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No 1.

THE LOUNGER

MAGAZINE



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THE LOUNGER MAGAZINE.

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JANUARY, 1897.

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| | | |
|--|---------------------------------|----------------------|
| THE POUTING MODEL | <i>E. Bloom</i> | <i>Frontispiece.</i> |
| CANADIAN INDIANS An interesting article on the Indians of Canada, handsomely illustrated from photographs. | <i>William McGirr</i> | 3 |
| SAVAGE FREEDOM (Poem) | | 13 |
| WHEN WE WENT FISHING LONG AGO Poem, decorated by W. J. Moule. | <i>William Wilfred Campbell</i> | 14 |
| THE FALL OF QUEBEC First article in a series on the Battle-fields of Canada.—Illustrated from old prints. | <i>D. McAdam Coughlin</i> | 18 |
| THE WOODMAN'S WALK A famous English poem of 1600, that pictures life as it is. | " <i>Shep. Tonic</i> " | 24 |
| THE NIGHT BEFORE AND THE NIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE A stirring description of the horrors of war. | <i>Capt. George Melbourne</i> | 26 |
| THE SWEET NEGLECT (Poem) | <i>Ben. Jonson</i> | 32 |
| REMBRANDT A sketch of the life of the famous artist with examples of his work. | | 33 |
| MASTERPIECES OF ART Reproductions of the work of Bayard, Henner, Bacon, Andreotti. | | 39 |
| MOZART Fourth paper in our musical series, handsomely illustrated. | | 44 |
| WOMAN IN FICTION Concluding paper in a brilliant series on the part woman has played in fiction. | <i>Mary L. Campbell</i> | 50 |
| HOPES (Poem) | | 52 |
| A MAN LIKE MCGREGOR Instalment of serial of Canadian life and politics. | <i>D. McAdam Coughlin</i> | 53 |
| PETER ROOSFELDT A well told tale of love triumphant over parental harshness. | <i>J. Valentine Scobie</i> | 58 |
| LOUNGINGS IN THE LIBRARY | | 63 |

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22, 24, 26 GEORGE ST., OTTAWA.

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The Lounger

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1897

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THE LOUNGER, the great five cent Canadian Magazine, has already won a welcome place in the hearts of thousands of Canadian readers, whose homes are brightened by its monthly appearance. In starting out its editors set a high standard of excellence, with a small cost to the reader, and that they have succeeded in carrying out their pledges to the public the entire press of Canada freely acknowledges. The *Montreal Daily Herald*, in noticing the October number, said:—

"THE LOUNGER Magazine, published at Ottawa, is a most laudable and very successful effort to furnish the people of the Dominion with a high class periodical at just half the price charged for similar publications. The editors have set out with a high standard in view, both as regards literary matter and illustrations, and so far, they have succeeded in living up to their intentions."

In 1897 new features will be added and improvements made in every line. Already a large number of interesting articles have been contracted for, any one of which is, to the person of cultured taste, worth more than the whole year's subscription. These articles are very comprehensive, and their range so wide, that something will be found to suit the tastes of every reader, while the whole will be illustrated in the finest style that art can produce.

Among those who will contribute in 1897 are:

THE LOUNGER MAGAZINE.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL,
ANNIE HOWELLS FRECHETTE,
ANTHONY BAPRITT,
MARY BEDDOE,
MARY L. CAMPBELL,
D. McADAM COUGHLIN,
J. VALENTINE SCOBIE,
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R. M. PRENTICE,
McLEOD STEWART,
D. W. R.
HARRY BOTT,
WILLIAM MCGIRR.

These and many other well-known writers will contribute to *THE LOUNGER* in 1897. Among the articles will be a particularly interesting series entitled:

CANADIAN HOMES

This series will deal with some of our finest Canadian dwellings, from an artistic and architectural standpoint, giving many fine illustrations of exteriors and interiors. These articles are designed to cover the whole of the Dominion, selecting the finest buildings in each city or town. They will be valued by every Canadian who takes an interest in the cultured developments of the Dominion.

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This is a series that will convince those who claim that Canada has no history, of their error. It will deal with the stirring incidents of our past. The Plains of Abraham, where two heroes gave up their lives in the struggle for the possession of the land we love; Crysler's Farm, Lundy's Lane, and Queenston, where Canadian valor, expelled at the bayonet's point, the hordes of greedy Americans who came to rob them of their inheritance; Louisburg, and many others will be dealt with.

A STRONG SERIAL

of Canadian life, will be commenced in one of the early numbers of the new year. This story will be contributed by a Canadian whose literary reputation has extended to every land where the English language is spoken.

THE GEOLOGICAL MUSEUM

of Canada is situated just across the street from *THE LOUNGER* Building, and is a veritable storehouse of unique and startling subjects, that must have an absorbing interest for Canadians; and into this vast field, covered by years of scientific research and the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars, the editors of *THE LOUNGER* intend to make inroads during the coming year, drawing thence articles of untold value for the information of their readers. The information contained in these articles, and the photographs that will illustrate them cost thousands of dollars to collect. No other Magazine in the world has a series of equal value to offer its readers in 1897.

THE ARCHIVES OF CANADA

wherein is contained the papers and documents that tell the country's history, is another source from which articles for the 1897 *LOUNGER* will be drawn.

THE CANADIAN INDIANS

and the story of their progress in the ways of civilized life, will be the subject of a beautifully illustrated article.

THE LOUNGER MAGAZINE

POEMS

by the best Canadian poets will appear in each issue, and

THE BEST SHORT STORIES

by popular writers will be a feature of interest to lovers of the modern style of story-telling.

MUSICAL SERIES.

Our musical series which has already become a popular feature of the Magazine will be continued.

CANADIAN ART AND ARTISTS

will occupy a prominent place in the volumes of 1897, while many

SPECIAL ARTICLES

on timely topics will appear from time to time.

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THE POUTING MODEL"—E. BLOOM.

THE LOUNGER MAGAZINE.

VOL. II

JANUARY, 1897.

No. 1.

CANADIAN INDIANS.

By William McGirr.

COMPARATIVELY speaking, very few people take much interest in this subject. The consequence is that little is known of our native population.

In Canada, at the earliest period in the first settled portions we find that the Algonquins and Hurons held chief sway. The Algonquins occupied the territory along both sides of the St. Lawrence river, as far west as Cornwall and the lower Ottawa district. They were a bold and warlike race.

The Hurons occupied the upper St. Lawrence and the shores of Lakes Ontario, Simcoe, Huron and about the Georgian Bay. The Hurons devoted themselves more to agricultural pursuits than did the Algonquins, the latter depending on the chase almost entirely. The Iroquois were a separate community, and resided principally in the State of New York, along the Hudson river and Lake Erie. The Iroquois originally embraced five tribes: The Onondaga, Cayuga, Seneca, Mohawk, and Oneida. They were called the Five Nations. Subsequently the Tuscaroras joined them and they became the Six Nations. Nothing seems to have been known of the tribes inhabiting the great West.

The Iroquois stood at the head of the then known Indian race, and the same may be said of them to-day, taken as a whole.

The frequent wars between the Iroquois and Hurons and Algonquins gradually led to the supremacy of the Six Nations over half of North America. The desolation and death that followed in the wake of these savages, as they then were, was terrible in the extreme. They even assailed the French in Canada. Notwithstanding the combined forces against them, they had lost little prestige when the war of Independence broke out. Taking up arms on behalf of the Crown, those of them, except the Senecas, who were not completely wiped out, fled to Canada with other U. E. Loyalists.

Space will not permit at this time to go into the domestic, religious and political life of the Indians at this early period. This may be touched upon in another contribution.

At present ethnologists give upwards of one hundred and ninety grand divisions of the Indians in North, South, and Central America. These have a great many tribal subdivisions, and multitudinous bands, and the population

according to late statistics, is placed at between 11,000,000 and 12,000,000 occupying over 16,000,000 square miles of territory. There are upwards of 800 distinct languages recognised, 450 in North, and 350 in South and Central America.

The number of Indians in North America is put at 407,200. In Canada, say, in round numbers 102,000.

The Indians of Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces number about 34,000, namely: Ontario 18,000, Quebec 12,000, Nova Scotia 2,000, New Brunswick 1,600, Prince Edward Island 300.

The following are to be found in Ontario,—Algonquins, Chippewas, Iroquois, Moravians, Mississaugas, Mohawks, Muncies, Oneidas, Pottawattamies, Ojibbewas, Ottawas, Wyandots; Quebec—Abenakis, Algonquins, Amalacites, Hurons, Iroquois, Micmacs, Montagnais, Kaskapees; in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island—Micmacs; in New Brunswick—Micmacs and Amalacites.

As nearly as can be ascertained, the religions embraced by them are: Protestant, 10,200; Roman Catholic, 13,000; Pagan, 1,100. This leaves some 9,000 whose tenets are unknown; many of them, probably, are pagans.

Few of the tribes now occupy the parts of the country which their fathers inhabited,

though they are, for the most part, of the stock which formerly peopled the tract now embraced within these Provinces. The changes of habitants arise from exigencies of the stormy days of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and part of the nineteenth centuries.

The early Canadian Indian, after settling down, tilled the ground and hunted.

He was intelligent, industrious in his own pursuits, proud, crafty, and hospitable, and in many ways of a kindly nature. He had arts which seem since to have been lost. He rapidly recognized the greater knowledge of the white man, adopted his implements, and followed his ways, but the point of contact between our race and his was unfortunately at a low point of ours, and the undesirable qualities of the whites whom the Indians first met set their stamp upon them and their destinies.

It was out of abuse, actual or threatened, that the reservation idea sprang, and from that a state of tutelage emanated. It was this, too, which led to

most of the legislative enactments that have from time to time restricted Indian rights and responsibilities. The wisdom of the past policy of Canada is evident by the condition of the Indians to-day. Practically, in these Provinces there are no Indians existing on either



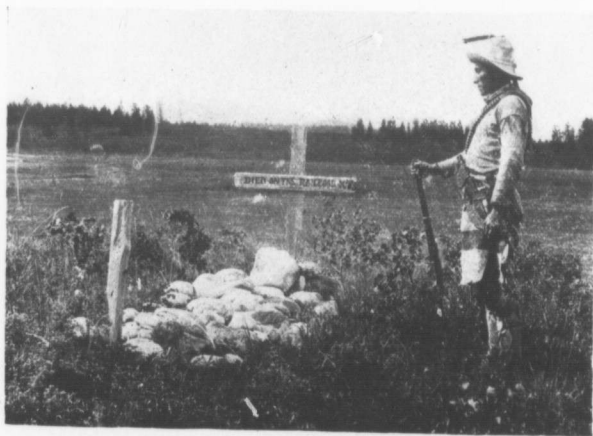
Bull's Head, Chief of the Sarcees.

state or municipal charity; they are as self supporting as their white neighbors; they are engaged in every industry, in many professions, and in trade. The only line between them and the rest of the country is a legislative one, which cannot immediately be removed.

McMullen says: "But a few generations have since passed away, and flourishing cities, towns and villages, and thousands of happy homesteads occupy these regions where they chased the deer and trapped the beaver in the silent depths of the primeval forest. Instead of the war-whoop of

upwards of 800 oxen, over 4,000 horses, 3,500 cows, 9,000 sheep and pigs, and more than 4,000 head of young stock. Last year they harvested 380,000 bushels of grain, 150,000 bushels of roots, and cut 15,000 tons of hay. They also realized from the sale of fish, furs, and other industries \$345,000.

They have 115 schools at which there is an average attendance of about 2,000 pupils, and nine of these give industrial training and higher education to upwards of 400 children, who are placed amongst the best of influences, and receive excellent



A NAMELESS GRAVE.

the Algonquins or the Hurons, the church bell now swells out on the vesper breeze, and the silence of the wilderness has given place to the sound of industrial life or the lithesome whistle of the ploughman."

Those who have only seen staggering Indians selling baskets and beadwork have little idea what the great majority of them are like, and it may therefore be interesting to note that in the Provinces mentioned Indians own over 6,000 houses, 3,600 barns and stables, have 99,000 acres of land under cultivation, and the past year added over 1,000 acres of new breaking; their possessions of live stock aggregate

tuition. In short, they are now a settled people, engaged for the most part in agriculture, owning their lands, inhabiting dwellings of a good class, supplied with stables and other farming buildings, and in possession of stock, implements, and other essentials to agriculture. They are not dependent on the government for support, though a small sum is appropriated every year to provide for cases of destitution.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

In British Columbia there are nearly 26,000 Indians, located through the Pro-



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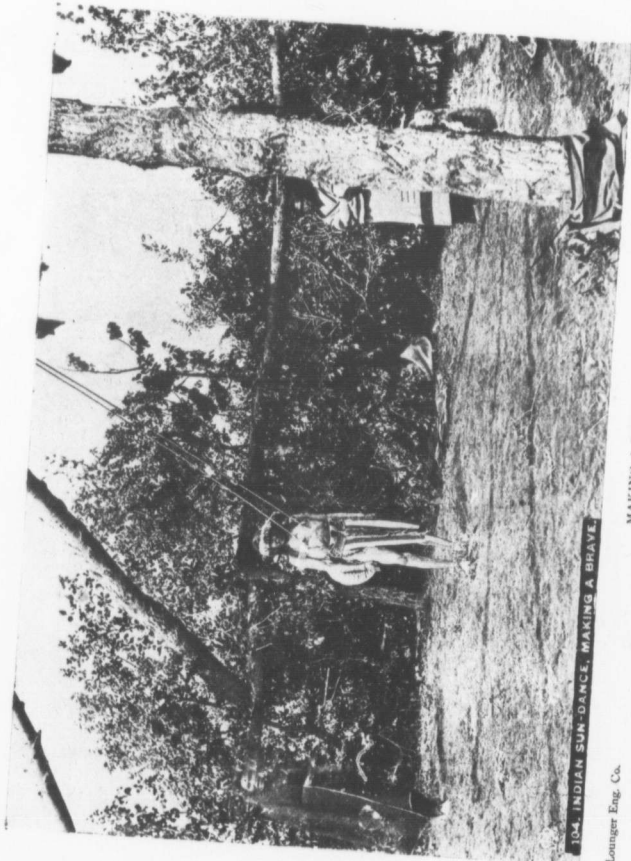
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SIKUNNAKIO,

vince as follows: on the west coast 3,900, Fraser River 4,200, Kamloops 2,400, Okanagan 900, Cowichan 2,000, Kwakwaka'wakw 1,700, Williams Lake and Kootenay 2,500; the north west coast running as far north as Alaska including the Babine and Upper Skeena River districts, 8,500. From recent information as to religion professed by them there are: Protestants 6,200, Roman Catholics 10,100, Pagans 4,800; as to the balance, no particulars are recorded.

The following are a few of the British colonial tribes: Cowichan, Songhees, Clayoquaht, Kynkaht, Squattets, Matsqui, Kaitsig, Musqueam, Coquitlam, Capalino, Clohoos, Shamore, Siwash, Kitsequkla, Kitwancool, Kitsgegas, Goldoe, Kootenays, Shuswap, Kitkahtla, Haida, Nishgar, Kitwanger, Kitselass, Bella Bella, Bella Coola, Kincolith.

In 1871, when British Columbia entered Confederation, the Dominion assumed control of the Indians. The Indian policy



104. INDIAN SUN DANCE, MAKING A BRAVE.

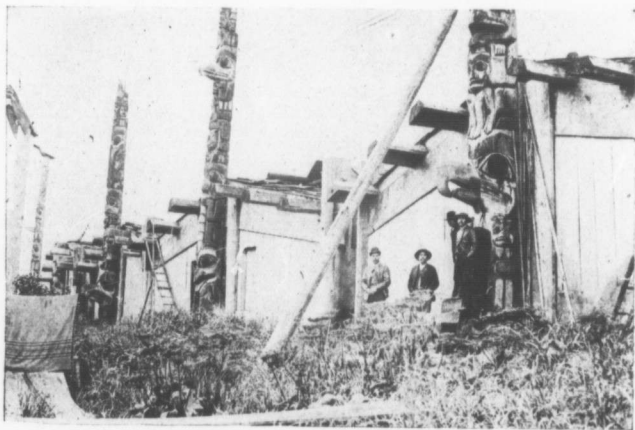
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MAKING A BRAVE

of British Columbia prior to that time had had such an influence on native life that it might be well to look at it for a moment, and I can only give it a passing glance. The Attorney-General of British Columbia describes it as a policy formed in 1858, and says, "It was based on the broad and experimental principle of treating the Indians as fellow subjects, a principle that was at least a lofty one, and worthy of an enlightened humanity. Like others of its kind, it had its trials, but it also had its rewards, for through its influence the colony was enabled, on the day of Confeder-

would appear that in no case was any special agreement made with any of the tribe of the mainland for the extinction of their claims of possession, but these claims have been held to have been fully satisfied by securing to each tribe, as the progress of the settlement of the country seemed to require, the use of sufficient tracts of land for their wants for agricultural and pastoral purposes. These reserves were in extinction of hereditary rights, but the Province did not prevent Indians pre-empting lands on the same terms as white settlers.

