

FIGHTING THE REDS.

How the Brave Daulac Died for Hearth and Home.

A Tale of the Dreaded Iroquois—The Martyrdom of Seventeen Young Frenchmen at the Long Sault.

Unfortunately, for our national progress, writes Eric Kringle, in the Empire, Canadian history is largely a sealed book to young Ontario. He is largely shut off from one of the best means of character growth. The world is a battle ground. Sometimes they fight with sword and rifle in the field; sometimes with a woman's natural weapon in the law courts. Everything worth gaining is gained by struggle, military, forensic or social. All these struggles are lessons in life. But young Ontario in the schools skip over merely the mountain peaks of our past being as a nation; he catches but faint glimpses of the green valleys and clear fountains below; he may in the rush see a few of the towering pines that hide the verdant growth or the rocky roughness beneath; but the sweet-scented wild flowers that flourish in natural luxuriance—to drop the figure—the human touches of national life in the cottage or on the field in bygone days, are not within his ken. He asks the extremely paternal, provincial pontifex maximums of education for bread, and he is given a stone. And there is no sermon in it, either.

As a healthy tonic to growth, national or individual, we cannot exaggerate the importance of a knowledge of history, and it is with such an aim The Empire lays its offering week by week on the shrine of those who have made us what we are.

THE TREACHEROUS IROQUOIS.

If one wishes thoroughly to estimate the immense services that were rendered to the weak and struggling colony of New France, when Adam Daulac (or Dollard) and his 16 companions gave up their lives for their altars and their homes in May, 1660, one must look at the times that this event so brilliantly illumines. For 20 years the strong confederacy of the Five Nation Indians, known as the Iroquois, who held the broad lands of the northern United States, had been a scourge to the infant colony. They hung round the home of the settler ready to take life as opportunity offered. In times of peace or war the danger was alike, for no treaty could bind these treacherous Iroquois. If the canoe of the settler glided down the stream, from the thick foliage of the banks a murderous fire opened on him. If he stepped from beneath the shadow of his own slender roof tree, some red devil of the forest rushed from the covert of wild mustard, and slew and scalped him within sight of his own fireside. If he glanced out of his humble cot at night, he might see dusky figures fitting into ambush to lie in wait for his going out in the morning. When D'Argenson became Governor in 1658 the war was at its height, and the very day after his arrival at Quebec he could hear the screams of the victims and whoops of the invaders as he sat at dinner. Life was a daily terror. The fur trade stagnated; seed time and harvest often passed without their accustomed toil and accustomed returns, and famine was then added to sickness and daily bloodshed.

THE GREAT SERVICES OF THE CHURCH.

The colony was a religious mission, and while deriving all the benefits from the vigor that comes of religious enthusiasm, it was subject to all the dangers that grow out of rivaling religious fanaticisms. Priest quarrelled with priest, priests with governor, governor with bishop; there was a standing quarrel between Quebec and Montreal; and while the red fiends threatened without, the fire of domestic strife burned brightly within.

Notwithstanding this, a religious fervor, an inconceivable belief in miracles and portents, an invincible faith to dare and to die for their home and religion, possessed the colonists. This deep fervor reacted on their imagination, as every body knows in the case of Wesley and Loyola, and their young men saw visions, and their old men dreamed dreams. The noble self-sacrifice of the Jesuits, daily before their eyes, raised up a breed of men filled with love of country, which became unified with their love of the Roman Catholic faith, for the two were one in Canada at that time. The country and its policy were the Church; and it was the eloquence of such men as Charpentier, and the bravery and statesmanship of such as Le Moyne that preserved even a spot for French occupation.

For mutual protection and aid the settlements were clustered around the three forts of Quebec, Three Rivers and Montreal, the last as a sort of military outpost, then 15 days' journey of hardship from Quebec. But every settler's hut was a fortress, and frequently a small cannon formed part of the household furniture.

