde's married daughters as were within reach came and went frequently between Cliff House and their newer homes, and their children gambolled about the lawns and roamed up and down the wide halls and stairways of the dwelling by the sea as their mothers had done not so long ago.

The little ones loved Aunt Helena, but there were vacant chambers in her heart, as well as in the old house, which they could not fill.

She liked to see them come and go, although they were not always quite satisfactory visitors; being disposed to fall into the garden pond in their holiday dresses, emerging, opportunely, with shouts of terror, like young seals with sleek dripping heads, or given to the diversion of turning on the taps in the bath-room and inconveniently flooding portions of the upper flats.

But although a large part of Helena's time when the children were absent was spent in braiding, knitting and embroidering a store of articles for their personal adornment, she was not absorbed by the interest attaching to her work; but, sitting alone in the great bay-window that looked out over blue water stretching to horizon-line, lived often in an invisible realm. Gazing afar into those brilliant blue spaces of sea and sky, she wove fancies of mute and unacknowledged romance among the bright colours and artistic designs fashioned by her skilful fingers.

But nobody thought it a matter of any consequence that Helena should be so much alone.

Her sisters thought she was very well off—had nothing to trouble her and no one to gainsay her pleasure. She was very useful to papa and to their children, and they said it was fortunate that Helena had made up her mind to be an old maid. In fact, they had all grown so accustomed to see her fill that thankless rôle with apparent content that they forgot that it was their own minds which were made up on the subject, and, possibly, not hers. They counted definitely upon her future services, and forgot also that she had not yet outlived her youth and was singularly charming to those who had eyes to see the meaning of ideal beauty.

It has been said that Burns's beauties were not other men's beauties; but I think the remark was not complimentary to the vision of the "other men," although it was intended to disparage the verdict of the poet.

And so it was with Helena Wylde. Her's was not a beauty that appealed to ordinary minds.

"We receive but what we give," Coleridge says. That which is not in ourselves we cannot understand any more than a man born blind can tell the colours of the rainbow.

Her charm was of that subtle order which does not depend on purity of form and colour, though both may be present. It was that which is rightly called loveliness.

Mr. Wylde had no son; and, although on good terms with the husbands of his daughters, had not felt warmly enough towards any one of them to fill that unclaimed place in his heart by adoption.

He had once protected and befriended a young man who had proved himself worthy of the interest employed in his behalf, but the efforts of the influential merchant for the benefit of his protégé had resulted in their ultimate separation, and it was now well on to twenty years since he had procured for young Harry Drummond a good post in a mercantile house in Barbadoes, with which his own firm was intimately connected.

The old man had no sentimental regrets about Mr. Drummond's absence, or any actually conscious desire that the latter should return and relieve him of duties which were growing irksome, but he had never forgotten or replaced in feeling his former favourite.

This Harry Drummond was one of two brothers, sons of a dear and early friend of Hugh Wylde.

Between the two young men there was a considerable disparity in years and a greater difference in character. When their father knew that he was dying he thought he was acting wisely in securing to the elder son an almost unlimited control of the extensive business affairs committed to his care, and almost in the general management of his estate.

The result was a not uncommon one. Power developed qualities in the elder brother latent and hitherto unsuspected, and his harsh, tyrannical and at last absolutely unjust treatment brought about that natural revolt in the feelings of the minor entrusted to his authority which ended in disruption and a complete severance of personal intercourse. And it seemed natural to the one who was inexperienced and oppressed to seek advice from his late father's old friend.

These things had happened about that period mentioned above when Mr. Wylde's eldest daughters used to sit like mermaids upon the rocks in the sunset light listening to the rhythm of their lover's oars approaching Silversand Cove.

Their father naturally preferred his comfortable chair and after-dinner cigar, associated, as these simple luxuries generally were, with the serious chatter and wise questions of Helena, who was then what she always continued to be, his constant companion.

It was in these evening hours that young Drummond, sorely tried and perplexed, took counsel with the friend of his dead father and Helena, a quiet tender child, listened and comprehended enough to fill her big solemn eyes with affectionate sympathy for the young man who always petted her and helped her out of her small difficulties when lessons were abstruse and almost insurmountable.

Upon these occasions Helena was never in the way. It was no obstacle to the confidential talk between the two gentlemen that she sat quietly near them, and when Mr. Wylde's plan for Harry's benefit was unfolded she was a deeply interested member of the conference.

Harry Drummond went to Barbadoes, as I have previously said, and as he grew into manhood fulfilled the hopes and expectations of his warmest friends. He thrived well in the new soil to which he had been transplanted, and not only prospered himself, but increased the prosperity of the firm which had opened its doors to his inexperienced youth by his high character and keen, sagacious brain.

Mr. Wylde was proud of his own insight in selecting this career for an aspiring young man, untried and almost ignorant of the world and its numerous pitfalls.

(To be Continued.)

THE FASHIONS.

The following are the fur fashions for 1890, given by the kindness of Messrs. Renfrew & Co., of Quebec and Toronto, the Queen's Furriers:

The chief features of this year are the growing popularity of the combination of Persian lamb (sometimes miscalled Astrakhan) and sealskin, and the increasing value of Alaska seal.

Until the severest weather makes long wraps a necessity, by far the most fashionable furs this year are the new capes and Reefers. Two capes eclipse all others in popularity—the Comtesse de Paris and the Alice. Both have a peak reaching down to the waist in front and are cut straight across the small of the back; both have the new horns or ears on the shoulder, but beyond this the resemblance ceases. The Alice is made all of one fur, beginning with the cheap Greenland seal and beaver up to the best Alaska seal, plucked otter and golden otter. It has a heavy collar carried down to the very peak of the cape by a gradually decreasing ruff. The Comtesse de Paris, on the other hand, has only a heavy collar opening to the throat when turned down, and its distinctive feature consists in a combination of Persian lamb or plucked otter with the Alaska seal, of which the cape is made. The lamb or otter being laid on in a deep point, back and front, with split points on the shoulders, or a triple point back and front with deep single points on the shoulders, as shown in our cut, La Comtesse de Paris, No. 166. There are three other capes—No. 10, No. 16, No. 18—but the two described will be distinctly the most fashionable, especially La Comtesse. Style No. 1, the Reefer, is the most charming little coat we have seen for years, the counterpart in fur of the smart navy-blue jackets with brass buttons which have been so popular this summer. It is made of Alaska seal. It is cut straight all round, made with loose points, the new high shoulders and a plain cuffed sleeve, with cross pockets, as shown in the cut, and a deep collar like a gentleman's, about four and a half inches wide, that will fasten in no less than four different ways to suit the weather. It can either be left altogether open like a gentleman's, or with the lower flaps hooked together single-breasted, or with the lower flaps buttoned over double-breasted, or the whole collar turned up. And the jacket is the smartest little coat that a duchess could drive to a meet in. The Keefer is a double-breasted coat.

Style No. 3, the favourite Seal Walking Coat, is 26, 28 or 30 inches long, according to the height of the wearer, single-breasted, with a 4½-inch collar buttoning rather higher than the Reefer's, cut straight round the bottom and made either of plain Alaska seal or the fashionable seal and lamb combination. Of the seal Newmarkets, the very long coats for the extreme weather, style No. 5, a slightly double-breasted coat with bell or plain cuff sleeves and a deep flaring collar is the most fashionable. It is close fitting, 55 to 58 inches in length, opening up the back 38 inches.

Of the fur-lined cloaks, the Russian Cloak, No. 13, will be the favourite. It has the new high shoulders, a fur trimming round the collar and down both sides of the outer front, under which there is an inner front confining the arms and small fur-lined sleeves for the wrists. It is lined with a great variety of furs—ermine, mink, sable, grey squirrel, hamster and neutria. This cloak, with the Reefer Coat and the Comtesse de Paris Cape, are the very favourites of all this season for ladies.

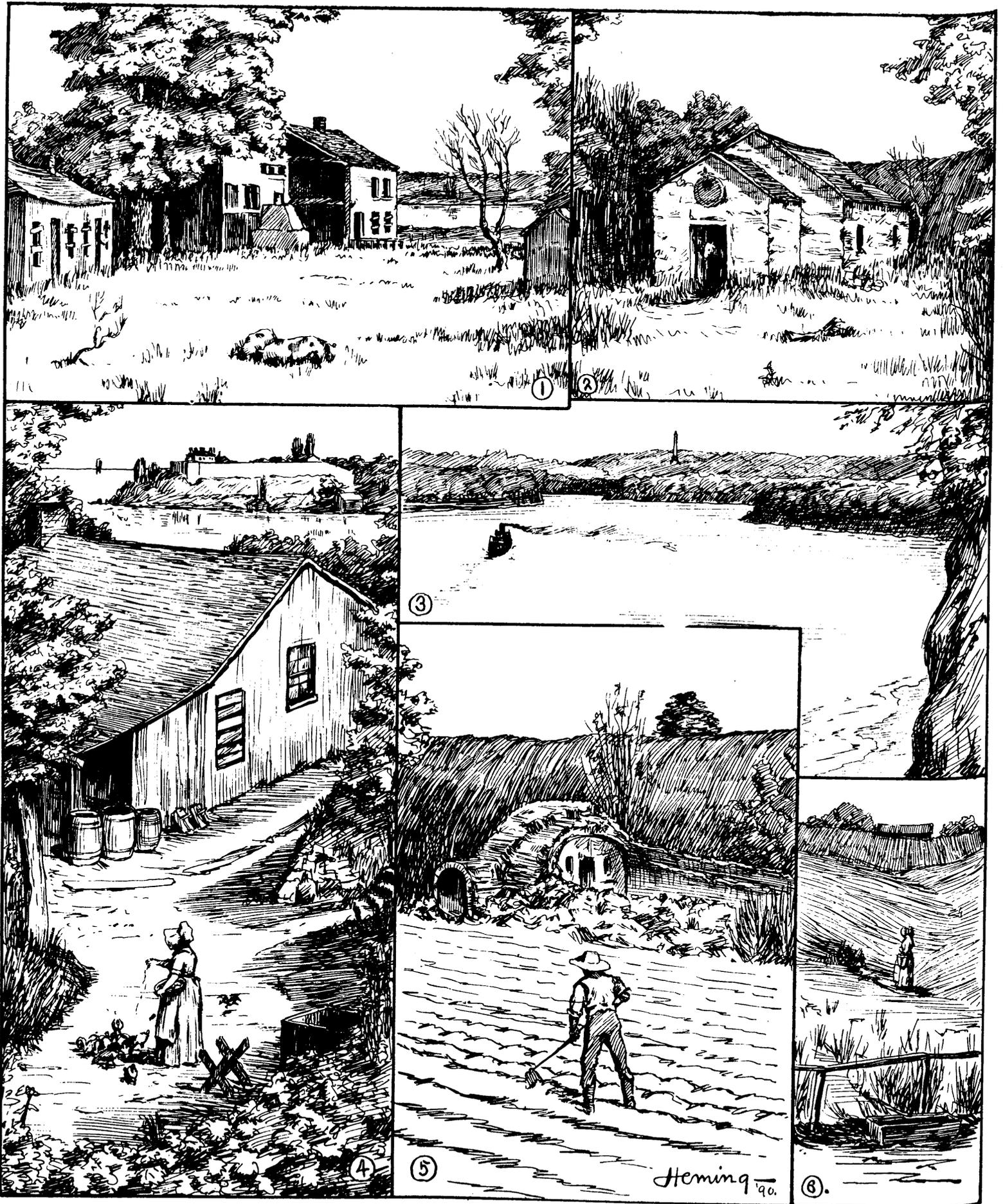
For gentlemen the double-breasted fur-lined coat, No. 14, with the collar straighter, higher cut and smaller than last year is the thing. It is made either with plain or frogged fronts, the former having the preference. For collar and cuffs Alaska seal is decidedly the most in demand this year, and the very finest coats are lined with the same costly material; but very fashionable also for lining are the Perwitzki, a dark brown Russian fur, dappled with yellow, the mink and the musquash. The coat has a slight edging of seal down the front.

