

PARIS LETTER.

EVERYTHING connected with the monument to Gambetta is a souvenir of the amputated provinces; the marble, the pedestal, and balustrade are composed of stones from the conquered towns and villages; the figure is in bronze; the sculptor is Alsatian-Bartholdi, famous by his statue of "Liberty" in New York harbour; the funds, 170,000 frs., were contributed by Alsatians, and the inauguration, which has just taken place, was limited to Alsatians. Being an historical monument, it is too vast for its cabin'd, cribb'd and confin'd site. At the foot of the pedestal are two recumbent female figures, symbolizing Alsace and Lorraine; the latter has a baby at her breast, and points with her finger to the figure of Gambetta above; the other, Alsace, is a very lovely piece of sculpture—a mother, expressing at once regret and hope, enthusiastically recounts to her child the history of 1870-71, the work done, and to be undone. The listening attitude of the child is most happy. There is a dove at Gambetta's feet, suggesting Noah's promises realized, a bright messenger of hope from the waters of calamity.

The figure of Gambetta does not please the eye, even allowing for all the artistic difficulties inseparable from a representation in modern costume; the limbs appear to be too long for the body; he holds in his arms a broken flag-staff that makes him appear as if playing the bagpipes. On one side of the motto, *Pro Patria*, is the device: "In calamity, dignified," and on the other, "In sorrow, hopeful." The general effect of the monument is injured by its proximity to some towering cedar-trees in the background. I was disappointed at the inaugural ceremony; not more than 4,000 persons were present.

No one wants war, but only peace societies believe in peace. The Peace Congress, recently held at Rome, oddly enough opened by a kind of declaration of war—against the Pope, and wound up with another against all tyrants. It was the Comte de Maillefeu, one of the French delegates, who took charge of this unsentimental side of business. He is a deputy, and a naval officer, aged about fifty-three, tall, imposing and "a man who stands no nonsense." He is an extremist in politics, and, like Rochefort, too, belongs to the oldest of the ancient nobility. He is from Abbeville; and, it is said, the battle-field of Crecy, where his ancestors fought, forms part of his estate. He is a staunch supporter of the Rev. Hyacinthe Loyson's church. An organization to put down war by international spouting provokes yellow smiles in serious men daily.

Alea jacta est. The sum of half a million francs has been voted for the commencement of the expedition to Touah, in the Sahara "hinterland" of Algeria. In due course will follow demands for millions of francs, for the soldiers have to take everything with them—food, water and the materials for shelter. France will have to face some important issues; the Sultan of Morocco claims Touah; if he opposes France, she will seize the Moroccan oasis of Figuig, which may be the signal for the other European powers securing material guarantees at the expense of the Sultanate. Then if the fanatical Touaregs and Senoussiets join their hates against France, the consequences may be very grave.

The election of the active Socialist, Dr. Paul Lafargue, of Lille, and now in prison for excitation to violate the law by his wild-cat doctrines, is an event not to be pooh-poohed. The doctor is married to a daughter of Karl Marx, is a clever writer and a ready speaker. His ability is admitted even by his adversaries. He has been elected deputy for a district in Lille. If, as Thiers said, socialism had emigrated from France to Germany, some good morsels of it have returned, and, apparently, "to stay." Legislators, instead of remaining cohesive and voting labour reforms, are, to all appearances, drifting into old splits and parliamentary helplessness. Moderate men seem to fold their arms and allow events to take their natural course. Only Roman Senators clung to their curule chairs—till "sudden death" parted them.

Since the Duc d'Orleans was served with his citation at Vienna to come and appear in the London Divorce Court, Madame Melba has to be well protected here in order to avoid being served with a writ. If the Duc d'Orleans wished to stand well in French eyes, he would not shirk a challenge from the lady's husband; that, rather than a cheque, might settle the point of honour. If he were mortally pinked, France would have one medicine-man pretender less, but she does not lack saviours of society.

The notaries are charged as a body with walking round the law. Unfortunately for their clients, many of late walk away altogether from the law. In a marriage settlement it is not permitted to "dilapidate" the wife's fortune in order to raise money for conjugal necessities or speculations. If a wife possess house or landed property, that cannot be sold, but it can be replaced by either, if equally valuable. Now, the dodge is to purchase house or landed property in a distant part of France, at a fictitious price, and place it against the solid values. In due time the latter are sold, and the difference pocketed. When the period for a succession arrives, the bogus exchange is discovered. It is proposed henceforth that such exchanges of houses and lands shall not be recognized till the values of the gives and takes be estimated by officers of the Credit Foncier Society.

