

"La Carne" for the brave partisan French Canadian leader St. Luc de la Corne, who was sent in 1749 to Acadia to watch the frontier.

"Roude Denys" instead of Ronde Denys, grandson of the first French proprietor of Cape Breton.

"Colonel Merickton," and sometimes "Moncton" for Lieutenant-Colonel Monckton, who was leader of the English expedition against Acadia in 1755 and was the captor of Beausejour.

"Denfield" for "Deerfield," the scene of a massacre which New England can never forget.

"Colonel Laurence" for Brigadier Lawrence, a Governor of Nova Scotia, who played so prominent a part in early Nova Scotia history.

"Muscarene" for "Mascarene," once English commandant of Annapolis.

"Argot" instead of Captain Samuel Argall, the English adventurer, who destroyed the French settlement on Mount Desert in 1713.

General "de Levi" for the historic Chevalier de Levis, so conspicuous in the closing days of French dominion.

"Vergar" for Duchambon de Vergor, the son of the incompetent governor who gave up Louisbourg in 1745, who himself commanded at Fort Beausejour in 1755, when taken by the English; and at a later day earned the execrations of the French by giving too easy an entrance to the English troops led by Wolfe on the 13th September, 1759, on the Plains of Abraham.

"Bouladire" for Boularderie, the well known proprietor of the beautiful island at the entrance of the Bras d'Or.

"Tyrell" and sometimes "Tyrell," instead of Tyrrell, better known as the M. Pichon, who wrote the well known "Lettres et Memoires pour servir a l'histoire du Cape Breton." (a la Haye, 1760.)

"Baie des Espagnols" for Baie des Espagnols (Sydney.)

"Ulva" for the distinguished Spanish savant, Don Antonio de Ulloa, who was captured in the silver ship *Delivrance*—here incorrectly given "*Delivrance*"—and taken into Louisbourg after its fall in 1745.

This list might be continued indefinitely. But I shall not dwell on such spellings as Abercrombie, now more correctly given Abercromby by Parkman and latest writers of repute, since there are some trustworthy authors who give that rendering. Nor do I dwell on the ignorance of the French language shown in such words as "*Vive Notre Générale*," though one would assume he must be a presumptuous author who would undertake a history of those times, without having sufficient knowledge to read the original French documents accessible to ordinary students. Nor is it necessary to dwell on the incorrect citation of the inscription of the chapel bell found many years ago at Ingoniche—"j'ai nommée" for "nommée," for example—since an author who makes "a general" a female could hardly be expected to know old French. But at least we might expect an author to take some pains to give accurately the Latin inscription on the cross which Admiral Sir Hovenden Walker raised at the entrance of Sydney Harbour in 1711; when we have "*profectus*" for "*præfectus*" and "*monte*" for "*mense*," we have another specimen of the ignorance that everywhere prevails. We might at least expect in these things the not very high excellence of an accurate copyist. A writer who could make errors like these would not earn a great deal even

at type-writing, leaving the compilation of history from secondary sources out of the question.

But in all probability an author who could devote one-seventh part of the book to an exhaustive account of the Puritans by way of introduction to Cape Breton—where, by the way, the bulk of the people are Roman Catholics—soared naturally above such very ordinary historical requirements as those I have briefly reviewed. The influence of the Puritans in the history of England and her old colonies cannot be overated; and despite their narrowness of vision, and their unpleasant austerity, they had often a nobility of purpose and a tenacity of aim that made them necessarily dominant factors in the new world's history. But it has not been often that this memorable class has met with so rhetorical a reviewer of their character as has now appeared. At times he becomes perfectly hysterical, and rushes off in a torrent of words that is bewildering in these days of sober criticism and analytical research. Of the Puritanic age we read, for instance—"Enough for us that at that time the hidden fire" (just before this we are told of an "extinct volcano" and of mighty primeval forces "having torn and shattered and heaved hither and thither the ribs of the solid earth") "could no longer be restrained, but that it broke forth and cast the fragments of unworthy authority in a lurid shower towards an offended heaven, and that henceforth the dwellers about the mount of liberty could dwell in safety."

