

professions, before the present generation, were inevitably filled by Englishmen, and a vague idea still survives that there is some sort of preferential claim, and that immigrants from the Imperial country fancy themselves entitled to the prizes of life in the dependency. Against this idea the rising spirit of independence and self-reliance revolts, and the consequence is for the time a somewhat overstrained jealousy of British candidates for employment or distinction. In the United States the British immigrant has never enjoyed or been supposed to claim any sort of advantage. He has always been upon exactly the same footing as the immigrant of any other nationality. There has been no jealousy of his pretensions because there has been nothing to excite it. The feeling of Canadians is natural, and implies no social antipathy or want of attachment to the Mother Country. It will pass away when independence has finally taken the place of dependence, and Home Rule of every kind is assured. For the present English immigrants must recognize it: those who are here already, by presenting themselves as little as possible in the light of competitors with natives; those who are intending to come here, if they belong to the class to which we refer, by turning their steps to other shores.

THE much-talked-of cricket match this week between eleven gentlemen of England and an eleven representing the Province of Ontario is another evidence of the influence of fast steamers and cheap passages. We are becoming so accustomed now-a-days to international matches of all descriptions that the novelty of the sight of the Old and New Worlds shaking hands in friendly competition on some green lawn or flowing stream has altogether worn off. Toronto has been fortunate in her share of these contests. Only a few weeks ago we were favoured with an exhibition of some beautiful tennis playing, to-day we are looking on while eleven picked gentlemen, whose homes are three thousand miles away, match their skill against Canada. This interesting match, following so closely upon the lawn tennis tournament, invites a comparison of the two games. That they are rivals, only the staunchest devotees of tennis, we think, will care to assert. Certainly this latter pretty and, at the same time, scientific pastime has many advantages which make it, to some, very prepossessing. The enticements of "fair companionship," the hospitable private lawn, the tea and cake in the overlooking verandah, the pretty dresses, and the possibility of turning a formal call into a sociable "foursome"—all combine to tempt less energetic young men from the crease to the court. Another and more potent inducement is the short time in which a number of excellent sets can be played. The man of business who could not possibly spare a couple of days more than once or twice a season to cricket, can with ease enjoy an afternoon's tennis every day in the week. Lawn tennis, too, between practised players is a highly scientific game. This, even those who most affect to despise it must allow. Otherwise, why the many disputes on the relative advantages and disadvantages of "base-line play," "volleying at the service-line," "cuts," "smashes," and what not? But when all is said for tennis that can be said, cricket must still evoke our greater admiration; and though tennis may draw its thousands, cricket will always draw its tens of thousands. In smaller towns, truly, where there is a relative lack of wealth and leisure, tennis may for a time oust cricket from her legitimate position; but in the great centres of athletics this can never happen. Here, indeed, cricket and tennis cannot be called rivals. Cricket still is the reigning queen; tennis is her chief maid of honour—or, perhaps better, a sort of prince consort, on the friendliest terms with the sovereign, but with no right of succession. Neither need we fear that this queen will ever abdicate. Popular as tennis has grown, cricket still is paramount. Indeed, in Canada to-day both flourish admirably. That we have room and leisure for both is a fact upon which we may heartily congratulate ourselves.

JUDGE LORANGER, who has gone to his fathers, was a man whose influence was out of proportion to his eminence. As president of the St. Jean Baptiste Society he was the incarnation of French-Canadian nationality. Personally he had a genuine fear of the results of Confederation on the race of which he was official representative: a fear which reacted on and intensified the feeling of that nationality in the isolation of which he fancied he saw the salvation of his race. This feeling gave colour to all he did and said. In the pamphlets in which he expounds the Constitution, of which the British North American Act is the text, he mistakes the imaginary for the real and draws from extraneous sources rules which have no existence in the Act. The constitution which he depicts, far from being the real thing, is the creature of his own wishes. Being accepted by his countrymen as an oracle while he lived he will find imitators now that he is gone. In him the period of constitutional exposition under the new régime had an untoward beginning, and we may expect a race of perverse critics who will insist on regarding him as an authority on the Constitu-