YOUNG DAULAC TO THE RESCUE.

Such, then, in brief, was the condition of the three widely separated colonies of New France in 1660, a condition that had confined them almost wholly to defensive operations against the Iroquois. They had seen the Hurons, whom they were bound to protect, almost exterminated. They had trembled and made concessions to the wily chiefs of the Iroquois, and had planted a French colony among them. They had seen an Iroquois band parade past Quebec with Huron captives, while guns of the fort remained silent. But now a change came.

The commandant of the garrison of Montreal at this time was Adam Dollard, Sieur des Ormeaux, often known as Daulac. He had come from France three years before, a stripling of 20, and rumor spoke of some stain that he wished to shroud in a glorious deed of arms. He soon had his heart's desire. It was in the first week of April, 1660, that he came to Maisonneuve, Governor of Montreal, and asked his approval of a plan to lead a war party up the Ottawa against the Iroquois. Maisonneuve knew the young fellow's intrepidity, and willingly gave his consent. Dollard had been busy saving his companions, and soon 17 sturdy young men, soldiers and tradesmen, joined him with him in solemn oath to risk and to receive no quarter—to fight to the last breath. They made their wills, and on the beautiful April morning, in the little chapel of the Hotel Dieu, surrounded by the population of the settlement, they were sworn to the solemn oath.

For three days, hour after hour, day and night, the assault continues. Now they dash down in a solid body in full force; now in divisions. The periods of respite for the defenders are short. They spend them on their knees in prayer. They have now only two functions in life, alternating regularly—to fight and to pray. The Iroquois, in despair, think of giving up the siege, but shame bids them to make a general assault. They call for volunteers.

Charles Le Moyne and Picote de Belestre, urged them to defer the expedition until after seed time and they would accompany it. But Daulac burned with the ardor of a knight-errant and feared to be supplanted in the glory he hoped to win.

THE IROQUOIS PLAN OF EXTERMINATION.

It was well no delay occurred. Daulac's plan was to meet a body of 300 Iroquois as they returned down the Ottawa from the winter chase. At the same time, awaiting a junction with this band, 500 Iroquois were lying at the mouth of the Richelieu, with a well-matured design, all unknown at the moment to the French. The two bands were to unite and sweep down on the unsuspecting settlers of the three colonies, and exterminate every Frenchman, every trace of French influence in North America. The sacrifice of the little army at the Long Sault arrested this plan forever.

Preparations are hurried forward and on the 19th of April they set out. Near the island of St. Paul they are attacked by wandering Iroquois and one man is killed, two drowned. However, the Iroquois are routed and the young Frenchmen return to Montreal to bury their dead. They fill the gaps in their ranks and unchilled by this first taste of danger make their last adieux to their assembled friends.

They meet a thousand difficulties, but courage takes the place of experience. Eight days are spent working up the rapid of St. Anne; they enter the lake of Two Mountains and slowly and painfully stem the swift current of Carillon. It is May day when the tumultuous roar of the Long Sault breaks on their ears, and here at the foot of the foaming torrent they land.

Ascending the sloping shores, they find by chance a little circular entrenchment built by the Algonquins the previous autumn. It was but poorly defended on the sides and the palisades were already very shaky, offering a poorer protection than one of their huts at home. The Iroquois must infallibly come this way, and here Daulac resolves to meet them.

A REINFORCEMENT OF HURONS.

In the meantime, 30 Hurons, chosen men from the remnants of that race had set out under a brave chief, Anatotaha, with the intention of falling on the Iroquois as they returned from the chase. At three Rivers they meet Mitiwemeg, a chief of the Algonquins, and the two chiefs have a dispute on their merits as brave men.

To settle this point as to their valor Mitiwemeg agrees to go to Montreal, accompanied by three Algonquin braves.

