

territories that stretched westward, a vast region beyond Montreal, and that they had early opened up.

The taking possession by the (West) India Company, coinciding with that of the arrival of troops from France (1665) the Iroquois, forced to retreat, not only withdrew themselves from Lower Canada, but also left the way open for our advances toward the east, the south and the west.

The hired people who came straight from France kept up the custom, and spread themselves afar. At the same time the bulk of those who set out at this date in the service of the new Company, were sons of habitants. The word "habitants" among us signifies a husbandman, and no other. These youths were to add a singular page to our history. Without doubt the greater part of them fully intended to return to the domestic hearth at the close of their engagement. A very different fate befel them.

Human nature has its likings, its gifts, its talents, which only circumstance can reveal, and more than one voyageur, a son of the plough, has felt, with astonishment, awaken within him the love of adventure and the charm of a wandering life, to which he was accidentally serving his apprenticeship. From the beginning of the colony those who have engaged to make the North-west trail have been called *voyageurs*.

Ten years passed. A new class of men, expert, bold, vigorous, accustomed to all hazards—that of the *coureurs de bois*—had arisen. Each of these men worked alone. Their ties to the company grew relaxed. They were no longer bound by contract, *voyageurs*, but free men who "voyageant" (made journeys). Their domain was the unknown of vast America. Neither wave nor mountain barred their way. On the contrary a retreating horizon lured them on. Speaking every (Indian) tongue, exploring, hunting, portaging, camping, fighting as well the savages themselves, they fascinated the tribes by their fearlessness, their tales of old France, their liveliness; and they filled the wigwams with the airs of our popular songs. Strayed sentinels of the Gallic race, they united each in himself the love of the marvellous, the charms of imagination and that knowledge of trades and industries that Europe always regarded as her principal means of conquest among barbarians.

With the flexibility of the French character, they adopted the usages and customs of the people they found themselves among for the time being.

Long previously the savages had frequented the Spaniards to the south, and the English to the east without affecting their customary usages in the least. The reason is not far to seek; these peoples do not adapt themselves; you go to them, not they to you. The French alone of all civilized races know how to become red-skins, Arabs, or Patagonians—negroes at a pinch!

S. A. CURZON.

Bonaparte asked Madame de Stael in what manner he could best promote the happiness of France. Her reply is full of political wisdom. She said, "Instruct the mothers of the French people."—*Daniel Webster*.

Into what boundless life does education admit us. Every truth gained through it expands a moment of time into illimitable being—positively enlarges our existence, and endows us with qualities which time cannot weaken or destroy.—*Chapin*.

TRADITION AND HEREDITY.

You're proud to be a self-made man,
And stand the first of all your clan:
I pity you the rather.
Than wealth of rich or lore of wise,
Or fame of great, far more I prize,
This, that I had a father:

Yes, father and grandfather too,
It matters not how well-to-do,
In what rank or relation:
But men of truth and sterling worth,
Greater than accident of birth,
Or worldly reputation:

Ancestors, small though be their fame,
Who yet have left a stainless name,
A proud name to inherit.
Richer than castled masonry,
And lordly title sounding high,
And golden cross of merit.

For those are out, but this is in,
And only can be lost by sin
Against all blood tradition:
Since blood it is that plays life's part
In hand and mouth, in brain and heart,
Performing each its mission.

And blood for generations bye,
Known to be of one quality,
By many a life-long trial,
Establishes itself in time,
For virtue this, and that for crime,
Scarce brooking a denial.

Thank God! heredity may fail,
Heaven's Court may break the long entail
Of evil generations:
Nor scorn I men of brave strong will,
Who spurn their heritage of ill,
And rise to holier stations.

But true humility is shown
Even in the pride that loves to own
Its debt to those before us,
Whose honest lives exemplified
Traits of Him, on whom they relied,
The Great All-Father o'er us.

When honour points the thorny way,
'Tis no no great merit to obey,
A privilege the rather:
Stronger for truth and right I stand,
Than any new man in the land,
Because I had a father.