tion. But it is not an authority which will be enduring, or which meets anything like general acceptance even now. The position of the French-Canadian nationality was sure to bring out the strongest expression of local autonomy, and in Judge Loranger local autonomy reached its last stage of extravagance. The greater the exaggeration the sooner will come the reaction. At present the centrifugal forces show greatest activity; and Judge Loranger found listeners at a distance who pretended to believe in doctrines which they thought they could use with effect against the central authority. He did not stand alone in putting a strained construction upon whatever concerned the relations and obligations of the two races by which Canada has been colonized; he was the lineal descendant of writers who loved to appeal to the obligations of the treaty of cession by which the country changed masters, obligations which were provisional and only intended to restrain the recipient nation and not, as they contended, to be a clog on the freedom of Canada acting as a whole without distinction of nationality. Under Judge Loranger's presidency the St. Jean Baptiste Society reached its fullest development and its orators put forth the greatest pretensions, prophetically looking in their conspicuously conscious day-dreams to the time when, they tell us, the Gallic race is to rule North America. But they were guilty of the fallacy of assuming that the past increase of the race in Canada is to be the guide for the future. The small-pox, which struck all alike before the days of Jenner, now works exceptionally; and the French-Canadians who find employment in New England factories will not always raise exceptionally large families. The social economy of the Province of Quebec changes slowly, but it will not always remain what it is; repatriation, without being on a large scale, will provide the leaven by which the change will be brought about. And immigration from France, which may now be revived, will bring on influence which will tend to disturb the state of things now existing.

#### POUNDMAKER'S TRIAL.

RIEL, the organizer and leading spirit of the North-West Rebellion, has been tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged, and now everywhere men are discussing whether the sentence will be carried out or not. The Indian chief, Poundmaker, has been tried, convicted and sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and no one says a word in his favour, nor is there a question raised as to a reduction of his sentence. Poundmaker is a poor Indian chief, uneducated, ignorant even of our language, and without vote or influence. He was tried under a process he did not understand, by a race of strangers who had swarmed over a country once the sole property of his people. When arraigned, his pathetic remark, "The law is a hard, queer thing, I do not understand it," only raised a laugh among the idlers who thronged the court.

The prosecution endeavoured to establish their case against Poundmaker by proving four main points:—1st, That he had signed a certain letter to Riel which incriminated him; 2nd, That he was at Battleford when it was plundered; 3rd, That he was present at the fight at Cut Knife Hill; and 4th, That he participated in the capture of the teamsters. The evidence produced in support of the case for the Crown, as far as can be gathered from the somewhat lengthy report in the *Toronto Mail* of the 24th and 25th August, seems to be very weak and inconclusive. The sole evidence of Poundmaker's responsibility as to the letter is that of Jefferson, the instructor, who wrote it. This man was an accomplice, and his evidence does not appear to have been corroborated. He would not swear that Poundmaker had dictated any portion of the letter, or that he had absolutely authorized him to sign his name to it. It would surely be very unjust to convict a man on the strength of a letter written by another in a language the prisoner did not understand, especially where there was a doubt as to whether the prisoner authorized his name to be attached to it.

The evidence for the Crown as to Poundmaker's conduct at Battleford shows that he came down, with other Indians of his band, to get food, but apparently with no intention of plundering. He shook hands with the white men he met, and acted in the most friendly manner, asking, with evident surprise, why the town was deserted, and why the police were fortifying themselves with the intention of firing on his men. He does not appear to have been even armed. He took no part in the plundering of the deserted houses and shops, but told the Indians "to stop breaking things." There is no evidence that Poundmaker was responsible for the plundering of Battleford. As to Poundmaker being seen at the battle of Cut Knife Hill, the evidence is that he was seen at the distance of fifteen hundred yards through field-glasses. If this be so, either the officer who saw him or Poundmaker himself must have been pretty well in rear of the fighting line. But Poundmaker admitted he was present, and claimed that he urged his people to cease the pursuit; and Father Cochin, who