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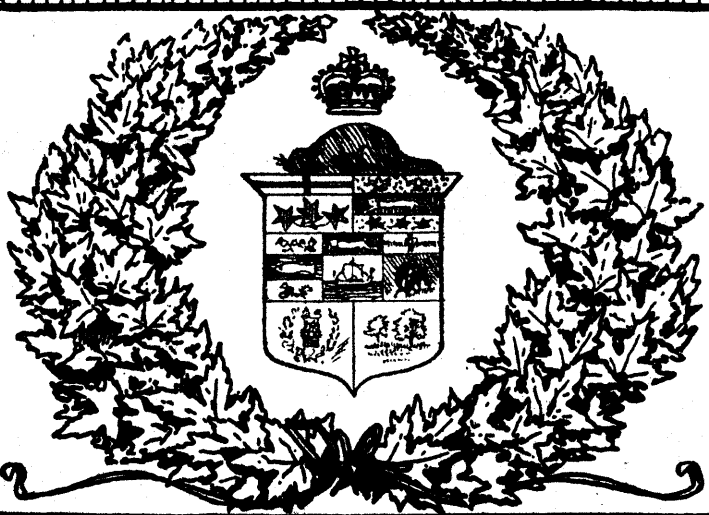
THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1898.



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THE
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AND MASSEY'S MAGAZINE COMBINED.

VOL. XI. AUGUST, 1898. No. 4.

CONTENTS.

Letters containing subscriptions should be registered, and should be addressed to

The Canadian Magazine, *Traders' Bank Building, 63 Yonge St.,*

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READING FOR THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

THE KING'S JACKAL. By Richard Harding Davis. With illustrations by C. D. Gibson. Paper, 75c.; Cloth, $1.25.

Just a year ago appeared Mr. Davis's first novel, "Soldiers of Fortune," and it at once took its place as one of the most attractive and popular books of the day. It showed that the author was increasing in literary force and that he could sustain through a long story the same fascination which marked his early work. The present romantic tale of a modern bankrupt king and his efforts to re-establish his financial fortunes is not only thrilling in its interest but shows anew the author's firm grasp upon his unfolding story.

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DAVID LYALL'S LOVE STORY. Paper, 50c.; Cloth, $1.00.

"Our only regret is that space does not permit us to do justice to this excellent book. It is wholesome and inspiring to good, every word of it. The title, "David Lyall's Love Story," is somewhat misleading, though the work is a story of love from beginning to end—love of our neighbour—of that love which Hood so pathetically bewails in his "Bridge of Sighs,"

"Alas for the rarity of Christian charity under the sun."

Under the sub-title of "Scots Folk in London," the work is made up of some sixteen admirable sketches of the thorny side of life, but always with the strong, fresh, wholesome current of human sympathy running through them. Whether with David Lyall by the death-bed of poor, stranded Willie Sharp, or in helping "The Duke" to make a success of his shattered career, or again with the injured Wardrop in his Christian dealing with the dying but repentant wretch who had "made the world a Golgotha" for him, the interest and pathos never flag. The language is clear, simple, and always impressive. Many a sentence, rich with striking thoughts, lingers in the mind after the book has been closed.

"One little sin, David," said Wardrop, "how fast are its ravages. Yet let no man say the sinner escapes even here. Some men's sins go before them to judgment, and some follow after. God forgive me my stony heart. I have said the Lord's Prayer for over forty years, David, and there is one of its petitions of which I have had no understanding until to-night."

"What is it?"

"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. Had God not melted my heart this night, David, I should myself have been a castaway."—The Monitor.

THE GIRL AT COBHURST. By Frank Stockton. Paper, 75c.; Cloth, $1.25.

"The interest of the story centres in the indefatigable efforts of Miss Panney, a quaint, old, autocratic maiden lady, and of La Fleur, an aristocratic though exceptional cook, to have the hero, Ralph Haverley, marry the right girl. In a contest of this kind, in which there is much room for action, it is inevitable that one party must meet with defeat, and the outcome is, that the unsuspecting Ralph does what any sensible fellow would do in a like emergency—he marries the girl he loves. There is not wanting evidence, however, to prove that propinquity, social intercourse and ripe opportunity are powerful factors in the solution of the marriage problem. The various characters in the story are skilfully drawn, the dialogue sprightly and humorous, and the views of life, without being strained, are original and, not infrequently, very striking."—The Monitor.

THE PRIDE OF JENNICO. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. Paper, 75c.; Cloth, $1.25.

"It is curious how the leaven of a popular novelist works. In 'The Pride of Jennico' we have a romance not unworthy of the pen of Mr. Anthony Hope and strongly reminiscent both of his style and subject-matter. Its heroine is the very twin of his merry masquerading German Princesses, and its hero the double of his chivalrous Englishman. The authors, Agnes and Egerton Castle, if they have invaded 'The Zenda' field, have done so with so great a measure of success that even its master may condone their presence. Marie Ottilie takes rank easily with her captivating blood relations, the Princesses Flavia and Osra, and not even their creator has devised a more brilliant plot nor a bolder series of adventures for the winning of a lady."—Toronto Globe.

THE COPP CLARK COMPANY, Limited,

PUBLISHERS, - - TORONTO.

1898 # BANK OF HAMILTON. 1898

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS,

Presented to the Shareholders at the Twenty-Sixth Annual General Meeting, held at the Head Office of the Bank, at Hamilton, Monday, 20th June, 1898.

The Directors beg to submit their Annual Report to the Shareholders for the year ended 31st May, 1898.

The Balance at credit of Profit and Loss Account, 30th May, 1897, was		$ 21,029.02
The profits for the year ended 31st May, 1898, after deducting charges of management and making provision for bad and doubtful debts, are		160,804.37
		$181,833.39
From which have been declared:		
Dividend 4 per cent., paid 1st December, 1897	$50,000.00	
" 4 per cent., payable 1st June, 1898	50,000.00	
Carried to Reserve Fund	50,000.00	
Written off Bank Premises account	5,000.00	
		$155,000.00
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward		$ 26,833.39

The Report for 1897 noted the beginning of the Bank's operations in the Province of Manitoba. The experience of the past year's business has encouraged the Directors to sanction a policy of gradual expansion and widening of the Bank's influence and connections in that country.

Manitoba and the whole North West appear to be entering on an era of great development, and your Directors consider the future prospects so inviting as to fully warrant the participation of this Bank in the beneficial results that appear so to be promising.

One of the best and most prominent positions in Winnipeg for a Banking office was secured, and the building is now being prepared for occupation. Three offices in the interior of Manitoba have been opened.

In Ontario agencies have been opened at Niagara Falls, Delhi and Southampton, whilst that at Alliston has been closed.

JOHN STUART,
President.

Hamilton, 9th June, 1898.

LIABILITIES.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Notes of the Bank in Circulation		$1,187,573.00
Deposits bearing interest	$5,664 568.31	
Deposits not bearing interest	1,951 454.92	
mount reserved for interest due depositors	68,351.24	
		7,684,374.47
Balances due to agents of the Bank in Great Britain		195,160.51
Dividend No. 51, payable 1st June, 1898	$ 50,000.00	
Former Dividends unpaid	202.96	
		50,202.96
		$9,117,310,94

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS.

Capital Stock, paid up	$1,250,000.00	
Reserve Fund	775,000.00	
Amount Reserved for Rebate of Interest on Current Bills Discounted	30,000.00	
Balance of Profits carried forward	26,833.39	
		2,081,833.39
		$11,199,144 33

ASSETS.

Gold and Silver Coin	$ 184,481.33	
Dominion Government Notes	482,940.00	
Deposit with the Dominion Government as security for Note Circulation	60,000.00	
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks	233,058.44	
Balances due from other Banks in Canada and the United States	266,480.58	
Canadian and British Government and other Public Securities	1,719,678.95	
Loans at Call, or Short Call, on Negotiable Securities	796,236.31	
		$3,742,875.61
Notes Discounted and Advances Current		7,006,255.43
Notes Discounted, etc., overdue (estimated loss provided for)		40,867.33
Bank Premises, Office Furniture, Safes, etc		350,433.74
Real Estate (other than Bank Premises), Mortgages, etc		16,018.79
Other Assets not included under foregoing heads		42,693.43
		$11,199,144.33

BANK OF HAMILTON,
Hamilton, May 31st, 1898.

J. TURNBULL,
Cashier.

TORONTO BRANCH, 34 Yonge Street; F. J. GOSLING, Manager.


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BEAUTIFUL HAIR."
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AU PÂTURAGE.

FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. XI. AUGUST, 1898. No. 4.

DISRAELI: THE MAN AND THE MINISTER.

"WELL, well, poor fellow," Carlyle is recorded as having said of Disraeli, at the close of a petulant criticism, "I dare say if we knew all about him we should have to think differently." No statesman of the Queen's reign was subjected to such vehement attack extending over so many years. None won a more conspicuous success, or enjoys a more enduring fame. His strangely brilliant career is even yet only half understood, and the inscrutable personality remains to be fathomed and explained.

In his will Lord Beaconsfield provided that all his letters, papers and documents should be handed over to his confidential secretary. And "as many of the said documents are connected with my official and public life, and contain matters bearing on the character and conduct of contemporary statesmen, and on affairs which it may be of importance to the public interest should not be prematurely or indiscreetly disclosed," nothing was to be divulged that would injure the public service, or inflict needless pain on the living or on the families of the dead. The private correspondence with the Queen was not to be made public without special permission.

The seal which guards these documents from a generation devoted to gossip and tattle has not been broken during seventeen years. The intimate friend and secretary, Lord Rowton, has been faithful to the trust. The biographers and essayists who have vainly undertaken to interpret the man and his career, drew upon the printed records which are accessible to all. Froude, it may be, had the access to some of the unpublished materials allowed by the will at Lord Rowton's discretion. But even the experienced historian, with this possible advantage, did not succeed where others failed. We lay down all the books with a feeling that the real Disraeli is still unknown to us. The phrase of Hamlet, which Froude selected for a text:

> He was a man, take him for all in all,
> We shall not look upon his like again,

he supplements by little that would illumine its favourable applicability to Lord Beaconsfield. At the hands of Froude he suffered the fate he once deplored for Canning—the tender mercies of a candid friend. During the lifetime of Gladstone, during the present reign perhaps, the appearance of the dead statesman's correspondence could hardly be looked for. Without it a career, difficult beyond the ordinary to comprehend, remains in many respects an enigma and a mystery. Too much, doubtless, has been made of the romance and the mystery. The attempts to expound his entire political creed by copious draughts upon "Vivian Grey," and "Coningsby," and "Sybil," to regard him as an alien to his country, to depict his subtle sagacity as a kind of inherited Eastern magic, have been greatly overdone. Yet the rise of Disraeli must always seem a marvel to the vulgar and the credulous.

That a man of Hebrew parentage, without wealth, high social position, aristocratic connections or early political influence should have become the acknowledged leader of the proudest aristocracy in Europe, twice Prime Minister of England, and the idol of the masses, sounded like a fairy tale. But that was years ago. Now, nothing is clearer than that intellect, boundless ambition, character and popularity can carry the humblest man to the ruling place in the crowned republic of England. "What is your ambition in entering politics?" was the patronizing enquiry of Lord Melbourne, when the young wit and dandy was presented to him in 1835. "To be Prime Minister, my lord," a reply which amazed the holder of that office. This reply was a sarcastic rejoinder, but Disraeli meant it. He also meant his significant defiance to the House of Commons, when his first effort in debate was laughed down in contempt and derision: "I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." It was not idle vanity and impudence which produced these answers, but profound conviction that he possessed the requisite powers and was determined to exercise them. His early novels are full of what was passing in the young man's mind. In the letters to his sister the superb self-confidence is almost laughable. He tells her of a debate in Parliament, wherein some of the most noted men of the day took part, and adds: "Between ourselves, I could have floored them all." Doubtless some of this sublime egotism was reflected in his manner, and produced some of the criticism which met him so early, and pursued him through life. He dressed in the extreme of fashion. On one occasion he is described as wearing a gorgeous waistcoat embroidered with gold flowers, patent leathers, and a great profusion of gold chains. The rest of his attire was not so remarkable, but he carried a white stick with a black cord and tassel, and was accustomed to wear rings outside of his gloves. Years afterwards he took the trouble to write to the press denying that he had ever worn green trousers. His dandified appearance, and reputation for biting satire must have mainly accounted for the hostile demonstration in Parliament which greeted his maiden speech.

Disraeli thought seriously of marriage as a means of advancement in life. Not that he was a mere fortune-hunter, but his philosophy pictured an alliance with a congenial companion as the best realization of wedded happiness. "As for love," he wrote to his sister, "all my friends who married for love and beauty either beat their wives or live apart from them." His union with Mrs. Wyndom Lewis, the rich widow of his former colleague in the parliamentary representation of Maidstone, gave him an assured position and enabled him to devote all his talents to public affairs. His affection for his sister, his tender regard for his wife, and the propriety of all his relations with the other sex, acquit him of reproach in his attitude towards women. One of the keenest joys of his life was being able, in 1868, to confer upon his wife the peerage he declined for himself. His domestic life was evidently a source of unalloyed comfort and satisfaction. After the famous division on the Reform Bill of 1868, when Gladstone's amendment was defeated, and the delighted Tory members urged him to go to the Carlton Club for supper, Disraeli preferred to join his wife, and, as she triumphantly related, went home to "half a raised pie and a bottle of champagne." But his respect for the sex did not incline him to accept a rebuke even from a great lady. When Prime Minister for the second time, he sat at dinner next to the wife of one of the powerful nobles of the land. With the confidence of high position, she began to lecture him for not adopting a stronger line of conduct on the Eastern question, adding: "I cannot imagine what you are waiting for!" Disraeli's retort was calm and dignified: "At this moment, madam, for the potatoes."

When Disraeli entered politics, the

fortunes of the Tory party were at a low ebb. The reaction after the passage of the Reform Bill of 1832 had not yet set in, and the Tory leaders saw with some dismay the young Queen's perfect confidence in her Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne. The Duke of Wellington's melancholy reflection is historical: "I have no small talk, and Peel has no manners." Disraeli offered himself as a Radical candidate because he distrusted the Whigs; he drifted towards the Conservatives from motives that are not discreditable, though they laid him open to the crime of inconsistency, a charge he was inclined to regard lightly. "The truth is, gentlemen," he told the electors of High Wycombe in 1834, "a statesman is the creature of his age, the child of circumstances, the creation of his times. A statesman is essentially a practical character, and when he is called upon to take office, he is not to inquire what his opinions might or might not have been upon this or that subject." Elected to Parliament as a supporter of Sir Robert Peel, Disraeli identified himself henceforth with principles which formed the basis of all his theories of government for England: the preservation of the landed interest, the cause of the Church of England, the idea that the Tory party, if a party at all, should represent the national feeling of every class in the country. Some of the Young England members in the House, among whom Disraeli after his first oratorical mishap became a shining light from his fluency of speech and felicity of style, chafed under the cold disdain of the Treasury Bench. It was felt, indeed, that "Peel had no manners." On more than one occasion Disraeli had shown symptoms of mutiny. When Peel first alarmed his party by his general policy, and then capitulated to Free Trade with a sharp turn which confused and enraged a large section of his followers, the member for Shrewsbury (which seat Disraeli represented after the election of 1841) pronounced the series of phillipics which made him famous, and which cannot be read, after the lapse of half a century, without a sense of the passion they expressed, or the bitter resentment they awakened.

The Tory squires were choking with a wrath they lacked the oratory to voice. Peel's majority had been given him to uphold Protection, and he had betrayed it! It was betrayed by a trusted leader, and the personal note in Disraeli's speeches accounted for their success. His phrases will live for ever in the records of parliamentary controversy. The withering irony and caustic satire sent arrows into the quivering flesh of the great Minister.

"The right honourable gentleman caught the Whigs bathing, and walked away with their clothes. He has left them in the full enjoyment of their Liberal position, and he is himself a strict Conservative of their garments. . . . . I look on the right honourable gentleman as a man who has tamed the shrew of Liberalism by her own tactics. He is the political Petruchio, who has outbid you all." (Feb. 28, 1845.)

"For my part, if we are to have free trade, I, who honour genius, prefer that such measures should be proposed by the honourable member for Stockport (Mr. Cobden) than by one who, through skilful parliamentary manœuvres, has tampered with the generous confidence of a great people and of a great party. . . . . For me, there remains this at least—the opportunity of expressing thus publicly my belief that a Conservative Government is an organized hypocrisy." (March 17, 1845.)

"Let us in this House re-echo that which I believe to be the sovereign sentiment of this country; let us tell persons in high places that cunning is not caution, and that habitual perfidy is not high policy of State." (April 11, 1845.)

"I belong to a party which can triumph no more, for we have nothing left on our side except the constituencies which we have betrayed. . . . . I care not what may be the position of a man who never originates an idea—a watcher of the atmosphere, a man who, as he says, takes his observations, and when he finds the wind in a certain quarter, trims to suit it. Such a person may be a powerful Minister, but he is no more a great statesman than the man who gets up behind a carriage is a great whip." (Jan. 22, 1846.)

"The right honourable gentleman has traded on the ideas and intelligence of others. His life has been one great Appropriation Clause. He is a burglar of others' intellect. Search the index of Beatson from the days of the Conqueror to the termination of the last reign, there is no statesman who has committed political petty larceny on so great a scale." (May 15, 1846.)

FROM A PAINTING BY SIR FRANCIS GRANT.

DISRAELI AS A YOUNG MAN.

The savage personality of tone which marks these utterances indicates the characteristic which earned for Disraeli the hostile criticism of his opponents during the ensuing thirty-five years. His treatment of Sir Robert Peel, harsh as the tone of attack must always appear, was not wholly without excuse. Even the freetraders of that day, it appears, sympathized to some extent with the view that Peel's course in employing a parliamentary majority, elected to sustain Protection, to carry Free Trade was not strictly in accordance with political morality. Upon Peel's untimely death, Disraeli's tribute in the House was felt to be eloquent and sincere. He designated the illustrious Prime Minister, in a happy phrase that has lived, as pre-eminently the "greatest member of Parliament," and his estimate of Peel, given in the biography of Lord George Bentinck, survives as a just and ample characterization of the statesman who abolished the Corn Laws.

Disraeli had no right to complain, and he never did complain, when the weapons he used with such telling effect were turned against himself. His pointed epigrams were thrown at every man of note who engaged in political controversy with him. Peel was neither the first victim nor the last. Before 1845 he had had the famous tilt with Daniel O'Connell, who, from an imperfect report of a speech by Disraeli, imagined that the latter had requited the personal kindness of the Irish orator by calling him an "incendiary." O'Connell was also a master of invective. He delivered a thrust crueler than any of Disraeli's. "The miscreant . . . . possesses just the qualities of the impenitent thief who died upon the cross, whose name I verily believe must have been Disraeli. For aught I know the present Disraeli is descended from him, and with the impression that he is, I now forgive the heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief who died upon the cross." Disraeli promptly challenged him to a duel, declaring, "I will not be insulted by a Yahoo without chastising it." But the police interfered. He referred to Goul-

burn, Chancellor of the Exchequer, as "an industrious flea." Mr. Goldwin Smith he designated "an itinerant spouter of stale sedition." He claimed that by giving a seat to London University, in the Reform Bill of 1867, he was benevolently providing a place in Parliament for Robert Lowe, who found it "impossible to show himself upon any hustings with safety to his life." Without any apparent intention of malice he declared that his colleague, Lord Salisbury, was "a master of flouts and gibes and sneers." His reference to Gladstone in 1878 is constantly quoted: "A sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity." But for every taunt or epithet bestowed he recived two in return, and was easily the best-abused man of his time.

If he uttered scornful things, and carefully elaborated his sarcasms, he, at least, bore no petty malice. "I who honour genius," he had said of Cobden. It was true all through his life that the hottest political antagonist won his admiration if possessed of the requisite intellect. No man had satirized him more successfully than Leech, the *Punch* artist. Dining one day with a great lady, the little daughter of his hostess was brought into dessert, and presented to Disraeli. The child exclaimed: "I know you! I've seen you in *Punch*." The constant ridicule of the caricaturist was probably not pleasing. He bestowed a pension on Leech's widow. Carlyle had pursued Disraeli with vehemence. The "clever, conscious juggler," a "superlative Hebrew conjurer," were among the milder cynicisms of the old sage. "How long," Carlyle asked, "will John Bull permit this absurd monkey to dance upon his stomach?" When Disraeli came into power in 1874, with a substantial Conservative majority, one of his early acts was to offer his virulent critic the Grand Cross of the Bath and a pension, in terms of such tact and delicacy that Carlyle could hardly fail to be pleased and touched.

A CARTOON FROM PUNCH, DEC. 11TH, 1875.

"MOSÉ IN EGITTO!!

Mr. Disraeli extorted the admiration of the country by purchasing for £4,000,000, on behalf of the government, the shares in the Suez Canal held by the Khedive of Egypt.

"The letter of Disraeli," he told a friend, "was flattering, generous and magnanimous; his over-looking all that I have said and done against him was great." To the Countess of Derby, Carlyle wrote: "It reveals to me, after all the hard things I have said of him, a new and unexpected stratum of genial dignity and manliness of character which I had by no means given him credit for." The offer was made by the Prime Minister in a confidential letter from Bournemouth, where he was staying during Christmas week, 1874. Besides the Grand Cross of the Bath he pressed upon Carlyle a pension which was "cheerfully accepted and enjoyed by the great spirit of Johnson and the pure integrity of Southey." The double offer was declined, but the inflexible simplicity that dictated a refusal also recognized the honourable motive which had inspired Disraeli.

Those who study public affairs realize the futility and injustice of contemporary political criticism. The conclusions of to-day differ widely from the judgments of the day after to-morrow. Twenty years ago it was the fashion to deride Lord Beaconsfield's declarations for Imperial Unity because they appeared to over-ride the sacred dogmas of the Manchester School. To-day men almost fall over one another in their eagerness to accept that Imperialistic doctrine which they formerly denounced with the strongest invectives. Lord Beaconsfield's ambition that England should have a potent voice in European affairs was declared to be jingoism. Now the lament is that England's foreign policy retreats before the diplomacy of France and Russia. Disraeli lived through the period when it was considered the highest statesmanship to cast the Colonies off, but he was unable to check the tendency. "I am not one of those," he said during the Corn Law debate in 1846, "who think it the inevitable lot of the people of Canada to become annexed to the United States. Canada has all the elements of a great and independent country, and is destined, I sometimes believe, to be the Russia of the new world. The honourable and learned member for Bath (Mr. Roebuck) last night treated our commerce with Canada very lightly, rather as a smuggling traffic than legitimate commerce. That is an argument for keeping the Canadas. I have no desire to see a smuggling trade if we can have any other. But I will ask the gentlemen of Manchester to consider what may become of the transatlantic market for their manufactures if the whole of that continent belong to one power?" The gentlemen of Manchester had no ear for this warning "in the springtide of their economic frenzy," but in 1898 their heirs and successors have solicited and obtained the co-operation of Canada in establishing a direct line of steamships between a Canadian port and the centre of the cotton trade.

To make headway against the ideas that followed in the wake of Free Trade, which by its success in enriching England became crystallized into policy of state, was impossible. Crippled by the loss of the Peelites, who either held aloof or acted with the Whigs, the old Tory party remained ineffective in the parliamentary sense. As Conservative leader in the House of Commons, Disraeli afforded ample proofs of eloquence, power and courage. He made a clever Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is not clear, however, that his tactics were always the wisest, or that his ascendancy in the party counsels was complete. Few, if any, of his colleagues were as brilliant or sagacious as himself, and this fact, combined with the popularity of Palmerston, left little hope that during that statesman's lifetime the Conservative party could become a dominant force. Palmerston's death in October, 1865, created a new condition of things, and there is ground for the belief that from this date onward, Disraeli made the most of his opportunities and laid broad and deep the foundations of the English Conservative party as it exists to-day.

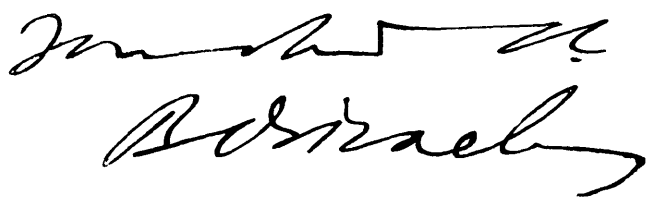
On coming into office in 1866, owing to the formation of the "Cave of Adullam" in the Liberal party and the consequent defeat of Lord John Russell's

Ministry, the Conservatives found it necessary to deal with the suffrage and Parliamentary Reform. It was an awkward issue for them. They had no majority. They were divided among themselves. It is not expedient here to review the party controversies of that day. They have passed into oblivion along with many of the men who thought, in voicing partizan criticism and short-sighted prejudice, they were uttering eternal truths. The Reform Bill of 1867 embodied Disraeli's belief that the masses of the people, if enfranchised, would rally to the support of constitutional principles. The election that ensued appeared to falsify the expectation. He lived to see, what our own day has completely demonstrated, that the throne and the established institutions of England retain a strong hold upon the English people.

During Mr. Gladstone's first administration, when the country was hurried from one drastic measure to another, until a reaction in public opinion left the Treasury Bench, as he said in his celebrated speech at Manchester, like "a range of exhausted volcanoes," Disraeli again and again vindicated the wisdom of his tactics and the clearness of his vision as a statesman. The ideas of the Manchester School now reached the zenith of their authority and influence. With characteristic daring he challenged the conclusions of the commercial and anti-colonial cult, and planted the seed of the Imperial Unity movement which now dominates the policy of every influential public man in the British Empire. The Crystal Palace speech, of June 24th, 1872, contains this memorable reference:

"I cannot conceive how our distant colonies can have their affairs administered except by self-government. But self-government, in my opinion, when it was conceded ought to have been conceded as part of a great policy of Imperial consolidation. It ought to have been accompanied by an Imperial tariff, by securities for the people of England for the enjoyment of the unappropriated lands which belonged to the Sovereign as their trustee, and by a military code which should have precisely defined the means and the responsibilities by which the colonies should be defended, and by which, if necessary, this country should call for aid from the colonies themselves. It ought, further, to have been accompanied by the institution of some representative council in the metropolis which would have brought the colonies into constant and continuous relations with the Home Government."

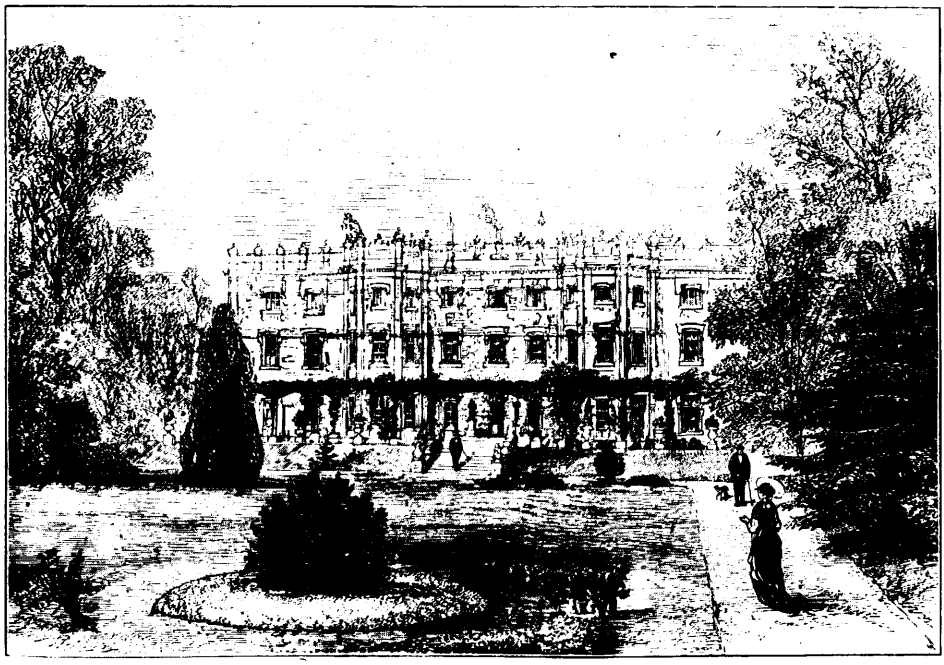
Froude complains that when, in 1874, the country for the first time since 1841 gave the Conservatives a Parliamentary majority, Disraeli did not settle the Imperial and Irish questions. Public opinion would not have gone with Disraeli in any elaborate plan of Colonial reconstruction. Nor is it yet prepared for the real settlement of the Irish difficulty. On the Imperial issue the Manchester School fought him with brilliancy and courage. Every step he took was satirized. One rubs one's eyes on reading the passionate attacks made upon his policy in adding Empress of India to the Queen's title. The proposal is now regarded as a salutary measure which has augmented the authority and the prestige of the Crown with the native princes and people. The purchase for £4,000,000 of the shares in the Suez Canal belonging to the Khedive of Egypt, was indeed applauded on all sides as a shrewd move. Yet the strategy displayed seems to have roused more enthusiasm than the statesmanship. It was the favourite trick of the critics to harp upon "the Asian mystery" to represent the Disraelian policy as essentially flashy and un-English. His racial origin provided a never-ending source of criticism and ridicule. The legislation of his Government on behalf of the working classes was progressive and healthful, and not being sensational or open to attack, the critics fixed upon foreign policy as the best fighting ground, a course justified by the somewhat enigmatical conduct of Lord Derby and Lord Carnarvon. Their later political achievements would indicate that, excepting Earl Cairns and Lord Salisbury, the Prime Minister had no colleagues in his Cabinet comparable to himself. The Treaty of Berlin, as a stroke of permanent policy, was dependent for ultimate success on the vigour, continuity, and foresight shown



in future years. These conditions were wanting. As a brilliant piece of diplomacy, its immediate effect was electrical. Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury returned from Berlin to receive the acclamations of the English people, and the scenes in the streets of London were without parallel since the victorious Wellington came back from Waterloo. An appeal to the country then would have almost certainly resulted favourably. The reasons for de-

lay are not known. When dissolution took place, the personality of Mr. Gladstone, the general unpreparedness of the Conservative organization, the discontent occasioned by agricultural depression, contributed to bring about a disastrous defeat. For this Lord Beaconsfield was probably prepared. "I think it very doubtful," he had told a friend some time previous, "whether you will find us here this time next year." The great Minister retired without waiting for the adverse vote of Parliament, exhibiting in defeat the dignified courage and imperturbable philosophy so characteristic of him. His popularity was undiminished, his fame as a statesman as bright, his authority as a party leader as strong as before. Some day we shall know the mood of mind in which Lord Beaconsfield faced the consequences of the overthrow in 1880, and how bravely he realized that at his age the chances of filling again the highest office of State were slight.

To his Sovereign, the loss was severe. The confidence reposed in him by the Queen and the cordiality of all his relations with the Court had, apparently, helped to create the notion that his policy was to revive the personal government of the monarch. It is related that an alarmed colleague, exchanging confidences with a friend, once said: "He tells her, Sir, that she can govern like Queen Elizabeth." This, with other romances of the period, will not bear the test of time. A story, possibly apocryphal, is told that when asked to explain his acceptability at Court he replied: "I never argue, I never contradict, but I sometimes forget." A sovereign is not debarred from personal friendship, and there is no wrench to the constitution involved in appreciating the services which a wise monarch may render in the functions of government, in imparting stability to the State, and in adding to the splendour of a great and historic nation. When Lord Beaconsfield died in April, 1881, his hold upon the affections of the English people were for the first



FROM AN OLD WOOD CUT IN THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

HUGHENDEN MANOR, HIGH WYCOMBE, THE SEAT OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.

time fully realized, and the memory of none of the public men of the century is cherished with more devotion and sincerity. He was buried, by his own express wish, at Hughenden by the side of his wife. He had passed through both extremes of fortune. He had shown the intrepid spirit, the lofty patriotism, and the genius for public affairs which command the admiration of Englishmen, and when one studies his insight into all the political problems of the time, and the imagination which enabled him to forestall and suggest many of the remedies and maxims that statecraft is now seeking to apply, it is not surprising if his place in history promises to surpass the expectation of contemporary opinion.

A. H. U. Colquhoun.

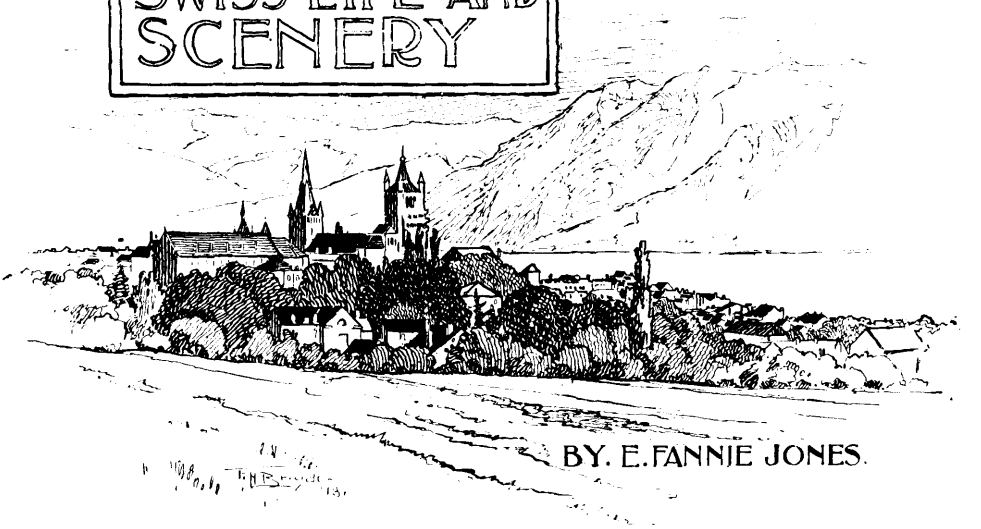
IN LAZY LAND.

I SIT and dream in Lazy Land,
In a hammock beneath the trees,
Swung by a languid breeze,
And by its perfumed breathing fanned ;
My eyes are heavy with daydream sleep ;
My heart is lulled to rest,
Beating gently in my breast,
For a secret deep it close doth keep
While I dream in Lazy Land.

I will not leave my Lazy Land
Till the winter tempests shriek,
Till the icy winds and bleak
Shall bear me hollowed in their hand
To some far bourne where sorrows dwell—
Where no love satisfies
The sad, awakened eyes,
But come what may, until that day
I dream in Lazy Land.

Florence Hamilton Randal.

