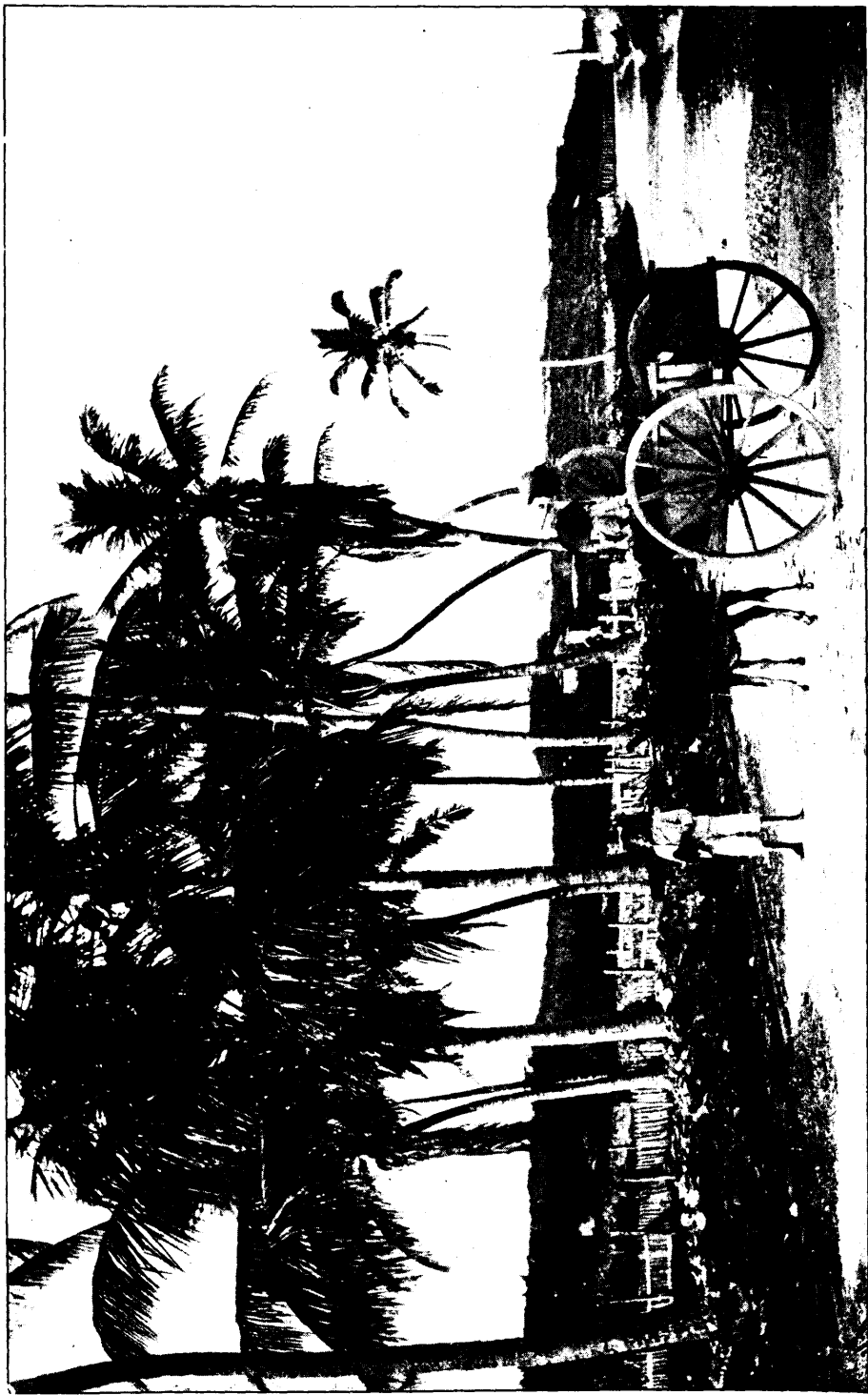


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ON THE ROAD TO FORT CHARLOTTE, NASSAU, BAHAMAS.

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THE SUPERNATURAL IN MACBETH.

BY WALTER TOWNSEND.

THE Supernatural has from the very earliest ages played a considerable part in the literature, art, and the life of the peoples. In all times and under all conditions it has indubitably played a leading part in written and pictorial art. The Egyptian hieroglyphics — the Chaldean and Assyrian tablets, the Greek dramas, the Roman poems and dramas, and the Hebrew sacred books, are all full of the Supernatural. With that element excluded, they would be robbed of their chief significance, and would neither have instructed nor delighted mankind for so many centuries.

The literature and art of the middle ages depended even more than ancient art upon the Supernatural. Greek and Roman art introduced the Gods as part of the stage machinery, but of the stage machinery only. The *Deus ex Machina* in their plays appears when his presence cannot be dispensed with: otherwise human life and human character are displayed influenced by human desires and flavored with human peculiarities. Certainly all, even the Gods themselves, are controlled by inexorable dramatic fate, and this fate may be said to be of necessity Supernatural. Notwithstanding this, the Supernatural in art and literature among the ancients had a restricted area; its stage manifestation was

confined to beneficial or revengeful action on the part of Gods or Goddesses; their intercession was always a voluntary one, due either to the virtue or the vice of some human character. But when the world emerged from the darkness of the Middle Ages, and felt the throes of a new birth, (which has in our time either matured, or grown old and decrepit, or has to be born again, according to the several views we hold), the Supernatural had the chief part in shaping the literature, the art, the feeling, the life of the people. The only active instinct was a Supernatural one: miracles grew on every bush; judgments fell from every cloud: men and women rose and eat, worked and slept, as we do now, but they walked and worked, and ate and slept in an atmosphere we know not. To them a Supernatural apparition, a demoniac possession, a blessed intercession, a well-placed and most effectually miraculous curse, were as natural events as the toothache is to us. They simply could not conceive life, or the world, without the presence, actively among them, of Supernatural beings, and the daily occurrence of Supernatural events. I need not (indeed it is not within the scope of my paper) discuss how far this retarded, how far it advanced, the civilization we now enjoy. Suffice it

to say that this Supernaturalism was the logical outcome of the intense paganism of former centuries. It embodied in different forms many of the most beautiful myths or legends of the ancients, peopling every wood and stream and mountain with lovely and exquisite beings, but alas! peopling also the woods, the streams, the mountains, the very air itself, with foul and cruel fiends, seeking to destroy. The old Pagan Gods existed still in the mind and imagination of some devout Christians, but changed from the beneficent, if tyrannical deities of the Pagans, who made love, and took revenge, into one or another semblance of the universal enemy of mankind, disguising, may be, his horns and hoofs. This intense and unquestioning belief in the Supernatural as an element of every day life, something to be reckoned with and accounted for in every transaction, even the most ordinary, was universal from the earliest monkish days, flourished in the Dark Ages, survived the renaissance, was undispelled by the dawning light of scientific truth, and died, not a lingering, but a sudden death, within measurable distance of the life of our great grandfathers. When the Supernatural was for centuries so intricately woven in the very web and woof of life, it naturally followed that it was also a chief factor in determining the designs of dramatic poems—it formed an essential and integral part of the thoughts of all men, so that its absence from their works, if such absence had been possible, would have left them colorless and invertebrate. It is natural, therefore, that we find in Shakespeare the Supernatural dealt with in every one of its various forms: fairy lore, witchcraft, demonology, sorcery, astrology, magic—we find them all in various plays. And it is necessary, in considering how he used this material, to determine what was the received sentiment, opinion and belief, on these subjects, of those for whom he wrote. I shall try to be brief. The most

direct method of enquiry is to examine the existing laws on the subject and their manner of enforcement. The branch on the Supernatural most largely used in Macbeth comes under the head of witchcraft, and to that branch I shall confine my remarks.

Penal laws against witchcraft date from an early period. The twelve tables of Roman law, and later, the Code of Justinian, dealt severely with it, the latter imposing the right of torture in case of even a mere accusation. The church followed, amplified the law, and made the offence an ecclesiastical one. The Ecclesiastical Courts punished by penance and fine, up to 1542; graver punishments had to be confirmed by the secular power. It was, from very early times, an indictable offence at common law, but was not made felony by statute until the reign of Henry VIII., which brings us very close to Shakespeare's time. Henry VIII.'s act was passed in 1541, repealed at the accession of Edward VI., and another act on the same lines, but distinguishing more particularly the different grades of witchcraft, was passed in 1562, the fifth year of Elizabeth's reign. This was the act in force when Shakespeare wrote. It is useful therefore, briefly to state its nature and provisions. By it, conjuration and invocation of evil spirits, the practice of sorceries, enchantments, charms and witchcrafts, whereby death ensued, were made felonies without benefit of clergy, and punishable with death. If only bodily harm ensued, the punishment for a first offence was a year's imprisonment and the pillory, and for a second, death. If the practice was to discover hidden treasure, or to provoke to unlawful love, the punishment for a first offence was the same as in the last case; for a second, imprisonment for life and forfeiture of goods. This, then, was the law during the greater part of Shakespeare's active life. On the accession of James I., a new law was passed. The writer in the "Encyclopedia Britannica," to

whom I am largely indebted for my facts, expressly says this was done out of compliment to the king's position as an expert and specialist in witchcraft; and I would ask the reader to bear this in mind, as I shall have occasion to refer to it later on. This act remained the law of the land for more than a century, and the wording of its chief clause is curious, shewing, as it does, the definition and meaning of witchcraft, as believed in by the greatest legal lights of the age. Nor are these legal lights even in our day to be despised. Chief among them—one authority says—the framer of the clause, was Sir Edward Coke, and Lord Bacon approved and endorsed it. It may be worth while to quote this clause in full. "If any person or persons shall use, practise or exercise any invocation or conjuration of any evil and wicked spirit, or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed or reward any evil and wicked spirit, to or for any intent or purpose, or take up any dead man, woman or child out of his, her or their grave, or any other place where the dead body resteth, or the skin, bone, or any part of any dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm or enchantment, or shall use, practise, or exercise any witchcraft, enchantment, charm or sorcery, whereby any person shall be killed, destroyed, wasted, consumed, pined or lamed in his or her body, or any part thereof"—every such offender is a felon without benefit of clergy. With the exception of clearer definition, and, in consequence, somewhat greater rigor in the application, the new act left the law unchanged, the penalties being practically the same. And now let us see how these laws were enforced, for it is the enforcement of a law which proves whether or not it speaks the voice, and contains the belief, of those who live under it. Trials and executions for witchcraft do not seem to have been so numerous in England as in the other countries of Europe, but

they were numerous enough. The 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th centuries contain records of numerous convictions, and still more numerous accusations, these latter being most abundant during times of political ferment, such as the Wars of the Roses. In the 16th century, until towards its close, they were not so frequent, but in the 17th century they increased again. In 1634, seventeen persons were burned on the evidence of one young boy, and in the three years from 1645 to 1647, between two and three hundred were indicted, more than half of whom were convicted and executed. In most of these cases, the accused confessed before execution; but it is outside my province to discuss this curious, and in many ways inexplicable problem. In Scotland, the executions and accusations were very much more numerous than in England, and the enforcement of the law lasted to a later date, the last Scotch witch being burned in 1722, after conviction before the sheriff of Sutherland. The last certainly recorded conviction in England, was in 1712, and the sentence was not carried out. It must further be remembered, that the records give no figures for the hundreds who died under ordeals administered by lynch law. I have said enough, however, on this head, to shew clearly that the law was no dead letter, but was enforced with the willing consent of the people.

This fact established, we are enabled to judge in some measure the point of view from which Shakespeare's audience regarded the witches in *Macbeth*. Their appearance was to them an actual, possible, nay, even probable occurrence. Every man felt that he might himself encounter such beings, not perhaps in so great pomp of devilry (such witches being reserved for kings to see), but in humbler guise. Conceive, then, although it is almost impossible for us to conceive it, the effect such witches as those in *Macbeth* must have had upon such an audience.

I have insisted strongly, and I fear at somewhat wearisome length, on this fact, because, unless we keep it steadily in mind, I do not think we can form a true idea of the literary value of these most marvellous creations of Shakespeare's brain. It is not for us to theorize, still less dogmatize, as to how their great author himself regarded them. What Shakespeare believed no man can know, and certainly no knowledge can be gained from a study of his direct treatment of such subjects. It is rather to be found in by-allusions dropping from other characters,—the almost unconscious thoughts of the great poet. When Glendower says: "At my birth the frame and huge foundations of the earth shak'd like a coward;" Hotspur says: "Why so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kittened;" and to "I can call spirits from the vasty deep," he answers "Why so can I, or so can any man, but will they come when you do call for them?" We may, if we please, conjecture that these speeches indirectly express the poet's personal creed; but he treated directly all subjects from the point of view of the audience—he wrote for *them*, to please *them*, not to propound theories, nor to publish his own beliefs.

There cannot be a more striking instance of this than the tragedy of Macbeth, and it is the Supernatural element in the play, above all, that renders the instance so striking. Shakespeare, as is generally conceded, produced this play as soon after the accession of James I. as possible. A brilliant essayist has given a positive authority that the play was not produced till 1610, but that was because the play-house was closed in consequence of the plague. Whenever written, whenever produced, it was written and produced to please the king, as chief among the audience. To please the king he made the play a Scottish one; to please the king he drags in a panegyric on touching for

the king's evil, that superstition almost peculiar to the Stuarts; to please the king he showed that the line of Banquo would descend from generation to generation, until the anointing oil should drop on James' head; but chiefly to please the king he created the witches.

James I. was, in his foolish and curious studies, above all an ardent student of witchcraft. He gloried in the reputation of knowing more about the occult art than any one of his subjects. While King of Scotland he had a wider field for experiment and research than when the twokingsdoms were united under his sway. In Scotland, he was present at all or nearly all the trials of witches, and in one case, at least, gave evidence, and he, probably, was hardly less punctual in his attendance when the poor wretches passed through the last fiery ordeal. As I have already said, the act relating to witchcraft, passed in the first year of his reign, was evidently inspired by his predilection for the subject.

Mr. Dyer, in his admirable work, "Folk Lore in Shakespeare," (to which I am largely indebted) says: "Thus in a masterly manner Shakespeare has illustrated and embellished his plays with references to the demonology of the period, having been careful in every case, whilst enlivening his audience, to convince them of the utter absurdity of this degraded form of superstition." I have written so far solely with the intention of shewing how absolutely I disagree with Mr. Dyer, if, as I think, he intended to include under "demonology," such apparitions and Supernatural agencies as are employed in Macbeth. Shakespeare would not have dared to present a play, to an audience which might possibly have included James I., casting any doubt on the universally-received beliefs about the Supernatural. What he himself believed is beside the question; he wrote as though he believed; he wrote for believers.

I have tried to insist strongly on

this point, because I think it a most important one, if we wish thoroughly to appreciate the weird grandeur and grotesque horror of the agents of the Evil One, who led a great warrior, if not a great man, to his predestined doom.

Shakespeare, with the directness which is one of his chief characteristics as a dramatist, gives no introductory note of warning to the audience before the weird and skinny hags appear. His purpose was to make the Supernatural the chief moving element in the play; it was to be the agent which should cause events, determine characters, bring life to some, and death and distinction to others—in a word, it was to be the Play itself. He opens the tragedy, therefore, with: "A desert place—Thunder and lightning—Enter three witches." The brevity of this scene is its most remarkable feature. It consists of twelve lines only—lines of question and answer between the three witches; no explanation, no hint of any design on their part against Macbeth; merely, "When shall we three meet again?" the time settled—"When the hurly burly's done:" the place settled—"Upon the heath:" the purpose settled—"There to meet with Macbeth." And yet what a keynote to the whole tragedy these twelve lines strike! What an example of Shakespeare's marvellous powers of condensation! And we must here again remember the audience for which they were written. That audience would at once recognize the scene as the closing of a witch's Sabbath, and all their unholy business done—crops blighted, cattle smitten with disease, ships wrecked, lives blasted—all that remained was to determine "When shall we three meet again?" Mr. Spalding, in his "Elizabethan Demonology," suggests that Shakespeare drew upon Scandinavian mythology in part, at any rate, for the witches, and that they are Norns rather than witches. His reason is that in the

first scene each sister takes the special part of one of the Norns. "The third," he says, "is the special prophetess, whilst the first takes cognizance of the past, and the second of the present, in affairs connected with humanity. These are the tasks of Urda, Verdandi, and Skulda. The first begins by asking, 'When shall we three meet again?' The second decides the time: 'When the battle's lost and won.' The third prophesies the future: 'That will be ere the set of sun.' The first again asks: 'Where?' The second decides: 'Upon the heath.' The third prophesies the future: 'There to meet with Macbeth.'" This may by some be thought fanciful. The coincidence, at any rate, is a striking one. Shakespeare may, or may not, have heard of Urda, Verdandi, and Skulda, and their attributes, and if he had, we may be sure that whatever that all-absorbing mind took in, it gave out again in heaped-up measure. His store of knowledge, wherever and however acquired, was like the Widow's cruise. But I think we may be also reasonably certain of this, viz., that he did not wish to present Norns to his audience, but witches—witches such as they understood and believed in.

Coleridge says: "The weird sisters are as true a creation of Shakespeare as his Ariel and Caliban; fates, fairies, and materializing witches being the elements. They presented a sufficient external resemblance to the creatures of vulgar prejudice to act immediately on the audience. Their character consists in the imaginative disconnected from the good; they are the shadowy, obscure, and fearfully anomalous of physical nature—elemental avengers without sex or kin." This seems to me, allowing for the concluding flight of fancy, a true description of the witches.

The next time they appear it is the scene of their adjourned Sabbath—"A heath—Thunder"—and before Macbeth arrives to meet his fate, Shakes

peare again, with marvellous terseness, shews the malevolence of their magic :

“ A sailor’s wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounch’d, and mounch’d, and mounch’d:—
‘ Give me,’ quoth I.
‘ Aroint thee, witch!’ the rumpled ronyon
cries,
‘ Her husband’s to Aleppo gone, master o’ the
Tiger:
But in a sieve I’ll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I’ll do, I’ll do, and I’ll do.”

It is to be noted that the popular belief was that witches could assume the form of any animal at will, but that in every case the tail would be wanting. There is also another noteworthy feature in this scene. “I’ll give thee a wind”—“Th’ art kind—and I another”—“I myself have all the other, and the very parts they blow, all the quarters that they know i’ the shipman’s card.”

Now in 1591, while James was still James VI. of Scotland, Agnes Sampson was tried for witchcraft, and made the following confession. “She vowed that at the time His Majesty was in Denmark, she took a cat and christened it, and afterwards bound to each part of that cat the chiefest parts of a dead man, and several joints of his body; and that on the night following, the said cat was conveyed into the midst of the sea by herself and other witches sailing in their riddles or cirenes, and so left the said cat before the town of Leith in Scotland. This done, there arose such a tempest in the sea as a greater hath not been seen, which tempest was the cause of the perishing of a boat or vessel coming from the town of Burnt Island to the town of Leith, wherein were sundry jewels and rich gifts, which should have been presented to the new Queen of Scotland at His Majesty’s coming to Leith. Again, it is confessed that the said christened cat was the cause of the King’s Majesty’s ship, at his coming forth of Denmark, having a contrary wind to the rest of the ships then being in his company, which thing was

most strange and true, as the King’s Majesty testified.” We may be sure that His Most Sacred and Sapient Majesty looked on with complacent satisfaction at the burning of that particular witch. But the superstition as to witches’ power over the winds was a very widespread one. Long after Shakespeare’s time, wise women still trafficked in winds. Drayton says: “She could sell winds to any one that would buy them for money.” They were sold in packages, sometimes to mariners, in which case they were, of course, favoring breezes; sometimes to the enemies of those afloat, to work to them disaster. But there is, curiously enough, frequently a limit set to the power of witches—“Though his bark *cannot* be lost, yet it shall be tempest toss’d.” As in Agnes Sampson’s confession, so in Shakespeare’s pages, trouble and disaster might be caused, but the ultimate power over life and death was generally withheld.

But in discussing the, to me at any rate, fascinating facts of superstition, we may be tempted to overlook the marvellous poetry in which these facts are clothed by Shakespeare. The lyrical power of this scene is extraordinary: it is the product of careful and exquisite workmanship, which is chiefly effective because it is hidden. *Ar’s celare artem* has no better exemplification. The daring quatrain of rhyme, when the curses heaped upon the unlucky mate of the Tiger bound for Aleppo, are disturbed by the entrance of Macbeth, is an example of concentrated lyric force and of the power of rhyme in the hands of a great genius:—

First Witch,—

“ Here I have a pilot’s thumb,
Wrecked as homeward he did come.”

Third Witch,—

“ A drum, a drum,
Macbeth doth come.”

When Macbeth appears, the witches still preserve their relative parts which have connected them with the Norns—the first speaks of the past—“Thane

of Glamis;" the second, of the present—"Thane of Cawdor;" the third of the future—"King hereafter;" and it is the same in their speeches to Banquo. The brevity of their prophecies is most remarkable—one line from each, to each warrior—the force of condensation could no further go, and it is the concentrated force gained by this condensation which makes the beauty and the horror of the scene.

It is no part of my task to mark the effect upon Macbeth of the brief and fateful words,—that belongs to other essayists,—but it is not out of place to point out how thoroughly, not only Macbeth, but Banquo, believed in the witches. It is indeed the latter who questioned them. Macbeth says practically nothing until the close of the scene, and to Macbeth's earnest appeal they vouchsafed no answer, immediately vanishing; but Banquo questions early, and in his questioning, shews his knowledge of witches, a natural knowledge in the progenitor of James I. "You should be women, and yet your beards forbid me to interpret that you are so." Beards were the common attribute of witches, and many a poor wretch met her doom on no better evidence than a hairy chin. "If you can look into the seeds of time, and say which grain will grow, and which will not, speak then to me." This power of foretelling, and to some degree affecting, the growth of the crops, was one of the most generally accepted attributes of witches. In Shakespeare's time, a witch was tried and condemned merely for prophesying on this very point, and Banquo applies it as a test of the witches' power. So the scene closes; the high-minded, simple soldier and the potential murderer, shewn as equal believers in the existence of the supernatural: the first accepting its dark hints and no more; but the second, to his destruction, allowing them to dominate his mind and sway his actions—himself the agent of their fulfilment and of his own doom.

When the church of the Middle Ages took cognizance of witchcraft and made it an ecclesiastical offence, it did so in the belief that witches had sold themselves to the devil, and sold themselves by an actual, personal compact with an actual, personal devil. It would not have been surprising, therefore, if Shakespeare had, in *Macbeth*, introduced the devil; but, instead, he never even alludes to him throughout the whole play. This would be more curious were it not for the well-known fact that throughout the whole of his plays he rarely, even by allusion, mentions the devil, and still more rarely speaks of him as being an actual active agent for evil. But he had a substitute ready to his hand in Hecate, and in spite of much that has been written, this substitute was the most natural for him to use, the most artistic, therefore the best suited for his purpose. Richard Grant White remarks, "Shakespeare has been censured for mixing Hecate up with vulgar Scotch witches, but he shared in this regard with many better scholars than himself, and had he not such companionship, his shoulders could bear the blame, as they also could that of pronouncing her name as a dissyllable." When the Pagan mythology was wrested from Olympus by the Christian religion, many of its myths, traditions, beliefs and deities survived, and even to this day survive, in curious forms. Warton says, "The Gothic and Pagan fictions were frequently blended and incorporated. The Lady of the Lake floated in the suite of Neptune, before Queen Elizabeth, at Kenilworth. Ariel assumes the appearance of a sea nymph, and, by an easy association, Hecate conducts the rites of the weird sisters in *Macbeth*. The worship of Hecate or Diana, the goddess of the moon, sender of midnight phantoms, lent itself,—says Mr. Tylor on magic—especially to the magician's rites, as may be seen from this formula to evoke her: "O, friend and companion of night; thou

who rejoicest in the baying of dogs, and spilt blood; who wandereth in the midst of shades among the tombs; who longest for blood and bringest terror to mortals; Gorgo, Mormo, thousand-faced moon, look favorably on our sacrifices!" Shakespeare himself, in many passages, shews how universally Hecate was looked upon as the High Priestess of witchcraft. Macbeth says:

"Wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings,"—

offerings made with solemn and secret rites, hence the use of the word "celebrates."

In Hamlet we find:—

"Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds
collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice
infected."

Lear says:

"Let it be so: thy truth, then, be thy dower:
For by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
* * * * *
Here I disclaim all my paternal care."

I may remark in parenthesis that Professor Wright in his note to this passage shows that Shakespeare used Hecate as a dissyllable in every play except the 1st part of Henry VI., which he looks upon as a significant fact as regards Shakespeare's share in that play. Professor Murray has suggested to me, with his usual originality and ingenuity, that Shakespeare made Hecate a dissyllable to bring the sound nearer to Hell Cat, a suggestion which when we consider Shakespeare's love for play upon words, is by no means without probability.

In Jonson's the "Sad Shepherd," Maudlin, the witch, calls Hecate, the mistress of witches, "our Dame Hecate," and as their queen and mistress, the hags of Shakespeare regard her.

In reply to the greeting of the first witch,

"Why, how now, Hecate! you look angrily," she soundly berates them for presumption, gives them strict instructions for

their future conduct, and waits for no reply.

"Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again,"

is all the terror-stricken first witch dares to say.

Expediently and well they perform Hecate's behest, and the fruit of their labors is shewn in the marvellous caldron scene. Its concentrated power is as remarkable as its detail. Every line contains one or more of the ingredients common to every witch's formula, ingredients which Shakespeare knew, not from any extended study of mythology, Scandinavian or other, but from the folk lore of the people, and which were as well known to his audience as to himself. But with what rare and almost incredible genius he uses his material!

"Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Slivered in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-delivered by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our caldron."

What a feat, to use the very naked elements of the grotesquely horrible without once approaching the absurd!

I must again call attention to the intense terseness of the witches' invocation. These lyrics might be examined with a literary microscope, and no line, no phrase, no word, discovered that could be omitted without damaging the flawless perfection of the whole. The rhymes are almost without exception monosyllables, a curious and instructive instance of perhaps almost unconscious perfection of workmanship.

Apparitions, or what modern spiritualists would call physical materializations, did not absolutely fall within the scope of witchcraft. True, the witch of Endor is reputed to have operated successfully for Saul, and witches may have been believed to possess the power, but only under exceptional circumstances. Certainly

Shakespeare intended the apparitions to appear the work of Hecate, and only possible by her direct intervention and action.

“ Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound ;
I'll catch it 'ere it comes to ground :
And that, distilled by magic sleights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites,
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion.”

The witches were mere instruments in Hecate's hands to accomplish Macbeth's doom. Each apparition foreshadows Macbeth's fate—had not his eyes been blinded. The armed head, Macduff as a warrior; the bloody child, Macduff “not of woman born;” the child crowned with a tree in his hand, Malcolm as king and progenitor of kings—not satisfied with these presentments, Macbeth asks more, and the eight kings appear.

“ Horrible sight ! Now, I see 'tis true ;
For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.”

This last apparition was devised by Shakespeare to please James I. :—

“ The eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shews me many more ; and some I see
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry.”

This is an obvious allusion to the union of the kingdoms of England and Scotland, and to the shadowy claim then still made by English kings to the throne of France. And then the witches finally vanish, with their parting gibe ringing in the tortured ears of their victim:

“ Perform your antique round ;
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.”

Apart from the witches, there is only one horrible supernatural occurrence in Macbeth—the appearance of Banquo's ghost at the feast—and that, in spite of the stage directions, may better be taken as :—

“ The very pointing of your fear ;
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. * * * when all's done,
You look but on a stool.”

In conclusion, I can but repeat that in “Macbeth” the Supernatural is the Play. No tragedy of Shakespeare's is more perfect in form and workmanship; none has more exquisite passages, more melodious verse, more thrilling imagery, more awful grandeur, and none other deals so directly with the struggle of a human soul. Shakespeare wrote a play—not an allegory—but neither the sacred, rugged prose of Bunyan, nor the majestic verse of Milton, has bequeathed to the world a more awful allegory than the tragedy of Macbeth. The temptation; the yielding, and its inevitable consequence; the attempt to hide one crime by heaping on it others; the ruin of the soul; the misery of the body; the sad, despairing words :—

“ My way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf ;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have ; but in their stead
Curses not loud but deep.”

—these all shew how Shakespeare, although he so rarely mentions the devil, deals inexorably with a man who trafficked with the devil and did the devil's work.



THE CRIMINAL AND ARTIFICIAL PRODUCTION OF DEFORMITIES AND MONSTROSITIES.

BY G. ARCHIE STOCKWELL, M.D.

THOSE fortunate enough to have been entertained by Captain Marryatt's "Japhet in Search of a Father," will readily recall the vicissitudes that fell to the lot of the irrepressible and mischievous Timothy Oldmixon; also the interesting experiences of this remarkable individual among the mumpers and in the practice of mumping or mumpery; * the multitude of rogueries instituted to extract copper and small silver from the pockets of the credulous and unwary; the many simulations of cripplehood by means of artificially induced wounds and sores: the feigned loss of one or both eyes of an arm or leg; all of which are by no means uncommon practices in our own day, though the deceptions are more frequently known only to the police. Neither are such confined alone to the island of Great Britain, but are generally prevalent throughout the world wherever there is any pretence to forms of enlightenment and civilization. Indeed, in some countries, as France, Italy and Austria, mumping is a recognized calling, possessed of legitimate status, those following it being duly licensed by government authority.

As a natural sequence, mendicancy readily degenerates into actual crime, since its associations inevitably are of the lowest and most depraved; more, it is often an organization of unknown strength, embracing the most debased of the criminal classes, since these are usually mumpers in their so-called honest intervals. Both Vidocq and Victor Hugo depict the ramifications

of such organizations, and yet they hardly appreciated their extent or power. Such societies possess most efficient and binding oaths and obligations, along with secret signs, grips and passwords. It is doubtful if the most vigilant police, backed by all the resources of the spy system, is fully aware of the enormities thereof. It is recognized, however, that many nefarious practices prevail, and that such, in their development and progress, have even evoked the aid of some of the higher branches of art, and all with the sole view of enabling individuals to eke out a precarious existence in comparative idleness, and at the same time successfully indulge in the most vile and depraved of debaucheries. Indeed, it may be safely asserted regarding the majority of true mumpers, that the same energy that is manifested to secure a hand to mouth existence and the desired indulgences, if exerted in an honest cause—brought to bear on any of the legitimate walks of life—would result in handsome competencies. After all, it appears to be sheer love of and for crime, rather than necessity, that makes the criminal.

Most horrible tortures, too, are often invoked in the interests of mumpery. Not alone are the offspring of mumpers educated as mendicants and petty thieves, but children are frequently kidnapped from their homes for the same purposes, and perhaps deliberately mutilated and deformed in order to render them more successful in their future calling, and, of course, in ministering to the demands of their masters. Ulcers are procured by means of acids or caustic alkalies; wounds of dangerous appearance, but

*These terms define the common mendicant and his practices as united with the life of the tramp and the impositions and trickeries of the latter day "fakir."

by no means of dangerous import, are inflicted and kept open and inflamed by means of irritating pledgets and setons; malignant growths are simulated by the corroding action of Vienna paste and arsenical plasters, tumefaction being induced by injection or inflation of the sub-cutaneous cellular tissue, and the desired degree of inflammation or redness by strong ammonia water or an infusion of capsicum. "They do these things better in Paris," however, for here is located a factory for the production of wax imitations of all forms of tumors and other morbid growths, warranted to defy detection, and to keep *in situ* upon the sound flesh by means of bandages. There are good reasons for believing, moreover, that children are deliberately deprived of vision—made blind by an operation unnecessary to describe, but in which the insertion of red-hot needles into these organs figures prominently. Only a few years since a mumping hag was convicted of this very crime, performed upon her own babe, in a British metropolitan court, and she even admitted the intent was to more successfully evoke the sympathies of the public in her behalf. The transmission of contagious ophthalmia to children and infants with a view of producing permanent blindness is a most common procedure.

