

friends to assist in raising a memorial to "this man of high endeavour, heroic constancy, and noble achievement, in the garden he created, and by the shores of the lake he loved so well, both now destined to become a part of the public park system of his native city of Boston." Contributions can be sent to the writer, who would like to feel that Canadians are not ready to forget those men and women who have done them good service in their day and generation. Francis Parkman was not a Canadian by birth, but he was one in spirit and work. Literature, at all events, knows no geographical bounds. The names of Longfellow and Lowell look down on us from the walls of that national temple in which England has raised memorials of her own great poets, historians and heroes.

The reference to the garden Francis Parkman loved so well has called me to a book-shelf not far from my hand, where I see what is now a rare volume, "The Book of Roses," which he wrote some thirty years ago. Though Canadians may not know that he was a successful cultivator of flowers, yet all can at once see in his writings that he was an enthusiastic lover of nature in all its beautiful forms. The great charm of his books to many readers is their description of the natural features of the places where his characters lived and acted, and where the most remarkable incidents of his historical narrative happened. All these places he had at some time visited; he was in this way able to throw an interest around what might otherwise be a mere prosaic episode in the events of the times of which he was the historian. In his many years of failing health and physical suffering, he found his best solace and medicine in his lovely garden by Jamaica Pond, where his roses and lilies perfumed the air, and showed how nature responds generously to the loving and cunning hand that understands her wants and conditions. Into the cultivation of flowers he threw the same deep enthusiasm which distinguished his historical studies, and the results were equally successful. More than once had the writer, in pleasant years, now gone never to return, wandered with his kind friend among these luxuriant plantations of roses, which to him were the highest conceptions of beauty. Even now, as I pen these words in memory of the past, I can see the historian—to quote the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes—

"Halting with feeble step, or bending o'er  
The sweet-breathed roses, which he loved so well,  
While through long years his burdening cross he bore,  
From those firm lips no coward accents fell."

And who can refuse to add these few words of eulogy of the same poet who was so soon to follow Parkman to the grave:

"A brave, bright memory! his, the stainless shield,  
No shame defaces and no envy mars!  
When our far future's record is unsealed,  
His name will shine among its morning stars."

I am again called to my shelf of old books by a circular which I have just received from the Society of Colonial Wars in New York, inviting me to take part in the raising of a monument to Pepperrell and Warren, on the 17th of June next, on the historic grounds where once famous Louisbourg stood in 1745—just one hundred and fifty years ago. A good deal of literature was written at that time in honour of this memorable exploit of New England, then a portion of the British domains, but none is more quaint in style and imagery than the series of short poetic effusions which bears the title: "A Brief and Plain Essay on God's Wonderful working Providence for New England in the Reduction of Louisbourg and Fortresses thereto Belonging on Cape Breton. By S. Niles, New London, 1747." It is a dingy little pamphlet, duodecimo, remarkable for the number of capitals and italics with which a writer in those days emphasized his work. As this poem is probably not to be found in any library in Canada, I may give an extract to show how poets laureate in New England, a century and a half ago, elevated the souls of their readers when a great deed was done:

"Behold the Gates are now wide open thrown,  
Which to our English Arms add much Renown.  
The *Seventeenth of June* Pepp'rell then lead  
His hostile Troops (appearing at their Head)  
Into that City fortify'd with Walls,

Rais'd up on high fully rewards their Toils.  
Now in triumphant State as Conquer'rs in War  
Pepperrell and Warren, Wolcott, all appear,  
These as with wreathen Laurels, on their head  
Still live in Fame, when numbred with the dead.  
Th' officers with their respective Bands,  
Both on the Seas and those upon the Lands;  
Col'nels, with their Lieutenants, march along,  
The Clergy, tho' but few, in Faith were strong.  
The Majors, Captains, Adjutants, pass on,  
And Seisen take, of the whole Isle Breton.

Victorious now, New-England's sons appear  
With gallantry in form and modes of War.  
The Scene is chang'd, King George's Ensigns fly,  
Display His Banner, *Lewis's* defy  
Proud *Gallics*, that of late were Masters here  
Are now become tame Prisoners of War,  
This *Acquisition*, shall in Time be told  
As Action great, Heroical and bold.  
The *Crown* and *Kingdoms* of Great Britain here,  
Are now enlarg'd in Triumph take their share,  
*New England's* Glory, Peace and Trades advance  
All beg, it may ne'er be resign'd to France  
That *Dunkirk* like a Snare it mayn't become  
Unto this Land as that is now at Home.  
Giv'n up to France 'twas by the *English Crown*,  
Mischiefs resulting thence are too well known."

But the poet's wish that Cape Breton might not, like Dunkirk in 1662, be sold to France, was not realized; for in 1748 it became again the property of England's once dangerous rival in America, and Louisbourg was for ten years a menace to the old English colonies until it finally fell before the fleet and army under Boscowan and Amherst. Here Wolfe first connected his imperishable name with the Dominion of Canada. The fall of Louisbourg in 1758 was the precursor of that still more memorable victory at Quebec, which ended for ever the dream of French dominion in North America.

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### At Street Corners.

I WAS swindled by a patent agent some years ago in England, and I have been swindled by one of them in Canada. That being the case I may be prejudiced against the profession. But I will venture the assertion that the patent agents get more out of inventions as a rule than the inventors do. They are sure of their fees, which are paid in advance. The inventor is rarely sure of anything.

It may be taken for granted that about 80 out of 90 inventions die soon after birth, and are decently buried in the archives of the Patent Office. Of the remaining ten, five have usually been invented before, as the "patentee" of them discovers to his cost when he begins to put his supposed "new thing" on the market. The other five are usually stolen from the inventor by capitalists. It is a growing opinion that it is not much use to patent any invention.

Go to the public library and look at the enormous list of patented inventions. Find out how many of them are alive. Remember that on each of these precious ideas some inventor has spent hopes, and nerve-force and brains: Has endured with regard to them "the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick." Has spent, perhaps, the precious savings of years, and robbed the little store of scrapings laid by in small investments against a rainy day. And, then, ask yourself whether the patent offices in various capitals are not very much like graveyards.

I have a little pity for the drunkard, but not much. Such pity as I have would certainly never prevent my drinking a glass of beer or wine when I wanted to. But I have a good deal of pity for the poor men and women who for the sake of the drunkard deprive themselves of even a small allowance of needed stimulant. There are, I think, a considerable number of people who are martyrs in this respect, and hopelessly so, because as long as the world stands stimulants of some kind or other will be taken. Moderation may become more and more the rule—total abstinence never.

It was curious to hear outspoken, well-educated girls discussing the pictures at the recent Academy Exhibition. They understood some of them, dear creatures, none of the cant and slang of art, but just spoke their minds. "That a picture!" said one, "Why it looks as though it were wash-