Preparations are being made to witness the annual showers of "falling stars" that regularly set in by the middle of November. One astronomer advertises that his "observatory"—a seasonable name for lecture-room—will

be kept open for ten nights, from the 15th inst., and that, for a small fee, the public can indulge in "skying" all the night, and be supplied with refreshments in the shape of popular lectures on the heavens.

Some months ago two Frenchmen, residents of Madagascar, issued a circular inviting Europeans to become "brothers of the mystic tie." The Archbishop of Madagascar replied by circulating the famous tract by Bishop de Ségier, "Freemasonry Unveiled." The two Frenchmen took an action against the Bishop for circulating a calumny, and the Consular Court awarded them 15,000 frs. damages. The Archbishop of Madagascar appealed from this ruling, and the Paris Bench has ordered a new trial before the court at Aix. The Church and Freemasonry will now have to try their old quarrel, hilt to hilt. The trial promises to be sensational, as the votaries of both institutions are terribly resolute.

"Will call again." A thief about six weeks ago robbed an old maid, who resided near the Sacré-Cœur, Montmartre, of her gold watch and sixty frs.; he left a note, expressing his disappointment at finding so little loot, but, as he was going to the sea-side, he would pay another visit when the season was colder. He kept his word: he visited her apartment a few days ago, took away her money bags, containing gold for 11,000 frs., leaving a note to never expect a visit from him again, unless he was taken, and she appeared against him.

The severity of the season is engendering a great deal of sickness, chiefly influenza and neuralgia. Not a few complain of hollow stomachs and the want of work to earn something to put into them.

Much curiosity is felt to know the object of the visit of Vandyck, the opera singer, on Foreign Minister Ribot. *Figaro's* maxim might explain it: "What is not understood"—in diplomacy to wit—"is always sung." Z.

RONDEAU.

STRAIGHT TO HER GOAL.

STRAIGHT to her goal, from eve to day,
Untired, she cleaves her watery way;
She may not change her course, for fear
Of hidden rocks, or tempests near;
Nought lures her from her course to stray!

The sparkling moonbeams dance and play
About her wake,—she will not stay,
But still, through light and darkness, steer
Straight to her goal.

Even so, my heart,—may'st thou obey
'Mid darkening clouds, or passion's play,—
The compass true that guides thee here,—
Maintain thy course, serene and clear,
'Neath summer sun or winter grey,
Straight to thy goal!

FIDELIS.

ACADIENSES: THE INDIANS OF ACADIA.

SECOND PAPER.

IT was not my intention to have written in continuation of my previous paper upon the Acadian Indians. As however I have since obtained some interesting and unpublished material, it may not be uninteresting to place this with some omitted data before the readers of THE WEEK. The following is the result of an interview with a leading Indian of the Saint John River, a man of intelligence, experience, and, I may add, social position, who has been in England and associated with many distinguished persons, including the Prince of Wales; and the statement is given in the narrator's own words:—

"Glooscap had a brother who was wicked. When Glooscap broke up his encampment, he sent off all the animals to make a living for themselves. The Loon and the Wolf were Glooscap's dogs (Watchers). They were so sorry to lose their master that they went off howling and have been howling ever since. Glooscap and his brother were smart; they dug their way out of their mother's side, who died, and this is the way they were born. Glooscap was the older. His younger brother determined to kill him if he could. As they were talking one day, the younger brother asked Glooscap what would kill him. Thinking that it would be safer not to tell him the truth, Glooscap said, 'the down of feathers.' Then Glooscap asked him what would kill him. He replied, 'Poque-we-osque,'—the bullrush. Shortly after, the younger brother, gathering a handful of down, threw it at Glooscap's head. This knocked him down, and he remained stunned for two days. When he came to himself, he gathered the tops of some bullrushes and threw a handful at his brother, when he was not aware, and killed him; for Glooscap was afraid that, if he did not kill this his brother, he would own the whole world."