The terms of union between British



TOTEM POLES AND VILLAGE.

ation, to hand over to the trusteeship of the Dominion a community of 40,000 Indians, loyal, peaceable, and contented, and in many cases honest and industrious. This fact is, in itself, the best commentary that could be offered upon a policy pursued towards the Indians during the thirteen years preceding Confederation."

In 1871 the Indians of British Columbia were classed thus: First, fishermen and hunters, numbering more than three-fourths of the whole population; second, stock-breeders and small farmers; third, laborers.

Regarding their hereditary rights, it

Columbia and Canada included the following stipulations: That Canada assumes the charge of the Indians and the trusteeship and management of their lands; that a policy towards the natives as liberal as that of the Colonial Government of British Columbia should be continued by the Dominion; that British Columbia should, after Confederation, convey to the Dominion in trust for the use of the Indians, tracts of land similar in extent to those which had been set apart for their use by British Columbia when governed directly by the Imperial authorities. It is unnecessary to



56. MITRENAWANA AND METERNAW SARCEE INDIANS.

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SARCEE INDIANS.

quote further as to the agreement between the Province and the Dominion; the foregoing will show that due regard was had to the welfare of the native tribes.

We have evidence that the Indians of the interior were of great mental capacity, and possessed mechanical genius. Their social condition at the time of the union was in general character far superior to those of the coast, although marriage was by purchase of the wife, and polygamy was practiced. The coast Indians were somewhat degraded, owing partially to contact with low grades of white men. It is known that slavery existed amongst them, and slaves were occasionally sacrificed and eaten at the medicine feasts of the Tsimpsheans, Quackewells and Bella Coolas.

Since that time great progress has been made by them in their mode of living, and in their general tendency towards civilization. At the time of the union their possessions were small, and when it is considered that they lived to a great extent by fishing and hunting, it is creditable to find them now owning over 7,000 houses, 1,100 outbuildings, and having 10,000 acres of land under cultivation, 300 acres of new land having been broken last year. Last season they harvested 140,000 bushels of grain and roots, and put up over 5,000 tons of hay; they own more than 24,000 head of stock, and earned over \$1,000,000.

The Indians of British Columbia are employed in nearly every industry carried on in the country, but still a large part of their maintenance is obtained from the forest and stream. They make a comparatively easy livelihood, and live on terms of perfect amity with their white neighbors, between whom and themselves there is a very small barrier, if any at all. They are a very small charge upon the Dominion financially, and there is no reason to apprehend that they will alter in this respect.

MANITOBA AND THE NORTHWEST.

The Indians in these portions of the Dominion are spread over a vast section of country, but I shall only refer to those within Treaty limits, namely, Indians inhabiting the country east to west from the Great Lakes to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, a distance of 1,400 miles, and south to north from the International

boundary to the waters of the Athabasca, a distance of nearly 500 miles. There are a great many Indians further north between the Athabasca and Great Slave Lakes, and indeed, as far north as Great Bear Lake. They belong to the Creek, Chippewayan, Montenaize, and Esquimaux tribes, the latter a wild savage race about which comparatively little is known.

West of Lake Superior, to the foot of the Rockies, there are, in round numbers, within Treaty limits, 24,000 Indians, and the following are found: Plain Crees, Swampy Crees, Saulteaux, Assiniboines, Sioux, Stonys, Chippewayans, Sarcees, Peigans, Bloods, Blackfeet. The two latter are warlike and powerful Tribes. Late statistics give the religions embraced by them as follows: Protestant, 9,000; Roman Catholic, 4,700; Pagans, 10,300.

The Treaties were made with the Indians between 1871 and 1877. Previous to that they lived in a state of comparative comfort, even though it was a wild and untutored state. The white population was confined to employees of the Hudson Bay Company, and a few other traders. The Indians had all the food and clothing they required; the buffalo furnished meat, the hides furnished clothing and tents to live in; and with the furs which they regularly obtained they purchased tea, and tobacco, and a little luxury, so that they were content and happy. The advent of settlement changed all that. The buffalo became extinct, and this meant, really, to the Indians, deprivation of everything; they were left entirely to the care of the Dominion. Treaties, as before stated, were made with them, and the Indian title extinguished, and, as the only occupation to which they could be put was farming, the treaties with them were framed accordingly. It may be interesting to know what benefits the treaties gave, and in a few words they can be summarized. Perpetual cash annuities in parts of Manitoba, \$3.00 per head; in other parts of Manitoba and the North West Territories, \$5.00 per head; chiefs, \$25.00 and headmen or councillors, \$15.00 per head, all per annum. Tracts of land at the rate of 640 acres for every five persons; a stated quantity of ammunition and twine per annum, to assist them in the pursuit of their



Lounger Eng. Co.

APISTOAN AND AKANOO.

old avocation; seed and implements with which to enter on a new means of livelihood by tilling the ground; tools to erect permanent buildings on their lands to replace the "wigwam;" stock to form the nucleus of herds; schools for the education of their young; and some other minor considerations.

The fostering care of the Dominion was extended to them, with a view to preventing waste and loss of their newly acquired properties, and the broad result of its efforts up to to-day can be gathered from the following: For a few years after the Treaties were concluded there was, naturally, very little evidence of progress, and even then it was considered no small step in their advancement to keep them combined to the limited area of their reserves, and, withal, to keep them contented and peaceable. As late as 1880, especially in the North West, they had scarcely a house of their own; now, they have over 800; then they had a few ponies, and owned

nothing that was the fruit of industry exerted in accordance with our idea of industry; now they possess, in round numbers, over 24,000 head of stock besides many other animals to be seen in a thrifty farmer's barnyard. Then they were a nomadic race of savages, now they are, we might say, an agricultural people, with over 13,000 acres of land under cultivation, and have more than 2,000 barns and stables. Last season they harvested over 110,000 bushels of grain and roots, and cut upwards of 40,000 tons of hay, and earned upwards of \$265,000 in fish, furs, and other industries. In 1880 they had but 16 schools, with an attendance of some 500 children; now they have 143 schools, and upwards of 4,000 children on the roll. Twenty-five of these schools are more or less devoted to industrial training, and clothe, feed, and lodge over 1,000 pupils, who are thus withdrawn from the influence of the wigwam.

SAVAGE FREEDOM.

No man has more contempt than I of breath;
But whence hast thou the right to give me death?
I am as free as Nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

—*Conquest of Granada.*

WHEN WE WENT FISHING LONG AGO.

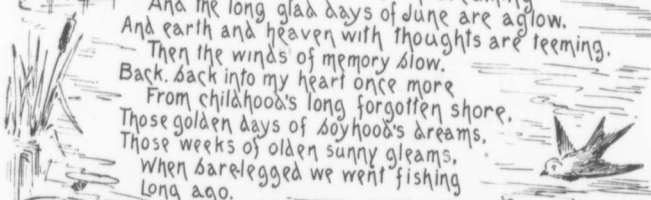
WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL



When the Summer awakes in dreaming
And the long glad days of June are aglow,
And earth and heaven with thoughts are teeming,
Then the winds of memory blow.

Back, back into my heart once more
From childhood's long forgotten shore,
Those golden days of boyhood's dreams,
Those weeks of olden sunny gleams,

Those weeks of olden sunny gleams,
When barelegged we went fishing
Long ago.

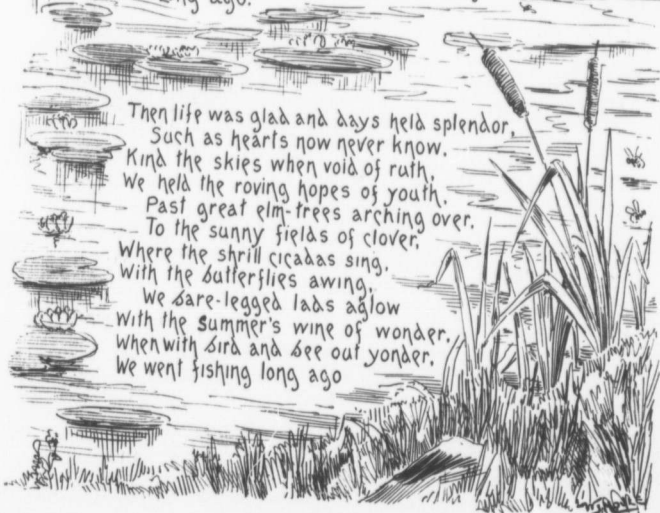


Then life was glad and days held splendor,
Such as hearts now never know.


Kind the skies when void of ruth,
We held the roving hopes of youth,
Past great elm-trees arching over,
To the sunny fields of clover,

Where the shrill cicadas sing,
With the butterflies awing,


We bare-legged lads aglow
With the summer's wine of wonder,
When with birds and bee out yonder,
We went fishing long ago



0.
With all rosy hopes was gilded
Heaven to its height above,
Like a palace earth was builded,
With all glories heart can know,
Trees were leaving, cattle lowing,
Fields were green and skies were blue,
Birds were singing, waters flowing,
And our hearts held music too:
Not a spot in earth or heaven
Desecrated with a woe
When barelegged we went fishing
Long ago.



Up across the morning early,
Trampling down the meadow dew,
Digging fishworms in the garden
Where the lettuce crisp and curly
And the ruddy rhubarb grew;
Through the drowsy drone of schoolhours
Mid the clack of passing wains,
Dreaming of a shady troutpool,
Getting punished for our pains,
Nothing caring, nothing daunted,
Whether time went fast or slow,
In the days of sunny-haunted,
Summer regions, rich aglow,
When bare-legged we went fishing
Long ago



All the world was filled with music
Through the long, drowsed afternoons
As we dreamed in shirt and trousers,
Whistling back the Summer's tunes,
Rod in hand and light of heart,
Up along the river wall,
To the lazy flute of robin,
Or the splash of waterfall;
Wading knee-high in the rapids,
Mid the rippling rivers flow;
To the glad kingfisher's note
With a sunbeam in his throat,
Angling for his prey below
So it was when we went fishing,
Long ago.

Little cared we for the morrow,
Weeks were centuries filled with gleams
Of golden empires Alexander
Never builded in his dreams;
Each day with its fading ended
Eras rich in Summer's blue,
Epochs packed in golden splendid
Conquests never Cæsar knew,
Kingdoms of wide wood and water,
Field and brook and Summer glow,
When bare-legged we went fishing
Long ago.

Keep your greatness, wealth and splendor,
City mansions all arow,
Fame and conquest; they can never
Give my lonely heart such glow,
Such throbs of earthly joy as dreaming
Back again the old sun's gleaming,
The long glad days, the sunny river,
That flows on in my heart forever,
Brimming the parched years with its flow,
When bare-legged we went fishing
Long ago.



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THE FALL OF QUEBEC.

By D. McAdam Coughlin.

QUEBEC was in a fever of excitement. From three directions the English were advancing upon it. Two great armies by land and fleet by sea; or, rather, by the St. Lawrence. It was the great and final struggle between the two first powers of Europe

Without the city, and along the frontier, the "war of boundaries" had raged for years. Now the French won a battle in one place to lose a footing in another, as fickle fortune smiled or frowned; but through all it was clearly evident that the English must win in the end. The dishonesty of



Siege of Quebec, 1759.

for supremacy in North America. A great event in the world's history was about to take place, and every eye was turned toward the Citadel of French power, the final scene of consolidated action. The fate of Quebec meant the fate of Canada, and the French strained every nerve to preserve it, while the English put forth every stratagem to bring about its capture.

Intendant Bigot and the indifference of the French government were doing more to bring about the fall of New France than the shot and shell of the enemy. Day after day, and hour after hour, the enemy drew nearer, nearer, bearing with them their instruments of death and destruction. Fort after fort fell into their hands, and the garrisons fell back upon the Capital,

where it had been decided to make a last effort to maintain a footing. Montcalm had ordered the garrisons along Lake Champlain and the Richelieu to retreat before the enemy, and fall back, by degrees,



General James Wolfe.

on Quebec. Accordingly, each day witnessed the arrival of troops, and on the 26th of June, 1759, there was within the city, or stationed in the entrenchments without, an armed force of about thirteen thousand men. Shortly after noon of the same day a scouting party entered and reported at headquarters. The English fleet was approaching and would probably effect a landing during the night or early the next morning.

Following this news, a stillness as of death fell over the city. Women, pale and frightened, crowded together, and spoke in whispers; men, stern and determined, buckled their swords around them, and, looking to the priming of their firearms, fell into line. The rumble of cannon over the hard pavement, as the guns were moved from place to place, or the heavy tread of infantry and clattering of cavalry through the streets, alone broke the stillness. Quebec was preparing for its death struggle.

Thus some hours passed, and then a silence more intense fell over the scene. Now, every cannon was in its place, every

soldier at his post, and nothing remained but to wait and watch. Yet, still the crowd lingered in the streets. Men bowed down with age, and too weak to engage in the actual strife; children with naked feet and bare heads, and years too few to fully comprehend the dangers that surrounded them; women of all ages and circumstances; some sparkling with youth and beauty, others borrowing an air of superiority from the experience of a greater number of years; all mingling in one motley mass of anxious humanity. Ever and anon a trooper rode through the streets, and was eagerly plied with questions, but he would only shake his head and pass on in silence, leaving the anxious throng to form its own theories, which were not always the brightest or most encouraging.

About four o'clock in the afternoon Montcalm issued a proclamation to the people. The gates of the city were to be closed at daybreak, after which no one would be allowed to pass into the country, nor come from the country into the city. All those who desired to leave the city might do so, but they could neither go nor come after the gates were closed.

Following these orders, the crowd dispersed, hurrying to their homes to gather together such valuables as they could take with them. Soon the approaches to the city



Montcalm.

were choked up with a motley mass of horses, carts and human beings, all seeking in the forest the shelter their homes no longer afforded them. Old men, groaning

beneath the loads they bore; women pressing eagerly forward; children crying for their parents, from whom they were rudely torn in the general rush, all served to lend horror to that dreadful scene. All thought



Borgainville.

of kindness; all consideration for one another's comfort and convenience, was gone. Each had enough to do to look out for his own safety and that of his immediate relatives, without caring what became of friends and neighbors. Vain were the commands of the officers, vain were their exertions to restore some sort of order; the people were panic-stricken with terror and fled from the city as though it were already writhing beneath the shot and shell of the enemy. All obedience to commands and sense of duty had left them, and their only thought was to get beyond the limits of the city whose doom was fast approaching. Thus, amid the cries and prayers and shrieks of the terror-stricken populace, the few short hours of that weary night of panic and misery wore away, and morning broke over the desolate homes and deserted streets of the city.

But the brave men who manned the walls, and the few citizens who had dared to brave the threatened dangers, beheld, through the hazy dusk of morning, a sight that told of the dangers surrounding them. The English fleet had arrived off the Island of Orleans, on which they landed in two divisions. The fleet was commanded by Admiral Saunders, and carried an army of seven thousand men, under the com-

mand of General James Wolfe. The general's prospects were very disheartening. High above him rose the ramparts of the city, and from their summits frowned the gaping muzzles of cannon, ready to pour forth a deadly volley on any force that might come within their range. Above the city the lofty heights rendered a landing almost impossible; below, the country was embarrassed for eight miles by two rivers, and the entrenchments of the French extending from the St. Charles to the Falls of Montmorenci, made a landing in that quarter as impracticable as elsewhere.