SWISS LIFE AND SCENERY

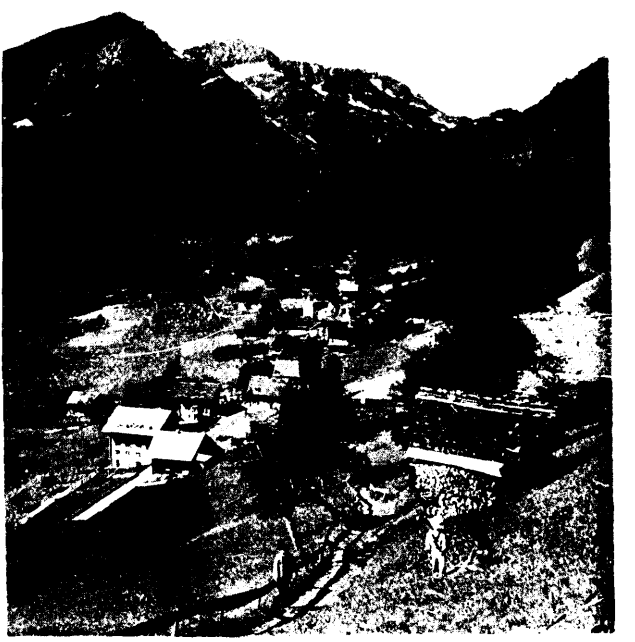


BY. E. FANNIE JONES.

III.—CHAMPÉRY: AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY NOOK IN SWITZERLAND.

THIS is an ideal out-of-the-way village. Champéry lies far off the beaten track. The iron horse comes nowhere near it. The road leading hither, after it has wandered in between the two rows of chalets which form the village proper, comes to a dead stand and leads to nothing beyond. There are but two hotels of any pretension. Few travellers find their way there, and the simple-minded peasants have not yet been rendered self-conscious by the presence of the modernizing tourist. One has not really seen the valley of the Rhone until he has learned to know Champéry and its surroundings.

The valley of the Rhone lies between the Pennine and Bernese



SWITZERLAND—THE VILLAGE OF CHAMPÉRY.

CHAMPÉRY—ONE OF THE HOCHALETS.

Alps. The quaint little town of Monthey, which the train passes, is situated at the entrance to the Val d'Illiez, which is one of the many offshoots of this Valais par excellence.

At Monthey, those who wish to visit Champéry must leave the railway carriage and betake themselves to the good old slow-going coach of the days of our fathers. But no one will regret the three-hours' drive up the beautiful valley with the Dent du Midi on the left, its snow-capped summits towering aloft in majestic grandeur. The view of this mountain near the village of Trois Torrents is unrivalled. All the seven peaks crowd at once upon the sight, and impress the mind with the deepest awe. Onward and upward winds the road, the valley growing more smiling and picturesque as one draws near Champéry. One more turn of the road. Is that a peal of bells one hears? Yes, an old-fashioned carillon, quite different from anything most of us have ever heard before. The village must be near. Yes, and there, the first thing we see, is the belfry of the village church from which the chimes ring out.

The original chapel dates from 1436, but apart from its venerable age the only remaining points of special interest are the square tower and the west door. Eight narrow bars of stonework rise from the four walls of the belfry, and, with a gentle curve, unite at the top in such a way as to form a crown. From this rises a Latin cross surmounted by a weathervane in the shape of a cock. If the tower is curious, the inscription over the west door is not less so. This is how it stands :

Quod	an	tris	mulce	pa
	guis	ti	dine	vit
Hoc	san	Chris	dulce	la

To decipher it one must add the words of the middle line to the fragmentary words over and under which they stand :

Quod anguis tristi mulcedine pavit,
Hoc sanguis Christi dulcedine lavit.

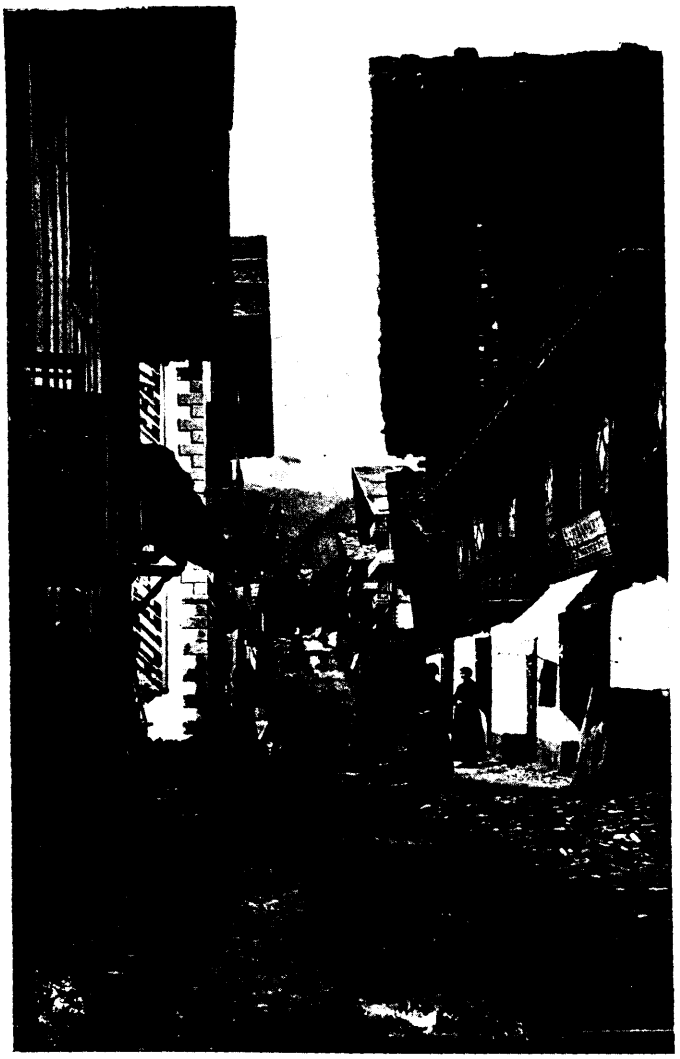
The church is at present too small for the congregation, and it is a very impressive sight to see numbers of men and women kneeling on the stone pavement outside, following the service most devoutly. They are quite unabashed by the gaze of strangers

who lean over the railing to watch and freely criticize. When one looks about and sees cameras being focussed on these humble worshippers, one cannot but ask whither our nineteenth century civilization is tending—even the privacy of worship not held sacred!

There are one or two interesting points in connection with the services. Twice a month the women appear at church with long white veils, and the men in a white garment something like a surplice. During the mass a procession is formed headed by men carrying a cross; then comes the priest in gay attire, sheltered by a gaudy canopy borne aloft by four men, the whole congregation pouring out of the church two by two singing a curious chant or hymn. In this order the tour of the churchyard is made, men, women and children joining in this strange ceremony and returning to the church for the conclusion of the service. The seats of the church are a reproach to our luxurious pews, in which the first consideration seems to be to make them comfortable for lounging and sleeping. The benches at Champéry consist of three scantlings four inches wide—one serves for a seat, one for a back and one for a kneeling-stool. There is only a foot and a half between each pew, and one's first thought on seeing this severe simplicity is that these people have the right idea of church services; it is for prayer and praise that they meet, not to loll at their ease and listen to an eloquent preacher.

While speaking of the religious customs of these pious folk, we might mention the Blessing of the Graves. About twice a month, in the presence of a large congregation, each grave is sprinkled with holy water. Also, a year after the death of any resident a memorial service is held—a beautiful custom, a protest against the rush and bustle of these modern days, when the death notice in the daily papers seems to be the last trace one leaves behind. Very striking, too, is the custom of taking the cattle, as soon as the summer sets in, to the high Alpine pastures. The priest goes with the herd,

PROCESSION IN THE CHURCHYARD, CHAMPÉRY.



CHAMPÉRY—A STREET SCENE.

which is headed by the queen cow with a milking-stool tied on her head. When the pastures are reached the grazing of the cattle is inaugurated by a service of prayer. Could there be a more open acknowledgment of dependence upon the Creator?

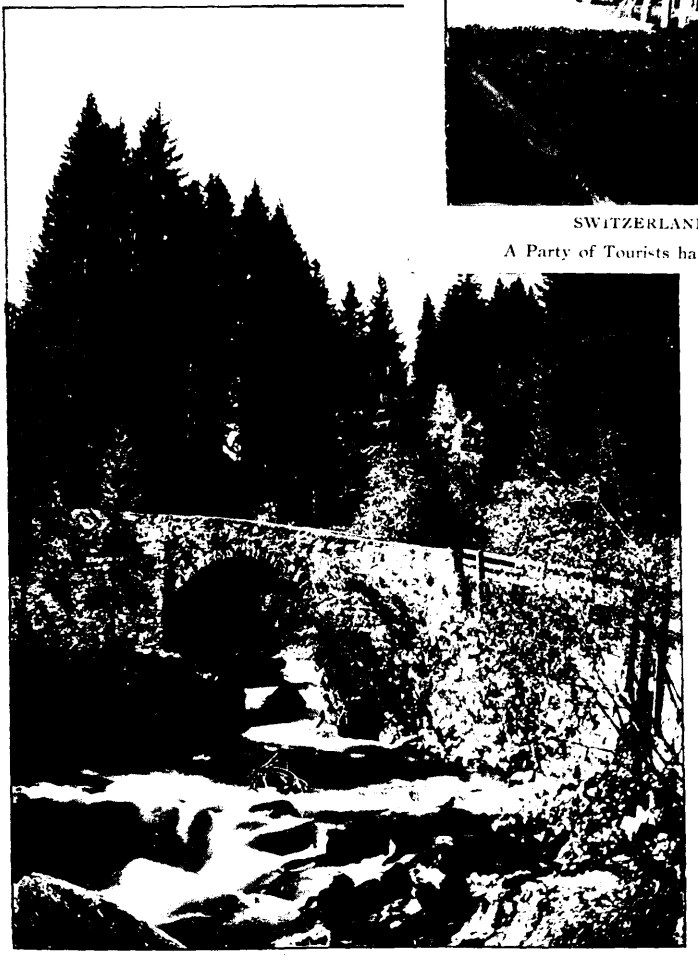
But though religion plays such a very important part in the lives of these simple folk, we must not spend all our time at the church. The village lies before us, a single narrow street, quaint and unique. Each house is a wooden chalet, bearing on its unpainted walls the seal and the mellow colouring of time and weather. It is impossible to describe the soft, rich brown of these mountain homes, so pretty in every way. Under the wide, drooping eaves stands a large wooden cross; along the many balconies are pots of brilliant flowers, and piled up against the house are supplies of wood for years to come. The overhanging roof casts mysterious shadows on the dark brown walls, and the shelves high up under the eaves, piled with household treasures not just then in use, are full of poetical suggestion. One is very much struck by the artistic shapes and forms of the ordinary tools and utensils; even such things as milking-pails are pretty. The interiors of the chalets are none the less interesting. One large room answers all the purposes of drawing-room, dining-room and kitchen. Stoves are almost un-known. The fire burns in a corner, and over it hangs the pots and kettles; and the smoke, after curling upwards and wandering about among the rafters, finds its way out at last through a hole in the roof. A dresser holds the china, which in its colouring is gay beyond description, and, moreover, is sometimes rendered instructive by reason of a poem or a proverb printed in bold type on plates and cups. A table, a bench and a few stools are usually

all the movable furniture. Everything in connection with the making of butter and cheese is kept scrupulously clean, and the "cave" or cellar is the greatest pride of the Swiss peasant. When one has tasted the milk brought in great pitchers from the treasure house, one wonders if it can possibly be the same article as that which is sold from a city milk cart.

On three of the houses of the village are curious balconies, which are in reality old pulpits, once used for open air preaching. They now serve the place of the country newspaper, for on Sundays, after mass, a man calls out from them the news of the week, what there is for sale, what cattle have been stolen or have strayed, and other items of interest to those who have come down for the day from the isolation of the high mountains.

SWITZERLAND—A CHALET.

A Party of Tourists have collected on the Roof.



CHAMPÉRY—THE BRIDGE ON THE ROAD ABOVE THE VILLAGE.

But we must pass from the buildings to the people themselves. There is an ancient legend that a Roman legion was disbanded in the valley by Maximillian, A.D. 246, and that these people are their direct descendants. Legend it may be, but certain it is that these peasants are no ordinary race, for their physique is far above the average, and their clearly-cut features and intelligent

SWITZERLAND—A VILLAGE SCENE.

faces would be a credit to our university towns. The names of Exhenry, Defago, etc., have somewhat of a Latin sound. The women, particularly, with their bright dark eyes, good features, great masses of hair, and their dignified manner free from all shyness and awkwardness give unquestionable evidence of unusual natural refinement. There is one point, however, in which they undeniably approach the modern "new woman"—they wear trousers when engaged in field work and when tending the cattle. At such times the only distinguishing mark between them and the men is a bright red handkerchief which they wear as a head-dress. On Sundays this attire is exchanged for a black dress, and a small white Tuscan hat, trimmed with black ribbon bows and strings floating over the ears. All the women dress alike, so that there is in this matter no rivalry or heartburning in Champéry.

Such is a brief outline of some of the peculiar manners and customs of this hidden corner of the world. As to its history, there are traces of the Romans having lived in Valais for some five hundred years, and of their having given place to the Burgundians in the fifth century. After many vicissitudes, in the eighteenth century the sturdy mountaineers asserted their independence, and on January 28th, 1792, the men of Saint Maurice planted the first tree of liberty. Monthey, Martigny, and all the Bas Valais soon followed their example. On the 22nd of February, 1798, "the solemn act of independence was signed and delivered." But this proclamation practically led to nothing, for the Valais formed part of the Swiss Republic until the various changes made by Napoleon. Finally, in August, 1815, the Act of Reunion with the Swiss Cantons was signed, and though civil wars and disturbances continued until 1847, the district has always been Swiss.

The Reformation never found its way here, so the whole neighbourhood is essentially Roman Catholic. On the roadside, at unexpected turnings of the mountain paths and on the highest summits, one finds shrines and crosses. As the peasants pass them they always make the sign of the cross, or stop for prayer, and it is most touching to see the bunches of fresh flowers which have been put in the grating of the oratories by passers-by.

To anyone who knows a little of mountain climbing, who wishes to see the snow-capped peaks, to gather the wonderful flowers found in the region of perpetual ice and snow, to catch a glimpse of simple peasant life unharmed as yet by civilization, and to be soothed and refreshed both in body and soul, we would recommend Champéry, Valais, Switzerland.

E. Fannie Jones.

[THE END.]

THE COUNT'S APOLOGY.*

BY ROBERT BARR.

THE 15 nobles who formed the council of state for the Moselle valley stood in little groups in the rittersaal of Winneburg's castle, situated on a hill top in the Ender valley, a league or so from the water of the Moselle. The nobles spoke in a low tone together, for a greater than they were present, no other than their over-lord, the Archbishop of Treves, who, in his stately robes of office, paced up and down the long room, glancing now and then through the narrow windows which gave a view down the Ender valley. There was a trace of impatience in his lordship's bearing, and well there might be, for here was the council of state in assemblage, yet their chairman was absent, and the nobles stood there helplessly like a flock of sheep whose shepherd is missing. The chairman was no other than the Count of Winneburg himself, in whose castle they were now collected, and his lack of punctuality was thus a double discourtesy, for he was host as well as president.

Each in turn had tried to soothe the anger of the Archbishop, for all liked the Count of Winneburg, a bluff and generous-hearted giant, who would stand by his friends against all comers, was the quarrel his own or no. In truth, little cared the stalwart Count of Winneburg whose quarrel it was so long as his arm got opportunity of wielding a blow in it. His lordship of Treves had not taken this championship of the absent man with good grace, and now strode apart from the group, holding himself haughtily, muttering, perhaps prayers, perhaps something else.

When one by one the nobles had arrived at Winneburg's castle, they were informed that its master had gone hunting that morning, saying he would return in time for the mid-day meal, but nothing had been heard of him since, although mounted messengers had been sent forth, and the great bell in the southern tower had been set ringing when the Archbishop arrived. It was the general opinion that Count Winneburg, becoming interested in the chase, had forgotten all about the meeting, for it was well known that the count's body was better suited for athletic sports or warfare than was his mind for the consideration of questions of state, and the nobles, themselves of similar calibre, probably liked him none the less on that account.

Presently the Archbishop stopped in his walk and faced the assemblage. "My lords," he said, "we have already waited longer than the utmost stretch of courtesy demands. The esteem in which Count Winneburg holds our deliberations is indicated by his inexcusable neglect of a duty conferred upon him by you, and voluntarily accepted by him. I shall therefore take my place in his chair, and I call upon you to seat yourselves at the council table."

Saying which, the Archbishop strode to the vacant chair and seated himself in it at the head of the board. The nobles looked one at the other with some dismay, for it was never their intention that the Archbishop should preside over their meeting, the object of which was rather to curb that high prelate's ambition, than to confirm still further the power he had already over them. When a year before these councils of state had been inaugurated, the Archbishop had opposed them; but, finding that the Emperor was inclined to defer to the wishes of his nobles, the lord of Treves had insisted upon his right to be present during the deliberations, and this right

* Published in Canada by special arrangement.

the Emperor had conceded. He further proposed that the meeting should be held at his own castle of Cochem, as being conveniently situated midway between Coblentz and Treves ; but to this the nobles had with fervent unanimity objected. Cochem castle, they remembered, possessed strong walls and deep dungeons, and they had no desire to trust themselves within the lion's jaws, having little faith in his lordship's benevolent intentions toward them. The Emperor seemed favourable to the selection of Cochem as a convenient place of meeting, and the nobles were nonplussed, because they could not give their real reason for wishing to avoid it, and the Archbishop continued to press the claims of Cochem as being of equal advantage to all.

"It is not as though I asked them to come to Treves," said the Archbishop, "for that would entail a long journey upon those living near the Rhine, and in going to Cochem I shall myself have to travel as far as those who come from Coblentz."

The Emperor said: "It seems a most reasonable selection, and unless some strong objection be urged, I shall confirm the choice of Cochem."

The nobles were all struck with apprehension at these words, and knew not what to say, when suddenly, to their great delight, up spoke the stalwart Count of Winneburg.

"Your majesty," he said, "my castle stands but a short league from Cochem, and has a rittersaal as large as that in the pinnacled palace owned by the archbishop. It is equally convenient to all concerned, and every gentleman is right welcome to its hospitality. My cellars are well filled with good wine, and my larders are stocked with abundance of food. All that can be urged in favor of Cochem applies with equal truth to the Schloss Winneburg. If, therefore, the council will accept of my roof, it is theirs."

The nobles with universal enthusiasm cried: "Yes, yes; Winneburg is the spot."

The Emperor smiled, for he well knew that his lordship of Treves was somewhat miserly in the dispensing of his hospitality. He preferred to see his guests drink the wine of a poor vintage rather than tap the bottle which contained the wine of a yield of a good year. His Majesty smiled because he imagined his nobles thought of the replenishing of their stomachs, whereas they were concerned for the safety of their necks, but seeing them unanimous in their choice, he nominated Schloss Winneburg as the place of meeting, and so it remained.

When, therefore, the Archbishop of Treves set himself down in the ample chair, to which those present had, without a dissenting vote, elected Count Winneburg, distrust at once took hold of them, for they were ever jealous of the encroachments of their over-lord. The Archbishop glared angrily around him, but no man moved from where he stood.

"I ask you to be seated. The council is called to order."

Baron Beilstein cleared his throat and spoke, seemingly with some hesitation, but nevertheless with a touch of obstinacy in his voice :

"May we beg a little more time for Count Winneburg? He has doubtless gone farther afield than he intended when he set out. I myself know something of the fascination of the chase, and can easily understand that it wipes out all remembrance of lesser things."

"Call you this council a lesser thing?" demanded the Archbishop. "We have waited an hour already, and I shall not give the laggard a moment more."

"Indeed, my lord, then I am sorry to hear it. I would not willingly be the man who sits in Winneburg's chair, should he come suddenly upon us."

"Is that a threat?" asked the Archbishop, frowning.

"It is not a threat, but rather a warning. I am a neighbour of the Count, and know him well, and whatever his virtues may be, calm patience is not one of them. If time hangs heavily, may I venture to suggest that your lordship remove the prohibition you proclaimed when the Count's ser-

vants offered us wine, and allow me to act temporarily as host, and order the flagons to be filled, which, I think, will please Winneburg better when he comes than finding another in his chair."

"This is no drunken revel, but a council of state," said the Archbishop sternly, "and I drink no wine when the host is not here to proffer it."

"Indeed, my lord," said Beilstein, with a shrug of the shoulders, "some of us are so thirsty that we care not who makes the offer, as long as the wine be sound."

What reply the Archbishop would have made can only be conjectured, for at that moment the door burst open and in came Count Winneburg, a head and shoulders above any man in that room and huge in proportion.

"My lords, my lords," he cried, his loud voice booming to the rafters, "how can I ask you to excuse such a breach of hospitality? What! Not a single flagon of wine in the room! This makes my deep regret almost unbearable. Surely, Beilstein, you might have amended that, if only for the sake of an old and constant comrade. Truth, gentlemen, until I heard the bell of the castle toll, I had no thought that this was the day of our meeting, and then, to my despair, I found myself an hour away, and have ridden hard to be among you."

Then noticing there was something ominous in the air, and an unaccustomed silence to greet his words, he looked from one to the other, and his eye, travelling up the table, rested finally upon the Archbishop in his chair. Count Winneburg drew himself up, his ruddy face colouring like fire. Then, before any person could reach out hand to check him or move lip in counsel, the Count, with a fierce oath, strode to the usurper, grasped him by the shoulders, whirled his heels high above his head, and flung him like a sack of corn to the smooth floor, where the unfortunate Archbishop, huddled in a helpless heap, slid along the polished surface as if he were on ice. The fifteen nobles stood stock still, appalled at this unexpected outrage upon their over-lord. Winneburg seated himself in the chair with an emphasis that made even the solid table rattle, and bringing down his huge fist crashing on the board before him, shouted:

"Let no man occupy my chair unless he has weight enough to remain there."

Baron Beilstein and one or two others hurried to the prostrate Archbishop and assisted him to his feet.

"Count Winneburg," said Beilstein, "you can expect no sympathy from us for such a course of violence in your own hall."

"I want none of your sympathy," roared the angry Count. "Bestow it on the man now in your hands who needs it. If you want the archbishop of Treves to act as your chairman, elect him to the position in welcome. I shall have no usurpation in my castle. While I am chairman I sit in the chair, and none other."

There was a murmur of approval at this, for one and all were deeply suspicious of the Archbishop's continued encroachments.

His lordship of Treves, once more on his feet, his lips pallid, and his face colourless, looked with undisguised hatred at his assailant. "Winneburg," he said slowly, "you will apologize abjectly for this insult, and that in the presence of the nobles of this empire, or I shall see to it that not one stone of this castle remains upon another."

"Indeed," said the count nonchalantly. "I shall apologize to you, my lord, when you have apologized to me for taking my place. As to the castle, it is said that the devil assisted in the building of it, and it is quite likely that through friendship for you he may preside over its destruction."

The Archbishop made no reply, but bowing haughtily to the rest of the company, who looked glum enough, well knowing that the episode they had witnessed meant, in all probability, red war let loose down the smiling valley of the Moselle, left the rittersaal.

"Now that the council is duly con-

vened in regular order," said Count Winneburg, when the others had seated themselves round his table, "what questions of state come up for discussion?"

For a moment there was no answer to this query, the delegates looking at one another speechless. But at last Baron Beilstein, shrugging his shoulder, said dryly:

"Indeed, my lord Count, I think the time for talk is past, and I suggest that we all look closely to the strengthening of our walls, which are likely to be tested before long by the Lion of Treves. It may have been unwise, Winneburg, to have used the Archbishop so roughly, he being unaccustomed to athletic exercise, but, let the consequences be what they may, I for one will stand by you."

"And I, and I, and I, and I," cried the others, with the exception of the knight of Ehrenburg, who living as he did near the town of Coblentz, was learned in the law, and not so ready as some of his comrades to speak first and think afterwards.

"My good friends," cried the presiding officer, quite evidently deeply moved by this token of their fealty, "what I have done, I have done, be it wise or the reverse, and the results must fall on my head alone. No words of mine can remove the dust of the floor from the Archbishop's cloak, so, if he comes, let him come. I shall give him as hearty a welcome as it is in my power to render. All I ask is fair play, and those who stand aside shall see a good fight. It is not right that a hasty act of mine should embroil the peaceful countryside, so if Treves comes on I shall meet him alone, here in my castle. But, nevertheless, I thank you all for your offers of help; that is all except the knight of Ehrenburg, whose tender of assistance, if made, has escaped my ear."

The knight of Ehrenburg had up to that moment been studying the texture of the oaken table on which his flagon sat. Now he looked up and spoke slowly.

"I made no proffer of help," he said, "because none will be needed, I believe, so far as the Archbishop of Treves is concerned. The Count, a moment ago, said that all he wanted was fair play, but that is just what he has no right to expect from his present antagonist. The Archbishop will make no attempt on this castle; he will act much more subtly than that. The Archbishop will lay the redress of his quarrel upon the shoulders of the Emperor, and it is the oncoming of the imperial troops you have to fear, and not an invasion from Treves. Against the forces of the Emperor we are powerless, united or divided. Indeed, His Majesty may call upon us to invest this castle, whereupon, if we refuse, we are rebels, who have broken our oaths."

"What, then, is there left for me to do?" asked the Count, dismayed at the coil in which he had involved himself.

"Nothing," advised the knight of Ehrenburg, "except apologize abjectly to the Archbishop, and that not too soon, for his lordship may not accept it. But when he formally demands it I should render it to him on his own terms, and think myself well out of an awkward position."

The Count of Winneburg rose from his seat, and, lifting his clinched fist high above his head, shook it at the timbers of the roof.

"That," he cried, "will I never do, while one stone of Winneburg stands upon another."

At this those present, always with the exception of the knight of Ehrenburg, sprang to their feet, shouting:

"Imperial troops or no, we stand by the Count of Winneburg!"

Some one flashed forth a sword, and instantly a glitter of blades was in the air and cheer after cheer rang to the rafters. When the uproar had somewhat subsided the knight of Ehrenburg said calmly:

"My castle stands nearest to the capital, and will be the first to fall, but nevertheless, hoping to do my shouting when the war is ended, I join my forces with those of the rest of you!"

And amidst this unanimity and much

emptying of flagons, the assemblage dissolved, each man with his escort taking his way to his own stronghold, to con more soberly, perhaps, next day the problem that confronted them. They were fighters all, and would not flinch when the pinch came, whatever was the outcome.

Day followed day, with no sign from Treves. Winneburg employed the time in setting his house in order, to be ready for whatever chanced, and just as the count was beginning to congratulate himself that his deed was to be without consequences, there rode up to his castle gates a horseman, accompanied by two lancers, and on the new-comer's breast was emblazoned the imperial arms. Giving voice to his horn, the gates were at once thrown open to him, and, entering, he demanded instant speech with the count.

"My lord, Count Winneburg," he said, when that giant had presented himself, "his majesty the Emperor commands me to summon you to the court at Frankfort."

"Do you take me as prisoner, then?" asked the count.

"Nothing was said to me of arrest. I was merely commissioned to deliver to you a message of the emperor."

"What are your orders if I refuse to go?"

A hundred armed men stood behind the Count, a thousand more were within call of the castle bell; two lances only were at the back of the messenger, but the strength of the empire was betokened by the symbol on his breast.

"My orders are to take back your answer to His Imperial Majesty," replied the messenger, calmly.

The Count, though hot-headed, was no fool, and he stood for a moment pondering on the words which the knight of Ehrenburg had spoken on taking his leave:

"Let not the crafty Archbishop embroil you with the Emperor."

This warning had been the cautious warrior's parting advice to him.

"If you will honour my humble roof," said the Count slowly, "by taking refreshment under it, I shall be glad of your company afterwards to Frankfort, in obedience to His Majesty's commands."

The messenger bowed low, accepted the hospitality, and together they made way across the Moselle, and along the Roman road to the capital.

Within the walls of Frankfort the Count was lodged in rooms near the palace, to which his conductor guided him, and although it was still held that he was not a prisoner, an armed man paced to and fro before his door all night. The day following his arrival Count Winneburg was summoned to the court, and in a large ante-room found himself one of a numerous throng, conspicuous among them all by reason of his great height and bulk. The huge hall was hung with tapestry, and at the further end were great curtains, at each end of which stood half-a-dozen armoured men, the detachments being under command of two gaily uniformed officers. Occasionally the curtains were parted by menials, who stood there to perform that duty, and high nobles entered, or came out, singly and in groups. Down the sides of the hall were packed some hundreds of people, chattering together for the most part, and gazing at those who passed up and down the open space in the centre. The Count surmised that the emperor held his court in whatever apartment was behind the crimson curtains. He felt the eyes of the multitude upon him, and shifted uneasily from one foot to another, cursing his ungainliness, ashamed of the tingling of the blood in his cheeks. He was out of place in this laughing, talking crowd, experiencing the sensations of an uncouth rustic suddenly thrust into the turmoil of a metropolis, resenting bitterly the supposed sneers that were flung at him. He suspected that the whispering and the giggling were directed toward himself, and burned to draw his sword and let these popinjays know for once what a man could do. As a matter of fact, it was a buzz of admiration at his stature which went up when he entered, but the Count had so little of self-conceit in his soul that he never even guessed the truth. Two nobles,

passing near him, he heard one of them say distinctly:

"That is the fellow who threw the Archbishop over his head," while the other, glancing at him, said:

"By the coat, he seems capable of upsetting the three of them, and I, for one, wish more power to his muscle should he attempt it."

The Count shrank against the tapestried walls, hot with anger, wishing himself a dwarf, that he might escape the gaze of so many inquiring eyes. Just as the scrutiny was becoming unbearable, his companion touched him on the elbow, and said in a low voice:

"Count Winneburg, follow me."

He held aside the tapestry at the back of the count, and that noble, nothing loth, disappeared from view behind it.

Entering a narrow passageway, they traversed it until they came to a closed door, at each lintel of which stood a pikeman, fronted with a shining breastplate of metal. The Count's conductor knocked gently at the closed door, then opened it, holding it so that the Count could pass in, and when he had done so the door closed softly behind him. To his amazement, Winneburg saw before him, standing at the further end of the small room, the Emperor Rudolph, entirely alone. The Count awkwardly was about to kneel, when his liege strode forward and prevented him.

"Count Winneburg," he said, "from what I hear of you, your elbow joints are more supple than those of your knees, therefore, let us be thankful that on this occasion there is no need to use either. I see you are under the mistaken impression that the Emperor is present. Put that thought from your mind, and regard me simply as Lord Rudolph, one gentleman wishing to have some little conversation with another."

"Your majesty," stammered the count.

"I have but this moment suggested that you use the title, my lord. But, leaving aside all question of salutation, let us get to the heart of the matter, for I think we are both direct men. You are summoned to Frankfort because that high and mighty prince of the church, the Archbishop of Treves, has made complaint to the Emperor against you, alleging what seems to be an unpardonable indignity suffered by him at your hands."

"Your majesty—my lord, I mean," faltered the count, "the indignity was of his own seeking. He sat down in my chair, where he had no right to place himself, and—I—persuaded him to relinquish his position."

"So I am informed—that is to say, so His Majesty has been informed," replied Rudolph, a slight smile hovering round his finely-chiselled lips. "We are not here to comment upon any of the archbishop's delinquencies; but granting, for the sake of argument, that he had encroached upon your rights, nevertheless, he was under your roof—and, honestly, I fail to see that you were justified in cracking his heels against the same."

"Well, Your Majesty—again I beg Your Majesty's pardon—"

"O, no matter," said the emperor, "call me what you like; names signify little."

"If, then, the Emperor," continued the count, "found an intruder sitting on his throne, would you like it, think you?"

"His feeling, perhaps, would be one of astonishment, my lord count; but, speaking for the Emperor, I am certain that he would never lay hands on the usurper, or treat him like a sack of corn in a yeoman's barn."

The Count laughed heartily at this, and was relieved to find that this quitted him of the tension which the great presence had at first caused.

"Truth to tell, Your Majesty, I am sorry I touched him. I should have requested him to withdraw, but my arm has always been more ready in action than my tongue, as you can readily see since I came into this room."

"Indeed, Count, your tongue does you very good service," continued the emperor, "and I am glad to have from you an expression of regret. I hope, therefore, that you will have no hesita-

tion in repeating that declaration to the Archbishop of Treves."

"Does Your Majesty mean that I am to apologize to him?"

"Yes," answered the Emperor.

There was a moment's pause, then the Count said slowly:

"I will surrender to Your Majesty my person, my sword, my castle, and my lands; I will, at your word, prostrate myself at your feet and humbly beg pardon for any offence. I have committed against you, but to tell the Archbishop I am sorry, when I am not, and to cringe before him and supplicate his grace, well, Your Majesty, as between man and man, I'll see him damned first!"

Again the Emperor had some difficulty in preserving that rigidity of expression which he had evidently resolved to maintain.

"Have you ever met a ghost, my lord Count?" he asked. Winneburg crossed himself devoutly, a sudden pallor coming over his face. "Indeed, your majesty, I have seen strange things, and things for which there was no accounting, but it has been usually after a contest with the wine flagon, and at the time my head was none of the clearest, so I would not venture to say whether they were ghosts or no."

"Imagine, then, that in one of the corridors of your castle at midnight you met a white-robed, transparent figure, through whose form your sword passed scathlessly, what would you do, my lord?"

"Indeed, Your Majesty, I would take to my heels, and bestow myself elsewhere as speedily as possible."

"Most wisely spoken, and you, who are no coward, who would face willingly in combat anything natural, would in certain circumstances trust to swift flight for your protection. Very well, my lord, you are now confronted with something against which your stout arm is as unavailing as it would be if an apparition stood in your path. There is before you the spectre of subtility. Use arm instead of brain, and you are a lost man. The archbishop expects no apology. He looks for a stalwart, stubborn man, defying himself and the empire combined. You think, perhaps, that the imperial troops will surround your castle, and that you may stand a siege. Now the emperor would rather have you fight with him than against him, but in truth there will be no contest. Hold to your refusal, and you will be arrested before you leave the precincts of this palace. You will be thrown into a dungeon, your castle and your lands sequestered, and I call your attention to the fact that your estate adjoins the possessions of the Archbishop at Cochem, and heaven fend me for hinting that his lordship casts covetous eyes over his boundary, yet, nevertheless, he will probably not refuse to accept your possessions in reparation for the insult bestowed upon him. Put it this way if you like: Would you rather pleasure me or pleasure the Archbishop of Treves?"

"There is no question as to that," answered the Count.

"Then it will please me well if you promise to apologize to his lordship the Archbishop of Treves. That his lordship will be equally pleased, I very much doubt."

"Will Your Majesty command me in open court to apologize?"

"I shall request you to do so. I must uphold the feudal law."

"Then I beseech your majesty to command me, for I am a loyal subject and will obey."

"God give me many such," said the Emperor fervently, "and bestow upon me the wisdom to deserve them!"