At Montreal they soon hear the story of Daulac's mission, for as Dollard de Casson observes quaintly, the Frenchman's fault is to talk too much; and, fired by the spirit of chivalry, and surprised by the boldness of so few, they agreed to settle their dispute in the field in the same cause as Daulac. Maisonneuve has misgivings of their intrepidity for the enterprise, but leaving the matter for Daulac to determine, tries to discourage them and finally sends them off with a letter.

The young Frenchmen were scarcely settled in camp when they were joined by the Hurons and Algonquins, whose arrival makes the little palisade even more unsuitable as a place of defence.

They have not to wait long for the foe. In a day or two Daulac's outposts see the advance guard of the Iroquois approaching in two canoes. These tidings reach the little band when they are at prayer. Daulac at once selects the most suitable landing-place and places an ambush. At this very point the Indian warriors beach their canoes. The French fire a volley in precipitation. A few Indians fall, but the others dash into the forest and warn the main body. The French now retire to the fort, but by an unfortunate error leave their kettles over the fire by the shore.

GETTING READY TO MEET THE FOE.

So far nothing had been done to strengthen their weak fortress. Now, while they are hastily throwing branches between the palisades and building stone and earth breast-works, with loopholes here and there, the Iroquois advance in full force. They are repulsed with much loss, only to return again and again and to be repulsed. Transported with rage and fury at seeing the heads of their dead warriors grinning from the summits of the palisades, they break up the canoes of the besieged band, and, lighting the bark, advance in the face of a steady fire to burn the fort. The hope is vain. They are discomfited, and the savages settle down to blockade the brave little army, taking good care to keep within the safe shelter of the forest. From this point of vantage they harassed the brave young defenders day and night for nearly a week.

Determining to overwhelm them with numbers, in the meantime they despatch a canoe to the Richelieu to summon the band of 500 who were making ready to exterminate the colony.

For five days the blockade continues. They have no kettles and thirst more oppressive than the fire of the besiegers, is proving on the French and their allies; they cannot swallow the corn on which they are compelled to subsist. They dig within the entrenchment and are tantalized with a little muddy stream. The river is 200 paces off and they run down under cover of fire from their comrades, and return with such small quantities of water as their vessels will carry.

A BRAVE BUT UNEQUAL STRUGGLE.

Now the Iroquois invite the Hurons to desert under a promise of being received on good terms. They accept the offer, and leap over the palisades or stealthily skulk out of the little gate. Brave Anatotaha is the only Huron left. The hopes of the attacking party rise. They are confident now of an easy victory over the 17 Frenchmen, four Algonquins and one Huron that are left, but they do not estimate the courage that comes from despair.

The fifth day brings with it a loud uproar and outcry—the signal that the expected reinforcements had arrived. Such warwhoops and cries might well have intimidated the stoutest heart. The assault is at once renewed with the wildest fury, but only repulse awaits them, and they leave their bravest on the sword.

For three days, hour after hour, day and night, the assault continues. Now they dash down in a solid body in full force; now in divisions. The periods of respite for the defenders are short. They spend them on their knees in prayer. They have now only two functions in life, alternating regularly—to fight and to pray. The Iroquois, in despair, think of giving up the siege, but shame bids them to make a general assault. They call for volunteers.

They construct huge shields breast high of logs split and fastened together, guarded by these against the steady volleys from the fort, they reach the palisade and swarm over the top like a nest of hornets.

THE YOUNG FRENCHMEN ALL DIE FIGHTING.

Accident aids the savages, who even then might have been resisted. Daulac had made a grenade out of an old musketoon, and as he flung the explosive over the wall it caught, fell back and spread destruction among them. The red fiends, thirsting for revenge, made a breach in the fort. Daulac and his men dash to its defence. Breach follows breach. It is now a hand-to-hand encounter. Daulac is struck down, but still the fight goes on. Desperation finds a weapon in whatever the hand touches. The Iroquois, irrespective of friend or foe, fire volley after volley into the surging mass of humanity, and the fight is soon over.