Nothing daunted, however, the brave Wolfe, under cover of the fire from the ships of war, attempted to break through the entrenchment at Beauport. But it proved a vain and disastrous undertaking. The ground along the river bank was soft, and the soldiers, rallying to the attack, sank to their ankles in mud, while the French poured on them a withering fire from behind their breast-works. Laboring under such great disadvantages, and facing an army as brave and courageous as themselves, the English could not but retreat, which they did in good order, re-embarking and getting beyond the fire of their adversaries.

This event, which cost the English some five hundred men, occurred on the 31st of



British Soldiers.

July, 1759. But, in the meantime, batteries were erected opposite the city, and from morning till night, from night till morning,

the cannon roared out a deadly warning, intercepted ever and anon by the crashing in of roofs, the falling of spires or the awful noise caused by some lofty pile, as it tottered and fell to the earth.



French Soldier, 1755.

Fires raged in every quarter, making day horrible and night hideous; still destruction progressed. Soon all lower town was in a heap of ruins, and the public buildings and holy edifices of upper town were unroofed and wrecked, and the beautiful city of Quebec was nigh reduced to a smouldering heap of ashes. Yet, still stood the walls and the ramparts, but little injured by the

furious onslaught, frowning down on the hopeless besiegers.

Discouraged by his defeat at Beauport, disheartened by the prospect that lay before him, Wolfe sent home a very hopeless report of his proceedings; then falling sick of fever, for weeks he lay tossing between life and death, from which at length he recovered to set out on his last glorious and victorious undertaking.

It appears, according to some authors, that during Wolfe's illness, a new actor had appeared on the scene, who volunteered information which would lead to the taking of Quebec. This person was Captain Robert Stobo, a man who had passed through a series of adventures, which it might not be amiss to relate here. When the French took fort Necessity, the officer in command, Colonel George Washington, the afterwards famous American general, was forced to give two hostages. One of these was Captain Stobo. He was at first taken to fort Duquesne, but afterwards removed to Quebec, where he remained on parole. It so happened that

after Braddoc's bloody defeat at fort Duquesne, certain documents containing a description of the defences at Duquesne, were found on the person of the slain general, and traced to Stobo, who was immediately arrested for a spy, and condemned to death, but he contrived to make his escape to Halifax, from which place he came to Quebec and offered his services. As soon as Wolfe was sufficiently recovered, a council was called at which, it is supposed, this notorious person made known his secret. He informed the council of a path which led from the base of the steep cliff to the plains of Abraham, above and behind the city. Once having gained the plains, he informed them, they were in a position to attack the only weak point in the defences of the city. It is needless to add that Wolfe grasped this opportunity with eagerness, and at once sent out a party to investigate the matter. This party



French Soldier, 1755.

consisted of Captain James Cooke, the afterwards famous English navigator, who lost his life in the South Sea Islands; two or three boatmen, and probably Captain

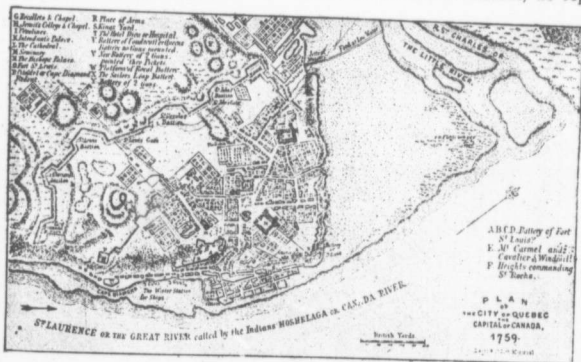
Stobo, though no mention of the latter's name is made as being one of the party.

Here it might be well to state, that the fact of Stobo not being mentioned as having anything further to do in the "battle of the plains," as the engagement which followed is often called, has led some historians to doubt whether he played any part whatever in the affair. But we have good reason to believe that Stobo rendered the British some very valuable services, for a few years later we find the New England States voting him a reward of £1,000 for his services during the war. But be this as it may, the fact remains that Cooke found a narrow path winding from the river's bank up the steep heights to the

with a force of two thousand men, still further up, to prevent the English landing. During the night the English troops dropped down the river with the current in boats, and at four o'clock in the morning began to land at the place known as Wolfe's Cove.

Wolfe was one of the first on shore, and looking up at the heights that towered above him, he remarked to an officer who stood beside him, "you may try it, but I don't think you will get up."

The English commander was very low-spirited, and the gloom of his approaching fate seemed to cast its shadows before. While they were still in the boats, floating down on the smooth current, he repeated



Quebec as it Surrendered, 1759.

plains above, and by this narrow way the English determined to scale the face of the cliff and gain possession of the plains.

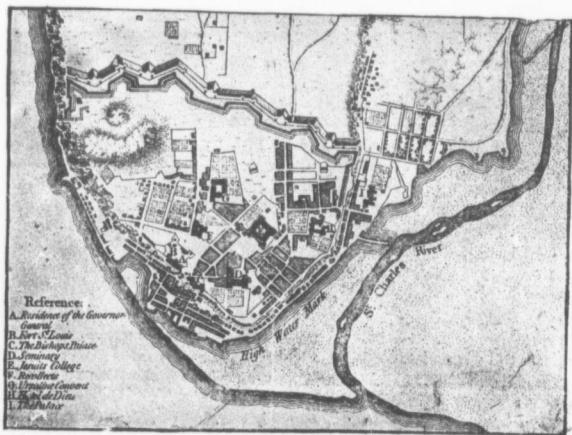
Accordingly, on the night of the 11th of September, while making such vigorous demonstrations against Montcalm's position that the French still believed it to be his main object, Wolfe landed the greater part of his troops and marched up the south shore opposite Quebec, where they re-embarked on the men-of-war and transports which lay above the town. On the 12th, the ships sailed up the river to Cape Rouge, about nine miles above the city. This feint deceived Montcalm, who thought that only a small detachment had passed up the river, and he sent De Bougainville

to those around him the words of "Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard." The strangely appropriate words—"The paths of glory lead but to the grave"—struck on the ears of those who heard them, as a prediction rather than a recital; and so it proved.

Despite the fact that it appeared an almost impossible feat, the British soldiers, and especially Frasier's Highlanders, were not to be outdone. Clinging to roots and branches, they dragged themselves up foot by foot, till they reached the top. Here they met with a short but brave resistance from a small guard stationed there to watch the pass. It is quite probable that the British soldiers would never have

gained the plains had it not been for the quick wit of Captain Donald McDonald, who on being challenged, replied in French that he had come to relieve the guard. This reply deceived the French soldiers for a time, and before they became aware of what was really going on, their opportunity of averting the danger had passed, and they were overpowered and made prisoners of war. Caution being no longer necessary, men after men came swarming over the cliff, and quickly formed into line on the plains. Thus, when day broke, Wolfe, with an army of four thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight men, all eager for

witted as a general; it now remained for him to fight like a soldier. His hair had turned white in the service of his country, and no act of cowardice or dishonor had ever stained his noble career, nor would it now. Such were the feelings that took possession of Montcalm's noble heart, and such were the sentiments that decided his subsequent action. Without a moment's thought, without a moment's hesitation, he marched his army, consisting of 7,520 men, many of whom now were half-famished and imperfectly armed, across the St. Charles, and formed them into battle array on the east side of the plains. 30000



Quebec, 1763.

an encounter with their traditional enemy, found himself in possession of the Plains of Abraham. In the meantime, the ships of war had dropped down the stream and anchored opposite the landing place.

When the light of day had dispersed the shades of night, the anxious watchers beheld, in dismay, from the ramparts of the city, the plains swarming with red coats and glistening with a forest of bayonets. Soon the intelligence of this disaster was conveyed to Montcalm, who at first heard it in doubt, but soon he saw for himself, and was convinced. He had been out-

It was nine o'clock, and the opposing armies stood motionless, gazing on each other. Light, warm showers, fell at intervals, as though Heaven itself were anxious to cool the heated spirits of the contestants. From the coppice and cornfields in front of the English, the French sharpshooters kept up a distant, spattering fire, which picked off a man here and there in the ranks of the British, but the gap was filled in silence, and time wore along.

It was a few minutes to ten. The French were preparing to advance. A few moments more and Montcalm's troops

were in motion. At length they came within range and began firing heavily, and shouting after the fashion of their nation. Yet, not a shot, not a move, from the British. Firm, silent and motionless, they stood the attack. But it was not to be so much longer. But forty yards now stood between them and their adversaries, and the word passed along the line. Quickly, silently, and with one general motion, as though moved by some invisible mechanism, every gun rose to the level, and then, in one awful, death-dealing volley, burst forth the terrible explosion. For a moment the cloud of smoke hid the armies from each other; in the next the English perceived their adversaries, an army no longer, but a maimed and broken mob, men, officers and comrades, dead, dying and wounded, all piled in one agonizing heap. Still, the Frenchmen, true to the name "soldier," turned their faces to the foe, and stood waiting the next volley while they promptly returned that which they had already received. Soon it came. Again the muskets of the English were levelled, and again they sent forth their awful messengers of death. The recruits and provincials broke and fled before it, but the regulars stood a little longer, but it was

only for a moment they stood—they could not stand alone, and they, too, turned and fled. But it was not the flight of cowards, it was the retreat of heroes, from a scene where valor had become vanity, courage madness. But they did not flee unfollowed. The fleet-footed Highlanders were at their heels, hacking, hewing, slaying everyone who lingered a little in the rear. At length, however, the firing of the cannon from the ramparts drove the pursuers back, and all was over. The battle on the plains lasted scarcely ten minutes, the flight but little more, and in that short time had the Frenchmen met, fought and fallen, before their foes.

Soon it became known what noble blood was shed for and against Quebec. Two heroes had received their death wounds and two great nations had each to mourn a bitter loss. Within the city ramparts, within the convent walls, slowly sinking to his last, long, honored rest, lay the heroic Montcalm. Without the ramparts lay a heap of inanimate clay that but lately lived, breathed, and moved men to deeds of valor, and still bore the form and features of General James Wolfe, the conqueror of the French power in America.



Heights of Abraham, with Wolfe's Monument

THE WOODMAN'S WALK.

[From "England's Helicon," 1600, where it is signed
"Shep. Tonic."]

Through a fair forest as I went,
Upon a summer's day,
I met a woodman, quaint and gent,
Yet in a strange array.
I marvell'd much at his disguise,
Whom I did know so well:
But thus, in terms both grave and wise,
His mind he 'gan to tell.
Friend, muse not at this fond array,
But list a while to me,
For it hath holpe me to survey
What I shall show to thee.
Long liv'd I in this forest fair,
Till, weary of my weal,
Abroad in walks I would repair,
As now I will reveal.
My first day's walk was to the court,
Where beauty fed mine eyes;
Yet found I that the courtly sport
Did mask in sly disguise.
For falsehood sat in fairest looks,
And friend to friend was coy,
Court favor fill'd but empty rooks,
And then I found no joy.
Desert went naked in the cold,
When crouching craft was fed;
Sweet words were cheaply bought and sold,
But none that stood in stead.
Wit was employed for each man's own;
Plain meaning came too short;
All these devices, seen and known,
Made me forsake the court.
Unto the city next I went,
In hope of better hap;
Where liberally I launcht and spent,
As set on Fortune's lap.
The little stock I had in store,
Methought would ne'er be done;
Friends flock'd about me more and more,
As quickly lost as won.
For, when I spent, then they were kind;
But when my purse did fail,
The foremost man came last behind:
Thus love with wealth doth quail.

Once more for footing yet I strove,
Although the world did frown :
But they, before that held me up,
Together trod me down.

And, lest once more I should arise,
They sought my quite decay :
Then got I into this disguise,
And thence I stole away.

And in my mind (methought), I said,
Lord bless me from the city :
Where simpleness is thus betray'd
Without remorse or pity.

Yet would I not give over so,
But once more try my fate ;
And to the country then I go,
To live in quiet state.

There did appear no subtle shows,
But yea and nay went smoothly ;
But, Lord ! how country folks can gloze,
When they speak most untruly !

More craft was in a buttoned cap,
And in an old wife's rail,
Than in my life it was my hap
To see on down or dale.

There was no open forgery
But underhanded gleaning,
Which they call country policy,
But hath a worsè meaning.

Some good bold face bears out the wrong,
Because he gains thereby :
The poor man's back is crack'd ere long,
Yet there he lets him lie.

And no degree, among them all,
But had such close intending,
That I upon my knees did fall,
And prayed for their amending.

Back to the woods I got again,
In mind perplexed sore ;
Where I found ease of all my pain,
And mean to stray no more.

There city, court nor country, too,
Can any way annoy me ;
But as a woodman ought to do,
I freely may employ me.

There live I quietly alone,
And none to trip my talk :
Wherefore, when I am dead and gone,
Think on the woodman's walk !

THE NIGHT BEFORE, AND THE NIGHT AFTER
THE BATTLE.

By Captain George Melbourne.

WE lay—Blachford and I—rolled up in our cloaks, on the sloping ground just opposite our huts: the night was closing in, and above us the clouds were drifting heavily, and only here and there a star peeped out for a moment to be again and again overshadowed by the dusky curtain that passed before it.

Blachford was thoughtful; and I had repeated my questions as to what had been doing while I was away, before he seemed suddenly to catch what I said.

"There's something in the wind," he answered, "for we have had aides-de-camp and orderlies riding up here by the dozen. Have you heard anything at headquarters?"

"Not a word as to the when; but every one seems satisfied that we are to attack or be attacked before long—perhaps before many hours. Hark! what's that?"

We both listened attentively, and could distinctly hear the measured tread of a large body in our rear.

"It's a brigade of our troops," said Blachford, as we now discerned them coming along the valley just below us, and marching towards the right of our lines, "probably the Light Division," he added. This guess was confirmed by the Adjutant of one of the regiments, who rode up the hill, and recognizing us, shouted out—

"Good luck to ye, boys! and more power to your elbows to-morrow!"

"Why, what's up now?"

"Divil a bit know I, barring there came an aide-de-camp a while ago, and turned us out of our comfortable quarters down there over the bridge, among the frogs and

fen fever; and brought us up here in a mighty big haste, that left to me small time to pack my wardrobe and take an inventory of my furniture."

The wardrobe of Mike Donnelly, Adjutant of the —th, it was well known, consisted of a razor, a piece of soap, and a cake of tobacco, all which he carried in his shako. Whether he had a relay of linen or not, I believe nobody ever knew; yet, withal, he was at all times scrupulously clean, and the whole army did not contain a more efficient officer, (though he had risen from the ranks), nor a better-natured fellow.

"But are we to attack to-morrow, Mike?"

"It's mighty likely; seeing there's such a stir in the hive. You, on the left are out of the way of it all; but I hear the right is being strengthened, and that strong outworks are being thrown up at this time, when all decent people ought to be in their beds. Hallo! where's the Brigade? Good night."

"If that's the case," said I to Blachford, "our right is expected to be attacked; and we on the left shall not have much to do."

"Don't be too sure of that," replied Blachford. "It may be that the enemy will commence with a feint on our right wing, and the real brunt of the attack will be borne by the left. Or it may be *vice versa*."

We were both silent for some time, when Blachford said thoughtfully—

"I had a letter from home this morning. My mother's health is failing, I fear; and, it seems, that fellow Waterton is again a frequent visitor there."

"The deuce he is!" I exclaimed, "but

you don't mean to say that Emmy—I mean that Miss Blachford—”

“My poor father thinks it would be an advantageous match for her; but I don't think Emmy likes the man.”

“I'll swear she don't,” I exclaimed. “That is—I think—I fancy—she can't like that fellow.”

“Well, well,” said Blachford, (and I could tell by the tone of his voice that he was smiling at my earnestness,) “you must reason my sister out of any predilection she may have for him, and my poor father too. I wish you to write by the earliest opportunity. Write to my poor father kindly and affectionately.”

“Good heavens, Blachford!” said I, startled by the strange melancholy of his manner, “what is the matter with you? I write? Why, you will write yourself, of course.”

“There will not be time,” he said.

“Come, come,” said I, jumping up, and determined on making an effort to rouse him out of the melancholy fit that was brooding over him; “rouse yourself, man; you've got the blue-devils. Let's go into the hut. We'll have some brandy and water, and then turn in, for we shall have early work to do, there's little doubt of it.”

