

## OFF LABRADOR.

(October 28, 1885).

Lo! at the loy noon of Northern night,  
From out the gaunt wind monarch's gloomy caves,  
Washed by tumultuous waves,  
There came a sudden wild, reverberant roar;  
And all the level leagues of snowbound shore  
Grew silent in affright.  
Then with a louder cry,  
That strove to scale the dome of leaden sky,  
And echoed miles and miles,  
To shatter on the peaks of icy tales,  
The banded winds, led by the chilly North,  
Unleashed, leaped fiercely forth,  
And down the Polar seas with gathering force,  
Held their remorseless course,  
Until they reached the wide Atlantic main;  
Nor paused they there, but on  
With all the fury of Euroclydon.  
Southward they swept again,  
And round the rugged capes of Labrador  
With the dark waves waged war.

Without a star to light  
The Stygian blackness of the hollow night,  
Before a gentle gale  
The harbor-faring barks made cautious sail.  
Wooded by the touch of poppy-lidded Sleep  
To slumber calm and deep,  
And visions heavenly bright  
Few heard the mid-watch bell  
That rang in accents of despair  
Upon the brooding quietude of air  
Its dolorous death knell.  
Did no low, plaintive prayer  
Float skyward through the awful void of gloom,  
Up to the golden throne of Him  
About whom chant the shining Seraphim,  
For mercy in that hour of pending doom!

Ah! who shall say? In vain shall mortal ear,  
While year succeeds to year.  
Yearn for the sound of well-beloved lips!  
But never, nevermore,  
Upon the straining eyes that look from shore  
Shall dawn the missing ships.

—Clinton Scollard.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

## EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

The advocates of "Imperial Federation" would do just as well to spend their rhetoric in advertising the boundless extent and resources of the Dominion of Canada, as to be agitating a subject that in the present age would be of no possible advantage to Canada. Great Britain and her dependencies can only be governed with success by their respective local legislatures. How incongruous would be the elements of a Parliament composed of representatives from the various lands and climes over which "Britannia Rules." Our Provinces have just merged into a "Canadian Federation," and the shock produced by the change has hardly ceased to vibrate when some political prophet arises in our midst and urges a Federation of Canada with England, and this at a time when our people are not yet fully acquainted with the boundless extent of our own Canadian Federation.

If the Revd. Principal Grant, who seems to be an ardent supporter of "Imperial Federation," wishes to display his forensic art, let him tell us with his eloquent tongue all about the great wealth that lies within the boundaries of the Dominion of Canada—a country having a larger area than that of the United States—one that can boast of a continuous unbroken line of railway, that reaches from Halifax (the great *entrepot* and front wharf of the Dominion) on the Atlantic in the east, to the shores of British Columbia on the Pacific in the west, with a rich virgin soil in the great North West Territory, ready for the plow—"forests primeval beckoning to the woodman's axe"—deposits of the richest minerals on the globe ready for the miners pick—and streams that afford water power sufficient to turn all the mills and factories of England and America—waters that contain fish enough to supply the whole continent for ages to come—all, all awaiting to be developed by the hand and genius of the Anglo-Saxon race. Let Dr. Grant tell us first of all the benefit that must be by a closer Federation amongst our own people and Provinces before he attempts to lead us into the untried policy of Federation with England. Imperial Federation is a great question, one that is fraught with momentous consequences. It is ahead of the genius of the Canadian people, many of them were unwilling to join in the Confederation scheme. Imperial Federation could guarantee us no more rights and privileges than we possess under the "Confederation Act." We have the right of self government, and the privilege of reaping the proceeds of our own labor to its fullest extent. We ask nothing less—and England can give us nothing more.

There seems to be but little disposition on the part of the United States to encourage Reciprocal Trade with Canada. If our neighbors across the border are not disposed to trade and barter with us on a reciprocal basis, then we must seek other outlets. The East and West Indies as well as South America offer us quite as large a field for interchangeable products as the United States. With the completion of a continuous railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and with the control of first-class shipping facilities, we will be able to compete with other countries in selling our products, even if "Brother Jonathan" is not disposed to trade with us. It is no use for our people to wail over the abrogation of Reciprocity Treaties, and thereby give an excuse for "pot-house politicians" to preach the doctrine of "Annexation of Canada to the United States." This is all