He extended his hand to the Count, then touched a bell on the table beside him. The officer who had conducted Winneburg entered silently and acted as his guide back to the thronged apartment they had left. The Count saw that the great crimson curtains were now looped up, giving a view of the noble interior of the room beyond, thronged with the great of the empire. The hall leading to it was almost deserted, and the Count, under convoy of two lancemen, being nearly as tall as their weapons, passed into the throne-room and found all eyes turned

upon him. He was brought to a stand before an elevated daïs, the centre of which was occupied by a lofty throne, which at the moment was empty. Near it on the elevation stood the three Archbishops of Treves, Cologne and Mayence; on the other side the Count Palatine of the Rhine, with the remaining three electors. The nobles of the realm occupied places according to their degree. As the stalwart Count came in, a buzz of conversation swept over the hall like a breeze among the leaves of a forest. A malignant scowl darkened the countenance of the Archbishop of Treves, but the faces of Cologne and Mayence expressed a certain Christian resignation regarding the contumely that had been endured by their colleague. The Count stood stolidly where he was placed and gazed at the vacant throne, turning his eyes neither to the right nor the left. Suddenly there was a fanfare of trumpets, and instant silence smote the assembly. First came officers of the imperial guard in shining armour, then the immediate advisers and councillors of his Majesty, and, last of all, the Emperor himself, a robe of great richness clasped at his throat and trailing behind him, the crown of the empire upon his head. His face was pale and stern, looking what he was, a monarch and a man. The Count rubbed his eyes and could scarcely believe that he stood now in the presence of one who had chatted amiably with him but a few moments before.

The Emperor sat on his throne, and one of his councillors whispered for some moments to him, then the Emperor said in a low, clear voice that penetrated to the farthest corner of the vast apartment:

"Is the Count of Winneburg here?"

"Yes," your majesty.

"Let him stand forward."

The count strode two long steps to the front and stood there, red-faced and abashed. The officer at his side whispered:

"Kneel, you fool, kneel!"

And the Count got himself somewhat clumsily down upon his knees, like an elephant preparing to receive its burden. The face of the Emperor remained impassive, and he said harshly:

"Stand up!"

The count once more upon his feet breathed a deep sigh of satisfaction at finding himself once more in an upright posture.

"Count of Winneburg," said the Emperor slowly, "it is alleged that upon the occasion of the last meeting of the council of state for the Moselle valley, you, in presence of the nobles there assembled, cast a slight upon your over-lord, the Archbishop of Treves. Do you question the statement?" The count cleared his throat several times, which in the stillness of that vaulted room sounded like the distant booming of cannon.

"If to cast the Archbishop half the distance of this room, is to cast a slight upon him, I did so, your majesty."

There was a simultaneous ripple of laughter at this, instantly suppressed when the searching eye of the Emperor swept the room.

"Sir Count," said the Emperor severely, "the particulars of your outrage are not required of you; only your admission thereof. Hear then my commands. Betake yourself to your castle of Winneburg and hold yourself there in readiness to proceed to Treves on a day appointed by his lordship the Archbishop, an elector of this empire, there to humble yourself before him, and crave his pardon for the offence you have committed. Disobey at your peril."

Once or twice the Count moistened his dry lips, then he said:

"Your majesty, I will obey any command you place upon me."

"In that case," continued the Emperor, his severity visibly relaxing, "I can promise that your over-lord will not hold this incident against you; such, I understand, is your intention, my lord Archbishop?" and the emperor turned towards the prince of Treves.

The Archbishop bowed low, and thus veiled the malignant hatred in his eyes.

"Yes, your majesty," he replied,

"providing the apology is given as publicly as was the insult, in presence of those who were witnesses of the count's foolishness."

"That is but a just condition," said the Emperor. "Remember that the council will be summoned to Treves to hear the count's apology. And now, count of Winneburg, you are at liberty to withdraw."

The Count drew his mammoth hand across his brow and scattered to the floor the moisture that had collected there. He tried to speak, but apparently could not, then turned and walked resolutely toward the door. There was an instant outcry at this. The chamberlain of the court, standing in stupefied amazement at a breach of etiquette which exhibited any man's back to the Emperor, but a smile relaxed the Emperor's lips and he held up his hand.

"Do not molest him," he said, as the count disappeared. "He is unused to the artificial manners of a court. In truth, I take it as a friendly act, for I am sure the valiant Count never turns his back upon a foe," which imperial witticism was well received, for the sayings of an emperor rarely lack applause.

The count, wending his long way home by the route he had come, spent the first half of his journey in cursing the Archbishop, and the latter half in thinking over the situation. By the time he had reached his estate he had formulated a plan, and this plan he proceeded to put into execution on receiving the summons of the Archbishop to come to Treves on the first day of the following month and make his apology, the Archbishop, with characteristic penuriousness, leaving the inviting of the 15 nobles who formed the council, to Winneburg, and thus his lordship of Treves was saved the expense of sending special messengers to each. In case Winneburg neglected to summon the whole council, the Archbishop added to his message that he would refuse to receive the apology if any of the nobles were absent. Winneburg sent messengers, first to Beilstein, asking him to attend at Treves on the second day of the month, and bring with him an escort of at least 1,000 men. Another he asked for the third, another for the fourth, another for the fifth, and so on, resolved that before a complete quorum was present half of the month would be gone, and with it most of the archbishop's provender, for his lordship, according to the law of hospitality, was bound to entertain free of all charge to themselves the various nobles and their escorts.

On the first day of the month Winneburg entered the northern gate of Treves, accompanied by 200 horsemen and 800 foot soldiers. At first the officers of the Archbishop thought that an invasion was contemplated, but Winneburg suavely explained that if a thing was worth doing at all it was worth doing well, and he was not going to make any hole and corner affair of his apology. Next day Beilstein came along accompanied by 500 cavalry and 500 foot soldiers. The chamberlain of the Archbishop was in despair at having to find quarters for so many, but he did the best he could, while the Archbishop was enraged to find that the nobles did not assemble in greater haste, but each as he came had a plausible excuse for his delay. Some had to build bridges, sickness had broken out in another camp, while a third expedition had lost its way and wandered in the forest. The streets of Treves each night resounded with songs of revelry, varied by the clash of swords, when a party of the new-comers fell foul of a party of the town soldiers, and the officers on either side had much ado to keep the peace among their men. The Archbishop's wine cups were running dry, and the price of provisions had risen, the whole surrounding country being placed under contribution for provender and drink. When a week had elapsed the archbishop relaxed his dignity and sent for Count Winneburg.

"We will not wait for the others," he said. "I have no desire to humiliate you unnecessarily. Those who are

here will bear witness that you have apologized, and so I shall not insist on the presence of the laggards, but will receive your apology to-morrow at high noon in the great council chamber."

"Ah! there speaks a noble heart, ever thinking generously of those who despitefully use you, my lord Archbishop," said Count Winneburg. "But no, no, I cannot accept such a sacrifice. The emperor showed me plainly the enormity of my offence. In the presence of all I insulted you, wretch that I am, and in the presence of all shall I abase myself."

"But I do not seek your abasement," protested the Archbishop, frowning.

"The more honour then to your benevolent nature," answered the Count, "and the more shameful would it be of me to take advantage of it. As I stood a short time since on the walls I saw coming up the river the banners of the knight of Ehrenburg. His castle is the furthest removed from Treves, and so the others cannot surely delay long. We will wait, my lord Archbishop, until all are here. But I thank you just as much for your generosity as if I were craven enough to shield myself behind it."

The knight of Ehrenburg in due time arrived, and behind him his thousand men, many of whom were compelled to sleep in the public buildings, for all the rooms in Treves were occupied. Next day the Archbishop summoned the assembled nobles and said he would hear the apology in their presence. If the others missed it, it was their own fault; they should have been in time.

"I cannot apologize," said the Count, "until all are here. It was the Emperor's order, and who am I to disobey—my emperor? We must await their coming with patience, and indeed Treves is a goodly town in which all of us find ourselves fully satisfied."

"Then my blesing on you all," said the archbishop, in a sour tone most unsuited for the benediction he was bestowing. "Return, I beg of you, instantly, to your castles. I forego the apology."

"But I insist on tendering it," cried the Count, his mournful voice giving some indication of the sorrow he felt at his offence if it went unrequited.

"It is my duty, not only to you, my lord Archbishop, but to His Majesty the Emperor."

"Then, in heaven's name, get on with it and depart. I am willing to accept it on your own terms, as I have said before."

"No, not on my own terms, but on yours. What matters a delay of a week or two? The hunting season does not begin for a fortnight, and we are all as well at Treves as at home; besides, how could I ever face my Emperor again, knowing I had disobeyed his commands?"

"I will make it right with the Emperor," said the archbishop.

The knight of Ehrenburg now spoke up, calmly, as was his custom:

"'Tis a serious matter," he said, "for a man to take another's word touching action of His Majesty the Emperor. You have clerks here with you, perhaps; then, you would bid them indite a document to be signed by yourself absolving my friend, the count of Winneburg, from all necessity of apologizing, so that should the emperor take offence at his disobedience, the parchment would hold him scathless."

"I shall do anything to be quit of you," muttered the Archbishop more to himself than to the others.

And so the document was written and signed. With this parchment in his saddlebags the Count and his comrades quitted the town, drinking in half-flagons the health of the Archbishop, because there was not left in Treves enough wine to fill the measures to the brim.

Robert Barr.

THE MAKERS OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

A Series of Twelve Illustrated Papers on Famous Men and Incidents of Canadian History, from the Norse and Cabot voyages until Federal Union (986-1867.)

BY SIR JOHN G. BOURINOT, K.C.M.G., D.C.L., AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF CANADA," AND OTHER WORKS ON THE HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT OF THE DOMINION.

X.—THE BUILDERS OF A CANADIAN DOMINION FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN* (1864-1873).

I.—PREFATORY OBSERVATIONS.

NO more historic event has been ever recorded in the historic annals of the picturesque city of Quebec since its foundation by Champlain nearly two hundred years ago, than the meeting of Canadian statesmen on an autumn day of 1864 in the Parliament House of the united provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. Then was laid, in the ancient capital so intimately associated with the history of French endeavour and ambition in North America, the basis of a federation which, in the course of a decade of years, extended from the Atlantic island of Cape Breton, known as Isle Royale in the days of the French regime, as far as Vancouver on the Pacific coast. It was fitting that a union which was to settle political and sectional difficulties between the French and English-speaking communities of Canada should have its beginning on that historic ground, where a monument has stood for nearly three-quarters of a century to commemorate the common death and common fame of a great Englishman and a great Frenchman.

In the light of the present day the eloquent words of the inscription have a deep national significance:

MORTEM VIRTUS COMMUNEM FAMAM
HISTORIA MONUMENTUM POSTERITAS DEDIT.

VALOUR GAVE THEM A COMMON DEATH,
HISTORY A COMMON FAME,
POSTERITY A COMMON MONUMENT.

My readers will recall how for very many years previous to 1864 jealousies and rivalries divided the French-Canadian race from the English-speaking people. For half a century after the concession of representative institutions in 1791, there was a war of races and a fierce struggle for relief from a selfish, irresponsible oligarchy, composed of English officials. Then came the union of the two Canadas, when the French-Canadians, for the moment, believed that their institutions were in imminent danger, and that they were to be subject to the Anglicising spirit of a government founded on a principle of antagonism to the French-Canadian people. As we shall see in the course of this paper, the union of 1840 was really the commencement of a new era in the political as well as industrial development of the French and English communities. French Canada increased in strength, and her statesmen found themselves more than once the arbiters of the fortunes of the provinces. But sectional difficulties again arose, and there was even a prospect of another war of races, stimulated by the uncompromising spirit of party leaders, who were ever pressing the key-note of "French Domination." At this critical time in the political history of Canada, indeed, of all British North America, came a

*AUTHOR'S NOTE: In view of the national importance of the subject, I have devoted the three short papers, which conclude the whole series, to a review of the origin and establishment of the Federal union of the Provinces. In recalling the services of the makers of this union, I have given in the first paper those portraits which appeared at the time of the Quebec Convention, and on the formation of the first Government and Parliament of the Dominion. In the second paper of this review there will also appear a fac-simile of the signatures of the most famous members of the first House of Commons of Canada, taken from the official roll in my custody as Clerk of the House.

proposition for a peaceful adjustment, which led eventually to the great Convention of 1864 on the heights of Quebec, and the satisfactory solution of problems which had long exhausted the ingenuity of French and English statesmen, anxious for the unity and prosperity of the two races to whom were committed the destinies of the country on the borders of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. As we now look upon the graceful obelisk which stands in its shady enclosure close to the noble terrace, recalling the names of Durham and Dufferin, and affording so varied a panorama of city, river and country, and as we study the apt epitaph which pays a common tribute to Wolfe and Montcalm, we may well believe it prophetic of that union of heart and endeavour which was to evolved after years of trouble and conflict. The two races, long hostile to each other, are at last equally zealous partners in the development of a Dominion whose enormous possibilities cannot be exaggerated by the statesmen or publicists who think of the work that has been already achieved against innumerable difficulties, or on the latent resources, which far exceed the dreams of avarice or Aladdin's wondrous Eastern stories. The basis was laid at the Convention of 1864 for a more perfect alliance and co-operation of the French and English races in British North America, and one of its results was eventually the choice of a brilliant French-Canadian Premier to direct the Government of a Federation founded on principles of generosity and justice to all creeds and races.

II.—FORESHADOWINGS OF FEDERATION.

The Quebec Convention was brought about by a combination of circumstances which seemed to give additional proof of the truth embalmed in Hamlet's prophetic words :

"There is a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will."

The idea of a union of the provinces of British North America had been a matter of discussion for half a century before it reached the domain of practical statesmanship and legislation. As early as 1814, Chief Justice Sewell, a jurist of great learning, addressed a letter to the father of the present Queen, the Duke of Kent, whom he had met at Quebec while Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, and urged a federal union of the isolated provinces. His Royal Highness immediately recognized the advantages of the scheme. The Chief Justice, it is interesting to note, was the son of the famous attorney-general of Massachusetts who had adhered to the Crown during the Revolution, and afterwards held a prominent position in the Loyalist province of New Brunswick. It is quite probable that the Chief Justice recalled the fact that Joseph Galloway, one of the most eminent Loyalists, had proposed in the Congress of 1774 a plan of union as the best possible method of bringing about a peaceful adjustment of the Constitutional difficulties which were then exciting a large body of people in the old colonies and which eventually separated them from the British Empire. The history of those difficulties must have shown the eminent Canadian jurist that provincial isolation was at once dangerous to British interests as well as calculated to perpetuate sectional jealousies and antagonisms throughout the provinces. A quarter of a century later Lord Durham also recognized the necessity of a legislative union of the provinces which, in his opinion, "would at once decisively settle the question of races ; would enable all the provinces to co-operate for all common purposes, and, above all, would form a great and powerful people possessing the means of securing good and responsible government, and which, under the protection of the British Empire, might in some measure counterbalance the preponderant, increasing influence of United States on the American continent." Under the existing condition of things in the Canadas, which required an immediate remedy, he did not see his way clear

to do more than recommend the legislative union of those two provinces, though there is little doubt that he was convinced that such a union would be the precursor of the larger scheme.

Some ten years later, at a meeting of prominent public men in Toronto, known as the British-American League, the project of the Federal union was favourably considered and submitted to the people of the provinces.

In 1854 the subject was formally brought before the legislature of Nova Scotia by the Honourable James Wm. Johnston, the able leader of the Conservative party, and found its most eloquent exposition at the speech of the Honourable Joseph Howe, one of the fathers of responsible government. The result of the discussion was the unanimous adoption of a resolution setting forth that "the union or confederation of the British provinces on this principle, while calculated to perpetuate their connection with the parent state, will promote their advancement and prosperity, increase their strength and influence and elevate their position." Mr. Howe, on that occasion, expressed himself in favour of a federation of the Empire, of which he was always an earnest advocate until his death. Here again we have another descendant of the Loyalists following the example of Joseph Galloway, and recognizing the necessity of strengthening in every way possible the ties of connection between the parent state and her dependencies. Failing such a representation in the Imperial Parliament, Mr. Howe was an advocate of a federal union under which the provinces would "form a large and prosperous union lying between the other two branches of the British family, whose duty would evidently be to keep them both at peace."

In the legislature of Canada, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Alexander Tilloch Galt was an ardent and able exponent of union, and when he became a member of the Cartier-Macdonald Government in 1858, the question was made a part of the ministerial policy and received special mention in the speech of Sir Edmund Head, the Governor-General, at the end of the session. The matter was brought to the attention of the Imperial Government on more than one occasion during these years by delegates from Canada and Nova Scotia, but no definite conclusion could be reached in view of that fact that the question had not been taken up generally in the provinces. As late as 1862 the Duke of Newcastle, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, while unable to announce any definite policy, stated that "if a union, either partial or complete, should hereafter be passed with the concurrence of all the provinces to be united," he was sure that the matter would be weighed in Great Britain, "with the desire to discern and promote any course which might be most conducive to the prosperity, the strength and harmony of all the British communities in North America."

III.—HOW THE FEDERATION WAS BROUGHT ABOUT.

The political condition of the Canadas brought about a union much sooner than was anticipated by its most sanguine promoters. In a despatch written to the Colonial Minister by the Canadian delegates, who visited England in 1858 and laid the question of union before the Government, they represented that very grave difficulties now present themselves in conducting the government of Canada; that "the progress of population has been more rapid in the western province, and claims are now made on behalf of its inhabitants for giving them representation in the legislature in proportion to their numbers"; that "the result is shown by an agitation fraught with great danger to the peaceful and harmonious working of our constitutional system, and, consequently, detrimental to the progress of the province"; that "this state of things is yearly becoming worse, and that the Canadian Government were impressed with the necessity for seeking such a mode of dealing with these difficulties as may for ever remove them." In addition to this expression of opinion on the part of the representatives of the

Conservative Government of 1858, the Reformers of Upper Canada held a large and influential convention at Toronto in 1859, and the most important result of their deliberations was the adoption of a resolution in which it was emphatically set forth "that the best practicable remedy for the evils now encountered in the government of Canada is to be found in the formation of two or more local governments to which shall be committed the control of all matters of a local and sectional character, and some general authority charged with such matters as are necessarily common to both sections of the provinces," language almost identical with that used by the Quebec convention in one of its resolutions with respect to the larger scheme of federation.

At the time the despatch and resolution just cited were written, constitutional and political difficulties of a serious nature had arisen between the French and English-speaking sections of the united Canadian provinces. A large and influential party in Upper Canada had become deeply dissatisfied with the conditions of the union of 1840 which gave equality of representation to the two provinces. When statistics clearly showed that the western section exceeded French Canada both in population and wealth, a demand was persistently and even fiercely made at times for such a readjustment of the representation in the Assembly as would do full justice to the more populous and richer province. The French-Canadian leaders resented this demand as an attempt to violate the terms on which they were brought into the Union, and as calculated, and indeed intended, to place them in a position of inferiority to the people of a province where such fierce and unjust attacks were systematically made on their language, religion and institutions generally. With much justice they pressed the fact that at the commencement of, and for some years subsequent to, the union, the French-Canadians were numerically in the majority, and yet were only on an equality with a province then inferior in population. Mr. George Brown, who had under his control a powerful newspaper, *The Globe*, of Toronto, was remarkable for his power of invective and his tenacity of purpose, and he made a persistent and violent attack upon the conditions of the union and the French and English Conservatives, who were not willing to violate a solemn contract. The result was that he placed himself in an attitude of apparent inveterate hostility to the French-Canadian people, and for years became, as he was often called, "a governmental impossibility," since it was not possible to govern the united Canadas without the support of the French-Canadian representatives. His successful rival was Mr. (afterwards Sir) John Alexander Macdonald, the Conservative chief, who was a man of greater political sagacity and more generous impulses than the uncompromising leader of the "Clear Grits," as the extreme Reformers were aptly called. By his alliance with Mr. (afterwards Sir) George Etienne Cartier, a French-Canadian statesman of broad views, anxious to reconcile diverse sectional and racial interests on principles of compromise and justice, Mr. Macdonald was able always to obtain a liberal support in French Canada, and eventually became the most influential leader in Old Canada as well as in the Dominion. The difficulties between the Canadian provinces at last became so intensified by the public opinion created by Mr. Brown in Upper Canada in favour of representation by population, that good and stable government was no longer possible on account of the close division of parties in the legislature. Appeals were made frequently to the people, and new ministries formed, but the sectional difficulties had obviously reached a point where it was not possible to carry on successfully the administration of public affairs.

Matters at last came to a crisis in 1864, and it was clear to patriotic men of all parties that there was urgent need for a radical remedy for existing grievances if Canadians were to be kept together without discord. It was certain that a change must be

made in the relations between the two provinces, and the question at once suggested itself to the men, who were closely studying the crisis, whether a solution might not be found in a federal union of all the provinces.

As it happened, all the circumstances turned out most favourable for the realization of the grand conception which had for many years captivated the imagination of many able men in all the English-speaking provinces. On the 14th of June, 1864, a Committee of the Legislative Assembly of Canada, of whom Mr. Brown was Chairman, reported that "a strong feeling was found to exist among the members of the Committee in favour of changes in the direction of a federal system, applied either to Canada alone or to the whole of the British North American Provinces." On the same day this report was presented, the Conservative Government, known as the Taché-Macdonald Ministry, suffered the fate of other governments for years, and it became necessary either to appeal at once to the people, or find some other practical solution of the political difficulties which prevented the formation of a stable administration. Then it was that Mr. Brown rose above the level of mere party selfishness, and assumed the attitude of a statesman, animated by patriotic and noble impulses which must help us to forget the spirit of sectionalism and illiberality which so often animated him in his career of heated party strife. Negotiations were held between Mr. Brown, Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Cartier, Mr. Galt, Mr. Morris, Mr. McDougall, Mr. Mowat and other prominent members of the Conservative and Reform parties, with the result that a Coalition government was formed on the distinct understanding that it would "bring in a measure next session for the purpose of removing existing difficulties by introducing the federal principle into Canada, coupled with such provisions as will permit the Maritime Provinces and the North-west Territories to be incorporated into the same system of government." The Reformers who entered the government with Macdonald and Cartier on this fundamental condition were Mr. Brown, Mr. Oliver Mowat and Mr. William McDougall, who stood deservedly high in public estimation, and merit the gratitude of all Canadians for their statesmanlike course at this critical moment in the affairs of British North America.

While these events were happening in the Canadas, the Maritime Provinces were taking steps in the direction of their own union. In 1861 Mr. Howe, the leader of a Liberal Government, carried a resolution in favour of such a scheme. Three years later the Conservative Ministry, of which Dr. (now Sir) Charles Tupper was Premier, took measures to carry out the proposition of his predecessor, and a conference was arranged at Charlottetown between delegates from the three provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. These delegates were composed of influential members of the Government and Opposition in their respective legislatures, and met on the 8th of September in the chamber of the Legislative Assembly under the presidency of the Honourable John Hamilton Gray, a descendant of a Virginia family of Loyalists, and a military man who became Prime Minister on his taking up his residence in the Island. By a happy forethought, the Government of Canada, immediately on hearing of this important confederation, decided to send a delegation, composed of Messrs. J. A. Macdonald, Brown, Cartier, Galt, McGee, Langevin, McDougall and Campbell. The result of the Conference was favourable to the confederation of all the provinces, and it was decided to have a further conference at Quebec for the purpose of discussing the question as fully as its great importance demanded.

Before this event occurred, however, a number of addresses were delivered by the leading men of the Canadian and Maritime delegations in the cities of the Lower Provinces, and public opinion, so far as it could be ascertained from the utterances of the press

and public men generally, appeared to be in favour of union in some form or other. No doubt a sentiment for union was strengthened largely by the fact that the Reciprocity Treaty, which had lasted for ten years between the provinces and the United States, was to be repealed, not simply for commercial reasons, but largely on the ground that the provinces should be punished for the large amount of sympathy that was extended to the Southern States during the Civil War, and the expression of feeling that was evoked at the time of the Trent difficulty, when there was—happily only for a short time—a prospect of a rupture of friendly relations between Great Britain and the Government at Washington. Canadians, who gave their attention to the condition of affairs across the frontier, looked with apprehension on the release of large bodies of soldiers at the close of the war, and their fears were in a large measure realized by the Fenian raids which occurred in the month immediately succeeding the action of the Quebec convention. The people of the provinces, irrespective of class and nationality, recognized the obvious fact that the time had come for emerging from the isolation which prevented anything like successful co-operation for commercial, political and defensive purposes, for bringing about a union which would better enable them to develop their illimitable resources, give them a more important position in the British Empire, and entitle them to higher consideration among the communities of the world.

IV.—THE QUEBEC CONVENTION—SKETCH OF THE FOUNDERS OF FEDERATION.

Thirty-three delegates met in the Parliament House * of Quebec, which remained the capital of Old Canada until 1866, when the seat of Government was removed to the city of Ottawa—originally known as Bytown—where a fine block of buildings had been commenced as soon as the Queen selected that place as a permanent capital, under the advice of the Duke of Wellington, who recognized its position as affording decided security in case of war.

All the members of the Canadian Cabinet were authorized to act as delegates; the Maritime Provinces were represented by the leaders and other members of the Government and Opposition in both Houses; Newfoundland sent the Speaker of the Assembly and another public man of great influence, as we shall presently see. All the delegates were men of large experience in the work of administration or legislation and thoroughly acquainted with the condition of affairs in their respective sections. Not a few of them were noted lawyers who had thoroughly studied the systems of government in other countries. Some were gifted with rare eloquence and power of argument. At no time, before or since, has the historic city of Quebec been visited by an assemblage of notables with so many high qualifications for the foundation of a nation. Descendants of the pioneers of French Canada, English-Canadians sprung from the Loyalists of the eighteenth century, eloquent Irishmen and astute Scotchmen, who were thoroughly identified with the interests of Canada, were represented in a convention called upon to discharge the greatest responsibilities ever entrusted to any body of men in Canada.

The Chairman was Sir Etienne Paschal Taché, who had proved in his youth his fidelity to England on the famous battlefield of Chateauguay, and had won the respect of all classes and parties by the display of many admirable qualities. Of him it might be truly said that he displayed throughout his public career and private life—

> "The marks of many years well spent,
> Of virtue, truth well-tried, and wise experience."

Like the majority of his compatriots he had learned to believe thoroughly in the Government and institutions of Great Britain, and never lost an opportunity of recognizing the benefits

* This brick building, of which I give a view, was destroyed by fire in 1883, and the present handsome and more commodious edifice subsequently erected.

which his race derived from British connection. He it was who gave utterance to the oft-quoted words: "That the last gun that would be fired for British supremacy in America would be fired by a French-Canadian." He lived to move the resolutions of the Quebec convention in the Legislative Council of Canada; but he died a few months before the union was formally established in 1867, and never had an opportunity of verifying the positive advantages which his race, of whose interests he was always an earnest exponent, derived from a condition of things which gave additional guarantees for the preservation of their special institutions. But there were in the convention other men of much greater political force, more deeply versed in constitutional knowledge, more capable of framing a plan of union, than the esteemed and discreet president. Most prominent among these was Sir John A. Macdonald, who had been for years one of the most conspicuous figures in Canadian politics, and had been able to win to a remarkable degree the confidence not only of the great majority of the French Canadians, but also of a powerful minority in the western province, where his able antagonist until 1864 held the vantage ground by his persistency in urging its claims to greater weight in the administration of public affairs. Mr. Macdonald had a thorough knowledge of men, and did not hesitate to avail himself of their weaknesses in order to strengthen his political power. His greatest faults were those of a politician anxious for the success of his party. His strength laid largely in his ability to understand the working of British institutions, in his desire to do justice to the French race, and in his recognition of the necessity of carrying on the government in a country of diverse nationalities, on principles of justice and compromise. He had a happy faculty of adapting himself to the decided current of public opinion, even at the risk of leaving himself open to a charge of inconsistency, and he was just as ready to adopt the measures of his opponents as he was willing to enter their ranks and steal away some prominent man whose sup-

VIEW OF CAPE DIAMOND AND DURHAM TERRACE AT QUEBEC, IN 1864.

CHIEF JUSTICE SEWELL.
Who advocated a Federal Union in 1814.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PARISH, HALIFAX.

HON. J. W. JOHNSTON.
Who moved the first Resolution passed in a Provincial Legislature in favour of a Confederation.

port he thought necessary to his political success. It does not appear that he had been ever an earnest supporter of union like Galt, Howe or Tupper, but the moment he found it was likely to be something more than a mere subject for academic discussion or eloquent expression in legislative halls, he recognized immediately the great advantages it offered, not only for the solution of the difficulties of his own party, but also for the consolidation of British-American as well as Imperial interests on the continent of North America From the hour he became convinced of this fact he devoted his consummate ability not merely as a party leader but as a statesman of broad national views to the perfection of a measure which promised so much for the welfare and security of the British provinces. It was his good fortune after the establishment of the federation to be the first Premier of the new Dominion and to mould its destinies with a firm and capable hand. He saw it extended to the Pacific shores long before he died amid the regrets of all classes and creeds and races of a country which he loved and in whose future he had the most perfect confidence.

The name of the Right Honourable Sir John Macdonald, to give him the titles he afterwards received from the Crown, naturally brings up that of Mr. (afterwards Sir) George Etienne Cartier, who was his faithful colleague and ally for many years in the legislature of old Canada, and for a short time after the completion of the federal union. This able French Canadian had taken an insignificant part in the unfortunate rising of 1837, but like many other men of his nationality he recognized the mistakes of his impetuous youth and, unlike Papineau, after the union of 1840, endeavoured to work out earnestly and honestly the principles of responsible government. While a true friend of his race, he was generous and fair in his relations with other nationalities, and understood the necessity of compromise and conciliation in a country of diverse races, needs and interests. Sir John Macdonald appreciated at their full value his statesmanlike qualities, and succeeded in winning his sympathetic and faithful co-operation during the many years they acted together in opposition to the war of nationalities, which would have been the

SIR A. T. GALT.
One of the first Canadians to advocate a Confederation.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.
As he appeared in 1864.

eventual consequence of Mr. Brown's determined agitation, if it had been carried to its logical and natural conclusion—a conclusion happily averted by the wise stand eventually taken by Mr. Brown himself with respect to the settlement of provincial troubles. In the settlement of the terms of union, we can see not only the master hand of Sir John Macdonald in the British framework of the system, as well as the successful effort of Sir George Cartier to preserve intact those peculiar institutions which had been legally guaranteed in the first instance to his countrymen by the Imperial Statute, generally known as the Quebec Act of 1774.

Of Mr. Brown, it is not necessary to say much in this place. All those who have studied his career know something of his independent and uncompromising character. In all probability he would have succeeded in doing more good to the very cause he had undoubtedly at heart if in the great struggles for representation by population he had been less conspicuous for his heated antagonism to French Canada and its special interests. He did, however, very much to redeem his character as a practical statesman when he recognized the impossibility of carrying his views under the existing conditions of provincial union, and agreed to enter the coalition government of Sir John A. Macdonald. His speeches in favour of federation assumed a dignified style and breadth of view which stand out in great contrast with his bitter and antipathetic arguments as leader of the Clear Grits. In the framing of the Quebec resolutions his part was chiefly in arranging the financial terms. It is interesting to know that his experience of the working of an elective upper house in Canada led him to be the earnest advocate of a federal Senate nominated by the Crown.

Another very influential member of the Canadian delegation was Mr. (afterwards Sir) Alexander Galt, the son of the creator of that original character in fiction, Laurie Todd, who had been a resident for many years in Western Canada, where a pretty city perpetuates his name. His able son had been for a long time a prominent figure in Canadian politics, and was

THE HON. GEORGE BROWN.

SIR GEORGE E. CARTIER, 1864.

distinguished for his intelligent advocacy of railway construction, and political union as measures essential to the material and political development of the Provinces. His earnest and eloquent exposition of the necessity of union had, no doubt, much to do with creating a certain public sentiment in favour of union, and preparing the way for the formation of the Coalition Government of 1864, on the basis of such a political measure. His knowledge of financial and commercial questions was found to be invaluable in the settlement of the financial basis of the union, while his recognized position as a representative of the Protestant English-speaking people in French Canada gave him much weight when it was a question of securing their rights and interests in the Quebec resolutions.

The other members of the Canadian delegation were men of varied accomplishments, some of whom played an important part in the working out of the federal system, the foundations of which they laid. There was a brilliant Irishman, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, poet, historian and orator, who had been in his rash youth connected with the rebellious party known as Young Ireland during the troubles of 1848, but was now a firm friend of British connection since he had seen the benefits of the beneficent rule of Great Britain in his new Canadian home, with whose interests he so thoroughly identified himself. He was not fated to see the Canadian Dominion attain its full proportion, but he was foully struck down in the first year of federation because he was not willing to give up the honest convictions of a mature manhood and sober judgment to the tyranny of secret combinations, whose hatred of England was shown not only by his murder but also by Fenian raids during the evolution of the federation. Mr. William McDougall, the descendant of a Loyalist, had been long connected with the advocacy of reform principles in the press and on the floor of Parliament, and was distinguished for his clear, incisive style of debating. He had been for years a firm believer in the advantages of union, which he had been the first to urge at the Reform Convention of 1859. Mr. (afterwards Sir) Alexander Campbell, who had been for some years a legal partner of Sir John Macdonald, was gifted

HON. J. H. GRAY.
Chairman of the Charlottetown Conference.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER.
As he appeared in 1864.

with a remarkably clear intellect, great common sense, and business capacity, which he displayed later as leader of the Senate and as Minister of the Crown. Mr. (afterwards Sir) Oliver Mowat, who had been a student of law in Sir John Macdonald's office at Kingston, brought to the discharge of the important positions he held in later times as Minister, Vice-Chancellor, and Premier of the great Province of Ontario, great legal learning and admirable judgment.

On the qualifications of the other members of the Canadian Government it is not necessary to dwell here at any length. Mr. (now Sir) Hector Langevin was considered a man of promise, likely to exercise in the future much influence among his countrymen. For some years, we all know, after the establishment of the new Dominion he occupied important positions in the government of the country, and led the French Conservative party after the death of Sir George Cartier, until a few years ago his public career ended in gloom, and he retired from political life enveloped by a doubt which even his political friends found it impossible to dispel under existing conditions. Mr. James Cockburn was an excellent lawyer, who three years later was chosen the Speaker of the first House of Commons of the Federal Parliament, a position which his sound judgment, knowledge of parliamentary law, and his dignity of manner enabled him to discharge with signal ability. Mr. J. C. Chapais was an illustration of a class of men we often meet in public life, who have greatness thrust upon them, though in his case it is fair to admit that without being a man of marked talents he had good business habits and sound judgment, which made him equal to the administrative duties entrusted to him from time to time.