For gloves, seal, Persian lamb and otter have the call. For gentlemen's caps, the old favourite, the Cossack, the deep, bell-shaped cap given in the cut, and for ladies the Huntress. This is a particularly chic little cap, made of Alaska seal, with a band of itself going round the sides to within half an inch of the top, and a high sock of Persian lamb covering the front.

In boas the specialties are bear, wolverine, silver fox, Australian emu and ostrich, the emu being slightly more expensive than the last named. And I was particularly struck with the handsomeness of a cheap boa made of the Australian rock wallaby, a glistening close-stapled fur.

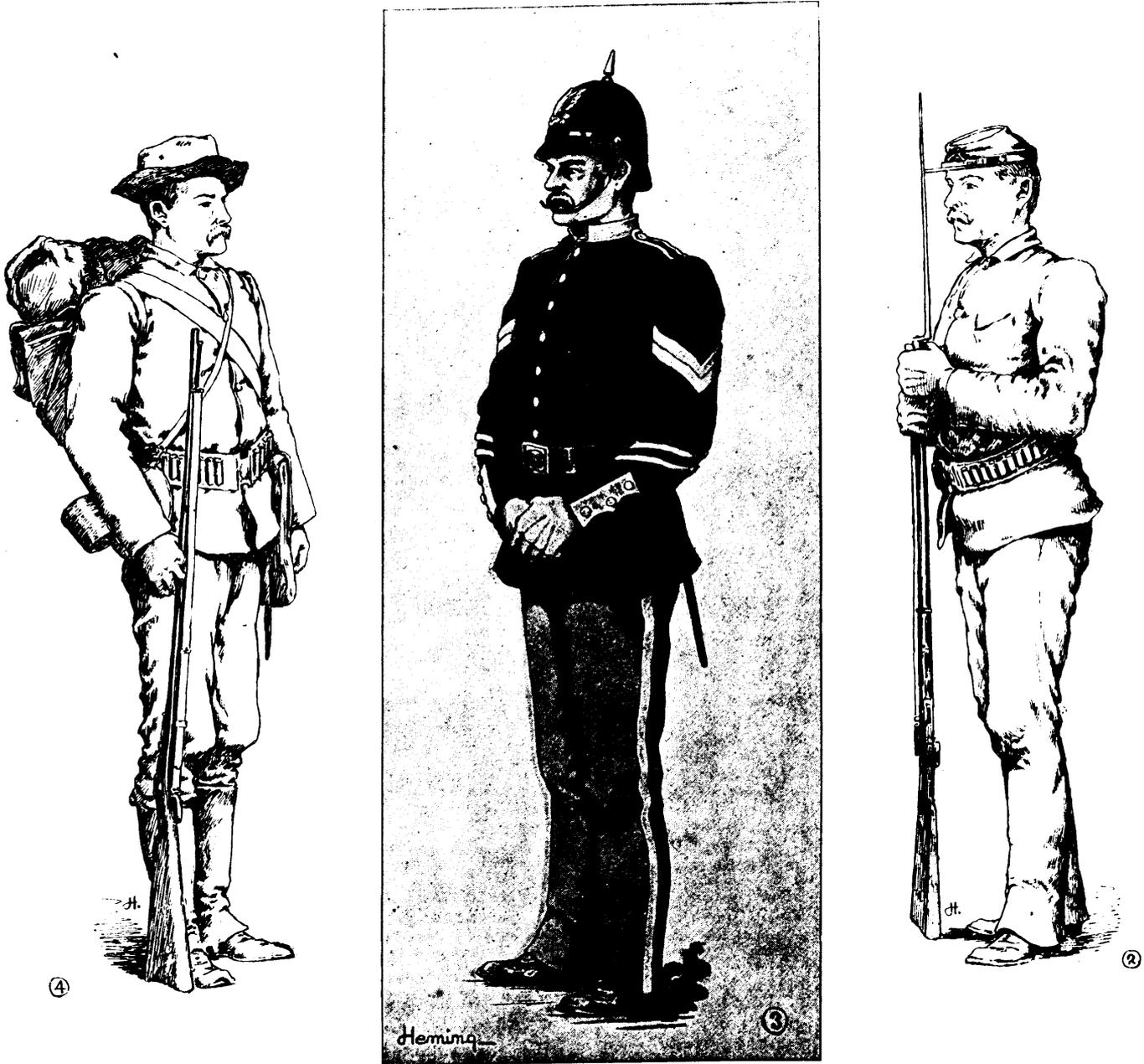
In muffs the small round seal muff of last year still leads. In robes and rugs musk ox, wolverine and Victoria possum dispute the supremacy. The last made of the silvery grey opossum of Victoria, the southernmost mainland colony of the Australian group, is a very close, warm fur, with a fine natural curl, and is growing in favour by hops and darts.

The really most noticeable feature of the new fur fashions is the combination of seal and Persian lamb. Hardly a jacket is made without this, and the beauty of the contrast commends it to every eye.



1. The Ruins of the Soldiers Quarters.
 2. Magazine of the Old French Fort.
 3. Brock's Monument from Fort George.
 4. Cottage in Fort George and Fort Niagara in the Distance.
 5. Ruins of the Brick Magazine.
 6. The Earthworks at the Spring.

SKETCHES AT FORT GEORGE, NIAGARA, ONT.



UNITED STATES TROOPS AT FORT NIAGARA, N.Y.
 1. Barracks. 2. Fatigue Uniform. 3. Full dress. 4. Field Uniform. 5. Types of the Garrison.
 SCENES ON THE NIAGARA FRONTIER. (By our special artist)



Rugby football is having a greater amount of interest taken in it this year than ever before, and anybody who saw last Saturday's game between the Montrealers and Britannias will acknowledge that only with a few better teams on the other side of the water could a much better match be seen. With a spectators' stand filled with men who understand the game, and a few ladies, to whom it is always a pleasure to explain its mysteries, and all with their sympathies already fixed, it can easily be imagined how high enthusiasm would rise in a close game. The young men who play in second and third teams, the old, steady-going fellows, who played when hacking was allowed and the maul in goal was still an institution, when pretty nearly everything went, and tackling from crown to heel was practised, even if not exactly legitimate; the men who, in the good old days, played football, so to speak; the young men who expect to play football when they get bad enough and sufficiently hardened to have their vital anatomical portions walked on. All these were at this match, and it was balm to the soul of the kicker. There was only one thing that could cause dissatisfaction, and that was, that the best team did not win. The referee attempted to be impartial in his decisions, no doubt; but he was not successful. A great many of the spectators disagree with his differentiation of rouge and safety touch; but that can be let pass, as in the first part they did not materially affect the game. But a throw in from touch that is foul, or a pass forward ought to be attended to. Both happened on Saturday last and both should have been seen by the referee, because they were seen by everybody else; but he apparently did not, and the result was that Montreal scored twelve points, which, from the circumstances of the play, they were not entitled to. The referee was a conscientious and hardworking one, but not a particularly successful one, when such nice powers of discrimination are required, as in a closely contested Rugby match. The Britannias should have won, and, as far as football was concerned, did win; but their usual bad luck left them with the poor consolation of making a draw, and, after winning the championship on the field, they will be forced to see their opponents hold the title until another opportunity for challenging and an open date occurs.

There was a marked improvement in the effectiveness of the work done by the Britannia forwards, and the changes made in the positions were judicious. They were no longer swept backwards by the Montreal, and an inch of ground was a hard thing to get. Their quarter and half-backs could hardly be improved upon, and although Rawlings is a splendid player, he seems at times too deliberate in his movements for a full-back. It would be difficult to suggest where the Montreal forwards could be improved, and everybody knows what a brilliant player Campbell is at half-back. It would be hard to pick two perfect teams, but these two are good enough for all practical purposes, and they can play as good a game as is to be seen on the continent. A clever bit of passing in the first half enabled Campbell, after a desperate run, to secure a try, and a few minutes afterwards the Brits were forced to rouge. All that the Brits gained in this half were three rouges, so that when time was called the score was 5 to 3. The second half saw an entirely different state of affairs. Play had just been resumed when Ross got an opening and kicked a goal from the field. Then another rouge was added to the score, bringing it up to 10 to 5 in favour of Britannia. The boys in blue were now having decidedly the best of the game, their back division were working like clockwork and the tackling was fierce enough to suit anybody. A clever pass from Rankin to Arnton gave the latter an opportunity which he availed himself of beautifully, and another goal from the field put the Brit figure up to 16. A grand run of Campbell resulted in a try, but the kick failed. Another try was got by Waud, which Bell converted into a goal, sending the Montrealers ahead by two points, which Britannia succeeded in equalizing by obtaining two rouges. The Brits were anxious to play out another half hour, but the Montrealers were not, and thus ended one of the best games of football ever seen in Montreal.