The extinct volcano, the primeval forces and lurid fires are well-known phrases of the rhetorical imagery of the school essays of our grandfathers. It is also refreshing in these times of original thought to hear again of Cornelia and her jewels (see p. 49), and of the Athenian Minerva (see p. 50), "fresh sprung from the brow of Jove, equipped with helmet and aegis," of England, "whose jewels are the mighty rocks which tower along the deep, as if flung into the sea by some primeval hand [here it is again!] to be the guardians of her future might; and from these giant warders the voice of her power thunders from sea to sea in an endless and sublime concert." Then we have references naturally to the "tree of liberty," more beneficent than "the banyan tree of the East"—by no means a new imagery. But were the author obliged to give up such images and descend to sober prose, these sixty pages on Puritanism would have dwindled to a very moderate compass. In justice to our author we must frankly admit at times he descends from the "extinct volcano" to a very ordinary level and indulges in great familiarity when talking of historic personages. For instance, "King James I. was not, taken all in all, a bad sort of man. . . . There was nothing about King James which was positively not nice, as there was about many of the Stuarts. In a way he was respectable." A little later we are told that "for a clear understanding of the osteology (*sic*) of things the Englishman need not go anywhere." Then comes this enigmatic sentence, "The atmospheric vibrations (*sic*) caused by the American are more offensive to the Englishman than to any one else." Next he becomes pathetic: "Comrades, before advancing upon the enemy, would bid each other, 'So long, Jim,' 'So long, Tom.'" To give the comment of a distinguished Canadian litterateur in my hearing, "It's all very funny."

We submit these sixty pages of comment on the Puritan—where everything and everybody, from trees of liberty to extinct volcanos, from Cromwell to Josh Billings, are lugged in with a versatility that is very refreshing, though confusing at times—to the careful consideration of the Ontario Education Department, in case it is proposed to issue a new compilation from Canadian prose and poetic writers. No English publisher will certainly claim a copyright on the extracts that are here open to the learned officials of that branch of the public service. For one, the writer asks himself, why is it necessary to give us so exhaustive a history of the Puritans in a work of this character? So bewildering a sketch of this class was hardly necessary, because Louisbourg was taken by a New England expedition in 1745, with the assistance of Commodore Warren's fleet. These land forces were hardy frontiersmen, farmers, sailors, and other classes, mustered from every possible quarter, who were not all Puritans in their habits or objects. Neither Shirley nor Pepperrell sprung from this class. No doubt the hope of destroying a stronghold of the Roman Catholics in America had its animating purpose when the expedition was determined upon. Stern old pastors like Father Moody, who took a hatchet to cut down the images in the churches—and who, it is said, was actually caught in the act—were assuredly Puritans in their hatred of Rome. But it does not say a great deal for the Puritanism of Massachusetts when a vote to attack Louisbourg was lost once, and only carried on a subsequent occasion by the casting voice of the Speaker, and through the influence of Shirley and his friends. The fact is, the dominant influence was the danger to which the New England trade was subject while Louisbourg was a rendezvous for French privateers; and consequently an ever-present menace to the English colonies. As long as New England found it convenient to carry on an illicit trade with Louisbourg—to exchange bricks, lumber and fish for French brandy, rum and other commodities—Louisbourg was a Puritan blessing in disguise. Puritan and Profit were often synonymous. But that ceased to be so when New England trade was in danger. It is not necessary to say nowadays that the siege of 1745 was a notable exploit in the history of New England—the precursor of Bunker Hill, some thirty years later. Those rough frontiersmen and farmers and sailors of New England fought bravely and determinately, rude as were their methods and appliances. But it did not surely require sixty and more pages of closely-printed matter on Puritanism to tell us all this. If we should come down to the realms of common sense and true history, one would think that, instead of dissertations on Cromwell, Bunyan, the Ironsides, Milton, and on the noteworthy features of the Puritans of old, it would be more to the purpose if we were told how these "Puritan" forces of 1745—for of course they were all Puritan in our author's eyes—behaved themselves when the fortress fell into their hands. Parkman tells us in his last book that even "Nathaniel Sparhawk, Pepperrell's thrifty son-in-law, begged the general to get for him a handsome service of silver plate." General Wolcott records that "while Moody was preaching on a Sunday (!!) in the garrison chapel there was excessive stealing (!!) in every part of the town." One of the disgusted victors (a Puritan, of course) writes, "A