One Frenchman was found who seemed likely to survive; they kept him for the torture. Forgetful of their promises, the Iroquois burned and tortured all the renegade Hurons. Five escaped to carry the story of the brave defence to the settlements where it became part of the "Relations of the Jesuits."

As for the Iroquois, even they had enough fighting for that year. They began to consider that if 800 of their finest warriors could be held at bay by 17 Frenchmen and a few Indians, and inflict such terrible losses, what could all the forces they could muster avail against French courage and hardihood? They went southward to their fore-t homes, the pressure of danger was averted, and the little colony gained a breathing spell.

A WATER MONKEY.

He runs off with a Ring, but Brings It Back Again.

Monkeys, as is well known, are like cats in dread of getting wet, says a writer. On shipboard I have often laughed to see them scampering from a heavy spray as it dashed over the deck or huddling together under the lee of the long boat during a passing shower. But on the ship Euphrates we had a monkey that was actually fond of swimming.

One day while we were anchored in the roadstead off Cape Coast castle, on the west coast of Africa, the passengers were seated under the awning looking at some jewelry that had been brought on board by the natives and offered for sale. The Captain's wife had a very rare ring made of African gold and engraved with the signs of the zodiac. It had been brought to her as an engagement ring by her husband, and was the dearest to her from the fact that he had been wrecked and picked up at sea with it on his finger.

One of the lady passengers who had been looking at the ring and whose attention was attracted by some of the native jewelry placed it on the cabin skylight beside her. The next moment our pet monkey jumped on the skylight, seized the ring, and putting it in his mouth, jumped on the main deck and ran forward.

Instantly everyone was on his feet chasing the monkey. It ran from one end of the deck to the other, and then climbed aloft. Some of the sailors went up and drove it down again.

When it reached the railing of the bulwarks it paused and looked around. The sailors were fast closing in on it, and without a moment's hesitation it jumped overboard.

On rising to the surface it tried to climb up the vessel's side, but her copper was high out of the water and it could get no hold with its paws. Then it dived, swam under the ship's bottom, and came to the surface on the other side. This performance it repeated three or four times.

While this was going on the captain's wife remained seated. Tears were in her eyes as she spoke to the sailors. "Never mind," she said, "don't chase the poor monkey any more; it doesn't know any better. Its instincts teach it to steal."

She had hardly finished speaking when the monkey came over the quarter of the vessel and with a rush leaped across the deck, jumped into her lap, and putting its little fingers into its mouth, drew the ring out of the cheek pouch at the side of its jaw and dropped it into her lap.

With a cry of joy she placed it on her finger, and, taking the dripping monkey in her arms, she pressed it against her bosom and kissed its little black, upturned face.

Governer General of India.

Sir Henry Norman having declined the office of Governor-General of India, the British government has appointed the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine thereto. This appointment is of special interest to Canadians, as the new viceroy is a son of the Earl of Elgin, formerly Governor-General of Canada, and was born in Montreal in 1849, the very year in which his father was stoned for giving his assent, in Her Majesty's name, to the Rebellion Losses bill. It was this same constitutional act of Lord Elgin in refusing to thwart the will of the representatives of the Canadian people that caused the "Stoney Monday" riots in Ottawa. Though the young earl has had but little official experience, he is spoken of as a gentleman of broad and generous views, and, like his father, is a staunch Liberal and a worthy son of the historic Scottish family of Bruce. He will no doubt make a worthy successor of the Marquis of Lansdowne, whose term of viceroy of India has just expired. A very strong evidence of the force of Scottish influence in the administration of Imperial affairs is to be found in the fact that the two men just selected to represent the Queen in the two great British colonies, Canada and India, are Scotchmen—a Gordon and a Bruce.