McGill's first fifteen somewhat agreeably surprised their friends by the showing made against the famous Ottawa College men, who have been practically invincible for some time past. McGill started out well and had evidently much the best of the play, at the end of the first half the score standing—McGill, 7; College, 6. The visitors had fallen into the same mistake as the Montrealers had on the previous Saturday, the half backs were playing too close up to the scrimmage, but this was remedied considerably in the latter half. A goal kicked by Hamilton put the McGill men leading by 13 to 6. A try secured by McDougall for the College, and another one by Cormier, added eight, and the Ottawa men now led by a point, to which three minor points were afterwards added, leaving the score 17 to 13 in favour of Ottawa College.

In the junior championship struggle third fifteens of the Brits and McGills met on Saturday, and an exciting match

it was, too, at the end of time the score standing 5-4 in favour of McGill, but as the latter's five consisted only of rouges and safety touches, the referee ordered another half hour's play. This won the game for the Brits, as they succeeded in getting a try, which was converted into a goal. There was a good deal of dispute about this, the college men claiming that the ball was picked out of the scrimmage, and a protest was to be entered; but it is to be hoped that the grand old game of Rugby will not deteriorate to the level of the national game. The field is the place for Rugby, not the committee room.

The Grand Trunk Football Club, which has been practically invincible all through the season, met with its first defeat on Saturday last at the hands of the Ottawas, who won five goals to the Trunk's two. The winners started in with a rush, and before a quarter of an hour had elapsed had put three goals to their credit, and added two more in the second half, while the Trunk got only one in each half. The standing in the Eastern series now completed is:—

Club.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Points.
Grand Trunk.....	6	4	1	1	9
Ottawa.....	6	4	2	0	8
Valleyfield.....	6	1	3	2	4
Cornwall.....	6	1	4	1	3

From the interest taken in the Association game this year it looks altogether likely that several new clubs will be added to the series list next season.

The Eastern Football Association have made some amendments to their bye laws, and have picked a team to represent them in the inter-association match, which will be played in Toronto on November 17th. A look at the names ought to satisfy anybody that the East has a good working opportunity to defeat the West. Following is the team selected:—Bollard (Ottawa), goal; Crawford and Lawrence (Grand Trunk), backs; Chittick (Ottawa), Robertson (Grand Trunk), and Simmonds (Grand Trunk), half-backs; R. Hill (Valleyfield) and Willis (Ottawa), right wing; W. M. Hill (Ottawa) and Jacobi (Grand Trunk), left wing; and Chalmers (Grand Trunk), centre. It is also likely that the Grand Trunks, the winners of the Eastern series, will challenge the holders of the Western Cup to play for the championship of Canada.

The Toronto and Varsity football teams met on Saturday and a grand match was the outcome, Toronto winning by 17 to 6. The superiority of the winners was seen almost from the start, and they had the best team on the field they could possibly get together. The game was a remarkably fast one and a most exciting one for the spectators. In Hamilton the Upper Canada College made a plucky fight with the local fifteen. The college boys started things with a rush and soon had a good lead. The Hamiltons discovered that careless play would not do, so they woke up and made up for lost time, the College not being permitted to score at all in the second half. The result was 35 to 10 in favour of Hamilton.

In Association football the West is preëminent, and the number of matches is so great that nothing but a mere mention can be made in this column. Toronto Varsity defeated the Marlboros by 4 goals to 1, and the Scots and Osgoode Hall played a draw, each side securing a goal. The second eleven of Varsity defeated the Brocks 4 to 1, while the second Victorias played a draw with the Marlborough colts. Ayer was defeated by the Hurons 3 goals to 2, and the Stanleys managed to capture one goal to their opponents' nothing.

The Fish and Game Protection Club have not been idle since the annual meeting, and many offenders have had good reason to regret their own temerity and the club's vigilance. A letter has been acknowledged by Lieut.-Col. Tilton, Deputy Minister of Finance, in which the officers of the club make several very valuable suggestions, among them being a reduction in the number of netting licenses; that fish ways be put in the Beaudette and Chateauguay rivers; that the close season for lake trout and brook trout begin at the same time, October 1st, and end together; and that the close season for bass, maskinongé and doré end the same time, June 15. The club also desires to ask the appointment of Alfred Marsoin to act in concert with John Norris, to act as fish wardens over the district mentioned above. If these suggestions are favourably received the club will hold itself responsible for the protection of fish, and will furnish the department with all the information in its power.

The skating is not a great way off now and already preparations are being made to ensure the success of the season. The Canadian championships have never been particularly well patronized by our cousins from over the line, but the same fault could be found with Canadian skaters. The reason for this is obvious. There has only been one instance when a representative skater has been sent out of the country at the expense of a club, and without some such backing young men can scarcely afford to travel and waste maybe a week waiting for ice. It is altogether likely that the Victoria Skating Club will make an effort to hold a special meeting, which would certainly be an attraction, and already there is some rumour to that effect. There is another thing which has been suggested before.

and that is, that such an association as the M.A.A.A. should have affiliated with it a skating club and have ice of its own. Then there would be a much greater opportunity to send skaters abroad and bring back some championships from the land of Stars and Stripes.

As was to be expected, the Crescents still hold the Provincial Lacrosse Championship, having easily defeated the Sherbrooke Juniors by three straight games. The Valleyfields and Independents, of Quebec, were expected to make a struggle for the honour, but they failed to put in an appearance, and probably it is just as well, as the result would most likely have been the same. The Crescents have now hung up their sticks for the year, and with only one defeat during the past season, they have every reason to be proud of their record.

The Shamrocks and Torontos played off their drawn match on Saturday afternoon, and although the result could have no bearing on the standing of either club, there were about three thousand enthusiastic Torontonians on the benches. The match was a rattling one, too, and for a little while it looked as if the Shamrocks were to have a walk over, they having a good deal the best of the play and winning the two first games easily, but then want of condition began to tell and the Torontos took the next four games. It was impossible the week previous for the Shamrocks to do any practice owing to the state of the weather, otherwise the result would have been a different one.

Of just as much interest to the younger players is the Independent League Championship as the Senior battle is to the older ones. The Maples and Violets had run a very close race for this honour and were obliged to play off on Saturday last. It was a rattling match from start to finish, but the Maples were too much for the Violets and the score read: Maples, 3; Violets, 1. This wound up all the series play for this season.

The Ottawa Athletic Association has made wonderful progress for so young an organization, as may be seen from the reports presented at the annual meeting. At the first meeting a year ago thirty-five members signed the roll, while at present there are on the books 433 names. The excess of assets over liabilities representing present capital is \$2,648, a very good showing for a year's work. The new board of directors consists of Messrs. P. B. Taylor, A. F. May, E. F. Burritt, E. M. Black, C. W. Badgely, H. Morrison and J. A. D. Holbrook. The election of officers will be held next Monday.

Professional billiard matches have never been followed to any great extent in this country, but once in a while a match is arranged that excites some interest. When Capron played Donohue straight rail billiards last year there was a very respectable gathering to see the match, but since that time hardly anything has been done. Capron, however, is looking for fresh victories to his cue, and has posted \$100 and come out with a challenge to play Watson, of St. Albans.

O'Connor is back in his old home and telling his experiences of antipodean life. He has no fault to find with the climate, which he says agreed with him perfectly, although at the beginning he found it hot. The only thing, in fact, he does not speak well of is the difficulty he had in getting on a race in the first instance. He attributes the cause of his defeat to the change in the rig of his boat, which he first took to and which he kept at too long. He says he never was in better shape in his life, and never worked harder for a race, but the Paramatta and the rig beat him. He thinks that when Kemp and Stansbury come across the Pacific that they will be handicapped in American waters.

It was hardly to be expected that Owen's record for the hundred would be let go without a strong protest from some quarters, and, of course, any amount of affidavits were forthcoming that he beat the pistol, etc.; but now what is going to be done about Carey's supposed time of 9½ seconds, three-tenths of a second better than either Johnson or Owen's time. It seems to me the only real objection to these records is the fact that nobody has ever made them before. People seem to forget that there are vast improvements being made in tracks, watches, shoes, training, etc., and why should not the time also improve?

At the meeting of the Quebec Rugby Union on Wednesday, neither McGill nor Britannia protests were allowed. There was one good feature about this decision—it may tend to make protesting less popular.

The annual games of McGill College, held on Wednesday, turned out most successfully, and there was very palpable evidence of some splendid athletic material for the near future.

If Montreal has the same sort of a game to contend with to-day as McGill played last Saturday, they will not win.

R. O. X.



DAWN.

Elsewhere (see Editor's Table) we have written of the author of the "Book of Wonders." Let us open the book and read the pages. What is this? Dawn! An appropriate title for the initial article. Let us read it over: Again the darkest hour; again the stars slowly dissolve; again the darkness silently steals away, borne on the wings of the new day. So still, so calm, so tranquil! The air so clear and fresh, free of dust and smoke, and sweet and pure. A bird twitters above your head; you look up and see him on the wing—an early riser seeking material to build a nest wherein to raise his brood. Floating upon the still air, borne on the gentle morning zephyr, from some distant fold come the music tinkling tones of the belled herd, as driven up from their night's abiding-place to be milked. The dew is on the meadow grass, and on the flowers and plants in the garden, and the delicate spider-webs by the roadside are covered with it. Soon the long white cloud in the east gradually lowers, and slowly, silently, a ray of golden light gleams from the horizon, and almost before one knows it, the sun is up, shining with all its heat and brightness upon the fair, still earth. The delicate folds of the flowers, which last night were wrapped so protectingly around the less hardy pistils and stigmas, are now being unrolled by its heat, and the dew on the spider-web and meadow is rising to the clouds. Tiny curls of smoke begin to rise from the chimneys around, and another day is recommenced—a day of strife and labour—a day of tears and sorrows to some, a day of joy and blessings to others. How many there are who may look on this same quiet picture—look, perhaps, for the last time on home and friends—on meadow and on forest, on familiar nook and dell, wherein are associated so many happy reminiscences of youthful days; and from the old home, whose homely walls have sheltered them from April flood and December storm, where trouble was unknown and joys were many, they take their departure out into the great world. And what may be in store for them? Joy—sorrows; strife—victory; tears—blessings; rejoicings—death. The scene of the morning of their departure from friends and fireside will never be forgotten, and its chastity, purity, serenity, may be a lesson which may keep them from walking in the paths of sin and strife—a lesson which may we hope, will guide them through an unlighted world to one of joy and gladness, and where there is no night but toward its zenith, we also grow from youth to manhood, and the quickly descending sun will soon set behind the distant hills of the west, when we, too, must lay down the scythe and the sickle and give our place to others. May our decline leave behind a brilliant sky, and as the setting sun is only outvalled in splendour by its rising, let death come on unshielded against, for we know of the glorious Dawn to Come.