J. CAWDOR BELL.

PARIS LETTER.

Yes, one glory of England is, to teach nations how to live. One page in her sample book France ought to study, that of regarding one accused as innocent till he be proved guilty. Instead, French justice, and 104 years after the Revolution to boot, views one accused as guilty and does its best not to see fair play meted to the prisoner, but brow-beats him into culpability as it were. This is the more iniquitous, as the French claim to be a logical and fair-play nation. The magistrates depend for their promotion, not on the number of acquittments, but of convictions they can achieve. Then they are not fixtures. Once an individual is arrested, he remains under preventive arrest till the indictment be prepared. There is no *habeas-corpus* to compel the arrested to appear next morning before a magistrate, in open court, aided by his counsel, to ascertain if there be adequate evidence to sustain the charge for a committal, a bailing, or a discharge. In France, the arrested is kept *au secret*; the examining magistrate interrogates him alone, how he pleases, and pumps out his whole biography; then when nothing is, or can be extracted, and the accused has signed his confessions, he is allowed to see counsel. A very notorious injustice, or miscarriage

of justice, has just occurred before the Paris Tribunal; a contractor, his book-keeper, and a Government employee, have been eighteen months under preventive arrest, for fraud and forgery, in connection with the supplying of stores. Their trial has just taken place, and what the examining magistrate, experts, and law officials could not unravel in 18 months, the judge did in as many minutes; and the public prosecutor confessed the prisoners were innocent, the evidence against them having broken down completely. There was neither fraud nor forgery, but confusion, from the bungling manner the accounts and checks were ordered by the state to be kept. The documents for the defence were handed to two experts; one declared he had forgotten to read and to return them, the other, that he did not examine them because they were too long and too numerous! and it was on the report of the experts the prosecution was based! The innocents have no redress. And the experts are the auxiliaries of Justice, pretending sometimes to infallibility. Not long ago at Versailles, an expert was examined respecting a letter of the accused; to identify the body of the letter, with notes on the margin. He said he was not quite certain as to the writing in the body of the letter, but the marginal notes were by the prisoner. "Be cautious what you affirm, as the life of a human being depends on your assertion," exclaimed the prisoner's counsel. "I'm certain the notes are by the prisoner, but am not sure the letter itself is." "Pardon," said the judge interrupting, "the notes are by me!"

In the provinces, a religious or saint's fete, is always kept—on the Sunday following the anniversary date, should that be on a week day. The public was anxious to know how last Sunday would be celebrated by the rurals, in honour of Joan. Just the same as on the recent ceremony that took place in Paris, at Notre Dame; that is to say, the churches had it all to themselves, while the politicians disputed as to who was to farm her glory. It is finished; poor Joan will never become the national saint; she will remain simply a decoration and a unit more to the calendar of saints. Maid of Orleans—*vale!*

The revenue is tumbling down rapidly, and at a moment when the expenditure augments by 100 million frs. annually. The first four months of this year, as compared with the corresponding months of 1893, reveal a drop of nearly 46 million frs.; and a drop of 28 million frs. for April, 1894, versus April 1893. And the ultra protectionists say, there is no screw loose. The white loaf keeps white, up to orthodox weight, and is low priced—only money is wanted to buy it.

Signor Crispi is being less abused; Italy's finances—though not bright, are ceasing to be ridiculed. He is a resolute man, Crispi; he will not consent to weaken the defensive forces of the nation. If a country desires to uphold its independence, it must have sentinels powerful enough to watch and guard it. That is why every Power sings the hosanna of peace—no war songs.

Shaded reputations never wholly vanish in France; they are neither dear to memory nor lost to sight. Who would have thought that after the Legion of Honour scandals, that M. Wilson would come up smiling in the Chamber of Deputies; that Jules Ferry would have risen to be President of the Senate; that Cornelius Herz, whose sins in Panamaism were declared to