

"Well?" said Rebecca in her mildest, gentlest voice.

She was looking around the room in search of Anna.

"A pleasant evening," said Murphy.

"Yes, but it is growing dark, I must light the candles," said Rebecca.

This was the very room that Murphy had been shown into a stranger just a year ago this very day, "All Fools' Day." And the same woman stood before him to-day in exactly the same spot in the window where she had stood a year ago reading the words, "Send the fool further." Neither he nor the woman had changed much in the twelve months; he had grown wiser perhaps, and so had the woman.

She was about to leave the room again when, stooping down, she picked something from the ground. "See what I have found," she said; "I shall keep it for good luck."

"Heads or tails?" said Murphy, stretching out his arm to prevent her leaving the room.

He took her hand in his, and lying in the palm was the brown copper, heads up. That settled it.

A robin was chirruping near the window and then it began to sing a song so simple, so sweet and mysterious that Murphy looked into Rebecca's face for the meaning; and he found it there.

E. YATES FARMER.

JOHN GRANGER'S POMES.

GRANDFATHER'S GUN OF EIGHTEEN-TWELVE.

Some blowin'-adder paper men,
Out over there in Yankeedom,
Says we're to them as one to ten,
And woe betide us if they come,
I've said afore, 'twixt Christian lands,
It's time hard feelin's for to shelve:
But, Broek my boy, put in my hands
Grandfather's gun of eighteen-twelve.

She's not a beauty, but she did
Her duty in that ugly scrap;
That bay'net on her nozzle rid
Our Canada of many a chap,
As thought we Canucks in the snow
Were only fit to chop and delve,
But here's what taught 'em 'twasn't so,
Grandfather's gun of eighteen-twelve.

Oh, she careered a bit around,
From Newfunlan' to Mackinac,
She makes a boomin' grand old sound,
And must ha' given many a crack
To ribs we'd sooner not have left,
To tie round like an old axe-helve,
Here, Brant my little feller, heft
Grandfather's gun of eighteen-twelve.

And, Yeo, mind your powder's dry,
See that you ram your wads down tight;
And off the river's bank let fly,
To give them editors a fright.
They'll larn, what all Canadians knows,
That God helps them as helps theirselves:
I'm ready, so are you, and so's
Grandfather's gun of eighteen-twelve.

J. CAWDOR BELL.

Be charitable before wealth makes thee covetous.—*Sir T. Browne.*

When a man's countenance falls it naturally lowers his face value.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Sculptors contend that the height of the Venus de Medici, 5 feet 5 inches, is the perfect stature for women.

The intellectual faculty is a goodly field, capable of great improvement; and it is the worst husbandry in the world to sow it with trifles and impertinence.—*Sir M. Hale.*

SERIES OF HISTORICAL REVIEWS.*

I. A PROTEST AGAINST HISTORICAL HYSTERICS AND PLAGIARISM.

Though the form of this book, which recalls an old fashioned photographic album, is most inconvenient for a reader, the printers have certainly done their work well and produced a creditable example of typographical skill. The illustrations are also an interesting feature, though they are neither so numerous nor always so excellent as to make the work specially noteworthy and give it the title it bears. Some of them are not much better done than those we see in the ordinary guide books sent forth by the railway companies at the summer season to attract the tourist seeking "fresh woods and pastures new." The illustrations too are defective inasmuch as they do not contain what should be given in a book of this character, some sketches of the settlements of the old French and Acadian population, and of the Micmac tribes, who have still many representatives in the island. The plans of the once formidable fortress of Louisburg are wretchedly done on too small a scale to give an accurate idea of the historic scenes that made the locality so famous in the middle of the last century. It would have been quite easy for the author and printer to have at least furnished us with much better sketches of old and new Louisburg from the many sources available to them.