Of the five men sent by Nova Scotia the two ablest were Dr. (now Sir) Charles Tupper, who was first Minister of the Conservative Government, and Mr. (later Sir) Adams G. Archibald, who was leader of the Liberal Opposition in the Assembly. The former was then, as now, distinguished for his great power as a debater, and for the forcible enunciations of his opinions on the public questions on which he had

SIR S. L. TILLEY, 1864.

SIR E. P. TACHÉ.
Chairman of the Quebec Convention.

made up his mind. When he had a great end in view he followed it with a tenacity of purpose that generally gave him success. Ever since he entered public life as an opponent of Mr. Howe, he has been a dominant force in the politics of Nova Scotia. While Conservative in name, he entertained broad liberal views, which found expression in the improvement of the school system, at a very low ebb when he came into office, and in the readiness and energy with which he identified himself with the cause of the union of the provinces, from the moment he recognized its practicability and necessity. Sir Adams Archibald was descended from a North of Ireland family which came into Nova Scotia in the middle of the eighteenth century, and gave eventually several men of distinction to the judiciary and public life of the provinces and empire. He was noted for his dignified demeanour, sound legal attainments, a clear, plausible style of oratory, well calculated to instruct a learned audience. Mr. William A. Henry was a lawyer of considerable ability, who was at a later time elevated to the Bench of the Supreme Court of Canada. Mr. Jonathan J. McCully, afterwards a judge in Nova Scotia, had never sat in the Assembly, but he exercised influence in the Legislative Council on the Liberal side and was an editorial writer of no mean ability. Mr. Dickey was a leader of the Conservatives in the Upper House, and distinguished for his general culture and legal knowledge.

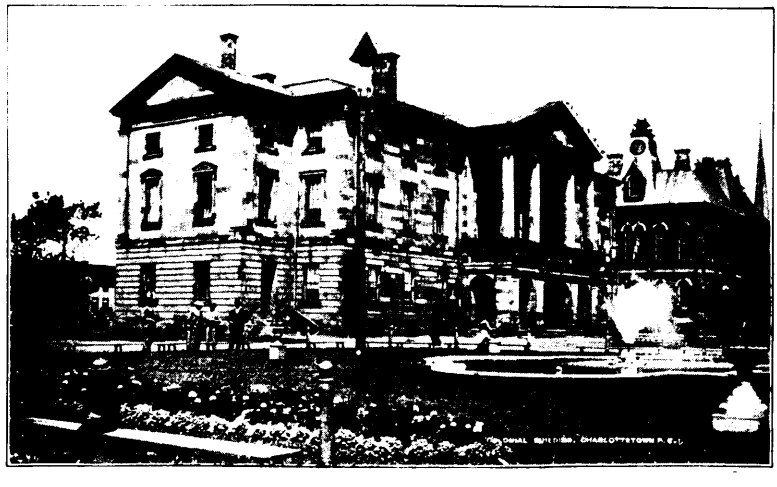
New Brunswick sent seven delegates drawn from the Government and Opposition. The Loyalists, who founded this province, were represented by four of the most prominent members of the delegation, Tilley, Chandler, Gray and Fisher. Mr. (afterwards Sir) Samuel Leonard Tilley had been long engaged in public life, and possessed admirable ability as an administrator. He had for years taken a deep interest in questions of intercolonial trade, railway intercourse and political union. He was a reformer of pronounced opinions, most earnest in the advocacy of temperance, possessed of great tact, and respected for his high character in all the relations of life. In later times he became Finance Minister of the Dominion and Lieutenant-Governor of his native province.

Mr. John Hamilton Gray, later a

judge in British Columbia, probably a relation of the premier of Prince Edward Island, was one of the most eloquent and accomplished men in the convention, and brought to the consideration of legal and constitutional questions much knowledge and experience. Mr. Fisher, afterwards a judge in his province, was also a well-equipped lawyer and speaker, who displayed a cultured mind. Like all the delegates from New Brunswick, he was animated by a great love for British connection and institutions. Mr. Peter Mitchell was a Liberal, conspicuous for the energy he brought to the administration of public affairs, both in his own province and in the new Dominion as a Minister of the Crown. Mr. Edward Barron Chandler had been long a notable figure in the politics of New Brunswick, and was universally respected for his probity and worth. He had the honour of being at a later time the lieutenant-governor of the province with which he had been so long and honourably associated. Mr. John Johnson and William H. Steeves were also men of standing in the province, and fully qualified to deal intelligently with the questions submitted to the convention.

Of the seven members of the Prince Edward Island delegation, four were members of the Government and the rest were prominent men in either branch of the legislature. Of Col. Gray I have already written while referring to the Charlottetown conference. Mr. George Coles was one of the fathers of responsible government in the island, and long associated with the advocacy and passage of many progressive measures, including the improvement of the educational system. Mr. Edward Whalen had been in his youth a printer in the office of Joseph Howe at Halifax, and subsequently printed and edited with great ability *The Examiner* of Charlottetown. He was an Irishman by birth, and possessed, like so many of his countrymen, a natural gift of eloquence. He did not live to see the island brought into the federation, of which he was always an earnest advocate on condition it could be arranged on terms favourable to so small a colony. Mr. Thomas Heath Haviland, afterwards lieutenant-governor of the island, was a man of culture, and Mr. Edward Palmer was a lawyer of good reputation. Mr. William H. Pope and Mr. Andrew Archibald Macdonald were also thoroughly capable of watching over the special interests of the island.

Newfoundland had the advantage of being represented by Mr. Frederick B. T. Carter, then Speaker of the House of Assembly, and Mr. Ambrose Shea, also a distinguished politician of the great island. Both were knighted at later times; the former became Chief-Justice of his own pro-



CHARLOTTETOWN LEGISLATIVE BUILDING, WHERE FIRST UNION CONFERENCE WAS HELD IN 1864.

PHOTO. BY LIVERNOIS, QUEBEC.

LEGISLATIVE BUILDING, WHERE QUEBEC CONVENTION WAS HELD IN 1864.

vince, and the latter governor of the Bahamas.

From the foregoing necessarily very brief review of the prominent characteristics of the delegates it will be seen that it would not have been possible to find in Canada a body of men with higher qualifications for the national and imperial responsibilities confided to them. In the following papers I shall endeavour to show how successfully they accomplished their great work.

(To be continued.)

ACROSS THE DYKES.

THE dykes half bare are lying in the bath
Of quivering sunlight on this Sunday morn;
And boblinks aflock make sweet the worn
Old places, where two centuries of swath
Have fallen to earth before the mowers' path.
Across the dykes the bell's low sound is borne
From green Grand-Pré, abundant with the corn,
With milk and honey which it always hath.
And now I hear the Angelus ring far;
See faith how many a head that suffered wrong,
Near all these plains they wrested from the tide.
The visions of their last great sorrows mar
The greenness of these meadows; in the song
Of birds I feel a tear that has not dried.

J. F. Herbin.

WHAT I SAW AT TAMPA.

From a Newspaper Correspondent's Pen and Camera.

IT was the morning of June 14th, and half-past three. All night long a tropical rain had poured down on Port Tampa, on the fleet of transports in the harbour, on the sentinels pacing up and down the long pier. Now, above the rush of the rain and the roar of the surf a bugle note from the water called the loitering soldiers still ashore. A tug was steaming from ship to ship, in the darkness, megaphoning the order "Make ready to put to sea at dawn." The gunboats swept their searchlights over the black bay, and by the beams of these and the flashes of the lightning, the drenched sentinels saw their comrades afloat, heard them cheering to one another from the decks of the transports in wild welcome of the news.

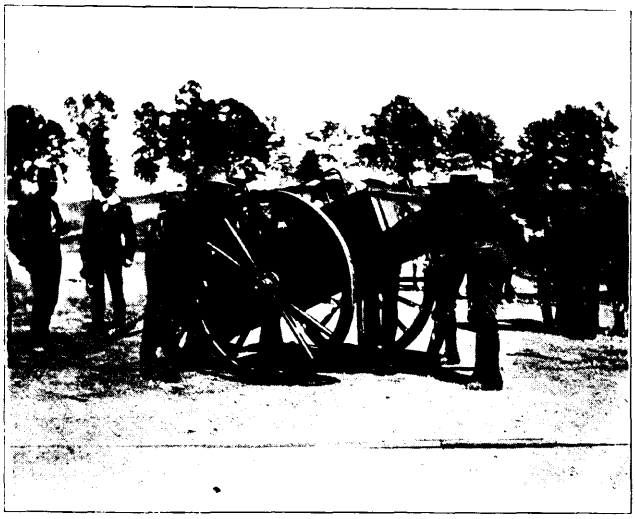
Gradually as the day came up in the wet east you could see, uncertainly, the great vessels tossing and smoking at their anchors. Thousands of rubber-coated soldiers blackened the decks, and swarmed on the masts of the transports, waiting to see the last of the land they had been so eager to leave. By dim daylight the signal floated from the Segnarance, "Put to sea in order as instructed." The men received it with continued cheers, and the vessels, quickly weighing anchor, one by one picked their way out from their sister ships with their noisy passengers. In the lull of the hurrahing you could hear ashore a few bars of "Columbia" and the "Star-Spangled Banner."

The flagship "Segnarance" was the last to leave. General Shafter, conspicuous and corpulent, stood on the bridge beside the captain, answering the farewells of his friends on the pier with a wave of his hand. The distance blended him into the bulk of the boat, and that into the dull sky. And the watchers turned away to realize that the long delayed United States army of invasion had at last departed for Cuba.

That army was composed of eighteen thousand men of all branches of the service, from siege batterymen down to telegraph operators and balloonists. With the exception of the 71st New York Infantry, the Second Massachusetts Infantry, and the First Volunteer Regiment of Rough Riders, they all belonged to the regular army. For three months they had been struggling across the continent, pitching their tents near their fathers' graves on the old Southern battlefields and in State Militia camps, finally to be collected about the middle of May at Tampa, Florida.

Tampa, the last home camp of the army, is a dirty far-southern town, but lately sprung into notice out of the

A SNAP-SHOT AT A MULE TRAIN.



AN ARTILLERY AMMUNITION WAGGON.

sands of the western coast of Florida. It sits lowly on the old sea-bottom of the Gulf, fanned sparingly by sea breezes, and unsheltered from a tropical sun, except by a few skimpy yellow pine and palmetto. Its previous reputation lay in the fact that one Mr. Plant, a gentleman recently come into possession of a pocketbook of fat dimensions, and necessarily possessing a pull in Washington, had built a gorgeous winter hotel at this now historic spot, and so widely advertised it that quite a colony of Cubans and speculative Americans gathered in the shade of its walls, to live upon wealthy tourists from the north in winter, and on fish from the Gulf of Mexico in summer. For nearly two months an army of regulars sweltered in this desert between a hot sky and a scorching sand. Not clothed like the natives in light canvas suits, but in the same uniforms in which they followed the rebellious Indian over the far-northern plains—a coat and trousers of heavy blue material, canvas leggings, a blue flannel shirt, such as we would wear only in the depth of winter, and a heavy hat of felt. The officers were similarly clothed. But let it be said to the credit of these latter, that they did everything in their limited power to make matters as comfortable as possible for themselves, and therefore for the men. They made their hours of leisure contemporaneous with the hot hours of the day. Consequently, the regiments were drilled only in the early morning, or in that short period which comes between sundown and dark. And they allowed the men to discard their coats altogether, and even reviewed them in their shirt sleeves.

It was only before the sun had made its appearance, or after it had gone to bed, that these poor fellows really lived in Tampa. "Old Sol's" warming rays scorched their hands and faces and heated the deep white sands until it blistered their feet through thick leather boots. He squeezed his unwelcome attentions into every nook and corner, and made the sea-breezes assist him in his work of torture by turning them into blasts of furnace air before they reached the camps. He defied the efforts of man and beast to work—all were gasping prisoners in his clutches.

With this intolerable heat the men had battled bravely ; and to the civilian it was remarkable how quickly they adapted themselves to their strange surroundings. The first day they arrived, only the long rows of white tents appeared on the parched fields. Twenty-four hours afterwards their camps looked like so many picnic parties. The officers' tents and most of those of the privates were shaded by a circle of pine stalks driven into the ground. Over these was spread the thick green foliage of palm and palmetto trees. Some of the regiments had even erected bowers from fifty to seventy feet long and about ten feet wide. Along each side of these ran two comfortable pine benches, while in the centre was a wooden table about which the privates

collected to eat their meals, to tell soldier stories, and to describe to one another the situation and the Cubans.

It was only natural that the latter should be a chief subject of conversation. There were fifteen thousand of them in Tampa, and mostly refugees; so that the soldiers had plenty of opportunities to see and study the people for whom they were going to fight. To say that they were disappointed is to put it mildly. Seven hundred and fifty out of these fifteen thousand Cubans in Tampa volunteered to fight for their native land! The others rolled their cigars in sleepy silence, unheedful of the presence of the men who had been sent to die for them—to liberate their brothers from slavery—to give them back their homes.

Let us say, in charity, that it goes to show that there are two classes of Cubans—those in their little island, fighting because they do not like Spanish laws; and those out of it, contented with their escape. Between these two sections of a common family there is apparently no sympathy. In Tampa they live as uninterested foreigners, pursuing undisturbed the very "even tenor of their way." Harmless and lazy, you could see them sitting on the miniature verandahs of their cottages, smoking cigars in company with their half-dressed wives and naked children. Only the flag of the lone star, hanging limply from the many flagpoles in the neglected gardens, told of the presence of the native Cuban. The Cuban volunteers, some of whom could be seen occasionally around the American camps, were housed in an old three-story cigar factory in West Tampa. They had no regular uniform, except the yellow linen suits purchased in the clothing stores of Tampa, canvas leggings reaching nearly to the knee, and light felt, broad-rimmed hats, called the "Gomez." Each man's equipment consisted of a Springfield rifle supplied by the United States Government, and a "machette" which, in most cases, had been handed down as an heirloom in the family.

But the equipment of the regular army is not of the best, as any truthful soldier will tell you. The Krag-Jorgensen, their new rifle, is a Swedish patent, carrying five thirty-two calibre, nickel-plated cartridges in the magazine and one in the chamber. The magazine is said to be badly arranged, and so unprotected that it is liable to become unworkable by the slightest particle of sand getting into the machinery. Some of the soldiers who claim to possess "State secrets" affirm that this rifle was selected in preference to others, because the gentleman who supplied it, in the language of the Republic, "had a pull." The Spanish, on the other hand, possess one of the best rifles in existence—the "Mauser." It is acknowledged by the American officers to be very much superior to their own gun. Although it carries the same number of cartridges

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HIS DAUGHTER.

GENERAL WHEELER IN FLORIDA.

AN INFANTRY CANTEEN BOARDING THE TRAIN FOR TAMPA IN MARCHING ORDER.

and the calibre is only thirty, the machinery of the magazine is simpler and better protected, and the sighting apparatus is more accurate than that of the Krag-Jorgensen.

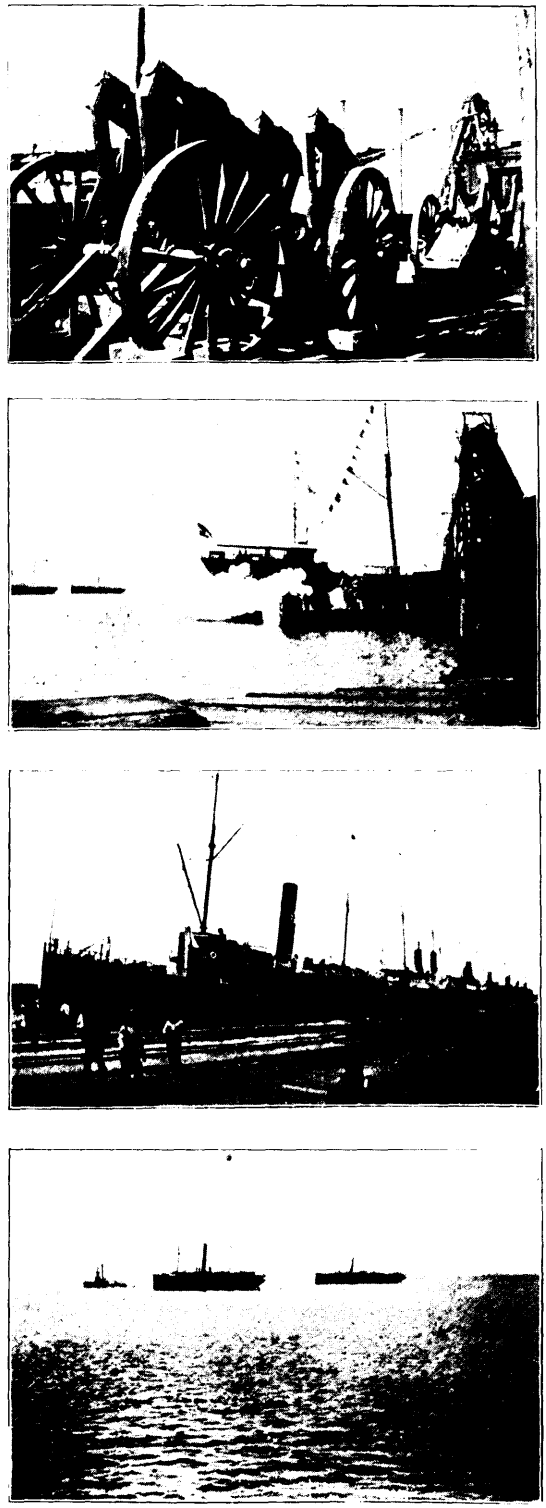
The United States regulars carry forty pounds when on the march, which includes the rifle and cartridge belt with one hundred rounds, weighing in itself nine pounds. Their bayonet is of dagger pattern, fastened to the cartridge belt in such a manner that it does not swing with the moving of the body. Their blankets are tied over the left shoulder and under the right arm, and wrapped around with a rubber covering which serves a double purpose, being used as a bed protector and a waterproof cape in rainy weather. Every branch of the service wears brown canvas leggings, which have proved most serviceable in the tropical countries, affording excellent protection from the insects and cutting tropical undergrowth.

The cavalry carry, besides their Krag-Jorgensen carbine and a very light sword attached to the horse's saddle, a seven shot, thirty-eight calibre Colt revolver of the newest long barrel pattern. With this instrument of war they have become most familiar, and reckon on doing some effective close quarter work with it in Cuba. Constant practice has developed some wonderful marksmen. The Sixth Cavalry possesses one of the best pistol shots in the world. Like many of the other regulars now in Cuba, he had served several terms and had left the army; but when the call came, reenlisted for another three years. I saw him stepping aboard the transport with his cherished Colt girded on his hip, and smiling cheerfully at the prospect of "potting some dagoes" as he put it.

The volunteer cavalry regiments are not behind with their expert shots, although in one case they took a very brutal way to exhibit the fact. The Wednesday before the men em barked was pay day, and, of course, many of them, soldier-like, got unreasonably drunk in the evening, and raided the Cuban district of Tampa known as Fort Brooke. A Cuban woman, carrying a babe in her arms, attempted to force her way through the uproarious crowd collected on the street close to her house. Her efforts attracted the attention of two cowboy volunteers; one rudely took the child from her arms, and mounting the steps of a cottage near by held it up by one of its limbs against the door as a target. Another with many oaths cleared a passage for twenty paces, and drawing his revolver emptied five of its chambers at the child. The shots buried themselves in the woodwork of the door, three around the baby's head and two at its hips. All came dangerously near, yet far enough away to demonstrate that the Westerner was very sure of his aim. The mother in the meantime, frightened almost to death, had scampered down the street screaming for assistance. The drunken crowd reeled with laughter and applause. She returned alone crying pitifully, and was so rejoiced to see the little one alive and uninjured, that she took it eagerly and departed without another murmur.

This was, of course, a most exceptional case of inhuman conduct, for, as a whole, the white soldiers, both volunteer and regular, were remarkably well behaved. But as an example of expert shooting under peculiar circumstances, I doubt if it has ever been equalled.

Roosevelt's Regiment of Rough Riders could also boast



SIEGE GUN CARRIAGES—FIRING WITH SHELL AT PORT TAMPA—THE OLIVETTE AND OTHER TRANSPORTS—TWO TRANSPORTS WITH GUNBOAT HELENA IN DISTANCE.

of many wonderful marksmen. A finer looking lot of men than these Rough Riders it has never been my fortune to see. About five hundred were thoroughbred cowboys from Texas. The balance was made up of rough men from the more northern States, of wealthy young New Yorkers and of collegemen. They have, as we know already, received their "Baptism of Fire," and have demonstrated that they are not lacking in the most essential of all soldierly qualities. Their equipment is the same as that of the regular cavalry, but they are more suitably clothed for Cuban climate in light brown canvas suits, made somewhat gaudy by a too liberal use of yellow trimming. Their horsemanship was their chief claim to usefulness, but unhappily their little bronchos were left behind in the inclosures at Tampa with the horses of the regulars. The officers were for the most part drawn from the regular army. Add to these such men as Roosevelt, Wood and Captain O'Neil, who have previously done a good deal of soldiering. One very capable officer of the Rough Riders, whom I have occasion to remember well from his striking personality, was Captain Capron, killed in the first day's fighting before Santiago de Cuba. I had seen this tall, fine-looking officer several times on the dock at Port Tampa, and from his appearance and very soldierly bearing I had patriotically concluded that he was an Englishman. As liberty of address was one peculiarity of the Tampa climate, I approached the Captain and asked him point-blank if he was not a Britisher. He told me smilingly that he felt the compliment in my mistake, but that he could not claim in any way to be an Englishman. His family for generations had served under the "Stars and Stripes." His grandfather had fallen in the Mexican War. "And," he said, pointing to an artillery Captain with whom I had seen him speaking, "there's my father. We are fighting for 'Old Glory' together this time." As he bade me good-bye to step aboard the transport, a picture fixed itself in my memory—a picture of a young fellow with broad shoulders and neatly muscular limbs, with a pleasant face burnt so red that it contrasted vividly with light blue eyes and a fair mustache—standing in a careless pose with one hand resting on the woodwork of the vessel entrance and the other on his belt. He stood there a moment smiling; then waving his hand to his father, he disappeared into the shadow of the lower deck, and I heard the Captain of artillery say proudly to a bystander, "That's my boy."

That Roosevelt's Rough Riders received better attention than the ordinary troops in regard to clothing caused much dissatisfaction in the ranks at Tampa. Both volunteers and regulars were loud in their protests against their usage. And, indeed, the poor volunteers presented a pitiful picture leaving for Cuba, clothed in sweltering uniforms, and booted in civilians' leathers likely to prove as serviceable as paper, and armed with the old one shot Springfield rifle and a long bayonet of the "63" pattern. But five weeks out from the northern offices and warehouses and from comfortable homes! They have gone to Cuba to face hardships unimaginable, acclimatised regulars and Mauser bullets.

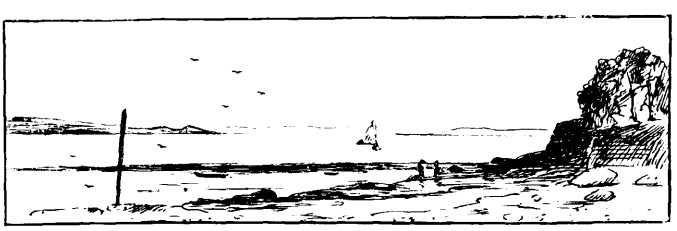
It was painfully evident to the observing correspondents, and certainly to the officers with the army in Tampa, that the U.S. soldiers were in no fit condition to move when they did into Cuba. This has been much commented on, and their want of proper equipment has been amply proved by their suffering since. Only sixteen guns of light artillery were taken, on account of lack of space for transportation. Consequently, a great many lives have been sacrificed because the Americans have had to make their advances unprotected.

The press correspondents were not at liberty to criticize the action of the military authorities, being fearful lest they might lose the privileges granted them. As a rule they did not comment at all on any of the movements, but merely recorded them. Neither is

a correspondent's life all "beer and skittles" when accompanying a moving army. The officers treat you well, invite you to their tents, offer you refreshments and cigars, and entertain you all the while with interesting stories of themselves and their regiments at the posts; but should you ask them, for instance, how many men they had in their command, they would profess the greatest ignorance. You may judge, then, how entirely the newspapermen had to rely on their own limited observations, and how often, to tell the truth, on their own too copious imaginations. One did not feel this very much until Pt. Tampa had been reached. There the very rigid censorship which had been adopted by the Government positively prevented us from sending any messages whatever, even those mentioning the arrival of a volunteer regiment, or the departure of a mule train. Moreover, we were constantly haunted by police agents, who never seemed to learn that we were poor, harmless, and very much hampered newspaper representatives under the "X-rays" of the General. In one day, while walking on the wharves at Pt. Tampa, I was stopped by no less than four of these spooks, at different points, and questioned as to my business, being released from cross-examination only after I had shown my Washington war pass. But sometimes even these papers did not avail. The representative of a Boston paper and myself, strolling together under our big umbrellas, noticed a train of siege guns being shunted towards the vessels. My newspaper friend promptly set up his camera, pressed the button, and was very shortly in the hands of the observing police official. He was arrested in spite of his pass and escorted to General Shafter's headquarters. He was released only after he had surrendered his camera plates, and had been severely lectured about what a war correspondent should not do in Tampa.

Tampa had never seen, nor I doubt will ever see again, such a gathering of press representatives as were there collected through May and in the first weeks of June; England, France and Germany were represented, and Canada had sent three correspondents from Toronto papers—Mrs. Blake Watkins ("Kit") of *The Mail and Empire*, Mr. John Ewan of *The Globe*, and myself. These Toronto papers were the only Canadian journals represented in Tampa, and Mrs. Blake Watkins was one of the only two lady correspondents with the army. If the public could know of the immense difficulties with which this lady had to contend, they would marvel much at her bravery and perseverance. An English journalist to whom "Kit" appeared to be "a seven days' wonder" was wont to say constantly through the mist of his smoking brlar, "Well, by George, she's plucky!"

J. S. O'Higgins.



DRAWN SPECIALLY BY H. W. MURCHISON.

A COUREUR-DE-BOIS.

THE COUREUR-DE-BOIS.

(A Sketch.)

THE Guard House at the Porte du Port of the old town of Montreal was comparatively empty that cool May evening of 1701. There had been a week of almost stifling heat, and every one was exhausted by the sudden change from the temperature of winter into that of midsummer. Most of the men had turned in early, glad of the prospect of a refreshing night's rest. In the guard-room a couple of non-commissioned officers were chatting and smoking, three or four soldiers were playing passe dix on a long bench which served as a table; the officer in command was walking to and fro in the empty Place du Marché with his friend Jacques Bizard, the Town Major, and the sentry yawned sleepily in the refreshing coolness as he slowly paced up and down before the gate.

From the windows of the Ancien Seminaire opposite, a few lights twinkled, but the town itself was as dark and as silent as the grave.

Outside the wall, beyond the "Little River," the new mansion of Monsieur Louis Hector de Callière, Chevalier of the Order of St. Louis and Governor of Canada, loomed up imposingly with its heavy bastions. Before the main entrance a sentry paced up and down, for the Governor had come up from Quebec to spend a few days with his friend Francois Dollier de Casson, the Curé of Montreal.

Within the new dining-room the two friends sate in earnest converse. The Governor grey-haired, worn with years and service, rested with his gouty leg pillowed on a chair, talking as cheerfully as a man might under such circumstances. There was at times a strong sympathy in his voice and an affectionate light in his eye as he marked with regret the failing of that herculean strength which had so long distinguished Dollier de Casson.

Both men were evidently nearing the end of their careers and both had much in common. They were equal in birth; in youth their profession was the same, —for the priest had ridden far on the highway to fame under the great Turenne before he had donned the cassock; and for years the object of their common labour and devotion had been the success of the struggling colony.

The windows at the lower end of the room giving on the river were wide open and the night wind swept pleasantly in. Suddenly a shrill, high-pitched cry, broken into sharp, short jerks, burst upon them from the outer darkness.

The Curé started to his feet, while the Governor sat bolt upright in amazement. "Mordieu! Les Iroquois!" he exclaimed; for the quick jerk of the Iroquois war-whoop once heard can never be forgotten.

The challenge of the sentries both at the Governor's and at the town gate rang out simultaneously as the priest hastened to the window. For answer,

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NOTE.—Dubosq was one of the most notorious coureurs-de-bois of his day, and though he does not figure so prominently as La Taupine in the reports of the Intendant, he peeps out here and there in contemporary records, especially in the letter of the Franciscan, transcribed at length by the Abbé Tanguay in that interesting common-place book, "A Travers les Registres," which forms so happy a supplement to his exhaustive work on Canadian genealogy.

Dubosq inherited a strong strain of Indian blood, for his grandfather, Laurent Dubosq, a native of St. Maclou (Rouen), married, in 1662, the daughter of Joachim Arontio, the first Huron chief baptized by Brabœuf; his mother, however, was a Frenchwoman, and the family might have reverted in time to the original type, but in Dubosq the wild blood was uppermost and sent him wandering amongst his savage kinsmen. The main facts of the above sketch are true, as may be seen upon reference to the letter above cited, which will be found under the date 1703.—W.M.

the same sharp, evil cry arose from the blackness of the river, and without further hesitation the sentry before the Governor's levelled his piece and fired in the direction whence it came. At the gate quick command was followed by instantaneous commotion as the whole guard turned out; and lights flashed across the square, when from the river came a wild chorus of shouts, and laughter, and jeering cries of mock reproach and welcome, as a large canoe was faintly seen to sweep round the Point and up to the beach opposite the Porte du Port.

"The devil takes care of his own! It is that vaurien Dubosq back again," reported the Curé from his post at the window.

From the canoe sprang six men, followed by two women, who made their way up to the gate, but to their surprise it was still fast closed and remained so in spite of their clamourous demands for entrance. As they paused for a moment for some response, they heard within the commands of the officer and the tramp of retreating footsteps as the guard was dismissed and returned to quarters. Whereupon one of their number drew a short axe from his belt and began to batter on the stout oaken gates. His performance was cut short by a commanding voice overhead:

"Here! Below there! Rest where you have lit, ye thieves, until morning. If I open, you shall all go under lock and key, and if one of you dare so much as lay a hand on that gate again or speak above his breath I'll open fire!"

There was no mistaking that voice; each one of the riotous crew sullenly cursed the unlucky chance by which the Town Major happened to be at the gate to spoil their triumphant entry; but they knew he was quite capable of carrying out his threats and retired in silence, consigning him to everlasting tortures for a "maudit suisse," as he was. After watching them until they disappeared in the darkness the corpulent Major withdrew to rejoin his companion, laughing and pleased at this tribute to his authority.

Meanwhile there was angry discussion, and hot reproach bandied back and forth between the discomfited and mortified arrivals; at length he who had plied his axe to such disappointing effect said in a low tone of savage authority, "Hold your tongues, fools! Get that canoe and set me across at the Point and we'll see if the Governor will refuse to receive a man who returns as I do!" As he awaited the fulfilment of his orders he turned toward the gate, and, patting his axe with an angry gesture, growled slowly, "You pack of hounds! Would you have me come to your beggarly town on my hands and knees because I am without a load of furs behind me? You'll have another song to sing by the morning."

He never raised his voice or made other gesture than that sinister patting of his axe, and he quietly ordered, "Put me across!" as he stepped into the canoe.

A few strokes were sufficient to reach the farther side, where their leader, followed by the two women, scrambled up the steep bank. He answered the challenge of the sentry who had advanced from his post before the main door of the chateau, and civilly demanded permission to see the Governor.

However lightly the authorities might hold him, he was well known and highly admired by the soldiery, most of whom looked with longing towards the freedom of his roving life; so he and his two companions were readily admitted into the entrance hall and bidden await the Governor's pleasure.

Under the light of the smoking oil-lamp he stood the ideal half-breed Coureur-de-bois. He was rather under-sized, but his lithe, graceful figure was perfect in its proportions and his olive face strikingly handsome, with its thin, regular features framed by his jet black hair, which fell in two long braids on each breast. He was dressed in complete buckskin, and notwithstanding the season, his blanket, which hung over his left shoulder, was wound closely round his waist in approved Indian fashion.

The two women were squaws, clearly Iroquois in feature and dress; one middle-aged and ordinary enough, but the other was a girl of not more than fifteen, with the soft eyes and fawn-like timidity of face which constitute the charm of Indian beauty.

The Governor was annoyed at the bravado of the intruders' approach, but amused at the predicament into which they had fallen, and after a few words with the Curé ordered the trio to be admitted.

As the Coureur-de-bois entered, followed by the two squaws, the Governor eyed him with no friendly glance, for he represented the worst type of that lawless class which had outgrown its first usefulness, and had now developed into the most disturbing element in the internal government of the colony.

The Coureur-de-bois advanced into the room with a natural dignity and assumed deference of manner, for he fully realized the delicacy of his position; and, after bowing low before the Governor, turned towards the Curé, to whom he extended his hand with easy assurance.

"All in good time, Master Dubosq," said Dollier dryly, waiving aside the proffered greeting, "Let us first hear what you have to say to His Excellency."

Dubosq smiled as his name was mentioned, dropped his hand palm upwards on the table, and bending forward said, with scarcely hidden insolence, "Is he necessary?" indicating the soldier standing armed and motionless at the door.

The Governor frowned impatiently, but signed to the soldier, who withdrew. Dubosq on his part turned to the squaws, who at his bidding backed over to the wall, where, crouching on the floor, they remained immovable throughout the interview, silently following every gesture and expression of the actors with their tireless eyes.

"Now then," said the Governor impatiently, "no lies and no boasting more than you can help! I am sick of you and all your tribe! What new deviltry have you been up to that you must needs carry your impudence into my presence at this hour? I care nothing about your idiocy before the gate; you shall answer to the Major for that to-morrow! Now then, begin!"

An angry blush burned redly under Dubosq's dusky skin, but his low voice, with its trace of Indian sweetness, betrayed no resentment as he spoke, "Yes, mon gouverneur, I have something to tell, and something to show, or I would not have disturbed you and Monsieur le Curé at this hour.

"It is not two weeks since I left with La Taupine to trade; and my congé was in proper order," he added quickly. "We had fine weather, two good canoes and four men; we had attended to all our duties, as you know, Monsieur le Curé," glancing at the priest, who, however, gave no sign of acknowledgment to this adroit feeling for support. "We owed no man anything but our regular accounts; so nothing could promise better.

"But see how things fall out! No sooner had we entered Les Mille Iles than we heard La Mouche was in camp at a place we knew of. Good! I was not too well; so La Taupine, taking all the men, set off in the big canoe, and I was left with the smaller and most of the goods to await for their return till evening.

"To kill time I unloaded the canoe, lifted it up under the bushes, and piled the stuff beside it. Then I set to work to wait, and, with nothing to do and no one to talk to, waiting is the devil. So during the morning, somehow, I fell asleep, and I slept until I was awakened by a fly tickling my nose."