Let us remember that this is a boy's essay—the observations and reflections of one whose life was ended before he completed his 18th year. Yet, is there not a certain maturity of thought, a certain finish of style, as well as that loving study of nature's handiwork that is characteristic of the artist-poet? The last entry in "The Book of Wonders" is:

THE LONG AGO.

We were sitting alone in the study,—
My dear old friend and I,—
And as we sat in the twilight,
A tear was in his eye.

We were talking of past recollections—
Of memories ever dear—
When the old man spoke unto me
In a low voice and not clear:

"To me there is nothing dearer
Than down memory's stream to row
In the boat of past recollections
To the Lake of Long Ago."

We were silent then for a little,
Thinking of former years,
Of the happiness of boyhood,
When we knew not care nor fears.

As the old man had said unto me,
On memory's stream we rowed,
And as I glanced o'er its water
I saw that the river flowed

With a greater speed and volume
Than was its wont to do;
And as I approached the mill flume
The waters look darkly blue.

As I glanced unto the westward
I saw a little boat
With sails as white as the lilies
That on the waters float.

I looked again on the picture
My eyes to me had shown,
And as I looked upon it
It suddenly went down.

And then I awoke from my vision
And glanced about the room;
It had an icy coldness
And a chill uncommon gloom.
I touched the old man's shoulder
And called him by his name;
But I received no answer,
And the gloom was just the same.

My dream had been a true one—
His boat had just gone down
In the waters of Memory's River,
For the spirit of life had flown.

But it was received by a Pilot
From the City of the Blessed,
And there 'tis havened safely,
And forever is at rest.

Between the sketch and the poem that we have reproduced there are more than a dozen of essays in prose and verse on a variety of subjects. Those which relate to the scenery and life amid which he lived, such as an "Autumn Picture," account of a "Sleet Storm," "Farmin' and Workin'" (an attempt at the use of dialect in metre), seem to us the most meritorious. In the last mentioned he thus warns off the unfit:

But if you're looking around for fun
And an easy life and gay,
You'd better get as far away from a farm
As you can tramp in a day.

As an appendix to the "Book of Wonders," there is a story, which is, doubtless, based, in part at least, on personal experiences. Like much in the volume, its title—"Afar"—seems to be prophetic. "The author," writes the editor of the book, "has left this land of joys and sorrows, pleasures and disappointments, and his bright, genial presence we miss. But we only miss; we do not mourn. How can we mourn when we know that our loss is such gain to him? And what a time that must have been when the spirit, released at last from the sufferings of the body, reached the joyous home where all is happiness! No, we do not mourn. But, when we think of the happy days that were, when his bright companionship cheered us and made the days pass more joyously, and then think of the days and months and years to follow in which, in place of his companionship, will be a blank—oh, how we miss him!

"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

The Hon. Mrs. Joyce, vice-president of the British Women's Emigration Society, recently addressed the ladies of Vancouver on behalf of that association. In explaining the methods taken by that body to secure a proper class of immigrants for the various colonies, she mentioned the names of several well-known ladies of rank who were its patronesses and active committee workers. She then went on to say that the desire of the society was to send only such girls as are of good character and capability, to select only such men and families as would be required in the colonies, to secure protection during the voyage and a fitting reception on their arrival in the new colony, and to keep them in charge for two years or so after they come to their new place of residence. The farming districts of England had, to a considerable extent, been laid down to grass, requiring fewer labourers. Many of these were worthy people who would make most desirable immigrants. If the class of immigrants are all they are said to be, the Hon. Mrs. Joyce will be conferring on the ladies of this country a favour which they will not be slow to avail themselves of. But the majority of girls that have heretofore been sent to our country have proved such a "delusion and a snare" that a somewhat sceptical opinion is now held about these "treasures from the Old Country," whose arrival at one time was hailed with every evidence of delight—hoping that at last one was found who would prove all that the mistress fondly hoped for—but, behold, in a few days, and in some cases the same day, an end put to these hopes by the "treasure" leaving or having to be dismissed abruptly. However, this society seems to be taking every care that none but those of a better class shall find their way out by requiring from the applicant certificates of moral character and bodily health. The servant girl question is every year assuming graver aspects and the ladies are beginning in consequence to look more favourably upon co-operative housekeeping, which is greatly in vogue in the United States, especially with those ladies who have children and do not wish for this reason to make their homes in hotel or boarding house. The co-operative plan of living allows a private residence and provides for a table managed as the boarders may direct. A circle or club is formed, and only those congenial to the charter members may be admitted. The usual arrangement is to lease a convenient house and instal a competent housekeeper. She is to receive a stated salary per year, and is to occupy the house with such servants as may be required to prepare and serve meals. She will make purchases of provisions, and the bills will be audited and paid by a committee appointed to act for the club in all such affairs. Once a week, or as often as may be desired, an assessment will be ordered to defray expenses, each person paying pro-

rata. If a member brings visitors, he must pay an additional amount. The families living in this way will thus be relieved of the most burdensome part of house-keeping. They can devote their time more to the enjoyment of their homes and the performance of social and other duties. At the same time it is expected that the expense of living in this way will not be greater than under the conventional mode of individual housekeeping.

Mrs. F. Darwin, writing about the servant girl question, has rather a novel idea to advocate. She says that there is one peculiar relic of feudalism—one might almost say barbarism—in the custom of engaging servants which needs reform. It is strange, to say the least of it, that the mistress should be entitled to have a written and formal character of the servant, and that the servant, to whom the situation is everything that is most important in life, should have no formal opportunity given her of judging of the situation of hearing of the character of the household. This, which common justice demands, could be easily remedied without any extra machinery by the following plan: Every mistress should choose a referee, or two referees, among her servants, past or present, who have been with her not less than two years; she should give the names and addresses of these two referees to the servant whom she is inclined to engage before she writes for her character from her last mistress.

A brilliant wedding lately took place at St. John N. B. The principals in the interesting event were Miss M. Steeves, eldest daughter of Dr. Steeves, Medical Superintendent of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, and Rev. R. Haughton, of Liverpool, England. The bride wore an exquisite white corded silk dress, with pearl trimmings and orange blossoms and carried a magnificent bouquet of white roses. Mrs. Steeves, mother of the bride, was attired in black velvet, with canary satin trimmings. Of the bride-maids, Miss Purpee wore green silk and Miss Parks and Miss Steeves pink silk, all carrying handsome bouquets of white roses. The wee bridesmaid, Mona McMann, won many admiring glances. She was dressed in cream silk and carried a beautiful basket of pink roses. After the ceremony the wedding party and invited guests repaired to the home of the bride, where a reception was held. The grounds were illuminated and the rooms, especially the supper room, beautifully decorated with greenery, flowers and illumination. The presents were many and costly, including a massive silver water pitcher and card receiver from the employees of the asylum. The bride and groom left on the western train for a wedding tour to Boston and New York. The church was crowded to the doors by a large assemblage of beauty and fashion. Among those present were—Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley; Sir John and Lady Allen; Senator and Mrs. Dean; Lt. Col. and Mrs. Armstrong.

Chambly.

Its skies are bluer than the brightest blue
Of other skies. Its waters run more clear:
The cadence of its chimes ring out more true,
And songbirds soothe, delight, entrance the ear.

Its grasses grow more gladly; every tree
Tells tales of happiness; each hawthorn hedge
Holds a delight; the rapids running free
Caress frail flowers crouching at its edge.

To holy gladness every moment tends,
A promise throbs through the exultant air,
And when the hallowed evening hush descends
It falls upon the spirit like a prayer.

Why do I thus recall it? Can it be
No other place is fair—none other good?
Ah yes!—but none can ever be to me
Like that which charmed my earliest maidenhood.

Then life was lovely, guarded by the care
That keeps all earthly hurts so far away;
Then dream was never darkened by despair
Or night-time wearied as it greeted day.

Then all things told of goodness and of gain,
And every moment made a deathless song;
Then naught was trifling, nothing mean, or vain,
And no desire could hold a thought of wrong.