But the writer does not propose to dwell on either the typographical excellence of the book, or the interesting illustrations; which, on the whole, gave a fair idea of the characteristics of the beautiful scenery of one of the most picturesque islands in America. One would have willingly submitted to inferior mechanical skill and made every allowance for the difficulties of the process by which the illustrations have been produced, were the style and substance of the four hundred and twenty pages in any way worthy of the attractive subject which the author has ventured to treat. His name is unknown and his efforts should therefore be reviewed with a charitable desire to treat his faults gently and give every prominence to any ability he may show. Especially must this spirit prevail when the reviewer has no more sincere desire than to encourage every book, pamphlet or essay which has for its animating objects a deep love for Cape Breton, its scenery and its history and an earnest wish to make it better known to the world at large.

It is quite probable that the author of this work has been animated by such noble impulses, as he intimates in his prefatory remarks; but one would also wish that, in his zeal for his subject, he had not forgotten those well understood literary canons of historical composition which forbid him reproducing without credit, in a remarkably wholesale fashion, the labours of other writers, and which, in these days of thorough research, require him to make himself acquainted with original authorities, instead of considering he is writing history when he plagiarises so unblushingly and ignorantly as even to copy the errors of his authors. Of course, if he were simply writing a hasty sketch for a New York or Boston Sunday newspaper, or for a tourist's

* "Cape Breton Illustrated; Historic, Picturesque and Descriptive." By John M. Gow. Illustrated by James A. Stubbert. Toronto: William Briggs, Wesley Buildings, 1893. Oblong quarto, pp. 423.

guide, one would not be surprised at the examples of historical gush, or audacious plagiarism we find throughout the pages of a book so deceptive in its typographical appearance.

Of course the author must have studied Parkman's last work—the reader will clearly see that in a few moments—in which that great historian tells us that, like the rest of the series, "it is founded on original documents." The statements "of secondary writers have been accepted only when found to conform to the evidence of contemporaries, whose writings have been sifted and collated with the greatest care." This new author, however, is governed by a very different principle. He should have written—to cite Parkman with a change of a few words,—“This book is in no respect founded on original documents. The statements of secondary writers have been accepted and copied ungrudgingly without any reference to the evidence of contemporaries whose writings consequently have never been sifted, or collated with the least care whatever.”

One cannot possibly understand how any writer, even one who has no literary reputation at stake, and has assuredly no ambition for the future, could presume to ask for a favourable opinion of this book from any one at all conversant with the epoch of which he treats; and one must assume that, entirely ignorant of the whole subject except so far as he has read a few "secondary authorities," named in the preface, he naturally fell into the errors he commits, and at the same time hoped that no one would take the pains of detecting his plagiarism.

Every author has more or less suffered from bad proof-reading or careless printers, and consequently one would hardly direct attention to isolated, incorrect spellings of historic names and places. But when on page after page these errors are reproduced with consistent fidelity one soon becomes convinced that it is the ignorance of a writer who has never studied an original authority that is responsible and not the carelessness of the poor printer.

No historic writer of note, now-a-days, would write "Louisburg," which is an English rendering of the correct French name "Louisbourg," and which should be "Lewisburg" to make the translation logically correct; but we do not dwell on this point since other careless writers have fallen into a similar error. But at least when he writes of William Pepperrell, the leader of the New England forces of 1745, he should not have dropped an "r." So careless is he, however, that he makes the same mistake even in citing Parson's Life, one of those "secondary authorities" on which he relies for his knowledge of the subject. But it is when we come to the names of persons and places, notable in the stirring historic incidents of a century and a half ago, that we find the indisputable evidence of a crass ignorance for which there is no excuse whatever in these times when any author who ventures to deal with the history of that momentous period which ended in the conquest of Canada by England, should take some pains of consulting the libraries at Ottawa, Quebec and Harvard. For instance we have the following inaccuracies page after page:—

"Beaubasin" for "Beau Bassin" (Chignecto).

"La Loutre" for that dangerous priest "Le Loutre" who played so prominent a part in old Acadian days.