"Get on with your story, fellow!" said the Governor sharply.

"Pardon me, mon Gouverneur, but that fly has much to do with my story, and I can only tell it my own way. I shook my head, but the fly returned. I tried to hit it, but hit my nose instead, and, half asleep, I started up and began: 'Ah! mon . . . .'" but the fly was gone, and, instead, there sate an Iroquois with a twig in his hand and seven other devils like himself, in full

war paint, squatting close round with a grin on every face.

"There I was! This was the end of our beautiful journey for which we had paid so many masses! The canoe was gone, every Indian had a pile of goods on the ground before him, and I without so much as a musk-rat skin to show for it all.

"'Well, my children!'" I said, "'You have only caught me asleep, so don't boast too loudly! If you had been men you would have wakened me. Any squaw could have done as much,' but no one answered me a word. At last I said, 'Now, if you want to move I am ready! and so we started.

"Such a march! We went through the bush at a half run, only stopping once that evening when we reached their camp, where we picked up these two squaws; but half an hour later we were astir again. All that night we marched without halt until daylight, and it was the next afternoon before they dared make a regular camp. They knew La Taupine was with me, and that they were not safe within any reasonable distance.

"No doubt we would have moved on the next day as well, only one of the Iroquois insisted he had carried his plunder far enough, and now would taste it." Dubosq caught the Governor's angry start at this admission of his carrying the forbidden spirits, but, like the fly on his nose, it was too important a point to be passed over, and he continued with a well-assumed innocence: "So they tapped one of the kegs, and when I awoke—for I was so done out that I slept like the dead as soon as I could throw myself down—they were all pretty reasonably drunk, and they had begun on a second.

"We were all friends together now; they boasted of how they would be received in their bourgade when they walked in with Dubosq, Dubosq le Coureur tied between two squaws—and they laughed, those painted devils, and struck me on the back, and I laughed with them. Why not? Were we not all friends together? They said my standing quarrel with their people was an old affair, something that had passed, and I let them say on. So we drank, but all the time I was keeping my head clear by planning how I would take that same quarrel up before long.

"A third keg was opened, and then a fourth; which was sheer waste, for before it was touched, and long before the moon was an hour up, the two squaws and I were the only ones sober in the camp.

"They had tried to fasten me in their usual way, but only one arm was really tied to a sapling, and the Indian on my right was so drunk that as soon as I determined upon my plan I drew my arm with the unfastened cords from under him, and with his own knife cut myself free. I was sure of him, but was not quite so certain of the one on my left.

"The two squaws were asleep, as far as I could tell; but I dared not make any noise for fear they should scream out or escape, so I raised myself slowly on my elbow, and, after just touching my Indian over the body with the tips of my fingers to make sure of how he was lying, I struck with all my strength, and at the same time threw myself across his body, covering his mouth and nose with my hand. I might have spared myself the trouble, for my knife had found its way to the right place, so he only drew himself up together and trembled a little, and then lay quite still.

"I raised my head, and listened with both ears. Nothing moved but the wind in the trees. There was no sound but the moving of the leaves and the snoring of the drunken Indians. I sat up, took my cords, and, tying them together, crept softly over towards the two squaws, and before they were well awake they were so tied that I was safe from any move on their part, and I easily showed them it would not be well to make any noise. Now I had only to finish my work.

"I walked back to my first man, and with his own cassetête I sent him, and after him his six fellow thieves, one after another, down to Hell in such

quick following that they were treading on each other's heels.

"In three days I was back at the River again, for I had all the trading I wanted this journey; but I have not come empty-handed."

Here the vanity of the half-breed could not be controlled, the Indian blood asserting itself. He drew himself up to his full height, and his voice swelled into a triumphant boast, as he repeated: "No, I have not come empty-handed! I have brought no furs, I have come back in a strange canoe! I have brought back no goods, nor have I a pound of beaver to show for them! I will not trade on the Place du Marché to-morrow, but there is a proper man in Montreal who would not give ten years of his life for my butin! I travel light, mon gouverneur. I travel light, but I carry the lives of eight men! There!"

At the word he threw back his blanket, and slipping a belt from his waist hurled on the table before the two gentlemen eight Iroquois scalps, with their long locks twisted and plaited with coloured porcupine and beads in the highest refinement of savage skill. They both started involuntarily. Dubosq stood with his arms crossed on his heaving chest and his gaze fixed on the Governor's face, while the eyes of the two squaws sparkled and danced in admiration of the successful warrior.

The Governor, with an exclamation of disgust, pushed the belt with its horrible trophies from him, and he and the Curé looked sternly into each other's eyes before he spake:

"Take up your devil's necklace, you scoundrel! The law allows you a reward; but, had I my way, it would take a different shape. It is to you, and such as you, we owe the stain that is gathering on our name. You are worse than the savages whom you disgrace by your presence; and, if you come before us for praise, you have brought your suit to the wrong court. I have nothing to say to you! To-morrow you may bring your tale before the Governor of the town, and if I have any influence with him, be assured you shall meet with your full reward."

Dubosq calmly replaced his belt, and gathered his blanket about him; but the angry flush on his cheeks burned still redder as he signed to the two squaws, who arose and stood in their places.

"We will go?" he enquired softly.

"Non, mordieu! You shall not go!" thundered the Governor, striking his stick fiercely on the table.

At his signal the doors swung open, and a sergeant with four men entered.

"Here! Take this fellow and keep him and the women safe till morning. See they are comfortable, though, and have enough to eat."

The sergeant saluted, and crossed over to Dubosq, who, bowing quietly to the Governor and the priest, passed out of the room, followed by the squaws and the soldiers.

. . . . . .

In the early morning there was a commotion in the courtyard of the Governor's residence, there was much running to and fro, and indignant reproach and answer.

One thing alone was clear. Dubosq had escaped in some mysterious manner in spite of his guards, for the elder squaw was the only occupant of the outhouse in which they had been confined over night.

Later on, a piece of coarse paper was discovered fastened high on the main door of the Château on which was scrawled in red chalk, "ETIENNE DUBOSQ, SA MARQUE," and in the centre was one of the ghastly trophies, an Iroquois scalp, pinned fast by the blade of his hunting knife.

William McLennan.

OUR ANCIENT IRISH BARDS.

BY NORAH M. HOLLAND.

IN writing of the poets and poetry of Ireland it will be found that the subject falls naturally into two great divisions, first—the work and personality of the ancient bards; and secondly—that of the more modern poets who, flourishing since the prohibition of the Irish tongue has led to its gradual decay, have for the most part written in the language which has taken its place, that is to say, in English. The first branch of this subject we discussed last month, and it is of the second alone that we have at present to speak.

When Strongbow entered Ireland in 1169, the Golden Age of Celtic literature was beginning to pass away. The ancient order of Bards, with its three branches of jurist, historian and minstrel, was fast falling into decay, and the English invasion gave it its finishing blow. The third branch of the order, the minstrel, however, under the form of harper in the households of the great chiefs, lingered on until the middle of the 18th century, while in the guise of the wandering musician he may be found in some parts of the island at the present day.

Despite the incessant warfare which was waged for the next five centuries throughout the unhappy isle of Erin; despite the Draconic laws which once and again were passed against the language, laws and customs of its inhabitants, the spirit of Irish nationality died hard. Perhaps the chief cause of this endurance was the rapidity with which the early settlers became incorporated with the original population of the land, intermarrying with them, adopting their manners and language, and resenting as angrily as did they each following invasion. Indeed, it was not until Cromwell's system of extermination had been put in force, and the same merciless policy had within less than a generation been repeated by William the Third, that the national life of Ireland showed symptoms of becoming extinct, and even then, in the words of the proverb, it was but scotched, not killed.

Until that date the Irish poet had written in the Irish tongue, and had been sure of an audience to whom that tongue was familiar. Some, it is true, of Irish blood and birth, but "born within the pale," had written in English, but they were few and far between, and were greatly outnumbered by those who used the language of the country. This language was now, owing to the severities practised against its users, almost wholly extinct, although in corners of the south and west of the island it found a refuge, and has lingered there even until the present day.

At the darkest hour, however, dawn began to gleam. From the end of the 17th and beginning of the 18th century dates many a delicate lyric, such as the Jacobite song "Kathaleen Na Houlahan," "The Fair Hills of Ireland," and the first really Irish song written in English, and also a Jacobite relic, "The Blackbird."

The English language had become the vehicle of expression throughout the land, and amid the turmoil of debauchery and riot with which these centuries closed arose a little group of poets who poured forth song after song, which, while written in this tongue, breathed of the ancient Irish spirit as strongly as did any of the effusions of the older bards.

Perhaps the chief trait of most of the songs of this period is the intense love of country which is to be found in them. The Celtic nature found its solace for all injuries in the outpouring of a pathetic patriotism, in a longing looking back to the days when their kings were conquerors, when "Malachi wore the collar of gold that he'd won

from the proud invader," or forward to the time in which once more Ireland should reign a queen amongst nations; and we are bidden, as in "Kathaleen Na Houlahan," to

Deem her not an ugly hag, unfitting to be seen,
Call her not unseemly names, our matchless Kathaleen;
Young she is, and fair she is, and will be made a Queen,
When the King's son shall return to Kathaleen Na Houlahan.

This personification of Ireland as a young and beautiful woman is a common feature of her literature. Sometimes her condition is spoken of as hopeless, and the sole consolation offered is the cold one contained in Owen MacBaird's Lament:

Thou daughter of O'Donnell! dry
Thine overflowing eyes, and turn
Thy heart aside;
For Adam's race is born to die,
And sternly the sepulchral urn
Mocks human pride!
Look not, nor sigh, for earthly throne,
Nor place thy trust in arm of clay;
But on thy knees
Uplift thy soul to God alone,
For all things go their destined way
As He decrees.

Sometimes the tone is more hopeful, and, as in Mangan's beautiful poem, "Dark Rosaleen," there is a declaration of unfailing loyalty, a determination to set her once more upon her throne:

I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills,
Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer
To heal thy many ills.
And one beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My dark Rosaleen,
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My dark Rosaleen.

Oh, the Erne shall run red
With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun-peal and slogan cry
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My dark Rosaleen!
The judgment hour must first be nigh
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My dark Rosaleen.

But whether despairing of success or looking forward to a brighter day, there is always the same tenderness, the same fidelity and affection which an Irishman never ceases to feel towards the land of his birth.

The first of the distinctively Irish poets who wrote during this latter period of her literature was John McDonnell Claragh, who was born near Charleville, in the County Cork, in 1691. He was a man of great erudition and a profound Irish antiquarian, and has left us, besides many songs and ballads, the materials for and beginning of a History of Ireland, and a translation of Homer's Iliad into the Irish tongue. His poem to "Old Erin," which is one of the best known of his works, gives a graphic picture of the state to which Ireland was at that time reduced by English misrule:

Who sitteth cold, a beggar old,
Before the prosperous lands,
With outstretched palms that asketh alms
From charitable hands.

Feeble and lone she maketh moan;
A stricken one is she,
Who deep and long hath suffered wrong,
Old Erin in the sea.

Though broad her fields, and rich their yields,
From Liffey to the Lee,
Her grain but grows to flesh the foes
Of Erin in the sea.

His lament for Prince Charlie is also well known, as are many of his other poems.

Contemporary with McDonnell Claragh, lived John Cunningham, of whom, although his name is almost forgotten now, Dr. Johnson found occasion to say, "His poems have peculiar sweetness and elegance; his sentiments are generally natural; his language simple and appropriate to his subject." His farce, "Love in a Mist," written when he was only seventeen, furnished Garrick with materials for "The Lying Valet." His "Pastoral Poems" are well known in Ireland, and his drinking songs are full of jollity and humour, and without a touch of coarseness. His best known poem, "I'd Wed if I Were Not too Young," is a song of sur-

passing excellence ; we can easily conjure up before our mental vision the picture of the arch, coy maiden and her "brisk Roger ;" it is easy to imagine how

He whispered such soft, pretty things in my ear,
He flattered, he promised and swore,
Such trinkets he gave me, such laces and gear,
That, trust me—my pockets ran o'er.
Some ballads he bought me—the best he could find,
And sweetly their burthen he sung ;
Good faith, he's so handsome, so witty and kind,
I'd wed—if I were not so young.

George Ogle, who gave to us "Molly Astore," Kane O'Hara, Thomas Dermody, and Edward Lysaght, the author of such well-known lyrics as "The Sprig of Shillelagh," "Kitty of Coleraine," and others, all flourished at the close of this century. "The Wearin' o' the Green" and "The Shan van Vought" are peasant songs of the time. "Gentry" and tradespeople are represented by "Garry Owen" and the "Rakes of Mallow," and "The Night before Larry was Stretched" is is a good example of the slang songs which had become popular at that period in many countries.

With the last years of the 18th century sprang up a triad of men whose names were destined to stand at the head of the roll of Irish literature. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Thomas Moore, and John Philpott Curran were all born between the years 1750 and 1779. They were all of comparatively humble parentage, Curran's father being "Seneschal of the Manor Court," of Newmarket, a position which is nowadays equivalent to that of a town bailiff, and Moore's a Dublin grocer.

Curran is now perhaps rather remembered as the greatest forensic orator of Ireland, and as a great wit at a time when great wits abounded, then as a song writer, although some of his songs are well known. Byron gave his opinion of him in the following words : "Curran is the man who strikes me most. Such imagination ! There never was anything like it that I ever saw or heard of. His published life and speeches give you no idea of the man—none at all. I heard him speak more poetry than I have ever seen written. The riches of his Irish imagination are inexhaustible."

The facts in the lives of both Sheridan and Moore are too well known to need repetition. The thing which strikes us most is the extreme youth of both writers at the time of the publication of their works. Sheridan was but twenty-three when his comedy "The Rivals" was written, and twenty-six when he produced the "School for Scandal." Moore's earliest poems were written at the age of fourteen, and the Irish Melodies at twenty-eight. Before his thirtieth year he had published three volumes of poems, all of which were eagerly sought for and widely read.

Then came the era of emancipation and repeal, and Banim, Griffin, Lever and Lefanu came to the fore. Banim is perhaps best known as a novelist, his "Tales of the O'Hara Family" and "Boyne Water" being classics of Irish literature, but it is to his pen that we are indebted for "Soggarth Aroon," a portion of which we quote below, and which was pronounced by Lord Jeffrey to be the finest Irish poem ever written. It is the expression of that heartfelt devotion to the priests of his faith which has always been a mainspring of the Irish peasant's character:

Loyal and brave to you,
Soggarth aroon,
Yet be no slave to you,
Soggarth aroon,
Nor out of fear to you,
Stand up so near to you,
Och, out of fear to you,
Soggarth aroon.

Who, as a friend only met,
Soggarth aroon,
Never did flout me yet,
Soggarth aroon,
And when my eye was dim,
Gave, while his eye did brim,
What I should give to him,
Soggarth aroon.

Lover also did much work that was Irish in the best sense of the word. Keegan, Fraser, and Wallace wrote in close contact with the peasant life of

the day, and of their songs it has been said "that you can feel the accent in them."

But a greater development was in store. On October 15th, 1842, was published the first number of *The Nation*, a paper founded by three men, Charles Gavan Duffy, John Dillon and Thomas Davis. Their object in doing so they explained in these words: "To create and foster public opinion in Ireland, and to make it racy of the soil," which words were afterwards adopted as the motto of the paper. From the party it spoke for rose a new life for Ireland. It is not too much to say that from the time of its publication Irish literary history took a new meaning, a meaning which has deepened and strengthened ever since. It was no longer the literature of a conquered and enslaved nation, but a people struggling for a broader, wider freedom than they had for years possessed. Each number as it came out was received with a yet wilder burst of enthusiasm than its predecessors. The best blood of Ireland declared its belief in the principles laid down by it. Mangan, Miss Downing, Mary Eva Kelly, Denis Florence McCarthy, Duffy and Davis were among its contributors. Among the latter's contributions to its pages was the well-known lyric:

Oh, she's a fresh and a fair land,
Oh, she's a rich and a rare land,
Oh, she's a dear and a fair land,
This native land of mine!

No men on earth are braver,
Her women's hearts ne'er waver,
Faith, I would die to save her,
And deem such death divine!

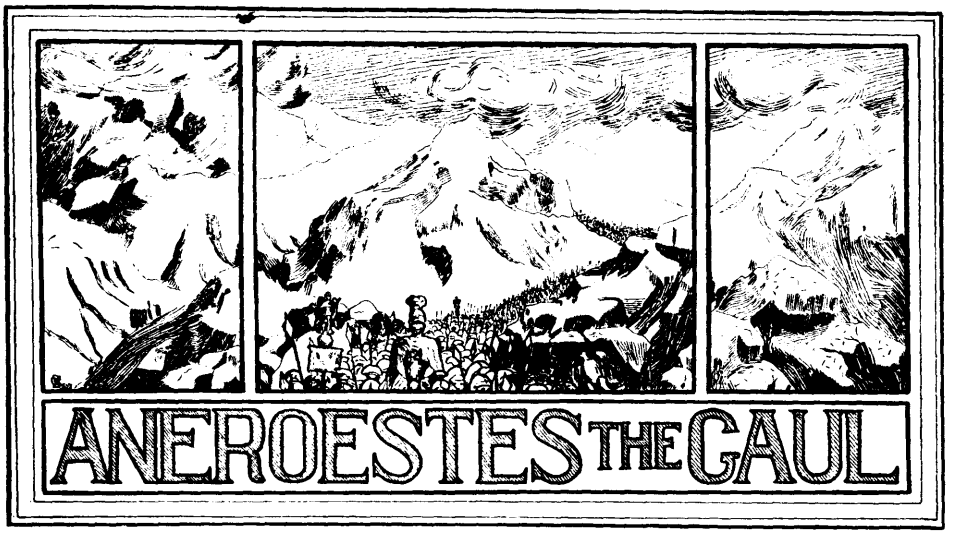
A selection from the poems it published was gathered into a volume, entitled "The Spirit of the Nation," and editions could not be supplied fast enough to meet the demand. A cheap American copy was published, and thousands were sold, not only in Ireland, but throughout the whole of Europe. Its leading articles were translated into all languages, and copied by all the principal papers of France, Spain and Italy. Its success grew daily. Davis especially among its contributors wielded great influence over the readers of the paper, and even over its enemies. A Protestant, supporting a cause which was popularly supposed to be espoused only by Romanists, a man personally so popular as not to possess a single enemy, he was respected by all parties. At his death *The Warder* a bitter antagonist of his views, wrote as follows:

"With a scholarship in general literature, as well as in history and politics, the extent of which was absolutely prodigious, Mr. Davis combined the finest and noblest natural endowments of mind and disposition; he was a constant, earnest and guilelessly honest labourer in the cause of his choice; and in his service he lavished with the unreserve of conscious genius the inexhaustible resources of his accomplished and powerful intellect—undebased by the scheming of ambition—untainted by the rancour of faction; and if we pass by the errors of a wrongly chosen cause, he was entitled truly to the noble name of patriot. Young though he died, his life had been long enough to impress the public with a consciousness of his claims to admiration and respect; his admirers were of all parties and in none had he an enemy."

How can we do better than to close our brief study of the poets and poetry of Ireland with this noble eulogy of one of her best and greatest, whose private life was as pure as his genius was unsullied, and who has given a new and upward impulse to Irish literature which has lasted until the present day, and the influence of which will, we hope, continue through many a future century.

Norah M. Holland.

[THE END.]



A Fragment of the Second Punic War.

BY EDGAR MAURICE SMITH.

CHAPTER I.—THE CAMP.

IT was morning. The thick mist that had held the earth in a clammy embrace during the night reluctantly retreated before the approaching sun. Like a fleecy mantle it trailed westward over plain, forest and rivulet, until the Alpine barriers were reached, when, soaring up the steep mountain sides, it mingled with the clouds that the topmost turrets had arrested in their course. A new-born wind came from the east in gentle puffs, and dispersed the lagging fragments of crystallized vapour that clung to a clump of bushes. These fringed the northern extremity of a valley wherein the Carthaginian army lay encamped.

Far-reaching beams, radiating from the yellow disc just creeping to a level with the horizon, cunningly penetrated the crevices of the tents, and awakened the sleepers. The long spell of quietude came to an end. Nodding sentries, posted at various points, blinked their tired eyes in the increasing light, and saluted each other with shouts and gesticulations. They aroused the more hardy warriors who lay about in promiscuous disorder, unprotected save by their wraps, but slumbering none the less soundly. Thin wreaths of bluish smoke ascended from the smouldering remains of ruddy camp-fires.

Men now began to pour out of the innumerable tents that clustered in this pleasant valley, and the silence was disturbed by the languages of divers nations—African, Iberian and Gaul—blending in loud discordancy. Amid the confusion the morning meal was soon in course of preparation. The smell of cooking meat perfumed the air and attracted the soldiers to where the food was to be served. They waited in impatience. When their turns came they ate ravenously for, up to the

*This story will be completed in six issues.

NOTE.—At the time of Hannibal's invasion of Italy (B.C. 218), the northern part of the territory now known by that name was called Gallia Cisalpina and was not under Roman control. It was inhabited by the Taurini, Ligurians, Insubres and other tribes of Gauls. New Carthage was in southeastern Spain and "Old" Carthage in Northern Africa, opposite the island of Sicily. It was from the former city that "the dread Hannibal" had set out upon his famous march across the Alps.

morning previous, hunger had not parted company with them during many days, and all were in sore want.

An air of relaxation was conspicuous on every side. The great struggle with Nature was at an end, and men alone now barred the way to victory.

As the warriors reclined near the fires, or squatted in groups, demolishing pieces of fresh beef and goats' flesh obtained from the friendly Gauls, they rejoiced in having survived the disasters that had marked the terrible journey from New Carthage. And yet this joy seemed a mockery. Skin hung loosely on projecting bones, and so stiff had their joints become that sharp pains accompanied the slighest exertions. Emaciated, worn and weak—afflicted with vile disorders—they resembled gaunt, starved slaves, rather than soldiers of the great African republic. But life was still sweet, and they thanked the gods that their corpses did not strew the Alpine passes, or rot in the deep ravines. Many comrades had perished on the way from cold and exhaustion, as well as from the subtle attacks of the mountaineers.

The site of the camp, though hastily chosen, was well situated. At the rear, the Alps rose up tier upon tier in a sublime immensity that seemed to shut out all communication with the world beyond—the balmy plains of Libya; the sun-tinted valleys of the Iberus; the rugged highlands of Lusitania—homes to which so many expected to return victorious and laden with rich trophies of the campaign. These mountains, lofty and bleak, their bald snow-crowned heads obscured in impenetrable mist to which the sun's rays gave a fringe of gold, awed the soldiers as their eyes rested furtively upon them. Strategy and perseverance had overcome the grim terrors that lay entombed in the dark abysses and treacherous paths, but only at a sacrifice well-nigh fatal. The army, energetic and confident, had measured strength with these silent adversaries, and in fifteen days had emerged from the icy gloom, lessened one-half in numbers, and the remainder but skeletons of their former selves. The bodies of the fallen served to mark the way for Hasdrubal, when some years later he hazarded everything, and fell in the attempt to assist his brother.

A warrior of more than ordinary stature came hurrying towards one of the largest groups with open mouth and eyes rolling in excitement.

"The General has ordered amusement to be provided for us," he explained, in answer to the looks of enquiry levelled at him.

"What may it be?" shouted several in chorus.

"The prisoners are to fight with each other in single combat," announced the informant, with no little show of importance.

"How know you this?" asked one among the listeners whose face betokened middle age and experience. "Has Hannibal thought fit to consult with you?"

A laugh greeted this sally, while he against whom it was directed but ill-concealed his anger.

"The General," he retorted, "looks to me to fight and not to advise. But what I tell you is true. I have it from the Iberian who stands guard at the great tent."

But the older man only smiled at this evidence.

"The Iberians are all liars," he said, as he stretched himself full length on the soft sward and blinked his yellow eyes at the sun.

The self-constituted herald protested the truth of his story, but meeting with naught but ridicule he brushed past his fellows and angrily stalked away to another quarter.

On the upper bank of a narrow but swift stream that gushed from the mountains and formed the southern boundary of the encampment, small knots of Iberians had assembled to wash their linen tunics and cuirasses, cleanliness being one of their first considerations. For activity and beauty of form these soldiers were the pick of the army, but the hardships attendant

on the campaign had reduced them sorely.

The tents of the Cantabrians occupied a conspicuous space on this side of the camp. The rugged natures of this tribe had best borne the trials that had so thinned the army. But they were rough and barbaric in their ways, and, while despised by the more refined of their associates, quelled all open criticism by the very ferocity they displayed.

Of kindred natures were the Vascones, whose tents lay next in order to the right, and from whose tribes the Carthaginian general had drawn heavily. Possessing the dauntless perseverance of the Cantabrians, without giving way to wild feelings and humours, they were more to be relied upon in a lengthy campaign. They wore little in the form of garments, but rough black blankets of goats' wool enveloped them as completely as cloaks and served the double purpose of a covering by night.

Fierce Lusitanians, who in the absence of an enemy were wont to create much havoc by fighting among themselves, noisily criticised the actions of their commanders. Many attached to the cavalry had lost their horses in the mountains, and the more ponderous animals, supplied by the Insubres, called forth murmurs and grumblings.

More desperate were the Celtiberians, whose tents were pitched in a semicircle somewhat to the left. Being of that uncertain disposition that is too much elated by success and similarly depressed by failure, the disasters so generally sustained had seemingly deprived them of all spirit, and while some prepared medicines for their ailments the majority crowded about the fires, sullen and dejected. The Norsemen alone made a pretence to establish order, and while grooming their steeds chided the foot soldiers for their lethargy and filth.

Balearian warriors wandered about in various directions and were easily distinguishable by their rush slings, of which each man carried three, wound round his head and body. The more energetic searched along the edge of the stream for smooth, flat pebbles of a size suitable for ammunition. Their broad-bordered tunics of Phœnician manufacture were covered with mud stains. Like the rest they had suffered, but the hope of conquest freshened them and filled them with strength.

Such was the army destined to humble Rome.

CHAPTER II.—HANNIBAL.

On this morning Hannibal held lengthy council with his officers. The curious clustered about the tent and vainly attempted to learn the nature of the proceedings from the bronzed warriors who guarded the entrance. The indolence and sloth so apparent in the actions of the soldiers evoked the criticism and sneers of these veterans, whose point of vantage—a slight eminence near the northern extremity of the camp—commanded a full view of the army. Themselves reduced and weak, they attempted to conceal their condition beneath a passive indifference.

"My countrymen fill me with shame," exclaimed one veteran from Iberia, whose wrinkles denoted hardship rather than age. "To see them reclining in their own filth is enough to discourage the whole army."

"In truth, the whole army is already discouraged," rejoined a Libyan in the language of the other, "and the blame rests with all alike. One would think by their lamentations that the journey across the mountains was yet before them."

The raising of the flap of the tent checked further conversation.

Hannibal appeared at the opening with his chief counsellors. At sight of him the idlers slunk away, not wishing to encounter the piercing gaze of their leader. The little knot of sentries assumed a military bearing, once natural but now maintained with visible effort.

Hannibal quickly took note of the surroundings, and his bright, black eyes swept over the remnants of what had so lately constituted a magnificent army. The misery must have appealed to him, though the stern expression of his dark skinned face did not alter.

He had not spared himself during that long, weary march from New Carthage, and while partaking of exactly the same food as was served to the troops, had given up less time to rest. Those intimately acquainted with his habits marvelled at his endurance and watched with dread for its sudden termination. It was impossible for them to comprehend the physical, as well as the mental, resources at his command. Having been schooled from boyhood to bestow such attention on himself as was required by necessity rather than pleasure, his constitution had become so hardened as to be proof against what would have overcome the majority of men. Nevertheless, the past five months had wrought changes in the tall, muscular figure. The plain blouse, covering the upper part, hung in loose folds as though made for a man less spare. The leather leggings, too, did not encase the limbs with any degree of compactness, and showed a loss of flesh that could only have been brought about through extraordinary exertions. But his step was firm and his every movement bespoke energy. His face was an even better index to the iron will which knew no master and acknowledged no defeat. The brilliant eyes reflected an omnipresent determination that was powerfully emphasized by the straight, thin-lipped mouth and the massive chin whose outline a thick beard failed to hide.

He had given careful attention to the opinion expressed by one of the officers concerning the condition of the army, though he evinced some impatience at the speaker's lengthy explanations.

"It is as you say, Gisco," he remarked somewhat abruptly and before the other had concluded; "the soldiers lack energy and need something to arouse them from their despondency. Methinks they would be entertained by a combat such as Mago spoke of not long since. We have with us the necessary gladiators among the prisoners. Two might be chosen from the number by lot. Yes," he continued meditatively, wrinkling his broad forehead, "it will answer. The plan can be easily arranged without delay and the men would be amused."

"More than amusement is necessary to fatten their lean forms," retorted Maharbal, whose dark face was wreathed in a frown at the thought of the pitiable condition to which his once superb cavalry was reduced.

"Experience and faithful service entitle you to criticize with severity, but you are more fitted, good Maharbal, to lead a charge than to revive the fallen spirits of a weakened army," and Hannibal shot a chiding glance at the incomparable cavalry leader.

The other smiled at the gentle reprimand, but Maharbal persisted in his course.

"What you say may be true, but I can see with one eye closed that the bodies of the men are what should be first humoured. Would you have them laugh when the exertion but reminds them of their weakness?"

A hearty laugh followed this sally, in which Maharbal alone did not join, for his mood was all seriousness.

"Trouble not over these things," said Hannibal good-naturedly. "Men and animals shall be properly rested and fed before we leave the confines of this valley."

"Have we, then, so much time at our disposal?" asked Himilco in surprise; "for," he continued, not without trace of a sneer, "it will take some weeks to satisfy the gluttonous cravings of that whining crowd." He indicated the shattered army by a sweep of the hand.

Anger darkened the eye of the young commander at such unjust calumny.

"If," he rejoined with unconcealed displeasure, "my valiant soldiers are gluttonous now it is no discredit to them after what they have undergone, and I would not have had them gratify their appetites at the most trying times in the way you, Himilco, advocated. There are certain things that should not be tolerated by men of civilized ideas, and one of these is the eating of human flesh."

"You did not so express yourself

when I made the suggestion," muttered Himilco sulkily.

"I only reprimand when necessary, and then at the proper time."

Himilco gnawed his lip savagely. He was somewhat short, like most of his race, but of that thick, heavy build denoting great strength. His face, while not ill-favoured, was unpleasant to look upon, so sinister was the expression about the lips and in the small eyes. Though several years older than Hannibal he looked somewhat of the same age, owing to his having adopted the Greek custom of shaving. He bestowed particular attention on his person, and in the little group of officers his apparel was in every respect the richest. But he was withal a doughty warrior and had early distinguished himself under Hasdrubal in Iberia. The soldiers of the heavy infantry under his command entertained a high admiration for the courage and ability displayed by him in battle, but they feared him more than they did Hannibal, for he was both cruel and unforgiving.

It had angered him to be reprimanded in the presence of his fellow officers, knowing as he did the general dislike they felt for him, and if he had dared he would have retorted. But the dark eyes had flashed on him for a moment and the unspoken command there expressed would brook no disobedience. He, therefore, saluted and took his departure, the conference being at an end.

"I like him better on the field of battle than off," remarked Maharbal as his gaze followed the retreating figure.

"He is a brave warrior," said Hannibal quietly.

The others present maintained silence.

"And now," continued the General, "see that my plan of amusement is carried out. Have the soldiers assembled before the camp early in the afternoon, for at this season the air is none too warm and our comfort can be greatly regulated by the position of the sun."

Left to himself, Hannibal walked to and fro before the standards, unmindful of the reverential glances bestowed on him by the soldiers. Gaunt as his figure was from the severe trials lately undergone, it had lost nothing of its majesty. The contour of the face was somewhat affected by a sinking of the cheeks, but this was not apparent in the profile, which was, indeed, without a fault. The young leader's hair of shining black was uncovered to the breeze, and at times was blown about the lofty forehead in such a way as to hide the creases that thought had carved on the smooth surface.

Little more than five months had elapsed since leaving New Carthage, when the superb host had marched forth on its memorable campaign, but in that time much of import had transpired. The Pyrenees had hardly been penetrated before the army was weakened by the withdrawal of eight thousand foot soldiers. Their departure was regretted by Hannibal, though not openly.

Delay had been caused by skirmishes with the tribes inhabiting the country between the Pyrenees and the Rhone, and these it was necessary to keep in check for fear of their attempting to fall upon the rear of the army. To accomplish this Hanno remained among them with eleven thousand mixed troops.

The crossing of the great river was also a set-back, for the barbarians assembled in great numbers on the opposite side, and though routed with heavy loss, succeeded in doing some damage.

And then came the Alps! What terror the sight of these mountains had created in the hearts of the bravest! Looming up against the horizon to heights seemingly insurmountable they were as very ramparts about Italy that defied the efforts of puny man.

The entire march had been fraught with dangers and catastrophes. Still he had overcome all, and even now rested upon the sacred soil of Italy. But was his victory more than an empty one? Could the effects of the struggle be also overcome? Fully a score of thousand brave men had been swallowed up in the rugged paths and

rough ravines of the Alps, leaving him twenty thousand foot and six thousand cavalry with which to conquer the erstwhile invincible legions of Rome. It was a mere handful and scarce more than a nucleus for so great an undertaking. But bands of Gauls were daily pouring into the camp, and many of the important tribes would treat with him after the first victory. Until then he would have to depend on his own troops, who were as weak as they were lethargic.

The Carthaginian's penetrating glance took in every detail within range —the emaciated forms of the once robust warriors, the neglect with which they treated their natural wants, and the marked air of slovenliness about the whole encampment. A contemptuous smile for the moment overspread his features.

"Fools!" he muttered, "they know not when they have won a victory—a great victory."

CHAPTER III.—THE COMBAT.*

An hour passed, and the rumour originally circulated by the Libyan developed into a certainty. Those who had been inclined to believe it jeered at the sceptical for their egotism and unbelief.

The orders were issued that the soldiers should assemble about mid-day in the front of the camp, on a good-sized plain, where amusement would be provided for them in the form of a combat between the prisoners. All were commanded to be present.

A mixed body of horsemen, composed chiefly of Libyphenicians and Iberians, had been sent on in advance, to keep intact the centre space for the combatants. Hannibal and his staff were also reserved a sufficient area. The crowd attempted to force a way into these guarded preserves, but were driven back. Numbers seated themselves on the ground and congratulated each other on being able to do so without foregoing a view of the arena. All waited with commendable patience. Congregated in motley groups they excitedly discussed the reasons for the impending exhibition. As yet they did not know to what extent it would be carried.