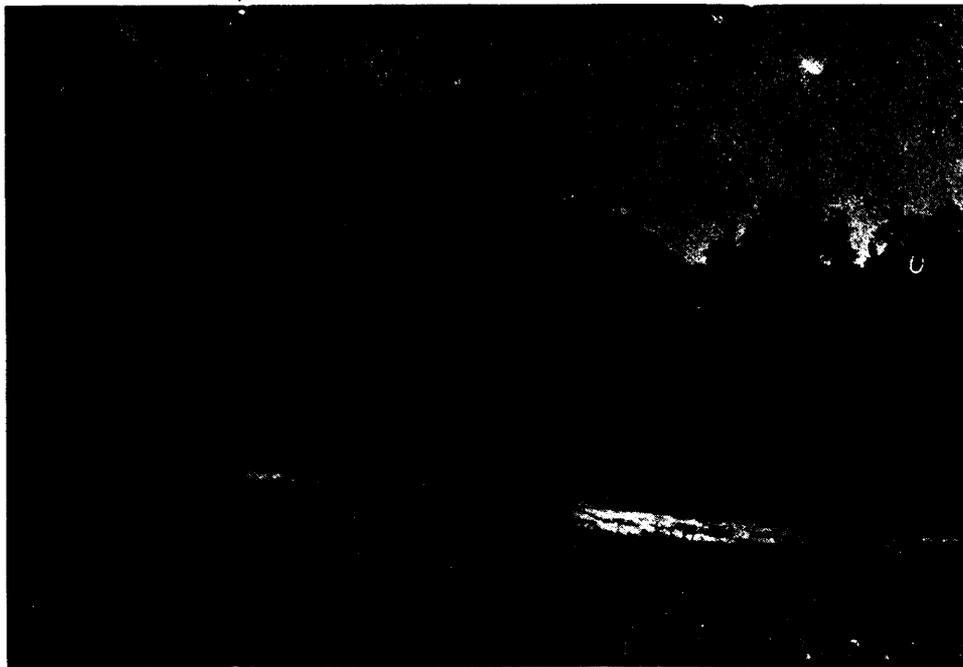
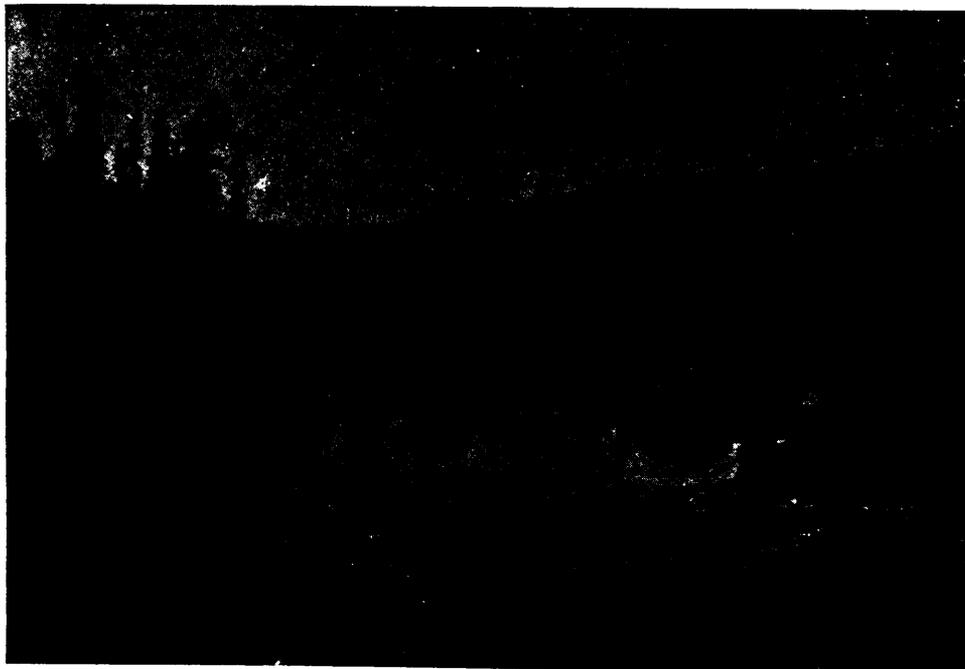
So do I view, through tears, the sacred spot
Which sheltered my sweet childhood. Know you not
It was my spirit painted that pure place,
And gave it thus, to me, immortal grace.

Montreal.

MAY AUSTIN.

Our Christmas Number.

The Christmas number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, which will be ready early in December, will be the finest publication of its kind both in letter-press and illustrations that Canada has ever produced. Some of the foremost writers of the day will contribute prose and poetry to its pages and no expense is being spared to make it, in artistic beauty and literary merit, worthy of our great Dominion. Early orders are requested.



SCENES ON THE JACQUES-CARTIER

Men and Matters in Ontario.

[From our own correspondent.]

TORONTO, October, 1890.

There is a troublesome time ahead for the Council of the city of Toronto. With two months of life yet to run, the Water Works Committee find themselves with a deficit of \$42,000 piled up on a record of demoralization. The Council as a whole have several weighty matters thrown on their hands—the Esplanade difficulty, the street railway case, the Don muddle, the drill-shed site and the rifle ranges, among others. During the year absolutely nothing has been accomplished in the way of reform, and the citizens have again and again rejected by-laws submitted to them, involving the expenditure of money, thus declaring

want of confidence in the corporate body. The press have not been sparing of abuse, which may or may not have been ill-timed. The course taken by Ald. Boustead, who resigned his thankless position, may be followed by other desertions. As a matter of fact, there are few men in the Council possessed of vigour and ability equal to the occasion, or who seem alive to the duties of their public office. The mayor appears to have grown tired of his task. The energy by which he pulled the Council after him in the past years has evidently expended itself. Things have come to the present pass inevitably through the manner in which civic elections have long been conducted. Party and faction win, and men of sterling worth are kept or have kept themselves in the background. It may be that out of this helpless state of things a new feeling will spring up which will place the city government on a different basis.

The Victoria College federation question has at length

been finally decided. Though the party who have been called the "antis" have not changed their spots, they have accepted the decision and will do their best for success in the order of things. The Methodist body have now a new movement on hand in connection with federation, of which this will be the first intimation to the outside public. They propose to have a ladies' college beside the new Victoria in Queen's Park, Toronto. The idea originated with a couple of wealthy lay members of the conference. They have no doubt the success of the scheme or its interference with the payment of subscriptions for the new buildings. What they propose to do is to get a sufficient number of solvent men of the connexion to insure their lives for \$1,000 each. On 500 policies they could raise enough money to go on with the buildings without any delay. The proposition is being canvassed round and is meeting with favour.

In political circles a good deal of interest centres in the South Victoria election, the vacancy in the constituency being created by the death of Mr. Adam Hudspeth. At the time of this writing the writ has not been issued, but both parties have put their strongest local men in the field. The Conservative candidate is Mr. Mossom M. Boyd, a well-known Canadian lumberman. He is a man who heretofore has taken no part in politics, and who does not seem to covet parliamentary honours. But he is a strong Conservative and thoroughly popular, being held in high esteem by men of both political beliefs. The Reform candidate is Mr. Lownsborough, also a strong and very popular man. The Conservatives calculate on having a majority of between 40 and 50. The election will be fought on the restrictive reciprocity platform, and here in Toronto the opinion prevails that there will be a considerable change in the vote in favour of the Government supporter. The Conservatives, however, have suffered through not having their man on the ground.

Three important events of the time to Roman Catholics are the ceremonies—one at London on Sunday last, when Bishop O'Connor was consecrated; on Sunday next, the 26th inst., when Archbishop Cleary, of Kingston, receives the pallium, and on the 28th, when Right Rev. Dr. Macdonell will be consecrated bishop of the new diocese of Alexandria. A large number of dignitaries of the Church from Canada and the United States were present at the consecration of Bishop O'Connor, who is a man of great power and vigour as a preacher and a ripe scholar. Cardinal Taschereau will officiate at the ceremony in Kingston. Dr. Macdonell is not very well known to the people of the province generally, but is spoken of by clergymen with admiration.

How precious the ballot is esteemed by young men has been evidenced this week in the elections of the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society and the Young Men's Liberal-Conservative Association. The affairs of the former body have been prominently before the public for weeks in the local newspapers. The chances of the candidates for the presidency were breezily discussed day after day. When they reach the voting point their proceedings were wonderful. They had spared no expense to draft young lawyers into the city from all the provincial towns, but the party which was thought to have secured the greater number of allies found a new difficulty to contend with in the shape of a football team, inured to "scrummaging," which no hostile power (not even the police, who were called in) could dislodge from the position that they had taken up at the entrance to the polling booth. The young politicians were more orderly and regular; but they expended, nevertheless, a considerable sum in making legitimate voters.

In Toronto there are many musical organizations that leave the public no ground to be avaricious of concert music at the end of the season. But up to the present time there has never been a dramatic society. Some young men have been thinking this matter over, and find that they cannot allow Hamilton to be ahead of them with the Garrick Club of the Ambitious City. They have determined to call the Toronto club the Sheridan Dramatic Society. They are a promising lot of young men, principally scions of the best families and law offices of the city. They will give their first public entertainment about Christmas time.

The recent address of Principal Grant, of Queen's College, before the National Club, has won a great deal of attention, and it is probable that the scheme of a Canadian National Association, for the development of trade, which has been evolved by Mr. J. N. Blake, has been helped into existence by it, although the idea is distinctly Mr. Blake's own.

Birchall's last weeks of life at Woodstock jail are being rendered less monotonous by reason of the history of his life, which he is supposed to be engaged upon. The New York newspapers are keenly on the scent after it, and their representatives are on the ground waiting some opportunity for opening up negotiations in regard to the purchase of the manuscript.

The sale of Paul Peel's pictures did not turn out the success the artist must have anticipated. The prices attained were in all cases very low, particularly his Canadian studies.

Miss Irene Gurney is a talented young lady, and proved it to a large number of her friends at her recent piano recital. Even if all the tickets had not been invitations, Association Hall would have been filled. It was a very brilliant and cultured gathering. Miss Gurney's devotion to music has been long known to her friends; but she has simply astonished society on her first public appearance. For three years she has been carrying on her piano-forte studies at the New England Conservatory, Boston, under Carl Faellen, who is now the director of that institution.



THE "BOOK OF WONDERS."

To some of our Eastern readers the "Book of Wonders" may be a not altogether unfamiliar title. A few of them, we doubt not, knew the author and loved him for more than his book, for more than the bright gifts of intellect and fancy to which it bears witness, for the genial, affectionate, wholesome nature, for the rare faculty of enduring friendship and the sympathy with all that is good and beautiful and true. But let his biographer tell the story of this life of high promise so mysteriously cut short:

In the village of Wolfville, on the 18th of April, 1871, Leslie L. Davison first saw the light of this world. Had he lived five more days he would have reached his eighteenth birthday, and lived eighteen years. These years were busy ones. His thoughts seemed always busy. Whatever he wanted done, he could do it, and do it well. He was a genius. He attempted printing, and in a very short time excelled. Spare hours he spent successively at wood-work, drawing, wood-engraving, studying and writing. He was always skilful with the plane and saw, and in wood-work he succeeded so that when he was very young he could make the carpenter's tools do wonders. Drawing and wood-engraving had great attractions for him, and several of his efforts in this line have appeared in the *Acadian*. Studying he liked better, seemingly, after he had left school than while attending. He continued studying Latin and became quite far advanced. When he was sixteen he wrote a journal in Latin and English. But chemistry he preferred to Latin, and after making wood-cuts and stereotypes, he was not satisfied till he had acquired the process of making electrotypes. Writing he always loved. Had he not, he never could have written what he had. In the articles that are to follow the contents of the "Book of Wonders" will be given.

I remember how he laughed as he showed me the book for the first time and I read the title. He always depreciated his literary talent, and this was the satirical appellation he gave his book of manuscripts. . . . One day not long before the spirit left the quiet sick-room and winged its way to fairer shores, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," as I sat and conversed with him, he said: "You remember my 'Book of Wonders'? I wish, if you could in any way muster up the courage and patience, you would read it over again, and if there is anything in it that's worth preserving you would take care of it and burn the rest." I told him that I would and that I thought there was a good deal worth preserving.