The last English papers to hand are full of accounts of the late Dr. Benjamin Jowett, the greatest Oxonian of his time, who was buried about a fortnight ago at Oxford. He was the last of a great race of English scholars, and his distinction grew in the last quarter of a century much as that of Dr. Samuel Johnson has grown in a century. He had the power to say things that cut like a razor, and such was the feeling which his pupils and others had toward him that he inspired terror even more than he gave enjoyment to those who were intimately associated with him. Fortunate were persons who agreed with him and commanded his respect. He was the most notable person in Oxford University since Cardinal Newman and Dr. Pusey, with whom he was contemporaneous, had their residence there.

BY BROTHER GARDNER.

The Himekila Club the Scene of an Old-Time Lecture Brought About by a White Man's Inquiry as to the Progress of the Colored Citizens in the Lesson of Economy—Sir Isaac Walpole, Brother Bebee, Elder Toots, and Judge Cahoots Are All Arraigned and Found Guilty.

"I hold yer in my hand," said Brother Gardner at the regular meeting of the Himekila club the other night. "A letter from General De Soto Jones of Mississippi, who am a white man, axin' me if I hev observed a tendency on de part of our people toward economy. In fact, he wants to know how many members of dis club I kin pint to as practical economists. I shall be obliged to reply dat we haven't one single member. De tendency of our people am right in de opposite directshun, and whar it am gwine to stop no mankin tell. It has bin a source of sorrow and disappointment to me fur a yar or two past, an' I feel it my dooty to make a few remarks on de subject. Brudder Bebee, stand up."

Brother Bebee bobbed up with a scared look in his eyes, and the president regarded him for a moment over the top of his spectacles and then said:

"A few evenin's ago I met yo' in de grocery. Yo' had bin buyin' Spanish mackerel and Bermuda onions, an' when yo went out de grocer axed me how many million dollars yo' was wuth. Spanish mackerel an' Bermuda onions on a salary of \$9 a week! Whar do yo' expect to eand up, Brudder Bebee?"

"Ize quit, sah," muttered the member as he shifted around on his feet.

"I hope yo' has. Seems to me yo's got sense 'nuff to see dat bar-futed chillen, back rent, borrowed money, and Spanish mackerel doan' mix well together. Elder Toots, whar' ar' yo' at?"

"Heah, sah."

"So I see. What happened at yo'r cabin de odder night, elder?"

"We gin a leetle party, sah."

"Y-e-s! Yo' had ice cream, angels' food, coffee, an' coco. Bafu' givin' de party yo' had to buy some new furniture. One of de articles yo' bought was a chiny spibox dat cost 75 cents. Yo' income am from \$7 to \$9 per week. Yo' owe two months' back rent, yo' paw rent am way behind, an' Brudder Watkins am threatenin' to sue yo' fur borrowed money. De president of de United States am satisfied to spit out de kitchen winder, but yo' must hev a chiny spibox! De gov'nor of New York can't afford anythin' better dan gingerbread when he gins a leetle party, but yo' must set out angels' food and pass it around twice! Set down, Elder Toots! Yo's got sich a goneness in de head jist present dat yo' can't think of any excuse. Sir Isaac Walpole, will yo' riz up for a minit? I want de people to see yo' in all yo'r glory. Ho much did dat red necktie cost?"

"Six bits, sah."

"An' yo' use bar's ile on yo'r ha'r?"

"Yes, sah."

"An' yo'r suspenders cost 50 cents a pair?"

"Yes, sah."

"An' I am told yo' wa'r a reg'lar chist purturer, bought at de store?"

"Y-yes, sah."

"H'm. De gov'nor of No'th Cariliny goes over to visit de gov'nor of South Cariliny w'arin' a 2-bit necktie, cottonseed ile on his ha'r, an' his trousers held up by a piece of rope. Yo's got to be a great man, Sir Isaac—a verry great man! How do yo' manage to do all dis on an income of \$6 or \$7 a week?"