We crept into our shelter, which was built of poles, mud, turf, and stones, raised against the only remaining wall of what had been a fine house; and there we sat, before such a fire as our servants had been able to forage for us in the course of the afternoon. Blachford still remained thoughtful—nothing I could say would rouse him; and, after a short time, he lay down on his bed, and, as I imagined, went to sleep. As I looked towards him, however, I could see that his hands were clasped together; and, in the silence of the night, I could hear the whisper of a long and evidently fervent prayer.

Presently he fell into a doze; and I sat before the fire, musing on a thousand things that came before my mind;—the dull solitude of the hut only disturbed by the heavy breathing of the sleeper. The time was growing towards midnight; but, though our hut was close to where our regiment was cantoned, the stillness was perfect, and not a sound from without was

heard; even the very southing of the wind was now hushed.

The silence for the last half hour had become painful; and I had made up my mind to get out of the hut and do something, or go somewhere—anything or anywhere, to shake off the impression; when, just as I rose, Blachford gave a sudden leap from his bed, and uttering a fearful cry, put his hand to his side—

“Good God, I'm hit!” he exclaimed.

“How? where?” I said, rushing up to him. “You're dreaming, my good fellow. Something has unnerved you to-night; you're evidently not well. Lie down again and get some more sleep.”

“No, no,” he said moodily, “not for a thousand worlds. I've seen and heard such things in my sleep.”—And he trembled like a man in a strong ague fit.

I was still urging Blachford, when I heard a shout outside, and a voice calling “Hallo, Rixon! are you there? Open the door, for deuce a bit can I find it in the dark.”

“Here,” said I; “come in!” and the Major of our regiment put his head through the opening that served us for an entrance.

“You must turn out, Rixon; and double quick, too. I've seen your sergeant, and given him his orders. He's rousing out the men; and by this time they've got their cross-belts and coats on, and are mustering. The pickets are doubled to-night; and the company that was to relieve the outlying picket between the Devil's Bush and the Ravine, has, by some confounded mistake, been ordered on duty at the new Redoubt. There's no help for it; so the sooner you're off the better, for the relief ought to be up there now.”

There was no help for it, of course. So I buckled on my sword, put on a sheep-skin jacket, and over that my cloak, and bent my steps through the darkness, towards the tents of the company.

It was with an uneasy feeling I left poor Blachford behind me—for he belonged to another company, and was not likely to be on duty for some hours. The singular melancholy that had taken possession of him, and a foreboding which was evidently weighing on his mind, made me very anxious on his account; and I would have asked him to come up and keep me com-

pany on picket, but that it occurred to me he might get some rest, and so shake off what might be, after all, the mere effect of temporary bodily ailment.

On reaching the tents, I found the men ready; and, having given the word to "fall in," I marched them along the hollow and up the ascent, to the right of the old mill, where I found the outlying picket. It was a wild picturesque spot by day; but by night its grim character was sufficiently heightened to give a chill to the spirits, and make it anything but an agreeable place in which to while away the time.

Having posted my men, and bidden good-night to the officer I had just relieved, I sat down with the sergeant on a stone, from whence I tried to pierce the gloom, and to observe any signs of movement on the enemy's side; but I could distinguish nothing. All was perfectly quiet.

The orders were to relieve the sentries every hour; and as I went the rounds myself with each relief, this kept me in tolerable activity. It was now but a short time before daylight—the coldest period, as all old campaigners know, of the whole night. There was a faint greyness just breaking over the horizon; when the sergeant, who was standing beside me, drew my attention to a dense mass that was moving along the ridge of the opposite hill. We stood looking at this for fully a quarter of an hour, when, suddenly, we were startled by the report of a musket from the sentry on our extreme left, and before we could hasten up, another and another succeeded, and the men fell back in turn until the whole line of sentries came towards us at the double.

I remained just sufficient time to see a body of the enemy coming up the rising ground on the other side; at the same moment that the other and larger mass of the enemy's troops, which we had been observing, had changed front, and were marching in column across the ridge, in the same direction. Crack after crack, in quick succession, went the muskets of our outlying pickets along the whole left of the line; and as we scudded towards the in-lying picket, we could see that the whole army beyond was beginning to stir like a hive of bees. In a moment we were in the rear of the in-lying picket, and were wait-

ing, like them for the further demonstration of the enemy, before we fell back on the main body.

Just then a General of Brigade and two staff-officers galloped up in hot haste. "Where's the officer commanding the picket on the left? Oh, ah! (as I stepped up to him)—Driven in, eh? What force! Ah, I see." Before an answer could be given, crack! crack! went along the line of the in-lying pickets immediately in front of us, and the enemy showed in close columns over the crest of the hill, where we had but a very short time before been posted. As we fired we fell back, and the old Brigadier-General, with his orderlies, galloped off to a rising ground, on which he stood like a statue, reconnoitering with his glass the position of the enemy, and calculating their force with a practised accuracy.

On reaching the main body, or regiment, with others, we were ordered to advance rather to the left of our cantonments. Aides-de-camp, staff-officers, and orderlies, were galloping about; yet there was not the slightest confusion, the various masses of men appeared to be moved with all the order of a game of chess.

The sun had just risen above a hand's-breadth above the horizon, and as lovely and fresh a morn was breaking as ever shone on a far happier day than that was likely to prove for many. I had often seen a similar sunrise before, and from the same spot; yet, I know not why,—probably from the surrounding circumstances connected with the events that were happening and about to happen—the view before me produced a solemn awe, which was all the stronger from the comparison suggested between the placid beauty of God's work before me, and the ruthless passions that had brought men out, in the face of that holy calm, to darken the very splendor of the scene with their own sad doings.

Much time was not allowed us for thoughts such as these; if, indeed, they occurred to any—for the action had already begun in earnest: at first a dropping fire, then a regular fusillade. A shot or two had told among our ranks before we were ordered to fire, and then, we were in the thick of it. I cannot relate

anything that occurred; I cannot describe what was doing on my right or on my left. Here and there I saw men falling about me, but whether they groaned or shrieked, the incessant firing prevented my hearing. There was anguish depicted on the faces of some, which the blood that smeared them made more ghastly; here a man fell from a flesh wound, and he sat up looking stolidly about him as if he were stunned; here a man leaped into the air and came to the earth again like a stone, shot through the heart; here was another lying writhing on the ground, hit in the throat—you *saw* he was screeching, to hear was out of the question—screeching for water—water for the love of God—into whose presence he was being fast hurried on the tide of the red stream that poured from his own veins.

It would have been sickening—more than sickening if one had been compelled to stand and contemplate all these things; but the mind was occupied in other ways, the body in active motion, the blood boiling with the fever of excitement; and, when the bugles sounded the charge, and we left the wounded behind us at every step, the wild shout, the curse, the shriek, the din of musketry, the not far distant roar of artillery, the cataract-like sound of shells and rockets as they tore through the air, crashing across us, over us, bursting among us—everything tended to keep the mind in a maddening whirl that allowed no time for either thought or feeling.

The enemy fell back before our charge; and we were ourselves recalled after driving them some distance; but, before we had got far in our retreat, we were, in turn, charged by a heavy body of cavalry. Down they came upon our square, making the very earth shake; but a well-directed fire stopped them effectually—they broke, fell into confusion, and a second fire from our ranks added to the number of empty saddles on their side. We were scarcely delivered from this visitation, when we found ourselves assailed by a cloud of light skirmishers, who kept up an incessant *tiraillement*; yet, whose fire we could not effectively return. To dislodge them we were again ordered to advance, only again to fall back; because it was no part of our General's policy to push his left wing too far forward.

We were making our retrograde movement in perfect order—harrassed however, by the enemy's skirmishers in our rear—when, just as we were passing over a low ridge of earth, with a sort of dry ditch on the other side, I felt myself struck a crashing blow on the head or cheek, and down I rolled into the ditch. I could not immediately have lost all consciousness, for I have a distinct recollection of hearing the cry, "the cavalry, the cavalry!" and of our men rushing over me and past me; then I could again hear the heavy tread of a body of horse, and then the firing; and then—I heard, saw, felt no more; I must have swooned.

How long I remained in this state I cannot tell; but when consciousness returned, it was long past mid-day. Everything around me was still and quiet.

Confused and in pain as I was, it was some time before I could collect sufficient sense to recall any of the circumstances that had brought me there; and longer still before I could force myself to believe that the whole had not been a dream. Where were our regiments? Where was the enemy? Those fearful charges of cavalry, too, were they not a dream? And, for myself—this blood, was that unreal? My lips were glued together with clotted gore, save a small orifice in the centre, through which my breath whistled. I put my hands up to my face, and feeling the parts which were the principal seat of pain, by degrees I arrived at a correct conclusion; namely, that a ball had passed through both cheeks, grazing and injuring the cheek-bones, and knocking away the teeth it met with in its course. I had been, also, severely cut about the head, and much kicked and trampled on. I felt stupid, moreover, whether from the concussion of the ball affecting the brain, or from what cause I cannot say. I got up on my feet, and tried to walk, but fell down again like a drunken man. My hearing, too, must have been affected; for though the action was going on, to the right of our line, fiercer than it had begun in the morning on our left (which had only been a feigned attack, after all), I could distinguish nothing of the noise, save a perpetual booming sound in my head, like that made by placing a sea-shell to the ear.

I managed to sit upright, and to gaze about me: and now I could perceive numerous vestiges of the late struggle. Horses, men, arms, accoutrements, lay scattered here and there; but not a living soul was to be seen. I cannot tell how strangely the dreary solitude struck upon my mind—weak and confused as I was. I felt, however, that it was necessary to make some effort, or I might lie there till I sank altogether from sheer exhaustion. Having crawled to where I perceived a musket lying, I supported myself by it, and crept “with fainting steps and slow,” towards what I supposed the direction of our lines.

It was a weary journey (though the real distance was so short, and had been traversed so rapidly in the morning), before I came in sight of a party of our men, who hurried down to assist me, and bore me to one of the tents. Here I was attended by a surgeon, who, after washing away the blood that covered my face, and examining my cheek and mouth, pronounced “No harm done—close shave though; got any brandy? take a little: all right.—Now then, rip up that sleeve; ah! must come off—shattered.” The latter remarks not being addressed to me, I was glad to get away.

Several officers and many of the men now came crowding about me, offering any little assistance in their power; and, while lying in one of the tents, another surgeon came to apply bandages to my wounds. My first anxiety, on recovering slightly from exhaustion, after some hour or two of rest, was to the fate of Blachford; but I could only ascertain that he was “missing”—whether killed or wounded, nobody knew. Possibly, if wounded, he might have been carried to one of the hospitals in the town, or to private quarters there; and I determined on setting out to the rear with the view of ascertaining any particulars concerning him.

Mounting on a horse, which a friend lent me, I took my way, at a walking pace, towards the town. All along, as I verged towards the right of our position, the stream of wounded became greater and greater, while ammunition waggons and ambulance carts clattered over the road towards the scene of operations.

The evening was closing in as I reached the town; and the streets were filled with women and old men and children, who all seemed gesticulating and talking of the various acts of the drama that had been, or was then, going forward outside their walls. Now and then, as a blood-stained canvas “stretcher” was borne along the street with its maimed load, hands and eyes would be lifted towards heaven, and ejaculations of pity or horror would escape the bystanders.

Threading my way through these groups, and enquiring where the hospitals were established, I gained, at length, one of the noblest and most magnificent of the churches of which the town boasted; and here, I was told, accommodation had been made for nearly seven hundred wounded.

Within, the place was nearly dark, save here and there a few lights dotted about where the surgeons or their assistants were in attendance. The scene was a singular one. Imagine the interior of a fine church, such as one meets with everywhere in Roman Catholic countries; grand and imposing in its space, its architectural beauty, and decoration—its loftiness, its solemn prestige as a place of holy worship—imagine the whole area, even to the very altar, and above, amidst the choir, on either side the organ—the whole filled with maimed and wounded human beings, very many “hurt unto death.” It was a sight to shudder at even in the aggregate: but to walk along the rows of tressel-beds, and contemplate the sufferings in detail, was harrowing to the stoutest heart. Picture the long, long weary night that was to pass over such a scene—the night that would seem interminable to the fevered and tortured watcher for the dawn—the night from which no morn would ever break for many.

None were placed in beds whose cases did not absolutely require that accommodation; and there were, therefore, many (whose wounds being of a comparatively less serious character) who were sitting, lying or crouching in all spare corners—round the pillars, against the walls, at the foot of stairs—anywhere, everywhere—awaiting patiently the assistance that would be bestowed on them in turn.

That which struck the attention above

all, or as much as all, was the several groups of women—very many of them ladies—some young and beautiful, some old—old yet beautiful for the kindly sympathy that beamed in their faces, and the Samaritan feeling that dwelt in their hearts. Up and down and between the rows of sufferers they swept along, offering lemon-water (of which their servants carried pails full) to the parched lip; or ready with lint and bandage for the surgeon's use. All were quiet and unobtrusive, going wherever they thought they might alleviate the pain or smoothe a restless pillow. Those whom they tended were rough, brawny, bearded men, from whose contact these young, delicate, and well-nurtured ladies would have shrunk, had they met them under other circumstances; but, stricken down as these poor men were, it never crossed the minds of these Samaritan ladies that there was impropriety in their mission of charity. May Heaven pardon them if there were! I know that many an uttered blessing followed them as they passed on, and I doubt not those blessings found a record where all things are set down both for and against us.

Of one of the staff surgeons, whom I knew, I enquired whether Blachford had been brought in there. He said that several officers had come in until more fitting quarters could be assigned them; but who they were, or whether Blachford was among them, he could not tell. My only course, then, was to make further inquiries or to go up and down the long aisles of the wounded in search of my friend.

A strange pilgrimage it was. Here, in one corner, huddled up, was a figure looking as though he sat there to act some part in a childish mummery. His face was covered with a mask of white linen, in which were cut two diamond-shaped holes for his eyes, a triangular hole for the nose, and a long slit for the mouth. His whole front had been scorched by an explosion of powder. Here, stretched on a bed, lay a handsome lad, his dark-brown curly hair contrasting with his deathly pale face. He was a bugler, and belonged to a Rifle corps—as you might perceive by his dark-green dress, which was thrown across his feet. He had been brought in early in the day, and had received a severe wound

when in the act of blowing the "Advance." As he lay there, his eyes seemed never to move from some distant object which he appeared to contemplate, and his mouth gave a constant convulsive twitch on one side. His hands were engaged in a nervous picking at the bed-clothes; and, as I stood looking at him, some acute pain caused him to shriek out: and then, suddenly lapsing into a state of apparent exhaustion, while the perspiration broke out on his forehead, he murmured, "No, no, nother! don't let father—." Poor lad; his delirium carried him back to former days, and to the scenes of his home—perhaps not a kind home; but, whether kind or not, he was never to see it again!

Hush! in the midst of the surrounding groans and murmurs, and the hurrying to and fro, we came upon a little group gathered about the bedside of an officer. There was stillness among them, for the near presence of death seemed to hush their very breathing, save the prayer of the priest, who stood there in his long black cloak. At the foot of the bed knelt a young and beautiful girl, praying and weeping; and an attendant of the priest, who held a lantern, which shed but a feeble gleam on the dying man and those about him. There was light enough, however, for the girl to mark the last flicker of life that passed across the countenance of him she had loved with all the fervent passion of her race.

The officer was not Blachford; and I turned away to continue my pilgrimage in search of him. Everywhere the scene presented to the eye was the same, though varied in the degree of suffering. From time to time you heard the measured tread, on the paved floor, of the bearers of more wounded men brought in; or occasionally you were jostled by the hospital men who were carrying out the bodies of those who had just died. There was little time or space lost: a man had but just ceased to breathe when his body was borne away, and another wounded man occupied his place.

It was with difficulty I got through my fruitless task; and, sick and weary, I left the place with the intention of pursuing my search at a large building which I knew had also been fitted as a temporary hospital.

I was wending my way slowly and painfully up one of the streets that led to this building, when four men passed me, bearing on their shoulders a canvas stretcher containing some dead or wounded man. One of the men, as he came abreast of me, turned and looked in my face, and at the same time exclaimed, "Halt, mates! here's captain Rixon; he was a friend of the poor gentleman."

"Who is it?" said I, "Is it Mr. Blachford?"

