

THE HISTORY OF THE COUNTY OF HUNTINGDON AND OF THE SEIGNIORIES OF CHATEAUGUAY AND BEAUHARNOIS. By Robert Sellar. Huntingdon, Quebec: The Canadian Gleaner Office.

That the original sources from which the materials for the early history of the older portions of English-speaking Canada can be obtained are rapidly disappearing forever is obvious. Few of the pioneers kept any record in writing of what they did or heard or saw. Very few of those who took part in or witnessed the events that occurred in the first quarter of the present century are now alive, and the number is rapidly decreasing. What those who now survive can witness to should by all means be recorded, and it is the duty of every person who can, to endeavour to collect and preserve all the local history within his reach. Mr. Sellar has endeavoured to do this for the County of Huntingdon and the Seigniories of Chateaugay and Beauharnois. He has done it from a sense of duty, without any hope of pecuniary reward, and with an almost absolute certainty of incurring pecuniary loss. He has done it, too, under difficulties and discouragements that most people would shrink from encountering, and very few would persist in overcoming. The result is that he has produced what we think is a very full, accurate, and readable history of a very historical and picturesque portion of Canada. His account of that part of the war of 1812-14, which had the Townships for its theatre, and of the episodes of 1837-38, which occurred in the same localities, will, we think, be regarded as authoritative hereafter; for there is certainly no historian of Canada who has made such a thorough study, not only of the public records, but of private sources of information, relating to the American invasion of 1812, and the rebellion of 1837, so far as this district was affected. Mr. Sellar views, with what cannot be considered as unwarranted apprehension, the future of the English townships in Quebec. Since the Union, he thinks, the interests of the English minority in the French Province have been systematically and persistently sacrificed to suit the political exigencies of the politicians of the Upper Province. "In 1838," he says, "the English-speaking population of Quebec were full of vitality, expansive and self-assertive: in 1888 it is the reverse. What has caused the change? I submit that it is to be found in the extension to the Townships of French laws and customs. When, after the rebellion, the constitution of Canada was recast, the cause defeated in the field won victory after victory in the domain of politics." He asks, "Is not the legislation, since 1841, affecting the status of the Townships, *ultra vires*?" When a priest sues a Township farmer for tithes, when the churchwardens levy on his land a tax to build a church, when a bishop steps in and forms a parish with municipal powers out of Township lands, are the statutes by which they act conformable with the compact under which the Townships were settled? How can the land held under English tenure be liable to the servitudes imposed under the French law on seigniorial lands? When the Crown issued its patents vesting the settlers in the townships on their farms in free and common socage, is it constitutional for the Legislature afterwards to violate that concession by giving the priesthood a vested right which sleeps while it is held by a non-Catholic, but comes into force the moment he leaves? Surely it is contrary to common sense that upon land conveyed to a settler by Crown patent, the priesthood of Quebec should hold a conditional lien, yet that is what the extension of the parish system to the Townships means." There is much force in what Mr. Sellar urges; but these are matters that pertain rather to politics than to literature. The great value of Mr. Sellar's work is in the historical facts he has so painstakingly collected and so ably arranged.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. By Edward Everett Hale. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Perhaps no one native to the American side of the Atlantic has been so frequently and so voluminously written about as the successful General of the American Revolution, the first President of the United States; and one would be inclined to suppose that everything that could be said about him—his family, his person, his character, his services, and his achievements—had been said over and over again. Yet quite recently several new lives of "the Father of his Country" and new editions of some old ones, have recently issued from the press. The one before us is different in many respects from all the rest. It is an endeavour to present not Washington the General, nor Washington the Statesman, nor Washington the President, but Washington the Man. Mr. Hale has used the very best material obtainable for a good biography: Washington's diary, which he kept throughout almost his whole life, and his letter-books, which contain almost the whole of his correspondence "from the beginning of the French War to the day of his death," in addition to all that abundant public material which must necessarily have accumulated during the quarter of a century when he was "the most distinguished man in America." The result of Mr. Hale's judicious use of all this material is a biography in which, if there is less of political and military history, there is much more of that intimate personal history, which is the peculiar charm of biography. The author makes such abundant use of original manuscript that the story is almost told in Washington's own words, and the result is that we like Washington the Man—"a person of hot passions, strong impulses, and vigorous determination"—much better than the stereotyped Washington we have been accustomed to. His correspondence shows that he was as prudent in his private business as he was in public affairs. He was particular about his clothes, and when ordering them he tells his London correspondent, "We have often articles sent us that could only have been used by our forefathers in days of yore;" and, again, when sending an order he says, "I want neither lace nor embroidery; plain clothes with gold