The Romany or Gipsy tribes are accredited with originating the most nefarious practices peculiar to the mumpers of Europe; and be this as it may, the history of this strange people in Great Britain evidences that they were the original mumpers of the island, though there were mendicants innumerable before; also that they now constitute a considerable portion of the British body. Likewise, they are admittedly possessed of unusual experience and expertness in kidnapping and making cripples of young children, and the latter in ways that evince considerable practical knowledge of regional and sectional ana-

tomy; but it is notable that their own offspring, or those of others imbued with Romany blood, are never thus maltreated.

Recently, evidences of the existence of this peculiar and atrocious form of villainy were discovered in a hitherto unsuspected district of Austria-Hungary, and strange to say, it tends to confirm the impressions regarding the Gypsies, as it occurred in a part of Croatia that is the very heart of a region supporting an overwhelmingly large Romany population. It seems an organized gang was discovered in Biskupitz, who made it a special business to kidnap and mutilate children for purposes of mumping, trafficking therein with professional trampers, more especially those haunting the Atlantic coasts of Europe. Usually the innocents thus stolen are of such tender years that want and suffering can be relied upon to cloud their faculties and obliterate memory; but in this instance two of the nine victims had just entered upon their teens,—presumably the ignorance of the people of Western Europe regarding the barbarous tongue peculiar to Croatia was expected to serve as a shield to all villainy.

Some of these unfortunates had been stolen outright; others coaxed or misled into the den of the harpies, and there bound and confined. Even in case of organized search, detection would be next to impossible, since the dwellings occupied were possessed of subterranean connections, for purposes of hiding and communication, and moreover situated in the most depraved quarter in the outskirts of the town, in the midst of a population that, to the last man, woman, or child, could be depended upon, on general principles, to thwart any overt act of the authorities. Indeed it was only by accident that the police stumbled upon this sink of demoniacal iniquity.

The two girls before mentioned were found suffering from broken legs, evidently the result of deliberate

acts, further borne out by the discovery of a variety of implements designed for the production of torture and deformity, and supplemented by the confessions of two of the principals. Again, no attempts had been made to secure any union of the fractured bones, but, on the contrary, the limbs in each case were being daily subjected to movement at the seat of the lesion, with the manifest intent to secure a permanent false joint, and consequent perpetual deformity. Another child, barely six years of age, with a broken arm, was immovably strapped to a bed, the broken bones secured in a bent and overlapping position. Still another, of little increased age, had suffered from deprivation of sight. Finally, five children, some of so tender years as to be unable to enunciate distinctly, were found immured in cellars where no light could ever penetrate.

Practices similar to the foregoing have been known to obtain for years in the purlieus and slums of London, Paris, Naples, and other cities, and that they are no oftener paraded to light is no fault of the authorities. Indeed, conviction in a majority of instances is unfeasible. The victims are too young to serve as witnesses; ocular evidence of tortures is lacking; and consequently it is nearly, or quite impossible, to prove that the injuries and deformities are not the result of natural or accidental causes, or that neglect was not incident to poverty rather than intent. A perusal of the "Annual Report of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children" will throw some light on the facts, and also evidence that, in many instances, little inquiry is made for lost children.

But the making of cripples, or even the production of monsters, is of no recent origin. Both Xenophon and Diodorus Siculus record such as common practices in the earlier history of many portions of Western and Central Asia. Even Heroditus gives credence thereto; and Aristotle registers a be-

lief that "wild men" can be artificially produced, though he fails to afford details of the methods employed. Today, in Bokhara, Fergan, and Afghanistan, there are professionals, nominally public executioners, who are so expert with the knife that they can whip an eye from its socket with a single stroke that in rapidity fairly rivals the velocity of thought,* and it is openly intimated that their chief employment is in the service of bullies and others seeking revenge, and in the production of crippled and blind children for Oriental mumpers. It will be remembered that Mohomedans universally are liberal in the way of alms bestowed upon the afflicted, such being compulsorily enjoined by the Koran.

Again, in the heart of the most populous and civilized districts of the Celestial Empire exist organized gangs of kidnappers, and professional purveyors and exhibitors of mutilated, deformed and distorted children, and, too, in the face of most terrible penalties on detection—indeed, suspicion alone is tantamount to conviction, since there is no class of criminals so utterly without the pale of sympathy, so generally abhorred and execrated, as child-stealers, and even friendship with one suspected of kidnapping is apt to result in introduction to a cauldron of boiling oil, or to the skinning knife of the public executioner. If, moreover, we may believe the *China Medical Missionary Journal* and the *Celestial Empire* newspaper, these crimes have existed from time immemorial, and are hereditary in descent, and latterly rather upon the increase than otherwise, since the rewards are both certain and munificent.

Again, if the official proclamations, semi-annually promulgated in the Provinces of Kiang-su, Gau-Hwei, Schan-Tung and Shang-Hai, as well as common report and gossip, can be depended upon in the least as evidence, professional kidnappers and mutilators

*Vide Vamberry's "Central Asia."

are possessed of secrets that challenge the therapeutic and physiologic knowledge of the entire Occident. It is the universal belief of the Chinese—shared to no inconsiderable degree by foreigners, lay, clerical, and medical, entitled by long experience and residence to be deemed fair judges of Celestial character and characteristics—that these villains are able to perform a delicate operation, of the nature of a tenotomy, whereby the vocal cords are severed, and the victim forever rendered mute; also that the same result can be, and is oftentimes, obtained by the prolonged continuous administration of secret drugs—and it may here be remarked, *en passant*, the Celestials generally attribute to vegetable charcoal, thus exhibited, the power of paralyzing permanently the vocal apparatus, at the same time obtunding in greater or less degree auditory impressions. It is also held that kidnapping and mumping purveyors, by means of a compound unknown, but into which cinnabar, opium, and viper's entrails are supposed to enter largely, can produce any stage intermediate of idiocy and stupidity, along with the various degrees of aphasia (partial loss of speech) to total aphonia (dumbness), even more or less complete amnesia (loss of memory for words); that at will they, by means of drugs, induce partial or complete paralysis of any organ of locomotion, or function, or atrophy or hypertrophy (wasting or abnormal increase) of muscular tissues. Likewise they are accredited with the successful production of anæsthesia, both general and local, the latter, according to popular superstition, being resultant upon the application of an exudate artificially derived from the cuticle of live frogs and newts. It will be observed that the possibilities of hypnotism and hypnotic influence are entirely ignored, yet that such may play no inconsiderable rôle, or even be the chief factor in some of the nefarious procedures, is not at all unlikely, since many of the criminals

brought to book have offered in defence the assertion that their operations were altogether painless, and that even local insensibility can be made to include the deepest of the immediate tissues. Again, that Celestials possess some knowledge of hypnotic influence is evidenced by the ecstatic state peculiar to the ceremonial practices of the religion of Buddha, to be seen almost daily in any of the great temples or monasteries, and even in the thoroughfares of great cities.

If the wisacres of the Flowery Kingdom are possessed of any knowledge regarding anæsthesia, aside from narcotic inebriety, and especially of such phenomenal character as is claimed, it is certainly passing strange that the same is never invoked by professional foot-binders, whose province it is to cater to a decree of fashion that certain women shall be possessed of small clump feet; and this foot distortion entails suffering beggaring all attempts at description in its excruciating intensity, not alone for days and weeks, but for months and years; and yet here a possible explanation may be had in the fact that female humanity, particularly of tender years, possesses no sentimental or other sociological value in China, and but very little commercial.

Of all the procedures attributed to kidnapers in procuring deformities and monstrosities it is impossible to write; the subject for complete elucidation would require volumes rather than pages or columns, hence further illustration must be confined to the more prevalent or remarkable.

Deprivation of light, the voice having been destroyed as far as comprehensible speech is concerned, and all nourishment confined to definite and peculiar vegetable regimen, renders the child a great curiosity in Oriental eyes; they are deemed as phenomenal as albinos and other "freaks" are to Western peoples. A Ningpo bonze or monk, in the last century kidnapped a male child, subjecting him to tor-

tures so successfully that when arrived at adult age he had no difficulty in convincing the credulous that the unfortunate was a Buddha. Besides the blanching process which had induced a skin so pure, white, wax-like and devoid of pigment that the vulgar imagined his diet to be lard and white sugar, he had been confined in a cell of such contracted dimensions as not to permit an upright posture, entailing a corresponding lack of muscular development; in consequence, his expression, owing to facial immobility, and his constant position, exhibited the ideal ecstatic Buddha absorbed in contemplation and on the verge of metamorphosis—that is to say, he always sat motionless upon his heels, with the palms of the hands pressed together, heedless of all surroundings, and of everything but the voice of his keeper and master. Presenting the utmost extremes of human degeneration and decadence, both mental and physical, he was even less than an idiot, less than a true animal, being no more automatic in existence than a zoophyte.

Ultimately, when public curiosity was satiated and the poor creature no longer served to minister to the pecuniary greed of his master, the latter conceived the idea of publicly cremating him under the plea of assisting metempsychosis; and all necessary steps looking to the act having been taken, it was duly advertised. But just at this juncture the chief legal officer or magistrate of the district, who all along had surmised a pious fraud, and consequently kept a sharp eye on the bonze, interfered. Whether or not the reality of the promised torture actually forced itself upon the brain of the poor imbecile, when brought into the presence of the officer a tear stole from one lustreless eye and trickled down the imbecile cheek. The sympathy this act invoked led to vigorous investigation, that ultimately revealed the facts as outlined, and the bonze was obliged to flee to avoid

a certain penalty of decapitation, or perhaps being either boiled or flayed alive; and the temple that had sheltered the atrocity was razed to the ground.

Another illustration of practices most horrible came to light soon after Shanghai was opened as a treaty port, and there are many foreigners, then resident and now living, who remember the disclosure. A boy was exhibited whose cranial development evidenced that he had nearly or quite attained maturity, but whose limbs and trunk were no larger than, and as imperfect physically as, those of an infant of eighteen months or two years of age. It was not a case of hydrocephalus. This atrophic, or rather undeveloped condition, was the result of nearly twenty years of continuous confinement of all the body and appendages below the neck in a specially prepared bottomless jar; and it was subsequently shown that the victim was the sole survivor of thirteen children subjected to the same process at about the same initial period. In this instance one can hardly feel that slow boiling to death in oil was too cruel or severe a sentence.

Frequently in old China, as well as in other portions of the Celestial Empire, are exhibited unfortunates who, by repression of all mentality, and distortion of physical conformations, are rendered idiotic, speechless, and incapable of any form of locomotion that is not on all fours; and such are usually claimed by their exhibitors and masters, and accepted by the vulgar, as genuine objects, *ferae naturae*, had from the wilds of Mongol Tartary, the steppes of Siberia, the hills of Thibet or Indo-China, or the mysterious fastnesses of the still less known interior of the Island of Formosa, the latter the favorite abode of Celestial evil spirits. Also are claimed to exist, and frequently on exhibition in the interior Provinces, other "wild men" procured by the additional pro-

cess of skin transplanting, whereby the hairy covering of some quadruped is made to replace the natural cutaneous integument of the individual, and that these do not appear in coast cities of late years because of wholesome dread of the vigilance of the authorities. In this procedure the child stealers flay their victims, bit by bit, a little at a time, with long intervals between operations, in each instance replacing the removed tissue with a corresponding section from some animal, usually a bear or a dog; for successful completion many years are required in order to render the hirsute covering continuous and uniform; even the ears, nose, lips, eyelids, &c., are not neglected in the transformation—in fact all the details are gone into so minutely as to constitute a veritable though grim and horrible work of art. Even a caudle appendage, it is averred, is sometimes engrafted by means of a resection operation whereby the lower portion of the spinal column (the coccyx) is wholly removed and replaced by like articulations from the animal!

Strange that general credence is given to such narrations, which are wide-spread and by no means confined to the lower or more vulgar walks of life, or even to Celestials. Even more strange is the quasi-endorsement given by the *Celestial Empire* newspaper and the *China Medical Missionary Journal*, by admitting them to their columns, without a suggestion of editorial comment or rebuke, and also that an Anglo-Saxon medical missionary figures as the author thereof, apparently accepting them as facts without the faintest suspicion of the customary "grain of salt."

It is not necessary that the writer should put on record an opinion regarding the transformation of infants into "wild men," yet it may be remarked that there is a manifest incongruity in all the reports. Such process would evidence a knowledge of physiological secrets and skin-

grafting procedures hitherto unsuspected, and so startling and remarkable as to transcend anything hitherto pertaining to modern science, since it is generally accepted that a graft, on transplanting, must either be thrown off as a foreign body, or else lose the individuality of its derivation, and be merged into that of its adoption—this is inevitable, whether applied to two members of the human race, or to a primate and quadruped, or any higher or lower organism. Bits of sponge have been successfully employed as grafts, but the scientist who could cause these to retain and perpetuate the characteristics of the zoophyte has yet to be discovered; and just so regarding grafts derived from rabbits, guinea pigs, and other like creatures, when removed to a different species. In other words, it is a definite physiological axiom that when a graft partakes of the nourishment of its surroundings it must speedily assimilate with the latter, or, failing this, lose vitality altogether and be cast off as a slough.

It may be opined, however, that there is a real measure of truth in the tales, from the fact that a child, if constantly exposed to the air, and especially to sunlight, will take on a heavy hirsute growth, heaviest where most exposed; and it is notable that such growth develops luxuriance in inverse ratio with the decrease or degeneracy of the mental faculties—special provisions of nature that have persisted since first man walked upon the earth and sought refuge from the elements in trees and caves. That the victims are really rendered dumb, or at least incapable of intelligible speech, possibly by operation but more likely through hypnotic influence, or by persistent disuse of the organs essential to the faculty, including the process of warping, contracting, or altogether obliterating mentality, can scarcely be doubted in the light afforded by the history of Kaspar Hauser, and the peculiar treatment to which he was subjected.

The Hupao, an old Chinese classic, describes the appearance and character of an artificial "wild man," who was exhibited in Kiangse at some remote and unknown period, as follows:*

"His entire body was covered by the skin of a dog which had been substituted for his own derma or true skin.

"He was able to assume the erect posture, though 'wild men,' for the most part are so maimed that they can only go on all fours. He could give utterance only to inarticulate sounds; could sit or stand the same as other men, and make a bow in the most approved Chinese fashion; in fact, he generally conducted himself as a human being.

"Innumerable crowds flocked to see him, being charged roundly for the exhibition. His reputation became so extended that he was ordered to be brought to the *Yemen* of the district magistrate, where his shagginess and truculent mien were at once the astonishment and terror of the beholders.

"'Are you a human being?' interrogated the official.

"The creature nodded an affirmative.

"'Can you write?' was the next query.

"To this was given another assenting nod; but when the writing brush was placed in his fingers he was utterly unable to manipulate it.

"Ashes were then strewn upon the ground, whereupon, stooping, the 'wild man,' with a finger, traced five characters which were understood to give his name, and Shantung as the place of his nativity. Further inquiry disclosed the facts of his kidnaping, of his long captivity, and of the

terrible operations to which he had at various times been subjected."

The narrative, which, to say the least, does not appear to be altogether true to the proprieties, when judged by other claims made regarding the production of "wild men," of course details the punishment of the kidnapper by execution of the usual sentence of flaying alive*; but not until he had made full confession of the details and enormities of his crime, acknowledging also that to produce this one successful "wild man" he had sacrificed not less than twenty-five innocent lives—they succumbing to the tortures of the transformation. The unfortunate survived his master for several months, but finally fell a victim to improprieties of diet, his care-takers not knowing how he should be fed, as that secret expired with his exhibitor.

Doctor McGowan apparently accepts this tale without reservation, and commenting thereupon, adds: "What is called the Talicotian operation derives its name from an Italian surgeon of the sixteenth century, and consists in transplanting skin from one part of the body to another, as in making a nose from the integument of the arm or forehead; and while there is no evidence that the Chinese ever practised 'rhinoplasty' long before anatomy and surgery were ever studied, or even thought of at Bologna, they were aware that the living animal skin could be grafted and take root on an animal that had been denuded for such purpose."

Less ghastly, but still gruesome, is the account of an artificial monstrosity reproduced by Doctor McGowan from teratological memoranda he has gathered. This was a human parasite, or epiphyte rather, made by engrafting the body of a child upon that of a man, the former being carried pendant by straps. By removing the skin from the chest of both, the raw surfaces

*For this I am indebted to Doctor D. J. McGowan and his paper upon the "Making of Wild Men in China," published in both the *Celestial Empire* newspaper and the fifth volume of the *China Medical Missionary Journal*—June 1893. This and the succeeding excerpts do not claim to be verbatim, since an accident has prevented the privilege of verifying, but both are, nevertheless, correct as to details.

* Doctor McGowan does not mention this in his paper, but that such is a fact I have been assured by others familiar with the original.

were approximated, and the two bound firmly and immovably together, until complete adhesion and junction was effected by vascular connection.

The formation of epiphytes is much more credible than the "wild men" episodes, and presents no very great morphological or physiological difficulties; moreover, monstrosities of this character, that strongly suggest an artificial derivation, are by no means as rare as might be imagined, not alone in China, but in Indo-China, Korea and other Oriental regions; but such evidences of teratological enterprise are for the most part confined to the lower animals. Doubtless some of the civilized mumping, as exemplified by so-called "dime museum freaks," partakes relatively of this character.

*The writer once made "Siamese twins" of two white rats that survived the operation, and presumably might have lived to respectable age,

but for the fact they fell victims to the rapacity of a bull terrier. The transplanting of the tail of a rodent to its nose; of the same to the vascular excrescence surmounting the head of a cock; also the spur of the latter to the same—all are experiments in like direction too well known to demand comment, further than to say the degree of success attained is in some measure dependent upon the status of the two creatures toward each other in the zoological classification; thus, better results accrue when both are of the same genera or species than when the relationship is more remote. The tail of the rat in the cock's comb generally loses its individuality, assuming more and more that of the surroundings upon which it is immediately dependent for nourishment, and ultimately the most pendent portion sloughs off, and that remaining becomes vascularized into true comb tissue.



A STORY OF THE METROPOLIS.

BY H. CAMERON NELLES WILSON.

AN old house on an old street in that part of the great city of London situated on the Surrey side of the Thames, and known as Kennington—a house gabled, and with that unmistakable look of antiquity which is found only in countries stamped by the hands of time and history. The upper portion of the house projected over the street; the same panes that rattled in the casement windows had glistened with the frosts of more than a century ago; an iron lamp that had swayed to the touch of the same breezes as had rustled the flags proclaiming the arrival of the first King George, now swung before the street door, clanking with the same chains, filled with the same quality of oil, and throwing the same wavering, unsteady light. A brass plate was nailed to the door, and on it were the words, "Jerome L. Maitland, Musician."

Jerome Maitland was sitting in his studio; a fire blazed upon the hearth, for it was a cold spring day; without, the twilight shadows were deepening, and as the blaze rose brightly for a moment, the Professor's face would be distinctly discernable; then, as the ruddy glow ceased, his features would become enveloped in the gathering dimness.

It was a kind face—sorrowfully pathetic, wistfully tender; his eyes were of a deep blue; he had an abundance of soft grey hair, which softened and subdued the general contour of his white face; the mouth was firm, without being hard, and when he smiled, the thin lips parted with a radiant joyousness that was inexpressibly attractive. There was a story connected with his life, but, like many an unwritten romance, like many another tale of sorrow, it was unknown to the

world, and the Professor kept it locked within his heart.

"Not even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile or sigh."

And thus it was with the musician. Those with whom he came most in contact could express their sympathy only by the many kindly acts, which all flowed in one channel and to one purpose—that of endeavoring to brighten the Professor's lonely life.

The Professor was not morose; he was always ready to laugh at the latest joke; every child in the street was sure to find in the old man a jolly confidant in any prospective escapade; and it was even whispered that one first of April he had helped his youthful colleagues in an attempt to surprise the fierce spinster who lived three doors farther down the street, and was supposed to have a weakness for the musician.

His studio was a favorite gathering-place of the neighbors. It was a quaint old room; dark oak panels covered the walls; carved rafters supported the ceiling; rich-wrought tapestries hung before the many entrances—curtains of Tyrian purple, in which were woven pale-green Egyptian grasses and saffron-colored reeds, the fragrance of which reminded one of some dewy, Iris-clad river bank, with slow-coursing water threading its way in purling melody past the low-bending Nile plants. Long, glittering spears, sheathed sabres, and a Mamaluke's dagger flashed upon the panelled walls. Fur rugs partially covered the polished floor, which reflected the liquid-lapping flames of the burning logs, and the flickering, glimmering lights of the candles. In one corner of the room was a handsome, curiously-carved In-

dian cabinet; behind the glass doors could be seen some old blue china, a miniature ivory pagoda, an Egyptian pipe, and three valued snuff-boxes. Other treasures were enshrined therein, and it was considered a great honor to be initiated into the mysteries of the Professor's cabinet. One drawer had for many years excited the curiosity of his friends, for never in their presence had he ever placed the key in the silver lock.

An old spinnet graced the room, and beside it stood two violins; leaves of music were scattered about the chairs and upon the floor. A huge brass lamp that had shone from the windows of a villa by the shores of the Bosphorus had regularly, since its removal to English soil, illumined the Professor's studio. Some paintings, that much gold could not have procured, adorned the walls. There were two quaint portraits in oval frames, one of which could be easily recognized as the musician in by-gone days. The other was that of a beautiful woman, with a sweet, upturned face, surrounded by a wealth of dark brown hair, lustrous eyes and sweeping lashes; it was the Professor's wife, who had lived but a few short years after their marriage. Between the two portraits hung one slightly smaller, but no one in Kennington had ever seen that picture, for its face had been turned towards the wall for the last ten years—ever since the Professor had come to live there.

There was nothing particularly attractive in the other houses on Hilburn-street; there was a monotonous sameness, an irritating similarity in the various domiciles which could not but subjugate all thrills of artistic pleasure.

One day a new family moved into the house directly opposite the Professor's. It may have been chance or fate, or mayhap it was the ruling hand of Providence that led them to take up their abode amid the peaceful quietness of Kennington streets; never-

theless with their advent opened a new chapter in the life of the musician.

It began with a bouquet of flowers. The new family had settled tranquilly down to the manners and customs of the residents of Hilburn-street. White dimity curtains draped the windows; geraniums with great red flaring blossoms, heliotropes with purple nodding heads, and sleepy white primroses peeped out upon the street through the panes that shone like shimmering waves in the morning sunlight. A hitherto unknown laughter sounded under the Professor's window, and new voices joined in the lusty shouting that was so familiar and sweet to him. New games were added to the already large repertoire of the established residents of the street, and when the Professor looked out of the diamond-panes of his studio window, he saw three fair new heads bobbing serenely to the tune of "Rebecca's Wanderings," and six strange little legs being taught the intricate mazes of "The Cobbler's Visit," a dance belonging particularly to Hilburn-street and its immediate environments. The Professor seemed fascinated by the face of the eldest newcomer, a boy of thirteen, and having wiped his glasses upon his faded velvet coat, he gazed out of the window at the merrymakers with an earnestness that was too deep to be merely admiration of the game in progress. He watched the laughing lips, merry brown eyes and short gold hair of the romping boy with an intensity unfathomable and mysterious. He glanced quickly around the room, and having satisfied himself that the door was securely closed, he advanced to the picture whose dusty back faced the room, and cautiously turned the face, so long hidden from the day, towards the light. He took his soft silk handkerchief and brushed the dust from the painting, but the quick-rising tears hid everything from his sight. He wiped his eyes with the handkerchief, leaving a

dingy spot upon one pallid cheek, and then looked at the picture until his face seemed transformed by a sudden uprising of the flames of a long-quenched love. It was a beautiful face that gleamed from the old gilt frame—that of a young girl not more than twenty; her blue eyes looked at the Professor with an expression so life-like that he clasped his hands and pressed them hard upon his eyes as if to hide from their silent beseeching; one jewelled hand with its pretty tapering fingers hung by her side, and the other rested among the lace at her breast; her gold hair was piled high upon her shapely head like a rich coronet. The Professor shuddered, and sinking upon the floor he cried in a voice of agonized appeal:—

“Helen, my daughter! I have indeed wronged you, and the grave forbids all reparation. My child! my child! It has cost me very, very dear—all—” His last words were drowned by the sobs that shook his body with cruel strength. After some moments he grew calmer, and having arisen he went to the window and looked out into the gathering darkness. The children had disappeared, but the lamps were glowing in the house opposite, and he could see the flitting figures of the youthful strangers as they moved about the room. Long did he watch them; the shades fell, but he sat very still in the darkness, with his eyes fixed on the flower-decked window. At last he arose and lit the brass lamp, and two candles that stood in massive silver sticks upon the mantel-shelf; he looked again at the picture of his daughter, but did not turn it towards the oaken panels.

Having opened the long-closed drawers of the Indian cabinet he took therefrom a miniature from which the oil painting of his child had evidently been enlarged; a faded, crumpled letter, a dried sprig of scentless lavender, and a small leather-

bound book, he also drew from the recesses of the drawer. He then sat down before the fire-place and, with one arm resting upon his knee, was soon lost in a deep reverie. He gazed at the miniature with an air of the most pathetic affection; the present was forgotten; the future formed no part in his life; but the past, that wonderful claimant of man's heart and affections, that blissful era where doubt and weary expectation are supplemented by the calm serenity of certainty and fulfilment—the past again became to the Professor as the living present; life was again life; once more was he treading the paths of love and happiness which, to him, had been lost amid the darkness and shade of the forest of loneliness. Again he saw the figure of his daughter flitting down the garden walk of their village home, robed in purest white and laden with an armful of fragrant blossoms and verdant green; again he saw her wave her hand as she disappeared behind the hedge that bordered his grounds. And then again came the memory of the darkness and misery that had forever blighted his life—the remembrance of the four long years of waiting that had seemed to drain the very life-blood from his veins. Then came the thought of the letter, the dread messenger that had felled the proud man as with a mighty blow. He picked up the yellow note that had fluttered to the floor and spread it out upon his knee, and once more he read the words that had rendered the last ten years of his life a mere farce, a wretched state of existence.

“Dear Father.

“Four years have passed away since that July afternoon when I kissed you good-bye in the old garden at home. I knew that it was a farewell instead of a mere filial demonstration, but you were too good and just to think that your daughter could be anything but the same. I knew I was leaving you forever, for I realized that you would

never grant me your forgiveness if I married Jack. He is dead now, but I love him even dearer than when you knew him. You always wronged him, father, for he was noble and true. Since his death it has been a hard struggle to keep body and soul together, and now I see that it is of no avail. Starvation is staring us in the face, and I am going to leave my boy where he will be well taken care of, and then I will seek the river and death. Forgive me, father. I will die imploring your pardon, and if you ever find our boy be kind to him for the sake of your loving daughter. Helen Pratt."

The old man sighed as he finished reading the letter; and having gathered together the sad remnants of a buried past, he replaced them in the cabinet drawer.

* * * *

Spring passed away and summer came. One hot August morning the Professor was teaching a pupil in the studio. A knock sounded at the door, and when he opened it all he found was a bunch of exquisite roses. There was only one place where those roses grew, and that was in the tiny garden of the house opposite. He went to the window, just in time to catch a glimpse of a fair head and a pair of stout legs disappearing round the corner. However, he had recognized the running figure and he returned to his work, with a lightness of heart that he had not known for many days. He arranged the roses in a huge punch bowl and placed them between the rustling curtains at the window; the summer breeze wafted their fragrance into the little room, and occasionally the Professor would bury his face amid the blossoms and take a long, deep breath, inhaling the rich perfume with feelings of intense satisfaction.

After the ice had been fairly broken, the Professor and his new friends saw a great deal of each other. Roses continually graced the musician's window, and at nearly every meal the pink-pet-

alled flowers formed dainty patches of color upon the white linen tablecloth. Instead of one plate the house-keeper now had very often to place four, and about twice a week the musician dined across the way, much to the pleasure of himself and his new-found friends. The two households almost merged into one, so close were the relations existing between them. The Professor grew brighter continually; he forgot his own sorrow and loneliness in his endeavors to please and gratify his youthful worshippers.

One evening the Professor was in his studio surrounded by the four boys; they were coaxing him to play, and finally, after many pretended objections, the old man consented, pleased that they evinced a liking for his music.

He removed one of the violins from its rosewood case, and having placed the instrument against his shoulder drew his bow once or twice across the strings. A faint, wailing echo filled the room, gradually rising until it thrilled every niche and corner with the sublimest melody. He chose the music of an old-fashioned song, and suddenly a voice richly beautiful commenced singing the words. For a moment the Professor's hand shook, till it seemed as though the music must cease, but after his first surprise his bow grew steadier and he played the selection with a depth of feeling that he had never before experienced. Harry, the eldest boy, stood by his side, and with his hands clasped before him, he gave utterance to the words of the song in a voice of incomparable beauty and sweetness; his expression was faultless; there was a depth of harmony that seemed to flow from the hidden recesses of his boyish heart.

When the last echo had died away, the Professor turned, and, placing his hand upon the boy's shoulder, he leaned over and pressed a passionate kiss upon the fair hair of the singer. His voice trembled, and he could scarcely utter the words that rose to his lips.

"My boy, where did you learn that song?"

"It is one of my mother's songs. We have some of her music at home now."

As he spoke, the Professor's eyes wandered from the boy's flushed, upturned face to the picture of his daughter.

"He is like her," he thought, and then he accused himself of being foolish. "Of course it is impossible—it is merely imagination," he said to himself.

When the musician discovered Harry Chesterfield's talent, he immediately commenced to train the voice which he knew was no ordinary one. He devoted himself most assiduously to his labor of love; and Harry, under the careful tuition, progressed most rapidly. He possessed a most wonderful interpretation of melody, and far surpassed the Professor's fondest hopes.

"We might look over my mother's music," said the boy one morning during the lesson; "there may be something worth trying. I'll run over and get the portfolio."

He returned in a short time, carrying a roll of music. He placed it upon the table with a look of gratification, and the Professor commenced to examine the songs. He had glanced over several, when a sudden exclamation caused Harry to glance quickly towards the old man. He was leaning upon the table, with a song clasped in one hand; his eyes were dilated, and his cheeks whiter than usual.

"It is her's," he gasped, and pointed to two words written in lead pencil across a corner of the page—"Helen Pratt." Harry looked to where the trembling finger pointed, and said, "That was my mother's name."

The musician looked mystified. "But—your name is—Chesterfield," he exclaimed, brokenly.

"No. My mother died when I was only a few months old, and Mrs. Chesterfield, my father's sister, took me, and so I have always been called Chesterfield."

"Harry! your mother was my daughter, whom I wronged very deeply. There is her picture, and I have another in that old cabinet. My dear boy, God has brought you to me, and I pray that I may be able to shower all the affection upon you which by right was hers."

As he finished speaking, he placed his arm around his grandchild, and clasped him closely with a love born of long years of unhappiness and remorse. He showed him the letter his mother had written before her death, and together they mourned the loss of one who would have been their all in all.

* * * *

"Two weeks from to-morrow you sing in the cathedral. We will choose one of your mother's songs. 'Angels ever bright and fair' is the last one I heard her sing. It was in the parish church on Christmas day, and I would like you to sing that one."

The Professor and his grandchild were practising in the studio; they were both looking forward to Harry's first appearance in public. The boy himself dreaded it, but the proud old musician felt no uncertainty as to the reception Harry would receive. The days passed quickly by, and at last the Sunday so long looked forward to arrived.

The lights in the cathedral glimmered brightly, casting weird, flickering shadows upon the pavement, where pools of water had gathered, and the ceaseless splashing of the rain could be heard falling, falling—a dull monotone murmuring. The streets were almost deserted. A few hansoms, drawn by steaming horses, dashed along the roadway, the sound of hoofs only serving to intensify the brooding stillness; the trees swayed with dripping leaves, bending and crooning; the bells for service had rung out for the last time.

The cathedral was thronged to-night, for was not the famous boy-singer announced to sing! To right and to left was one broad sea of eager,

expectant faces. Some were there out of curiosity; some had come to pray; others had been attracted by the brightness and warmth to escape the drizzling rain-storm. In the very front seat sat the old Professor, nervous, yet proudly anxious. He could smell the perfume from the lilies and other flowers on the altar, and his soul was filled with a dreamy calm. Not far from him, within the shadows of one of the huge, carved pillars, was seated a thickly veiled woman, clad in soft brown; occasionally a glimpse of gold hair could be seen as her veil moved, but she sat with her chin resting upon one gloved hand, motionless.