Meanwhile, the prisoners were being prepared for the part they were to play in the proceedings. Food in abundance was furnished them. Having been partially starved since their capture, and at times fed on rotting refuse, they lost all control of themselves at the sight of such a plenty and devoured it with the ravenousness of wild beasts. Shortly after noon they were driven into the open space about which the soldiers were assembled. Their appearance gave rise to loud comments, for truly such misery was pitiable to look upon.

"See their limbs," said one. "Such fleshless legs cannot long support the bodies."

"But the bodies are likewise thin," explained a companion. "One can count their very ribs as though they were skeletons. Beside them, the poorest of us would seem fat."

"And their arms," continued another. "Surely swords would be helpless in their hands."

These expressions of sympathy and surprise but feebly described the condition of the sufferers. The once sturdy forms were bent and gnarled with weakness, for besides being improperly fed they had been made to perform trying labours that really required the strength of men in health. Each rivalled the other in misery. They were a conglomeration of sunken faces, wretchedly lean bodies, and limbs that shook like those of paralytics. It seemed as though they were unable to bear the heavy manacles that rattled significantly as they walked.

But there was more than this to shock the eye and arouse pity. It required no very close inspection to see that every captive's body was mutilated with cuts and sores inflicted by the

* Such a combat as is described in this chapter actually took place and is particularly mentioned by both Polybius (III., 62, 63), and Livy (XXI., 42), though the latter historian differs somewhat in his version from the more reliable authority. The exact time of the occurrence, however, was just previous to the skirmish with the Romans at the Ticinus—some few days after the Carthaginian army's arrival in Italy.

scourge. Some were worse than others, but all were bad. The more humane of the soldiers shuddered at the sight.

"It is not to my liking," muttered a Celtiberian whose simply and temperate life had not become hardened to such sights.

"I can now account for the yells that so often reached my hearing in the evenings,'" said another who sat near by.

"It is strange training to impose upon gladiators," put in a Libyan, at which remark those who understood him laughed.

Unconscious of the effect produced by their appearance, the prisoners congregated together and speculated as to the cause of the plentiful feast and their present situation.

All doubts were soon set at rest by the approach of Hannibal in company with his officers. The soldiers made way for the distinguished cavalcade, resuming their places with tolerable order as soon as it had passed through.

The young commander bowed graciously in acknowledgment of the cheering that greeted his coming. He never forgot how much he owed to the bravery of those under him, and the meanest among them was always sure of recognition. Hence his ability to keep together an army composed of so many diverse elements.

The applause ceased for the nonce only, to be more vociferously renewed as Hannibal and Maharbal parted from the others and approached the centre of the arena, where the prisoners lay huddled together.

Seated on his powerful horse he looked everything that he was—a wonderful leader of men. His attire was not rich, but its very plainness was becoming to his stalwart figure. He wore a tunic of fine white linen trimmed with purple, similar to the favourite garment of the more civilized Iberians. This was partially visible beneath a leather jacket, studded with small plates of silver, that reached a little below the waist. A light helmet of bronze fitted closely to his head and seemed to add sternness to the clear-cut features. The superstitious credited him with supernatural powers and associated him with the deities.

Presently he raised his arm to command silence. When this was obtained, he addressed the prisoners in the Gallic tongue, which he had lately mastered with tolerable correctness.

"Would you be willing to fight unto the death for your liberty?" he asked.

Those who heard him quickly shouted their acquiescence, while the others, learning from their fellows the nature of the question, echoed the cry enthusiastically.

"They are not cowards," he said, turning slightly in his saddle and addressing Maharbal.

"They have little to dread," was the grim rejoinder.

"Is the loss of life so little to dread?"

"To men in their state—starved and maimed—the prospect of death can be naught but a pleasure. What is life to them?" and Maharbal looked reproachfully at his leader.

"It is as you say," said Hannibal, quietly, "but it has served my purpose to have them reduced to their present misery. I inflict not cruelty without reason." Then, turning to the prisoners, "You shall draw lots, and two of your number will, in this manner, be chosen to fight one against the other. The vanquished will gain liberty in death, but the victor shall be allowed to go his way a free man and the possessor of the costly prizes you now see before you."

As he spoke a handsomely caparisoned horse was led out before the admiring gaze of the spectators. On its back were heaped valuable goods, composed of several military cloaks and all the equipment of a warrior.

Then the prisoners again shouted their approbation and asked that the lots be immediately drawn, so that the chosen ones might the sooner be freed from their misery.

When the drawing was completed and the many found that they were to be as they were before, they grieved

greatly. Some sobbed like children and implored their captors to grant them death. Little heed was given to them, save by the soldiers, who wondered at such a strange request. A scarred warrior who had listened attentively to some of the remarks passed by his companions lifted his head and gazed at them in surprise.

"You marvel at the prisoners asking for death," he said; "but why should they not welcome such a release from misery? Who would not cry out for death if his flesh was shredded by the scourge and his bones creaked from the pressure of the manacles? You will find my words come true if ever you fall into the hands of the Romans," and the old man chuckled at the thought.

Meanwhile the two fortunate prisoners were preparing for the combat, it being the General's orders that they should be encased in Gallic armour such as the kings of those tribes wore. When they entered the arena it was seen that one had the advantage over the other in size and bearing. He was a giant of the Allobroges nation, who had been captured with difficulty by the Carthaginians. By nature possessed of unusual strength and hardened by years of exposure and fighting, the extreme chastisement imposed upon him during his captivity had not weakened him to the extent that it had the majority. True, his body was thin to a pitiable degree and his back was not free from cruel stripes, but his power of vitality was so great that he bore the weight of his armour with apparent ease, and swung his heavy weapon about as though it were a light dart. He was greeted with a buzz of applause. He danced to the time of a wild war song that he chanted while awaiting the signal to begin. He had undone his coil of thick red hair, and it floated about his neck and shoulders like a mantle in the wind.

The other Allobrogian prisoners called out messages to him to deliver to their families and friends, feeling confident that he would be an easy victor.

Some felt inclined to laugh when they saw his opponent, though most expressed sympathy for him. Aside from his inferiority in size he seemed ill-fitted to engage in sanguinary combat. Shorter by half a head and proportionately smaller than his antagonist, his figure was withal well knit, and in health would doubtless have been proof against the most violent attacks. Being of the fierce tribes that inhabit the wild fastnesses of the ice-bound Alps, the drudgery and mental work attached to captivity had borne upon him with no light hand. From the first he had offered a stern resistance to the treatment accorded him and had been dealt with the more harshly. Every part of his body was disfigured with cuts and bruises, and in places the blood was hardly dry. Physically he was unfit to engage, but mentally he was a giant. He did not expect to win against such an adversary; but the prospect of death was not unpleasant to him.

"It will be but a poor fight," said one. "To kill a cripple is no great deed."

This remark expressed the feelings of the multitude.

The audience strained forward and eagerly waited.

The smaller of the combatants had, since his entrance to the arena, made no demonstration whatever. While his opponent chanted and danced, he stared abstractedly towards the mountains that towered above him. His face, though fierce and threatening, seemed softened for the moment, as though he already saw death.

As the signal was given to begin he turned slowly about and awaited the attack that he knew would be forthcoming. The Gallic sword was the only weapon provided for both attack and defence. Having no point, it could not be used to thrust with. For this reason it was advantageous to a powerful man who could wield it with ease.

The tall warrior advanced with a stride denoting confidence, his sword upraised and his whole form overbearing. He expected an easy victory.

Measuring the distance carefully between himself and his antagonist, he brought his weapon down with full force, hoping to break the defence raised against him. But in this he was disappointed, for the mountaineer jumped quickly to one side and so saved his strength. The blade cleft the air with a swishing sound, and the onlookers laughed.

With a crafty expression on his strongly-marked face, he again stood on the defensive. This time the Allobrogian advanced more warily, though the jibing cries of the soldiers angered him. He burned to end the struggle without delay. His confidence in himself was unshaken. Watching for what he considered a favourable opportunity, he delivered four powerful strokes in quick succession. Three the mountaineer warded off and the last he evaded. It was cleverly done, but the effort was beginning to tell upon his wasted strength.

He gave ground freely, though the brightness of his eyes was undimmed. His behaviour encouraged the other, who pressed him hard, plying blow after blow with marvellous rapidity. In his eagerness to terminate the contest, the Allobrogian did not take his own weakened state into consideration. The resistance irritated him, and he did not cease his violent exertions until his arm pained. He rested upon his sword, and surveyed the man before him with unconcealed surprise.

"You defend yourself well," he said, "but I shall kill you."

The other did not answer him, but prepared to act on the offensive.

The Allobrogian guarded himself with difficulty against a well-aimed blow and retaliated with all his strength. The mountaineer staggered and almost fell to the ground, but he recovered himself and with wonderful rapidity returned to the attack.

Quite unprepared for this, the tall warrior failed to guard properly and the steel cleft his shoulder. The dark blood spurted out in a jet, though the wound was not a serious one.

At this a prolonged shout was raised, for the soldiers loved the sight of blood, and their appetites, once sharpened, hungered for satiety. Particularly pleased were such wild races as the Vascones and Cantabrians, some of whom sang for very glee. With difficulty they were quieted by the guards.

Wagers were now freely offered on the mountaineer and taken up without odds by the admirers of the Allobrogian, for though he had sustained a wound his staying powers seemed unimpaired.

A Numidian turned to an Iberian cavalryman and offered to back the wounded man for anything he might name.

"Your first female captive," specified the Iberian.

"Against what?"

"The same; the first Gallic or Roman maiden who falls into your hands."

"Can I trust to your choice?" asked the Numidian. "I bother with naught but the young and beautiful."

"My taste is not inferior to yours, as you will see before the campaign has ended."

The combat progressed with varying results. Goaded by the wound he had so unexpectedly received, the Allobrogian pressed his opponent hard. Once his weapon reached the mountaineer's face and left a wide gash on the forehead. It was not deep, but the blood trickled from it into his eyes and almost blinded him. Combined with his other disadvantages this rendered his position perilous. Those who had laid wagers on him now regretted their precipitancy.

Suddenly, by a dexterous movement, he forced the sword out of the other's hand, but in doing this he bent his own, and while attempting to straighten it the Allobrogian rushed upon him. Though lacking his antagonist's animal strength he was an agile man and kept his feet wonderfully.

The struggle was now hand to hand, without weapons of any kind. It was a strange though imposing sight, and a solemn silence fell over all. The polished armour glistened in the sun-

light and reflected blinding beams into the eyes of the onlookers.

The two men swayed backward and forward like a tree bending in a storm, but they did not fall. The strength of the one seemed unable to overcome the skill of the other. By mutual agreement they might have broken away and seized their swords, but the animal was too much roused within them, and they clung the closer together. With eyeballs strained and protruding both sought to gain an advantage.

The mountaineer cleared his eyes of blood by rubbing them against the breastplate opposite. The red fluid mingled with that which spurted from the other's wounded shoulder and flowed down the shining armour.

A gradual weakness came over them and they rested without releasing their grasp.

Men marvelled within themselves at such persistence, but said nothing.

The stillness was almost appalling.

Excitement was restrained by its very tension and volume. The audience leaned forward with quivering nostrils and flaming eyes that radiated towards the one spot.

Presently the fight re-commenced. Unable to shake off his adversary as he would have wished, the Allobrogian dealt him several powerful blows on the head. They resounded with a thud, but the mountaineer pressed closer and the two staggered. The larger man tried to right himself, but failed to do so, and still clinging to each other both fell heavily to the ground.

Over and over they rolled, bleeding from their wounds and foaming at the mouth.

They bore no resemblance to men. The shining scales of their armour likened them to monsters of the deep.

The Allobrogian fought with body, hands and teeth. Once when striving for the ascendancy he seized the mountaineer's ear between his powerful jaws and held it so until the other wrenched it away, disfigured and mutilated.

He, too, snapped back like a dog, attempting to reach with his sharp, white teeth the thick neck so near to him.

First one would gain the ascendancy, and the onlookers would think the climax had been reached, when the other would twist himself out of his dangerous position and succeed in obtaining certain advantages.

The swords lay idly by, at times within reach, but neither wished to alter the form the struggle had taken. Their lean, shaking fingers longed to do the work. Life, which an hour before was a burden to both, had become precious through resistance.

At last, by a clever feint, the mountaineer's hand reached the throat of his opponent. Feeling the fatal grip, the Allobrogian writhed like a serpent, and in his contortions succeeded in rolling on top. In this he had the ascendancy, but try though he might he could not free himself. With desperate energy he pulled at the tormenting grasp, and might have disengaged it had not one of his wrists come within range of the other's mouth. Like a flash the sharp teeth became buried in it, while the anxious fingers tightened about the hairy neck.

Foaming at the mouth like a man in a fit, the ominous hue of death stealing over his features, the unfortunate warrior swung his free arm wildly about, beating the air in agony. And still he struggled desperately, his massive body fairly raising itself up, then rolling from side to side like a galley tossed by the waves.

But it was vain. His eyes, protruding as though about to break away from their sockets, were glazed with fear at the near sight of death. Mighty drops of sweat corroded his face, which was fast becoming discoloured by a purplish pall. A gurgling sound escaped his leathery lips as though he were essaying to speak, but it was only the rattle of departing life.

The fatal fingers contracted and he sank in a heap on his conqueror.

The mountaineer still retained his hold with hand and teeth, tightening both as the resistance ceased. His eyes were blinded, and he could not

see that all was over, though the air resounded with shouts from the soldiers, whose pent-up feelings celebrated liberation in wild rejoicings that echoed up the mountain sides.

He did not move until one of the guards went forward and told him of his victory. Then with an effort he rose to his knees and gazed about him.

Meanwhile Hannibal had advanced and was haranguing the soldiers.

Strong, impassioned words fell from his lips—words that stirred the blood of the most sluggish and made them forget their ills. They saw themselves in the past as heroes overcoming the opposition of man and nature, and their hearts throbbed with pride. Praise from him who had led them from Iberia was balm to their wounds, and they listened, open-mouthed, to the rewards and happiness he so vividly pictured as theirs in the near future.

Then he drew the object lesson from the combat they had witnessed, showing how it applied to themselves.

"You have all witnessed a mighty contest," he said, "wherein two brave men struggled for life. One of the two sits here before you a victor—the winner of his liberty as well as the trophies which are his reward. Yonder lies the corpse of him who suffered defeat and death. He, too, fought nobly and is likewise freed from the slave chains that held him captive and made him as the other poor wretches who are fated to pass their lives in misery. They envy the victor, but one and all envy the vanquished who in death is relieved of suffering. Will you, soldiers of Carthage, be slaves or free men? It rests with you to say. Behind you tower the Alps, blocking all means of escape to your homes by land. If in strength and freshness you encountered these great ramparts of nature and overcame them only at a loss of half your numbers, how can you hope to now face them in your weakened and diseased condition? The paths are rough, the ravines are deep, and yonder victor of to-day's combat is of the fierce tribes that infest them. What mercy would you receive at their hands since you have destroyed their villages and taken captive many of their young men? To evade them would be impossible, and you could not cope with their subtlety."

There was no applause nor interruption of any kind, and Hannibal continued with greater vehemence:

"The mighty Padus, swifter than the Rhone, cuts off your retreat eastward, and if some of you succeeded in crossing it, the unfriendly Gauls would surely annihilate you. The sea lies not many stades away, but we have no galleys. We must remain in Italy and it is for you to fix your own fate. The refusal to fight means captivity, and you know what measure you may expect from the Romans. You will be their servants—their slaves—fit to row galleys and perform other menial services. Your backs will bleed with the blows from the scourge and your limbs be bruised by the manacles. Look at yonder captives and say would you choose to be like them?

"On the other hand, much glory and honour await you by pushing forward into Roman territory. In that direction alone is any escape possible, and to successfully pass through the country means victory. Like the winner of the combat you have recently watched, your exertions will be rewarded with trophies of great value. Defeat, like the vanquished, is but honourable death. Is not either fate preferable to captivity?"

A murmur of assent ran through the ranks. Liberty was precious.

Hannibal was happy for he had carried his point. Turning to the mountaineer, who still sat on the ground, he addressed him in the Gallic tongue.

"You fight well," he said.

"Is is the only way to fight," was the grim rejoinder. "Had I done otherwise my body would now be rotting in the sunshine."

"Do you mean to depart soon for your home?" asked the General.

"I have no home. It was destroyed by your soldiers."

"I would welcome you in the army, and make you the equal of the other

cavalrymen. It might profit you to remain."

The man looked up in surprise.

"My condition is poor," he muttered. "It would take some days to gain flesh and strength."

"You will not be hurried. The army rests before any advance is made."

"Then shall I remain with you?"

While speaking he rose to his feet and seized the bridle of the horse that was now his.

Hannibal was satisfied at having gained so stalwart a recruit. "Go dress your wounds," he said. "They should have been attended to long since."

The blood-spattered warrior grinned and exhibited his sharp teeth. "My wounds have had time to dry," said he, "and will the less require attention."

"I shall not lose sight of you," remarked Hannibal, as he turned his horse's head towards the small group awaiting him. Then halting for a moment he added: "What is your name?"

"Aneroestes. I am of the Centrones."

Edgar Maurice Smith.

(To be continued.)

BULLDOG CARNEY.

(A Story of Western Canada.)

TWO miles from Dan Stuart's whiskey dive, and eighteen from Golden, the Missoula trail took a sudden kink in its flesh-coloured ribbon and wound partly around the butt of a big fir stump. Behind the stump a man was kneeling that gladsome September day—all among the tawny gold and crimson of the dead rose leaves and the soft gray and cream of the bleached bunch grass. He might have been praying, so quietly was he kneeling there, but he wasn't—he was blaspheming softly to himself, as his impatient eye wandered in and out among the boulders and trees that fringed the trail.

The morning sun picked out little bright jewel-like spots on the instrument he had levelled across the top of the big stump. He seemed to be a surveyor taking levels. Just as three men riding bronchos came in sight at a sudden turn in the trail, he bowed his head to the level of the instrument and looked carefully along its smooth length. The bronchos were coming along at a swinging walk, their heads on a level with their withers, and the bridle reins hanging loosely in the hands of the riders.

Suddenly there was a nervous tightening of the right hand grasping the instrument; a sharp click close to it; a puff of smoke followed by a sharp crack, and the man riding the second broncho tumbled from the saddle, shot through the heart. He rolled over as he fell, and the bright blots of blood splashed over the rose leaves by the side of the trail.

The first cayuse, startled out of his sleepy lope by the report and flash, reared and plunged madly forward. As he took the first bound in the air a bullet glanced from the high horn in front of the man and went tearing its corkscrew way through the leather flaps of the big Mexican saddle. The rider yelled and dug the spurs in the trembling flanks of the horse as he felt the hot lead scorching its way close to his skin.

"Mighty bad shot!" the man behind the stump jerked out between his square jaws, as he pumped the lever of his repeater forward and back. Evident-

ly he had meant well, but the cayuse rearing had diverted the bullet from its intended way.

The third broncho and its rider were making good time in the other direction. The shot he sent after them did not increase their speed any, for they were doing their level best.

The animal the dead man had ridden did not move. He stood beside the fallen figure, waiting with dumb patience for his master to rise and mount again.

Throwing the empty shell from the breech of his rifle, the man who had fired the shots walked leisurely over to the figure lying on the ground.

"Well, Jack, old man," he said, addressing the horse, "you're a hanged sight honester than your master. If he'd stuck to his pals as close as you're doing he'd be ready for grub-pile at noon instead of bleaching out here. And I guess he cached the 'stuff' in this big apperajos, too," he added, shoving his hand down in the ample bag-like affair. Yes, it was there right enough; a whole bag full of it. Forty-four hundred dollars, as was found out afterwards.

Then he turned his attention to the man lying on his back, with the great ragged red gash in his chest where the circling bullet had plunged through.

"Well, pard, you've thrown down your mate for the last time. Whiskey drinkin' is bad business, but whiskey tradin' is away up in 'G,' to jedge by this wad." And he handled the bag of money lovingly.

"You might a known better than to throw me down," he added, reproachfully, as though he were trying to throw the blame of the murder upon the man himself.

"Come on now, Jack, I'll use you for a little," and he leisurely threw his leg over the cayuse and disappeared down the Missoula end of the trail.

He had not gone far before he turned short to the left up a dry water course. Here he stopped, and, dismounting, proceeded to wrap some old bags he pulled out from behind a rock about the feet of the cayuse.

"You're a tenderfoot, Jack; you've hit the trail so often that you're a bit sore in the toes," he remarked, in a dry monotone, as he worked at the bags. Then he mounted again, and went across country for about three miles, until he struck the big cedar swamp which runs for miles and miles from Golden. As he rode along he let his thoughts work themselves out in words, firing them at "Jack," and punctuating them with swinging digs from the big spurs which hung rather loosely on his rather high-heeled boots.

"They'll think that the prospector who laid your old man out has hit the trail for Missoula and lit out. They'll pick up tracks there all right enough, but they ain't yourn, Jack. Let me see," he added, pulling a watch from his pocket, "Whiskey Sanderson took that bad spell about ten o'clock. The jay on the cayuse will strike Golden about noon. Old Steel and his Jim-Dandies will pull out in half-an-hour, and pick up your tracks headin' for Missoula about three. There'll be a deuce of a row, and they'll run in some poor devil before night. They'll cop almost any one but me."

Just as they neared the edge of the "Big Cedar" a horse neighed a short distance within.

"I guess Blazes smells you, Jack," he said, chuckling softly. "He thinks we've been a long time over the job. I'll give you a drink," he said, as he dismounted, "and you'll hang out here until some one throws a line over you to-night. Bill 'll cut you loose when it's time."

Then he mounted Blazer and rode in a big circuit, skirting the cedar swamp, and upon the mountain side on his way back to Golden. It was dark when he got to the ford on Kicking Horse river, just opposite the town. Halfway across he took a slight pull to one side, letting Blazer feel his way carefully. Stopping the horse, he took his Winchester and threw it far out on the upper side of the ford; that is, he took a big swing at it, but the loose end of his hackle line caught in the breech and the rifle came splashing down at Blazer's hoofs.

"A very bad throw," he said, grimly; then he chuckled softly to himself, "I guess this outfit'll cut loose better!" and he commenced throwing 38.55 cartridges far out into the stream with vigourous swings of his long arm. "That's a cinch," he grunted complacently. "I wish the gun laid as deep, but it's bad fishing now, an' I guess they won't find it anyway."

When Blazer's hoofs lost the muffled sound of the water and struck with a sharp ring on the smooth-worn stones on the Golden side of the Kicking Horse, the rider gave his long legs a hitching swing and the horse broke into a lope.

. . . . . .

It was the night before the day that the whiskey smuggler lay out on the Missoula trail, stark and stiff, with his red lifeblood splashed all over the tawny mat of dried leaves and withered rose bushes, and a young English girl stood in Arvil Santley's bachelor quarters, not very sumptuous quarters were they either, showing much of careless misrule and absence of order.

Santley was astonished and said so, which was quite right, for he had not seen Grace—Grace Alton—since he had left England.

"I'm glad to see you, Grace," he said, "but you shouldn't have come here, all the same. You always had sense, but this is fairly foolish."

"That doesn't matter in the slightest, and, besides (with a fine touch of womanly inconsistency), no one saw me coming here, except the friend who is waiting outside; it's none of their affairs if they did."

"Well, what's expected of me?" he asked, resignedly.

"You're wanted at home; your mother wants you."

"I suppose I ought to go, but I'm not going all the same," he added, taking a long breath as though the words scorched his throat a little.

"Yes, you must go, Arvil; I want you to go. This life is not the life for you. Your mother sent this money to you to take you back to her, so you must go now."

He stooped his tall, magnificent figure toward her a little that she might see better, and with his hand parted the heavy black hair which swept across his broad forehead in luxuriant abandon.

"Do you see that big red scar?" he asked. "Well, if I were back there my mother would put her hand upon my forehead, so, as she did when I was a little boy, and when that ugly scar met her gentle eyes, she would ask how came it there. I could not tell her, neither could I lie to her. And it is that way with all the scars, both on mind and body, they are too deep—I cannot go back."

"Arvil! I do not believe that. You were good when we were together as children in England, and you are good now in spite of all you say, and you will go back. I promised your mother that I would find you here and tell you that she wanted to see you before she died. Father was coming here for a few days to look at his mines, and then we go on to the coast."

"You need not come back with me to the hotel. I have a good guide with me; the friend who got her to come with me called her Mammy Nolan. I know that you will go back, for you've promised me, and you never broke a promise with me yet," she said, as she slipped quietly out of the door.

A little roll of bills was lying on the table where she had left it.

. . . . . .

It lacked half an hour of 12 o'clock when a French half-breed, Baptiste Gabrielle, galloped into the square of the police barracks at Golden on a cayuse reeking with the wet which is from the inside. The constable on guard, pacing solemnly up and down in front of the major's quarters, thought the fanatical-looking rider was drunk or running amuck, and swore that he would put a hole in him unless he stopped.

But Baptiste wasn't drunk—he was only badly frightened. If there is any difference between a drunken man and a frightened half-breed, it is in favour of the former so far as coherence is concerned.

Baptiste was a weird-looking object as he slid from the back of the jaded beast, standing there with all four legs braced like the posts of a sawhorse in sheer weakness, and flanks pumping in half spasmodic strokes as the wide open nostrils clutched at the air for which the lungs were clamouring.

"By Goss! that fell' Whisk' Sand'-son, he get keel," panted Baptiste, with a face the colour of a lemon in a bottle of alcohol. "By tam! a fell' wit' long neck he keep him behint stump, an' he s'oot him soor."

"Is he dead, Baptiste?" queried Sergt. Hetherington, in a voice with a full flavour of peat bog about it. "Is he dead, or on'y hu-r-rt?"

"Bet you life, that Whisk' fell' he dead," replied Baptiste. "That fell' he s'oot tree, fo'e time; an' Sand'son he kill for soor, he dead w'atever. He try s'oot me, but I stan' him off, an' come quick tell police fell'."

"March him in to the major," said Hetherington to a constable.

Before the major, Baptiste's harangue, boiled down, read: "Shot at 10 o'clock on the Missoula trail, about eighteen miles from Golden."

"What was the man like who did the shooting?" asked the major.

"Tall fell' wit' long neck," was the graphic description this query brought forth.

"Indian breed, or white man?" asked the major.

"Don't know; me tink he white. Tall fell'; tam long neck. That fell' he got Whisk' Sand'son stuff, too, you bet, Fo', five tousan' he get in appar'o."

That was all. Baptiste's face was the face of a man whose soul is in other gardens; his language that of a man too badly frightened to be anything but natural. The respect for the head of the force was even as a grain of mustard seed in the avalanche of fear which had swept him from that red-splashed spot on the Missoula trail to Golden.

There was no doubt he was telling the truth.

"Who's tall with a long neck?" asked the major shortly, turning to the sergeant-major, who was standing in front of his desk.

"I will find out, sir," replied the latter, saluting as he passed out.

"That long Englishman, Arvil Santley, has a neck like an eagle; an' Constable Grady says that he's been-workin' the racket to beat two of a kind lately, sir," was the sergeant-major's graphic report when he lined up in front of the desk again.

Let Sergeant Hetherington take two constables and rations for two days, and get after this devil before his tracks get cold. Commence at the body. Send it back to Golden. Tell Corporal Ball to look up this Santley outfit in town. If he's got the stuff he'll have it cached somewhere about."

That was the beginning, all in one day; the dead body lying out on the silent trail so stiff and cold, with the glazed eyes staring straight up into the mountain blue of the shining sky, and the hurrying of men in brown jackets and dark, tight-fitting, yellow-striped pants, as they saddled and bitted the strong-limbed bay horses which were to gallop and gallop after—the wind.

Sergeant Hetherington and his merry men picked up the tracks the tall man told Blazes they would find, and followed them for many a goodly mile, which time thereof the tall man with the long neck was working his way along the mountain side to the ford. Many miles beyond Dan Short's place the tracks vanished. Perhaps some one else had put bags on his horse's feet and led him across country.

"Corporal" Ball was the official recognition of Mr. Ball's efficiency, but "Lanky" Ball was the goddess form of expression his lath-like super-structure provoked among the fellows.

"Lanky" Ball was more fortunate than the sergeant; he discovered something.

Twenty-four hours after he started out he discovered that he could not find the man with the neck like an eagle—Arvil Santley; therefore he had disappeard—had lit out—had hit the trail—had packed his outfit and dusted;

these were the bits of local-coloured knowledge he picked up.

It was from Mammy Nolan, who kept a restaurant in a big tent, and sold whiskey on the side, that he found out about Santley. "He lit out south yesterday," she said. "He got steered up agen a skin game up to Dan Short's, an' they corraled his last remittance from home. It's about time he did get out, for they had him stone broke. But he was a gentleman, all the same," said Mammy, as he stood with her hands on her fat hips, and looked up and down the corporal's ungainly figure.

"What did you want him for? Has he been cracking some of the constables' heads? He'd do it quick enough for them if they bothered him."

"I guess he's done worse than that," said the corporal, as he mounted his horse and rode away.

"Looks as though he had done the trick," said the major, when Corporal Ball made his report.

"He's got a good start, and will likely head for the second crossing on the Columbia, and work his way down into the Montana. There's a rough town at the crossing, and he's dead sure to head for that."

And then because the sergeant was away with two men, and because the whiskey men and the gamblers, and those who were cussed simply because they couldn't help it needed much guidance in their daily life, and because the post was always short of men anyway, the major had to put a special constable on with "Lanky" Ball to go after Santley.

"You'll need a good man, a rustler, to help you take this Englishman, for he's a husky chap," said the major. "Who'll you get?"

"'Bulldog' Carney's the man, sir," replied Corporal Ball.

"Get him," commanded the officer.

"Lanky" Ball found Carney after much tribulous search; found him at Mammy Nolan's, found him amidst the glamour of many tin lamps, the smoke from which mingled with the odoriferous steam of frying pork, and filled the big tent with a soft, summer-like haze.

Looked at from some angles Carney was just the man to go after the slayer of "Whiskey" Sanderson. He was a big, powerful man, as big as the one they were after. He could handle "Pearl," that was his big Colt's, with a dexterity that commanded universal respect. Long since he had filed away the sights, and when it was necessary to place several bullets in a limited time, he "fanned" his gun—turned it into a miniature Gatling. Apart from his proficiency, and a certain irritability of temper, he was a high roller.

Sometimes the police were hot on his trail as leader of a big whiskey outfit, and sometimes he was on their side fighting shoulder to shoulder to put down some tough gang. He didn't approve of toughness as a pastime.

"Be gentlemen," he used to say. "Gentlemen can't work and gentlemen must have money, but don't be tough for the fun of the thing—there is no fun in it."

When "Lanky" Ball explained to him what he was wanted for, and that there was a reward of $500, half of which he would get if they captured the man who did the job, he replied: "Cert, I'll go, for I'm getting stale here. The game's ahead of me here, and I need a stake to start in again."

They rode out ten miles that night so that they would be sure to have an early start on the trail next morning. Over their pipes, between "grub pile" and "blanket time," they drifted on to the subject of the dead man and Arvil Santley.

"I'll bet you an even fifty," said Carney, "that Santley didn't do this job."

"I've got good cause to have a down on him myself, for I've got his signature across the bridge of my nose, where his big sprawlin' English fist caught me unawares one night. But he'll show my trade-mark right enough every time he parts his hair," he added, by way of vindicating his outraged honour, "for I carved his lofty brow for him, and if his skull hadn't been so damnably thick, perhaps we wouldn't be chasin' him now. All the same, he's not the sort

to lay a man out for the fun of the thing; he never had any dealin' with Whiskey Sanderson, for he wasn't in the know. He was all right for sport, but the boys hadn't any use for him when they were runnin' the stuff in."

"I'll just go you fifty, Carney," said the corporal. "The old man doesn't make many mistakes, and if we can get to the second crossin' of the river before Santley, we'll bring back the man that laid Sanderson out."

"It's a bet, then?" said Carney; and there was a queer smile about the regular lips, set so firmly in the square jaw.

Then they chipped in with their two blankets and slept under one cover, back to back, with their feet toward the small smouldering campfire; slept soundly, as just men should—"Bulldog Carney," gambler, whiskey smuggler and special constable, and "Lanky" Ball, plain corporal in the N.W. M. P.

"He's ahead of us," said Carney, as they galloped side by side the next day; "I picked up some tracks back there and here they are again. He doesn't seem to be in any hurry, though, for, according to the tracks, his cayuse has been taking it pretty easy,"

That afternoon when they struck the crossing they couldn't find anybody who had taken Santley across the river.

"He must be on this side somewhere yet," said the corporal. "If you stop here and watch the crossing I'll try and look him upon this side. He'll be about some of the gambling dives, likely."

He looked him up. He found him. In the Queen's name he was made prisoner. Santley laughed when the corporal told him he was wanted for murder.

"It's some blawsted debt, I fancy," he said, "and the murder racket is only a blind; but I'll go all the same. I'm half sorry I left the beastly hole anyway, it's so beastly slow down this way."

When they came back to the crossing Carney was gone—gone, cayuse and all, over the river; he had given the ferryman $50 to take him across, so the ferryman told the corporal.

"He's a queer fish," said the boatman. "I didn't want to cross till the morning; but he got me down there by the boat, and gave me my choice between $50 and a plug of lead from that gun he spun around on his forefinger."

The corporal was dumbfounded. "It's devilish queer," he muttered, "but orders are orders, and I've got my man, and I don't see as I've any call to go after this crook;" and he thought of Pearl, and Carney's beautiful marksmanship and various matters, and went thoughtfully back to Golden with his prisoner.

"Lanky" Ball had a good head for obeying orders, which is a good thing for a corporal to have; but he hadn't much of a head for solving just such problems as this, which was, perhaps, good also; perhaps that was why he was corporal after twenty years of service.

"I'll bet you fifty cases that 'Bulldog' did that trader up," said Santley, as they rode side by side.

"That's queer," said the corporal. "Carney bet me fifty that you didn't do it, and now you want to lay me the other way. If he did it I don't suppose that he'll come back for the stuff —the fifty he laid that you didn't do it."

"I got the long Englishman, sir," reported the corporal to the major when they got back to the barracks; but the other one lit out—took his hook when I was lookin' up the prisoner."

"What other one?" queried the major.

"Bulldog Carney, sir. He skipped across the river."

"That looks suspicious," thoughtfully replied the major as he pulled at his iron-gray mustache.

"It would be a bad one on us if it turned out that he had done this, and we had carted him out of the country —given him an escort; eh, corporal?"

Of course there was a trial, with Arvil as the centre of attraction. The

other had gotten away, and they had to hang somebody if they could; so they devoted their energies to proving Avril guilty, and the chances are they would have succeeded if it hadn't been for one person.

His clearing out looked very suspicious, and they found quite a sum of money on him when he was arrested, although it was known that he had been cleaned out before he went away. He would not tell where he got it, either. "None of their blessed business," he told them.