or silver buttons, if worn with genteel dress, are all I desire. I enclose a measure, and for further direction, I think it not amiss to add, my stature is six feet, otherwise rather slender than corpulent." This was in 1761, when he was in his thirtieth year. He took special interest in agricultural pursuits, and endeavoured to have the products of his farm equal to any in the market. He exported his own flour and tobacco, and when a consignment of the latter failed to bring the best prevailing price, for he raised "none but sweet-scented tobacco," and endeavoured "to be careful in the management of it," he rated his agents in good set terms. But though he cultivated the best tobacco he never used it himself, and detested all the personal habits connected with it. Mrs. Washington for some reason or other destroyed almost every letter which she had ever written to her husband or which he had ever written to her, and therefore much more is known of his relations with other people than of what passed between him and her. Yet out of memorandum books and from other sources we learn that she was a no less careful manager than her husband. She tells what was paid for a piano and a harpsichord, and that she paid \$3 for tuning the one and \$5 for tuning the other, how much meat she had in store on such a day, when a pipe of wine was broached and when she began using a barrel of brown sugar; that on such a day "she cut out thirty-two pairs of men's breeches for men," and on another day "gave Mrs. Forbes five bottles of rum," etc., etc. Altogether it is by far the best biography of Washington that we have yet seen, and it is remarkably free from Anglophobia, which is happily becoming less noticeable in the literature of the United States.

### LITERARY GOSSIP.

*The Rogue* is the title of a new novel by W. E. Norris.

EMERSON'S complete writings have been rendered into French by the widow of Jules Favre.

WILLIAM BLACK'S novel, *The Strange Adventures of a House-Boat*, is just beginning its course in the *Illustrated London News*.

It is said that more than 146,000 copies of the late J. R. Green's *Short History of the English People* have been sold since it appeared in 1874.

A VOLUME of poems by the King of Sweden has just been published at Stockholm. King Oscar writes under the *nom de plume* of "Oscar Frederick."

A NEW edition of Lord Tennyson's works is announced by Macmillan and Company. It is called the *Library Edition*, and will contain everything the poet has published. The issue will be complete in eight monthly volumes at five shillings each.

THE author of *Pike County Ballads* and *Castilian Days*, and biographer of Lincoln is about forty-nine years of age. In person of average height; dark hair, moustache and beard, and brown eyes; well-built, well-dressed, well-bred, and well-read, he is pleasant to look at and to talk with. He is a good talker and polite listener, and altogether an agreeable and instructive companion.

KOHL, in his *Discovery of Maine*, thinks that the name *Larcadia* appeared first in Rucelli's map of 1561. The origin of the name *Acadie*, usually given, is a derivation from the Indian *Aquoddianke*, the place of the pollock, or a Gallicized rendering of the *quoddy* of our day, as preserved in Passamaquoddy and the like. The word *Acadie* is said to be first used in the name of a country in the letters-patent of the Sieur de Monts.

AMONG the letters in Mr. T. A. Trollope's new book, *What I Remember* is one from Walter Savage Landor, in which the following passage occurs: "Carlyle is a vigorous thinker, but a vile writer, worse than Bulwer. I breakfasted in company with him at Milman's. Macaulay was there, a clever clown, and Moore, too, whom I had not seen till then. Between these two Scotchmen he appeared like a glow-worm between two thistles."

MR. SWINBURNE'S *Dethroning Tennyson*, in *The Nineteenth Century*, is of course a parody of the Shakespeare-Bacon pretence. The writer has been entrusted, he pretends, with the papers of Celia Hobbes, a lady "languishing" (unjustly) in Hanwell Asylum, who has devoted many years and extraordinary cryptographic astuteness to proving the Darwinian authorship of the poems attributed to Lord Tennyson. Of Miss Hobbes' papers, Mr. Swinburne's article is, of course, only a summary; the book itself will be very voluminous.

"MISS ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND," says the *N. Y. Sun*, "has been for some years engaged in a close study of the life and work of St. Augustine, with the purpose in view of writing a book upon him and his mother, Monica. The work is in hand, and when completed will be the most thoughtful of all her literary efforts. It is not unlikely that her poems will be gathered together and published in book form in the spring. An effort was made to induce her to do this last season, but she had not the leisure to give to the work of preparation and supervision."

*Macmillan's Magazine* for January opens with an address on Sir Stafford Northcote by Lord Chief Justice Coleridge. W. Clark Russell, the novelist, contributes an interesting article on *Pictures at Sea*, and Birkbeck Hill, one on *Dr. Johnson's Style*. George Cadell writes very sensibly on *Forestry*, with special reference to the forests of Great Britain. In *Something like a Bag*, Mr. S. M. Burrows describes some experiences of an Elephant Kraal in Ceylon, and a review of Wilkinson's *Reminiscences of Eton*, gives some entertaining stories of this famous school. *My Uncle's Clock*, a short story; *Sacharissa's Letters*, by Miss Cartwright, and some chapters of W. E. Norris' story *Chris*, make up the number.