When the last echoes of the chimes had died away, as it were far in the distance, a faint, trembling flute-note vibrated in soft, subtle harmony, rising and falling like the rippling cadences of a dreamy meadow-brook. Louder it grew, suddenly breaking into a wild flood of unutterable melody, and filling every part of the old cathedral; then quivering softly until only a far-away wailing remained; one could scarce tell whether it was the moaning of the wind, or the sighing of the organ notes.

"Holy! Holy! Holy!"—the processional hymn commenced, and the long row of white-robed choristers appeared at the eastern door. The mighty concourse of people arose with one accord. "Holy! Holy! Holy!"—nearer came the surpliced line, the brass cross swaying slightly and shining in the gaslight. The Professor kept watching his grandchild with deepest intensity. The woman in brown looked straight ahead at the altar, with its flowers and candles. "Holy! Holy! Holy!"—and the soft blending of many voices, one sweeter and clearer than the rest fell upon her ear; she turned, and in the passing line she saw a golden-haired boy, whose brown eyes met hers for a moment. She started, and one white hand resting upon the back of the pew in front of her was strained till every chord and vein stood out as

if chiselled from marble; her breath came in gasps, and a scarcely audible "Harry" burst from her lips; she staggered for a moment, and then fell back exhausted, her eyes closely following the fair-haired chorister. A look of relief overspread her features when she perceived that her actions had been unnoticed.

She was trembling as she heard the first words of the service:

"Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us in sundry places to acknowledge and confess our manifold sins and wickedness. . . . Therefore, I pray and beseech you, as many as are here present, to accompany me with a pure heart and humble voice, unto the throne of the heavenly grace, saying after me:"

The woman in brown sank to the floor, and buried her face in her hands.

As if in a dream she listened to the singing of the psalms; scarce did she grasp the words of the lessons; the softly-intoned notes of the Magnificat sounded far, very far away. "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace"—the chanting of the *Nunc Dimittis* commenced.

Peace—peace—peace! What a state of blissful rest was conveyed by that one word.

She sat immovable during the singing of the hymns; her eyes were closed during the sermon, but a nervous twitching of the eyelids told that she was not sleeping.

After the sermon, a deep stillness followed. The woman near the pillar raised her veil and disclosed a face as sympathetic and sweet as it was beautiful. She leaned forward with her hands clasped upon the seat before her, her eyes filled with an inexpressible tenderness. All she saw was the upturned face of the brown-eyed soloist. The quietness was intense. The short prelude seemed as though it would never end, until a voice, clear and sweet almost beyond conception, sounded throughout the vast cathedral. It seemed as though the

very flood-gates of harmony had been opened ; it was a voice that pleaded with its softly-whispered cadences ; a voice that touched the very depths of the human heart ; it was an ecstatic expression of all that was sublime and heavenly ; it was as though the very chords of divine expression were touched and made to resound with soul-stirring pathos and beauty. .

"Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, Oh, take me to thy care"—

came like a voice from some mystic other world. When the song was finished and only a trembling echo remained, a deep silence fell upon the congregation, a silence unbroken and most expressive.

The Professor lay back in the pew with closed eyes and a look of happy content written upon his features. He had not been disappointed in his grandchild.

* * * * *

The service was over and the church was almost deserted. The sexton had turned out some of the lights. Harry emerged from the vestry door and hastened towards his grandfather. The old man had not moved ; he still sat with the same look of happiness upon his face.

"Grandfather, here I am."

The Professor did not stir.

The clergyman came towards them. He was going to express his thanks to the boy soloist, but the look upon the old man's face arrested his attention. He leaned over and spoke to him, but there was no reply.

"Your grandfather is dead," he said, reverently.

They laid him upon the floor and chafed the thin hands, but no responsive thrill answered their endeavors to restore him.

"Yes, he is dead."

"Dead!" The boy fell upon the floor beside the prostrate figure and broke into a fit of passionate weeping.

A rustling was heard and a figure in brown stepped forward and knelt beside the dead Professor.

"Father, speak to me! Say you forgive me!"

Harry glanced at the kneeling woman beside him, and suddenly exclaimed, "Mother!"

The woman turned. A glad cry burst from her lips. The clergyman stepped back into the shadows. The lights flickered, and the lilies on the altar exhaled a sweet, delicious odor.





VALLEY AT ASHE INLET.

THREE YEARS AMONG THE ESKIMOS.

BY J. W. TYRRELL.

II.

SEAL-HUNTING is a most curious and interesting form of sport. Seals are hunted in entirely different ways at different times of the year. During the entire winter season they keep holes open through the shore ice, but because of the depth of snow these are not seen until the warm spring sun exposes their hiding-places. The Eskimo hunter has, however, a way of finding them out before this. He harnesses a dog that has been trained for the work, and, being armed with his seal harpoon, leads him out to the snow-covered field, where the two walk in a zig-zag course until the sagacious animal catches the scent of the seal and takes his master straight to its secret abode. Here, under the hard-crusted snow, it has formed for itself quite a commodious dwelling, but, unlike the Eskimo snow house, the doorway opens into the water instead of into the air. This doorway, which is in the form of a

round hole, just large enough to admit the seal, is kept from freezing up by the wary animal, which ever keeps itself in readiness, upon the slightest suspicion of danger, to plunge into it.

Usually, upon the arrival of the hunter, the seal, if at home, hearing the footsteps above it, quickly vacates the premises. The Eskimo, then taking advantage of its absence, ascertains the exact locality of the hole in the ice by thrusting his long, slender spear down through the snow. When the exact position of the hole is found, its centre is marked by erecting a little pinnacle of snow directly above it. This done, a long and tedious wait follows, during which time the patient hunter often suffers much from the cold, for he is obliged to remain quite still not uncommonly from early morning until evening, so that he may not cause alarm. In order to keep his feet from freezing whilst thus remaining for hours on the snow, a deerskin bag is commonly used to stand in.

During the interval of the seal's absence from home, the doorway becomes closed by the ice or frozen over, and it is on account of this fact that the hunter is made aware of the seal's return. When the seal comes back to its hole and finds it crusted over, it at

ed to the spear. This is the Eskimo method of hunting seals in the winter time.

Some seasons, when the ice is covered by a great depth of snow, the dogs are not able to scent the seals' houses, and thus the Eskimo has to depend upon other sources for food, or to go on short rations.

In the spring season, as the snow disappears, the winter quarters of the seals are demolished, and they themselves are exposed to view. Then the Eskimo is obliged to resort to other methods of getting at them. When a seal is observed, the direction of the wind is first noted, and then the hunter, keeping himself to leeward of the seal, walks to within about a quarter of a mile of it, but beyond this he begins to crouch down, and to advance only when the seal's head is down. The seal is one of the most wide-awake of all animals and has the habit of throwing up its head quickly every few



1.

2.

1.—ESKIMO WOMAN'S SUIT. 2.—ESKIMO MAN'S SUMMER SUIT.

once commences to blow upon the ice to melt it. This is the hunter's long-desired signal, and the moment he hears it he places the point of his harpoon at the marked point on the snow and thrusts the weapon vertically down into the hole, almost invariably with deadly effect. The seal, thus harpooned in the head, is instantly killed, and is then hauled out by the line attach-

seconds, to guard against sources of danger. When its head is down upon the ice its eyes are shut, and it is said that in these brief intervals it takes its sleep. However this may be, the hunter, by carefully watching the seal's movements, is able without much difficulty to get within about 200 yards of it, but for closer quarters he is obliged to pursue other tactics. The

hunter now lies down at full length upon the ice, and here the real sport begins.

The seal takes Eskimo, who is able to talk seal perfectly, to be one of its companions; and indeed there is a great deal of resemblance between the genera, for both are clothed in sealskin, and the Eskimo, living largely upon the flesh and oil of the seal, is similarly odorous. As the two lie there upon the ice, a most amusing sort of conversation is kept up between them. Seal makes a remark, probably about the weather, and flips its tail. Eskimo replies in a similar manner, making the gesture with his foot, and at the same time throwing himself a little forward. Seal soon has something further to say, and again flips its tail. Eskimo replies as before, and again slightly closes up the distance between them.

When the seal's head is down, the hunter, who ever keeps his eye upon his prey, is also able to gain ground by dragging himself forward upon his elbows. This manœuvring goes on for some time, until the distance between the performers has been reduced to a few yards, or sometimes to a very few feet.

When thus sufficiently near to make a sure shot, the Eskimo takes his bow and arrow from his side and sends a shaft crashing through the head of his outwitted companion. Sometimes, instead of the bow and arrow, a harpoon is used with equal effect.

The writer knew an Eskimo who was so expert at this kind of sport that he was able to catch a seal with his teeth.

In order to secure a seal, by shooting it as just described, it is necessary to kill it instantly, for if only shot through the body, or even through the heart, it will throw itself into its hole and thus be lost.

During the season of open water, still another method of seal-hunting has to be adopted. There is now no ice to perform upon, so the kyack has to take its place. In this light craft

the Eskimo pursues the seal in the open sea or in the channels of water amongst the ice. The weapon now used is not the bow, but a specially designed style of harpoon, which may be thrown long distances from the hand. The bow and arrow are useless because of the difficulty of instantly killing a seal by a shaft shot from a kyack. This harpoon is a light form



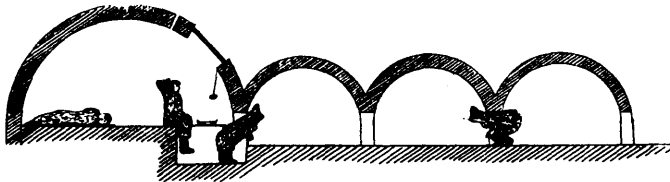
ESKIMO WOMAN'S HOUSE-DRESS.

of spear, having an adjustable ivory head, to which is attached a long, platted, sinew line. This line is wound upon the handle of the harpoon, and attached to the end of it is some kind of a small float.

When a seal makes his appearance within twenty or thirty yards of the hunter, the harpoon, thus arranged, is thrown, and if the seal is struck, the

ivory head, which becomes imbedded in the flesh, is detached from the shank, and, as the seal plunges about or dives, the line is quickly unwound from the handle which floats on the water.

Unless killed outright, the seal quickly disappears with line and float: but as he can only remain under water a few minutes at a time, he must soon re-appear, and as he again nears the surface the little float comes to the top



SECTION THROUGH IGLOE

and shows the hunter where to prepare for the next charge. Thus the poor wounded animal's chances of escape are small, unless he is able to evade his pursuer by getting into floating ice. He is usually met by the Eskimo lance as soon as he makes his appearance, and thus the chase is concluded.

Perhaps the most exciting and dangerous occupation of the Eskimo is that of hunting the walrus.

This animal, sometimes called the sea-horse, is large, powerful, and often vicious. It is considered valuable both as food and as a source of ivory, which it yields in its immense tusks. The walrus is chiefly hunted from the *kyack*, either in open water in the neighborhood of sandy shores, or about the edge of floating ice, upon which it delights to lie and bask in the sunshine.

A special equipment is required for this kind of hunting. It comprises, besides the *kyack* and paddle, a large harpoon, a heavy line, a box in which to coil it, a large, inflated seal-skin float, and a long lance. This walrus harpoon is an ingeniously devised weapon. It consists of an ivory shank, fitted to a block of the same material by a ball and socket joint. These are stiffly hinged together by stout seal-

skin thongs, and the block is then permanently attached to a wooden handle about four feet in length. The ivory shank, which is about fifteen inches long, is slightly curved, and tapers to a rounded point at the end remote from the handle.

To this point is again fitted an ivory head, about four inches long, let into which is an iron or steel blade. Through the centre of the ivory head, a heavy line is passed and strongly looped. Then the shank and head being in position, the line is drawn tightly, and fastened to the wooden handle

by an ivory "pin and socket" catch. The remaining portion of the line is neatly coiled, and is provided at the end with a small loop, and now the harpoon is ready for use.

The line used is that made from the skin of the square flipper seal, as already described, and may be two or three hundred feet in length, though sometimes not so long.

The line box is simply a small, round, parchment-covered frame, about the size of the lid of a cheese-box, and it is fastened to the top of the *kyack*, behind the paddler.

The seal-skin float is a peculiar-looking object, consisting of the entire skin of a seal, removed from the carcass, as before described, without cutting it. The hair is removed from the pelt, which is then dressed as black parchment. The natural opening at the mouth of the skin sack is provided with an ivory nozzle and plug. By blowing into the nozzle the skin is inflated, and may be kept in that condition by inserting the plug. Attached to the tail-end of the float is an ivory cross-head, to which may be readily attached or detached the loop at the end of the harpoon line.

The lance completes the walrus hunter's equipment. This instrument is formed of a long iron or ivory bar

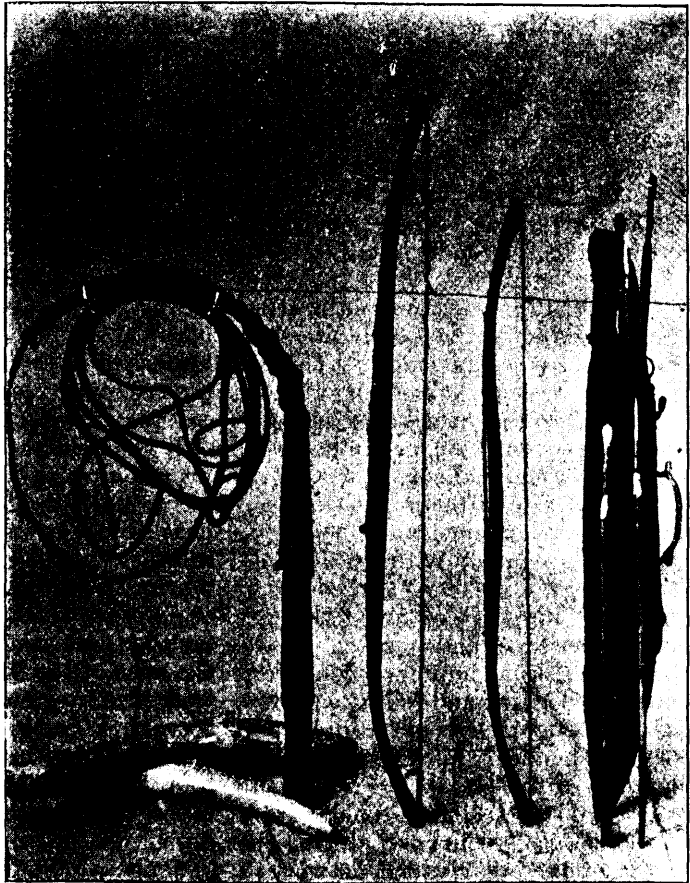
having a steel blade point. The bar is fitted to a wooden handle by a ball and socket joint, and stiffly hinged with thongs, as in the case of the harpoon. The object of the joint is to prevent the lance from being broken when thrust into a walrus, as, without it, it would be broken by the animal plunging about.

Equipped as above, the Eskimo hunters go out frequently during the season of open water in pursuit of walruses, which, feeding upon clams, are usually found about sandy shores or islands. Single animals are sometimes met with, but more commonly they are found in small herds. When feeding, they remain in about the same place, but can stay under water for only about three minutes at a time.

They come to the surface to breathe: sport about for a short time, then go down to the bottom and dig up clams from the sand for about three minutes, after which time they have to again rise to the surface for air. The Eskimos take advantage of this necessity, and after getting near to the animals, only advance upon them when they are busily occupied at the bottom of the sea. When a walrus re-appears

at the surface, the hunter, who, with harpoon in hand and line attached to float, awaits its return, hurls his harpoon with great force and precision, burying it deeply in the walrus's flesh.

The wounded monster, now maddened by pain, plunges in the water, and dives to the bottom, or endeavors to escape. The plunging readily causes the ball and socket joint of the harpoon to give, and this allows the head of the harpoon, which is buried in the animal, to become detached, and form a regular button on the end of the harpoon line. The detached handle floats upon the water, but the line is thus securely fastened to the body of the walrus, which, in trying to escape, takes with him the line and attached



ESKIMO IMPLEMENTS.

inflated seal-skin. But though he may take this buoy under, and keep it down for a short time, he cannot do so long. Soon it re-appears at the surface, and the hunters seeing it, make

for the spot and await the returning walrus. The moment his head appears, harpoons and lances are hurled at him as before, and unless with fatal results, the same manœuvres as above, are repeated. In this way, often two or three harpoon lines and floats are attached to one walrus, but when so hampered, he is considered well secured, and is dispatched by the long, keen lance.

When, however, the attack is made in the neighborhood of heavy ice, as it frequently is, the hunt is much less likely to result successfully. Because of the floating crystal, the hunters often find it difficult to follow the movements of their game, and even if successful in this, and in placing a harpoon or two, they are often defeated in the end by the line being torn from the float, which has become fast in the broken ice. Thus once freed, the wounded animal usually makes good his escape.

Occasionally these walrus contests result disastrously for the hunters, for the sea-horse is by no means a passive, harmless creature, submitting without opposition to the attacks of his enemies. Frequently he, or a number of them together, make a charge upon their assailants, attacking them viciously with their huge tusks, which, if brought in contact with an Eskimo, are likely to make a sorry-looking object of him. Of course, through long experience and practice in the chase, the Eskimo hunters become very expert in dodging and foiling a charge, but sometimes they are caught and roughly handled by these uncouth monsters of the sea.

Upon one occasion, an old hunter named "Coto," who lived during the winter of 1885-86 close to the writer's shanty, met with a bad accident, whilst out hunting walruses in his kyack. A number of them charged upon him suddenly, and being unable to get out of their way quickly enough, his frail craft was broken and torn to shreds, and his own body was fearfully bruised

and lacerated. The poor fellow recovered, however, but only after months of sore suffering.

For a short time during the autumn season, the sea-horse is hunted without the assistance of the kyack. Then the young ice being thin, the walruses break up through it at any place, and sport about in the water-holes which they make. When the hunters—for several of them usually go together—espy walruses thus situated, they go out upon the ice, and attack them from the edge of the water-hole. This method of hunting, however, is rather dangerous, as the walruses have an ugly habit of first noting the position of their assailants, then disappearing below the water, and in a moment re-appearing, head and shoulders through the ice, at the spot where the men stood.

The Eskimos, who are familiar with this walrus trick, always change their position, the moment one of the crafty brutes goes down, and stand, harpoon in hand, ready to receive him when he returns, crashing through the ice, with bloody designs upon his craftier adversaries.

It is an easier matter to harpoon a walrus, thus in the ice, than it is to secure him; for here the "oweta" or float cannot be used to advantage, and it is no easy matter to hold a 3,000 pounder of the sea. However, this is attempted, and when one or more harpoons are made fast to the walrus the ends of the line are spiked down to the ice by stout spikes, and in that way the brute is very powerfully anchored; but in spite of all that can be done, he often breaks away and takes the lines with him into the deep.

"Of the black bear, you need not be afraid,
But killing white ones is a dangerous trade."

Polar bear hunting is a somewhat dangerous, but exciting sport. An Eskimo rarely ever cares to tackle a polar, single handed, but two men armed with lances do not hesitate to

attack this monarch of the north. Before describing the Eskimo method of hunting this animal, it will be well to give some idea of the magnitude of the undertaking.

Many of the polar bears are of enormous size, and they possess marvellous strength and vitality. The writer was present at the slaying of two of them, either of which weighed fifteen hundred pounds—as much as a heavy draft horse. One of these two was literally riddled with bullets before he was killed, and the other was little better. On another occasion, a smaller bear, which attempted to climb into a little boat with the writer, had not less than twenty slugs injected into him, but he survived and swam about briskly, until his head was cleft open with an axe.

Dr. Kane reports that when up north, on his Franklin Search Expedition, of 1853-55, he had barrels of pork picked up, as if they were toys, by bears, and shattered to pieces by a stroke of the ponderous paw. The writer has upon one or two occasions weighed the paws of his polar bear victims, and found a paw to be sometimes as much as thirty-six pounds in weight. Rather a formidable fist to be struck by; but this is the animal that is commonly a prey to the lances of a couple of dusky little northerners.

The Eskimo tactics in hunting a

polar bear are as follows: Two men, armed only with lances, approach him from opposite sides, at the same time. Then, as they close upon him, and the bear charges either man, the other



ESKIMO IMPLEMENTS.

rushes forward with his lance. If the bear turns, the first man gives him a thrust; and so on, as the bear turns upon one man, the other promptly lances him, and lets out his life's blood. It requires cool heads and steady nerves to be able to successfully cope with a bear in this way, but both of these characteristics do the Eskimos possess in a very marked degree, and so it is comparatively seldom that accidents happen whilst thus engaged—that is, that the bear comes off the victor.

These bears, which live almost entirely upon seals, are usually found near the sea shore, and often out some distance from shore, swimming in the water, where they can live for a considerable length of time.

The Eskimos attack them here, as well as upon the land, but in the water they are very treacherous enemies to deal with, as they can dive and swim like a fish.

They are very liable to surprise a person, by suddenly not being where one thinks they are, but being just where one wishes they were not. The custom, with Eskimo bear hunters, is that whoever first sees a bear is the owner of the carcass, no matter who kills it, but they divide up the skin among the several hunters.

A bear skin is so heavy that there is no special object with the Eskimo in preserving it whole, but he finds the greatest use for it when cut up into small pieces. In this condition it is commonly used by hunters as a kind of mat, which they tie under them when crawling over the ice after seals, or across the wet plains after deer. The piece of bear skin acts as a kind of skate, upon which they can easily drag themselves along.

The Eskimo method of hunting birds is chiefly with a spear of somewhat peculiar design. It is, in all, about five feet long, and consists of a wooden handle, terminated at one end by a slender barbed ivory or iron rod, sharply pointed. About half way up the handle, three barbed ivory fingers are securely fastened, and also pointed. The handle is then fitted into a wooden socket, which is held in the hand, and from which the spear is thrown. It is claimed that by means of the wooden socket the spear can be thrown with greater precision than from the bare hand, to which it would adhere more or less. However that may be, an Eskimo can hurl his bird spear a marvellously long distance, and with deadly effect.

If the point of the spear misses the bird, one of the side fingers is almost sure to pierce it, or to catch it between the fingers and the spear handle.

In this way, ptarmigan, ducks and other land and sea fowls are obtained in considerable numbers. They are usually speared whilst sitting in flocks upon the snow or on the water, but they are also frequently killed in this way when on the wing.

Sometimes the bow and arrow is used for bringing down the feathered game, but the spear is the instrument chiefly used.

Fish are both speared and caught with a hook. The hooks seen in use, by the writer, were all of the crudest design, made to be used as trolls.

A troll consists of a heavy iron hook fastened to the face of a small ivory disk, to which is attached a fine, strong line, made of platted deer-skin sinews.

Fish are not, however, caught so much with the hook as they are by the spear. Indeed, it is chiefly by means of the harpoon and spear that the Eskimo larder is supplied. The fish spear is a kind of a three-pronged, barbed fork, fixed onto a handle. It is used chiefly for spearing fish through the ice, and with good results by an expert.

The writer tried fish-spearing in the north, but lacked the patience necessary for success. Many times, however, he purchased from the Eskimos the magnificent trout and white fish by which their efforts were rewarded.

The way in which they spear is this: First, the most favorable spot on the lake or river is selected, and then a hole is cut through the ice. Then, with some kind of a bait which is lowered into the water by means of string, the endeavor is made to attract the fish to the hole, where, when they appear, they are thrust through by the spear, and hauled out upon the ice. Great numbers of beautiful fish

are caught by the Eskimos in this way during the fall and winter seasons.

Unless with the Eskimos living within reach of the ports of the Hudson Bay Company, trapping is not extensively followed, perhaps because of the inefficiency of the native traps, but also because of the comparatively slight value to the Eskimos of the animals which may be caught. For instance, the wolf is an animal that is little sought for, because his flesh is not considered good food, and his skin is no better for clothing than the skin of the deer, which is much more easily procured. So also with the fox. Both wolves and foxes are, however, caught to some extent by "dead fall" traps, built of stone, or of snow, and so arranged that when the animal enters the trap and touches the bait a heavy stone is caused to fall and kill or imprison him.

The Eskimo, or "Eunit," as he calls himself, being of a jovial, merry disposition, has various forms of amusement. A common one amongst the men is that of competing with each other in throwing the harpoon at a mark on the snow. Thus, with much practice, they become very powerful and expert throwers.

An amusing incident happened in this connection at one time during the writer's Eskimo experiences. He, too, had been diligently exercising himself in the art of harpoon throwing, and one day, having become quite an expert, was thus amusing himself in front of his shanty, when a party of natives came along. One of their number, doubtless supposing him to be a novice with the harpoon, stood up at what he thought a safe distance and said, "Attay me-loo-e-ak-took" (go ahead, throw). The writer, promptly accepting the challenge, hurled his harpoon, which made so straight for the astonished man's breast that he did not know which way to jump, and he

barely got out of the way in time to save himself. As the shaft passed him, and went crashing through a flour barrel, behind where he had stood, his companions had a great laugh at his expense.

Another source of much amusement is the game of football, which they play with the bladder of a walrus. Their game is neither played according to Rugby nor Association rules, but is played without rule and without system. Men and women, old and young, join in the chase after the ball



1. HEAD OF WALRUS HARPOON.—2 HEAD OF WALRUS LANCE—3 AND 4. HEADS OF SEAL HARPOONS.

with equal delight. Here a woman, carrying her child on her back, may be seen running at full speed after the ball, and the next moment lying at full length with her naked child floundering in the snow a few feet beyond her. A minute later, the child is in its place, and the mother, nearly choking with laughter, is seen elbowing her way after the ball again.

A popular kind of indoor sport, played much during the long, dark days of winter, is a game something

like our old game of cup and ball. It is played with a block of ivory, cut so as to somewhat resemble the form of a bear, which it is supposed to be. The ivory is drilled, in a regular and systematic way, full of holes, and to the neck of the block an ivory pin, four or five inches in length, is attached by means of a sinew cord about a foot long. To prevent twisting of this cord, a little ivory swivel is inserted in the middle of it, and the game is played by swinging up the ivory block and catching it upon the pin. The various holes in the block count differently, so that there is really a good deal of play in the game.

Running and wrestling are sometimes indulged in, though not often continued with interest.

The children play amongst themselves much as they do here. Their favorite amusement is that of playing house, at which they may be seen busily engaged, almost any pleasant summer day, about an Eskimo village. The playhouses consist simply of rings of stones, and for dolls, the Eskimo children are content with pretty pebbles or chips of wood or ivory. The actors, with their families, go visiting from one house to another, and have their imaginary feasts, and all the rest, just as Canadian children have.

The Eskimo people are not noted for being musical, though they have some songs.

At Cape Prince of Wales, Hudson Straits, they have been observed to play at a game of tilting. For this sport a very large igloo is built, having a great pillar in the centre of it. Ivory rings are hung from the roof, and the players, armed with spears, walk rapidly round the pillar and vie with each other in catching the rings on their spears.

The home or family circle of the Eskimo is, as a rule, a happy one. It is not broken up by the brawling sot, nor is it often the scene of poverty and want. Never is it so in the case of an individ-

ual family whilst the rest of the community have plenty.

All families share alike in times of famine, and in seasons of plenty all rejoice together. Thus there is no such thing as class distinction amongst them but all are upon equal footing, and every man provides for the wants of his own family by hunting. They have therefore no need for Workmen's Unions, nor for Protective Associations, but all live together in peace and unity. Of course the writer is here speaking in a general way, for he has already spoken of occasional fights which take place.

The Eskimo marriage is an exceedingly simple institution, and is not performed in any ceremonious way. It is purely a love marriage, requiring only the sanction of the parents of the bride.

When a young man and young woman come to the conclusion that they were made for each other, and desire to become one, having the consent of the girl's parents, they simply take each other and start up an igloo of their own. Eskimo brides are usually very young, and often very bonnie creatures. They lose much of their beauty, however, in early life, and at about forty, mature into ugly old dames.

An Eskimo family rarely consists of more than three children, and these, in turn, for about two years, are carried in the hood upon their mother's back. During this time they have no clothing apart from their mother's.

New born infants are licked by their mother's tongue, and sometimes put into a hare skin, or bag of feathers, for a time, before being carried upon their mother's back.

It is usual for a man to have only one wife, though it is not uncommon to have two, or even three, if he can provide for them. The first Eskimo met with on the writer's recent trip to the north had two wives, each with three children. As a rule, the men are very faithful to their wives, although, sometimes, they trade with each other

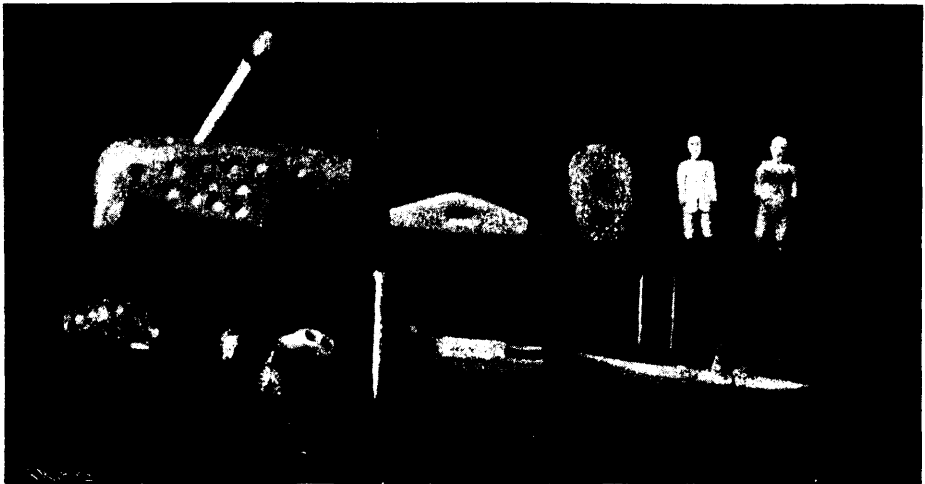
for a few weeks or months, and afterwards receive again their first loves.

If any member of the family is seriously ill, a peculiar kind of prayer is repeated over the afflicted one by the father or mother of the family. The prayer—for it can hardly be called anything else—is, however, loaded with superstition. The beseeching parent prepares for the ceremony by placing a "poalo" or mit upon the left hand. Then bending over the afflicted one, he or she mutters, wails, and gesticulates in the strongest manner, and also blows with the mouth, and motions the departure of the evil spirit. This kind of audible supplication is often carried on for a considerable length of time.

From what has already been said, we find that the Eskimo, like almost every other people under the sun, possesses some forms of worship, and believes in a spirit world. He believes in the existence somewhere of Good and Evil Spirits, which govern and control this world. The Great Good Spirit, (Cood-la pom-e-o,) they believe dwells in an upper world (of which the sky is the floor), of cold and hunger: but that the evil spirits, governed by their chief, Tornarsuk, dwell in a world beneath ours, which they believe

forms a kind of great roof over the world below. The earth and this under world are connected with each other by certain mountain clefts, and by various entrances from the sea. The spirits of those who meet with violent deaths go to dwell with "Cood-la-pom-e-o" in the upper world; but for those who die from other causes, there is a place prepared below, in the land of plenty, with the evil spirits. These latter deities are supposed to have the greater power of the two upon earth, and consequently their favor is sought, and to them supplication is usually made; though over certain forces, events and circumstances, the Great Good Spirit is supposed to have control. For example, he is believed to be the deity governing the frosts, so that in the fall of the year, when the ice is insufficiently strong for hunting purposes, his favor is invoked, and his assistance sought.