Sir Isaac's legs began to wobble about, and he sat down. Judge Cahoots just then made a sneak for the door, but the president stopped him with:

"Excuse me, judge, dat I didn't see yo' befo'. I wish to congratulate yo' on getting ahead in de world. Fur a man who has bin outer work half de time fur de last yar yo' am pushin' to de front powerful fast. Dey tell me yo'r wife has dun bought six plates on which to serve raw oysters. As I passed yo'r cabin de odder day I noticed a doah-plate on de doah. It has also come to my ears dat yo' has got a regular fire screen in de parlor an' an eight-day clock. Can't yo give de rest of us a pinter on how to git rich on nuffin'? De gov'nor of Texas am glad 'nuff to git a one-day clock, but yo' feel obliged to go him seben better. De king of Portugal eats his oysters off a pie tin, but dat han't eate 'nuff fur yo'! Set down, Judge Cahoots. We can't offer yo' no silk upholstered cha'r, but mebbe yo' kin stand it fur a few minutes."

"Dar am a score of others heah who could be called down in de same fashion, but it would be frown away. De fact am, we is follerin' in de footsteps of de white race. If we han't got sense we an't to blame fur it. Seben out of ebery ten white men in dis kentry am dodgin' creditors. Seben outer ebery twenty am libin' beyond der income. De man who owes de most generally dresses de best. De wife of a man airnin' \$12 a week has mo' diamonds dan de one airnin' \$50. Fo'-fifths of de people givin' swell parties are under mortgage. Half of de furniture dat goes out of de stores am brought back unpaid for. While dese things grieve me, as I said befo', I hev no fault to find wid yo'. We has been brung up to believe de white man knows it all. We hev felt it a privilege to imitate him. We's got in de habit an' can't stop, an' he must not turn on us an' hold us responsible dat we reflect his vices as well as his v'arches."

M. QUAD.

Bem and for Horses.

In spite of the hard times there is a most gratifying demand for Canadian horses in the United States. Recently a lot of twenty-seven were sold for \$8,725 at an auction sale in New York, an average of \$325 per head. Of course they were select animals, but surely there is the lesson in the sale that it pays to breed the right sort. Poor horses are never profitable. It pays to secure the services of the best animals. In nearly all the countries of Europe the government devotes particular attention to the class of stallions that stand for service. Sometimes it owns them but in all cases they have to submit to rigid inspection and have to be certificated before they can serve. It would be a good thing if the same system prevailed here. It is a matter that might well be considered at the next meetings of farmers' institutes. A few thousands of dollars would be all that was needed and the good effects would be incalculable.

The by products of the farm are matters that we can not afford to slight.

THE FAR, FAR NORTH.

Mr. McConnell and His Party Explore the Source of the Great Mackenzie.

A Land of Gold and Game—Omineca Gold Tract Extends to the Findlay.

Strange as it may seem, the great Mackenzie river, the mightiest stream on the American continent excepting only the Mississippi, has never been traced to its head, and up to the present the source from which it issues has only been known from Indian report. That mystery has, however, now been solved by Mr. R. G. McConnell, of the Dominion Geological Survey, who has just returned from a four months' exploration trip in those regions.

Mr. McConnell arrived in British Columbia from Ottawa in June, and started out on his trip from Quesnelle on the 9th of that month. From Quesnelle, the party of six proceeded in canoes up the Fraser to Giscome Portage. This is seven and a half miles long, and after crossing it they proceeded down Crooked river to Fort McLeod. Their route then lay down Parsnip river to the forks, where Findlay river meets the Parsnip, and gives birth to Peace River.

On reaching Findlay River, Mr. McConnell really commenced his summer's work, as the chief object of his trip was to explore that river, and if possible the Omineca also. Mr. McConnell accordingly went up the Findlay River to its junction with the Omineca, and followed the latter river to its head, returning down it again to the same spot. The river is easily navigable on the upper portion, but in the first thirty miles it falls over 500 feet, and is consequently extremely rapid and difficult to ascend.