"True enough, sir; poor gentleman: and mortal sorry I am, too, for I was in his company, and a kinder nor better officer never stepped. He was hit hard, sir, and must have dropped dead at once."

"Lay him down," said I, "and let me see him."

They laid him down; and the man pointed to poor Blachford's side where the ball had entered. It was, as near as possible, the very spot he had himself indicated when starting out of his sleep on the previous night.

The men said they were on their way to quarters of our officer on the staff, (a friend of Blachford), by whose permission he was to lie there till the funeral. So they took him there; and I followed.

I sat by his side in the dark room,

through that long, long night, shedding many a tear, as I thought of our old friendship; and of the home made desolate by his death; of his poor father and his ailing mother, and of the poor Emily, his sister, whose pride in him was only equalled by her strong affection.

It was bright morning when somebody came and took me away, and told me I was in a high fever. What became of me at that time, nor for many a day after, I do not recollect; till one afternoon I seemed to awake up to consciousness, and I was told I was better, but I had a narrow escape—that the wound, and fever, had well-nigh made an end of me. After a time I got 'round again, and obtained "sick leave" to come to England.

When convalescent, and my leave had expired, I should have returned to my duties, but for the earnest entreaties of Blachford's father and mother, who pressed me to remain with them. I shall say nothing of the silent pleadings of Emmy, who, some time after (this is all the satisfaction I mean to grant to the curious) did not become the wife of Waterton. Time has passed over our heads since those days, but I shall never cease to remember
THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE AND THE
NIGHT AFTER.

THE SWEET NEGLECT.

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd:
Lady, it's to be presum'd,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.
Give me a look, give me a face,
That make simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art:
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

Ben Jonson.

REMBRANDT.

PAUL GERRETZ REMBRANDT was the son of Herman Gerretz, a miller. He was born in 1606, in his father's mill, on the banks of the Rhine, near Leyden, whence the agnomen Van Ryn. When very young he was sent to a Latin school at Leyden, but he showed such a distaste for learning, that his father gave up the idea of making a scholar of him, and consented to his becoming a painter, as he had manifested a decided talent for it. Young Rembrandt was accordingly placed first with Jacob van Zwaanenburg, or, according to another account, George Schooten. He remained with his first master about three years. He then studied for a short time under Peter Lastmann, at Amsterdam, and lastly, for a short time, under Jacob Pinas. From these masters Rembrandt could have learnt nothing more than the mere mechanical part of his art, for both his taste and his style were peculiarly his own. After leaving Pinas, he returned to his father's mill, where he commenced painting, taking the immediate vicinity and the peasants of the neighborhood as his standard of nature, and applying himself enthusiastically to his work. He had not finished many pieces before he was considered a prodigy by his friends, and he was persuaded by them to take one of these early productions to a dealer, in the Hague, who, to his no greater joy than astonishment, gave him 100 florins (about eight guineas) for his performance. Rembrandt was so elated with his unexpected good fortune, that he posted home to his father in a chariot to convey the joyful intelligence. From this time he rapidly acquired both fame and fortune. In 1630 he settled in Amsterdam, where he resided the remainder of his life, and shortly afterwards married a handsome peasant-girl of Ramsdorf, whose portrait he has often painted. His reputa-

tion now became so great that he had many scholars, each of whom paid him annually 100 florins, and he so arranged their studies as to make them as profitable as possible to himself; he retouched the copies which they made from his own works, and sold them as originals.

The burgomaster Six was the only man of rank with whom Rembrandt associated, and with him he occasionally passed a few days in his house in the vicinity of Amsterdam, in which the burgomaster had fitted up a painting room for him. The history of the celebrated print, the landscape *De la Moutard*, which was etched in this house, is curious. Rembrandt could not relish his boiled beef without mustard, but it happened upon one occasion that there was none in the house; and the burgomaster desirous of pleasing his guest, immediately sent off one of his servants in haste to the city to procure some. Rembrandt, observing that he was rather a phlegmatic-looking person, offered to bet that he would make an etching before the man returned. The wager was immediately accepted, and Rembrandt forthwith having taken a prepared plate, commenced to etch the landscape from the burgomaster's window, comprising a view of Amsterdam, which he finished in his happiest style with that vigor and lightness of touch peculiar to him, just before the servant arrived with the mustard; hence it was called the landscape *De la Moutard*. Although it is little more than a mere foreground, an original impression from this plate is worth from thirty to forty guineas.

Rembrandt's best etchings realize prices, both the portraits and the historical pieces, varying from thirty to a hundred guineas. The most remarkable portraits are those of the burgomaster Six; van Coppenol, the writing-master; Van Thol, the advocate; Uytendogaert, the minister, and Uytendogaert, the gold-weigher.

Rembrandt is supposed to have acquired his peculiar taste for a brilliant concentration of light from an appearance he had been familiar with from his infancy in his



Portrait of Himself and Wife.—Rembrandt.

father's mill, where a strong beam of light coming from a small and lofty aperture cast on the surrounding objects that peculiar tone which we see so happily illustrated in his pictures. He arranged the light in his own painting room upon similar principles, and generally fixed a drapery behind his sitter of such colour as he intended to paint the ground.

Rembrandt's taste led him to imitate certain effects of nature, and in the truth and power which he gave these effects, both in his paintings and his etchings, he has seldom been equalled, and never surpassed. The prevailing light of his portraits is that of a brilliant sunset, and a rich golden tone of colouring pervades all his works. His originality is perhaps still more conspicuous in his etchings than in his paintings; he exhibited powers of the etching needle before unknown; many of his plates were prodigies of chiaroscuro; and there is a softness and reality about them which we look for in vain in the works of other masters. It is said that he made a great secret of his mode of etching, and never allowed any one to see him at work. Most of his more important plates have evident traces of the dry point.

Rembrandt, at the beginning of his career, bestowed great labour on his pictures, and in the manner of the generality of the Dutch painters, wrought them up to a very high finish. At a later period of his life his whole attention was given to the effect, and his pictures, although still greatly laboured, had the appearance of having been executed with a remarkable freedom and boldness of touch; this is particularly the case with his portraits, some of which have an astonishing body of colour in the lights. When this roughness was objected to by anyone, he was in the habit of saying that he was a painter, not a dyer; and when visitors ventured to examine his pictures too closely, he used to tell them that the smell of paint was unwholesome.

From this time (1630) says Heubracken, he began to distinguish himself, for the picture he completed in 1632, and which was placed in the Anatomical Theatre of the College of Surgeons, proved what he was able to produce. This *chef-d'œuvre* represents Professor Nicholas Tulp giving an anatomical lecture on a body, which is stretched upon a table, before which he is



"Ganymede."—Rembrandt.

sitting; the audience is composed of seven other persons—Jacob Block, Hartman Hartmansz, Adrian Slalbraan, Jacob de Wit, Matthys Kalkoen, Jacob Koolveld,



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Photo by Moulton Photograph Co.

"THE CITY STANDARD BEARER."—REMBRANDT.

and Frans Van Loenen—who are so admirably represented, that it appears as if each countenance was penetrated with the explanations he is giving. The pen can-



Portrait of a Man.—Rembrandt.

not describe this wonder of the art; here the work of man triumphs in rivalling nature; for the expression of life and the representation of death are so strongly depicted, that the impression that this picture makes strikes the spectator at first sight with a feeling of aversion; yet, contemplating the *ensemble*, one discovers not only the great painter, but also that knowledge of human feelings, which speaks so forcibly to the heart, and which corresponds perfectly with what he often said to his pupils, 'that he had made it a strict rule never to paint anything without following nature.'

The most renowned of all Rembrandt's works is his grand picture, finished in 1642, known by the name of 'La Garde de Nuit, or La Bourgeoisie Armee d'Amsterdam.' This was on the occasion of the expected visit of the Prince of Orange, with Maria, daughter of Charles I, King of England, whom he had lately married. The time chosen by the artist appears to be when the officers and men are leaving the guard-house, for the purpose of meeting the illustrious visitors. Height, twelve feet, by

fourteen feet six inches wide—canvas. This picture adorned the small Council Chamber of the Town House of Amsterdam.

This painting is so remarkable for its excellence, that, even among all the masterpieces of great men, there are few that can rival this astonishing work, which is without exaggeration, as a production of art, one of the wonders of the world, and which the Museum of Amsterdam may well be proud of possessing.

From 1630 to 1656 he was much sought after by persons of high consideration in the ancient Dutch Republic, several of whose portraits he has represented in his principal paintings, such as Burgomaster Nicolas Tulp, and Cornelius Witsen, Captain Frans Banning Cok Heer van Pumerland and Ipendam, Joan Six Heer van Vromade, and others, whose patronage enabled him to establish himself upon a respectable footing in society. He married Miss Saskia van Uylenburg, by whom he had a son, whom he named Titus van Ryn. He, however, notwithstanding the brilliant



An Old Lady.—Rembrandt.

example of his father, never became more than a painter of mediocre talent.

Rembrandt's multiplied success was soon pursued by that envy which has never spared merit, for a number of



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"ANATOMICAL LECTURE"—REMBRANDT.

Photo by Moulton Photograph Co.

equivocal stories have been related, which report has handed down to our times, by citing jokes which his pupils made about his avarice, but which are without foundation, as he appeared to have been quite of a different character, the liberality of his disposition even embarrassing his latter days.

About the year 1656, Rembrandt deter-



Laughing Maiden.—Rembrandt.

mined to become proprietor of a house situated in the *Bree-Straat, St. Antonis-Sluys*. To assist him in effecting this purpose, the Burgomaster Cornelius Witsen advanced him 4,180 guildens on a mortgage of the property; not being able to meet his engagement when his bond fell due, all his goods were seized, and on the 25th and 26th of July, 1656, sold by the Commis-

sioner of the Court of Insolvency in Amsterdam.

His talents, however, remained unimpaired, and were a lasting treasure to him; he did not forsake his palette, but continued to produce other *chef-d'œuvres* until a short time before his death. Whatever might, at this period, have been his difficulties, he had at all events a consolation in knowing that no claim against him would be left unsatisfied, as it appears after all his accounts were settled there was a surplus of 6,952 guildens, 9 stivers. It seems, however, that during his life-time he never would settle his accounts, either because he was of opinion that the Commissioner of the Court of Insolvency had improperly managed his interests, or from other motives which must remain unknown.

It ought to be added to the fame of Rembrandt, that there never was in Holland a school more productive of men of talent than his; among them the following were the most celebrated, and will ever form a prominent feature in the republic of the fine arts:—

Gerhard Dow, Ferdinand Bol, Gerbrandt vanden Eeckhout, Govert Flink, Nicolas Maes, Philip de Koning, Arent de Gelder, Roelandt Rogman, Jakob Lavecq, Adriaan Verdoel, Samuel van Hoogstraten, F. Victor, and Drost.

It was after his decease, which took place in 1665 (and not, as it is said by Houbraken and other writers, in 1674), that his only son, Titus van Ryn, then a minor, obtained an act of majority to inherit the property left by his father.



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Photo by Moulton Photograph Co.

"THE FERRY MAN."—EMILE SAZARD.



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"PEASANT OF SUNDGEAU."—J. J. HENNER.



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JACK ASHORE—HENRY BACON.

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Photo by Moulton Photograph Co.

A SHADY NOOK.—F. ANDREOTTI.

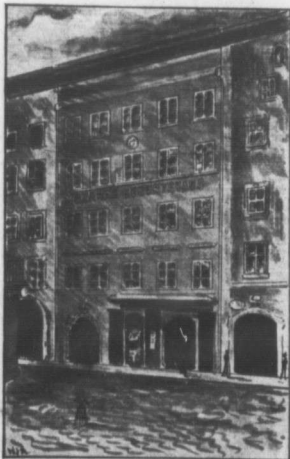


MOZART

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART, the great composer, was born at Salzburg on January 27th, 1756, and according to the certificate of his baptism he was named Joanness—Chrysostomus—Wolfgangus—Theophilus, a multiplicity of names by which he is not known to fame for very obvious reasons. Salzburg is a very beautiful town, but the alleged stupidity of its people has won quite as much renown for the place. It is very much like an Italian city, with its large white facades, flat roofs, terraces, church and convent cupolas and its fountains. Its situation is charming, but beyond its beauty, if the opinion of the eighteenth century may be trusted, it was possessed of nothing that could be an advantage to a great composer, such as our subject. According to an old German proverb: "He who comes to Salzburg grows foolish the first year, becomes an idiot the second; but it is not until the third that he is a Salzburger." Such, however, was the reputation borne by the town in which the great Mozart first saw the light.

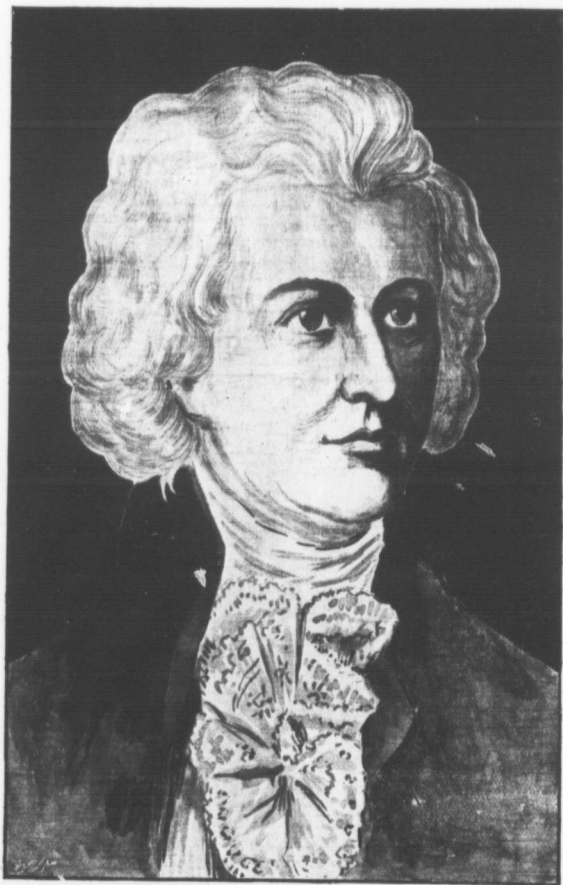
Mozart's father was a court musician in the service of the Archbishop Sigismund; and his mother was Anna Maria Pertl, of Bertl, daughter of the steward of a hospital. She was very beautiful, good natured, loving, and of limited education. She was

the mother of seven children, five of whom died at a very early age. The fourth, Maria Anna, born July, 1751, was familiarly known as "Nannerl," and she was a



House in Salzburg where Mozart was born.

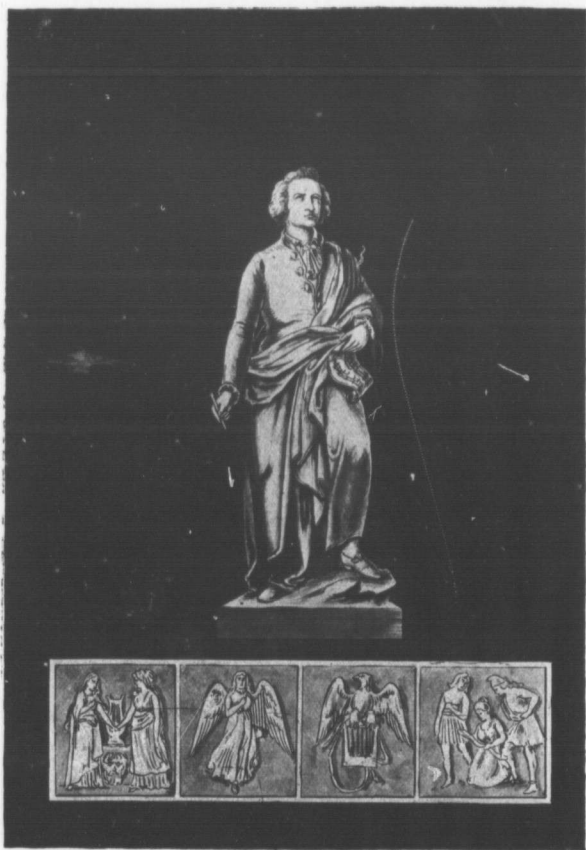
musical prodigy. Our subject, the only other surviving child, was the youngest of the family.



Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

Mozart's taste for music showed itself at a remarkably early age. At the age of four his father began to teach him little pieces, and when he was five he dictated minuets to his father, which are of natural but correct harmony, melodious and even

characteristic. These are not legends, but well attested facts. Up to the age of ten he could not bear the sight or the sound of a trumpet. He wrote a piano-forte concerto, clearly conceived, but of unsurmountable difficulty, when he was



Monument to Mozart in Salzburg.

four. His sense of pitch was extraordinary. The father watched the astonishing precocity with loving fear and prayed that he might be wise enough to direct it.

In 1762 Wolfgang and Maria Anna—the latter was now a pianoforte virtuoso—

played before the Elector of Bavaria in Munich, and the enthusiasm provoked by their appearance was so great that in the same year the family went to Vienna. At Passau the children played before the bishop, who marvelled greatly and gave



Bronze Statue of Mozart, in the Luxembourg.—By the Sculptor Barrias.

the father a ducat. At the Monastery of Ips Wolfgang played so effectively upon the organ that the Franciscan Fathers left the dinner table that they might hear him.

The Austrian Imperial Family, who were passionately fond of music, received

the Mozart children with open arms. The courtiers were astonished at the display of genius, and the Emperor spent hours in testing and wondering at the powers of Wolfgang. The young Marie Antoinette romped with the boy who promised to

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Prize Model for New Monument to Mozart, in Vienna.

marry her when he was old enough. The noble families of the town vied with each other in their attentions. The children were given money, court dresses, and tokens of genuine affection, and the first portrait of Wolfgang was painted then in

Vienna, in which he has powdered hair and carries a sword.

In June of the same year the family set out for Paris, where they arrived in November. They were presented at court; they were celebrated in prose and verse;

their portraits were painted and four sonatas were engraved, and published.

In 1764 the family crossed over to England, where they were most kindly received by the King and Queen, who were passionate amateurs of music. The curiosity of the Londoners to hear the children was great. The learned Daines Barrington proved the genius of Wolfgang in many ways, and then made it the subject of a letter preserved in the annals of the "Philosophical Transactions" of the year 1770; and guineas clinked pleasantly in Leopold's pocket. Here Wolfgang wrote three symphonies. He also dedicated six sonatas for pianoforte and violin or flute, to the



Mozart in his tenth year.

Queen. In 1765 the family started for home, which they reached in November of the following year. Wolfgang was pleased to see again his favorite cat, and then, under his father's direction, he began the study of the "Gradus" of P. ix.

In December, 1769, Leopold started out with Wolfgang on a tour of Italy. At Roveredo and Verona the enthusiasm of the people was unbounded. At Milan they met the generous Von Firmian, who was the means of procuring a contract for Wolfgang to write an opera for the Christmas holidays. At Bologna they became acquainted with Father Martini and Farinelli. At Florence Wolfgang met his friend, Manzuoli and Thomas Linley, the English violinist of his own age; and in

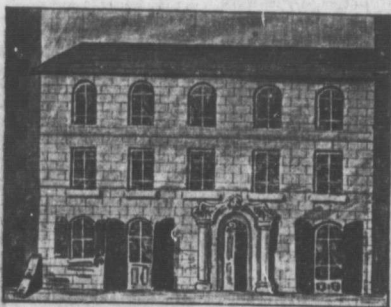
holy week they were at Rome, and they heard the "Allegrì Miserere." The story of the boy memorizing this famous composition at a hearing, writing it out, and correcting it after a second hearing, is familiar to all. The feat provoked the wildest curiosity to see him, and he was looked at superstitiously, just as, soon after, at Naples, his virtuosity was attributed to a ring worn on a finger of the left hand. The concerts in these towns refilled his drained purse; and in 1770 the Pope enobled the boy, giving him the Cross of the Golden Spur, and he was received into the famous Accademia Filarmonica of Bologna. Meanwhile, Wolfgang was considering the opera promised for Milan, and on the 26th of December, 1770, when the composer was barely fourteen years old, "Mitridate, re di Ponto" was produced and received with enthusiasm. It was given twenty times, and a new contract was immediately entered into with the composer. He scored his next great success with "Ascanio in Alba," which was produced in twelve days. This was presented in October, 1771, and its success was so great that Hasse's opera "Rugguro" was neglected, and the kindly veteran simply said, "This young rascal will cause us all to be forgotten."

Mozart was the hero of two or three love affairs, which were neither very startling nor tragic. When he was fourteen he fell in love with a lady ten years his senior, but her marriage to a rival ended the affair. His own cousin was his second love, but absence brought the affair to an end. The next love affair his father cut short by a very sensible letter. His fourth love, Constanze Weber, became his wife on the 4th August, 1782. Her beauty, he wrote his father, consisted in her dark eyes and her good figure. She is not intellectual, but she has common sense enough to fulfil the duties of a wife and mother. The income of the newly-married couple was precarious and uncertain; and so it remained, but man and wife were always happy. The morning of the marriage the Abbe Stadler called upon them, and he was asked to breakfast. Constanze, in her marriage dress, made the fire and prepared the coffee, and, with laughter, they thus began their mar-

riage life, without money and with the carelessness that bordered on recklessness.

From the time of his marriage his musical triumphs were numerous, and his productive powers great, but he did not make money. He had to fight all the battles that genius has to encounter in this very material world, and for which genius so poorly arms a man. He died before he was thirty-six years of age, but in that short existence he bequeathed to the world of music a wonderful heritage. There are twenty dramatic works; two oratorios, a funeral hymn, three cantatas, and the reinstrumentation of four oratorios by Handel; sixty-six vocal pieces with orchestral accompaniments; twenty-five canons and a collection of songs; forty-five pieces for the church and twenty masses; twenty-two pianoforte sonatas and fantasias; seventeen organ sonatas;

sixteen variations for bugle and pianoforte, twenty-three little pieces, and eleven sonatas and pieces for four hands on two pianofortes; forty-five sonatas for violin and pianoforte; eight trios, two quartettes and one quintette for pianoforte and strings; for strings alone there are three duos, three trios, twenty-nine quartettes, eight quintettes; in all, including his dance music and other pieces not enumerated, there are seven hundred and sixty-nine compositions. When one considers the extremely early age at which the composer died, the amount of travelling he did, the quality of the work and its artistic value, one can well understand Rossini, at the height of his glory, declaring: "He is the greatest, he is the master of us all. He is the only one whose genius was as great as his knowledge, and whose knowledge equalled his genius."



House in Vienna where Mozart died.

WOMAN IN FICTION

BY MARY L. CAMPBELL

Perhaps no writer of the present, or indeed of any time, if we except Shakespeare, has more thoroughly appreciated and interpreted the nature of woman than has William Deane Howells. In "The Lady of Aroostook" occurs a short and significant sentence—"They were Americans and knew how to worship woman!"

Perhaps this accounts for Howells. He also, is an American. Judging by his work "how to worship woman" is not to offer at her shrine that blind unreasoning idolatry which is characteristic of the worship of a deity, remote and apart, artificial and misunderstood. It is the natural woman with all her divine qualities and human limitations that looks out upon us from the pages of his book, with a quick glance of recognition. It is as if the author's introduction had placed us at once upon such terms of familiarity, that her very attitude, gestures and expression are as well known to us as those of our most intimate friends. We appreciate her good qualities and tolerate her weaknesses as we do those of familiar acquaintances, recognising the strong undercurrent of common sense and good impulses beneath all the inconsistencies of human nature.

Howells' women are essentially womanly—What a sweet significance has attached itself to that word womanly—womanlike! What a volume of meaning lies in the subtle gradation of sense between the two synonyms. If we are told that a certain woman is womanly, at once we are interested in her. The very word touches a sym-

pathetic chord, and we are prepared to like the woman whose attributes are expressed in that one word.

In the following extracts from Mr. Howells' works will be found a good deal of wise philosophy and many flashes of a newer light upon woman's character.

"What consummate tacticians the least of women are. It is a pity that they have to work so often in such dull material as men! They ought always to have women to operate on. The youngest of them has more wisdom in human nature than the sages of our sex."—*The Lady of Aroostook.*

"When a woman says she never will forgive a man, she always has a condition of forgiveness in her heart."—*Dr. Breen's Practice.*

"Her mother is progressive, she believes in the advancement of women. She thinks the men would oppress them if they got a chance."

"If one-half of the bold things that are running about the country had masters, it would be the best thing," said Mrs. Mulbrige, opening the lid of the coffee pot and clapping it to with force, after a glance inside.

"That's where Mrs. Breen wouldn't agree with you. Perhaps because it would make the bold thing too happy to have a master, though she does not say so. Probably she wants the women to have women doctors so they won't be so well, and can have more time to think whether they have been good or not."—*Dr. Breen's Practice.*

"You never can know what sort of nature a young girl has. Her nature depends so much upon that of the man whose fate she shares.

"The woman is what man makes her? That is convenient for the woman, and relieves her of all the responsibility."—*Indian Summer.*

"Mrs. Bowen had no more scruple than another woman in stopping travel and traffic in a public street, for her convenience. She entered into a brisk parting conversation with Colville, such as ladies love, blocking the narrow sidewalk with

herself, her daughter and her open carriage door, and making people walk around her cab in the road, which they did meekly enough, with the Florentine submissiveness to the pretensions of any sort of vehicle. She said a dozen important things that seemed to have just come into her head.—*Indian Summer.*

"He had noticed that the women who like to beat about the bush in small matters have a prodigious straightforwardness in more vital affairs, and will even call grey black in order clearly to establish the presence of black in that color.—*Indian Summer.*

"The man bade the woman not be a fool, and she asked him how she was to endure his company if she were not a fool.—*Indian Summer.*

"One realizes in looking at such old ladies, that there are women who could manage their own skeletons winningly.—*Indian Summer.*

"March had seen some pretty feminine inconsistencies and trepidations which had once charmed him in his wife hardening into traits of middle age which were very like those of less interesting elder women. The sight moved him with a kind of pathos, but he felt the results hindering and vexatious. It might be said that in many other ways he was her equal; but one ought to reflect how very few men are worthy of their wives in any sense."—*A Hazard of New Fortunes.*

Like every one else she was not merely a prevailing mood as people are apt to be in books, but was an irregularly spheroidal character with surfaces that caught the different lights of circumstance and reflected them.—*A Forgone Conclusion.*

Both Blackmore and Hardy have given us some remarkably strong and original studies of women. Each of these writers has his own particular gift, but in the work of the former, the women are idealised, and in that of the latter there is too much of that psychological analysis which is a feature of some of the modern literature, and which is too much of the present for us to pass judgment upon it. These women, if typical at all are so in a restricted sense. The field of the author is more or less limited, therefore it would perhaps not be in keeping with the spirit of this article to quote from their work, as we have done from that of writers whose work is of a more universal character.

George Eliot, in her portraits of women has rivalled the best in the past, and forestalled much that is good of the present period. She possesses, in a moderate degree, many of the qualities, one or two of which were sufficient to have made a great writer. She has the dramatic narrative style in which Scott excelled, and her characters are as various if not as grotesque as Dickens', her

philosophy of life as keen as that of Thackeray. She has some of Kingsley's power of dealing with social questions and is not without that mystical quality which distinguishes Hawthorne. This writer we cannot but compare with George Sand, not only because of the similarity of their *noms de plume* but on account of other similarities in their life and work; though George Eliot possesses in a greater degree that force and individuality which separates their work from that of all other women writers. In this connection, after what has been said in reference to French and English writers such a comparison is interesting. There is no other such parallel in the history of the literature of the two countries. Whether their exceptional power is due to the element of masculinity in these women, which in addition to those qualities peculiar to the sex has raised them above, not only all women writers, but over the heads of many male novelists of no mean power, is not a question for us to decide.

In Madame D'Arblay (Miss Francis Burnett) we might have had another such exception had she carried out the promise of her youth and not succumbed to that grim gorgon of conventionality which is the presiding spirit of English society. Scott, in his preface to the "Heart of Midlothian" alludes to her in an apology for attempting a style of narrative in which she had excelled.

That the conventional restraint has been somewhat relaxed, or that there is a new element growing up outside of its influence, may perhaps account for the fact that we have now several women writers whose work may be favorably compared with that of male writers.

The subject of the woman who has placed herself in a false position, has been characteristically dealt with by all the writers from whose works we have quoted, each in his own individual way, both from a subjective and an objective point of view. We may except W. D. Howells who never permits himself to cross the borderline of respectability and propriety, in search of material for his work.

It is, perhaps, premature to make any assertions or prophesies concerning the work of a certain number of female writers

of the past ten years, to say whether what they have done is likely to be of more permanent value than what their predecessors have done, or whether there is any of it that, like George Eliot's work, is as good as that of their contemporaries among men, and worthy of comparison with that of the greatest writers of any age; but what Dickens, Scott, and Hawthorne have done in a different way from Hardy, has at least been very nearly approached by Mary Hallock Foote in a short, powerfully written story, called "The Cup of Trembling," which appeared in the *Century* some time ago, a short extract from which is here given.

"There is a growth of the spirit which is gradual, progressive, healthful, and therefore permanent. There are other psychical births that are forced, convulsive, agonizing in their suddenness. They may be premature, brought on by the shock of a great sorrow, or a sin perhaps committed without full knowledge of its nature, or realization of its consequences. Such births are

perilous and unsure. Of these was the spiritual crisis through which Esmee was now passing.

"She had made her choice: human love was satisfied according to the natural law. Now, in the hours of her solitary watch, that irrevocable choice confronted her. It was a cup of trembling held to her lips by the mystery of the Invisible, which says: Whoever will drink of this cup of his desires, be it soon, be it late, shall drain it to the dregs, and wring them out. Esmee had come very soon to the dregs of her cup of trembling.

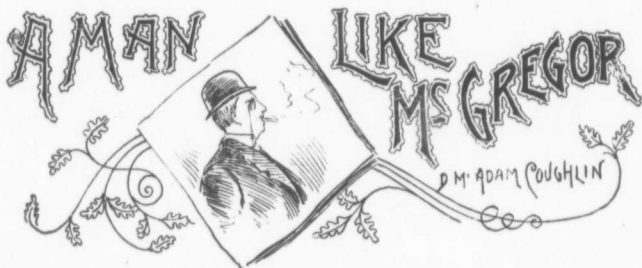
"In such anguish and abasement her new life of the spirit had begun. Will she have strength to sustain it, or must it pass like a shaken light into the keeping of a steadier hand?"

So much has been written about women that one would think there was no more to be said, but the subject seems inexhaustible, and authorities agree and differ to such a bewildering extent that one is fain to give it up in despair, to go back to Shakespeare, and to sigh with Cymbeline Alas! "Who is it can read a woman?"

HOPES.

Man's brightest hopes are only dreaming;
His life is half a lie,
His greatest deeds are only seeming,
And fail to give him joy.
If sorrow fill his midnight slumbers,
His hopes dispel the pain;
If loss his toiling day encumbers,
He turns to hope again.

Thus hope makes up his sum of living,
And hope and life are one,
And hope itself is only giving
New hope to hope that's gone.
Yet still he clings to the delusion
And labors bravely on;
'Tis but with fleeting life's conclusion,
That life's fond hopes are done.



CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"I'm not built that way," said John.

"How about this Miss Taylor, though?" asked Mac. "Are you not deceiving her?"

"Hardly, when I am engaged to marry her."

"That don't prove anything," said Fred. "Marrying her might be the worst kind of deceit, you know."

"Well let us drop it," said John. "It is nobody's business but my own, anyhow."

"Don't ye be too cock sure about that, Jack," said Jenkins senior. "Kate's dad may calkerlate ter get a word in, so be it anythin' goes wrong. He be mighty cantankerous when he be roused, an' he thinks that girl of hisen just slid down from heaven on a rainbow. Besides, Taylor an' me hes had some words over that railway. He will have it that it ware only an election dodge, an' that it ain't goin' ter be built. So it mayn't be safe ter trifle with the lass, Jack."

"I'm not trifling with anyone, so let us drop it," said Jack.

And so it was dropped for the time but that was not the last John was to hear of it.

The farmer remained in the office till one o'clock, when it closed for the half-holiday, and he told John's two friends all about his fat cattle, of which he was very proud, and of what great things he expected of John.