Communication with the spirits is usually held through "wizards," or "Angakoks," who are looked upon as wise men by the people, and are appointed to fulfil this function. They are ordained for their sacred calling when youths, and, as a distinguishing mark of their profession, wear upon their backs a string of ornaments,



ESKIMO TOYS.

mostly made of seal or deer skin. These are given them at the various places visited by them, in recognition of their office. The Angakoks are appointed because of their qualifications, and there may be a number of them in the same community, but some of them rise to much greater distinction than others. These wizards are said to be taught from youth by one of the deputy chief fiends, named Tornat, and some of them are supposed to have great power with the spirits. At times, when the people are threatened with famine, and are in distress of any kind, the Angakok is requested to intercede for them. Supposing it is food that is wanted, he arranges for an interview with "Tornarsuk," the chief of the devils. In order to do this, the Angakok, accompanied by one other man, goes down to the water's edge, in the early morning, at the hour of low tide. Here his companions bind him in a doubled-up position, so that his knees meet his face, and so lash him up with stout thongs that he is unable to move hand or foot. In this helpless condition, his companions leave him there on the shore, with his walrus harpoon lying by his side, and the rising waters lapping at his feet. What immediately follows only the Angakok knows, but the writer has been informed by the wizards themselves, and besides it is believed by the Eskimo people, that the devil comes to his rescue, and releases him from his bonds; but at the same time, seizing the harpoon found upon the ground, thrusts it through the Angakok's breast. In this condition, with the harpoon thrust through his breast, so that the point projects through his coat behind, and blood trickling down before, the excited wizard rushes up from the shore to the village, trailing behind him the harpoon line.

Into the first igloo met with he rushes, in a frenzied condition, snorting and blowing like a walrus. As he enters, all sharp tools are quickly put

out of sight, so that the Angakok may not hack himself with them; and at the same time water is sprinkled at his feet. This done, he bounds out of the igloo, and as he does so, the occupants seize the harpoon line, which is trailing behind him, but are not able to hold him, he being as strong as a walrus.

The magician then enters the next igloo, where the same performance is repeated, and in the same manner the round of the village is made, but none are able to hold the excited man. Having completed the round of the dwellings in the village, he returns again to the seashore, where it is said he is again met by Tornarsuk, who extracts the harpoon from his breast, and assures him that the people's prayers shall be heard, and that plenty of walruses shall be sent to satisfy their hunger.

Whether or not Tornarsuk is as good as his word, the writer can only conjecture, but the poor Eskimo pagans have great faith in the intercessory powers of their Angakok.

Intercession is sometimes made to the Good Spirit, "Cood-la-pom-e-o," and, as before, the Angakok acts as intercessor; but instead of going to the shore, he is bound up in an igloo, and left there by his people. Whilst still in this same condition, he is said to ascend through the roof of the igloo, and to meet and hold communication with Cood-la-pom-e-o, and having arranged matters with him, he returns to earth, re-enters the igloo through the door, and reports the result of his interview.

These are amongst the laws of the Eskimos:

1. "No man shall do any work requiring the use of tools after sunset. The women may sew, make garments, or chew boots, but no man shall 'sen-a-u,' that is, work with tools."

Thus the hour of each day after sunset forms the Eskimo's Sabbath.

2. No person shall eat walrus and deer meat upon the same day.

3. The carcasses of all large animals slain during the winter season shall be equally divided amongst all members of the community.

4. All kinds of rare game are common property during all seasons.

5. Any person finding drift-wood secures ownership by placing stones upon it.

6. Any other kind of goods found remain the property of the original owner.

7. When a seal is harpooned, and gets off with the harpoon, the first harpooner loses all claim to it when the float becomes detached.

8. If two hunters strike a bird at the same time, it shall be equally divided between them.

9. Whoever is first to see a bear has first ownership, no matter who slays it.

10. After slaying a bear, the man who kills it shall hang up his hunting implements, together with the bladder of the beast, in some high conspicuous place, for at least three days, and for four days he shall be separated from his wife.

11. When a walrus is slain, the successful hunter shall be separated from his wife for at least one day.

12. The borrower of tools shall not be bound to give compensation for damages.

13. No woman shall "muckchucto" (sew) whilst any member of the family is ill.

14. If any man, from any cause whatever, slays his neighbor, the wife and family of the deceased shall become the family of the slayer, and shall be taken care of by him, as if they were his own.

One Eskimo legend regarding the origin of the people, has already been related.



THE FELZUA RIVER

There is another one of special interest regarding the occurrence of a flood. It is something like this:—

"A very long time ago there was a great rain, which was so terrible that it flooded the earth and destroyed all people with the exception of a few Eskimos, who constructed a raft by lashing together a number of kyacks, and took refuge upon it. Upon this raft they drifted for a long time, until they were much reduced by cold and starvation. Then at length, in their distress, their Angakok stood up and cast his harpoon and all their ornaments into the flooding waters. This act sufficed to appease the angry spirits, and the flood subsided."

This legend is particularly interesting, since it adds one to the number of many similar legends held by other savage tribes and nations.

Another *very romantic* Eskimo legend explains the origin of the sun and moon, but perhaps it had better be left for some of themselves to relate.

As a rule the aged and feeble members of an Eskimo community are

treated with respect and kindness, but during times of distress and famine they are often forgotten in the general struggle for existence. For instance, when the supply of food at any particular place becomes exhausted, and through starvation the people are forced to go elsewhere in search of the necessaries of life, the aged or feeble, or those who have become too weak to travel, are left behind to perish. If, however, food is soon found, a portion is at once taken back; and, after all, what more could be done, even by white people.

Mr. F. F. Payne, who lived for fifteen months near Cape Prince of Wales, Hudson Straits, relates a sad tale which came under his notice.



A SMALL ICEBERG, HUDSON STRAITS.

He says; "Early in spring, when for many days we had not been visited by an Eskimo, and supposing they had left this part of the coast, I wandered over to a deserted village, and entering an igloo, was surprised to find an old woman and her son apparently dying from starvation, and from them learned that a crippled man and his child were in the same condition in another igloo near by. Here was a worse case than the first, for with a little strengthening food, we were enabled to move the woman and her son to an igloo near the station, but the man was too far gone, nor would he allow his child to be taken from him. Each day food and

a large piece of snow was put by his side, and although unable to use his arms, his child, a little girl, three years old, fed him.

"Days went by and little improvement could be noticed in his condition, and one afternoon, when it had been thawing, I walked over to the igloo. Calling as usual as I approached, I received no answer, and coming nearer, found the roof of the igloo had fallen in, and there he lay with marble face, his eyes now fixed and turned to space, and his child lay sleeping by him. Wrapped in his bedding, we placed the body in a crevice in the rock and covered it with stones. The child was given in charge of the woman and son, but after a short time it also died."

When at home in the igloo, an Eskimo dies, his body is never taken away for burial by carrying it out through the doorway, but an opening must be made in the rear for its removal. The place chosen for the burial of the dead is some isolated point of land, some difficultly accessible hill top or, preferably, some remote island where there is least danger of the bodies being disturbed by wild beasts. The deceased are first wrapped in their skin robes, then laid to rest, and covered over by piles of stones. Sometimes these graves are made very large, whilst in other cases the bodies are barely covered over. Usually some kind of a mark is raised over the grave, sometimes a long stone, but frequently a topick pole, or a paddle, is erected, and to the top of it a flag or streamer is fixed to mark the last lonely resting-place of the departed.

Beside the lonely grave are placed the hunting instruments of its occupant, and there, upon the dreary waste, imprisoned in his rocky tomb, beneath the snows of many a winter storm the poor Eskimo lies to await the sound of the last trump.

PAPINEAU AND HIS HOME.

BY THOMAS P. GORMAN.

A BEAUTIFUL chateau on the Ottawa River at Monte Bello, in the Province of Quebec, is the home of the Papineau family, the son, grand-children and great-grand-children of Louis Joseph Papineau, the leader of the Canadian insurrection of 1837-38, and the greatest man that French-Canada ever produced. Curiously enough, the rising generation of the Papineaus will be in sympathies and in language Americans. They will be French only in name. The present head of the family and proprietor of the Castle or "Manor House" at Monte Bello, Mr. Louis J. A. Papineau, son of the revolutionary leader, married an American lady, Miss Westcott, of Saratoga. His only son, who resides with him, married Miss Rogers of Philadelphia, a beautiful and charming lady, who is the mother of an interesting family of four sons, the eldest of whom, Louis Joseph, is twelve years old. English is the language of the household, though French is spoken also. The retainers and servants who keep the magnificent park and grounds in order and attend to other duties upon the estate or Seignior, are both French and English. Mr. L. J. A. Papineau, inherited from his father a thorough contempt for shams and subterfuges of all kinds. He is a thorough democrat. He was a founder of the sons of liberty. When the uprising took place in 1837 he was old enough to shoulder a musket, and became the captain of a company in the regiment led by Colonel Rudolph Des Rivières, who was afterwards transported to Bermuda for his part in the insurrection, but was allowed to return the next year. Among the articles in Mr. Papineau's highly interesting museum, are the flag which the insur-

gents carried, and the musket and sword carried by Captain Papineau himself. Mr. Papineau filled for thirty-two years the office of joint prothonotary in Montreal. After his resignation, he travelled extensively in Europe, but for some years he has devoted all his attention to the beautiful seignior.

On a knoll in the wooded park, on the roadway leading from the chateau to the village, stands the mausoleum or tomb of the Papineaus, a small private chapel, in the vault of which rest the bones of the great Canadian leader, and also those of his father, wife, a son and a daughter. This tomb is visible from the steamboat landing through an opening or lane in the park, and patriotic Canadians make pilgrimages to it every year.

In the history of Canada the locality around Monte Bello is noted as the place where the *Petite Nation* of Algonquin Indians lived, and where they were almost exterminated by the Iroquois. The Seignior fronts fifteen miles on the Ottawa and runs fifteen miles back. In front the broad river flows along majestically, while about two miles to the north, behind the village, the Laurentian mountains rise abruptly to a considerable height. The Seignior was originally the property of Joseph Papineau, father of Louis Joseph. The son purchased the place from his father in 1816, and repaired thither, towards the close of his long and stormy career, to create a beautiful home for himself and his family, and to end his days in quiet retirement.

The tourist or traveller ascending the Ottawa sees on the right bank, upon an elevated point or bluff projecting into the river, a splendid forest

of oak, elm and maple trees, in the front of which, half-buried in foliage, is a large quadrangular three story edifice, with high towers at the angles, after the French fashion. This is the chateau where the great Canadian patriot ended his days, and where his descendants reside. Around are well kept gardens and flower beds, and an extensive museum, which the proprietor throws open twice a week to picnickers and other visitors, while in front, and some distance to the westward, are a number of wooded islands. What an ideal retreat for a weary statesman!

The house itself is very large. It has spacious halls and many handsome chambers. The chief rooms are, of course, the two drawing-rooms, furnished in the old French style. But the principal feature of the drawing-room is the view of the Ottawa obtained from its lofty windows. No river scenery is more charming. The portion of the establishment which shares the honors with the drawing-room is the library. This literary depository, containing papers of great historical value, and several thousand choice volumes, is a tower separate and distinct from the main building; it is reached by a bridge from the house, the gates or doors to which are of iron. The isolation of the library was determined upon in order to preserve its contents from destruction by fire, and it is scarcely necessary to add that the building is fireproof.

A few months ago Mr. Papineau created a sensation in Canada by protesting vigorously against a proposal to build a new church at Monte Bello in place of the existing structure and in an open letter to Archbishop Duhamel made a strong appeal, as an antiquarian and a historian, for the preservation of the old church, which had been erected by his grandfather, and extended by his father, and in which he still has a seigniorial interest, and holds the 'Seignior's pew.' Mr. Papineau entered a strong remon-

strance against the practice of erecting costly churches in poor parishes, and thus unnecessarily burdening the people. He contended that the existing church is ample for the needs of the parish, and offered to contribute a large sum towards repairing it. The spire of the old church is visible from Mr. Papineau's library window, through a vis a in the tree tops which he keeps constantly open.

Monte Bello is a village of about eight hundred inhabitants, built chiefly along one street, and the houses are mostly of wood.

The Papineau Chateau and Mausoleum are the principal objects of interest in the place. The Mayor of the village, Mr. H. Bourassa, is a member of the Papineau family, being the son of an eminent Canadian artist, who married a daughter of Louis Joseph Papineau. Mr. Bourassa, who is not thirty years old, is a rising politician and a journalist.

Papineau is the strongest character in French-Canadian history. By earnest and persistent agitation, and unselfish devotion to their interest, he secured for his compatriots representative government and political liberty. There is a close similarity between the character and career of Papineau, the leader of the patriots of Lower Canada, and those of William Lyon Mackenzie, the leader of the Upper Canada patriots, who also headed an insurrection in 1837 against the misrule of the Government. Papineau was a parliamentarian and a journalist. So was Mackenzie. Both struggled to throw off the despotism of governors surrounded by irresponsible advisers. Mackenzie was denied the parliamentary rights to which he was entitled by virtue of his election. So was Papineau. The two patriot leaders fled to the United States, after rewards had been offered for their capture, and both returned, after years of exile, to be re-elected to parliament. Some of Mackenzie's followers were hanged in Toronto. Twelve of Papin-

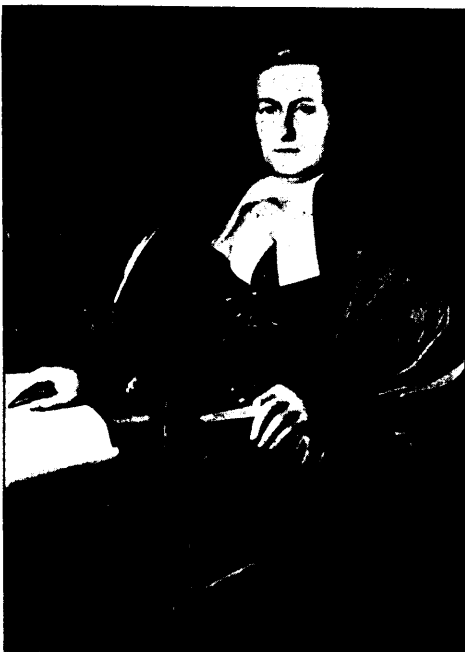
eau's lieutenants suffered death on the scaffold in Montreal, while many more were transported to Bermuda and Australia for treason.

Louis Joseph Papineau was born in Montreal in October, 1786, and died at Monte Bello in September, 1871, being then nearly 85 years old. His father, a notary public, descended from a family that had emigrated from Montigny, France, was a man of majestic stature, who had served in the original parliament of the colony, and his mother was a sister of the Hon. D. B. Viger, and of the mother of Monseigneur Lartigue, the first Roman Catholic bishop of Montreal. At school Louis Joseph was an earnest student, sacrificing recreation to reading. Leaving college at the age of seventeen, he became a law student in the office of his cousin, D. B. Viger, a prominent politician, and was soon admitted to the bar. But young Papineau's abilities as a powerful and patriotic orator were already known to his countrymen, who elected him to parliament for the division which now forms Chambly County, before his admission to the bar. He entered the assembly in 1810, and soon took his place as a leader in the battle for constitutional government with Sir James Craig, the then Governor. So fierce was the conflict that members of the legislature were sent to prison, while soldiers, acting under the orders of the Governor, destroyed the office of the newspaper organ of the Canadian party. In 1815 Papineau was elected for one of the divisions of Montreal, and continued to represent that city until the insurrection in 1837.

Like his father, Louis Joseph Papineau was a man of splendid physique and commanding presence. Nearly six feet in height, broad-chested, with finely-moulded, handsome face, piercing eye, a deep, magnificent voice and a manner courteous and kind, he was a born leader of men. One of the best sketches of Papineau's life is that written in 1872 by the late T. S.

Brown, a Scotchman, who was the commander of the insurrectionary forces, and who, like his chief, lived to a great age.

To appreciate the motives which actuated Papineau and his associates, it is necessary to review the condition of affairs which he found when he entered public life. In 1791 Great Britain established in her colony of Lower Canada a legislative assembly, invested nominally with all the attributes of the British House of Com-



LOUIS JOSEPH PAPINEAU.

mons. But there was also a legislative council whose members were appointed by Crown, and an executive council chosen by the Governor. Not daring to exercise its just powers, the assembly had for a quarter of a century submitted to the dictation of the councils and the officials, who for the most part had no sympathy whatever with the aspirations or feelings of the colonists. The Governor, always a military officer, was a convenient tool in the hands of the officials sent out from London, and it became the duty

of Papineau to inspire his countrymen, and more especially the members of the legislative assembly, with courage to insist upon their rights and powers. Before he came on the scene the members of the elected body could discuss, deliberate and vote, but their decisions amounted practically to nothing, for the Governor, on the advice of councillors of his own selection, could veto every act of the assembly. The only redress was an appeal to the Colonial office in London, from which a satisfactory judgment was very seldom obtained. Thus Papineau became the leader of the people in their struggle against an autocratic bureaucracy, and the champion of representative institutions in Canada.

While Papineau was Speaker, he was, in fact as well as in name, "The First Commoner." He was not merely the chairman of the assembly, and the protector of the rights of its members, but he would frequently call another member to the chair and descend to the floor to take part in the debate. He was in fact leader of the majority party.

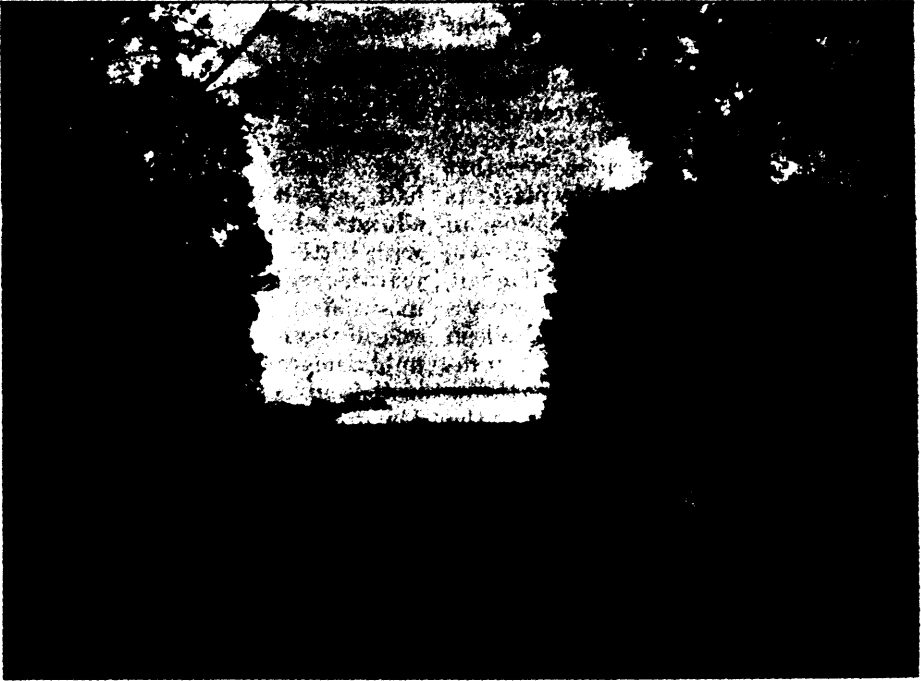
The war of 1812-15 between Canada and the United States had induced Sir George Prevost, the Governor of the time, to adopt a policy of conciliation towards the French-Canadians, with the view of securing their fealty. This allayed political asperities somewhat, and the French-Canadians assisted in repelling the American invaders during that period. Among the volunteers enrolled under the British flag was Mr. Papineau, who was given a commission as a captain of militia. As an evidence of his generous spirit, it is related that while the British forces were conducting a portion of Hull's army from Lachine to Montreal as prisoners of war, a regimental band of the regulars struck up "Yankee Doodle" to annoy the Americans who had surrendered their arms; whereupon Captain Papineau wheeled his company out of line, declaring he would not countenance such an insult

to helpless men. Instead of being court-martialed and reprimanded, he was commended by the Governor for his conduct. It was in 1815 that Mr. Papineau succeeded Mr. Panet as Speaker of the Lower Canadian Assembly and leader of the French Canadian party. He was then but 29 years old, but his every thought was devoted to public affairs. Venerable officials still living, who served as officers of parliament under Papineau, describe him as one who always showed great consideration towards them. It was his habit when parliament met to visit every employé thereof, and on leaving at the end of each session he would bid each man a formal farewell.

For nearly ten years Papineau continued, in and out of Parliament, his constitutional struggle for responsible government, and both in public and private life he stood irreproachable.

In 1818 he married Mlle. Julie Bruneau, daughter of Pierre Bruneau, of Quebec, a merchant and member of parliament. Madame Papineau was a superior woman in intellect and education as well as in personal attractions, and was also a devoted wife and mother. She followed her husband cheerfully into exile, and shared all his privations. Mr. Papineau's marriage was in every respect a happy one. Madame Papineau died at Monte Bello on the 18th of August, 1862, nine years before her husband.

Soon after the arrival in Canada, in 1820, of the Earl of Dalhousie, the Lower Canadian legislature was called upon to provide for the whole civil list of the colony, an undertaking to that effect having been made two years before. Though the public accounts showed an excess of expenditure over revenue, Dalhousie insisted that the money for the support of himself and his government should be voted *en bloc*, payable annually during the life of the king. To this proposition Papineau and his friends objected, holding that the money should be voted in detail, and that all expenditure ac-



VIEW OF THE OTTAWA FROM THE TOMB.

counts should be subject to the inspection of the legislature. There were many holders of dual portions, sinecurists and obnoxious persons drawing pay from the public treasury. These the assembly sought to get rid of by refusing to vote their salaries, but the Governor and his councillors desired to shield them, and so required the money in bulk to pay out as they pleased. Papineau, in support of his views, pointed to the checks imposed upon expenditure by the British House of Commons, while the Governor pleaded the "prerogative of the crown." For a dozen years this struggle continued; the Governor demanding that the money for civil government be granted in bulk, and the assembly claiming full control over the revenues of the colony. A number of side issues arose. An Act for the regulation of trade passed by the British Parliament, caused much irritation in Canada. The Receiver-General, Sir John Caldwell, was defended by the

Governor when he refused, until a defalcation of more than £100,000 was discovered, to render to the assembly a statement of his accounts. Concessions were obtained by the assembly very slowly, and nearly every measure passed by the assembly would be thrown out by the legislative council. In the hope of neutralizing his influence and winning his support, the Governor made Papineau a member of the executive council in 1818. The method had proved successful in other cases, but, to the Governor's astonishment, Papineau appeared at the council meetings, and opposed the policy of the government with all his might.

During this period, the population became divided upon national lines. The French-Canadians, with few exceptions, stood by Papineau, while the English residents, fearing "French domination," sided with the Governor. Some French-Canadians, fond of "society," and taught to regard opposition to the established order of things as

useless, were won over to the "loyal" side, from time to time, by appointments or promises of preferment; and Papineau sometimes found his strongest antagonists among deserters from his own camp.

It is a curious fact, however, that when the insurrection took place its real leaders were Wolfred Nelson, an Englishman; Thomas Storrow Brown, a Scotchman, and E. B. O'Callaghan, an Irishman.

In 1822, Papineau and John Neilson went to England and succeeded in inducing the British Parliament to throw out a bill having for its object the union of the two Canadas. The grievances of the Lower Canadians continued to accumulate. The clergy preached submission, and the Governor's party spoke of Papineau and his followers as "rebels." Mr. Papineau was re-elected Speaker when parliament met in 1827, but the Earl of Dalhousie, still Governor, refused to approve the choice of the assembly, which would elect nobody else and the result was that the Governor was recalled by the British Government, and his successor, Sir James Kempt, was sent out to approve, in a speech prepared for him in London, the choice of the assembly. A special committee of the British House of Commons made a report admitting the justice of Mr. Papineau's interpretation of the right conferred upon the Canadian Legislature by the Constitution of 1791, but Her Majesty's Ministers never awoke from their lethargy until the news of the insurrection and the battles at St. Denis and St. Charles reached them. Then they came to the conclusion that the only way to retain Canada in possession of the British Crown was to grant to the people the legislative powers which they demanded.

Papineau was the great popular leader of his day. While Dalhousie and Gosford were the upholders of misrule, he was the champion of colonial self-government. For years he refused the salary of one thousand

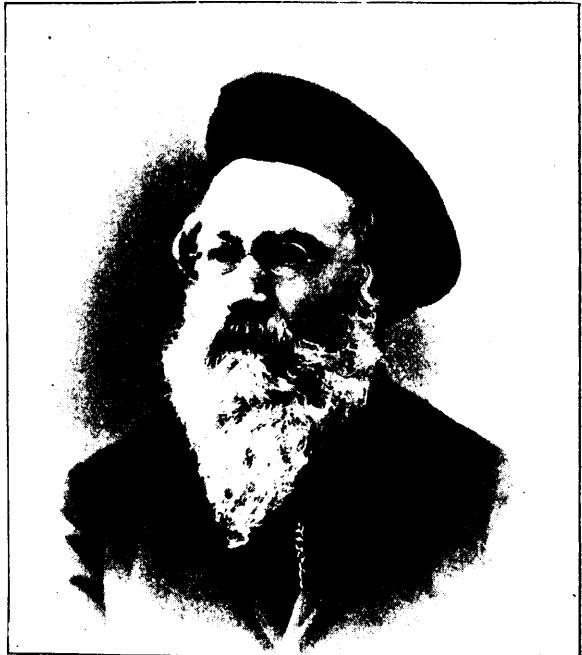
pounds offered him, contrary to law, by the executive, although he had abandoned his legal practice, and his Seigniorial yielded no revenue. In the early years of his Speakership he accepted the salary fixed by law as provision for his support. "With one-half," says Brown, "he maintained and educated his family; the other half, with little thought for prospective private requirements, was expended in aid of an ill-supported liberal press, and in those numerous calls of which public men who have not their hands in the public treasury know the cost." The great mass of his countrymen supported him nobly with their votes, and his will, proclaimed in parliament and from a hundred platforms, was law with the French-Canadian masses. Spurning all efforts at compromise, and offers of official preferment, he struggled with voice and pen for political liberty for his compatriots, and his power and earnestness carried down all opposition. Adapting Dean Swift's advice to the Irish, to burn everything that came from England, except coals, Papineau exhorted the Canadians to abstain from the use of all duty-paying articles, in order to diminish the revenue, which he said was only collected to be stolen. Peaceful popular demonstrations greeted him wherever he appeared, but he never advocated violent measures, and discountenanced the preparations for an armed insurrection. He only asked what in the end was cheerfully conceded by Great Britain to all her colonies. When the younger men of his party lost patience and prepared to defend themselves and their leader against arrest, they formed an organization called the "Sons of Liberty." Thomas Storrow Brown was made general of the military branch of the organization. A meeting held in Montreal on the 6th November, 1837, led to riots, arrests for sedition and a proclamation of martial law, and Papineau went to the Richelieu district, where Brown and Nelson already had

prepared for armed resistance to the execution of the warrants for their arrest.

Governor Gosford resisted to the utmost the efforts of Mr. Papineau to procure responsible government for his compatriots, but a letter, written on the 7th December, 1847, by the Governor to Mr. Daly, (afterwards Sir Dominic Daly, Governor of Prince Edward Island and of South Australia) who was a member of the Canadian Government for many years, shows that Papineau won the admiration of his antagonists. Lord Gosford, then in England, wrote:—"I am very glad that Mr. Papineau has returned to Canada, also that he enjoys good health. I do not believe that our sentiments differed much as to the general situation of Canada. He insisted on certain points which I could not yield, although on several occasions I would gladly have done so. I should have desired that he remained at Quebec. I have always considered his departure for Montreal a misfortune. Had he remained in Quebec how many troubles and political broils we might have avoided! I always recall with satisfaction my conversations with Mr. Papineau, in which he expressed sentiments and opinions which reflected the highest honor to his intelligence and to his heart. If you meet him, kindly express to him my best regards, with my remembrance of him, should you think it would be agreeable to him to receive them."

Another document, written in 1835, which throws a great deal of light upon the condition of affairs in Lower Canada in the fourth decade of this century, is a letter written by Mr. T. Fred. Elliott, who was sent out by

the British Government as secretary to the Gosford commission, to his friend Henry Taylor of the Colonial office, (afterwards Sir Henry Taylor). The secretary of the commission evidently obtained a clearer knowledge of the situation than the commissioner. Lord Howick, the war secretary of the time, wrote of Elliott's letter as decidedly the best paper on Canadian affairs he had ever read, and asked that it be shown to Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister, and to King William IV.; he also requested permission to use the information contained therein in preparing a statement of his views as to what the Government's policy towards Canada should be. Mr. Elliott, who was a nephew of the first Lord Minto, described the several factions, as the



L. J. A. PAPINEAU.

(The present head of the family.)

Official, the English, and the French classes: the first named being composed chiefly of place-holders, dull and interested, fond of privilege, but almost devoid of influence. The English party was composed of merchants and

landowners, wealthy and intelligent. Yet Mr. Elliott said he did not like the English party, regarding it as "fully as ambitious of domination as the French party, and prepared to seek it by more unscrupulous means." He expressed the opinion that the English party would be first to cut adrift from the Mother country, if such a step became expedient, as they were "by far the best disposed to sympathize with Republican principles, and most capable of wielding Republican institutions. Of the French party, Mr. Elliott says:—"The Quebec leaders, I have learned, flatter themselves that they act from prudence, because, as they argue, while they are outnumbered by the Montreal members, who are under Papineau's more immediate influence, it would be an unjustifiable disturbance to insist on any but fundamental differences of opinion. Others again hug themselves with the notion that Papineau is the instrument. Heaven help their wits. He is in truth their master. Their natures crave support, and they will always seek it in characters more vigorous than their own. I never saw any one who seemed better versed than the Canadian Speaker in the arts and demeanor by which one man wields dominion over the minds of many, and he is daily becoming more confirmed in his sway, as they are in their obedience. The truth is that Papineau, with all his faults, is rather a fine fellow. I dare say we shall find him perverse and suspicious, and that if he ever quarrels with us he will be coarsely abusive. Still, the good points of his character are not to be denied. He seems to be irreproachable in his private life; in social intercourse he is mild and gentlemanlike, and if in politics he is too hot and unmeasured in his proceedings, I do not find that reasonable men accuse him of being dishonest. Whatever else he be, it is impossible to set eyes on him and not perceive that he is by nature, as much as by the station he has now won for

himself, the first of the French-Canadian race."

Between 1830 and 1837 a subservient Quebec grand jury found true bills against John Neilson, a Scotchman, and Charles Mondelet, a French-Canadian lawyer, for seditious writings. The accused were never tried, and Mondelet afterwards became a judge of the Superior Court. It was in 1834 that Papineau prepared his 92 resolutions setting forth the grievances of his countrymen, and after supporting them in the assembly he went through the country urging the people never to cease agitating until they were adopted. Dr. Tracey, and Mr. Duvernay were imprisoned in 1832 for calling the legislative council "a nuisance." One legislative councillor charged the whole French-Canadian population with attempting to establish a republic. Militia officers were dismissed for sympathizing with Papineau in his agitation. These occurrences served to irritate the people greatly, but the assembly remained firm, and Papineau always counselled moderation. During the four years 1832-36 the assembly left the government without supplies.

Lord Gosford, who arrived and assumed the governorship in 1835, opened the session of parliament in 1836 with a speech which showed that no attention had been paid to the public grievances. This exasperated the assembly. Twenty years of neglect, prevarication and procrastination had exhausted the public patience; and the assembly replied to the address, declining to deliberate until His Majesty's government should commence the work of justice and reform; and stated that until grievances were redressed no supplies would be voted. Gosford prorogued parliament at the end of thirteen days. A resolution was introduced in the British House of Commons by Lord John Russell, authorizing Governor Gosford to pay up arrears of government expenses with money from the Lower Canadian

treasury. It was that resolution that precipitated the insurrection, though it was never acted upon. The news of the adoption of this resolution, which deprived the assembly of control of public money, reached Canada in April, 1837, and at once indignation meetings were held throughout the Province. The agitation became so hot that Lord Gosford asked his Attorney-General to issue warrants for high treason against leading men. The judges would not grant warrants, but subservient magistrates did, and many arrests were made, while some of the accused escaped to the United States. Only three men organized armed resistance to the Governor's proceedings. They were Dr. Nelson, who led the insurrectionary forces at

St. Denis; Thomas Storrow Brown, who commanded the patriots at the battle of St. Charles, and Dr. Chénier, who led a very poorly equipped lot of habitants in the fight at St. Eustache. The insurrection was quickly suppressed. Twelve of the leaders were hanged in Montreal, and a tall monument has been erected to their memory in Cote des Neige Cemetery, near the top of Mount Royal. Meanwhile Papineau, the most prominent figure of the whole insurrectionary movement, had not been captured, though a reward had been offered for his head. He and E. B. O'Callaghan had escaped to the United States, nearly losing their lives while crossing Lake Minisquoi on the ice. The insurrection, though not by any means a success from a military point of view, had drawn the attention of the British government and the world to the grievances of Canada and compelled their redress. Consequently it is to Papineau and other patriots of 1837, in Upper and Lower Canada, that

Canadians owe the liberties they enjoy to-day. The attempt of American sympathizers to aid the Canadians in 1838 ended in failure. Papineau, though residing in the United States



THE TOMB OF THE PAPINEAUS.