Mr. McConnell then proceeded up the Findlay River. Whites have been up the Omineca River previous to him, as at one time that was a famous gold country, but Mr. McConnell and his party were the first whites ever to ascend the Findlay River to its head. The river is about 750 miles long and is navigable for the greater portion of the way in canoes, though owing to rapids, the party had to proceed the last fifty miles on foot, an arduous task owing to the roughness of the country. The country is very mountainous, and though at the lower part of the river the valley is six miles wide, the mountains come right down to the water's edge in the upper portion. At its mouth the Findlay is about as wide as the Fraser at Quesnelle. It is not very deep except in the canoes, where the current is strong, and owing to the numerous rapids and eddies, progress was very slow.

At the head of Findlay river is a lake known in the Indian tongue as Lake Fehutade which being interpreted means "narrow waters between mountains." This lake is the real source of the Mackenzie river. It is between twenty-five and thirty miles long, and not more than a quarter of a mile wide, and it is enclosed by high mountains. Around the edge of the lake are glaciers and the scene is a very pretty one. The mountains rise 5,000 to 6,000 feet above the lake, while they are some 9,000 feet above the level of the sea.

After exploring the lake, Mr. McConnell started on his homeward journey about the end of August, and it was not too soon, as ice began to form on the river, while on the Parsnip the party experienced a snow storm.

One of the principal objects of the trip was to find if the gold range which crosses the Omineca river extended as far as the Findlay River. Mr. McConnell found that this surmise was correct, as he found gold all along the river and its numerous creeks and tributaries. He has brought down a number of specimens of rock, etc., with him and expressed the opinion that it would pay prospectors to go up there. The only drawback is the cost of getting supplies in, as there are no roads or even trails. If only a trail was built numbers would, he thought, soon flock in. The creeks on the Omineca are nearly worked out now, and where there were at one time over 2,000 miners there are scarcely a dozen to-day, and the few that are left are grumbling at the lack of communication. At present all supplies have to be packed in from the Skeena, to which river there is a trail, but that costs 21 cents per pound. There was at one time a trail from Fort McLeod to the Omineca River, but that has been blocked up for some time.

Game Mr. McConnell found in abundance, moose and caribou being especially plentiful, and several were shot by him and his party. Lake Fehutade is also very plentifully stocked with trout. Game is especially abundant near the lake, as the Indians in that district, known as the "Sicaniens," believe a big devil lives near the lake, and are afraid to venture up the river. In fact, they warned the party not to go up, prophesying they would never return again.

The country, Mr. McConnell says, is only good for mining and hunting, as there is no agricultural land, it being too far north to grow anything. The weather was very wet all the time the party were out, though Mr. McConnell learned from the Hudson's Bay agent at Fort Craham (commonly called "Blo" Bear Lake outpost), the most northerly post in this district, that though the winters are long, it is not so very cold.

During the trip Mr. McConnell estimates he travelled by canoe and on foot 1,700 miles. For twenty miles they had to portage their canoes. The trip was made fortunately without any accident or mishap of any kind, and all the party returned in health. Mr. McConnell has been connected with the Dominion Geological Survey for twelve years, and has explored a considerable portion of British Columbia and the western part of the Northwest. Amongst other parts, he had made surveys of the Yukon and Mackenzie rivers, and so has played no unimportant part in discovering the resources of this British Columbia of ours.—[E.C. News-Advertiser.

Within Six Degrees of the North Pole.

The steamer Joania, of the Arctic whaling fleet, has arrived at San Francisco. She reports that the steam whaler Newport passed last winter in the Herschel Islands, and, aided by a sea particularly free from ice, worked her way north this summer in pursuit of whalos as far as 84 degrees, or within 6 degrees of the North Pole. This is the most northerly point that man has ever reached. The ship was unable to proceed further, but it is believed that had the Newport been supplied with dogs and sledges the Pole could easily have been reached or the ice.