"Farmin'," he said, "air a independent life, an' a man don't need ter be up in book-learnin', but I allers made up my mind that John Reginald would be a gentleman. He has brains, yer see, an' lots of learnin', an' I doubt not he will soon climb up ter the top of the ladder. The Secretary told me he'd see ter it that Jack's interests were pushed."

"You seem to have a great 'pull' with the minister," said Mac.

"Well, maybe I have; but I can tell ye I come purty nigh pullin' him ter pieces. Howsomever, that ain't here nor there now. Me an' the Secretary air tip top friends since he learnt the kind of a chap I be, an' that I mean what I say an' won't take no foolin' from nobody."

"Yes; but it isn't everybody who can afford to talk up to the minister," said Mac.

"An' why mayn't they? He be only a man like the rest of us; and it be our votes that put him where he be."

"There goes one o'clock," cried John, jumping up and grabbing his hat, glad of an opportunity to end an interview that had kept him on pins and needles.

"Be ye through yer work for the day?" asked the farmer.

"Yes, father," said John, "and I will go with you to dinner at the hotel."

"Better take Mr. Jenkins to our boarding house, Jack," said Fred.

"No, no," said Jenkins, "I'd sooner

take Jack with me. I want ter have a chat with him."

Jenkins senior had a great deal to say to his son, and he took him to a private room in the "Farmer's Rest," to say it to him.

"Well, Jack," he began, "how do ye like the job?"

"It's fair, dad," John replied, falling back into the old familiar way of speaking. "The work is not hard, and it's tony."

"It be what?"

"Tony, dad, that is it is a swell thing to be in the service. Everybody can't get there you know, and the whole country wants to. Just before the elections too, they tell me, they were all pretty well scared for fear there might be a change of government, and that they would all be cleaned out to make room for the other fellows' friends. But now they feel safe for another five years. It is not such a sure thing after all."

"Well, well, ye've got ter put up with the ups an' downs in life, an' if the Grit's did come in they'd only be doin' the square thing be their friends ter give 'em a show. If a party wants ter have friends it's got ter use 'em like white men when it has the chance. It be only nat'ral, my boy, an' I'd never kick agin it, blowed if I would!"

"I don't think the fellows that are in now would agree with you, dad."

"Like as not they'd think I was more nor half a fool; but that don't signify. I'd be one of the first ter raise a row if you hadn't of got the place that was promised ye, an' I've head enough to know that the other fellows have friends too, an' they'd be mighty big fools if they didn't give 'em a show if they got the chance. That be politicks, Jack, but never mind that now. What be it ye want of them night shirts ye asked mother ter make fer you? Air yer agoin' ter make a girl of yerself?"

"They all wear them here, dad. They are very fashionable, and a fellow has got to be in the fashion, you know."

"Well, mother an' me don't like the idea of ye goin' inter girl's clothes. It ain't manly. I told mother I'd talk ter ye about it."

"Well, dad, I don't suppose they are

much good, but a fellow has to be like other people, or they will laugh at him."

"Well, if so be ye must have them, I'd advise ye ter get 'em in town, an' not let mother know anythin' about it."

That ended the night shirt question — and it might be stated here that John secured a supply shortly afterward and has worn one ever since. But Jenkins senior had more to say to John.

"Ye writ home," he said, "that ye were goin' inter debt fur yer new clothes. Now, Jack, ain't yer got any money ter pay fur 'em?"

"I had only fifteen dollars, dad."

"Well, an' weren't that enough?"

"No, dad, they cost twenty-eight dallars and a half; but they are dandies. Look at the fit of them," and John got up and turned around for his father to admire him.

Jenkins looked his son up and down, and that he was satisfied with the new suit was quite evident from the pleased expression on his countenance.

"They be corkers, Jack, sure enough," he said at length, "but what air yer pants turned up for; be they long in the legs?"

"No, dad; but Mac says it's the fashion to turn up your pants at the bottom."

"Well, they become ye anyhow; but they be costly an' mother don't like the idea of yer goin' in debt."

"Oh, that's nothing, dad. Mac and Fred owe everybody, and they say it's quite the proper thing, don't ye know."

"They do; eh! Well if it were me they owed, they'd find that the proper thing was ter pay up an' that mighty quick, or I'd garnishee their pay; blowed if I would'nt."

"Well, you would'nt, dad. The law won't allow you to touch the pay of anyone in the service."

"What?"

"I say you can't garnishee our pay, and that is where we get ahead of these fellows."

"Well, it's a durned shame, that be all I've got ter say; an' I hope ye will have the decency ter pay what ye owe, an' not disgrace yerself. It be no credit to be wearin' of clothes that ain't paid fur."

"Oh, dad, I guess you are too old

fashioned. "Things are not done now as they used to be."

"Well, it be my opinion they'd better get back ter where they was mighty quick, or the whole durned country will go bankrupt. When I was a young fellow like you, blamed if I could get a plug of tobacco without the money for it. So have a keer, Jack, and don't ye get yer head inter a halter, an' be drove all the rest of yer life be yer creditors. When a man hes all his debts paid, he can hold his head up, an' make people respect him; but if he owes them money he's got to bow and scrape, an' he can't call his soul his own. It be a mighty uncomfortable way ter live."

Jenkins gave John Reginald a lot more advice on the way he should conduct himself, and then they went down to dinner, after which John parted from his father and went to his boarding house.

CHAPTER IX.

For the next month, John dragged out his life in the usual routine of officialdom. It was getting pretty tiresome to John, who had been used to lots of freedom and fresh air in the country. He was beginning to assume the languid air that characterized the service, of which he had a very poor opinion personally; but which he lauded to the sky when speaking to others about it.

In the month he had not gone home once, although his father called regularly for him every Saturday, and Kate was very pressing in her letters. The fourth Saturday had come and his father had called as usual, and as usual John had put him off for another week.

After hunch McGregor said:

"Well, Jenkins, what are you going to do with yourself this afternoon?"

"I've an engagement," John replied.

"With Miss Christian, as usual," said Mac. "Look here, Jenkins, you want to be careful or you will get into trouble. If the father of that country lass discovers this there will be a row."

"I'll take care of that," said John, as he went upstairs to his room.

John was not so sure that he could take care of it, however. He had seen May regularly three times a week ever since his

first introduction to her, and he was beginning to feel that life without her would be a blank. All that he had once thought of Kate, and all the happiness that he dreamed of with her; he now believed to exist for him in May's presence, and in her presence only. He had but a dim recollection of Kate, and he could hardly believe that he had ever cared for her. He had asked her to marry him, and she had promised to be his wife, and that sealed the engagement hard and fast, and he could not imagine anyway that it could be broken off without running the risk of having papa Taylor break his head. He had often thought of writing to her to release him; but he was vain enough to believe that she would take the matter to heart, and that would bring the father down on him, and John was not brave enough to face such a danger. So matters drifted on, and John kept on writing letters to Kate and making love to May. How long it could go on in that way without his being found out, he did not know, and truth to tell, he did not care a great deal either. But the end was coming sooner than he expected.

Bill Smith, of whom we have seen very little since he left home to seek his fame and fortune in the city, was keeping an eye on John Reginald, and he had a pretty clear idea of how matters were. Poor Bill had not ventured back home since he left it. Kate was lost to him, and he no longer had any heart to go back. His sole love now was his work, and he had already got a raise of two dollars a week in his pay, so that he was actually earning more money than the lordly John Reginald who despised him. But when he saw John Reginald so constant in his attentions to the city belle, whose name he had not been able to learn, a new hope sprang up in his bosom, and he began again to dream of Kate.

Saturday-afternoon was a half holiday for Bill, as well as for John Reginald, and on this afternoon he had been thinking more of Kate than usual, and the longing to hear something of her became so strong within him, that he determined to go to the market square in the hope of finding someone there from home. So he put on his hat and went out, and who should he

meet on arriving at the market but Simon Kelly, who had lost his heart to May Christian.

"How are you, Simon?" said Bill, holding out his hand.

"About as usual, Bill. You are looking fine yourself, but a little thinner, I think. The city don't agree with you as well as the country," said Simon.

"Oh, I don't know, I feel first rate, and have nothing to complain of. Did you do a good business to-day, Simon?"

"I've sold my whole load, but prices are a little lower than last week."

"How is everybody out our way, Simon?"

"Oh, about as usual. I say, Bill, do you ever see Jack Jenkins?"

"I meet him occasionally, but he scarcely notices me. You know Jack feels very high and mighty since he got into the service, and does not think his old friends good enough company for him."

"We all calculated on that when he got the place," said Simon. "Jack always thought himself better than any of the lads, and his old dad kept him thinking that way; but I can tell you Jenkins has lost his grip since that railway business. It was a straight case of bluff, like the fellow that came around the election before buying wool for a dollar a pound before election day, and paying only seventeen cents for it after the fight was over. The old man was badly fooled that time, and the whole country is either laughing or swearing at him. Taylor vows vengeance, and I don't think he will ever allow Kate to marry Jack."

Bill started when he heard this, and his hopes began to grow stronger.

"Besides," Simon went on, "I do not think Jack has been treating her right since he came to town. She has lost all her high spirits and looks troubled, and I do not see what she can have to trouble her except it is something Jack has been doing. He has never been home once to see her; and when she got a letter from him the other day some of the girls saw her crying over it."

"He's a miserable cur," said Bill, "and he deserves a good whipping. Kate was always too good for a snob like him."

"What do you suppose can be the trouble between them?" asked Simon.

"If you will come up town with me now, ten to one I can let you see for yourself what the trouble is."

"Well, just wait till I drive my horses over to the hotel yard and tie them, and I am with you," said Simon.

Simon jumped into his market wagon and drove off, while Bill walked up and down waiting for him.

Bill Smith was not naturally revengeful, on the contrary he was one of the most forgiving and kind-hearted beings living; but this was a case out of the ordinary, and for the first time in his life Bill felt the thirst for vengeance. He did not stop to consider on whose head the blow would fall hardest. Had he done so, it is doubtful if he would have taken Simon up town with him that afternoon. It was John Reginald he meant to expose, and he hoped—but he did not yet dare hope for anything. He knew where Jack could be found at that hour, and he knew also who would be found with him; but he did not know the peculiar interest Simon Kelly would have in the discovery. Nor had he much time to consider till Simon returned, and together they started up town. They crossed the bridge over the canal, and started up Sparks street, which at that hour in the afternoon, when the weather was fine, was thronged with the fashionable people of the Capital, the clerks of the different banking houses and members of the civil service, all trying to get the most possible enjoyment out of the weekly half holiday. It was a gay scene, in which poor Simon felt very much out of place, but Bill had become accustomed to it, and took no notice of the fine people that passed him on the sidewalk, or the handsome turnouts that dashed past in the street. He was watching both sides of the street closely, but his eyes saw no one till they had gone over two blocks up town. Then he caught Simon by the arm and brought him to a standstill.

"Look," he said, "there is Jack coming out of that candy store, and see who he has with him."

Simon looked across the street, then turned and grasped Bill by the arm.

"Come," he said, in a husky voice,

"let us get out of this crowd and I will tell you all about it."

Bill felt Simon's hand tremble nervously on his arm, and when he looked at him he saw that his face was very white.

Bill made no reply, but he led Simon around the first corner, and up unto Wellington street, which is practically deserted on a Saturday afternoon.

"Now, Simon," said Bill, "will you tell me what the matter is? What has made you so pale, and why are you so nervous?"

"Why, Bill, don't you know who Jack has with him?"

"No; I do not. Some young lady he got acquainted with in town I suppose. He is with her all the time, and I believe he means to jilt Kate for her."

"Well, I know her," said Simon.

"You!" said Bill.

"Yes; her name is May Christian. I met her last fall when she was visiting Hattie Pierson, and—and—we used to go out driving together. She said she loved my horses; and that she would like to live in the country all the time, and be a farmer's wife. And she said I had such a lovely farm—she thought it the nicest one she had ever seen, and she would like to have one just like it—and—and I thought she was an angel—and that she—meant it—and I meant to ask her when she came again next summer. And now—Bill let us go and get drunk!"

Poor Simon was feeling very badly. All his vain hopes, built on the chatter of a flirt, who was very pretty, and cared very little what honest, soft-hearted fellow she rendered unhappy, were shattered. Two big tears glistened in his eyes, and Bill felt so sorry for him that he did not know what to say to console him.

"Let us get drunk, Bill," said Simon again, after a pause.

"What good would that do, Simon? The best thing for you is to stay sober, and forget all about this gay city girl. She is only a flirt, Simon, and did not mean anything she said to you. Besides,

if you did marry her, she would be useless on a farm. There are lots of better girls at home for you."

"I know lots of nice ones, Bill, but I never thought as much of anyone before. Oh, I wish I could meet Jack out in the country somewhere. Wouldn't I—" and he clinched his fist, and shook it savagely in the air.

"Well, that would not do you any good either, although I admit, he does deserve some severe punishment."

"Oh, he thinks he's a great man now, I'll warrant you; but wait till Taylor hears this! I'll wager Jack Jenkins will regret the day he played with Kate Taylor's affections!"

"Perhaps it would be better if you said nothing about it, Simon. It is not going to do any good, and it may be the cause of a great deal of trouble."

"Trouble, is it? Well, I should think! Jenkins will have trouble enough to turn his hair grey, before another week is over his head. Leave that to me. Come in and have a drink with me, Bill."

They had arrived at the hotel where Simon kept his horses, when this invitation was given.

"Thank you, Simon, but I never drink anything now," said Bill.

"Well, Bill, if you say so, I'll remain over till Monday, and will go on a regular tear. I must do something."

"No, no, Simon. Come and get your horses out and I will drive over as far as Hull with you, and see you safely on your way home."

"Well, if you say so, Bill. I'll do anything for you; but Jack is simply no good. What swell clothes he has on too, and he carries a cane into the bargain! Lord help him if he ventures out home."

While Simon was speaking he was getting his horses untied and turned 'round. Bill got in beside him, and together they set out.

(To be continued.)

PETER ROOSFELDT.

By J. Valentine Scobie.

PETER ROOSFELDT was self-willed and obstinate, as all who had any dealings with him knew to their cost. There were people not a thousand miles from St. Come, who called him a pig-headed old Dutchman, but they took good care that he should not hear any disparaging remarks they might have to make about him, treating him with the deferential courtesy which is characteristic of the French Canadian's demeanor.

Meanwhile, Peter Roosfeldt held their opinions as he held everything French, or French Canadian, in supreme contempt, and pursued his own headstrong, obstinate course, and moreover, flourished amazingly, growing rich by sheer force of his dominant will, perseverance and tireless energy, among a people who viewed such characteristics in a somewhat humorous light.

Now there was one person in particular over whom Peter Roosfeldt naturally considered that he was justified in exercising his authority; and that was his daughter, Katrina. And Katrina, be it said to her credit, very wisely, so long as her father's will and hers were reconcilable, acted the part of a dutiful and obedient daughter, her disposition being rather amiable than otherwise. Under other circumstances Katrina—did exactly as she pleased.

Now this was just what Peter Roosfeldt could not understand. If she had been at all times obstinate and unreasonable, things would scarcely have been more comfortable, but at least there would have been more certainty about developments, and he would not have been continually on the watch for exasperating surprises. Of course it would have been preferable if she had been, like her mother, always amiable and obedient, and possessed of that same becoming awe of, and reverence for, Peter Roosfeldt. But these qualities

were entirely absent in Katrina's attitude toward her father. She even dared to laugh at him before his face, as, for instance, when he persisted in speaking of her as the Fraulein Roosfeldt; for there was nothing Dutch about Katrina, except her name, her blue eyes, and her yellow hair, and those are but superficial circumstances. She had at present more in common with the light-hearted, easy going, laughter loving French people. If she had inherited any of the more stable qualities of her father they were still latent. In spite of Peter Roosfeldt's prejudice against the French habitant, a little dark-eyed French woman had captured his heart and held it fast through her short married life without any effort on her part other than complete acquiescence to the will and opinions of Peter Roosfeldt—and Katrina was her daughter, and, strange to say, Peter loved Katrina also. She was at once the apple of his eye and the torment of his life. There were times when he longed to beat her with the whip he so often carried in his hand, but he refrained, for once when Katrina was quite small he had struck at her with a stick, but her mother sprang forward and received the blow on her arm. She said no word of reproach, but that night Peter saw on the white flesh of her arm, a long blue mark, the memory of which had never left him.