(Mausoleum in the Park.)

at the time, did not approve the expedition which met with disaster at Windmill Point.

There was, at the time, among the Democrats of the north, a strong feeling in favor of invading and, if possible, annexing Canada, but the South would not hear of the addition of another tier of anti-slavery States to the north, and President Van Buren sided with the slave-owners. But Papineau visited Washington, while negotiating with the United States government, and on that occasion the *Democratic Review* (of June, 1839) spoke of him thus :

“ In this place we take pleasure in recording a passing tribute of admiration to the distinguished accomplishments of a gentleman who has been made the object of a great deal of flippant and ignorant abuse by the English portion of our American press. Our readers need not be told to how large a proportion of the Whig Press, this designation is properly applicable. We refer to Mr. Papineau, who by

common consent may be regarded as the representative of the French-American population. From some considerable opportunity of knowledge and personal judgment, we are fully justified in saying that Mr. Papineau is one of the first men of the time. Amiable, polished, and courteous, his manners are on a par with his eminent natural power and capacity of intellect. It is difficult to start a subject of conversation on any topic of literature, science, or politics, on which he does not seem practically qualified to shine, and that, not by the slightest seeming effort or desire for display, but as luminous bodies shine, in all directions, because such is their nature. His language is (in the English, as much as in his native tongue) remarkably eloquent, precise, forcible, while perfectly easy and natural; rendering him, with his vigorous clearness, the tide of thought which flows transparent through his conversation, one of the most eloquent and persuasive of speakers. When to these attributes we add great simplicity and kindness, both of character and manners; a perfect purity of domestic life; a rare generosity and philosophic candor towards his opponents, as remarkably transparent in his conversation, under circumstances little calculated to foster such a love of sentiment; an earnest patriotism; an incorruptible integrity, both of private and public character: all the severe virtues (to quote an expression of one who was no blindly partial judge) of a Cato, with a mind deeply imbued with the spirit of the liberal political philosophy of the age, we shall not be surprised in what Lord Durham styles 'the extraordinary influence' such a man has been able for many years to exert in the Assembly of Lower Canada; though it by no means follows that these qualities which have made him so continued a parliamentarian should make the same individual exactly the man for a physical revolution. It was the remark of a distinguished American

Senator, founded on acquaintance dating many years back, that he has never met with a foreigner so thoroughly conversant with the history, the literature, the principles and the men of our American politics, as Mr. Papineau, and we may here allude, in passing, to the fact that Mr. Papineau's opinions fully sustained and sympathised with the general policy of the late and of the present Democratic Administration, with which he is very familiar, and especially in the great struggle for financial reform, vitally important to the best interests, moral and material, of the country, in which the same have been so deeply engaged."

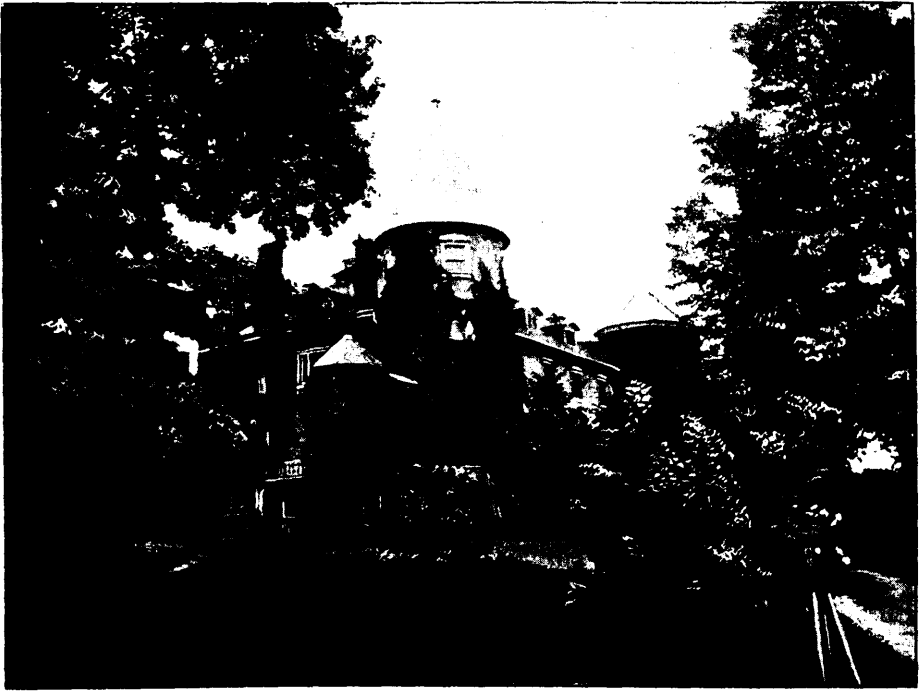
After a short residence at Albany and other points in the United States, Mr. Papineau visited France, where he remained for eight years, devoting himself to literary work and studies. A *nolle prosequi* had been entered in the Montreal courts in his case in 1843, unsolicited by him. This enabled him to return to Canada, the reward offered having been withdrawn; the whole proceedings amounting to an acknowledgment that there never was any just ground for his prosecution.

Papineau had been driven into exile, a price being placed upon his head, only to be told at the end of six years that he was an innocent man. On his return to Canada in 1847 he received four years of undrawn salary due to him as Speaker of the legislative assembly, and was elected to the parliament of the United Canadas by the County of St. Maurice shortly after his return. But the conditions had changed. The rights and privileges for which he had battled had been won, and instead of finding himself surrounded, as of old, by disinterested men struggling for popular rights, he was among "ins" and "outs," the dividing line in matter of principle not being defined. He did not take kindly to the idea of having a North-American country governed upon the monarchical plan, so he soon lost interest in the parliamentary proceedings, and began to devote himself

to the improvement of his long neglected seignory on the Ottawa. He had demolished the bureaucracy and secured for the people representative government. If they failed to profit by his labors it would be their own fault. True, his triumph over misrule was only acknowledged during his exile, and he entered the new parliament chiefly to please others, for while he did not approve the plan of government set up by his successors in the leadership of the assembly, he did not

thought more of him than of Cartier; for while 1,000 pounds had been offered for his (Papineau's) head, only 500 pounds had been offered for Cartier's.

It was in 1854 that Mr. Papineau abandoned political life, and retired to his chateau at Monte Bello. But he still took a lively interest in the affairs of his country, and on December 17th, 1867, when eighty years old, delivered, before the *Institute Canadien*, in Montreal, a remarkable address which has been styled his political last will and



THE CHATEAU FROM THE RIVER BANK.

wish to disturb what the people had accepted.

Curiously enough, one of the leaders in the reconstructed parliament was George Etienne Cartier, afterwards Sir George Cartier, whose monument is the only one yet erected on the Ottawa Parliament grounds. Cartier had been a "rebel," and had borne arms at St. Denis, and Papineau, in his later controversies with his old lieutenant, used to say that the Crown evidently

testament. He vigorously condemned the scheme for the confederation of the British North American Colonies, which had just been carried into effect: pointing out that it was in some respects a backward step, inasmuch as the Upper House would be composed of life members appointed by the Crown—an abuse against which he had battled for so many years. Many of the difficulties which he had predicted would be experienced in the

working of the new system of government have now to be grappled with by Canadian statesmen, but in his farewell address, Papineau exhorted his countrymen to cling to those principles of justice and equality by which alone popular liberties can be preserved, and to endeavor to build up a nation based upon true democracy.

All through his speeches and writings there breathes that spirit of disinterestedness and devotion to the welfare of his countrymen, which were his prime characteristics. He was loyal to his friends, hospitable, and generous to a fault. In the course of a warm discussion in the assembly in 1834, he made a remarkable prophecy. He said, "My honorable friend boasts of his attachment to monarchy, and thinks that it can be perpetuated on this continent. I will venture to say to him that instead of Europe giving kings and kingdoms to America the day is not far distant when America will give presidents and republics to Europe." He was a warm admirer of the constitution of the United States and the Fathers of the Republic, as is evidenced by the fact that at his death, "The Life of Washington" and "The Life of Jefferson" were among the books on the table near his bedside. Papineau retained all his faculties up to the end and never required glasses to aid his eyesight. His closing hours have been described by Thomas Storrow Brown, the "General" of the insurrection army, in a brochure published in 1872. Papineau, trusting too much to his physical strength, went out in his dressing-gown and slippers on a cold day in September, 1871, to give instructions to some laborers who

were at work in his beautiful thousand-acre park, in which he took so much pride. He caught cold. Chills followed. Soon, congestion of the lungs set in, and the aged patriot found it difficult to breathe. For five days and nights, unable to recline in bed, he sat up on chairs, seldom sleeping, but showing his giant spirit in cheerful resignation. His mind was clear as ever, his courage and self-possession complete, while he discussed his approaching end with his family and sorrowing friends. He explained the provisions of his will, drawn by his own hand, and counselled his children with lessons of charity, patience and good will in all relations of life. In taking his medicine, he would say:—"All this I must do to please the doctor, but he knows as well as I do that it is useless." When his chair was drawn to the window overlooking garden and river he remarked sadly: "Never again shall I see my garden and flowers." At last his mind seemed to wander, and he was heard to say, "What a stupid thing for me to be sick here while such tremendous events are occurring, and the affairs of England and France are so entangled." On the evening of the 23rd of September, at half-past eight, he called his physician, and taking his hand said: "Everything that science and the kindest care could do for me has been done, but to no use. Adieu, my dear doctor." Half an hour later his spirit passed painlessly away.

Thus died Papineau, who some Canadians describe as a "rebel," but whom the majority revere as a patriot. History will proclaim him a friend of his race, and a great man.



PANDORA.

BY E. YATES FARMER.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN I saw him last he was standing with folded arms by the side of a new-made grave, in a quiet church-yard near the Indian reservation of the Mohawk tribe in peninsular Ontario. It was a beautiful part of the country, far removed from the din and turmoil of life. The silence of the place was mournful in its stillness, and all around was solitary.

It was midwinter, and the weather was very rough. The ground was hard with frost, and a cold north wind swept over the hills, sobbing and sighing through the trees, moaning and mourning among the tombs, in a low, melancholy voice. It never seemed to rest.

A few flakes of snow were hurried before the blast, and the dead leaves that were thickly strewn upon the ground shivered and fluttered hither and thither in uncertain movement.

Evening was quietly stealing into night. The man seemed as though he would linger until darkness prevented him seeing the ground upon which his eyes were bent.

No tomb marked the place where his dead lay: it was only a very small mound, standing quite alone, and covered with brown clay.

I had come to visit this grave; for all I had loved in the world was buried beneath that sod; and my secret, there, lay hidden too.

I spoke, but the man heeded me not, and while I waited for an answer to the words with which I had addressed him, I watched his form and countenance.

He was tall and handsome; haughty in bearing; the expression on his face was sullen and morose. Although he

was still in the prime of life, his hair was gray.

I spoke to him again, and he slowly raised his dark expressive eyes to my face. A look of anger and contempt passed into them.

"Begone from here, Molan, you fool; why do you follow me about to disturb my thoughts."

"To save you," I cried, "to save you from yourself."

"Begone, begone. But hold! one word I would say before you leave me. When I am dead, see that I am buried here." He stamped his foot down on the grave on which he stood.

"Here I will be laid by the side of the woman whom I loved and hated, who scorned my love and dishonored me, who made this earth to me a heaven, and by one act of hers turned it into a very hell."

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Carlton was the rector of a small country parish in the vicinity of the reservation.

His family consisted of his wife and two children—a son and a daughter.

He was in the habit of leaving the house early in the morning for his day's expedition through the reserve, and sometimes he would not return until night.

One evening he was very late in coming home, and when he entered the house, we saw that he was carrying something in his arms. Mrs. Carlton hurried forward with eager curiosity, and on drawing off the cloak which enshrouded the bundle, she saw in her husband's arms a beautiful little Indian girl, small featured, dark skinned, black eyed; and there was a

strange, half timid, half wild expression in her face. She was slender and delicate looking; her bare feet were small, and shapely, her arms were beautifully moulded.

"Where did you find her, and what are you going to do with her?" Mrs. Cariton asked, as she took the child from her husband; whereupon the little one began to roar and kick, and clung to the rector's coat, so that he was compelled to keep her in his arms until he had quieted her.

"She has no home now," the rector said. "Her mother has been dying for many months, and to-day she breathed her last. I promised to take the child and care for her; she is a little delicate thing, you see."

Something small and dark flew in through the open window, and fluttered round and round the room. "'Tis a bird," said I,— "a bad omen; it means ill-luck, and death." But no one heeded my words, and what I had taken for a bird, proved to be naught else than a bat.

The rector called her Princess Pandora, a name which clung to her throughout her life, for she might have been a princess, with her haughty ways, and commanding air. She ordered everyone in the house about, and did nothing but what pleased her. As she was full of moods, her disposition seemed ever changing. She was either gloomy and silent, or passionate and haughty, or at times wild and stormy; she was one who would either love or hate, and was very affectionate with those who showed her any kindness. Sometimes she would rush into the house, breathless from excitement, and embrace us all around, and then take a fit of laughing, for she had no control over herself.

The children took wonderfully to her, and she to them. They would take long rambles together, wandering along, hand in hand, heedless of the hour; so engrossed were they in their innocent prattle.

Stanway was her constant compan-

ion, and when they got away together from Lucy's sweet influence, they were both reckless and daring. I believe she loved Stanway and Lucy, and yet from the moment she entered the nursery there was an uproar for which I think Stanway was partly to blame; being a headstrong, determined lad, and possessed of much spirit he would be governed by no one. Very different was Lucy; being a gentle docile child, she would try to please us all. Still it was the little Princess who won her way into all our hearts, although she plagued us from the time she came down in the morning until she went to bed at night. Her tongue was always going, and her feet taking her hither and thither. At the best of times she was naught but a wild savage, afraid of nothing. She was bold and saucy, and, not knowing right from wrong, acted as her own heart dictated, whether it was evil or good; and yet she had the most winning ways, tenderest heart, and sweetest smile. One evening I heard her say to Stanway, as they both leaned out of the window: "I wonder and wonder, until I am quite tired wondering, what is away beyond there in that green hollow. Some day I am going to see." The next morning, she and Stanway started off in a run from the front door in high glee, and shrieking at the top of their voices. They were not missed until evening, when a search was made for them, but they could not be found. Late that night Stanway returned alone. They had gone to the Indian reserve, and Pandora had refused to come home. The rector was very angry with his son for not taking better care of the little girl. "What do you mean, sir," he said, "by scouring the country and taking that child with you? You are a wicked boy." The rector then started for the reservation, and about midnight returned bringing Pandora. She brought back with her an Indian dress, some beads and trinkets; and hardly a day passed that she did not

dress herself up in costume, and go through wild antics, in imitation of the war dance, much to the amusement of Stanway and Lucy.

The following spring, Mrs. Carlton took ill and died.

In the autumn, Stanway was sent away to a college in Toronto; and a governess was engaged to help Pandora and Lucy with their lessons. Pandora was quick and intelligent, and in a few months gained more knowledge than most girls of her age. Her manners, too, were much improved, for she had learned to respect and admire herself.

When the spring came she grew tired of being shut in, and in spite of the rector's commands and the entreaties of her governess, she would study no more; the sweet scent of the spring air, the song of the birds, and hum of the bee, the sunshine and shadows, seemed to entice her away. As was her usual wont in summer, she would rise early in the morning, and go away, not returning until evening, when she would enter the house, laden down with ferns and flowers, a bright smile on her winsome little face, and her dark eyes sparkling with animation.

It was about this time that I learned to love her.

Being ordained in the winter, I had returned to the parish, as curate under Mr. Carlton. Before that time I was his lay reader. I intended to marry Pandora in a year or so. The thought of her refusing me, had never for one moment entered my mind; therefore the disappointment, that came upon me like a shock, was doubly hard to bear.

One day when she was standing by the open window in the dining room, gazing out upon the deepening twilight, I seized the opportunity of telling her of my love. She stood mute before me as I spoke; I think I had never seen her so erect and haughty. When I had finished speaking, her face flushed with color, her eyes blaz-

ed with anger. She turned upon me with fury, and, clinching her fists like a mad thing, she gave me a stinging blow on the ear, which knocked my eye-glass to the floor. "Your love," said she, with such scorn and contempt, that I hardly knew her voice; "I want none of it!"

I, the curate, endowed with tact, mental ability, and presence of mind, was overwhelmed with confusion, and before I could gain my equanimity, I saw her flourishing in the air a chair that I had been sitting upon. "The Lord deliver us!" I ejaculated, and hurried from the room.

CHAPTER III.

When Stanway returned home for his summer holiday, he brought a college friend with him—Ned Ormiston. He became very much interested in Pandora, in Indians and Indian life. I think he was taken by her beauty and vivacious manner, and she had a sweet, low voice when she spoke. He was a gay, intellectual youth, but I think Pandora took his good-natured mirth as an insult, for she disliked him from the very first. Perhaps, too, the curiosity which he displayed in looking at her had something to do with it. He did not mean to be rude, and a less observant person would not have noticed his inquisitiveness.

A week after he came, he and Lucy were sitting in the drawing-room together, talking, when the door opened and Pandora entered. Ned Ormiston rose from his chair, with a low bow, and with some words of gallantry on his lips. He offered the arm chair that he had been sitting in to her. Whether she fancied she detected sarcasm, which he was much given to in his speech, or whether she thought he was mocking her, I do not know. She gave him some curt reply, adding, "I don't want your chair; I can get one for myself."

She remained haughty and self-absorbed for the rest of the evening,

and when he spoke to her she neither turned her head nor answered him, much to Lucy's mortification and Stanway's displeasure.

He was a high-spirited young man, and fond of a joke, and when for the first time he saw Pandora in a fit of rage, and watched her tossing every thing in the room about, he laughed outright. She rushed at him and struck him over the face. "What do you mean by laughing at me," she cried; "How dare you do it. I hate you; you are odious to me. Move out of my way, for I can't endure you."

The scene terrified us. We thought that she was going mad, for she was in a perfect frenzy. Just as she was in the act of hurling a book through the air, Stanway entered the room. His face was deadly pale and an oath was upon his lips. The book fell from Pandora's hand to the ground. Her eyes followed it. She was subdued at last. There was a long pause, until I, the curate, feeling that I had been contaminated by the scene just witnessed, said in a loud voice that they might all hear, "The Lord have mercy upon us," and I left the room. But my curiosity getting the better of me, after a half hour's reading in my room, I went down stairs. All was quiet; through the window I could see Ned and Lucy pacing the lawn, arm in arm. Then I entered the dining-room. Stanway and Pandora were sitting together; all harshness and anger seemed to have left him; only a look of great sadness was in his handsome face. Pandora was very sorrowful and pale. I took a book and seated myself in a window opposite, under the pretence of reading.

Then I heard Pandora say, between her sobs, "You hate me, Stanway; you do hate me. Oh! I am miserable, miserable." She laid her head down upon his coat and cried.

"No, no Pandora, I do not hate you; I could not; I am only sorry; so sorry and so ashamed."

"You do; you scorn me," she went

on; "you have the greatest contempt for me; you despise me, and think me worthless."

"No, dear, I love you; I will always."

"It is naught but pity," she interrupted him. "I do not want that. You do not know how to love; you are cold, indifferent, unfeeling. You keep your heart where no one can reach it, and your thoughts are hidden, too: you give little and are satisfied with little; while I am burning with love; it is here, and here, and here." She placed her hand on her forehead, to her chest and heart. "All you wish is to see me beautiful, to know me to be good and perfect."

A great tenderness came into Stanway's face; he took Pandora in his arms, and talked to her until he had her quieted and happy again, and she promised him that never again would she lose control over herself, or give way to her temper; and to my knowledge she kept her promise.

In the autumn Stanway returned to college, and a few days later Pandora disappeared. We searched for her night and day, and each day the clue seemed less and less hopeful. A mystery lay over her fate. Years went by, and still no tidings were obtained as to her whereabouts. As a number of Indians had left the reservation for the North-West about the time of Pandora's disappearance, we surmised that she must have joined them.

Lucy grew from childhood into a beautiful girl, and after her governess left, she took the management of her father's household upon herself, and became a most dexterous little house-keeper.

It was about this time that the great loss and sorrow of her life came upon her. The rector took very ill, and we knew that he would not be spared long to us. He lingered for weeks between life and death. Stanway was sent for, and very soon returned home. He nursed his father throughout the illness, was a great comfort to Lucy,

and a help to us all, for we felt that we had some one to look to, and lean upon.

One night we were sitting by the rector's bedside. He was quietly sleeping. Stanway was leaning over him; Lucy was caressing his hand, and I was reading a portion of the Holy Scriptures aloud.

Suddenly the door flew open, and Pandora rushed into the room. In her Indian dress, we did not at first recognize her. She was all excitement, breathless, and wild. Her dark hair streamed about her shoulders, and was dripping with water. Her eyes were full of tears. There was something very fascinating in her pensive beauty. By her appearance she must have travelled a long distance. She was wet from the rain that had been falling, and shivering from cold and exhaustion. She looked quite bewildered, as she stood gazing at each one in turn; what she saw in their faces to affect her so strangely, I do not know. With a heart-rending cry, she sprang to the bedside, and, taking the rector's hand in her's, she fell on her knees and wept wildly. The rector was moved by the sight; he drew his hand from Lucy and passed it very tenderly over the dark hair of the Indian girl. His eyes were moist; he was too weak to speak. He took Stanway's hand and laid it on the girl's head, beneath his own, and looked into his son's eyes as though he would ask his care and protection of her.

That night the good rector died, and when morning dawned, Pandora had left us as suddenly and mysteriously as she had come. After the funeral, Stanway went away again, and we were left alone.

I was now the rector of the parish, and tried to fill, as best I could, Mr. Carlton's vacant place.

CHAPTER IV.

Lucy for a time was very sad, and seemed to droop and fade. If I had known Stanway's whereabouts, I

would have sent for him. A few months later, a letter came from him saying that he was coming home, and was bringing a wife with him. After that we were all very busy preparing for his return, and Lucy gained much of her strength and activity in the pleasure she took in decorating the house, and making the old rooms look fresh and bright for the bride. She wondered many times what her new sister would be like, and was all impatience to see her.

Late one evening a carriage drove up to the door, and Stanway sprang out. He had changed in his absence; I think I had never seen a more noble face, and there was an air of strength and pride in his bearing.

He lifted his wife from the carriage, and we saw in the dusk that she was a tall, slight, graceful person, and wore a silk dress, feathered hat, and was much muffled up in furs.

When they entered the lighted hall, her face and figure seemed familiar, and then I heard Lucy cry, "It is our lost Pandora come back to us again," and the next moment they were laughing and crying in each other's arms.

That evening, Stanway sat in his father's arm-chair by the fireside; Lucy sat opposite with her work, looking brighter and happier than I had seen her for a long time.

Pandora sat on a low ottoman by her husband's side, her head resting against his arm, they were looking over some magazines, and when she thought that none of us were observing her, I saw her kiss Stanway's hand that was laid upon her own.

She loved him with all the intensity of her fierce nature; indeed I think she worshipped him. He seemed to be the only one who had ever gained any control over her, for he was always resolute and determined; his love for her was deep and tender, and he kept a lasting hold on her affections. Life went smoothly for them both, and they were happy.

Lucy was disappointed that Pandora

took so little interest in the house; the tables and chairs might be upside down, and the stove on end for aught she cared.

She would wander about the grounds in an aimless fashion; sometimes sitting on the grass, in the warm sunshine, doing nothing but watching the birds, and listening to their chirruping,—thinking and dreaming. Other times, she would gather flowers and twine them into wreaths. After a time she took to solitary rambles which would keep her out all day, but this her husband forbade, and close confinement she could not endure.

When winter came she would sit a whole evening at her husband's feet by the fireside, staring at the burning logs; but what she saw there to fasten her thoughts so strongly, no one ever knew. Her face would kindle and glow, and her eyes light up with spirit as she watched the bright blaze. She seemed very happy and contented, and although she was passionate when provoked, she displayed a generous, fearless disposition, and showed great affection towards us all.

In the summer, Ned Ormiston again visited us; he wished to say farewell before sailing for the old country. I think Pandora did not like him any better than in former days, but she had learned to control her feelings, and therefore he did not notice her dislike to him.

He was a contributor to some newspapers and periodicals. He went to the reserve and learned something of the Indian ways and manners and wrote about them. From Pandora he tried to draw an account of her life, and seemed to take a great interest in her. He managed her admirably, for noticing that she disliked frivolity and lightness of speech, and took rather to grave, quiet natures, he put away all gallantry and flattering words when he was with her, and became serious; in this way he gained from her what information he wanted. But after a time a great change came over her;

she would talk to him no more, and say little to any one else. A restless weariness took possession of her; she was melancholy, and absent-minded, and would sit for half an hour at a time motionless and dumb, and when her husband would enter the room, she would fling her arms around his neck, and cover him with kisses; she would cling to him, and seemed loath to release him from her embrace. Sometimes she would steal away by herself, and cry, and, although she seemed to be suffering from some hidden sorrow, she never complained.

The evening before Ned Ormiston left us, he was sitting at the dining-room table writing. Pandora entered the room and sat down on a chair opposite. Folding her arms upon the table, she stared at him for fifteen minutes, never moving her eyes from his face even when he looked up at her. I know he thought her behavior strange. I did not understand whether it was his bonny face that attracted her, or whether it was in absent-minded thought; for she sat half the day sometimes watching a sunbeam, or looking into the fire in much the same way.

"Are you going away to-morrow?" and "Do you love Lucy?" were the only words she addressed to him in all that time. To the first question he answered "Yes;" to the second, he made no reply. Then she arose quickly and went out into the garden, and paced up and down upon the green turf beneath the window where I was seated. I thought her very fascinating in the simple white dress and straw hat. After a little, Stanway joined her, and they walked about the garden together. I heard her say to him, "I should like to be riding over yonder fields, and climbing the hills; I'm tired; oh, so tired." Quiet tears streamed down her cheeks. I heard her husband promise to take her, and I heard her thank him, as she raised her wonderful eyes, that could be so soft and tender at times, to his. When

I looked out again, she was down upon her knees gathering some flowers. "The little things are starved," she said; "they are like me, hungry and cold. The garden is too small; they cannot breathe; they feel suffocated."

Her husband insisted upon her coming into the house.

That night Ned Ormiston bid us all good-bye; in a few days he would be a long way out at sea.

The next morning Stanway found a note on the drawing-room table signed by Pandora, saying that she had gone away; that a search would prove useless; she would never return.

Stanway acted like a madman; he locked himself in his room, and no one saw him for many days; he could neither eat, nor sleep, but walked the floor all night long, and would admit no one. Then he took to wandering through the rooms, and seemed to linger long in the apartment that had once been hers. Everything was changed now. When his eyes fell on the empty stool where she had been accustomed to sit in front of the fireplace, he was much affected. He drew his hand across his eyes, saying, "Leave me, all of you."

Then Lucy fell ill, and we thought that she would never recover.

When she grew better, Stanway took her travelling with him, and they did not come back to the rectory for three years. Lucy returned as a bride. Ned Ormiston was the bridegroom.

The next morning, Stanway went away in search of Pandora; he found her; but she never entered her home again.

When Stanway returned, he was alone; he was in mourning, and wore a crape band upon his arm.

CHAPTER V.

A cold, blue sky; a full moon, and a rustle of withered leaves. Tall pine trees waving to and fro, and the wind moaning through them. The echo of footsteps upon frozen ground, then

silence. The sound of a deep, low voice, full of sorrow, and a soft, sweet voice, full of woe.

I stood still and shivered in every limb; I looked and listened outside a rude tent. Within, a blanket was stretched upon the ground; on it lay a beautiful Indian woman, and she was dying.

Her dark eyes were dim and heavy, her face was haggard and pale, and her form was wasted away with fever.

"Why did you leave me?" Stanway was saying. There was great haughtiness in his face and scorn in his voice; he was standing with folded arms, looking down upon her in judgment. There was something strange and powerful in the gaze.

She was watching his face with wild intent, and her eyes were deepened by thought and sadness. She raised herself upon the blanket with the little strength that remained to her, and said in great excitement: "I went away, dear, because I loved you too well to lay the burden of my life upon you. I felt that it was right to go."

"Your feelings, what are they?" said Stanway, with great contempt in his voice. "They are nothing more or less than mad impulses; you should not have been governed by them. But did it never occur to you, Pandora, that I was suffering from your loss?"

"It was to save you from misery I went away, Stanway; I thought to have been nothing to you any more."

"That is all you know about love. It is a thing that burns itself into one's very soul, and leaves a brand on one's life. When not returned, it is the greatest curse that can enter into a man's heart; it is like knocking one's head against a hard stone wall. The humiliation, the anguish—" he bowed his head down upon his hands in grief.

Then Pandora gave him an account of her life since she had left him, and he listened in silence, until she had finished. It was a straightforward,

honest, fearless life, and her example was followed, her blessing and influence felt, by the rude people about her. They loved her for her goodness, and her loyalty towards them.

"You have brought your life to an end by your mad act; you have ruined mine; it is of no more use to me."

"Have I done that?" she said with great sadness, "and I thought to have brought happiness to you, and to my people, in acting as I did. I wronged you in joining my life to yours, and I knew at the time that I was doing wrong. It was a terrible temptation that had come upon me, and I yielded. I was nothing better at the time than a poor waif, far, far beneath you and unworthy of your goodness; even when I was least worthy of you I loved you well. I loved you above my freedom, even better than the green fields, and woods, and sky,—aye, better than my own life, which was in the flowers and fields. I loved you in my soul and in my heart, better than the Power that guides me, and in one mad moment I yielded to your love. I married you and went with you to your home, and then repentance came upon me, knowing I had wronged you and could not fulfil the promises I had made. While I was living in comfort, I thought of my people, and a great sadness came upon me; for they suffer; they are hungry and cold at times. I could not bear being shut up in a house. I was like a caged thing, and the close confinement was nearly killing me; I had no life or feeling; I longed to escape and be free; after knowing what liberty was I hungered for it. The world looked so bright and sunny out here, and every night I dreamed of the fields and woods. But your love held me in iron chains;

I could not escape, however hard I tried. If you could only see as I see, feel as I feel, you would understand. And then I did not know how to manage your home; Susan was always complaining; Lucy would look at me with her great eyes, and even you would look annoyed at times. Everything seemed to go wrong, and your love seemed to grow cold; I could not stand that, so I went away."

She paused to gain strength, for she was trembling with weakness; and then she entreated to be forgiven. "It would not be worth your while to refuse forgiveness, and I know you will not, for you never in all your life hurt me; you were never unkind, or harsh; and last night I dreamed I was sleeping the last sleep, that I was laid away quietly under the green sod: the spring had come, the flowers were growing above my grave, and I was one with them."

As he leaned over her, she extended her hand, and drew her fingers through his soft brown hair; and he thought of the life that might have been; and the arms that were folded loosely about her tightened, and a half sob broke from his lips. His sorrow had sunk deep, and his face was as deathlike as the form he held in his arms. It would all be over so soon,—this meeting and this parting.

"How can I bear it, Pandora, my life? If you had not done this thing you might have yet lived." A wet cheek was laid against his own; she was content to lean her head against his breast, and feel his arms about her. Her face was calm, peaceful and holy.

"Now I shall die happy;" she whispered. Then there was silence between them—not to be broken this side the grave.





A SERENADE.

OVER THE WATER'S RIM
SINKETH THE SUN AWAY;
NIGHT, OUSKY SERAPHIM,
MIDNIGHT THE GARISH DAY;
LIST TO THE LUTE AND SONG
UNDER THY LATTICE, GREETING:
"LIFE IS BRIEF, LOVE IS LONG,
BLISS ALL TOO RARE AND FLEETING."