The cause here assigned for the howling of the wolf and the melancholy cry of the loon is extremely poetical, and very characteristic as an idea of a people living in the wilderness, listening in dreary nights to nature's many weird sounds. The manner of the birth of Glooscap and his brother reminds one of the origin of Minerva, and, if my memory serves me, of more than one of the Eastern deities. But the latter portion of the story affords

additional proof of the theory that there has been some sort of association between the Indians and some people of Scandinavian origin. I have been told that the Marquis of Lorne favours this idea, but have never seen his views upon the subject in print. Inability to obtain access to a copy of the Sagas prevents quotation from the highest authority. There is, however, a volume entitled "Asgard and the Gods," adapted from the work of Dr. W. Wägnar, by M. W. Macdowall, and edited by W. D. Anson, which appears to contain reliable excerpts from the former work. From this I extract what is doubtless more or less familiar to persons interested in this class of literature, the account of the death of Baldur, which will be found at page 14: "The Day of Judgment approaches, and new signs bear witness of its coming. Baldur, the holy one, who alone is without sin, has terrible dreams. Hel appears to him in his sleep and signs to him to come to her. Odin rides through the dark valleys which lead to the realm of shades, and that he may enquire of the dead what the future will bring forth. His incantations call the long deceased Wala out of her grave, and she foretells what he has already feared—Baldur's death. Whereupon Frigga, who is much troubled in spirit, entreats all creatures and all lifeless things to swear that they will not injure the Well-beloved. But she overlooks one—the weak mistletoe bough. Crafty Loki discovers this omission. When the gods, in boisterous play, throw their weapons at Baldur, all of which turn aside from striking his holy body, Loki gives blind Hödur the fatal bough which he has made into a dart. He guides the direction of the blow, and the murder is committed—Baldur lies stabbed to the heart on the blood-stained sward."

There is of course little similarity between these tales, but one cannot but be struck by a characteristic common to both, the employment of one of nature's weakest things to accomplish a difficult task. In the one case it is a bullrush, in the other a fragment of mistletoe, which causes the death of a nearly immortal demi-god. There is at least one incident, relating not to the mythical but to the later historical period, which, although narrated by others in prose or verse, should not be omitted here.

There seems to be no doubt that the Mohawks occasionally made incursions upon Acadia in the far off days. The Indians say so, and I have frequently been told that, within the present century, the squaws were accustomed to subdue their refractory papooses by threatening to give them to the Mohawks. The tradition is that a party of these fierce warriors arrived at the head waters of the Saint John with the most warlike intentions. The Micmacs fled before them, but one young girl, by some unhappy accident, became separate from the tribe and was captured by the invaders. Ignorant of the courses and peculiarities of the river her captors entrusted to their prisoner the guidance of their flotilla of canoes, which were lashed together and, during the night, permitted to move with the stream alone. One night, when clouds obscured the moon, and with no watcher but the maiden pilot, the party, carried by a resistless current, woke at last amidst the horrors of whirling mists and tumbling, roaring crashing waters and cruel rocks and death. This incident is so truly heroic that it seems to demand to be perpetuated on canvas as it has been in poetry. The early Christian missionaries seem to have somewhat readily impressed the Acadian Indians with a respect for their church. The relations existing between the French and the Indians were generally of the most friendly character, and the first colonists at Fort Royal were constantly receiving visits from their red brethren. Memberton, the head of the Micmacs, was treated with special distinction and was a constant guest at the table of de Monts. He and a number of his subjects were baptized and thereby materially assisted in the conversion of other Indians. One Father Masse, having taken up his abode with Memberton for the purpose of attaining some knowledge of Indian life, became very ill, and being in a separate wigwam was visited by his host. "Hear me Father," said Memberton, "you are going to die, I foresee it. Write then to Biencourt and your brother, that you died of sickness and that we have not killed you." "I shall take care not to do so," said Masse, "for it may be that after I have written the letter you would kill me and carry back the letter of innocence that you did not kill me." The Indian acknowledged the propriety of the reply, and laughing said: "Well then pray to Jesus that you may not die, to the end that I may not be accused of putting you to death." "So I shall do," said the priest, "have no fear, I shall not die." And Memberton was saved further uneasiness by the recovery of his guest.

The leading English settlers were generally disposed to deal in the most friendly manner with the Indians. In the early loyalist days the roomy kitchens in the neighbourhood of Fredericton used to be filled with those creatures, who frequently slept there all night in front of the great wood fires. But there was no disposition on their part to underrate their position. Many of the young Indians sought the companionship of the subalterns in the regiments stationed in the colony and even the society of the ladies. In one instance indeed the hand of one of these was asked for a young brave by his mother. "You all one Governor's daughter," said the squaw; "my son chief's son; s'pose you take him for your sumup," that is to say, your husband. The same lady, a daughter of one of the first appointed judges in New Brunswick, on one occasion was sitting with some other girls at work in her bedroom when they perceived an Indian, somewhat noted