Now, considering, first of all, herself and her own personal attractions, and secondly the fact that she was the only daughter of Peter Roosfeldt, it is not to be wondered at that Katrina had many admirers. But her father would have none of them, not that Katrina was particularly anxious to have any of them either, but, having no brother and being moreover a woman, it was quite natural that she should find certain little harmless attentions both convenient and agreeable. Anything more significant was always promptly nipped in

the bud by her father, who, when he failed to coerce Katrina, was not without other resources. He had a fashion of turning up at social gatherings to which Katrina was invited, and where, among the gay, noisy, hospitable French people, his presence had the effect of a bull in a china shop, or a Death's Head at a feast—a mixture of discomfort to himself, and consternation to others, while it struck adventurous gallants with dismay.

In consideration of Katrina's indifference to his wishes in this particular, Peter had made his will to the effect that all his property, in case of his death, was to go to a sister in Holland. Meanwhile Peter loved not this sister, and suffered agonies of apprehension lest he should die suddenly without having an opportunity to change the will; nor did his robust health and unusual strength afford him any assurance of immunity from such mischance.

Such was the condition of affairs, when, as a last resource against what seemed to be a promising love affair between Katrina and a young Frenchman, he brought himself to consider an oft repeated invitation from Katrina's aunt for her niece to visit her at St. Julienne.

Peter announced his intention in a manner which admitted of no dispute, and Katrina, demurely concealing her satisfaction, obediently prepared for the sacrifice. Her father accompanied her to St. Julienne, never leaving her until he had repeated many strict injunctions as to the privileges to be allowed to his daughter, but especially, concerning a young man, who, should he appear at St. Julienne, was to be peremptorily dismissed and Katrina sent home. Thereupon Peter set out on his return trip with the growing resolution to make it convenient for that young man to find a residence and employment at some place remote from St. Come. By what means this was accomplished it is not necessary to state. It was not so difficult a thing for Peter Roosfeldt to do, and having accomplished it, he began to wish that his instructions to Katrina's aunt had been more explicit and far reaching, and that he had placed a narrower limit to the term of Katrina's visit. He had almost decided to go after her when a hint dropped by a man from St. Julienne caused

him to make a sudden departure for that village.

His blustering assault upon the aunt frightened that jolly little woman almost out of her wits; and she vehemently denied any remissness on her part, or, indeed, the existence of any cause for anxiety. She talked much and long, with great vivacity, getting quite around and away from the subject in hand, while Katrina sat demurely silent and vouchsafed neither dissent nor assent to her father's accusations; but quite willingly consented to be bundled up and hurried off home immediately.

Katrina seemed as happy and contented as ever, and her father was inclined to allow her a little more liberty, probably thinking, that in the absence of her former admirer, it was as well to allow her to forget in her own way the one in St. Julienne.

This admirer, who had been so summarily dismissed, had held a somewhat responsible position in Roosfeldt's mill, and it was some weeks before another competent man was got to fill his place. His successor was a young Frenchman named La Motte of apparently somewhat taciturn and morose disposition, but one or two things occurred to give his employer a favorable impression of him. And this impression strengthened in course of time. Roosfeldt loved an active, energetic man, one who wasted no time in talk, and could give and take orders promptly. Though it was his habit to grind all he could get out of every man in his employ, he was not above showing his appreciation of a good workman. The relations between him and La Motte grew so friendly that at last Roosfeldt asked the young man to visit at his house occasionally, and La Motte being a stranger, was glad to accept the invitation.

Katrina did not seem to take much interest in the visitor. He was somewhat old according to the standards of the vicinity for a gallant, and altogether too quiet and sedate for her, so, although she seconded her father's hospitality, she left the two men to cultivate each others friendship.

This companionship became very pleasant to Roosfeldt. In an astonishing short time he began to form plans relative to a marriage between La Motte and Katrina. He was not unaware that to achieve such

an object might be difficult, and necessitate some good management and judicious exercise of will power, but he was never deterred from anything by the difficulties in view.

There was one point upon which he and La Motte sometimes differed, though La Motte was always willing to politely withdraw opposition to the old man's arguments and assertions. He seemed not to object to Roosfeldt's aspersions against his countrymen. But he maintained that the French women were the prettiest and cleverest in the world. He even had gone so far as to speak patronizingly of Katrina as passably good-looking through the characteristics inherited from her French mother. This exasperated Roosfeldt, and led to long arguments in which La Motte yielded point after point, making only the reservation that it was a pity the girl had not had dark hair and eyes. Finally, so much did Peter sing his daughter's praises, that in time La Motte was fain to acknowledge in an impersonal fashion, not being greatly interested in women, Katrina's virtues and capabilities. So that at last, when the subject of a marriage between him and the girl was openly broached, by whom Peter was afterwards somewhat puzzled to remember, La Motte seemed to give the subject some serious consideration.

"I suppose," he said, "a man ought to marry some time, and if one must marry, she would make a good enough wife; but then," he added, "what's the use of talking of it? It is not at all likely she would consent."

Peter snorted at this, and professed himself both able and determined to decide such a matter himself. Whereupon, La Motte agreed, provided the girl were willing.

Then followed the stormiest week ever known in the Roosfeldt household, a week of bitterness and tears, of sullen anger and obstinate persistence. Could the end be doubted, when one was a mere girl, the other a strong man, whose will had grown more iron-like with his years? The end was submission, passive and apathetic, but at least submission. After all, the girl said in conclusion, marriage would be emancipation from tyranny and persecution.

Peter Roosfeldt winced at this, but relaxed none of his stern persistence.

La Motte made a formal proposal to Katrina and was accepted with better grace than they had expected. In fact, Roosfeldt's suspicions were aroused and he allowed nothing to distract his watchful attention from the girl's movements, while he hastened the preparations for the wedding, in which she utterly refused to interest herself.

"Of course you will make a good marriage settlement," La Motte had said to Roosfeldt. "A few thousand will not be missed in the business, and she is your only daughter.

"I don't know about that," said Roosfeldt. He had not objected to the absence of worldly possessions on the part of the young man. It was his energy and thrifty business qualities which had won the respect of Roosfeldt, but he had no inclination to make over to anyone, just yet, a portion of his own hardly-accumulated property.

"You have not got so much yourself that you are in a position to ask for property with your wife," he replied testily.

"That's so," agreed La Motte, amicably. "I suppose you don't object to us living in the house with you? It's big enough, and there is really not much use in us working ourselves to death to make a home for ourselves, when you have no one else to leave it to."

"I am not so sure of that, either," said Roosfeldt, who had really never thought of any other plan, but didn't exactly like the light in which this arrangement suddenly appeared to him. "We'll see about it. I'll negotiate a purchase of the Doree farm and you can pay for it gradually. As for leaving my money, there's no question about it. If I should die to-day it would go to my sister."

"Well, well; I leave it to you," La Motte consented.

So the wedding day approached, and for a betrothed pair these two acted strangely enough to excite the remarks of the neighbors, whose comments upon Roosfeldt's tyranny did not tend to make him more reasonable. On the contrary, he seemed eager to hurry the wedding, being still doubtful of Katrina, and at one

time having a wild suspicion of some underhand scheme between her and La Motte, that perhaps La Motte might even be bought over by her, and induced to aid her in her escape, or a run away match with another man. He even went so far as to write, threatening the aunt in St. Julienne with a lawsuit, if she received the girl, in case of her running away from home. So the long autumn passed and winter came suddenly, almost as a surprise to Roosfeldt, who now took heart as he realized that the wedding was to take place in December.

At last they were married and went off to Montreal for their honeymoon.

The days dragged wearily enough after they were gone, and to his surprise, Roosfeldt did not feel so happy as he should have done, having succeeded so well. He missed Katrina sadly, and took to thinking of his dead wife, and wishing he had not said so many hard words to her daughter. He wondered if his wife had loved him, or if she also had been persuaded to marry him, and then had submitted uncomplainingly to her life. It had never occurred to him to satisfy himself on this point during her lifetime and now it was too late. He busied himself in superintending the alteration and repairs of the house upon the Doree farm, but somehow this did not seem to satisfy him. He hated the sight of the building looming up in very sight of his own house. It had been understood that the young couple were to return for Christmas but it was now the day before and they had not yet arrived nor sent any message. Roosfeldt was feeling more disconsolate than ever. The very thought of Christmas seemed to exasperate him. He wandered over to the other house, and as he was giving some orders about the building, a stranger accosted him. After a look of inquiry, he recognized a man whom he had met at St. Julienne.

"So you had to let the young folks get married, after all, Mr. Roosfeldt?" he said, smilingly. "Well, well; it's nothing but right."

"What?" demanded Roosfeldt, in astonishment.

"Why, young La Motte. I thought when he came up here that he was set on

getting the girl. It's no use fighting against these things, you know."

"Will you be kind enough to explain yourself?" demanded Roosfeldt with a snort of exasperation.

"Why, why," stammered the stranger in surprise. "I beg your pardon if I made a mistake, but they said you raised an awful row when your daughter was visiting her aunt, and you heard she was receiving La Motte's attentions."

Roosfeldt answered not a word, but turned his back upon the astonished stranger, and walked straight to his own house, and stood in the doorway for some minutes. His brain reeled, his sight grew dim, and his heart rose to his throat with a strange choking sensation. After a while he placed his hand upon his breast in a dazed wondering fashion, then he rubbed his brow. It was wet and cold. He shivered, then started suddenly towards the mill. There was a horse harnessed to a light wagon standing in the mill-yard. He climbed into the wagon and started to drive off, then stopped and motioned one of the men to come with him. He remained utterly silent, refusing to answer any remarks or questions put by the man, who looked at him somewhat anxiously.

They drove rapidly to the village, and from time to time Roosfeldt placed his hand upon his heart, and his lips grew white as he eagerly urged the horse on. He felt strangely numb and cold, and to his surprise he was now conscious of neither anger nor resentment. He felt sure that he was threatened with a stroke of apoplexy or paralysis.

They drove into the village of St. Come and stopped at a lawyer's office. With a sigh of relief, Roosfeldt dismounted, entered the office, and said, abruptly, to the lawyer, "Give me that will."

"You surprise me, Mr. Roosfeldt," replied the lawyer. "Certainly. I suppose you mean the will I drew up for you? Here it is."

Roosfeldt took the paper in his trembling hands, tore it in two, and threw it in the grate, then took a match and set fire to the paper.

"Now," he said, "draw me up another immediately and don't bother me with any questions. I leave the whole of my prop-

erty, unconditionally, to my daughter, Katrina. You know what that means—to have absolute control of both money and lands."

It was some time before the document was drawn up and signatures attached, but when all was complete, Roosfeldt stepped out of the office and looked about him. Again he put his hand on his heart, then he pinched himself and ejaculated, "I don't believe there's one blessed thing the matter me!"

Now that the fear of sudden death which had for a time possessed his soul had left him, he felt, in a stupid, wondering way, ashamed of it, and for once in his life, vaguely dissatisfied with himself, and, as he proceeded on his homeward way, this novel sensation grew gradually stronger. Vainly he strove to stifle or ignore it, as with the ghost of the old masterful spirit of obstinacy and intolerance, he grumbled and railed at things in general—the late winter, the scarcity of snow, and above all the frivolity of this Christmas season with its foolish waste of time and prodigal

expenditure of money. He could not turn his thoughts from himself, and it was with a heavy heart he turned his face towards his own house after leaving the horse at the mill.

The chill grey shadows of the December evening wrapped the house in gloom, but as he neared it a door opened and a broad shaft of glimmering light diffused itself in the dusky shadows.

Suddenly Roosfeldt became aware of a familiar figure in the doorway, and with a throb of his heart and a choking in his throat, he started forward muttering a clumsy welcome. Then he sat down and talked to La Motte about affairs at the mill as if nothing unusual had happened.

"Now father," said Katrina, a little later, "You can finish that house over there just as you like and sell it afterwards, unless you want to move into it, for I'm going to live right here and no place else."

And Peter Roosfeldt answered never a word for fear of revealing the peace and joy that had somehow come into his heart at this late hour on Christmas Eve.



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LOUNGINGS IN THE LIBRARY.

When lounging in the library a short time ago, I happened upon some writings of Samuel Butler, the celebrated author of *Hudibras*, the greatest burlesque in the English language; and I was struck by his description of some the would-be poets of his day. To my mind it bore a strong proof that men—and especially poets—have been very much alike in all ages. One thing, however, is very certain, the small poet of the seventeenth century, of whom he gives such an inimitable description, was a full brother to the small poet of today, who steals and murders with the same recklessness as his ancestor. The small poet is much more common today than he was in Butler's time, even though it was then an age of poetry. Now, however, education is more general, and every school girl imagines herself a poetess, and every college man starts life with a great epic in his brain, that he means to write when he has got his hand in by practice on several smaller things. Every Magazine editor in the land is aware of this, from the very large amount of MSS he receives, that are simply worthless. The most of this poetry is written on the principle described by Butler in the following lines, as the method of his brother poet:

"These that write in rhyme, still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think's sufficient at one time."

This is a noticeable feature of a great deal of the better poetry of the present day; but the small poet has many things besides, by which he may be recognized. The following is Butler's description of him:

"A small poet is one that would fain make himself that which nature never meant him; like a fanatic that inspires himself with his own whimsies. He sets up haber-dasher of small poetry, with a very small stock, and no credit. He believes it is invention enough to find out other men's wit; and whatsoever he lights upon, either in books or company, he makes bold with as his own. This he puts together so untowardly, that you may perceive his own wit has the rickets, by the swelling disproportion of the joints. You may know his wit not to be natural, 'tis so unquiet and troublesome in him: for as those that have money but seldom, are always shaking their pockets when they have it, so does he, when he thinks he has got something that will make him appear. He is a perpetual talker; and you may know by the freedom of his discourse that he came lightly by it, as thieves spend freely what they get. He is like an Italian thief, that never robs but he murders, to prevent discovery; so sure is he to cry down the man from whom he purloins, that his petty larceny of wit may pass unsuspected. He appears so over-concerned in all men's wits, as if they were but disparagements of his own; and cries down all they do, as if they were encroachments upon him. He takes jests from the owners, and breaks them, as justices do false weights, and pots that want measure. When he meets with anything that is very good, he changes it into small money, like three groats for a shilling, to serve several occasions. He disclaims study, pretends to take things in motion, and to shoot

flying, which appears to be very true, by his often missing of his mark. As for epithets, he always avoids those that are near akin to the sense. Such matches are unlawful, and not fit to be made by a Christian poet; and therefore all his care is to choose out such as will serve, like a wooden leg, to piece out a maimed verse that wants a foot or two, and if they will but rhyme now and then into the bargain, or run upon a letter, it is a work of supererogation. For similitudes, he likes the hardest and most obscure best; for as ladies wear black patches to make their complexions seem fairer than they are, so when an illustration is more obscure than the sense that went before it, it must of necessity make it appear clearer than it did; for contraries are best set off with contraries. He has found out a new sort of poetical Georgics—a trick of sowing wit-like clover-grass on barren subjects, which would yield nothing before. This is very useful for the times, wherein, some men say, there is no room left for new invention. He will take three grains of wit, like the elixir, and projecting it upon the iron age, turn it immediately into gold. All the business of mankind has presently

vanished, the whole world has kept holiday; there has been no men but heroes and poets, no women but nymphs and shepherdesses: trees have borne fritters, and rivers flowed plum-porridge. When he writes, he commonly steers the sense of his lines by the rhyme that is at the end of them, as butchers do calves by the tail. For when he has made one line, which is easy enough, and has found out some sturdy hard word that will but rhyme, he will hammer the sense upon it, like a piece of hot iron upon an anvil, into what form he pleases. There is no art in the world so rich in terms as poetry; a whole dictionary is scarce able to contain them; for there is hardly a pond, a sheep-walk, or a gravel-pit in all Greece, but the ancient name of it is become a term of art in poetry. By this means, small poets have such a stock of able hard words lying by them, as dryades, hamadryades, aonides, fauni, nymphe, sylvani, etc., that signify nothing at all; and such a world of pedantic terms of the same kind, as may serve to furnish all the new inventions and 'thorough reformations' that can happen between this and Plato's great year."



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