STARS IN THE AZURE SKY,
CLOUDLETS THAT FLOAT AFAIR,
SOFT WINDS THAT PAUSE AND SIGH,
FRAGRANCES OF JUNE'S SIMAR,
ALL THE NIGHTS MELODY,
CRESCENT MOON, LONE SEA AND SHORE,
GAVE PRECIOUS GLIMPSE OF THEE,
SWEET SOVEREIGN-QUEEN LENORE!

Keppell Strange.



GEORGE ST., NASSAU, FROM GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

THE BEAUTIFUL BAHAMAS.

BY HON. DONALD MACINNES, SENATOR.

DURING the early part of the winter of 1893-4, the writer, after an illness brought on by a severe cold, was advised to try the mild climate of Nassau. He ventures to hope that the following brief sketch of the Bahamas may not be wholly uninteresting to the readers of *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE*.

Columbus, after he landed on these islands in 1492, found an aboriginal Carib population. Writing to Ferdinand and Isabella, he described the country and natives as follows:—

“The country excels all others, as the day surpasses the night in splendour. The natives love their neighbors as themselves; their conversation is the sweetest imaginable, their faces always smiling, so gentle, so affectionate are they, that I swear to your Royal Highnesses, there are no better people in the world.”

Columbus, appreciating the goodness and gentleness of their character, treated these helpless natives with the magnanimity belonging to such heroic

natures as his, and earned their admiration and gratitude: and, after a brief stay, passed on in search of more discoveries. The inhabitants of these islands were fated to receive a very different treatment to that which was accorded to them by Columbus, from the Spaniards who came after him. A few years later, they were enticed away from their native islands, by means of deception and treachery, to work in the mines and pearl fisheries of Hispaniola, where gold was found; and the thirst for it and for gain, drove every other consideration from the minds of their task-masters. These helpless natives were made to labor so mercilessly, and under so much cruelty, that their numbers were decimated, and these unhappy people sank by thousands until they were finally exterminated.

For a period of about one hundred and fifty years from the time of Columbus, these islands remained uninhabited. In 1612, they were nominally

ally attached to Virginia, and may thus be considered to have formed a part of the English coast colonies on the North American Continent, until the Revolutionary War of Independence, when these colonies became United States territory at the conclusion of the war in 1783.

In 1646, settlers from Bermuda found their way in considerable numbers to Eleuthera, and some years later to New Providence.

The latter island and all others between 22 degrees and 27 degrees N. latitude, were granted by Charles II. to a proprietary body in 1670: and Captain Johnston Wentworth was appointed Governor.

No regular system of government appears to have been established, however, and New Providence continued to be a shelter for pirates and lawless people. It was laid waste by the Spaniards in 1680, and in 1703 the French and Spaniards combined, annihilated the settlement. After this

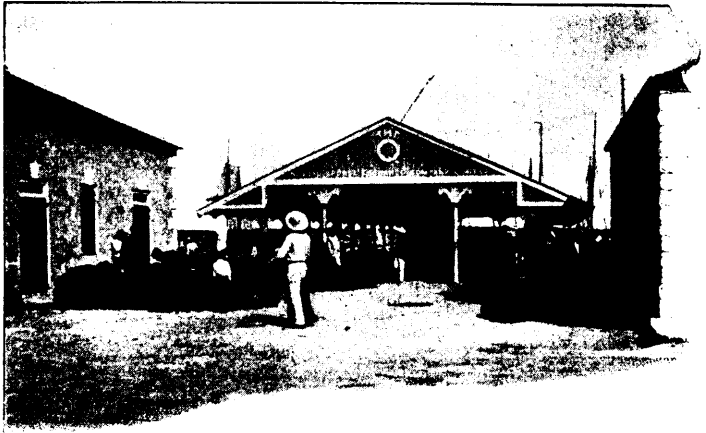
it became a regular rendezvous for pirates, who were finally extirpated by the English under Captain Woods Rogers, and a regular administration was formed, and colonists introduced. In 1781, the Bahamas were surrendered to the Spaniards, and at the conclusion of the war, were re-surrendered to Great Britain, and have since then remained British possessions.

The islands comprising the Bahamas, are 29 in number, and some of them are of considerable size. They stretch a distance of 600 miles from St. Domingo to the eastern coast of Florida.*

* The principal islands comprising the Bahamas, are: New Providence, Eleuthera, Andros Abaco, San Salvador or Watling's Island, Acklin's Island, Crooked Island, Grand Bahama, Fortune Island, Mangua Long Island, Rumcay.

The whole of the trade from North America and Europe to the Gulf of Mexico passes by the north of these islands, and the trade from North America to Cuba, St. Domingo, Jamaica, and the Gulf of Honduras, and the northern coast of South America, passes southward and to windward of the group. The return trade, and all the European trade from the same countries, passes to the north. These islands, therefore, lie in the track of the two great streams of trade.

The formation of the islands is, without exception, of the same character. Composed of calcareous rock of coral, shell-hardened into limestone,



THE SPONGE EXCHANGE.

the surface is more or less stratified, and is generally honey-combed and perforated with innumerable cavities. For a few inches in depth the rock is as hard as flint: underneath it gradually softens. This formation accounts for the soil being thin and sparse, appearing only in the honeycombed cavities of the surface.

It is abundantly rich and productive, consisting chiefly of vegetable mould. The porous nature of the rock and formation supplies the vegetables with moisture from below, as well as from the surface. Oranges, cocoanuts, bananas, grape fruit, and other tropical fruits, flourish on this formation: pineapples are also grown

but not on all the islands. These fruits, along with sponges turtles, etc., have hitherto been the principal exports.

The initiation of the sisal fibre industry by His Excellency Sir Ambrose Shea, the Governor of the colony, is destined greatly to augment the value and volume of the exports, and promote the prosperity and progress of the Bahamas. The sisal is a plant indigenous to these islands. It was well-known, but looked upon as a useless, ineradicable weed, much the same as the thistle in more northern climates. The attention of His Excel-

lency was attracted to the commercial value of its properties. Its fibre is found to be equal to manilla for the manufacture of rope, twine and cordage, and, when prepared by means of suitable machinery, is capable of being made into textile fabrics. Sisal, the name by which the plant is called, does not convey a proper idea of its properties. Bahama flax would be a more appropriate appellation than that by which it is at present known. Through the untiring exertions of the Governor, English and American capitalists have become interested, and

have embarked in the industry. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the well-known member of Parliament for Birmingham, and also well-known as a successful capitalist, has recently purchased from the Government twenty thousand acres. His plantation is on the island of Andros. Mr. Neville Chamberlain, his youngest son, is in charge, and is developing the property with energy and intelligence. Other capitalists have made purchases in Abaco, and some of the other islands: local capital is employed in its development in New Providence.

From a carefully prepared and conservative statement recently submitted to a select committee of the House of Assembly, it is estimated that the value of the exports from these islands will be increased within the next few years, by this new and staple industry, from the present annual value of £130,000 stg. to about half a million, a surprising achievement, the result of the foresight and observation of the Governor.



SAUNDERS & CO.'S SPONGE YARD.

lency was attracted to the commercial value of its properties. Its fibre is found to be equal to manilla for the manufacture of rope, twine and cordage, and, when prepared by means of suitable machinery, is capable of being made into textile fabrics. Sisal, the name by which the plant is called, does not convey a proper idea of its properties. Bahama flax would be a more appropriate appellation than that by which it is at present known. Through the untiring exertions of the Governor, English and American capitalists have become interested, and

“This earth is one vast storehouse, fitted with compartments and containing everything that is necessary for our use, and we are given the key to unlock them, when they are wanted and not before.”

We see here the truth and wisdom of the above remarkable dictum exemplified in the conversion of what was looked upon as an ineradicable weed into a staple industry, giving employment to the people, and affording a source of wealth to the colony. As a consequence, its population must multiply and increase through immi-

gration and otherwise; its trade and commerce will expand the purchasing power of the people, and their ability to pay will be augmented.

The Government of Canada has given a subsidy to a line of steamers trading between Halifax and Jamaica, and the Bahamas are on the route. To make Nassau a port of call would not entail any serious loss of time or additional cost, and it may be the means of securing to Canada a portion of the trade of the Bahamas, destined to grow to considerable dimensions. Canada has a surplus to spare of produce and other commodities which the people inhabiting these islands need and require, and thus a new and growing market may be made available.

The present population of the Bahamas, white and colored, numbers about 50,000. Of these, New Providence contains about 12,000, of whom 10,000 live in Nassau and its suburbs. The remainder occupy the "out islands."

Nassau is the capital of the Bahamas, and is situated on the island of New Providence, one of the smallest of the islands. This island possesses the best harbor of any of the islands, and this is doubtless the reason for its having been chosen as the seat of government. Its dimensions are, 21 miles in length from east to west, and its breadth 7 miles from north to south. The other islands are termed "out islands." The most important of them, and possessing the largest area of cultivable land, are Andros, Eleuthera, and Abaco; many of the others also have considerable areas of arable land and are more or less inhabited. San Salvador, or Watling's Island, is noted as having been the first landing-place of Columbus. It may be remarked that Columbus never reached the mainland of the American continent, a fact generally overlooked. The date of his first landing on San Salvador was the 11th day of October, 1492, and, pursuing his voyage of dis-



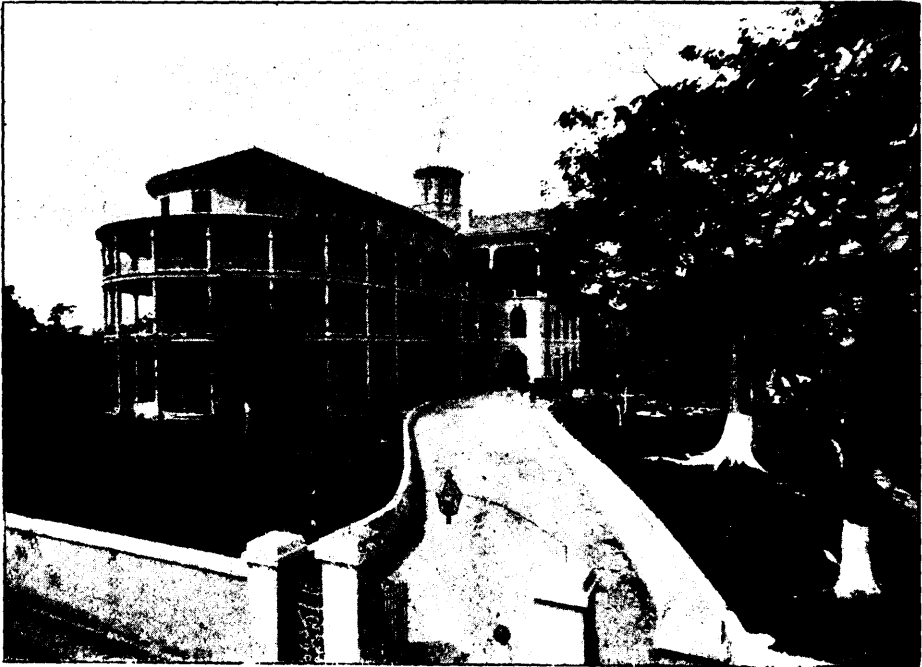
GOVERNMENT HOUSE FROM GEORGE STREET.

covery, he visited the island of New Providence on the 17th day of October, in the same year. He named it Ferdinando, in honor of Ferdinand, King of Spain.

Nassau is resorted to in winter by invalids and seekers after a mild, genial, and healthy climate, and by tourists from the United States, Canada and elsewhere. It is situated in latitude 25 05' north and longitude 70 20' west. The average temperature in winter, from December to April, is 70°67: after these months, that is, from

American Civil War—the War of Secession in the United States—as the great rendezvous for blockade runners. It was the most convenient port of call for steamers with cargoes for the blockaded ports of the Southern States. The following figures will convey some idea of the extraordinary volume of the trade at Nassau.

	IMPORTS.	EXPORTS.
1860	234,039 Stg.	157,350.
1861	274,584	195,584.
1862	1,250,322	1,007,755.
1863	4,295,316	3,368,567.
1864	5,346,112	4 672,398.



THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL, NASSAU,

April to December, the heat is unpleasant and relaxing.

New Providence was so named by Captain William Sayles, who was saved from shipwreck on his voyage to the Carolinas in 1667, by running into its harbor in stress of weather. Out of gratitude for his safe deliverance, and to distinguish it from Providence on the mainland of North America, he named it New Providence.

Nassau became famous during the

It will be remembered that the blockade of the Southern ports was first proclaimed in April, 1861. 1860-61 show the normal volume of trade of the colony, and the later years the abnormal increase consequent on the commerce created by blockade running. When peace was restored, and blockade running ceased, the business of the colony soon relapsed into its ordinary channels and volume.

Nassau is very accessible from New



ON THE ROAD TO FORT CHARLOTTE, NASSAU, BAHAMAS.

York. There is a line of steamers—the Ward line—which makes fortnightly trips to and from Nassau and Cuba. The distance to Nassau is about 950 miles, and the length of the voyage three and one-half days. The accommodation on board these steamers is most comfortable, and the sail is, as a rule, an agreeable one.

Our steamer, the *Santiago*, arrived off the harbor at about eight in the evening. The harbor is formed by an island, named Hogg Island, which serves as a natural breakwater. An arm of the sea, about 800 yards in width, runs in between it and the port. This arm makes a safe anchorage for vessels or steamers of light draught, but is not of sufficient depth for steamers of the size of the *Santiago* to enter, and, therefore, we anchored outside at the western end of the arm. The tender, a light-draught steamer, was sent out from the port to take off the passengers and their luggage. There was rather a high sea running at the time, and the appearance of the tender rocking up and down, her deck crowded with colored people, the lights on board making their forms visible at a distance, reminded one of the "Brocken" scene in Irving's play of "Faust." The landing was crowded with the inhabitants, mostly colored, intermingled with the colored police, who had been brought from Barbadoes to take the place of the British troops, when they were withdrawn from the colony. Good order was observed, and the new arrivals were treated with civility. After a nominal examination of their baggage at the custom house, the passengers were driven in open cabs to the Royal Victoria Hotel, a large, commodious, and handsome structure, the property of the Government of the Bahamas, and built in 1860, at a cost of £25,000 sterling. It is surrounded on three flats by light, graceful verandahs, such as are eminently suitable to the tropics. The rooms are fresh, airy, and remarkably clean.

A characteristic of Nassau is its cleanliness. The formation of the island, as has already been observed, is coral hardened into limestone. The roads and streets, laid out on this limestone formation, are always clean, and when rain falls on their hard surface, their face is washed and made cleaner. There can be no mud, and these roads and streets are as smooth as an asphalt pavement—a paradise for bicycles. There is no smoke, for fires are not needed unless for cooking purposes. The fuel is wood, and hence freer than other fuel from dirt.

The town presents a very attractive and picturesque appearance. The ascent of the streets is gradual from the arm of the sea in the front to the summit of the ridge, which stands back some distance from the harbor. The business portion of the town, and the residences of the more opulent classes, occupy the space between the harbor and the summit of the ridge. The town is several miles in length from west to east, and is crested by a succession of mansions. The most remarkable of these are, Government House, the Priory—formerly the residence of the Earl of Dunmore—the Academy of St. Francis Xavier, Villa Doyle, the Royal Hotel, and Fort Fincastle. The houses of the well-to-do stand below the ridge, with avenues leading up to them, lined with cocoanut, orange trees, palms, etc. The less pretentious residences are crowded round with tropical fruit trees, planted irregularly, growing luxuriantly, finding a place for nourishment for their roots in the crevices and fissures of the rocks. Most of them have pretty gardens, abounding in a variety of flowers, and carefully and well kept. Behind the ridge are the suburbs—Lancy-town, lying westward, and Bain and Grant-towns, lying eastward and in the rear of Fort Fincastle.

The present Government House, an elegant tropical mansion, was built in 1801. Its site is on Mount Fitzwilliam, a continuation of the ridge al-

ready described. There is a long flight of steps leading up to it, and about half way is placed a statue of Columbus, modelled in London. (Washington Irving, who was then in London, interested himself in its preparation.) The site is very fine, overlooking the town and harbor, and commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country.

Fort Charlotte, the foundation of which was laid by the Spaniards, and completed by Lord Dunmore, stands below Government House and the other mansions at the extreme western end of the town. Fort Montague is on

the extreme eastern end, and Fort Fin-castle is in the centre. These three forts were built at various periods as a protection in the tumultuous and troublous times of the past, and being no longer needed, are dismantled, and serve no other purpose than being objects of interest. The only use to which they are now put is the signalling of vessels at sea, entering the harbor, or passing by.

The drives over the smooth, coral limestone roads are most pleasant. They pass groves of orange and cocoa-nut trees, laden with fruits, and fields of sisal planted in rows, and looking like small palms, and growing spontaneously out of the fissures and crevices of the rocks, and needing no other care than that of the first planting.

The principal amusements of the place are bathing, boating and deep sea fishing. The bathing in the surf is superb, the sand on the shore being entirely free from stones, and soft and pleasant to the feet. The temperature of the water averages 75°. The

boating is most enjoyable. Marine gardens lie below, and the water is so clear that objects at the bottom, when looked at through a glass-bottomed boat prepared for the purpose, can be



SILK COTTON TREE, WINTER.

seen as plainly as if they were on land. The following description of one of these sea gardens is taken from a book called "The Land of the Pink Pearl:"

"These marine gardens are made up of the most exquisite submerged coral bowers and grottoes, rivalling the choicest productions of the vegetable world in form and color. One can hardly believe one's eyes when all their unexpected beauties are revealed for the first time. The madrepora or branching coral is very abundant, as are also the astraea or brain coral alcyonoid polyps (delicate coral shrubs), and algae, all of which are of fairy form and attractive in color. Gorgonias and sea fans, much diversified in size and color, and clusters of purple sea feathers, wave gracefully in the clear water, like flowering shrubs in the wind."

It would be impossible to imagine any situation better for the thorough examination of a sea garden than that in which we found ourselves on this particular morning. Our vessel was

not going fast enough to interfere with the most minute investigation of every object on the sea bottom, and yet was just moving sufficiently to enable us to see fresh forms of coral beauty every minute, each more lovely than its predecessor. Into deep alcoves and recesses, under shelving masses of coral, did we peer with wondering eyes, almost looking for some Lurline or sea nymph basking in the sunlight that seemed to penetrate right down into this glorious submerged coral world. The fish that dart about or lie sleeping in these coral caves harmonize well with the general beauty of the scene, for their coloring is gorgeous, and their motions are extremely graceful. Some are yellow, some emerald, some are a rich scarlet; some silver and satin, others ringed, striped, fringed, tipped or spotted with all the colors of the rainbow.

The deep sea fishing is interesting and amusing; the variety of fish is great, and they are of the queerest shapes. Their coloring is well described in the above extract. Sharks and a species of a large, voracious fish called the "Barracuda," abound, but with ordinary care no danger need be apprehended. One of our party, when on a fishing excursion, hooked an ordinary sized fish, but from the strain on his line he thought it must be of enormous size. The explanation was that the Barracuda had seized it by the middle, when being hauled up; but as soon as the gunwale was reached, the Barracuda bit off his half and cleared out with it, leaving the other half on the hook,

The visitors to Nassau are mostly American citizens from various States, and as a rule are travelled people whom it is pleasant and agreeable to meet. The Government of the Bahamas is that of a Crown Colony, and its model that of the government of Great Britain. The colony, for some years prior to the appointment of its present Governor, made no progress; but under the administration of his Excellency Sir Ambrose Shea, new industries have been initiated. A cable has been laid, connecting it with the American continent, and a joint stock bank has been established at Nassau. The developments now in progress will doubtless so promote the prosperity of the Bahamas as to warrant Nassau being made a port of call for the steamers at present trading between Halifax and Jamaica.

The experiment is worthy of a trial. That it is an experiment should not militate against it, for great enterprises of commerce were, at their inception, experiments. The great Cunard line of steamers, the Atlantic Cable, the Canadian Pacific Railway with its line of splendid steamers on the Pacific ocean trading to the East, all of which enterprises have been so eminently successful, are notable examples. Direct communication with Nassau, aside from its attractions as a winter sea side resort, will be the means of opening a new market (not large at present, but its future possibilities are encouraging) to the farmers and manufacturers, and a new field for the enterprise of the merchants of the Dominion.



DEATH'S SOLILOQUY.

(Suggested by a Picture.)

I have sat at many a festal board,
A hated, unbidden guest ;
To some—I have come their only friend,
My home — their only rest.

In a city's grimmest, saddest haunt,
I watched full many a day
A face and form growing pinched and gaunt,
As life slowly ebbed away ;
And yet — 'neath that broken, skyward roof,
Of skill, nay of genius, lay many a proof.

I waited — hunger and cold were there,
And a weary, aching heart ;
There was courage, too, that strove to bear
For the sake of a cherished art ;
One more effort — his last, his best,
Then the tired spirit sank to rest !

The soft, warm flesh shrinks back with dread
From the icy hand of death,
But here was no change to mark the dead,
Save that the flickering breath
Had fled from those pallid lips away —
There was none to weep or bid it stay.

He was mine ! But now hurrying footsteps came
Up the steep, broken stair,
She entered at last, whom men call Fame,
Then paused with bewildered air ; —
" Too late, alas ! yet even now,
Fame's immortal wreath shall deck his brow."

While yet she spoke, another stood
Before the half-open door ;
She gazed at the walls so bare and rude ;
Rich gifts in her hand she bore ; —
" Ah ! genius hath ever an early doom,
But his ashes shall rest 'neath a marble tomb."

Men withhold the kindly word and deed,
While yet they have power to bless ;
They turn from the sorest living need,
Nay, add to its bitter stress, —
But when they have passed beyond mortal ken,
To the *dead*, come the gifts and the praise of men.

—W. J. K.

OUT-DOOR SPORTS IN AUSTRALIA.

BY J. LAMBERT PAYNE.

THE love of out-door sports in Australia amounts to a national passion. No other people in the world give themselves up so thoroughly and enthusiastically to racing, cricketing, football and contests of all sorts on land and water. This arises from two causes in chief: First, a climate which interposes no obstacle at any time of the year, and second, the demand for luxury and entertainment, which goes with enormous wealth. On the *per capita* basis there is more money in Australia than in France, England or the United States, and the idle rich, vigorous and adventurous, make up a considerable proportion of every community. They must have amusement; and following the tastes and instincts of their Anglo-Saxon ancestors, they have taken to horse racing and to cricket, in particular, as their chief sources of recreation. These they go in for with their whole souls. Men, women and children, regardless of station or circumstances, give themselves up to the controlling excitement of these sports with a ready cheerfulness which is surprising to one accustomed only to the sturdier ways of North America.

To understand the extent and high character of the racing, it is necessary to realize something of the Australian's love for horses. It costs very little to keep domestic animals in that great country of pasture land and perpetual summer, and horses, being numerous and cheap, are very common property. There are relatively more saddle horses in Australia than in any other country under the sun. No one feels so poor as not to be able to ride. Boys and girls are taught horsemanship as we teach our children

to swim, and everyone knows and loves a good horse. In Ralph Bolderwood's stories of Australian life, his readers must have noticed how effectively he makes heroes of his horses. Should the Antipodeans ever drift into idolatry, there can be little doubt that their deity would take the form of a long and slender thoroughbred, mounted by an equally slim and elongated jockey. Even now they cherish for their horses a worshipful regard which the visitor soon learns to be both genuine and natural. The names of the high bred, aristocratic animals of Australia are household words; their records are familiar to the masses; and every other person you meet has his opinion as to their chances in any of the great events which interest society at large.

When I say "interest society at large," the words are intended to have more than ordinary meaning. In a country where racing seems to concern everybody, the great annual meetings are, in a very broad sense, national affairs. Not only do a very large proportion of the people talk of nothing else for weeks and months ahead; but they flock to the contest by tens of thousands. It was my privilege to see the great racing carnival at Melbourne in November last, and on what is called "Cup Day," there was an attendance of 110,000. This "Cup Day" was only one of a series of four racing days within a carnival period of eight days, and in one other year, at least, it is officially asserted, that 200,000 persons saw the contest for the valuable Melbourne Cup prize. When I saw the races it was near the end of a year in which the Australians had been humbled by one of the most

terrible financial crashes that had ever come upon any country. They were humble, for the reason that no one there had expected Australia to do ought but grow in riches and her people to be always gay. Yet, poor and depressed as they felt, 110,000 turned out to see a day's racing, and of that number at least 45,000 cheerfully paid \$2.60 for a seat. They were willing to make domestic sacrifices by way of antidote for the hard times; but to miss seeing the Cup run for was like being deprived of an actual necessary of life. They had grown up to regard it as such, and scepticism had not come with the whirlwind of general disaster to shatter this inbred notion. The cost was wholly a secondary consideration, and on the score of right and wrong I did not meet a person in Australia who doubted that the sport was regularly and properly ordained.

It would be impossible, except at the sacrifice of much space, and the presentation of many details, to describe the character of the racing week in each November, or the completeness of the arrangements at the Flemington course, just outside of Melbourne. It is questionable whether a grander spectacle can be seen anywhere in the world than at Flemington on the day of the Melbourne Cup race. I have measured the meaning of these words after considerable observation. The English Derby, on the whole, does not equal it. A larger number of people may flock to Epsom Downs, than have gathered at Flemington; but the stakes are not as large for the Derby as for the Melbourne Cup, and the accessories and appointments of the course are in no way comparable. The prizes for the four days' racing exceeded \$110,000, and the smallest attendance on any one of those days was 45,000. The course is by far the finest in the world—the largest, the best equipped and the most artistic. It has ample accommodation for 125-

000 people, and on important days provides luncheon at \$1.25 a head, for perhaps one-third that number. There is no track in the United States which makes equal provision for the comfort and convenience of its patrons. "Cup Day" is the event which no one wishes to miss, and poverty does not stand in the way of gratifying this desire, since those who do not wish to pay may see the races for nothing. When the land was alienated by the Government, it was made a condition that the entire portion inside the oval should be free; but it is illustrative of the Australian's pride that no one enters the paddock who can scrape together 4s. 6d.—the lowest admission fee—for a place on "the hill."

The disposition to bet on the races is universal, and to be without some interest in any of the great events is to be decidedly peculiar. The sweepstakes which have for years been associated with the race for the Melbourne Cup, have yielded wonderful rich prizes, and there are very few households in the colonies which do not have some share in the annual drawing. The first prize, until last year, had always stood at £30,000, with £10,000 for the second prize, and relatively tempting figures down a long list. In November last a poor woman in Sydney drew first prize in one of the sweeps, and suddenly found herself with a fortune of £18,000 as the result of her speculation. On the whole, however, the feverish passion developed by these lotteries has come to be regarded as a national blight, and legislation has been recently passed to very much reduce their scope. The spectacle of a score of persons winning very large sums of money every year had led to a wholly unhealthy interest in such schemes—which result could scarcely be surprising in any community, much less among the sport-loving people of Australia.

The extent of the betting—which is carried on by bookmakers under

special and well considered regulations—may be best illustrated by an incident, quite apart from the race meeting, which came directly under my observation. I was dining at the home of a wealthy sheep and mine owner in Melbourne one day, when the value of a greyhound in one of the kennels was being questioned by a member of our visiting party. "Do you mean to say you paid £85 for that dog's mother?" asked the visitor with incredulous surprise. "That was the figure," said the Australian quietly. "Well," came the rejoinder of his guest, "I think such a payment fairly illustrates the old adage that a fool and his money are soon parted." The owner of the dog laughed a low and suggestive laugh as he took his party into the house and said: "Do you see those pieces of gold plate in the glass case? They cost £500. My dog won them as first prize in one coursing contest;" and then turning to his banker, who happened to be conversing near by, he asked: "Murchison, how much was it I won in wagers on that dog race?" The reply was: "I do not remember the exact sum; but I know it was between £10,000 and £11,000." "And then," continued the host; "I sold the dog four years later for £125; so you see I was not such a fool after all." Here, then, was a winning of over \$55,000 on a single coursing event, and from this it may be surmised what vast sums are won and lost on the great horse races, in which everybody has an intense interest.

With respect to cricket, the fame of the Australians in that regard is world-wide. But to thoroughly understand

the extent to which the game is played, one must visit the Antipodes, and see how much it is made a part of the national life. It is not to be wondered at that this great English game has such a foothold in the colonies, when it is realized that 95 per cent. of all the people were either born in Great Britain or have British parents. In the course of a Saturday afternoon drive in Melbourne—which afternoon is generally observed as a half holiday by all classes—I am well within the mark when I say I saw 200 cricket matches in progress. It is the literal truth that wherever a plot of grass large enough for the purpose could be found in that great and widely extended city, there a match was being played, and the players ranged all the way between seven year old boys and gray-bearded men. At half-past four one Tuesday afternoon I tried in vain to buy some stationery in Melbourne. All the stores were closed. I asked an acquaintance the reason, and he replied, "We always close our stores at half-past four." Why? I enquired. "To play cricket," he exclaimed, with an emphasis which indicated how much he was surprised by my ignorance of Australian sentiment on that score. All the boys and men play cricket, and they play it the year round, and year in and year out, without ever tiring of it. And as they play cricket, so they race their yachts, and race in rowing shells, and hunt kangaroos, and shoot rabbits and ride after hounds—with a hearty and unrestrained enthusiasm, and that effervescent gayety which characterizes the rugged colonist in all he does.



THE CHANGED GRAVE.

The following lines were suggested by a incident that occurred in a northern Scottish town, where, on the sale of an old church, for business purposes, several young men of the congregation met by night and removed to the new cemetery the body of a beloved pastor, buried under the pulpit.

Oh, what are they doing at dead of night
In the old Kirk by the sea ?
As they stealthily work by shaded light,
And eagerly dig with anxious might,
'Neath the damp stone floor, with its tombstones hoar,
Of this sacred sanctuary.

No hardened faces in rough disguise
Bend over their treasure-trove ;
But reverent hands and moistening eyes
With tenderness touch and survey their prize,
As they tenderly raise from their resting-place
The ashes of one they love.

For long did his voice through these holy aisles
The tidings of love proclaim,
And hearts that he lured from the tempter's wiles
Are spreading the news in earth's utmost isles,
And the souls they win will for ever shine
In the Saviour's diadem.

But this message will never go forth again
From the old Kirk by the sea ;
For the ruthless trader, in greed of gain,
Has changed to a mart this hallowed fane,
And the rocks by the shore will echo no more
Its heavenly melody.

The old stone walls may lowly be laid
By the spoiler as he may,
But over the grave of the saintly dead,
No reckless foot of the scoffer shall tread
By the stars' pale light, through the silent night
They fondly bear him away.

Where the last soft rays of the sunset glow,
And the birds their welcome sing ;
Where the river murmurs a requiem low,
To the distant waves, as they ebb and flow,
They've laid him to rest, till he wake with the blest,
At the coming of the King.

J. S. MCADIE,

ST. ANDREWS, QUE.

IN NORTH-WESTERN WILDS.

(*The narrative of a 2,500 mile journey of Exploration in the great Mackenzie River Basin.*)

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

IV.

FORT NELSON was nearly swept away by a flood in the month of June, 1891. It began on the 5th and attained its maximum height on the 7th, and remained so for three days. The river bed is about 200 yards wide at the post, and the banks are from twenty to thirty feet high; beyond this, on both sides, there are many extensive flats reaching to the foot of the valley slopes. Some idea of the extent of the flood may be formed when it is said that not only was the river bed filled to the brim, but the water rose so high over that, that at the post only the roofs of the buildings were above it. The Roman Catholic Mission Church was carried bodily down the river, and finally found a resting-place on the bank of the Liard River. The missionary's residence was also carried away. The Hudson's Bay Company's buildings, being on high ground, remained, but the water rose to the loft floor, and when the flood abated nearly two feet of mud was found on the ground floors. Some of the people said that it would have been easier to build new houses than clean the old ones. The height of the water could easily be traced along the river by observing the coating of mud on the trunks of all the trees, which had not yet been washed off by the rains, also by the drift wood caught in the lower limbs in many places. The people had to flee to the higher lands in the vicinity, and remained there for many days. The rise was so sudden and unexpected that they lost many articles of furniture and many books and records.