"It may hang you," said a friend, "if you don't tell."

"Hang it is, then," he replied doggedly.

But worst of all was Baptiste Gabrielle's evidence.

"Yes, by Goss! Dat fell', he s'oot t'ree, fo' time me. Steek has head up f'om dat stump. See him me soor."

Then Mammy Nolan went out to the place where Whiskey Sanderson had met his fate, and she found something, too. The bullet that had killed poor Sanderson had been in a terrible hurry, and had gone clean through and through him.

Mammy Nolan followed up the line of sight from the stump across where Sanderson had fallen, and luckily located the bullet in a sand knoll 30 yards beyond. It was a case-hardened 38.55 Winchester bullet.

"That's the bullet that killed him right enough," mused Mammy; "but it might possibly have been fired there some other time." It wasn't quite conclusive.

Then she found the bullet that had scorched the leg of the foremost rider that day imbedded in his saddle. That was conclusive.

Then commenced the search for the rifle itself. There was only one such rifle owned in Golden, and it had belonged to Bulldog Carney.

Now, Carney had been back in Golden after the murder, and as he hadn't taken his rifle with him when he went away with "Lanky" Ball, he must have hidden it somewhere. To return to Golden after killing Sanderson he would cross the ford at Kicking Horse. It was a forlorn hope, but she made up her mind to drag the ford for the rifle.

When Mammy found the rifle where it had dropped she knew she had forged one of the strongest links in the chain of evidence which fastened the guilt on Carney.

It was Mammy, too, who introduced a new witness to the court in the person of Grace Alton. She had come back from Vancouver in obedience to Mammy's telegram. Her evidence was very simple, but effectually cleared up the mystery of the money.

"I gave it to him," she said simply, "to pay his passage home to his mother. I told him a falsehood; I told him it was from his mother. He wouldn't have taken it from me if he had known the truth, but I wanted him to go home to his mother, who was asking for him every day. We were children together—Arvil Santley and myself."

It was a revelation to that wild western life, this sweet, womanly girl, and the man who would rather hang than compromise her by telling that she had given him the money.

"I had too bad a name," he said, when his friends rounded on him for a chivalrous goat.

Mammy didn't know about the money when she sent for Grace; she only knew that Grace and Santley had met when Grace was in Golden.

In the face of the new evidence, not much stock was taken in Baptiste Gabrielle's saying that Arvil Santley was the man who had shot at him. He had been too badly frightened to know what the man who had done the shooting really looked like. Besides, the other, the man who had galloped on in front, swore that it was a fair man who had shot, while Santley was dark.

It came out that Mammy Nolan was a Pinkerton detective, and the business of running a restaurant and selling whiskey on the side was only a blind. Nobody but the major had known this before.

After many moons of anxious tracing, word of Carney came to hand. He was

at St. Vincent, just over the borders from Manitoba.

"The extradition law is slow," mused the major, "likewise is it uncertain. Now, if we had Carney on this side the line, we could arrest him."

At this the sergeant, who was standing by, pricked his ears.

"It moight be managed, sor."

"Perhaps, perhaps," said the major, reflectively. "Corporal Ball knows his man. He escorted him out; perhaps he'll escort him back again. You will need considerable money, for it's a long trip," and he wrote out a fairish-sized order.

"Lanky" Ball and the sergeant located Carney at a small hotel at St. Vincent, not a stone's throw over the line.

A little preliminary arrangement with the hotel-keeper, and that night as Carney gently slept the sleep of the just two figures stole up the narrow stair which led to his room, and silently slipped through the door.

How still and dark the room was. Ah! not so dark now, for, like the headlight of an engine, a bullseye lantern was throwing its full glare upon them, and they were looking into the dark depths of two murderous-looking revolvers as Carney held them above the counterpane.

"O, that's you, 'Lanky,' is it?" he said, cheerfully. "Glad to see you. Come to pay that fifty, I suppose. Just put it on the table there. I don't feel like getting up. That's right, you can take one hand down," he said. "Just lay your gun down on the table first, though. Quick, now, cough up that fifty, for you see you're burglars in my room, and if I let daylight through the pair of you it will be all right, you know."

Then "Lanky" put up fifty cases of the good Government money he had brought to pay the expenses of taking Carney back.

That was the nearest they ever got to Carney, for he is still living the life of a "gentleman."

W. A. Fraser.

THE MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES.*

(A Pantoum in Prose.)

IT is doubtful whether the gift was innate. For my own part, I think it came to him suddenly. Indeed, until he was thirty he was a sceptic, and did not believe in miraculous powers. And here, since it is the most convenient place, I must mention that he was a little man, and had eyes of a hot brown, very erect red hair, a mustache like the German Emperor's and freckles. His name was George McWhirter Fotheringay—not the sort of name by any means to lead to any expectation of miracles—and he was clerk at Gomshott's. He was greatly addicted to assertive argument. It was while he was asserting the impossibility of miracles that he had his first intimation of his extraordinary powers. This particular argument was being held in the bar of the Long Dragon, and Toddy Beamish was conducting the opposition by a monotonous but effective "So you say" that drove Mr. Fotheringay to the very limit of his patience.

There were present, besides these two, a very dusty cyclist, landlord Cox, and Miss Maybridge, the perfectly respectable and rather portly barmaid of the Dragon. Miss Maybridge was standing with her back to Mr. Fotheringay, washing glasses; the others were watching him, more or less amused by the present ineffectiveness of the assertive method. Goaded by the Torres Vedras tactics of Mr. Beamish, Mr. Fotheringay determined to make an unusual rhetorical effort. "Look

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here, Mr. Beamish," said Mr. Fotheringay, "let us clearly understand what a miracle is. It's something contrariwise to the course of Nature, done by power of will, something what couldn't happen without being specially willed."

"So you say," said Mr. Beamish, repulsing him.

Mr. Fotheringay appealed to the cyclist, who had hitherto been a silent auditor, and received his assent—given with a hesitating cough and a glance at Mr. Beamish. The landlord would express no opinion, and Mr. Fotheringay, returning to Mr. Beamish, received the unexpected concession of a qualified assent to his definition of a miracle.

"For instance," said Mr. Fotheringay, greatly encouraged, "here would be a miracle. That lamp, in the natural course of nature, couldn't burn like that upside down; could it, Beamish?"

"You say it couldn't," said Beamish.

"And you?" said Fotheringay. "You don't mean to say—eh?"

"No," said Beamish, reluctantly. "No, it couldn't."

"Very well," said Mr. Fotheringay. "Then here comes some one, as it might be, along here, and stands, as it might be, here, and says to that lamp, as I do, collecting all my will: 'Turn upside down without breaking, and go on burning steady, and'—Hullo!"

It was enough to make anyone say "Hullo!" The impossible, the incredible, was visible to them all. The lamp hung inverted in the air, burning quietly with its flame pointing down. It was as solid, as indisputable as ever a lamp was, the prosaic common lamp of the Long Dragon bar.

Mr. Fotheringay stood with an extended forefinger and the knitted brows of one anticipating a catastrophic smash. The cyclist, who was sitting next the lamp, ducked and jumped across the bar. Everybody jumped, more or less. Miss Maybridge turned and screamed. For nearly three seconds the lamp remained still. A faint cry of mental distress came from Mr. Fotheringay. "I can't keep it up," he said, "any longer!" He staggered back, and the inverted lamp suddenly flared, fell against the corner of the bar, bounced aside, smashed upon the floor, and went out.

It was lucky it had a metal receiver, or the whole place would have been in a blaze. Mr. Cox was the first to speak, and his remark, shorn of needless excrescences, was to the effect that Fotheringay was a fool. Fotheringay was beyond disputing even so fundamental a proposition as that! He was astonished beyond measure at the thing that had occurred. The subsequent conversation threw absolutely no light on the matter so far as Fotheringay was concerned; the general opinion not only followed Mr. Cox very closely, but very vehemently. Everyone accused Fotheringay of a silly trick, and presented him to himself as a foolish destroyer of comfort and security. His mind was in a tornado of perplexity, he was himself inclined to agree with them, and he made a remarkably ineffectual opposition to the proposal of his departure.

He went home flushed and heated, coat collar crumpled, eyes smarting and ears red. He watched each of the ten street lamps nervously as he passed it. It was only when he found himself alone in his little bedroom in Church Row that he was able to grapple seriously with his memories of the occurrence, and ask, "What on earth happened?"

He had removed his coat and boots, and was sitting on the bed with his hands in his pockets repeating the text of his defence for the seventeenth time, "I didn't want the confounded thing to upset," when it occurred to him that at the precise moment he had said the commanding words he had inadvertently willed the thing he said, and that when he had seen the lamp in the air he had felt that it depended on him to maintain it there without being clear how this was to be done. He had not a particularly complex mind, or he might have stuck for a time at that "inadvertently willed," embracing, as

it does, the abstrusest problems of voluntary action; but as it was, the idea came to him with a quite acceptable haziness. And from that, following, as I must admit, no clear logical path, he came to the test of experiment.

He pointed resolutely to his candle and collected his mind, though he felt he did a foolish thing. "Be raised up," he said. But in a second that feeling vanished. The candle was raised, hung in the air one giddy moment, and, as Mr. Fotheringay gasped, fell with a smash on his toilet table, leaving him in darkness save for the expiring glow of its wick.

For a time Mr. Fotheringay sat in the darkness, perfectly still. "It did happen, after all," he said. "And 'ow I'm to explain it I don't know." He sighed heavily, and began feeling in his pockets for a match. He could find none, and he rose and groped about the toilet table. "I wish I had a match," he said. He resorted to his coat, and there was none there, and then it dawned upon him that miracles were possible even with matches. He extended a hand and scowled at it in the dark. "Let there be a match in that hand," he said. He felt some light object fall across his palm, and his fingers closed upon a match. He lighted the candle, and happening to look up he met his own gaze in the looking-glass.

"How about miracles, now?" said Mr. Fotheringay at last, addressing his reflection.

The subsequent meditations of Mr. Fotheringay were of a severe but confused description. So far he could see it was a case of pure willing with him. The nature of his experiences so far disinclined him for any further experiments, at least until he had reconsidered them. But he lifted a sheet of paper and turned a glass of water pink then green, and he created a snail, which he miraculously annihilated, and got himself a miraculous new toothbrush. Somewhere in the small hours he had reached the fact that his will power must be of a particularly rare and pungent quality, a fact of which he had certainly had inklings before, but no certain assurance. The scare and perplexity of his first discovery was now qualified by pride in this evidence of singularity and by vague intimations of advantage. He became aware that the church clock was striking one, and as it did not occur to him that his daily duties at Gomshott's might be miraculously dispensed with, he resumed undressing in order to get to bed without further delay. As he struggled to get his shirt over his head he was struck with a brilliant idea. "Let me be in bed," he said, and found himself so. "Undressed," he stipulated; and, finding the sheets cold, added hastily, "and in my nightshirt—no, in a nice, soft, woolen nightshirt. Ah!" he said, with immense enjoyment. "And now let me be comfortably asleep."

He awoke at his usual hour and was pensive all through breakfast time, wondering whether his overnight experience might not be a particularly vivid dream. At length his mind turned again to cautious experiments. For instance, he had three eggs for breakfast; two his landlady had supplied, good, but shoppy, and one was a delicious fresh goose egg, laid, cooked and served by his extraordinary will. He hurried off to Gomshott's in a state of profound but carefully concealed excitement, and only remembered the shell of the third egg when his landlady spoke of it that night. All day he could do no work because of this astonishingly new self-knowledge, but this caused him no inconvenience, because he made up for it miraculously in his last ten minutes.

As the day wore on his state of mind passed from wonder to elation, albeit the circumstances of his dismissal from the Long Dragon were still disagreeable to recall, and a garbled account of the matter that had reached his colleagues led to some badinage. He saw quite clearly the gift required caution and watchfulness in its exercise, but so far as he could judge the difficulties attending its mastery would be no greater than those he had already faced in the study of cycling. It was

that analogy, perhaps, quite as much as the feeling that he would be unwelcome in the Long Dragon, which drove him out after supper into the lane beyond the gas works, to rehearse a few miracles in private.

There was possibly a certain want of originality in his attempts, for apart from his will-power Mr. Fotheringay was not a very exceptional man. The miracle of Moses' rod came to his mind, but the night was dark and unfavourable to the proper control of large, miraculous snakes. Then he recollected the story of "Tannhauser," that he had read on the back of the Philharmonic programme. That seemed to him singularly attractive and harmless. He stuck his walking-stick—a very nice Poona-Penang lawyer—into the turf that edged the footpath, and commanded the dry wood to blossom. The air was immediately full of the scent of roses, and by means of a match he saw for himself that this beautiful miracle was indeed accomplished. His satisfaction was ended by advancing footsteps. Afraid of a premature discovery of his powers, he addressed the blossoming stick hastily: "Go back!" What he meant was "Change back!" but, of course, he was confused. The stick receded at a considerable velocity, and incontinently came a cry of anger and a bad word from the approaching person. "Who are you throwing brambles at, you fool?" cried a voice. "That got me on the shin!"

"I'm sorry, old chap," said Mr. Fotheringay, and then, realizing the awkward nature of the explanation, caught nervously at his mustache. He saw Winch, one of the three Immering constables, advancing.

"What d'yer mean by it?" asked the constable. "Hullo! It's you, is it? The gent that broke the lamp at the Long Dragon!"

"Look here, Mr. Winch," said Mr. Fotheringay, annoyed and confused, "I'm very sorry. The fact is—"

"Well?"

He could think of no way but the truth. "I was working a miracle." He tried to speak in an off-hand way, but try as he would he couldn't.

"Working a—! 'Ere, don't talk rot. Working a miracle, indeed! Miracle! Well, that's downright funny! Why, you's the chap that don't believe in miracles. . . . Fact is, this is another of yer silly conjuring tricks—that's what this is. Now, I tell you—"

But Mr. Fotheringay never heard what Mr. Winch was going to tell him. He realized he had given himself away, flung his valuable secret to the fair winds of heaven. A violent gust of irritation swept him to action. He turned on the constable swiftly and fiercely. "Here," he said, "I've had enough of this, I have! I'll show you a silly conjuring trick, I will! Go to hades! Go, now!"

He was alone!

Mr. Fotheringay performed no more miracles that night, nor did he trouble to see what had become of his flowering stick. He returned to the town forthwith, scared and very quiet, and went to his bedroom. "My!" he said, "it's a powerful gift—an extremely powerful gift. I didn't hardly mean as much as that. Not really. . . . I wonder what hades is like!"

He sat on the bed taking off his boots. Struck by a happy thought he transferred the constable to San Francisco, and without any more interference with normal causation went soberly to bed. In the night he dreamt of the anger of Winch.

The next day Mr. Fotheringay heard two interesting items of news. Someone had planted a most beautiful climbing rose against the elder Mr. Gomshott's private house in the Lullaborough road, and the river as far as Rawlings' mill was to be dragged for constable Winch.

Mr. Fotheringay was abstracted and thoughtful all that day, and performed no miracles either on that day or the next, except certain provisions for Winch, and the miracle of completing his day's work with punctual perfection in spite of all the bee-swarm of thoughts that hummed through his mind. And the extraordinary abstraction and meekness of his manner was remarked by

several people and made a matter for jesting. For the most part he was thinking of Winch.

On Sunday evening he went to chapel, and, oddly enough, Mr. Maydig, who took a certain interest in occult matters, preached about "things that are not lawful." Mr. Fotheringay was not a regular chapel-goer, but the system of assertive skepticism, to which I have already alluded, was now very much shaken. The tenor of the sermon threw an entirely new light on these novel gifts, and he suddenly decided to consult Mr. Maydig immediately after the service. So soon as that was determined he found himself wondering why he had not done so before.

Mr. Maydig, a lean, excitable man, with quite remarkably long wrists and neck, was gratified at the request for a private conversation from a young man whose carelessness in religious matters was a matter for general remark in the town. After a few necessary delays, he conducted him to the study of the Manse, which was contiguous to the chapel, seated him comfortably, and, standing in front of a cheerful fire—his legs threw a Rhodian arch of shadow on the opposite wall—requested Mr. Fotheringay to state his business.

At first Mr. Fotheringay was a little abashed, and found some difficulty in opening the matter. "You will scarcely believe me, Mr. Maydig, I am afraid," and so forth, for some time. He tried a question at last, and asked Mr. Maydig his opinion of miracles.

Mr. Maydig was still saying "Well" in an extremely judicial tone, when Mr. Fotheringay interrupted again. "You don't believe, I suppose, that some common sort of person—like myself, for instance—as it might be sitting here now, might have some sort of twist inside him that made him able to do things by his will?"

"It's possible," said Mr. Maydig. "Something of the sort, perhaps, is possible."

"If I might make free with something here, I think I might show you by a sort of experiment," said Mr. Fotheringay. "Now, take that tobacco jar on the table, for instance. What I want to know is whether what I am going to do with it is a miracle or not. Just half-a-minute, Mr. Maydig, please."

He knitted his brows, pointed to the tobacco jar and said: "Be a bowl of vi'lets."

The tobacco jar did as it was ordered.

Mr. Maydig started violently at the change, and stood looking from the thaumaturgist to the bowl of flowers. He said nothing. Presently he ventured to lean over the table and smell the violets; they were fresh picked and very fine ones. Then he stared at Mr. Fotheringay again.

"How did you do that?" he asked.

Mr. Fotheringay pulled his moustache. "Just told it—and there you are. Is that a miracle, or is it black art, or what is it? And what do you think's the matter with me? That's what I want to ask."

"It's a most extraordinary occurrence."

"And this day last week I knew no more that I could do things like that than you did. It came quite sudden. It's something odd about my will, I suppose, and that's as far as I can see."

"Is that—the only thing. Could you do other things with that?"

"Oh, yes!" said Mr. Fotheringay. "Just anything." He thought, and suddenly recalled a conjuring entertainment he had seen. "Here!" He pointed. "Change into a bowl of fish—no, not that—change into a glass bowl full of water, with goldfish swimming in it. That's better! You see that, Mr. Maydig?"

"It's astonishing. It's incredible. You are either a most extraordinary . . . But no—"

"I could change it into anything," said Mr. Fotheringay. "Just anything. Here! be a pigeon, will you?"

In another moment a blue pigeon was fluttering round the room and making Mr. Maydig duck every time it came near him. "Stop there, will

you!" said Mr. Fotheringay; and the pigeon hung motionless in the air. "I could change it back to a bowl of flowers," he said; and after replacing the pigeon on the table, he worked that miracle. "I expect you will want your pipe presently," he said, and restored the tobacco jar.

Mr. Maydig had followed all these later changes in a sort of ejaculatory silence. He stared at Mr. Fotheringay fearfully, and, in a very gingerly manner, picked up the tobacco jar, examined it, replaced it on the table. "Well!" was the only expression of his feelings.

"Now, after that, it's easier to explain what I came about," said Mr. Fotheringay, and proceeded to a lengthy and involved narrative of his strange experiences, beginning with the affair of the lamp in the Long Dragon and complicated by persistent allusions to Winch. As he went on, the transient pride Mr. Maydig's consternation had caused passed away, he became the very ordinary Mr. Fotheringay of everyday intercourse again. Mr. Maydig listened intently, the tobacco jar in his hand, and his bearing changed also with the course of the narrative. Presently, while Mr. Fotheringay was dealing with the miracle of the third egg, the minister interrupted with a fluttering extended hand—

"It is possible," he said. "It is credible. It is amazing, of course, but it reconciles a number of amazing difficulties. The power to work miracles is a gift, a peculiar quality, like genius or second sight. Hitherto it has come very rarely and to exceptional people. But in this case . . . I have always wondered at the miracles of Mahomet, and at Yogi's miracles, and the miracles of Mme. Blavatsky. But, of course! Yes, it is a simple gift! It carries out so beautifully the arguments of that great thinker"—Mr. Maydig's voice sank—"his grace the Duke of Argyll. Here we plumb some profounder law, deeper than the ordinary laws of Nature. Yes—yes, Go on. Go on!"

Mr. Fotheringay proceeded to tell of his misadventure with Winch, and Mr. Maydig, no longer overawed or scared, began to jerk his limbs about and interject astonishment. "It's this what troubled me most," proceeded Mr. Fotheringay; "It's this I'm most mijitly in want of advice for; of course he's at San Francisco—wherever San Francisco may be—but of course it's awkward for both of us, as you'll see, Mr. Maydig. I don't see how he can understand what has happened, and I daresay he's scared and exasperated something tremendous, and trying to get at me. I daresay he keeps on starting off to come here. I send him back, by a miracle, every few hours, when I think of it. And, of course, that's a thing he won't be able to understand, and it's bound to annoy him; and, of course, if he takes a ticket every time it will cost him a lot of money. I done the best I could for him, but, of course, it's difficult for him to put himself in my place. I thought afterwards that his clothes might have got scorched, you know—if hades is all it's supposed to be—before I shifted him. In that case, I supposed they'd have locked him up in San Francisco. Of course I willed a new suit of clothes on him directly I thought of it. But, you see I'm already in a deuce of a tangle—"

Mr. Maydig looked serious. "I see you are in a tangle. Yes, it's a difficult position. How you are to end it—" He became diffuse and inconclusive.

"However, we'll leave Winch for a little and discuss the larger question. I don't think this is a case of the black art or anything of the sort. I don't think there is any taint of criminality about it at all, Mr. Fotheringay—none whatever, unless you are suppressing material facts. No, it's miracles—pure miracles—miracles, if I may say so, of the very highest class."

He began to pace the hearthrug and gesticulate, while Mr. Fotheringay sat with his arm on the table and his head on his arm, looking worried. "I don't see how I'm to manage about Winch," he said.

"A gift of working miracles—apparently a very powerful gift," said Mr. Maydig, "will find a way about Winch—never fear. My dear sir, you are a most important man—a man of the most astonishing possibilities. As evidence, for example! And in other ways, the things you may do—"

"Yes, I've thought of a thing or two," said Mr. Fotheringay. "But—some of the things came a bit twisty. You saw that fish at first? Wrong sort of bowl and wrong sort of fish. And I thought I'd ask some one."

"A proper course," said Mr. Maydig, "a very proper course—altogether the proper course."

He stopped and looked at Mr. Fotheringay. "It's practically an unlimited gift. Let us test your power, for instance. If they really are . . . If they really are all they seem to be."

And so, incredible as it may seem, in the study of the little house behind the Congregational Chapel, on the evening of Sunday, Nov. 10, 1896, Mr. Fotheringay, egged on and inspired by Mr. Maydig, began to work miracles. The reader's attention is specially and definitely called to the date. He will object, probably has already objected, that certain points in this story are improbable; that if anything of the sort already described had indeed occurred, they would have been in all the papers a year ago. The details immediately following he will find particularly hard to accept, because among other things they involve the conclusion that he or she, the reader in question, must have been killed in a violent and unprecedented manner more than a year ago. Now, a miracle is nothing if not improbable, and as a matter of fact the reader *was* killed in a violent and unprecedented manner a year ago. In the subsequent course of this story that will become perfectly clear and credible, as every right-minded and reasonable reader will admit. But this is not the place for the end of the story, being but little beyond the hither side of the middle. And at first the miracles worked by Mr. Fotheringay were timid little miracles—little things with the cups and parlour fitments, as feeble as the miracles of Theosophists, and, feeble as they were, they were received with awe by his collaborator. He would have preferred to have settled the Winch business out of hand, but Mr. Maydig would not let him. But after they had worked a dozen of these domestic trivialities their sense of power grew, their imagination began to show signs of stimulation, and their ambition enlarged. Their first larger enterprise was due to hunger and the negligence of Mrs. Minchin, Mr. Maydig's housekeeper. The meal to which the minister conducted Mr. Fotheringay was certainly ill-laid and uninviting as refreshment for two industrious miracle-workers, but they were already seated, and Mr. Maydig was descanting in sorrow rather than in anger upon his housekeeper's shortcomings before it occurred to Mr. Fotheringay that an opportunity lay before him. "Don't you think, Mr. Maydig," he said, "if it isn't a liberty, I—"

"My dear Mr. Fotheringay! Of course! No—I didn't think."

Mr. Fotheringay waved his hand. "What shall we have?" he said, in a large, inclusive spirit, and, at Mr. Maydig's order, revised the supper very thoroughly. "As for me," he said, eyeing Mr. Maydig's selection, "I'm always particularly fond of a tankard of stout and a nice Welsh rabbit, and I'll order that. I ain't much given to Burgundy," and forthwith stout and Welsh rabbit promptly appeared at his command. They sat long at their supper, talking like equals, as Mr. Fotheringay presently perceived with a glow of surprise and gratification of all the miracles they would presently do.

"But," the minister was saying, "this gives us—it opens—a most amazing vista of possibilities. If we can work this miraculous . . ."

"The thing's unlimited, seemingly," said Mr. Fotheringay. "And, about Mr. Winch—"

"Altogether unlimited." And from the hearthrug Mr. Maydig, waving the Winch difficulty aside, unfolded a series of wonderful proposals—pro-

posals he invented as he went along.

Now what these proposals were does not concern the essentials of this story. Suffice it that they were designed in a spirit of infinite benevolence, the sort of benevolence that used to be called post-prandial. Suffice it, too, that the problem of Winch remained unsolved. Nor is it necessary to describe how far that series got to its fulfilment. There were astonishing changes. The small hours found Mr. Maydig and Mr. Fotheringay careering across the chilly market square under the still moon, in a sort of ecstacy of thaumaturgy, Mr. Maydig all flap and gesture, Mr. Fotheringay short and bristling, and no longer abashed at his greatness. They had reformed every drunkard in the parliamentary division, changed all the beer and alcohol to water (Mr. Maydig had overruled Mr. Fotheringay on this point); they had, further, greatly improved the railway communication of the place, drained Flinder's swamp, improved the soil of One Tree hill and cured the Vicar's wart. And they were going to see what could be done with the injured pier at South bridge. "The place," gasped Mr. Maydig, "won't be the same place to-morrow. How surprised and thankful every one will be!" And just at that moment the church clock struck three.

"I say," said Mr. Fotheringay, "that's three o'clock! I must be getting back. I've got to be at business by eight. And besides, Mrs. Wimms—"

"We're only beginning," said Mr. Maydig, full of the sweetness of unlimited power. "We're only beginning. Think of all the good we're doing. When people wake—"

"But—" said Mr. Fotheringay.

Mr. Maydig gripped his arm suddenly. His eyes were bright and wild. "My dear chap," he said, "there's no hurry. Look"—he pointed to the moon at the zenith—"Joshua!"

"Joshua?" said Mr. Fotheringay.

"Joshua," said Mr. Maydig. "Why not? Stop it."

Mr. Fotheringay looked at the moon.

"That's a bit tall," he said after a pause.

"Why not?" said Mr. Maydig. "Of course it doesn't stop. You stop the rotation of the earth, you know, time stops. It isn't as if we were doing harm."

"H'm!" said Mr. Fotheringay. "Well." He sighed. "I'll try. Here—"

He buttoned up his jacket and addressed himself to the habitable globe, with as good an assumption of confidence as lay in his power. "Jest stop rotating, will you?" said Mr. Fotheringay.

Incontinently he was flying head over heels through the air at the rate of dozens of miles a minute. In spite of the innumerable circles he was describing per second, he thought; for thought is wonderful—sometimes as sluggish as flowing pitch, sometimes as instantaneous as light. He thought in a second, and willed. "Let me come down safe and sound. Whatever else happens, let me down safe and sound!"

He willed it only just in time, for his clothes, heated by his rapid flight through the air, were already beginning to singe. He came down with a forcible, but by no means injurious, bump in what appeared to be a mound of fresh-turned earth. A large mass of metal and masonry, extraordinarily like the clock tower in the middle of the market square, hit the earth near him, ricochetted over him, and flew into stonework, bricks and masonry, like a bursting bomb. A hurtling cow hit one of the larger blocks and smashed like an egg. There was a crash that made all the most violent crashes of his past life seem like the sound of falling dust, and this was followed by a descending series of lesser crashes. A vast wind roared throughout earth and heaven, so that he could scarcely lift his head to look. For a while he was too breathless and astonished even to see where he was or what had happened. And his first movement was to feel his head and reassure himself that his streaming hair was still his own.

"Whiz!" gasped Mr. Fotheringay, scarce able to speak for the gale. "I've

had a squeak! What's gone wrong? Storms and thunder. And only a minute ago a fine night. It's Maydig set me on to this sort of thing. What a wind! If I go on fooling in this way I'm bound to have a thundering accident! . . .

"Where's Maydig?

"What a confounded mess everything's in!"

He looked about him so far as his flapping jacket would permit. The appearance of things was really extremely strange. "The sky's all right, anyhow," said Mr. Fotheringay. "And that's about all that is all right. And even there it looks like a terrific gale coming up. But there's the moon overhead. Just as it was just now. Bright as mid-day. But as for the rest—Where's the village? Where's—where's everything? And what on earth set this wind a-blowing? I didn't order no wind."

Mr. Fotheringay struggled to get to his feet in vain, and after one failure remained on all fours, holding on. He surveyed the moonlit world to leeward, with the tails of his jacket streaming over his head. "There's something seriously wrong," said Mr. Fotheringay. "And what it is—goodness knows."

Far and wide nothing was visible in the white glare through the haze of dust that drove before a screaming gale but tumbled masses of earth and heaps of inchoate ruins, no trees, no houses, no familiar shapes, only a wilderness of disorder vanishing at last into the darkness beneath the whirling columns and streamers, the lightnings and thunderings of a swiftly-rising storm. Near him, in the livid glare, was something that might once have been an elm tree, a smashed mass of splinters, shivered from boughs to base, and further, a twisted mass of iron girders—only too evidently the viaduct—rose out of the piled confusion.

You see, when Mr. Fotheringay had arrested the rotation of the solid globe, he had made no stipulation concerning the trifling movables upon its surface. And the earth spins so fast that the surface at its equator is travelling at rather more than 1,000 miles an hour, and in these latitudes at more than half that pace. So that the village and Mr. Maydig and Mr. Fotheringay and everybody and everything had been jerked violently forward at about nine miles per second—that is to say, much more violently than if they had been fired out of a cannon. And every human being, every living creature, every house and every tree—all the world as we know it—had been so jerked and smashed and utterly destroyed. That was all.

These things Mr. Fotheringay did not, of course, fully appreciate. But he perceived that his miracle had miscarried, and with that a great disgust of miracles came upon him. He was in darkness now, for the clouds had swept together and blotted out his momentary glimpse of the moon, and the air was full of fitful, struggling, tortured wraiths of hail. A great roaring of wind and waters filled earth and sky, and peering under his hand through the dust and sleet to windward, he saw by the play of the lightnings a vast wall of water pouring toward him.

"Maydig!" screamed Mr. Fotheringay's feeble voice amid the elemental uproar. "Here!—Maydig!"

"Stop!" cried Mr. Fotheringay to the advancing water. "O, for goodness' sake, stop!"

"Jest a moment," said Mr. Fotheringay to the lightnings and thunder.

"Stop jest a moment while I collect my thoughts!"

"And now what shall I do?" he said. "What shall I do? Whiz! I wish Maydig was about."

"I know," said Mr. Fotheringay, "and for goodness' sake let's have it right this time."

He remained on all fours, leaning against the wind, very intent to have everything right.

"Ah!" he said. "Let nothing of what I'm going to order happen until I say 'Off!' . . . Whiz! I wish I'd thought of that before!"

He lifted his little voice against the

whirlwind, shouting louder and louder in the vain desire to hear himself speak. "Now then—here goes! Mind about that what I said just now. In the first place, when all I've got to say is done, let me lose my miraculous power, let my will become just like anybody else's will, and all these dangerous miracles be stopped. I don't like them. I'd rather I didn't work 'em. Ever so much. That's the first thing. And the second is—let me be back just before the miracles begin; let everything be just as it was before that blessed lamp turned up. It's a big job, but it's the last. Have you got it? No more miracles, everything as it was—me back in the Long Dragon just before I drank my half-pint. That's it! Yes."

He dug his fingers into the mould, closed his eyes, and said "Off!"

Everything became perfectly still. He perceived that he was standing erect.

"So you think," said a voice.

He opened his eyes. He was in the bar of the Long Dragon, arguing about miracles with Toddy Beamish. He had a vague sense of some great thing forgotten that instantaneously passed. You see that, except for the loss of his miraculous powers, everything was back as it had been, his mind and memory, therefore, were now just as they had been at the time when this story began. So that he knew absolutely nothing of all that is told here to this day. And, amongst other things, of course, he still did not believe in miracles.

"I tell you that miracles, properly speaking, can't possibly happen," he said, "whatever you like to hold. And I'm prepared to prove it up to the hilt."

"That's what you think," said Toddy Beamish, "and prove it if you can."

"Looky here, Mr. Beamish," said Mr. Fotheringay, "let us clearly understand what a miracle is. It's something contrariwise to the course of Nature done by power of will. . . ."

H. G. Wells.

THE BARGAIN THEORY OF WAGES.*

WHAT is, perhaps, the most unfortunate feature of Professor Davidson's book is that the author has applied to his work a title which by no means gives a clue to its contents. The work is, in reality, a critical review of several important Wage Theories and Wage Factors, the consideration of the "Bargain Theory of Wages" forming less than one-sixth of the whole.

The first four chapters are devoted to a review of the different wage theories, four in number, each treated in its chronological order, and an endeavour is made, with a fair degree of success, to connect these with successive stages in the development of the conditions of labour.

First of all, the author deals with what he terms the *Subsistence Theory*—perhaps better known as the "Iron and Cruel Law"—a theory which views the rate of wages as dependent upon the cost of the labourer's subsistence, and which bases itself "on a real or assumed analogy between wage labour and slave labour."

With the growth of industrial freedom, and "the change in the position of the employer from domination to mere predominance," came the acceptance of the *Wages-Fund Theory*, formulated and developed by economists between Ricardo and Mill. According to this theory the labourer enters into the determination of the rate not as a passive but as an active force. Assuming, as it does, "that there is, in every society, a given amount of capi-

* The Bargain Theory of Wages, by John Davidson, M.A., D. Phil. (Edin.), Professor of Political Economy in the University of New Brunswick. New York and London, : G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1898.

tal which is unconditionally destined for the payment of wages by labour;" that the number of labourers is comparatively constant, and that the sole medium of distribution is competition; the labourer is given, by the exercise of continence, the means of raising the rate of wages. But after having been accepted uncritically for at least a century, the Wages-Fund Theory was suddenly rejected by economists.

In its place, and in criticism of it, arose the *Produce Theory*, or theory of the "Productivity of Labour;" the ablest exponent of which was the late Francis A. Walker. The labourer was now looked upon not merely as a force in the determination of the rate, but as *the* force. The idea that wages are paid out of a predetermined fund is dispensed with, and in its place finds favour the idea that the wages of labour are paid out of and determined by the produce of labour. The rate, thus, depends on the degree of efficiency.