Such is the pathetic origin of what we look upon as most interesting among Canadian volumes. It is vain for us to conjecture what Leslie Loring Davison might have accomplished had he lived on till the period of mature manhood. He did not live quite eighteen years, and precious to his friends and not unworthy of his aspirations are the "Stray Leaves" from his "Book," which form the bulk of this memorial collection of prose and poetry. On another page ("Red and Blue Pencils") we give a specimen of what Leslie Davison could do in either style of composition. We have to thank the Rev. Arthur J. Lockhart for kindly interceding with the publishers (Messrs. Davison Brothers, of Wolfville, N.S.) on our behalf. We have also to thank his fellow-editor and himself for making us acquainted with the life work of their friend.

FANCIES OF BOYHOOD.

There was not the same inevitable obligation to put in print the juvenile productions of Mr. Edward Blackadder that justified the publication of the "Book of Wonders." By a singular coincidence the same generous patron of letters has encouraged the living and done justice to the dead aspirant. Mr. Blackadder thanks Mr. H. Sidney Davison, of the Wolfville *Acadian*, for many kindly suggestions and instructive criticisms. It was on the staff of the *Acadian* that Leslie Loring Davison made that start in literature which was so full of promise—promise that would have had its fulfilment had not death so sadly shortened the young writer's career. Is it not Mr. Sidney Davison, in conjunction with "Pastor Felix," who has saved from oblivion the records of that brief but fruitful life? *Heu miserande puer, si quæ fata aspera rumpas, Tu Marcellus eris.*

Let us hope that Mr. Blackadder will have more than his tribute of lilies—though in the case of young Leslie Davison it certainly cannot be called *inane munus*.

As a rule, we do not approve of the publication of youthful poems, simply as such. If poems or any other literary compositions have any value, let the world by all means have the delight and profit of reading them. But if they are of such doubtful worth that it is necessary to remind the reader that they are the offspring of immaturity, then far better let them rest in the shade. In his preface, Mr. Blackadder informs us that all the productions in his book were written between his twelfth and nineteenth years—"which early age," he adds, "will account for some irregularities of metre and crudities of construction." Now, as he has survived long enough and sufficiently improved in knowledge and taste to be aware of these defects, would it not have been wiser for Mr. Blackadder to have revised his poems

before submitting them to the public? What does the poet say of those who devote their lives to the elevation of their kind?

They give the people of their best,
The worst they keep, the best they give.

That is the true principle, and less than what it implies we cannot expect to be acceptable. While, however, we deem it our duty to deprecate any ostentatious emphasizing of precocity as conferring a charm on what, if it were the product of a mature mind, would attract little, if any, attention, and to express our conviction that poetry, like everything else, should be judged solely on its merits, we are glad to recognize in much of Mr. Blackadder's work the undoubted signs of inspiration, and if his development be consonant with these beginnings there is good reason to hope great things of him. It gives us pleasure to read his tribute to the memory of L. L. Davison. In spite of roughnesses, some of his translations are by no means bad. But they could be amended. Some of the patriotic poems show promise—even more than promise. But one fault pervades the book. The author is unfair to himself in leaving so much that might have done him credit in an unfinished state. Moreover, why should he publish fragments? Some of them have good thoughts, indeed. For instance:

He who would fain attain to greatness must
Attempt great things—not wish to be among
The glorious stars and grovel in the dust.

But we do not look for fragments from young writers. When great men have passed away, we gather up the fragments, so that nothing which bore the impress of their genius may be lost. Again, why perpetrate such a rhyme as "plaything—dayspring?" Mr. Blackadder's own ear must have tingled with pain at such a discord. His metre is also (as he acknowledges) frequently at fault. In his preface he justifies publication, on the ground that for the humbler singer there is a place as well as for the more tuneful. But the humbler owes it to his admirers to sing his best. If, as we fear, Mr. Blackadder has avoided revision in order to let us see what his muse was like in her gushing and thoughtless teens, he has committed a folly. He has certainly shown that there is good stuff in him, but for that very reason he ought to cultivate his gift to better advantage. Its development is of more importance than the precocious exercise of it. We hope to hear from Mr. Blackadder again and to have the best thought and imagination of his manhood, as well as the revised fancies of his boyhood. (Halifax, Nova Scotia, Printing Company.)

THE FEAST OF SAINT ANNE.

It is a good sign when the public gives a book an encore. We can well recall when "The Feast of Saint Anne" first made its appearance, just as Lord Dufferin (to whom it is dedicated) took his leave of the Dominion. With the name and many-sided ability of the author, Mr. Pierce Stevens Hamilton, we have long been acquainted. A native of Truro, after completing his education at Acadia College, he entered on the study of law and was admitted to the Bar. He has served in some important public positions and has written largely on a variety of subjects, many connected with the interests of the Maritime Provinces. He took a lead in the Confederation movement, and is a sturdy Imperialist. Poetry has been the solace of his leisure hours. Several of the poems in this volume appeared in Provincial journals on various occasions. One of them—"Jhansi," the most spirited of the shorter compositions—is based on a tragic incident of the Indian mutiny, which was so fruitful in heroism as well as in atrocity. The plan of the principal poem has been successfully employed by many poets, both of the past and the present. It is that of a gathering which furnish a succession of narrators of tales or episodes. The occasion for bringing the company together in this instance is a ceremony long of annual recurrence among the Indians of Nova Scotia. St. Anne, on whose festival it takes place, is the patroness of the Micmac or Souriquois tribes. The festival is or was not long since commemorated at Chapel Island, in the most southern arm of Bras d'Or Lake, about seven miles from St. Peter's, Cape Breton. The island in question, with a tract of land on the opposite mainland, was one of the principal Indian reserves in Nova Scotia. The sports observed at the anniversary are generally kept up for a week or ten days, and are witnessed by large numbers of the white dwellers in neighbouring settlements. The scene is thus described:

In swarms of arrowy canoes they came—
Flotillas dancing o'er the wide Bras d'Or,
And barks more ponderous, with sail and oar,
Equipped and managed by the white man's skill—
From many an Indian village near and far,

The favoured of their frequent shifting homes,
With names most musical in their soft tongue,
Though oft distorted into sounds uncouth
In false refinement's blundering utterance,
Or changed for nomenclature meaningless.

The homes of the gathered host are duly enumerated:—

From Malagatchkit's mazy shores they came

And many another dell and stream and shore
To these dark natives of the soil most dear
In this last stronghold of their fading race.

Various motives have inspired the throng—religion, trade, recreation,

When games and revels and barbaric glee
Untiringly from morn till latest eve
Shall banish silence from their wooded shores,
And not Indians only;
Far other crowds

by curious impulse led,
mingle among the descendants of the old lords of the soil,
And there amid majestic even flow
Of Micmac converse, softly musical,
Rang forth the gay, sonorous Langue d'Oil
As heard in France a century ago,
With lusty Gaelic gutturals—the tongue
Which loves the name of Scotia, Old and New,
While English, mingling through the whole was heard
Like drone of bagpipe with the chanter's air.

The various pastimes are described—the canoe races, the war-dance, the Highland-fling, tossing the caber, and "other feats of nimbleness or strength." Then followed high mass, a *feu de joie*, a banquet and renewed revelry, and the "far-fetched company" determined to devote a portion of the time to story-telling. Fitly remembering that

"This, our country's history, though young,
Does many a high heroic deed embalm,"

they selected their themes from the eventful annals of Canada. Among the tales embodied in "The Festival of Saint Anne" are the "Rendezvous of D'Anville," "The Heroine of St. John," "A Legend of Port Royal" and "The Last Witch of Shubenacadie." Thus introduced, our readers may, we believe be safely left to Mr. Hamilton's powers of entertaining. Carefully prepared notes shed light on the history, folk-lore and antiquities of the scenes depicted. (Montreal: John Lovell & Son.)

Canada to the Fore.

It is a comforting thing to possess the best of anything,—to possess a much better than the very best is not often vouchsafed to earthly cities, and yet Montreal is in this happy position. The San Francisco Palace Hotel is the best hotel in the world, its manager says so, and has the fact "written large" in newspapers, and in newspapers they never admit anything but the truth; and yet, though the Palace is the best hotel in the world, Montreal has a very much better one in every single respect, except size, and surely the Windsor is large enough for any reasonable being.

The Palace Hotel at San Francisco is very large—three hundred and something feet long by two hundred and something feet wide, and stories and stories high. Its rooms are fairly large, and it has a particularly fine courtyard in the centre with a glass roof (which courtyard, it must not be forgotten, tots up the superficial area occupied by the hotel handsomely). It has, it is said, accommodation for 1,400 guests, and, until the erection of the magnificent *Chronicle* building, was the highest in San Francisco. But height is hardly an advantage in a building with so much wood about it and such scanty precautions against fire in a city dried up with sun and wind like the capital of California. People cannot go to sleep there up on the fifth floor with the same feeling of security as they can in the solidly built Windsor. Nor have they a delightful, cosily carpeted corridor with its suite of drawing-rooms to step out into from the dining-room when they have risen from a luxurious dinner, and feel disposed to linger about and chat. Nor have they a luxurious dinner to rise from, unless they have abandoned "the American Plan" for the European at exorbitant prices per dish. The table on the American side at the Palace is not to be compared with the Windsor's for liberality or variety, and the attendance at the former is execrable. People accustomed to the discipline and politeness and attentiveness of the Windsor waiters can hardly believe their eyes when they get to San Francisco, for the waiter there saunters up to them with the jaunty assurance of a New York policeman, flings a napkin at them, whips the tumblers off the table, takes a ten minutes' stroll to fill them with iced water, brings the wrong dishes with intolerable delays, and answers them as if they were importunate beggars. Nor at the Windsor do they have to ring a quarter of an hour before they require an answer. Two minutes suffice. And, oh! what a change from the pleasant-mannered Canadian chambermaid to the duennas of the San Francisco hotel!

Not that there are not first-class hotels at San Francisco. For instance, every one who goes to the Occidental comes away full of its praises as a liberally managed, thoroughly comfortable hotel. But certainly our experience after travelling twenty thousand miles during the past year is that, all things considered,—the position on the finest site in the city with the open flower-filled square in front, and the St. Lawrence in full view beyond; the gigantic and luxuriously fitted house with its palatial dining-room and unique corridor, its grand rotunda hall and its safety from fire; the unusually good food and attendance; the combination of home-independence with hotel luxury;—all things considered, I say, I think the Canadian hotel the very best we have ever stayed in. One is never humiliated by interfering servants; there are plenty of them when they are wanted, and they never thrust themselves forward when they are not. Liquors are moderate in price and first-class in quality; the hotel laundry is not turned into an engine for pillaging the guests. In brief, I should be disposed to back Montreal's hotel for as many virtues and as few vices as any in the world. *Credo experto.*

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

HISTORIC CANADA, I.

