

sorts, outside of which, on the edge of the bank above the track, runs the roughest of waggon roads.

I wish I could convey some idea of this rambling street (if it deserves the name). "The Selkirk House" at the east end stands a little back from the line in an angle of its own; its neighbour is a store turned gable-end on the street, a frame building occupied by a general dealer who is also a justice of the peace; then follows a tent building with a wooden front, the "Woodbine Hotel"; to this succeed a number of saloons and restaurants which rejoice in the suggestive names of "Delmonico's," "The Ideal," "The Hub," "The Chop House"; then a few more shops and tent houses, the end of the row being formed by "The Windsor Hotel," a rival of the "Selkirk," but of still more modest dimensions. This hostelry of ambitious nomenclature occupies the last of the high ground; the bank to the west of it falls away in a low wooded bottom recalling the ancient bed of some mighty stream. The railroad is here raised high above the level of the ground, and a half-mile westward crosses the Columbia River, which has formed the western boundary of the valley and town but at that point turns due east and makes a decided loop in its devious course.

The water of the Columbia is a curious muddy green, caused by the deposits from the mountains and the melting snow, which swells its turbid current as it flows smoothly and rapidly along between its high wooded banks. It is not at all a wide river at Donald, but it possesses all the natural wild beauty that its picturesque course can give it, enhanced by the odd colour of its water, which harmonises with the deep greens of the surrounding banks and heights. It takes its rise in the Columbia Lakes, and flows in a generally direct course to the north-west for some seventy miles.—"At this point, the Columbia," says Mr. Fleming, "completely changes its course and runs almost directly south to Washington Territory in the United States." It is navigable from Golden City upwards towards its source at the Lakes—one of the most beautiful districts of British Columbia, which has lately been opened to the public through the enterprise of Mr. Thomas B. Cochrane, of Quarr Abbey, Ryde, Isle of Wight. He launched, this summer, the trim little steamer, *Duchess*, a vessel sixty feet long, driven by a stern wheel. Her engines were bought in Montreal, and shipped to Golden City in the spring; the hull was built on the banks of the Columbia under the superintendence of Mr. F. P. Armstrong, of Montreal. She has excellent cabin accommodation for eight people, and can carry forty tons of freight. I copy from the *Winnipeg Free Press* some further particulars of the new steamer and the district she has opened up, in her connection of the C. P. R. with the Kootenay Valley. "The trim little craft, *Duchess*, is now making regular trips from Golden City up the Columbia River to the Columbia Lakes, thus opening out a portion of the country which has been almost isolated from the rest of the world. There are about thirty or forty ranchers in this district who have well stocked ranches and who can raise roots, vegetables, and grain in abundance. There are also about two hundred Chinamen washing gold in the neighborhood, taking out from two to four dollars per day to the man. Gold dust is the principal specie of the country. The trip is described to be very romantic and enjoyable; it is about three days and a half. In September, large quantities of cranberries and other fruits ripen, and great numbers of bears come down to the valleys and afford capital sport to hunters, while the streams abound with fish. We have already heard of several hunting parties that intend visiting the locality this season."

E. S.

#### MR. BAYARD AS A JINGO STATESMAN.

NATURE is full of compensations. Men fill their minds twice a day with the big and little happenings of the whole round world, but they retain less than their fathers did, and tire sooner of the little they keep. Wherefore it is that the Press lately ceased to bother itself with what Canada was doing to our fishermen, and gave itself entirely to the sudden quarrel with Mexico over Mr. Cutting. That topic has now declined to the strictly personal question of the propriety of Secretary Bayard's behaviour toward the Government of Mexico, and that being manifestly the last stage of the affair, journalistically considered, a new flare-up on the Russo-Afghan boundary would not be unwelcome in the foreign department of our Press.

It is always the unexpected that happens, says the familiar French proverb, and the Cutting incident supplies a double illustration of it, for Mr. Bayard is about the last man in public life that we would expect to see turn Jingo, and it is rather queer that the first dispute with Mexico, after so much immoveable capital had been planted by Americans in that restless country, should be totally dissociated from any question of property right or security.