The waters of this flood came down

a stream called the Sicannie River, which joins the East Branch River about two miles above the fort. The Indians ascend this stream, they say, a long distance into the mountains, and aver that at one part of its course it is quite close to the Liard; but it may be the Turnagain or Black River they mean. Lately they have taken to its head waters as their hunting-ground, and from there they have visited a trader situated on a river that flows, they say, into the sea.

It takes them several days on foot to reach this place from the head of Sicannie River. They described the Sicannie as always swift, with no rapids of consequence, and always a gravelly bed. From their account of its length, it must pierce the Rocky Mountains, and it, no doubt, was gorged, at the time of the flood mentioned, by an unusually heavy rainfall, or by hot weather in the mountains.

One old Indian, a resident at the post for many years, who will be referred to again, said he recollected hearing in his childhood the people talk of a similar flood, but he does not think the water rose so high. As the post was not then in existence, there is no other record of it.

There were two very old Indian women living at the post on such food as they got from the company's employés. One was totally blind and the other very nearly so. A half-witted Indian boy cut their wood and attended to their wants, and by way of compensation they shared their food with him. No one knew their age, but they had lived a very long time for natives, as was evidenced by their

wrinkled faces, lustreless eyes, and toothless mouths. Their clothing was very scant and very dirty; their tent a thing of shreds and patches, little better than none; their food was often scant, and their fire low. You fancy them utterly miserable; but they were not. I called on them daily with some food, a bit of tobacco and a few lumps of sugar. This would put them into wonderful humor; especially the sugar. The blind one would hold her sugar in her hand, occasionally licking a lump, and exclaiming *eh shugow* (sugar) in a tone which bespoke complete ecstasy. The feast always wound up with a jocular discussion by those ancient dames as to which of them would secure me for her sweetheart. They invariably appealed to myself to decide between them, each meantime affecting all the airs of a pronounced flirt, displaying her charms with the most ludicrous poses, which convulsed me with laughter. The manner in which I parried these requests for a choice between them amused them highly; and who could refuse to brighten the lives of such poor old creatures with a little harmless pleasantry. Once the blind one, through the aid of the interpreter, told me her life story; how she had lost several husbands and all her children by death, had now no friends alive that she knew of, and was waiting patiently to join the lost ones in the great beyond. Her poor old wrinkled face and sightless eyes bespoke acute sorrow during the recital, especially when she expressed her desire to lay down the burden of her life. I have never elsewhere seen such squalid poverty accompanied by such childish cheerfulness.

The old man referred to as telling of a previous flood was believed to be nearly ninety years of age. He was still able to do a little trapping and shooting, by which he managed, with a little help from the people at the post, to eke out a living. He had the reputation of being a *seer* or prophet, and if stories told of him are

true, or only partly so, he must be a clairvoyant. As this class of phenomena is now receiving much attention, I will give some details. First as to his *modus operandi*: When asked to see and tell of absent ones, he generally has an hour or so of serious reflection alone. He then sits down with a tom-tom or drum, which he beats with all his might, singing in a low tone which gradually increases in force until he is shouting. As this proceeds he becomes excited, and jumps and leaps around, all the time beating the drum with all his might. This naturally exhausts him, and he falls apparently in a faint. After a little he begins to talk, and tells of whatever he has been asked about. Mrs. Christie, the wife of the clerk in charge of the post, related to me an instance of his power, or faculty.

A boat goes every year down to Fort Simpson for the year's supplies for the post. As this boat requires ten men to man it, and the resident clerk has to accompany it, it pretty well strips the post of all males during the time of the voyage. The journey down—three hundred and fifty miles—can easily be made in a week, but the return takes from sixteen to eighteen days, and with delays at Simpson and Liard, extends the entire absence over a month. In the summer of 1891 there was considerable delay at Simpson, waiting for the steamer *Wrigley* to arrive with the outfits; and as soon as the party started up the Liard, the water in the river began to rise until, at the rapids already described, high water prevented further progress. There was nothing for it but to wait for the flood to abate, so they went ashore and camped. But the waters continued to rise and drove them out of their camp. They went higher and camped, again to be driven out. The places where they camped were on the side of an easily ascending, willow-covered slope. After a wait of two weeks, the water fell sufficiently to allow them to pro-

ceed, and they reached home nearly three weeks later than they were expected. Mrs. Christie, the clerk's wife, naturally felt uneasy after the usual time had expired; and after ten or twelve days had passed, requested the old Indian to make medicine—as it is termed—and see where the boat was. Now this lady had no object in deceiving me, or telling me anything but what she believed to be the truth, and she told me the old man detailed to her the delay at Simpson, waiting for the outfit; he then related the story of the detention at the rapids by the flood, described the ground they camped on, the number of times they had to change camp, and finished by telling where the boat was at the time of speaking, all of which was verified when the party got home. She assured me further that the old man was never known to be farther down the river than Fort Liard, so he could not know from personal knowledge anything of the ground and rapids he described. That such a lengthy detailed statement is a coincidence is possible; but how probable I leave every reader to judge for himself. The evidence as to this would I think be classed good by the "Society for Psychological Research." I have heard several equally reliable accounts of instances of the possession of this apparently occult power by other Indians. Similar phenomena accompany some of the phases of hypnotism, and it is possible the clairvoyants were hypnotized themselves.

I was anxious to make a trial of the old man's powers, and I got Mrs. Christie to ask him to make medicine for me. He objected, saying that my object was only to make fun of, and laugh at him. He said, "That white man has come a long way, has seen everything, and knows everything, and why should he want to see me make medicine? What does he want to know that I can tell him? Ah, he only wants to laugh at a poor, simple, old man like me."

Mrs. Christie told me his objections, and said I would have to invent some excuse to satisfy him: and it occurred to me that to ask him to describe the route I was to pass over on my way to Peace River, and give an account of what would happen on the way, would be a satisfactory reason to him, and a very good test of his power.

Mrs. Christie explained this to him; it seemed reasonable, and he consented, in consideration of some bread, sugar, and tobacco, to make medicine for me, and let me know what I wanted. The time was set for nine o'clock that evening; the place, the old man's tent; and Mrs. Christie and her sister were to interpret. The old man felt so proud of my patronage that he let all the Indians know the arrangement, and most assuredly they would all be listening. Now, to them this man is simply infallible; so if he predicted undue hardship or difficulty on the way, I would not have got a single Indian to accompany me, and I thought it good policy to break my appointment, paying, however, the old man his bread, sugar and tobacco.

Before he could be convinced that my non-attendance was not a slight, and a new subject for investigation could be thought of, I had to leave. I understand the old man declares he is unconscious of all that takes place after he faints, and cannot recollect a word of anything he may have said. This, if true, connects this phenomenon with hypnotism.

Another Indian at this place poses as a prophet; but he is a Christianized one, attached to the Roman Catholic mission. He appears to be a much better listener, and remembers better the portions of Scripture he hears read than any of the other Indians, and from these portions he conceived the idea of becoming a prophet on Scriptural lines. His source of inspiration is dreams, which are all apocalyptic. Sometimes he records the images of his dreams, if he has them at all, in rude drawings; one of which, which I saw,

was said to represent the way to heaven, as he saw it in a vision. There was no road, or way at all, represented, but the whole picture was a collection of beasts of formidable and uncouth appearance, over which hovered an immense bird with great green wings and eagle-like head. There was nothing in the picture representing, or even suggesting, humanity, and I could not learn the idea intended to be represented, if indeed any idea was associated with it. It may be the idea was to represent evils which the Christian has to overcome: but the thought at once suggested itself to me that he had heard part of Revelations read, and fashioned his visions accordingly. The conception of the beasts represented may have been obtained from pictures I have seen at some Missions, representing the tortures of the damned, in which horrible dragons and serpents are portrayed playing with lost souls in a fiery pit.

The student of natural religion would find much interesting matter in such things, for it is easy to imagine this man and his people, removed from all further influences of civilization, developing a new religion from their garbled understanding of what may be termed unchristian teachings; for just as a non-artistic eye will only see the high colors in a work of art, so those ignorant people see only the more realistic aspects of religion, and in many cases much that is not religion at all is presented with terrible realism. The spiritual beauties, very few of them can even faintly discern. To grasp these beauties will require, it may be, generations of culture and development.

The Indians pay great attention to his harangues, and he, at any rate, is not a "prophet without honor in his own country."

Much interesting and valuable "folklore" might have been collected by missionaries and traders in the territories, if they had intelligently set themselves the task of doing so. But,

alas! the great majority of the latter thought only of getting a few pelts, which was, of course, their primary duty. Very few of them collected even curiosities in an intelligent way.

The missionaries generally taught the natives that anything pertaining to their own religion was of the evil one, who they brought very vividly before the savage mind. As a consequence, they are afraid or ashamed to speak of their original beliefs, and it would take a long intimacy with them to disabuse their minds of the idea that any white man had any more interest in those questions than the missionaries. With the Indians in our North, it is now too late to collect much reliable knowledge of their original beliefs and myths, as very few of the generations possessing it are alive. No doubt much has been gathered, but liberal-minded, systematic missionaries might have accumulated much more.

This post was built about the year 1864, and as it was only an outpost, not much was done in the way of agricultural experiment. It is surrounded by dense, high forest, and as the clearing around it is only a few acres in extent, much of the sun's warmth is lost during the day, so that any operations conducted here are not a fair test climatically.

Barley has been tried several times with success, and potatoes were always grown. The crop of 1891 was destroyed by the flood, and vegetables had to be brought up from Liard and Simpson. The journals kept at the post previous to 1887 were at Simpson, which I did not know when there, or I would have examined them. The only notes of interest I could glean from those at Nelson were:

1887—River frozen over, 23rd October.

1888—Ice started out of river, 7th May; first drift ice in fall, 19th October; river frozen over, 31st October.

1889—Ice started out of river, 10th April; first drift ice, 30th October; river frozen over, 10th November.

1890—Ice started out of river, 30th April; planted potatoes, 17th May; took up potatoes,

18th September; first drift ice, 23rd October; river frozen over, 4th November.

1891—Ice started, 22nd April; planted potatoes, 18th May.

From the west bank of the Liard and East Branch Rivers it is not very far to the mountains, consequently the area of land which might be utilized agriculturally is not very extensive on that side. On the east bank the same character of surface holds, I believe, from the Liard eastward and southwards to the Peace; that is high, dry ridges with intervening swamps and lakes. Many of the swamps are very extensive. This is as it was described to me by some Indians, and one or two whites who have made trading trips into it. The soil on the ridges is all fair as far as I saw it, and there is no reason why this part of our country will not support a population as well as a great part of Europe. The latitude is not any greater, and the summer isotherms will compare, I think, in our favor.

On the morning of the 22nd September we and the three Indians who consented to accompany us to Fort St. John bade farewell to all the people at the fort and started up the river. The Indians were in great glee, anticipating a fine time on the way, and lots of good things at St. John. One of them, an ill-tempered, cowardly beast, had just lost his wife, whom he used to beat unmercifully, until one day another Indian interfered, gave him a severe thrashing, and took his wife from him. She was nothing loth to make the change. This fellow pretended to be overjoyed at leaving a community where he had been so ill used, and he looked forward to getting lots of wives at St. John. He affected great gaiety on leaving, simply, I believe, to provoke his wife into relenting and joining him again. If this was his object he signally failed. As our canoe ran much easier than any they had ever been in before, they paddled with great spirit, and from what we could

make out from their gestures and the few words we understood of their tongue, they intended to make great time all the way and surprise the folks at St. John by breaking all previous records, an easy task, for there was only one to break. Half a mile above the post there was a ripple about one hundred yards long in which the river rushed over a gravel bar, falling two or three feet in that distance. I gave the word to rush at this and mount it with the paddles alone; this surprised my Indians, and when they saw Gladman, the Professor and myself essay it, they too struck in and we got up without landing, a feat which brought out from the people and Indians at the fort murmurs of applause to which my three Indians responded with a yell of exultation. No Indian had ever gone up here in the canoe by paddling, and the experience was new to them. I don't think the canoes the natives used here would be strong enough to stem such a rush of water.

As there are no birch trees large enough to furnish bark of the requisite strength and size for building the familiar "birch-bark canoe," those people have to make their canoes with spruce bark. They find a spruce tree of suitable size and as free from knots as possible. In the spring and early summer months, the length necessary for the required canoe is cut around the tree at top and bottom, a slit made down the side and the bark peeled off. After the sap has dried, the bark will not peel readily, and it is loosened somewhat by beating with a club; and then gradually worked off with the aid of an axe used as a wedge. The bark off, it is sewed together at the ends with roots, in the same manner as the birch bark is, the inside being turned out. A willow gunwale is then sewed to the edge of the bark; willow ribs are put in and joined to this gunwale; any cracks or knot holes are filled with gum in the ordinary way; some branches are laid

along the bottom for flooring, and the craft is ready to be launched. It is easy to see that no large canoe can be made in this way: the largest which I saw were the two the chiefs came to Nelson in, and they would carry no more than four men each. These canoes are never used going up stream, for more than short distances, as they will not stand knocking on the bottom and against the shores, as boats going up swift streams have to do. When leaving the trading posts in the fall for their winter hunting grounds, the natives have to march overland, carrying all they possess on their backs. It is not uncommon for men, women, children and dogs, to start out with all they can support; but as they never go very far in a day, but hunt and trap along the way, they do not endure much hardship at such times. In the winter they make sleds to move about with, and if at all practicable, they all come in to the post at Christmas and New Year's, where they get a holiday dinner from the company. To miss this feast is almost a crime, and I believe they would sacrifice more to get to it than some of our fellow-subjects would to attend a court levee or state ball. After the feast and some necessary business, they all betake themselves to their hunting again until spring, when they make their way to some streams, on the bank of which they make their canoes as described, and descend to the nearest trading post. Here they abandon the craft, which are generally utilized as coverings for buildings by the people at the fort. Many fine groves of spruce are being destroyed by the natives in this way; for as soon as the bark is stripped off, the tree dies. Only the largest and finest trees are used. Dug-out canoes are quite common in other parts of the territory, and are generally made of balsam, poplar or cottonwood, but no attempt has been made to make them here, though there are some magnificent trees all along the stream.

After losing sight of the post, the ardor of our Indians cooled down; and after dinner they had apparently made up their minds to take things easily. The one who had lost his wife assumed a defiant air, and laid down his paddle; he also apparently took command of the other two, and in whispers advised them not to work. I ordered them to paddle, and they paddled until he interfered again. When I ordered him to go to work, he gave me to understand by signs, that he had simply come to show us the way, not to work. I did not wish to assert myself too sternly, lest they should leave us, but I made them understand they had to work just as we had. In this way we made only sixteen miles the first day, up a generally strong current. Though the water was at fall stage—low—the *Grahame* or *Athabasca* could easily make way here. The junction with the Sicannie river, about two miles above the post, leaves the East Branch about the same size apparently as it is below. On the 23rd we did a little better, making nineteen miles, and in this day's work, too, I found no place too swift or too shallow for either of those steamers to ascend.

The country, as seen from the river during those two days, is hilly, with many extensive areas of open woods which almost might be classed as prairie; but I take this openness to be the result of forest fires. To judge from the growth of grass and herbage, the soil is good. Except at a few points, we saw only the immediate valley of the river, but where we could see any distance, the appearance was generally the same.

The third day out I thought it safe to make our Indians understand that they would have to work more than they had been doing, and we profited so much by their increased endeavors that we made twenty-five miles. Early in the evening we saw an Indians' camp at which we called. Here they had lots of fresh meat, and

a kettleful was at once put to cook for us. I donated some tea and my three Indians had a glorious feast. The Indian at this camp had a long talk with my Indians, and then set himself to work to persuade me to return by the way I came. By signs and a few words of English he told me the way ahead was very bad, with many bad rapids in which we might all be drowned; in fact, if we persisted in going ahead—well, he shook his head and gazed at me with a most serious expression, as if words failed him to represent our doom in a proper manner. My Indians watched the expression of my face closely, and when, in reply to his exhortation, I smiled and pointed south they all lit their pipes, and smoked in moody silence. I then learned from this man that none of my Indians had ever been over the route that I was taking; that all they knew of it was from hearsay, just as I knew myself. You can imagine my surprise and chagrin, for they most positively made me to understand at Nelson that two of them had been through to the Peace. He again renewed his efforts to induce me to return, and told me he had been through once many years ago, but the memory of it—ah well! Again I refused to turn back, and I asked him to make me a map of it, which he essayed to do, but failed, simply, I believe, to scare me.

The following day, after a mysterious adieu between the Indians, in which much whispering was indulged in, we made good progress, for we were now getting beyond the limit of the snow storm I have already mentioned, which indirectly hindered us by reason of the many fallen trees along the beach, which often prevented us taking advantage of good tracking. At sunset we had made twenty-four and a half miles, and camped; and were now eighty-four and a half miles from Nelson. I was looking forward to making better time than heretofore, for I fancied my Indians

were now committed to the journey, and I intended to make them work better than they had so far done; but in this, it will be seen, I was reckoning without my host. The evening being fine, immediately after supper I took latitude and longitude observations.

They were anxious to see all the details of this, but as they were only in my way and would not keep still I told them to leave, which they did rather sulkily. Whether they thought I was, to use their own term, "making medicine" or not, I cannot say, but they did not seem to appreciate my conduct. Contrary to their usual habit, they this evening built their camp fire quite a distance from our tent, and seemed rather gloomy. During the day, I noticed that they very often held whispered conversations with each other, which I would interrupt by looking at them and assuming a listening attitude. This, together with their unsociability in the evening, made me suspicious of them; still I never thought they would desert us, but attributed their suspicious conduct to sulkiness. I had the men secure everything well, and bring all the provisions into our tent; the canoe was fixed so close to the tent, that it could not very easily be removed without awaking some of us.

I did not sleep very soundly that night, and at 2.20 a.m. I heard a noise. At first I thought it the Indians poking their fire, but it continued too long. I coughed and it ceased. I waited listening some time to hear some more; but no sound came; so after a little I got up and looked out, but could not see the forms of the men though some of their clothing was hanging by the fire drying. I went over to the fire and found that they had fled. I listened for a time for some sound to come from the woods where I thought they had gone, but none came. The moon was shining brightly, and I could see

quite a distance down the river, but I saw no sign of any living thing. At last it occurred to me that if they meant mischief and were concealed in the woods, I was a very conspicuous target for their three guns, as I was standing in the moonlight literally *sans culotte*. Under this impression I cautiously made my way back to the tent; you may be sure, keeping a sharp look on the edge of the woods not more than twenty paces distant; but I saw nothing. In the tent, I dressed myself and called up the Professor and Gladman. The Professor was astounded. "What! Gone? Whar to? What for?" Gladman sat up, smiled, and ejaculated "Lightning!" We all went out and looked at the deserted camp, I taking my rifle in my hand, feeling that if they were of hostile intent they would flee to the ends of the earth from that gun if they saw it in my hands, for they believed it could kill anything anywhere. We found they had gone so hurriedly that they had not had time to gather all their property; for they left some deer-skin shoes, some gloves and their drinking cups behind. Doubtless my awaking had hurried them off.

The Professor entered into a very lengthy discussion of the aspect of our present position, and why they had gone, but I cut him short by suggesting a good sleep on it. Gladman seconded my suggestion and we retired, not awaking again until 8 o'clock.

To give an idea of the thoughtlessness of those people, I will state that they started back to Nelson, as we ultimately found—a distance by the river of eighty-five miles, and in an air line not less than sixty—without any food, and only one charge of powder and shot each, each having a gun, and half a dozen bullets. On the way up they fired at everything they saw the first day, so I only allowed them a couple of charges each every morning afterwards. They had no cups to drink out of, and had no tools

but their knives. I afterwards learned that they reached the fort in two and a half days, when they created quite an anxiety as to how we would get along. The story of their desertion quickly spread from post to post, and my many acquaintances were anxious until they heard by the northern packet, the following spring, of my safe return.

Each of the deserters had a different explanation for their conduct, one stating that they were afraid I would kill them, another that they were afraid we would starve to death on the way, or that we would be caught by the winter and perish. They were treated with scant courtesy at the post, and accordingly soon departed for the winter hunt.

After breakfast I discussed the position with the men, telling them frankly what I believed to be the difficulties before us; that I was determined to go ahead, but at the same time would like to feel that they did not accompany me reluctantly. The Professor responded: "You do what you think is right in the sight of God, and I'll follow you till death," and Gladman quietly remarked, "Lightning! we won't turn back now." So about 9 o'clock we got under weigh, and at noon reached the forks, seven and a half miles from our camp of the previous night.

We will rest here awhile and I will give a description of the surrounding country and water system, as it was presented to me by some Indians at Nelson, and the three who deserted me. The latter pointed out to me a small river which joins about forty-five miles above Nelson, from the west side. It is not more than thirty yards wide at the mouth. The current is swift, and there is a considerable volume of water in it. My Indians delineated its course for me, which shows it to flow in the same general direction as the East Branch, out of quite a large lake, which they said was not very far from the main river. I

understood from them that they could cross, and often had, from the East Branch in less than a day. I understood also that this lake was a good hunting and fishing ground. I could not learn its name or extent, but I understood they called it simply their lake, and it was ten or fifteen miles long and nearly as wide. As I could not understand their language, nor they mine it was difficult to get any definite information from them.

Above the forks, the easterly and smaller branch is known as the Nelson, or East Branch, the larger and westerly one as the Siccannie Chief River. My course lay up the latter. From an Indian I met at Nelson, and who had been much on the East Branch mentioned, and also on the head-waters of Hay River, I got a good deal of information concerning both. Regarding the so-called Nelson, or East Branch of this fork, he says he has been up it to the head. He describes it as very shallow, except in spring; so much so, that it is only in spring that there is water enough to run a canoe down it. At the head, it is wide and full of gravel bars, which in summer time absorb all the water, so that the channel is dry. From the head of canoe navigation on this stream down to Nelson occupies about three to four days in high water, and makes a distance of one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty miles. He says he once made a trip to Peace River from the head of canoe navigation on this stream, and described his route as being southerly for one day to a lake of considerable size, thence from the lake to Peace River three days on foot, which probably would make it from fifty to seventy miles from the head of the stream to Peace River. Between the lake and Peace River he crossed a ridge of hills, which he designated mountains, but they were all heavily timbered. His object was to trade at a post on Peace River, which was probably St. John, but he did not know the name of the place, or of any one

about it, by which it might be identified.

This man frequently crossed from Fort Nelson to Hay River. He described several routes, the first of them direct from the post in a south-easterly direction to a pretty large lake, out of which a stream flows into Hay River. The distance from Nelson to the lake it about sixty or seventy miles; the lake, as he described it, is about twenty-five miles wide, circular in shape, and distant about thirty miles in a straight line from Hay River. His distances seemed to me excessive, or, rather, the time taken to travel over them from which I inferred them, but he insisted that they were correct. He has frequently gone down Hay River to what is locally called the "Horse-track," that is, the portage from Hay River to Peace River, which latter it touches at Vermillion, but has never been farther down. A short distance below the creek which drains the before-mentioned lake, a small stream enters Hay River from the south-east, which he called Con-ne-taze, or Dry River; it appears to be unimportant. A short distance below this, Hay River enters a large lake called Hay Lake, which cannot be less than thirty-five or forty miles long, if his account of the time taken to travel from end to end of it is reliable. The width, too, would appear to be considerable, as he said the woods appeared blue in the distance on both sides when you were in the middle of it. This would imply twelve to fifteen miles at least in width. He described the lake as shallow and sedgy, with much hay around its shores.

Not far below this lake, a stream of considerable size enters from the south-east, which he called Chin-cha-gah River. He could not give any exact idea of the time taken to travel from Hay Lake to the Horse-track, as he apparently had never gone directly down it, having always hunted on his way.

Another route is to follow up the

east fork a short distance above the forks to where a stream enters from the east; up this we go a half day or so, when another half day overland will take us to Hay River. This appears to be the route the Indians generally follow when going from Nelson to Hay River, as many of them appeared to be familiar with it, and advised me to take it in preference to the route by which I came. Some considerable distance above this on the east fork, it and Hay River are so close together that that there is only a half-day portage (about seven miles) from one to the other. My informant had never been above this on Hay River, but had often been from here down to the Horsetrack on it, and described that much of it as being perfectly clear of rapids or bad water. This must be considerably over one hundred miles.

The second day out from Nelson, the appearance of the country changed, the valley narrowed, and the banks steepened in many places into cliffs two hundred to three hundred feet high, of clay shale, with coarse-grained sandstone on top. The dip appeared to be to the south, and the river soon rose to the level of this sandstone. I could find no trace of organic remains in either formation. After the second day, the current became stronger, with many gravelly bars, where the water was shallow.

The *Grahame* or the *Athabasca* could get up to the forks in high water, but at the stage we ascended in, though they might get up, they would have difficulty in doing so. The surface of the country also presented a more rugged aspect. The timber is smaller and thinner, and the vegetation more scanty. Near the forks we appear to have passed this condition, for the banks are lower and less steep, and the valley wider, with better timber and herbage.

Above the forks we went up the western branch known as the Sicannie Chief River, and camped on the evening of the fifth day from Nelson seven

and a half miles up the stream. As we did not know how our deserting Indians would behave, we made everything secure, so that if they had followed us, they would not have found us unprepared. But at this time I suppose they were trying to put as much space as possible between us.

Just above the forks there is a rapid of considerable extent; it would be dangerous, through the number of large rocks in it. This afternoon we passed many extensive flats covered with beautiful spruce trees, many of which had been killed by the Indians making canoes of their bark. The valley is quite wide, and clothed with fine timber for a distance above the forks of about thirty miles, when the valley again contracts, and the banks are high, with many steep, clay escarpments. About 4 miles above the forks, we found an old cache, which was evidently erected by white men, and around it were many traces of work done by tools which Indians do not generally possess. This cache I believe to have been erected by Harper and Hart, two miners, who went down stream in 1872. They had been mining on the Upper Peace some time before, and concluded they would try new fields; so they came across the mountains and down to Half-way River, which joins the Peace twenty-five miles above St. John. They went up it, and crossed over to the river I was on; came down it to Nelson, thence went to the Mackenzie, and down it to the Delta; thence they crossed from Peel River to Bell's River, went down it to the Porcupine, and down to Fort Yukon, whence they went up the Yukon River to White River, which they ascended for fifteen days.

The journey of those men is certainly worthy of note, when we reflect that the two men were not many months from Europe, were without guides, without a chart of the country they were passing through, without that instinct which a study of geogra-

phy and travel develops in a man, without anything which an explorer considers absolutely essential, and without any certainty of how they would be received by the natives. We must, at least, consider their names worthy of record. Both of those men I met on the Yukon in 1887-8. They had heard that gold had been found on the Mackenzie, and determined to test the matter; so they made the journey with that object in view. They found colors in the Liard and Lower Peel, but nothing that would pay, so continued over to the Yukon, where they are at present.

The route they came by was the one I was trying to follow, and I believe they were the first whites who ever came through by that way. I understand two others followed their tracks a few years after, after which none passed until myself and party journeyed over part of it in the opposite direction.

One of them, in a letter written a decade afterwards, in reply to queries about the journey, explained (I will give the true distances in brackets after his) that they went up Half-way River in canoes about 40 miles, continued with sleds 60 miles, then crossed a portage of about 25 to Sicannie Chief River, and sleighed down it about 60 miles, where they stopped about April 15th, and built this cache to store goods in. On the Yukon, Harper had told me about the cache, but I never thought, while listening to him, that I would ever see it. Here they made a canoe, and when the river opened, renewed progress in it about the 2nd of May, reaching Fort Nelson in four days, about 500 miles (105). From Nelson to Liard River they were about three days, 300 miles (112), down Liard to Fort Liard, about 300 miles (57), from Liard to Simpson, about 500 miles (182), which they reached about the 1st of June. They certainly were generous in the proportions assigned to the country they travelled over, but as they were en-

tirely unskilled in surveying, and had no method of checking their estimates, we cannot wonder very much at them.

For a distance of thirty or thirty-five miles above this cache the valley continues quite wide, with good timber in the bottom and sides. The soil along the river bank is generally a good clay, supporting a heavy growth of timber and herbage. At the date we were there, September 27-8-9, there were no signs of any very heavy frosts, and there was no trace of any such fall of snow as we had had at Nelson ten days earlier. One hundred and thirty miles from Nelson, a stream nearly as large as the river we were on joined from the south-east. None of the Indians had mentioned or described it, but the water evidenced its coming from a swampy region, while the Sicannie Chief showed a mountainous origin. A few miles above this the valley narrowed and became canyon like. At first a clay-shale escarpment would rise sheer from the water's edge several hundred feet on one side; soon a similar bluff would be on the other, as the river meandered from side to side of its narrow valley. The current quickened, and soon became a mountain torrent. I may say that above the forks no ordinary steamer could make her way up by steam alone. With the aid of lines, as in many other swift streams, ascent might be accomplished, in moderately high water, up to the foot of the canyon-like valley, or say for one hundred and forty miles above Nelson.

Up this canyon we toiled for seven days; we would haul our canoe over gravel bars where we had to wade waist deep among the stones, while the canoe was rubbing on them; we would launch her again in a pond-like basin; then, again, portage her and all our goods past chutes which we dared not venture; we would carefully work our way among great masses of sandstone rock, often dreading lest others equally as large would come crashing down on us. Working late and early,

we made 70 miles—10 miles a day—less than a mile an hour. One day we made only $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Several times we had narrow escapes from losing all we had. Once, when ascending a nasty place, full of great masses of sandstones, the line by which we were hauling broke, but fortunately the canoe was got into an eddy below a large rock, and the canoe, at least, was saved.

Once we came nearly going into a boiling rapid filled with great rocks, whence none of us would likely have come out alive. At this point there was a sharp curve in the river, and a sudden drop over a sandstone ledge. On the inside of the curve the descent was over a comparatively easy slope, while on the outside the descent was very swift and rough, the water rushing against a sandstone cliff several hundred feet high and the channel being filled with fragments of this cliff amongst which the river foamed and leaped with great force. Had our canoe gone in there, it would in all likelihood have been reduced to splinters, and had we been in it only a miracle could have saved any of us. The Professor and Gladman remained in the canoe while I hauled her by the line up the inside of the curve. About sixty yards above the rapid, further progress on that side was stopped by several huge blocks of rock which had fallen off the overhanging cliff, and we had to make a crossing. The river was about sixty yards wide here, with a rushing current down to the rapid we had just passed. Now the Professor was anxious throughout all the journey to show us that he was second to none in handling a canoe. Needless to say neither Gladman nor myself agreed with him. As he was in the stern of the canoe while I was hauling her up, and he saw a risky crossing to be made, he decided to remain there while we crossed. The canoe was drawn into the eddy below one of the rocks, while I clambered into her; which done, Gladman anx-

ously remarked, "I think you had better get into the stern, Mr. Ogilvie." I replied, "I think so too;" but before I had time to move the Professor turned her head across stream into the current and round she swung, head down, quicker than thought. Gladman and I seized our paddles and pulled for life. The width of the river is about the same as the distance down to the chute, and it was simply a race between us and the current. The Professor did not get her head up, and Gladman yelled, "Lightning! Get her head up! Thunder and lightning! Get her head up!" "I can't," came in feeble tones from the stern. For the rest of the way I know two men who paddled against time and beat the best on record.

The bow run on shore, Gladman jumped out, caught and held her, while the stern hung over the chute, —a close call, as five feet more would have lost us all. I jumped ashore, helped to see the canoe out of danger, and stood panting and looking at the Professor, who seemed thoroughly scared for once in his life. Now Gladman is not at all excitable, nor does he use strong language, his strongest expletive being "lightning," occasionally emphasized by "thunder;" but on this occasion, as soon as the canoe was pulled out of danger, he seized his rifle, which was in the bow and looking at the poor Professor, his eyes glowing and his whole air that of a man consumed by fury, he addressed him thus: "Oh, you — * * * ! ! — * * * ! ! ! — * * * * — ! ! ! ! — ! * * * * ! ! ! If ever I see you in the stern of that canoe again I'll blow the head off you,"—which he meant, small blame to him; for if we had gone over and any of us had escaped, — which was unlikely, — we would have been alone in a wilderness and one hundred and forty miles from the nearest post, and without arms, clothing, shirts or food, without fire or means of making any, and that, too, in the most disagreeable season of

the year. Under the circumstances the choice between drowning and escaping would be a matter of taste as to the manner of exit from life. The Professor crawled ashore, pale, panting, and scared, with not an atom of conceit left in him, and meekly remarked, "Well, I guess I ain't the man I thought I was; and I'll let 1500 weight canoes alone after this." Poor fellow, that object lesson, lasting less than twenty seconds, was worth more to him than a twenty hour lecture; so I did not add to the measure of his confusion, and remained silent.