Fort Senneville—A Canadian Feu al C stle of the 17th Century.

Castles in Canada! Feudalism in America! How incongruous do such ideas seem! And yet all Canadians who are at all familiar with the history of their country know that Canada had castles and that the feudal system did exist down to comparatively recent years.

As for those Canadians who are ignorant of the history of their own country, the best thing which they can do is to study it, either in the writings of our own historians or in the fascinating pages of Parkman.

The subject of this sketch is the chateau Senneville, near St. Anne de Bout de l'Isle, the seignury to which it appertained being called Boisbriant, after and by the first grantee, Sidrac du Gué, sieur de Boisbriant.

Du Gué came to Canada as a captain in the famous regiment of Carignan-Salieres, which became identified in so marked a manner with the history and very life of the country. A mere recital of the names of the officers is sufficient to prove this. Under Colonel de Salieres were Capts. Chamby, Sorel, St. Ours, Berthier, de Contrecoeur, de la Valtrie, de Meloises, Du Gué, and Lieuts. de la Pérade, Rougemont, de Verchères, de la Mothe, etc., etc.

Du Gué having retired from active service, was granted in 1672 a "fief noble" at the head of the Island of Montreal, a place which had been set aside as a military reserve thirty years before on account of its strategic value. As the "fief" had only the very modest extent of two hundred acres, it is to be understood that it was "noble" rather in regards to rights, privileges and military duties than in intrinsic value. In addition to the two hundred acres there was a supplementary grant "of all the islands and reefs (!) in front of it and others also, in consideration of his zeal in having constructed a house." This little seignury Du Gué christened with his own title, and, setting up his stockade, built his seigneurial mill and settled down with his wife to play the part of lord of the manor.

With the restlessness which was a feature of the times, Du Gué sold his seignury, after a few years' ownership, to the Le Ber family, and it changed its name as well as its master, being re-christened "Senneville." The first occasion on which the defences of "Fort Senneville" were tested was in resisting an attack by the Iroquois Indians in 1687, of which mere mention is made.*

In 1689 took place the memorable massacre of Lachine, which has recently been so graphically described by Mr. Girouard, M.P.

The savages have been bitterly denounced for their cruelty, but it is only fair to remember that the French had been guilty of brutality and treachery, and reprisals even when carried out by civilized Christian nations do not always reach the actual offenders.

Two years later Senneville was the scene of one of those episodes which were so common in the early days of our country, in which the Spartan bravery exhibited was only equalled by the laconic brevity of narration.

The following is the account given by Abbé Belmont: "On the 7th of May, 1691, the Iroquois burned the mill of 'M. Le Ber at the Rivière des Prairies; the wife of 'Gouillon, Grégoire and his wife, de Verchères, de 'Lachenaye, Goulet the farmer and several others defended a breach forty feet long against 300 Iroquois. De 'Verchères and a soldier were killed." And, as if such affairs were an every-day occurrence, the only notice of this defence in the great chronicle of the period, the "Relations des Jésuites," is this: "May 7th, 1691. Senneville was burned this day."

After the partial destruction of the original stockade mentioned above, the castle was built in stone in 1692, of sufficient strength to overawe the Indians and keep them at a safe distance ever after. Here the seigneur lived and entertained on a scale of elegance and comfort equal to that of many country gentlemen in Old France. Sometimes the guests were in the King's service, welcome visitors, no doubt, especially to the ladies of the castle. Gay, courtly, young and handsome, the heroes of many "moving accidents by flood and field," their presence would afford a flavour of the life of the Capital (Quebec) and relieve the ennui which must have sometimes afflicted their sociable spirit. That detachments of troops were needed at Senneville up to almost the very last of the old regime, we find from an account† of an attack by Mohawks on the upper end of the island in 1747, and garrisons of regulars and militia were maintained there during 1747 and 1748.

Eleven years later the battle of the Plains of Abraham changed the destinies of half a continent, and the Fleur-de-Lis disappeared from New France.

The chateau and seignury of Senneville must have remained in the Le Ber family as late as 1753, as there is an entry in the "Actes de Foye et Hommage" of that date recording the oath of Jean Le Ber de Senneville on behalf of his brothers, sisters and himself for their share of Ile St. Paul.

The property and title eventually passed to the de Montigny family in consequence, no doubt, of intermarriage, Mdlle. Anne Testard de Montigny (a connection, if not a direct ancestor, of our present Recorder) having married François Le Ber. The de Montignys were evidently one of those old families who frankly accepted the new order of things after the cession, as we find one of them serving with distinction against the American invaders in 1775-76.

Dr. Dawson tells us in his admirable pamphlet‡ how Capts. Foster and de Montigny attacked superior forces of

Americans, defeated or captured them; advancing with audacity, striking with effect; successful and masters of the position even in retreat, they out-witted and out-generaled Arnold himself,* who took an unworthy revenge by setting fire to the unprotected castle, reducing it to ruins, as it has ever since remained.

A few weeks later (June 15th, 1776) the American troops retired from Canadian territory, leaving behind them not only the ruins of Senneville, but also the blackened walls of many a peaceful hamlet and homestead, as significant comments on the grandiloquent proclamations with which they entered the country "for the protection of the Province and for the express purpose of giving liberty and security to the inhabitants."

The last de Montigny de Senneville was Marguerite, daughter of Jean Baptiste Jeremie Te-tard, who married Dr. Forbes, of St. Geneviève. Being left a widow without children, she devised the property to her steward, Guyot, and who is thought to have been a blood relation. By this will the nearer and more direct heirs were cut off.

The next change of ownership took place when the Hon. Mr. Abbott acquired the property by purchase.

The architectural features of the castle, while very simple and even primitive compared with similar structures in Europe, were quite magnificent, if regarded in connection with the state of the country and the attacking power of the Indian enemy.

As will be noticed on reference to the plan, the building formed a parallelogram, of which the residence (G., I., K., H.) was one end, the other sides being simply defensive walls, nowhere now more than twelve feet high, pierced with loop-holes and having a gateway at E. At the angles are flanking towers (A., B., C., D.), the two first being connected by a wall (S., T.) which probably did not come much above the ground floor windows. The court-yard (N., O., P., Q.) is nearly square, measuring seventy-five or eighty feet each way. Judging by existing buildings of that period and the ruins which remain, the general appearance of the chateau must have been pretty much as represented in the sketch (No. 1) showing the water-front, looking north-west across the Lake of Two Mountains. The residential part was very like the ordinary seigneurial manor house as we still have them all over the province, with a frontage of about eighty feet and a depth of thirty-five or so, two stories in height in front, but probably only one or one and a half behind (as the ground was higher inside the courtyard), with a high pitched roof, containing a double attic, and large chimneys and fire-places. The walls of the towers are strengthened by that outward spread toward the base, which was a feature of the period, as shown in sketch No. 2. These towers were not large, measuring only about twelve feet square inside, were two or two and a half stories in height, with large windows in the outer walls, and on the sides commanding the curtains or main walls are small embrasures (sketch No. 3), which were probably mounted with light artillery.

In the Natural History Museum there is a relic from this neighbourhood and, as far as can be determined, connected with the period of Senneville's prime. It is a mediæval breach-loading cannon, which was fished out of the Lake of Two Mountains, where it had probably lain for at least a hundred years. This sketch (No. 4) gives as good an idea of its appearance as would a long description. As far as I know, it is certainly the oldest specimen of breach-loading artillery on this continent. As the bore at the muzzle, it is not easy to say what was its calibre. The total length of the piece from tip of tail, or handle, to the muzzle is only 52½ inches, and the circumference at the breach is 21 inches. It would have added greatly to the interest if the breach-block had been recovered with it.

As to how and when it was lost in the lake we can only conjecture. It may have been carried off from Senneville by de Montigny when retiring before the Americans advancing from Montreal, and dropped accidentally from a boat.

The two land-ward towers (C and D on the plan) are completely destroyed down to three or four feet of the ground.

The next sketch (No. 5) is a view from the courtyard, looking out across the Ottawa river towards the railway bridge and the St. Lawrence.

Like all our older buildings, Senneville was remarkably well built; the materials were rough boulder stones with cut stone jambs, lintels, sills and fireplaces, and such mortar as is not made nowadays—that department of construction seems to be a lost art. One can see places where the stones dropped out, owing to their round shape, when those just below had been removed, but the mortar has retained its shape and hardness though exposed for more than a hundred years to all the changes of our variable climate.

In addition to the castle proper, there were outworks which served more than one purpose. A few hundred yards back from the river the ground rises to a little height, forming quite a commanding position, being crowned by a fortified windmill. These fortified mills were a marked feature all through New France, and have done good service not only against the Indians, but even against the more civilized invaders of the United States.

The mill of Senneville, in addition to being loop-holed for musketry, has a rather unusual feature, namely, a hooded door, as shewn in the sketch (No 6), and which served the same purposes as the machicolations of a mediæval castle. The tower was at least three stories in

height and measures 15 feet inside diameter, the floors having been supported by strong oak beams. The chimney was simply a flue in the thickness of the wall, opening to outer air just below the second storey ceiling; the hood opened above the floor of the same chamber. The roof was doubtless of conical form, covered with shingles, as are some other towers of the same date in this city. These wooden roofs were always points of weakness in time of attack.

The present owner of the seignury has restored the original name, Boisbriant, in remembrance of the first seigneur.

A beautiful spot is the old "fief noble" to-day. In front is the Ottawa, with its picturesque and fertile islands; a little to the north-west the river expands into the Lake of Two Mountains, with the Two Mountains themselves in the hazy distance beyond. Around and behind the castle is rich rolling land, with groves and copses of stately trees; lawns, meadows, tilled land and gardens in charming combination. The old courtyard is now a croquet ground, being hardly large enough for tennis. The click of ball and mallet is heard instead of that of the flint-lock, and the flash of rapier and pike-head is replaced by the sparkle of bright eyes—perhaps no less dangerous.