nonsense. The idea of "Annexation" is an old hobby, and is entertained only by men of doubtful patriotism—men who seem to look at the matter as a mere business transaction. In the first place, a majority of the people of the United States are, in my opinion, opposed to the annexation of Canada to their Union, even if it could be accomplished by peaceable means. They have already sufficient territory of their own, and they are too wise to attempt to wrest Canada from the British Realm by the force of arms. Then again the people of Canada are too loyal to their Government to surrender the old "Red Cross Banner" of England for the American "Stars and Stripes," they would not be willing to exchange a Government that has stood the test of centuries for one so fickle and changeable as that of the American Union. The United States are not at present cemented together by the force of patriotism, as was the case prior to their Civil War. The chasm of disunion has only been bridged over in a few places by the politician and the seekers after Mammon, and not by that universal loyalty that characterized the States in their sovereign capacity before the act of Disunion. When the "Southern Cause" was lost, it meant the loss of "State Rights" which was the only Palladium of a free man; and the bulwark of the American Constitution under a Republican form of Government. The present lull in this so-called Union is only the calm that precedes the storm that must inevitably overtake all countries that disregard the supremacy of law and the natural rights of man. As one who is somewhat conversant with the history and genius of the American people, let me say that in case of a rupture between the United States and any foreign nation, the Southern portion of the States would not join the North in a war, especially for the possession of a country that would be its geographical position be of no benefit whatever to the South. Then again it ought to occur to the minds of Canadians, who seem to be afraid of being "gobbled up" some day by the Yankees, by force or otherwise, that conquest is much more difficult in a Northern than in a Southern clime. Napoleon's Russian campaign proves this, and our neighbors are too sagacious to risk the chances of a war with Canada because of the dissatisfaction of a few so-called "annexationists" that may happen to reside within her borders.

VETERAN.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

## OUR BOSTON LETTER.

The great Christmas rush is over, and I do not believe that any one is very sorry, not even the storekeepers. The Christmas season is no doubt joyous and merry and all that sort of thing, but when its hilarity and merriment are let loose in Boston's streets, it is apt to make even the devotees of Dickens a trifle weary. For a whole week previous to the great festival day the thoroughfares of the city are the scene of an ever-flowing tide of humanity, and to pedestrianize with any degree of rapidity is a thing that is only possible at night, and pretty late at that. It is like trying to peddle a canoe through the Saragossa sea. Of course I am intimately acquainted with the Saragossa sea, and know whereof I affirm. It seems as though every free and enlightened inhabitant outside of the hospitals and houses of correction with a radius of seventy-five or one hundred miles of Boston, are yearly impressed with the conviction that they are in duty bound to visit the Hub at Christmas time or be open to the charge of a gross violation of the duties of American citizenship. The result is that for the time being, the honest, hard-working Bostonian is jostled and jammed and crushed almost beyond recognition, by even his mother-in-law, by non-taxpaying aliens, and in his own sacred and crooked streets. It is no wonder then that Modern Athens breathes a sigh of relief when the fever heat of Christmas trade has passed and the cold chill of the New Year's season with its gas bills and coal bills, and its Christmas-gifts accounts, begins to circulate down the backs of its worthy citizens. Clerks and salesmen, who a week or so ago were dashing around with melted collars and muchly flustered countenances, vainly trying to keep their heads above the rapidly rising tide, now lie back in the various free and easy attitudes so well known to the American of the male persuasion, and idly watch the clock, or brag about their big sales of the past week. Everybody in the wholesale and retail houses is tired and limp after their great athletic and mental efforts of the past week or two, and it is just as well for them that there is not much in the way of trade to do. A recent writer, referring to the Christmas season, says that it is in miniature the feverish flush time that leaves a long season of depression after it, and it cannot be denied that this is true to a great extent. Whether the amount of trade would average up the same at the end of each year if there were no Christmas is another question. As to comparing the Boston and the Halifax Christmas, that of course would be folly. Christmas is observed pretty much the same all the world over, but it is natural to expect that a city of 350,000 inhabitants is going to possess more bustle and activity at that season than one of 30,000 or 40,000. The craze for Christmas greenery seems to be growing greater in Boston every year, and spruce and evergreen are in great demand. (This is a hint to enterprising residents of Preston and Hammond's Plains.) Mistletoe seems to be particularly in favor, but then anything is, that is "English, you know."

The subject of reciprocity with Canada is daily receiving more and more attention from the business men of this city and of New England in general, and the opinion seems to be divided as to whether the United States wants another treaty or not. The fishermen hold one view, the fish dealers another, and the business men another, and altogether it is a mixed-up affair. So far as I have been able to learn, those of the Boston merchants who are not entirely indifferent to the matter are satisfied that some action will have to be taken very soon, in order to relieve the embarrassment which the present fishery question causes each country. It is argued by those directly interested in the matter that the present duties on food products exacted by each country seriously hamper the progress and prosperity of the one and lessen