With regard to Mr. Bayard's action and responsibility the plain fact is that upon the report of the American Consul that Mr. Cutting, a citizen

of the United States, was imprisoned at El Paso, awaiting trial for an offence committed in Texas against the person of a Mexican citizen, he made a peremptory demand upon the Federal Government of Mexico for the immediate and unconditional release of the prisoner. That Government, without independent knowledge of the case, which was one arising in the local courts of the State of Chihuahua, but accepting for the moment the statement of facts submitted by the American Consul, promised immediate and friendly attention, at the same time calling Mr. Bayard's notice to an article in the penal code of Chihuahua, borrowed from the civil-law jurisprudence of Modern Europe, which would sustain the jurisdiction of the courts of that State even upon the *ex parte* statement of the Consul. Mr. Bayard emphasized his demand for an immediate and unconditional release of Cutting, and applied to Congress for a vote of approval, which was not granted. Up to this stage he had not availed himself of the information contained in the judicial record of the cause, nor applied to the law officers of the United States for an opinion as to the public law of nations applicable to the Mexican claim of jurisdiction upon the American statement of facts; nor had he, in the language or tenour of his demand, regarded the federal character of the political organization of Mexico, which, as in our own case, withholds from the central authority power over the domestic concerns of the several federated States. Not to mince words, he chose to ignore the existence of laws or of a constitutional distribution of powers in Mexico (upon which, as existing in the United States, he had so strongly dwelt in a correspondence with the Chinese Minister concerning the massacres in Washington Territory), and he saw proper to address the President of the Mexican Republic as though he were a supreme despot, in whom was embodied all the law, order, and force existent in that country.

The American people, minus an insignificant rabble along the Rio Grande, feel kindly toward Mexico; they understand how their own strength and progress unavoidably appear as a menace to the political integrity of their comparatively weak and backward neighbour; they sympathise heartily with the sentiment of nationality and independence so strongly entertained by the Mexican people; they rejoice at every sign of constitutional development and stability in Mexico; they aspire to no other rôle than that of a benevolent and disinterested patron of the little republic in whose behalf they bearded the last Napoleon. Mr. Bayard might have looked the world over for a country at which to strike a heedless or a wanton blow without making a worse choice than he has made, so far as concerns his standing with his own people. The question of motive could not be discussed here with kindness, nor probably with justice, upon present information. The unhappy statesman is at this moment engaged in an angry strife with influential sections of the Press and public men of the United States, and is conducting this collateral controversy with so much of weakness and folly as to lead me to suspect that incapacity rather than conscious purpose has had the most to do with his mischievous blundering in the direction of our diplomatic relations with Mexico. However that may be, it is consoling to see that the national sentiment is sound to the core, even against the influence of misleading appeals to patriotic inflammation, and when the constitutional leaders of public opinion in foreign affairs have abdicated or abused their functions. B.

Washington, August 21st, 1886.

#### OUR PARIS LETTER.

WE are passing through a truly Parisian summer—heat, scandal, and fêting. "L'affaire Boulanger" is, of course, *le plat du jour*. But a month ago the hero of the people, at this hour a veritable stag at bay, with a thousand yelping hounds at his heels, the poor Minister of War appears in anything but a flattering light. In the battle of words of which he has been the cause, certain characteristics we suspected rather dormant in the Frenchman have shone forth with dazzling brightness. We have had interminable discourses on truth and honour delivered with amusing vim. In an evil hour the General Boulanger, when charged with dire ingratitude towards the Duc d'Aumale, to whom it was said he owed his generalship, and whom he had been instrumental in dismissing from the army, denied owing M. le Duc anything, and proclaimed that he would very much like to see the letter of acknowledgment his opponents averred he had written to his former general. Whereupon a facsimile was published in several journals, and not only of this letter, but of others, in which M. Boulanger addresses the Duc d'Aumale as Monseigneur, and appears altogether by no means one of the least devoted of the officers under this general's orders. Still the imprudent Minister swore that the first of the epistles was a forgery, and the others merely conventional affairs and proved nothing. Then the papers went quite frantic—for a Frenchman to lie, for a French-