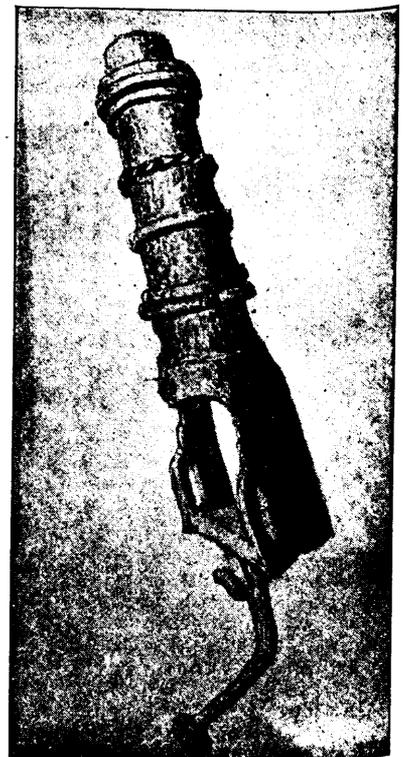
And now, before we turn from Senneville and its story, has it no lesson for us? Are not those battered walls, firm and strong even in their ruin, silent witnesses that the present peace and beauty have come down to us from the trial and conflict, the courage and endurance, of those who have gone before? They may well remind us that neither men nor nations can become great on material prosperity alone, "like cucumbers on a dunghill," as one of the British poets* has said.

Though time and distance may soften the old animosities, as the wild vines try to cover the wounds in these old grey and red-brown walls, Canadians should not forget that they may again have to face trials, as their fathers have done; that self-denial and self-sacrifice may be called for in defence of flag and country.

But we will hope, in view of what Canadian patriotism has already accomplished, that, should dark days come again to Canada, there will be found men, and women, too, to "defend the breach" as bravely and as successfully as did that little handful of men and women at Boisbriant two hundred years ago.

ROSSELL C. LYMAN.

*Gerald Massey.



No. 4.—Old French breach-loading cannon recovered from Lake of Two Mountains, probably from Chateau Senneville.



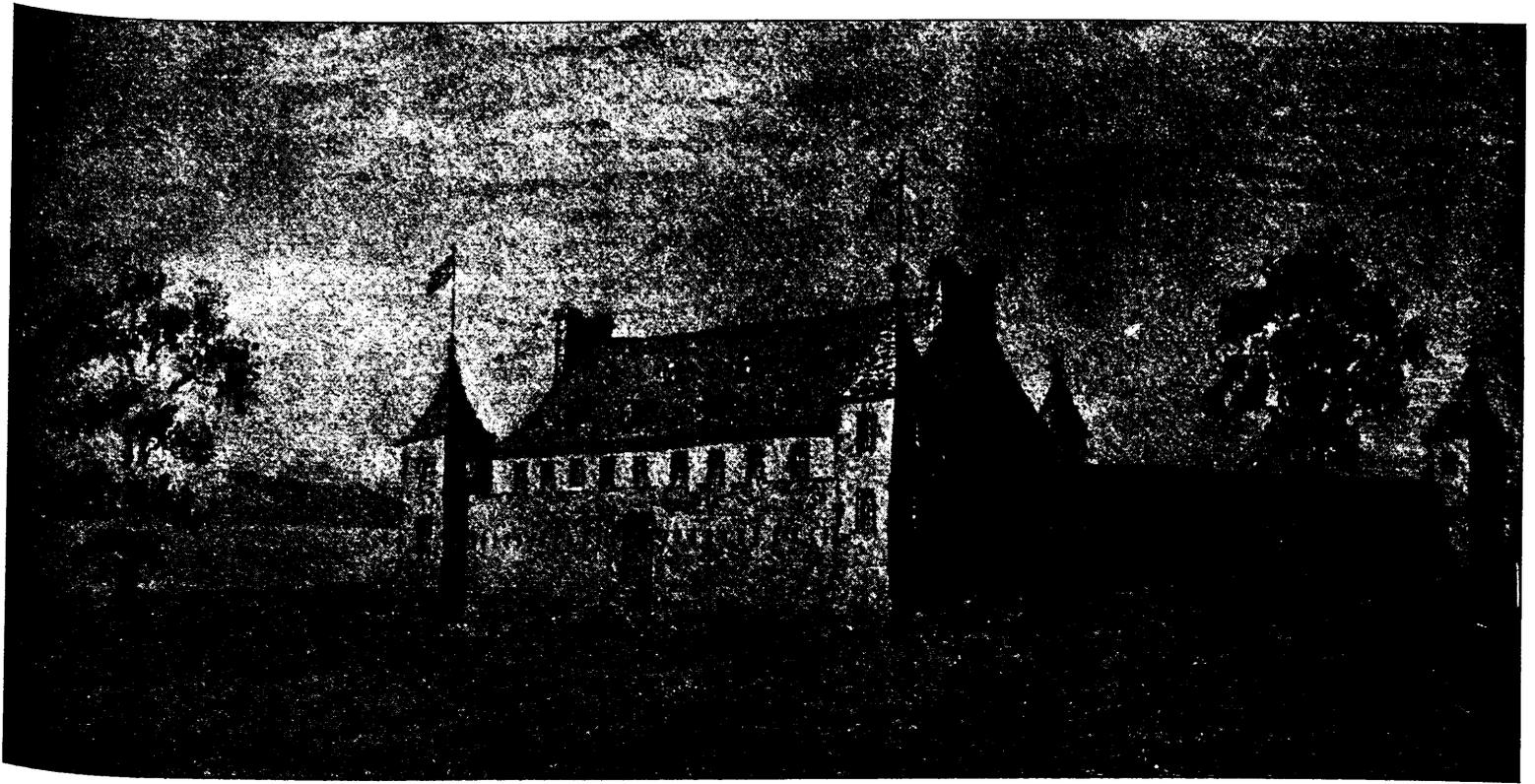
No. 3.—Embrasure.

*Paris Documents.

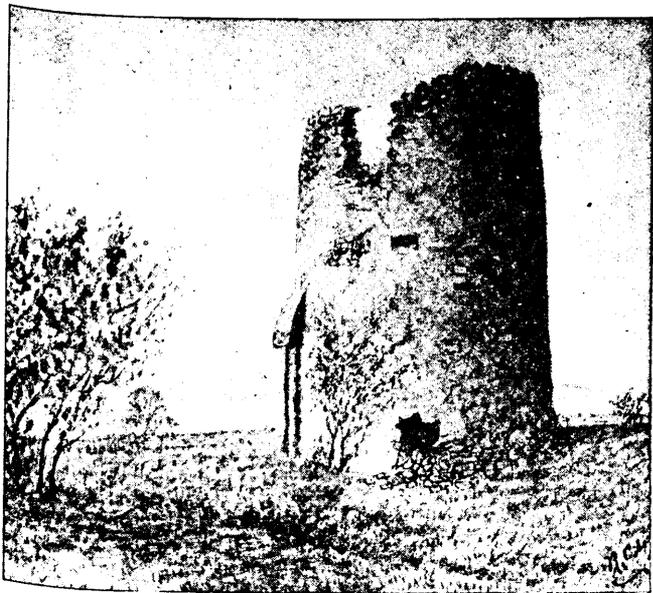
†Paris documents.

‡"The Massacre of the Cedars," S. E. Dawson, LL.D.

*The American general commanding.



No. 1.—Chateau Senneville.



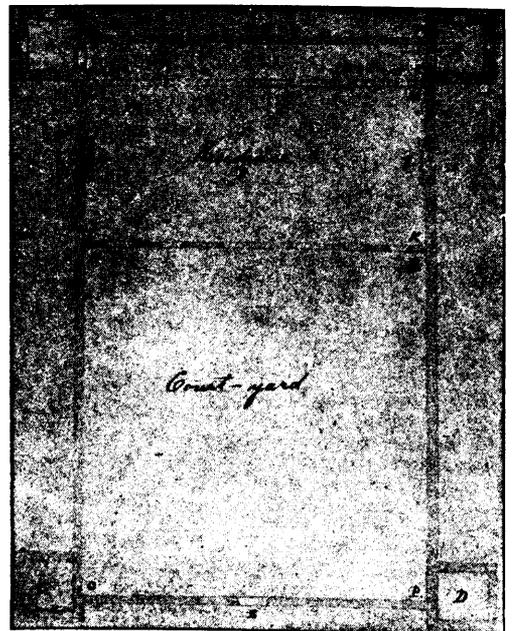
No. 6.—Fortified Windmill.



No. 2.—Ruins of Chateau.



No. 5.—View from Court Yard of Castle, 1890.



Plan of Chateau and Court Yard.



FASHIONS IN FURS FOR 1890-91.

Kleptomania.

Probably no uncivilized man believes in kleptomania. Even among civilized peoples many persons smile incredulously when they are told of the acts of kleptomaniacs. They know better: the kleptomaniac is a thief with a fine name; and the name has been invented for the purpose of screening the higher classes who indulge in low vices. But a case has been brought to light recently which ought to convince the most sceptical. A man was arrested a short time ago in the act of stealing a pocket handkerchief from a lady in a Vienna suburb. In his sane days he had been a prosperous banker; but a mania for cambric pocket handkerchiefs seized upon him and proved his ruin. It was his habit to accost ladies in the street and offer to buy their pocket handkerchiefs. If they refused he used to get

angry, and to offer higher and higher prices until a bargain was struck. Many ladies,—could they have been ladies?—traded upon his madness, until at last all his money was spent, and he became a bankrupt. But bankruptcy did not cure his mania, for, no longer having money to pay for pocket handkerchiefs, he took to stealing them, and was sent to prison. For five years nothing was heard of his depredations, and it was believed that his imprisonment had cured him. But a short time ago he was discovered at his old tricks. When arrested he had fifteen cambric handkerchiefs in his possession, all of which he confessed to having stolen within an hour. In his bedroom 434 cambric pocket handkerchiefs were found, and it is believed that many more were concealed in hiding-places which he refused to reveal. He had never been known to steal anything else; nor does he seem to have made any use of the cambric handkerchiefs. The tribunal before which he

appeared very properly sent him to a madhouse and not to prison. This case is absolutely convincing; and probably no one who reads it will in future doubt the fact of kleptomania. But that it should ever have been doubted is surprising and not very creditable. The world has been familiar with the delusions of the lunatic from its earliest ages; and many of those delusions have been infinitely more curious and difficult of belief than that a man should have too keen a desire to possess himself of other people's property. It is probable, in fact, that the commonest of all forms of madness is that induced by excessive greed; and the only reason why so few persons are charged with theft or kleptomania is that their greed is tempered and kept in check by cunning. Whenever a case happens where the motive for theft is exceedingly small or entirely wanting the person who possesses himself of what is not his own should be suspected of kleptomania.—Hospital.