But present industrial conditions, the growth of Trades and Labour combinations, and the organized conflicts of labour and capital, have called forth what Dr. Davidson aptly terms the "*Bargain Theory* of Wages." The price of labour is looked upon as varying between two points, the estimate of the labourer forming the minimum, the estimate of the employer forming the maximum. The estimate of the labourer, again, is the result of two factors, one positive and one negative, the utility of the reward and the disutility of the labour, "while the estimate of the employer is, on the whole, dependant upon the indirect utilities afforded by what he purchases, or, rather, is the discounted value of the product of the labourer's exertions." Between the two points thus formed the rate of wages will vary according to the relative strength of the two parties to the bargain.

In his review of these four theories Professor Davidson has attempted to give full recognition to the idea of *Evolution* in wage theories. But in his criticism of the first three he has added little that is new, while the chapter on the Bargain Theory, in which signs of independence are shown, is, perhaps, the weakest of the whole.

The remainder of the work is devoted to a consideration of some important wage factors, the influence of Mobility of Labour, of Trades Union organizations, and of the methods of modern industrial remuneration, being each discussed. The chapter on the influence of Mobility of Labour is extremely interesting, but its value is very seriously impaired by an almost entire lack of references. Whole pages of statistics are given without the slightest hint as to the source from which they were obtained.

The consideration of the effects of Trades Unions on the rates of wages is, perhaps, one of the strongest features of the book, although the author's obligations to the works of Brentano, Webb, and others, are great and obvious.

The arrangement throughout the work is excellent, and Dr. Davidson's method is very clear, logical and convincing, with, however, a somewhat frequent tendency to become too metaphysical in his treatment of purely practical problems. His style is, unfortunately, often harsh and laboured, a feature which detracts seriously from the interest of the book. An example will suffice to show this:

> "It is probable that, owing to various causes, the limits claimed by, and allowed to, labour, are being steadily pushed forward year by year; but the labourer is still far from absorbing the whole of the debatable ground, because, as we shall see, and as we have seen, though the fact was otherwise expressed, the rise of the labourer's estimate renders, through the greater efficiency that generally follows higher wages, possible a rise of the employer's estimate." (P. 143.)

On the whole, however, the work shows earnest study and thought, a strict impartiality, and a wide and thorough acquaintance with economic literature. It will certainly be found most useful to any student of the Wages Question.

W. Bennett Munro.

THE BATTLE-CALL OF ANTI-CHRIST.*

"But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side, and forthwith came thereout blood and water."
—St. John, XIX., 34.

A FORETHOUGHT of the fated reign of peace
Fell on the soul of Antichrist, I dreamed;
And his brow darkened, and his hate-lit eyes
Aloft glared lurid through the mist of space.
Then vast and shadowy rose the Lord of War
And shook his right hand at a far White Throne,
Brooding unutterable blasphemies.
Anon he gazed upon our shuddering world,
The while, with voice that fires or freezes souls,
He spake his message to the circling winds
And roused to battle all his myrmidons:

"Up, despot, trembling for a blood-bought crown!
The smouldering flame that threatens thine own house
Hurl at another's; lead thy people on
By glory's flaring torches to their doom.
(Ever the spear
Pierces the spirit of the Prince of Peace!)

"Yoke Victory to thy chariot and ride on,
Trampling the pride of nations, Conqueror!
Let thy maimed warriors writhe alone; for thou
Art scorn of God for His vile images,
(And scorn of mine
For Him who pleads for them at God's right hand.)

"Pause not to reck the ruin thou hast made:
Is not the comet's course foredoomed, and thine?
A deathless name outweighs a million deaths,
And orphans' sighs are mute 'mid the acclaim
Of multitudes.
(What is the grief of Jesus unto thee?)

"Statesman, behold, thy trustful neighbours sleep,
And rust is on their swords, your blades are sharp!
Swift and relentless press thy specious claim;
Not thine the toil or risk, thine fame to win
With others' blood,

* NOTE.—There being so many diverse opinions as to the personality of the Antichrist, it appeared a warrantable license to conceive him to be the Spirit of War, the exact antithesis and contrast to the Prince of Peace. In selecting an unconventional blank verse stanza I followed a suggestion of Bulwer Lytton that such a metrical form might suit a solemn theme; and, besides, the detached lines seemed specially adapted to convey the malignant asides of the arch-fiend.

The allusion in the second and third stanzas is, of course, to the first Napoleon, who is made to style himself "the scorn of God," in one of Alfieri's poems:

"Son lo sdegno di Dio: nessun mi tocchi!"

(That human blood that filled the veins
of Christ !)

" Flushed with a spotless triumph, patriots,
From brave defence advance to stern revenge
And urge a war of conquest and bequeath
A heritage of hatred to your sons,
(For freedom's sake
Stabbing His soul who 'came not to destroy' !)

" Wake, silent trump of holy discord ! Sword
Of God and Gideon, hew the Gentiles down !
Slay, in your ruth for graceless babes unborn !
Clash, rival crosses, mock the Crucified !
Blaze, lethal fires !
(*I* will accept the incense that *He* loathes.)

" Poets sublime who sway the souls of men !
Sing still of arms and human hecatombs,
And wrath and glory and the pride of race ;
Let rhymesters mumble of love, pity, peace.
(Sing ye the spear
That glances from its victims to Christ's heart.)

" And thou, enthusiast, whose genius caught
The soul of Revolution and enchained
The fiery spirit in a song, thy strains
Again shall stir rapt throngs to fratricide :
'To arms ! to arms !'
(Christ mocks me with His pity from His throne !)

" Sound trump and drum and fife and clarion,
Sound, to the rhythmic march of warriors,
With priestly benedictions on their pride
And beauty's smiles upon their waving plumes,
(Marching in pomp
To wound the wearied spirit of their Christ !)

* * * * * *

" Oh, pygmy pomp and blazon of man's war !
When Michael strove with Satan 'mid the stars,
There were seraphic deeds and agonies
And not this earthly death ! Nathless I crave
Unnumbered slain——
The sin of His own slayers tortured Him !

" Hail to thy memory, war of wars, that jarred
Awhile the calm of heaven, when Pride and Hate,
Stung by the still rebuke of love supreme,
Rose, fought and fell ! And to thy memory hail,
Symbolic spear,
That wounded the dead Christ on Calvary !

" Dear is the murderer's dagger ; dear the rack
That strains the frame of one who testifies
With his last breath to Christ ; dearest the spear
That stabbed Him on the Cross and stabs Him still,
Each thrust a balm
To soothe my sleepless memory in hell ! "

Francis Blake Crofton.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Women and War.

THE subject of the relation of women to war is one which has as yet received little attention from the press and the public. My own belief is that women might prevent war if they wished. The United States nation is now engaged in an unnecessary struggle with Spain; and did the mothers and sisters of the young men now at the front try to prevent it? Alas, no! They are now weeping and tearing their hair, but their cherub-faced sons and brothers come not again. Their hearts are torn with anguish and grief and they are distracted by mental pictures of the trenches of the dead, and the groans and sufferings of the wounded. The mother wakes from her troubled dreams and cries out in her anguish, "God save my boy!" Should her boy be returned to her safe and sound, she is willing to say with the good man of the East, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace. . . . for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." The young wife presses the wailing child to her bosom and whispers in tears the name of the father whom the child may never know. The betrothed maiden lays away the finery upon which she has spent so many loving hours, and a tear drops among the laces before the drawer is closed. Why all this weeping and lamentation? Because the mothers and sisters began to protest too late. When the politicians and contractors and war fiends were crying the nation on to a senseless struggle, the women said not a word.

It would be the same in Canada, if similar circumstances were to arise. Our females seem to accept with resignation the poet's dictum that men must work and women must weep. The females of Europe accept it, too. There are white ribbon societies, temperance societies, prohibition unions, Christian Endeavour unions and all the rest of the hundreds of senseless organizations which honeycomb our religious civilization. But where is the Peace Society?

The great trouble lies in the fact that women are too narrow, too short-sighted, too ignorant, too hard of heart. Are the United States mothers and daughters weeping for the starving mothers and daughters in Cuba? Have their souls been torn in anguish as they have read of their sufferings? Not a bit of it! It was not that which drove the United States nation to war with Spain, or which nerved the United States mother to encourage her son to enlist. She sent him to the front, if she sent him at all, because she wished him to glorify himself and her. She had no thought for the dark-skinned female, holding her babe to the desert breast and listening to the wail of hunger which she could not satisfy. The other day, before Santiago, a father—an Englishman—gave a United States soldier a five dollar gold-piece for a tin of beans with which to feed his starving children.

It is not the franchise that women need, it is the broad sympathy which will lead them to look out upon suffering humanity, which will induce them to perceive the horrors of war, and which will cause them to prevail upon those who love them and acknowledge their influence that the day when men should strike each other in earnest has passed

away. Instead of driving men on to extreme measures by extravagance and social ambition, let the women spend less and think more. The blue-ribbon societies and all the others are not to be despised, but the War Fiend has invaded the civilization of the Western World, and the Western Woman must drive him back to his home beyond the waves, or years of suffering shall be her portion and her inheritage.

Dominion Day.

Some Canadians have become so weary of hearing the question of Canada's destiny discussed that they shiver when it is brought up again. Neverthelss, the 1st of July comes around quite regularly in the yearly cycle, and as July 1st, 1867, saw the confederation of the provinces into the Dominion of Canada, it is quite reasonable that the progress that has been made and that may be made should be considered. Of course, there is a large number of people who do not know what national progress means, who could not tell you when Confederation took place, who do not know what Canada buys or what she sells, who know nothing of their responsibilities as citizens. These people indulge in a pleasure excursion on the 1st of July and never stop to think why the holiday occurs. If they are ladies—and the most of them are, bless them—they go on with their "says she's" and "says he's" and "says I's" and their talk about shirt waists and their neighbours, and forget that it is a day on which their boys and their girls might be taught some little thing about Canada that would be the mustard seed which might develop into the great tree of a true citizen's patriotism. These people, male and female, do not talk of Canada's destiny on the 1st of July or on any other day, despite the oft repeated boast that "Canada has the finest educational facilities in the world."

But a certain number of intelligent men and women do perceive the significance of Dominion Day, the national holiday, and they cannot help being led to consider the question of Canada's possible political destiny. One man accepts without reserve, Canada's growing connection with the Empire. Another man* points out that even if there had been no revolt of the American colonies, the people now contained in the United States could not be now governed by a Governor-General sent from England; and he thus implies that poor little Canada with her five millions is small enough to have a governor or a governess, but when she grows up to sixty-five millions she will have a lover, a husband of her own. One New York paper says that the conduct of the Mayor of Niagara—a town of about a thousand inhabitants—in declaring the 4th of July a public holiday because a United States town across the river helped to celebrate Dominion Day, showed that Canadians were in sympathy with the United States and would ere long be celebrating the fourth of July instead of the first. Another New York editor, whose paper is less yellow and has as a consequence less circulation in the fire-eating Republic, speaking of Canada's progress, says: "A true, national spirit has been engendered. Devotion to the Mother Country and to the Empire has been strengthened and confirmed, and all these things have been achieved to an extent that would have been not only impossible, but unconceivable, without the unifying bond of the Dominion." A great Canadian who has been a close observer of North American civilization for over thirty years, walks along the street of a large Canadian city and says: "This easy victory of the Americans over the Spaniards means that we will have to fight for our lives within a year." The Liberal Country Weekly declares against any further military expenditure or training of militia, because Sir Wilfrid Laurier is in power and there is an Anglo-American understanding. The Tory country Weekly declares that the preferential tariff is killing home industries, and anyway it shouldn't have been instituted until

*A sermon preached in Toronto on July 3rd, and reported in the morning papers of the next day.

such time as Great Britain gave us a preference in her markets.

Where are we, in the midst of all this babel and confusion, to go for light? Perhaps the advice given by a prominent journalist to the members of the Canadian Club, of Toronto, may be taken with good results by the whole Canadian people. "Stop talking about Canada's destiny," said he. "Make the country prosperous, progressive, and the destiny will take care of itself." In this spirit we will celebrate Dominion Day as a day for stock-taking, for retrospection, for gaining renewed inspiration and fresh hope, not a day for endeavouring to pry into the plans of the Creator of the universe. For there is no doubt that no man's wisdom can foresee the destiny of this country; that will be moulded and directed by the morality, the righteousness, the high-mindedness of the successive generations of Canadian citizens.

A lack of sturdy men whose aims are high
No surging tide of plenty can supply.
Doomed is the State, whatever its avails,
Where probity falls down and conscience fails.
Not gold nor iron, grain nor ships nor coal,
Can make a nation great that lacks a soul.
This above all, then, brethren, we should know
How by our growth to make our country grow
In that true glory whose foundations lie
In justice, freedom and integrity.*

A Hasty Alliance.

During the past two months the proposed Anglo-American understanding has occupied a great deal of attention in Great Britain and Canada, and a very fair amount of similar enthusiasm in the United States. The idea of an understanding which will enable both branches of the English race—if it may be called such—to work side by side with one aim and one ambition is certainly most worthy. If it can be successfully carried into performance it will be the most important political development of the nineteenth century.

The officials of Great Britain have always been courteous and kind and considerate to the United States. These gentlemen have gone so far as to pay the United States a million dollars more for Alabama claims than was actually necessary. They gave up half of the State of Maine because they did not care to remark that a certain map was a forgery. They have always used respectable language about or to the United States. When, therefore, they now say that they value United States friendship and approve of Anglo-Saxon unity, I cannot accuse them of inconsistency. Nor can I in my own mind feel that they are insincere.

On the other hand, the official representatives of the United States have, during the last hundred and twenty years, called us Britishers all sorts of names. They have heaped contumelious words upon us at every opportunity. They have reviled John Bull at every turn. When Cleveland sent his famous Venezuelan message, the United States people made him a hero; and they all cried out, "Sic 'em Cleve, old boy!" Now they have repented. In the twinkling of an eye they have been converted. I believe that they are sincere and that they will never be rude again. But who will blame me if I wait a few months before shouting for Anglo-Saxon unity? All Canada is shouting and my voice will not be missed. Nevertheless, I am anxious to record the fact—being rather a shameless individual—that I am not shouting. I want also to state that I did not shout on the 4th of July. Nor did I jeer; I have never jeered at the United States people. If they promise to be good, and if they keep up to their present professions, I shall ultimately accept them as brothers. They cannot expect me to do more than this.

Personally, I have no objection to Lord Wolseley, Lord Dufferin, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Charles Tupper expressing their appreciation of the United States and their desire to see permanent friendly relations between the two countries. These gentlemen represent the officialdom of Great Britain and of Canada and are

* From a poem by C. S. Martin, read before a Greek letter society at Cambridge on June 30th, 1898.

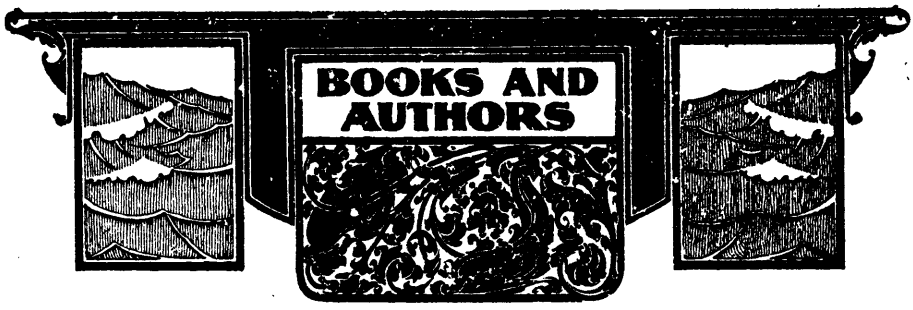
speaking semi-officially. They are without doubt quite sincere in their desire to have the two branches of the nation act in unison. But I do object to their pushing Mr. Chamberlain's idea with too much cheap publicity. Let them say what they think and feel without descending to fulsome flattery which they may some day wish they they had left unsaid. The United States people have a large appreciation of their own strength, importance and brilliancy ; and it is not necessary that Britishers should pursue a course of conduct which might cause that self-appreciation to swell and burst. What the United States nation lacks is ballast, and flattery will not help it to acquire that very necessary quality.

Canadians have never said uncomplimentary things about the United States, and we should not act as if we are anxious to make amends for past sins. We have never been accused, even by the United Statesers themselves, of being afflicted with a desire to pull feathers out of the eagle's tail. Whereas, the editorial offices of most of the large dailies in the United States have a lion's tail hung on the wall, and for years every member of each staff has had his daily training in the twisting of that tail. The result has been quite evident in their acknowledged dislike for the British lion, and their perfect ability to twist his tail upon the shortest notice, or slightest opportunity. Even now, when most of the United States newspaper editors are practising the new tunes of Anglo-Saxon Unity, some of the magazines and other periodicals are piping red-hot blasts about the way the Britishers were trampled upon in 1776 and 1812. It may all be historically true, of course, but it is rather jarring to the nerves of a sensitive Anglo-Americaner.

Let us hope that the sins of both nations will soon be blotted out, that memories may become more and more indistinct, and that the two peoples shall in the future live in such amiable concord that they will always be willing to yield a dispute rather than say a harsh word. When this times arrives—and Canada hopes that the arrival will be soon—the era of universal peace will be nearer, and the higher interests of mankind will be more thoroughly safe-guarded.

Canada's Prosperity.

June 30th marks the close of Canada's fiscal year, and July is therefore Canada's stock-taking month. Looking back over the twelve months just gone, it is quite clear that the rate of development was maintained and probably advanced. The quantity of goods sold abroad was enormously increased, and the value of the imports showed also that our buying power is on the rise. From the statistics already to hand, it is quite clear that the volume of business done internally and externally is much larger, when reckoned in dollars and cents, than it ever was. The net profits also seem to be greater. The farmer received more money for his grain, and prices of wages, implements and other supplies were not higher. The merchant sold more goods and had fewer bad debts. These two classes of the community received therefore more net profit. The cost of government has slightly increased, and while this must be lamented it is not serious enough to cause trouble in the country. The people of Canada are fast learning that this is an expensive country to govern, and that a promise to economize made by any political party is merely a statement made with a view to influencing votes. Every person is pleased to see the Yukon developed, but the Yukon for a few years will be an expensive part of our territory.



NEW FICTION.

SOME men use their abilities in one way, some in another. Some employ them in politics, some in statecraft, some in diplomacy, some in militarism, some in business, some in invention, some even in wickedness and evil. Every man possesses a cunning of some sort, although the quality of it varies with the individual. In fiction there is no man of to-day who can exceed the cunning, the resource, the ability to plot and plan possessed by Anthony Hope. The "Prisoner of Zenda" stormed and caught the public fancy, because the author presented a plot the following of which roused the mental activity, the imagination, the pleasure in incident and event which every intelligent reader possesses. Anthony Hope had nothing to teach, but he possessed much which would please. He gave the world pleasure, and the world repaid him with praise and patronage.

"Rupert of Hentzau"* possesses the same kind of charm and interest which made the "Prisoner of Zenda" and Anthony Hope famous. It is a sequel in which the leading characters re-appear. The restored King rules Ruritania, but with a weak hand. His wife, the lovely Princess Flavia, shares his public honours, but gives him not the love which a true wife bears to the true husband. She still clings to her memory of Mr. Rassendyll, the English adventurer, and the story opens with the troubles which come upon her because she endeavours to send a letter to her absent lover. This falls into the hands of the banished Rupert of Hentzau, the brother of the King. The story winds hither and thither with alarming and exciting rapidity. Duel and battle, battle and duel, flight and escape follow like the blacksmith's strokes upon the red-hot iron. The King is killed by Rupert, Rupert is killed by Mr. Rassendyll, and Mr. Rassendyll is killed by a servant of Prince Rupert. Only old Sapt, Fritz, and the Queen are saved from the slaughter.

Nothing ever stops Anthony Hope. The people crave excitement and he gives it to them. As his hero he takes an English adventurer who holds secret communication and loving converse with the wife of a king; he delineates as his heroine a woman who marries a man she does not love and then serves him half-heartedly. These may inspire the public, may win their admiration, but if they do, then so much the worse for the public.

After penning the above opinion of this book, I came across a criticism of a very different kind, written by George W. Smalley in the New York *Herald*. He complains that at a certain point in each of his novels, Mr. Hope turns romance into extravaganza and breaks the spell. I had not thought of it in that way but now I agree with Mr. Smalley. I laughed when in "Simon Dale" Louis XIV. took a flying leap into the rowboat; and in "Rupert of Hentzau," every

*Toronto: George N. Morang.

time a man was killed, I was forced to smile. I have no explanation to offer; I simply state the fact.

In the course of his review, Mr. Smalley says:

"The true criticism upon this last romance is not, I think, that it is a sequel, but that it is a romance in which some of the first conditions of romantic narrative are neglected. The same was true of "Phroso." The same was true of "Simon Dale." In all three Mr. Hope allows himself at times an undue license. He never fails at the outset to fix the attention of his reader. He starts with a series of assumptions, so cleverly conceived that they are readily accepted. He creates an atmosphere. He creates a set of circumstances and of characters, all plausible; all, or almost all at the beginning, convincing. Then over-confidence sets in. He begins to make drafts on his readers' credulity. To put it in a different way, he has so just a confidence in his own manner of handling incidents and people that he does not stay his hand when the incidents become extravagant, or the people cease to act from probable motives."

Richard Harding Davis has a cunning akin to that of Anthony Hope, but not so great. His stories move with a snap and a dash which is almost as exciting, even though his characters are less Machiavelian. "The King's Jackal"* has a good plot, though not thoroughly worked out. It gives a vivid picture of a life which has a greater air of reality about it than the life so fantastically pourtrayed by Anthony Hope. Louis, the banished king of Messina, is staying in Morocco, ostensibly planning a chance to get back his throne. He is attended by a dissolute female, known as the Countess Zara, two male intriguers, and a fourth individual known as "The King's Jackal." This is an earnest young nobleman by the name of Prince Kalonay. An American girl, Miss Carson, with more money than common sense, desires to aid the King to secure his throne and to restore the Catholic religion in his kingdom. Another American, a newspaper correspondent, appears on the scene, unmasks the King, and by revealing his duplicity brings the honest Prince Kalonay and Miss Carson into a beautiful understanding. The story has an honest ring about it; but to class it as "great," or even as being equal to "The Soldiers of Fortune," would be the height of impudence.

"John Marmaduke,"† by Samuel Harden Church, is a novel somewhat similar in intricacy of plot, though showing less cunning in the devising of odd and thrilling incidents. It is a story which moves more evenly and with less of that rush so characteristic of everything which has its origin in these later years. The author has written a history of Oliver Cromwell, and now seeks to further elucidate his character by giving us a romance connecting with that great general's invasion of Ireland in 1649. John Marmaduke is commander of a troop of Ironsides, and does much fighting in the campaign. During this, he meets and falls in love with an Irish Catholic lady. After much difficult wooing he marries her, and thereby incurs the severe displeasure of Cromwell. The lady's character is a very unusual one, and it wins very much on the reader. Although a fine rider, an expert swordswoman, and as intense in her loves and hates as any other Irish lady, she never commits an act which compromises her womanly dignity. Unlike the Countess Flavia, whom Anthony Hope pourtrays, or the Countess Zara and Miss Carson whom Richard Harding Davis has created, she is an ideal. She engenders wholesome enthusiasm and honest admiration. The picture of Cromwell is a strong one. It explains the ferocity of his nature, the earnestness of his aims and the fanaticism of his religious zeal; besides this, it shows that he was no more bloodthirsty than were the peoples among whom he lived.

The book is slightly marred by one or two minor defects which indicate that the

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.
†Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

author has not the polish nor the delicate touch of the other two story-tellers whose words have just been considered. Nevertheless, because his picture has fewer centre-pieces, and exhibits more thoroughness in the working out of detail, it will, perhaps, leave a more lasting impression on the reader's mind.

CANADA AND ITS CAPITAL.

Sir James Edgar's "Canada and its Capital" is a book which reflects considerable credit both on the publisher* and the author. The volume is handsomely printed and bound, the cover being appropriately and tastily decorated. The author has compiled much material of an interesting and entertaining character, although the contents are of an exceedingly heterogeneous character. After treating of the scenery in and about the capital, he traces the history of the district under the French regime, follows with the story of Philemon Wright, and explains how Ottawa came to be the Capital of Canada. He afterwards deals with such interesting subjects as Vice-Regal Functions, Sports, Literature, The Future of Canada, and The Canadian System of Government. A large number of illustrations add interest to the text.

While the book may be accepted as a memento of the honourable gentleman's term as Speaker of the House of Commons, it cannot be regarded as a distinct addition to our history. Indeed, it is plain that the author does not aim to produce a strictly historical work, although much history has been embodied in it. Biography, descriptions, impressions, sporting chronicles, literary information and political opinions on national questions are combined with the history of the Capital, but combined in such a manner as not to be displeasing. The style of the writer is more open to criticism, being rather crude and amateurish. Sir Wilfrid Laurier "first took to journalism"; every executive act "is subject to be criticized"; "in 1787 the English institutions were not developed"; "it is not fine, big boys that are required, but smart little boys." The making of paragraphs is not based upon good usage, while many of the sentences and phrases are awkward and obscure. The phrases quoted above can hardly be justifiable, nor can the following sentence: "He studied both the navigation of the latter river, and its fitness for settlement." He tells us that Sir John Thompson "formed a government as First Minister," although most of us know that the statesman who forms a government is by virtue of the act the first in that government. Numerous other crudities mar what is otherwise an interesting volume.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In 1834 Benjamin Brodie, then indisputably the leader of the surgical profession of London, England, and for some years sergeant-surgeon, reduced the recognition due to his eminence and was made a baronet. His income was about $50,000 a year, almost wholly derived from his practice. He wrote several works, the chief being his "Psychological Inquiries." A very thorough and interesting biography of this eminent surgeon has just been published in London by T. Fisher Unwin, in his "Masters of Medicine Series."

The latest issue in the Victorian Era Series (London: Blackie & Son; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.) is "English National Education," by H. Holman, M.A. To a Canadian this book shows clearly that England has not progressed as fast as Canada in the matter of national schools. Nevertheless, many arguments in favour of a broad, non-sectarian basis for national schools will be found

* Toronto: George N. Morang.

in its pages. "The woeful waste of energy in sectarian struggles" is clearly pointed out. The fear that education would make more and cleverer rogues and rascals is shown to be groundless. Proof is advanced to show that education has not made the masses discontented, but has rather made them more constitutional and less revolutionary. What is said on bright, cheerful and artistic schoolrooms and on thoroughly trained teachers might be taken to heart in Canada.

"The Canadian Live Stock Annual and Gentleman's Year Book" has been issued for the first time by The Hunter, Rose Co., Toronto. It contains some official statistics, the tariff, sporting records, historical events and information of a like character. It is a very valuable work, and what few weaknesses there are in it will, no doubt, be eliminated in the future yearly issues.

"Stories Told out of Lodge" is a political satire by a clever Toronto lawyer, A. T. Hunter by name. It shows the rottenness, deceit and corruption which, while not overpowering, still linger in our politics. The story is very brightly written and reveals more than ability: it reveals an intimate knowledge of the inside workings of several secret societies which flourish in this country (Toronto: The Toronto News Co., paper 25 cents).

"Trusts, Combines and Monopolies" is the title of a paper republished in pamphlet form from *The Queen's Quarterly*. The author is E. R. Peacock, a clever graduate of Queen's University, and at present a master in Upper Canada College. Besides handling his subject in a very attractive and pleasing manner, Mr. Peacock has crowded into his brief treatment of it much valuable information.

An interesting historical pamphlet on the Canadian Rebellion has just been issued by Raoul Renault, Quebec. It is entitled "1837, and My Connection with It," and was written by Thomas Storrow Brown, who died in Montreal in 1888. The author eulogizes very strongly the Papineau Party.

"The Care of the Sick," by Dr. Billroth (Toronto: The Hunter, Rose Co., cloth, $1.50) is an exceedingly valuable household book. Dr. Billroth is an Austrian scientist, and the translation seems to be well done. The large number of illustrations add materially to the value of the text, as does the very exhaustive index. The binding is neat and substantial.

Among the new issues in Colonial Libraries is "Dawn," by Rider Haggard, in Longman's; "Kronstadt," by Max Pemberton, in Cassell's; and "Helbeck of Bannisdale," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, in Macmillan's. The latter two are new, and the last was briefly reviewed in last month's issue of this publication.

Number Two of The Educational Review's Canadian History Readings is to hand. It contains articles on The Cabots, Port Royal, Physiography of Nova Scotia, An Acadian Marchioness, Fort Cumberland, andThe Siege of Penobscot. All are by leading Maritime Province writers (The Educational Review, St John, N.B., paper, 10 cents.)

The "Bulletin des Recherches Historiques," published by Pierre-Georges Roy, Levis, Quebec, contains each month much valuable historical matter which cannot be overlooked by any person desiring to be thoroughly familiar with all sides of Canadian history.

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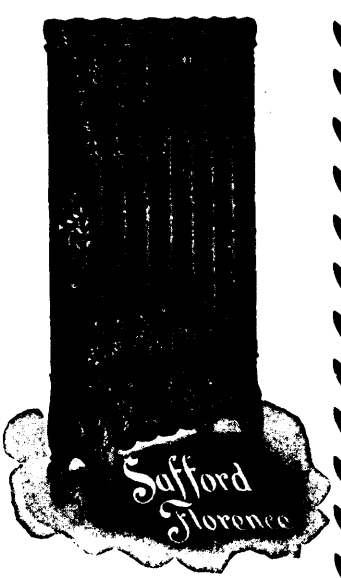

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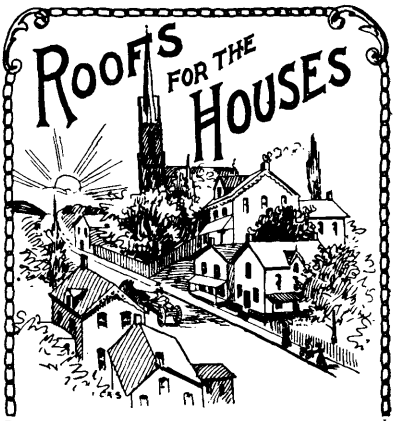

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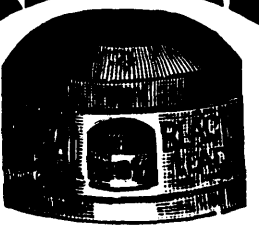

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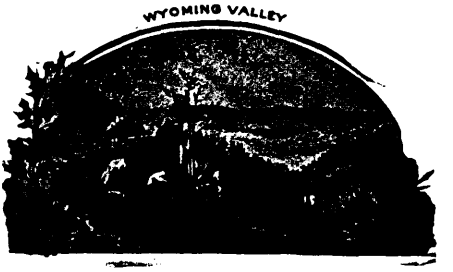

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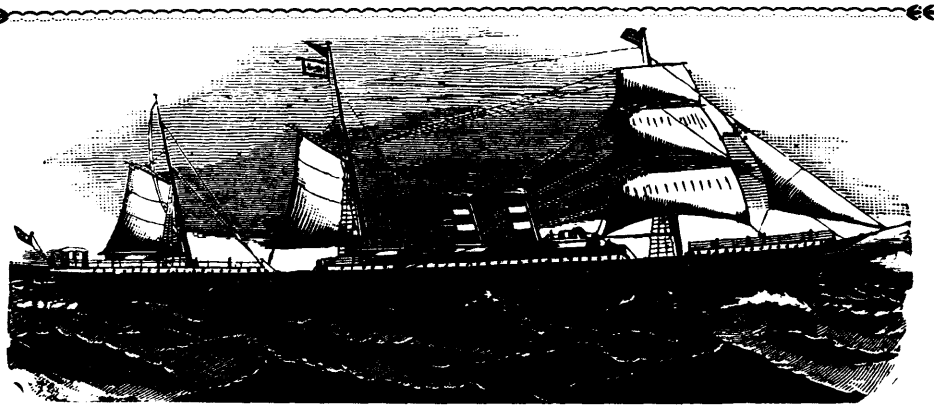

1898 PROPOSED SUMMER SAILINGS (Subject to change). **1898**

BEAVER LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

SAILING WEEKLY BETWEEN MONTREAL AND LIVERPOOL. Calling at Rimouski, and Moville, Ireland, each way.

From Liverpool.	STEAMERS.	From Montreal.	From Liverpool.	STEAMERS.	From Montreal.
Sat., July 9	Lake Huron	Wed., Jly 27	Sat., Sep. 10	Lake Winnipeg	Wed., Sep. 28
" " 16	Lake Superior	" Aug. 3	" " 17	Lake Huron	" Oct. 5
" " 23	Gallia	" " 10	" " 24	Lake Superior	" " 12
" " 30	Lake Ontario	" " 17	" Oct. 1	Gallia	" " 19
" Aug. 6	Lake Winnipeg	" " 24	" " 8	Lake Ontario	" " 26
" " 13	Lake Huron	" " 31	" " 15	Lake Winnipeg	" Nov. 2
" " 20	Lake Superior	" Sept. 7	" " 22	Lake Huron	" " 9
" " 27	Gallia	" " 14	" " 29	Lake Superior	" " 16
" Sept. 3	Lake Ontario	" " 21	" Nov. 5	Gallia	" " 23

Steamers sail from Montreal Wednesday Morning, passengers embark the Evening previous after 8 o'clock.
Passengers from Quebec embark Wednesday Afternoon, and must apply to the Agents, G. M. Webster & Co., Dalhousie Street, not later than Wednesday Morning, for the time at which they are to embark.
Passengers from the Lower Provinces embark at Rimouski Thursday Morning, on arrival of Mail train, and those so desiring from Montreal and the West can do so by taking the I. C. R. Mail Train leaving Grand Trunk Depot at 7.05 P.M. Wednesday.

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FOULD'S ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP
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"Pure Blood" dominates that perfection of **Health** which is **Mirrored** on the **Skin,** as the effect of "fertilization" shows upon the sickly tree by the **Brighter Tint** which the leaves take on.

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These peerless beautifiers impart to the skin that delicate, clear and refined appearance so charming to women, marvelous in their action, and perfectly harmless. No lady who values a pink-white skin should fail to try them. **Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Wafers, Fould's Arsenic Complexion Soap** and **Fould's Arsenalene Cream** beautify and preserve, make the skin clear, soft, transparent, and remove **Pimples, Freckles, Moth, Blackheads, Sallow** or **Muddy Skin, Sunburns, Tan** and all other blemishes, whether on the **Face, Neck, Arms** or **Body.** Wafers by mail, 50c. and $1 ; 6 large boxes, $5. Soap by mail, 50c. Cream, 50c. Address **H. B. FOULD, 256 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.** Sold in all first-class drug stores.

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