The last twelve miles we made was in a canyon twelve to fourteen hundred feet deep. For six or seven hundred feet above the water the accumulation of debris made a steep slope up which one could climb with difficulty; but above that was precipitous sandstone cliffs six to seven hundred feet high. Our progress was so slow, and the work so difficult, that I determined to abandon the river route and make our way overland to St. John, taking what we could carry on our backs and caching the rest. Gladman and I spent one day trying to find a way out of the canyon and get a look at the country on top, but we failed and had to go farther up. At noon, on the 6th of October, after making a mile and a half that day, we came to a small creek flowing down a ravine on the east side. I determined to find if exit could be made by this, and after dinner sent Gladman and the Professor to examine it, while I went to a point about a mile further up where I fancied I could see a way out.

About 750 feet of this canyon consisted of clay shale, the upper part of a soft yellowish sandstone, very massive. In places it was of a grayish color, finer in the grain and harder. In this canyon the bed of the river was much obstructed by great blocks of this sandstone which had become loosened and had tumbled over and rolled hundreds of feet into the river. This occurred so frequently that at

no place in the canyon was there more than a hundred yards of the stream free from such obstruction; at one point we saw where a block which would measure at least thirty feet by fifteen by twenty had rolled down the slope, sweeping bush and trees before it for seven or eight hundred feet, and, stopping in the middle of the stream, stood on end like a pillar. From the fresh appearance of the fracture it had made in the timber, I would judge the fall to have occurred only a few days before our arrival. At many points we saw similar masses, all ready for such a plunge, and while musing thus were not a little anxious lest some disturbance should start them down on us.

For several miles I noticed bits of lignite coal in the river, and kept a look-out to find the vein in the shale above, but did not until my climb on the afternoon of the 6th when I found it well up in the shale, not more than one hundred feet below the sandstone or say five to six hundred feet above the river; but the seam is only a few inches in thickness, and therefore practically useless.

Before resuming our journey, I wish to call attention to the similarity of the geological features here to those seen on Peace River at the Ramparts, above Vermillion, and on the Athabasca, from Grand Rapids down, but more especially between here and Peace River. All the way from Nelson up, the lithological character is generally the same as that on the Peace from Vermillion up, excepting in the absence of fossils on the East Branch and Sicannie Chief.

Finding my fancied exit impassable, I returned to camp, when, in a short time, I was joined by my companions.

"Well, what did you find, boys?"

"Oh, we got up; but——"

"Well, that will do; I did not. We will set to work on our cache at once."

So, selecting four trees standing in the form of a rectangular oblong, we cut them off about eight feet high, and

built a frame work on top, on which we piled everything we could not take, and then put the canoe on top upside down to keep off rain and snow, all was securely lashed together, and our cast-off clothing hung around to frighten away wild animals, should any come. Some dried meat, which we could not take away with us, was tied to the top of a tree which we bent down and then let go, thus raising it some twenty-five feet from the ground, and out of the reach of any large animal, as we thought, as none such could climb such a small tree. This was put some distance away from the cache to remove temptation as much as possible. All our bread, tea, sugar, salt, bacon, beans, and a necessary outfit of cooking utensils, were then gathered and weighed with a small spring balance which I had. For instruments, I took along a six-inch reflecting circle, a mercurial false horizon, my small camera, charged with a dozen plates, and a telescope. My rifle was selected to take with us, as it was light, and the ammunition for it was not very heavy. I started with 87 rounds. I also carried a pocket Smith and Wesson 38 calibre revolver, for which I had 50 or 60 shot cartridges that would knock a partridge over at ten paces. When this, an axe, a change of underclothing, and our necessary bedding was weighed, we found we had nearly 80 pounds apiece. This was all we believed we could get along with, and so we were compelled to leave many things we fain would have brought along. Among other things I had to leave were 84 exposed photographic plates, including views of scenery along the whole way.

I also had to leave all my rock specimens and curiosities, my double-barrelled shot gun, my transit, and many other things of value and interest. My intention was to get Indians at St. John, and send them back at once with my two men for this stuff, but more of that in another place.

In the morning the stuff was so divided that each had, as nearly as possible, the same weight, and we bade adieu to our good canoe, which had borne us safely from Athabasca Landing to Simpson, 1,066 miles down stream, and from Simpson to here, 551 up stream—in all 1,617 miles. We had expected to make 2,200 miles in it. Unused to carrying heavy loads more than a few yards at a time, we found our loads fatiguing at first, more so as we had to climb up 1,200 feet in less than three quarters of a mile.

It took us four hours to reach the edge of the valley, where we yet had 200 feet to ascend to reach the level of the plateau. When about half-way up I very nearly had my foot cut off or badly broken. As it was out of the question to clamber up the side of the slope with our packs on our backs, it being thickly wooded and brushy, we had to follow up the bed of the creek, which had worn for itself, in the soft sandstone, many a little basin into which it tumbled in tiny cascades. Into one of these, about seven feet deep, I got, and seeing a block of sandstone about twenty inches square and three feet long, and weighing about 1,300 pounds, projecting a few inches over the edge, I clambered up by the fissures in the sides and caught hold of it to help myself up, but the weight of myself and pack started it sliding on the smooth surface, and down it and I came together. Fortunately, in coming down I kept my hands on it, and pushed myself away from it, but as it was it fell on the smooth floor below, on the edge of two of its faces, only three inches from the toe of my left foot, rolled over and bruised the skin of my shin bone. Had it fallen on my foot, it would either have cut it off or bruised it so badly that it would have been as bad a case. You may be sure I was more careful after that about trusting my pack and myself to any loose rock for support.

At the top we had dinner, and con-

tinued southwards about two miles, through scrub spruce, and tamarack, and sinking every step up to the knees in moss. Beyond this was a ridge, covered with banksian pine, on top of which we camped. It was early yet, but we were tired, and abundance of good wood and good water convenient invited us to rest. From the top of this ridge we could see the river valley for miles each way. We now saw that the valley, about two miles above where we left it, turned sharply to the west, and from our position, being in a line with its axis, we were looking directly up it.

With my telescope I could see that it was almost one continuous rapid as far as my glass would carry. All the Indians who knew anything of the matter told me the portage by which we would cross the Half-way River left Sicannie Chief River a short distance above a high falls on the latter. From here I could see no sign of any such falls as they described—about 200 feet high—and I could see at least ten miles. The falls were spoken of as being near the mountains, and we could see the mountains at least thirty miles away.

The evening was delightfully clear and calm, and the prospect grand. To describe it, and convey the impression it made, one would require the pen of a Scott. The deep, narrow valley of the river could be seen both up and down for many miles. The opposite side at many points presented the appearance of gigantic castles frowning grimly on the river below. The many rapids in the river roared till the noise—even at this distance of two miles—fell on the ear loudly. Away to the westward the towering snow-clad mountains, fringed with a golden aureola, gleamed white through a crystal medium which imparted to their whiteness a purple tinge inimitable by art. I have seen many paintings in which it was attempted to give this effect, but I never saw any succeed. In art the snow is colored, and

the effect is unnatural; in nature the snow is white, and you are looking at it through this coloring. The effect is unspeakably beautiful, yet harmonious; in the picture the effect may be beautiful, but does not appear natural, at least not to me. The artist cannot be blamed, for how could he produce the natural effect, when the color is all laid on the same surface.

The morning of the 8th of October was as beautifully calm, clear and serene, as the preceding evening had been; and the scene, while not producing the same effect (in the evening the sun shone behind the mountains; in the morning in front of them) was, if possible, more beautiful. The mountains looked like silver castings set in perfect crystal. Scientists tell us there must be an all-pervading ether in space to produce the phenomenon of light. It would not be difficult for one to persuade himself that he was living in it on this morning, for every detail of scenery was as sharply outlined as if vapor, dust and smoke were things of another world. The effect reminded one of looking at beautiful images set in matchless crystal, only infinitely grander.

Soon after breakfast I put my pack on my back and started alone, leaving the other two to clear up the breakfast things and follow. I had not gone more than a fourth of a mile when I heard something crashing in the woods ahead. I stopped, listened, and knew from the noises it made that it was a grizzly bear, and soon found that it was coming towards me. Now, though I had often wished to, I never saw a grizzly on its native heath, so to speak. At last here he was; was I to kill it? I must say, without any vamping, I had no other thought. What a magnificent test for my new rifle! Perhaps the reader may not believe it, but I felt an exultation I cannot describe—as though the acme of all my hopes had at last been attained. I never thought of what the result might be to myself. Had I done so, I would probably have

sought at once the company of my fellow travellers.

I filled my magazine with cartridges—eight—and put one in the barrel, and awaited his or her bearship. The scrub timber was so thick that I could not see in it more than ten or twelve paces, but just where I was there was a small windfall, about twenty yards long by ten wide. I was at one end, and the bear seemed to be heading for the other; thus my first view of it would not have been at more than twenty-five or thirty yards. So it must be death to the bear at once, or myself torn to pieces in a very short time, for it is hardly necessary to say that very few animals are more ferocious when angered, more powerful, or more tenacious of life. It was approaching the opening. Thirty yards,—twenty-five,—twenty! I raised my rifle, ready at the first glimpse. Fifteen,—ten,—and no sight yet! All this time I could hear Gladman and the Professor approaching, and they were now not more than a hundred yards away. The bear did not hear them coming, he was making such a noise himself. Wishing to know where I was, for they could see no distance, the Professor lifted up his voice and delivered astentorian "halloa." Confusion—the bear stopped. I whistled as a signal to keep quiet, but they did not hear it, and both together delivered a halloa that would almost startle the dead. I replied, and called to them to keep quiet. They did so, but kept coming on. On coming up I explained the position, and pointed out where I thought the bear was, when it again started, but changed its course, and passed beyond the opening a few yards, too far to catch the least glimpse of it, though we could see the small tree tops sway as it pushed them aside in its passage. This was the nearest I have ever been to a grizzly at large. Upon reflection I saw that the animal had taken the wisest course, both for itself and us, for even had I killed it, I could have made no possible use of

it, loaded as we were, and it would have been a simple case of slaughter for slaughter's sake.

All this day we travelled in a southeasterly direction through very close scrubby timber, which made our progress so slow that at sunset we had not made more than seven miles. The last two or three miles of the distance was through a *brulé*. The limbs had been burned to fine points, which caught in our clothing and packs, and tore them, and provoked us so that we almost swore. I hope the reader will give us due credit for not swearing, when he thinks of the provocation we had. We camped in a small opening, near a little stream. In this opening there was much herbage and grass, and they did not shew signs of any severe frost yet. The most of the soil seen to-day was light and sandy, and the timber attested it. I am afraid that at least part of the country is not valuable for agriculture. The altitude, about 2,500 feet, too, is against it. On the following day, the 9th of October, the surroundings were about the same during the first half of the day, after which there was a marked improvement in the soil and timber. The surface, too, became more undulating, rising into great billowy ridges, from the top of which we had some magnificent views. Observation this evening shewed us we were in latitude $57^{\circ} 23'$, and as the point of our departure from the cañon was in latitude $57^{\circ} 31' 30''$, and $122^{\circ} 46'$ west longitude, we were only about ten miles south of that point, but about sixteen east of it; thus we had made less than nineteen miles in an air line (at least twenty-five miles distant by the way we had had to travel), in three days. The distance from our starting point to St. John is one hundred and seventeen miles, as the crow flies. At this rate, it would take us nineteen days to make the journey, and we had provisions for only twelve. But our loads were getting lighter every day, and we looked forward to

better travelling. On the evening of the fourth day it snowed a little, and our spirits went down below zero, for deep snow meant to us, beyond doubt, starvation, unless we could get game. The sky soon cleared again, however, and the following morning the snow melted away. Early in the morning we ran onto an Indian trail, well tracked, and cut out for horses. Our spirits rose to summer heat, and we started out on it as fresh as if we had just commenced our journey. We indulged in all sorts of fancies. Would we run across the Indians, and secure the services of their ponies to pack for us? Would we be able to get some food from them? If not, would we find this trail all the way to St. John? It was going in that direction; the Indians who made it must trade there, and the tracks on it were quite recent.

About three miles after we found it, it ran into a piece of prairie, across which we could not find any trace of it, nor, search as we might, could we find where it made its exit. I was averse to spending too much time looking for it, so, with our hopes considerably dashed, we again took across country. One hope remained to us; we were now in the country frequented by St. John Indians, and might chance to meet some of them any day, which meant a good deal as we were situated.

That evening we ran onto the same trail, or another one going in our direction. This one was much older, and had not been travelled on lately. It was a great assistance to us, for it had been cut out for horse packs, and it allowed us to walk along without hindrance from the brushwood. That evening we came to a shallow, swift river, one hundred yards wide, which we forded, and camped on the south side. I afterwards found that this was "Pine River of the North," which joins Peace River about twenty-five miles below St. John, and that all the streams we had crossed since leaving Sicannie Chief River flowed into it.

This showed that the water shed was only a few miles from the latter river. Just above where we crossed, it bifurcated. Both branches were of nearly equal size, and sixty or seventy yards wide.

The valley is about two hundred feet deep, and there are many sandstone cliffs exposed, very similar in appearance to those seen along the Sicannie Chief and Peace Rivers. On two of the creeks we had crossed, I saw exposures of the same rock. In one of the cliffs, where we crossed the main stream, I found a seam of lignite coal, six inches thick. I could not find any trace of fossils. My observations this evening showed us to be in latitude $57^{\circ} 14'$, only about twenty miles south of our cache yet, but we had made about twenty-six east. We were thus less than thirty-three from our cache, and had made only a little more than one-fourth of the total distance to St. John in five days, a rate which would bring us to our destination in nineteen days, though we had started with provisions for only twelve days. On the morning of the sixth day, we found, after a short search, where the trail left the valley. Of all places, it was the least likely, in appearance, being the face of a steep slope. Once out of the valley, it took a north-easterly of direction, away from our home point; but as the bush was very thick, with much windfall, we were fain to follow it. It kept in this direction for about four miles, and I was on the point of leaving it, when it suddenly turned in the right direction. Hurrah!

About eleven o'clock we ran into a morass, whence, search as we might, we could find no trace of it. I had the Professor prepare dinner, while Gladman and I searched, but without success. We resumed our march, travelling all afternoon through a tangled windfall and brule, and near sundown came out in a prairie, and, marvellous to relate, here was the trail again. But just how it got there, we could not make out, for it began where we

first saw it, but back of that we could find no trace of it.

This prairie fringed a large creek for several miles, and we went down it, finding a well-beaten track in the rich prairie grass, and the sites of numerous Indian encampments, which had been recently abandoned. Would we come on the Indians this evening, to-morrow, next day, or not at all?

We saw many prairie chickens, but without any gain to our larder, for they were wild as deers, and the nearest I could get to any was about two hundred yards. We required some of them badly, for, sparing as we tried to be, and though we generally rose hungry from table, our provisions were disappearing in an unpleasantly rapid manner.

At the start I could have killed scores of partridges, but as we could not very well carry them, I killed only a few in the evening for supper and breakfast. But now, when we could and would carry them, we could get nothing. Tracks of moose and deer were abundant, but we never caught sight of any, even on the prairies, where we could see for long distances.

At supper we ate sparingly and retired early, intending to make a long tramp on the morrow, for we now expected to have the trail all the way into St. John, it was so well marked, and there were so many signs of recent travel on it. Early in the morning we resumed our journey, but did not go half a mile when the track again disappeared, and we had to continue without it. The course of the creek soon changed too much to the east, so I struck across it to the south, and early in the afternoon ran across the trail in an open pine and spruce wood. In the evening we came out on another prairie and creek, along which we followed until the trail again disappeared. This hide and seek conduct was getting monotonous, and I determined for the future to follow it when it went in our direction, and to lose no time in looking for it. We

continued down the creek, but found, in a few miles, that the prairie ended in a tangled, burned slush which was impassable for us, and the creek valley narrowed to an impassable gorge.

Here we camped. An observation early in the evening made our latitude $57^{\circ} 03'$. We were so sparing with our bread that the principal article of our food was now dried meat. This is nearly the color of, about as palatable, and nearly as durable as, India rubber. It was nicknamed by some of the traders in the north, "leather," and well the title befits it. The expression, "Take a slab of leather and go to your work," has often been heard in the land. The only way we could cook it and retain any of its substance was to boil it, but as it took several days to boil it soft, we could not much alter its toughness with the few hours—generally all night—we could afford in boiling it. To make it taste like anything one could eat, large quantities of salt had to be put in the water, but our stock of salt was small at the start, and we could not afford this, so had to eat it in its native purity.

The effect of several days' diet of this kind on me was to render it imperative that I should take some pills.

Soon after dark it clouded up, and rain began to fall, clearing with sleet. As we had no tent nor shelter from this, our beds soon became unpleasantly moist.

In the morning we arose unrefreshed by our rest, as we did not sleep very soundly. I was sick, for the pills had failed to act as I desired. The sleet was falling, rendering it extremely disagreeable to move through the grass or in the woods. The Professor went off after breakfast and found some marks an Indian had made in the woods, and we started. Now, I was seriously indisposed, to put it mildly; had I been at home, I would have been seriously sick, but indisposition does not count in such emergencies, and I had to shoulder my pack and march. But I had not gone more than three

or four miles through the woods when the trees were laden with sleet, until my clothing was saturated with snow-cold water, and I was absolutely—sick as I was—unable to proceed any farther. We selected some dry trees, made a big fire, and all dried our clothes, or what now did duty for them, by standing as close to the blaze as we could without blistering our skin. For dinner we had each a small piece of bread and a patch of "leather." In the evening the snow was fairly well fallen off the trees, and we made a few miles more. The next morning was unfavorable, being cold, with a nasty raw wind, and there was a little snow under foot, which soon melted and made disagreeable walking.

Two hours in a south-westerly direction brought us to an old trail deeply trodden into the earth, and running in the direction in which we wished to go, and we followed it. It must have taken years and years of travel to wear this down as it was. At first sight I thought it was a buffalo trail, it so much resembled those I had seen made by that animal on the prairie, and, as I saw an old buffalo skull and horns lying beside it, I am not sure but that buffaloes may have had something to do with its creation. This trail ran parallel with a large creek, bordered by many extensive acres of good prairie land, covered with rich grasses and herbage. In this were many prairie chickens, but out of them all I got only one—one which was sitting on top of a tree upwards of a hundred yards away, and probably thought it was safe. We kept this trail for two and a half days, when it crossed the creek or river to the west side, and took to the woods again. The creek soon turned sharply to the east, and the valley was now very deep and contracted, and its bottom and sides became a jungle of large trees and underbrush. The trail soon resumed its old habit of vanishing, but we had no time to look for it, so we kept on in the right direction; in time

we would stumble across it, or another like it, in the most astonishing manner.

The evening of the tenth day, after a hygienic supper, we weighed our remaining provisions, and found we had six pounds of bread, *sans* tea, *sans* sugar, *sans* "leather," *sans* everything, and as our latitude was $56^{\circ} 46' 45''$, we were still by estimate thirty-five or forty miles north of our destination, but what the actual distance was none of us knew.

That night we were encamped in a fine forest of spruce and banksian pine. Now, one peculiarity of many of the northern spruces is, that great quantities of moss develop on the limbs. This, on many of the older and larger trees, gives them a very venerable appearance, as it hangs in long, hairy-like branches from every limb. This moss is exceedingly inflammable and burns with a bright light and fierce heat.

Many trees, literally hidden in this moss, were around us, and it occurred to me that I would fire some of them and see if we could not signal any Indians who might be near, to come to us. I did, but beyond enjoying the grandeur of the tall column of flame shooting skyward many yards above the tops of the trees, and making the forest around us take on a weird aspect in the unnatural illumination, we benefited not.

I made the cook divide our stock of bread into four equal portions by weight, and assigned each portion to a day. All in addition we got by hunting, consisted of seven partridges, two squirrels and two muskrats.

A laughable incident occurred while the squirrels were being prepared for cooking. Gladman was carefully skinning one, fearing to lose a particle of meat. The Professor picked up the other by the end of the tail, and laughingly remarked, "Well; she aint a very hearty meal, no how." Just as he said this, the tail gave way and the body fell into a kettle of boiling water, and before it could be got out,

it was scalded so that the hair all came out easily. Happy accident! in this way we had the squirrel cleaned, and we saved the skin for food. This one gave us twice as much food as the other, and anything tasted well in those days.

If our provisions were reduced to a minimum, so were our loads, which were now about fifty pounds apiece, and though we were down to fighting weight, but not conditions, we were now accustomed to carrying and did not feel so badly as we did during some of the days at the start. We found ourselves weak in the legs, when making our way through windfalls, or attempting to rise from a sitting posture, but otherwise we did not suffer noticeably.

Subsisting on homœopathic meals, we arrived at St. John in the early evening of the 21st of October. We ate our last crumbs of bread at dinner, and along with it we had a boiled muskrat, which I shot in the morning.

During the last three or four days, we passed through much better country than previously. The timber was larger and more open, and the herbage richer. About half of the time we had a trail to walk on; but at several points we had much rank grass to make way through, and the march was excessively fatiguing.

At noon of the last day we ran onto a broad, well-marked, recently travelled trail, which rejoiced us; but you could not fancy our disappointment when we saw the valley of "Pine River of the South," some twenty miles ahead, and fancied it the valley of the Peace, which at the time was only about one mile away, though we could not see it.

The last two miles we travelled over north of the Peace, was fine prairie land with a rich, black loam soil equal to anything I have ever seen. Now this prairie, instead of falling towards the Peace, rose towards it, being drained by a creek some five miles north of the river. In this way the valley of the Peace is hidden until you are on

the edge of it; and the descent to it is as abrupt and well defined as a flight of stairs.

I was a few hundred yards in advance here, and in no very pleasant humor, for I looked on the Peace as being another day's march distant, when I saw a break in the prairie ahead. I quickened my walk, and a few hundred yards further on there opened on my sight the magnificent river rolling nearly a thousand feet below me. A few steps more, and I saw the buildings of St. John, a mile away, but apparently only a stone's throw.

"Hurrah!" Up went my hat into the air.

"What's that?"

"St. John."

"No!"

"Yes?"

"Thank God! We'll have our supper."

Very few times have I been affected as I was then. Here we were at our journey's end, after fifteen days' wandering through a tangled wilderness, aiming for a point none of us had ever seen, nor been near; whose position on the maps showing it, might be correct or might be many miles astray. What mysterious intelligence guided and decided us to take the path we did, for we afterwards found that we could have followed a trail that would have brought us out twenty-five miles below St. John, in which case we would have been a hundred miles above Dunvegan, to which we would have to go on a raft, involving three or four more days without food! But by following many paths, and losing or leaving them, here we were *at home*; my mission successfully accomplished; my instructions carried out; and no mar to my pleasant reflections, as we sat on the top of the lofty bank and surveyed with pleasure, quickened by the certainty of creature comforts, the marvellously beautiful scene before us—the mighty river rolling placidly on its way, more than two thousand miles,

to the ice-bound ocean which has baffled man for centuries, in a valley deep and wide enough to carry the mind back to a period when Time was young.

The smoke from the many Indian lodges, and the trading houses, calmly curling cloudward, the tinkling of many bells borne by the cattle and horses around the post,—what a change in our position! Verily life has some moments of joy and peace.

After silently gazing at this scene—even the Professor forgot for the time the glacial period—we descended to the post. Had we suddenly dropped from the clouds we could not have more surprised the Indians than we did. They were all in for their fall trade, preparatory to their winter hunt. Where had we come from?—for our clothing bore testimony to a long journey. How did we get here? They followed us in a body,—man, woman and child,—to the door of the clerk's residence.

Gladman and the Professor remained out of sight, while I summoned entrance by rapping at the door. Now, I had been acquainted with Mr. Gunn, the clerk in charge, for several years, and expected a Hudson's Bay Company welcome—which was all I desired—from him. But, lo! a white woman came to the door. I did not know that he had been married the previous summer to a braw Scotch lassie, who had braved an ocean voyage, and crossed a continent, to join

him here. Call me rude if you will, but I felt like flinging my arms around that kindly-faced woman, and kissing her there and then. I did not, but if the will goes for the deed, I owe my friend Gunn an apology. Her face might have been copied for an interrogation mark as she gazed at me. I asked for Mr. Gunn. He was very sick in bed. I was sorry, but could I see him? Then,

"Oh, you are Mr. Ogilvie?"

"Yes."

"Oh! come in! come in!"

"No, thank you, I would like to see Mr. Gunn first."

So my arrival was announced to him. I was ushered into his room, and found him unable, owing to quinsy, to speak. After a cordial greeting by hand, I told him our condition, which in my own case he could see; but the others, especially the Professor, were much worse. I don't think a company of Highlanders would have tolerated his costume. His only excuse for a pair of nether garments was the ragged, frayed remnants of a cotton sack, in which we had put our bread at the start.

The keys of the store-house were handed to me. I got the others, entered it, locked the door, and we proceeded to make ourselves as respectable as the wares on hand would permit. After this, and a good wash, we were at home with Mr and Mrs. Gunn.

(To be continued.)



GABLE ENDS.

CORALINDA.

A SUMMER IDYL.

In imitation of Longfellow's "Hiawatha"

At "the meeting of the waters,"
Where the Maitland, slowly gliding,
Meets the passionate embraces
Of Lake Huron, as he hurries
To the trysting place, with gladness
Leaping in his wayward bosom,—
On the shore stood Coralinda,
She, who early learned the uses
Of the rowlock and the paddle.
By her side a nymph of beauty;
Ne'er was seen a form so supple,
Ne'er was seen a face so lovely,
As the youthful maiden Birdie—
As the naiad of the river;
The delight of all the young men.

On the Maitland, Coralinda
Launched a light canoe, for rowing,
And exploring all the channels
And the islands of the river.
At the stern the lovely Birdie,
She, the beauty of the village,
Sat and listened to the murmur—
To the murmur of the river,
As it shyly wended onward
To the bosom of Lake Huron.
And the paddles dipping lightly
In the waters, Coralinda
Glided quickly up the river,
For the wind was in her favor,
And was stronger than the current.
And they laughed and chatted gaily,
As they floated up the river,
'Tween the island and the mainland;
Up the middle of the river,
Where the water was the deepest,
Far away from any shallow.

Then, a sudden cry of horror
From the Birdie, she the lovely—
She the beauty of the village,
The delight of all the young men:—
'Coralinda, we are drifting
On a fence that spans the river,"
But the rower, Coralinda,
Did not realize the danger;

Did not know it was of wire;
Did not know that three strong wires
Barbed, and fearful, spanned the river;
Till the boat was borne upon them.
Then she pulled with all her power,
But the wind it was against her,
And exhaustion fell upon her;
While the boat half filled with water,
As she struggled with the wire—
Struggled with the barbed wire!
One strand under-caught the boat's keel,
Half o'er-turned it in the water,
While the topmost tore the bonnet
From her crown of midnight tresses,
Loosed her tresses from the arrow
That confined their wealth of darkness,
And they streamed upon the wild wind
As she struggled with the wire,
Caught and held her in the water,
As she struggled with the wire—
Caught and tangled in the wire—
Tangled in the barbed wire;
Barbed wire that spanned the river,
Where the water was the deepest.

Little time was there for thinking!
Yet her soul was rent within her
When she thought upon the Birdie,
She, the young, the fair, the lovely,
Only daughter of her mother—
Daughter of a widowed mother,—
Lying dead beneath the water—
Cold, and dead beneath the river:
And 'twas she who lured her on it—
Lured her on to her destruction!

Rendered frantic by this thinking,
Still more fierce became her struggles
To escape the snare that held her.
Oh! the horror of the wire;
How it tore her garments from her,
From the wrist unto the shoulder;
And the flesh was torn and bleeding;
And the blood dropped from her fingers—
Dropped and mingled with the waters—
Dropped and trickled from her fingers,
Where the barbs in twenty places
Pierced the hands that grasped the wire.

Then the lovely maiden Birdie,
Spoke in accents calm and saintly,

"We must pull upon the wire—
Till we draw ourselves in shoreward,
'Tis our only hope of safety."
And they drew them by the wire,
Hand o'er hand upon the wire,
While the barbs still pierced their fingers,
Till they gained the shore in safety.

Thus was saved the life of Birdie,
She, the beauty of the village,
The delight of all the people!
And the restless Coralinda,

She, who wandered by the water,
For the soothing of its murmur.
Never more upon the Maitland
Will her skiff be found at morning,
Or at even, when the sunset,
Burns upon the lake and river;
For the horror of the wire—
Oh! the horror of the wire,
That fell snare upon the river,
It will haunt her days forever.

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BOOK NOTICES.

Rational Memory Training. By B. F. Austin, A.M., B.D. *The Journal Publishers*, St. Thomas.

This valuable contribution to educational literature is written by the Principal of Alma College. The chief aim of the author is to show the fallacy of attempting to train memory by any of the so called special systems of mnemonics, and to present a clear method for the natural development of this great power based on true physical and psychical conditions. The book is an admirable classification and analysis of the views of Bain, Ribot, Carpenter, Wundt, Spencer, Delbœuf, Maudsley, Hamilton, Liebnitz and others. The physiological basis of memory is accepted, and Ribot's definition, "a rich and well stored memory is not a collection of impressions, but an assemblage of dynamic associations, very stable and very readily called forth," is taken as correct. On this basis the author proceeds to explain the laws which govern memory, and to state processes for strengthening it. This he does logically and definitely, but in very simple language. One of the most natural but not commonly practised suggestions is that the most defective part of memory needs most practice. The statistical results of experiments made in Germany, England, and the United States, are interwoven so artistically as to be really interesting, and many facts and illustrations enrich the theoretical statements. The author forcibly presents the ethical view of memory, and shows the moral obligation resting on each individual of having a good memory. He shows clearly the bad effects of the school processes that attempt to cram the memory with undigested matter, and with lessons in which the children are not deeply and naturally interested. The relative permanence of ideas received by sight and sound is discussed, and simple instructions are given for the guidance of teachers in testing their pupils. The closing chapter contains practical suggestions, and a few mnemonic rules are given, which may, in the opinion of the author, be used with profit.

The book is worthy of a more enduring form than that in which the first edition has been issued.—J. L. H.

The Medical Profession in Upper Canada, 1783-1850. An historical narrative, with original documents relating to the profession, including some brief biographies, by Wm. Canniff, M.D., M.R.C.S., Eng., author of "The Principles of Surgery," "Settlement of Upper Canada." Illustrated. Toronto: William Briggs, 1894.

The work before us is a handsome volume of nearly 700 pp. The first part deals with the Pioneer Medical men, the second part with the Upper Canada Medical Board, and the third part with biographical sketches of early physicians of the Province.

Under these several headings a vast amount of information has been collected. After a careful perusal of this volume, the conclusion is forced upon the reader that the medical men of this Province have taken a very active part in its settlement and in the moulding of its policy.

Name after name of those who took a foremost part in social and political reforms is found to belong to the medical profession. In the war of 1812, in the rebellion of 1837, in the founding of Upper Canada, in the Union, in the establishment of educational institutions, etc., the names of medical men figure prominently.

It would be quite impossible to give an epitome of this work in a short review. The subject matter is greatly condensed. We think every physician should have a copy of this work. Indeed, every one who takes an interest in the history of this Province should read carefully the excellent matter which the author has gathered together. The style is easy and natural, and the numerous anecdotes are well told. The illustrations are many and good; but we miss one man that certainly should have a place—Joseph Workman. When we saw the faces of Richardson, Hodder, Wright, Widmer, etc., there was a feeling of disappointment that Workman's was absent.

The make up of the book is excellent. It is equal in all respects to the work done by the oldest and best known publishing houses. We heartily commend the work to medical men, and lovers of Canadian history. J. F.