

by Mr. Joseph Marmette, F.R.S.C. These, it is urgently stated, ought to be copied without delay. Mr. Brymner also submits for consideration the propriety of beginning at as early a date as possible the collection of Nova Scotia Records, many of which are said to be of great value. Some very important papers, lately in private hands, have been presented to the Department by their owners. Among those are the journals and diaries of the late Mr. Dorwin, of Montreal, running from 1815 to about 1885. The Log-book of the French vessel *Le Héros*, on her voyage to Quebec, in 1712, was presented by Mr. Robert Clarke, of Cincinnati, Ohio. The same gentleman sends an unpublished journal, "Memoirs of the Siege of Quebec and Total Reduction of Canada in 1759 and 1760, by John Johnson, Clerk and Quarter-Master Sergeant of the 58th Regiment." These memoirs are mentioned in Dr. Parkman's last work, "Montcalm and Wolfe." Specimens of Mr. Johnson's style and ideas are given by Mr. Brymner. A collection of letters and other papers belonging to the late Major Noah Freer, Sir George Prevost's military secretary during the war of 1812, has been acquired from Miss Freer. The important publications of the Public Record Office, London, are regularly received at Ottawa, as well as the Reports of the Historical Manuscripts Commission.

Mr. Brymner employs the Government grant carefully and economically, and he asks for a larger grant to meet the situation properly. Among the volumes now calendared are two volumes of correspondence relating to affairs in Nova Scotia, including the attack on and capture of Penobscot. These notes are very interesting. The appendices to the report contain data on the French noblesse in Canada after the Cession, the Northwest trade, the French Royalists in Upper Canada, and the calendar of the Haldimand Collection.

### A TOTTERING REPUBLIC.

Our papers, on this side, and chiefly the French papers of this Province, do not at all read aright the signs of the times, and the portents in the red sky of France at the present. That the present rickety and rotten Republic is on its last legs is as plain as anything can be. The wretched make-shifts to put off the inevitable day of doom, on the pretence of a fancied popular majority, and the forced adoption of the *scrutin d'arondissement*, is wholly illusory. M. Flouquet has only the shadow of power; he is weak and flimsier, indeed, the weakest and flimsiest of all the Ministers that have ruled in France in the past eighteen years, and when he had the audacity to talk of seizing the body of Boulanger and casting it in prison, he showed that he had lost his head.

A Weekly paper of Toronto, the *Mail* and such like, who know wholly nothing of the temper of the French people, are taking Boulanger to task for lately giving his views to the public. Why, these sheets do not understand Boulanger. The publication of these views is precisely what the French people want. They want facts to work on. Boulanger issues his proclamation, putting his finger on certain points which he must carry out—and that right away—as preliminary to his building up of his ideal Republican structure. What does he propose? Nothing new. Only a Central Republic, like that of the United States, where the departments will be integral and con-

current parts of the whole, and the president of this Central Republic shall be elected, for ten years, by manhood suffrage. General Boulanger means to be that first President himself, in the room and place of Carnot, who will be buried under the ruins of his miserable Republic in everlasting oblivion.

Nor are Boulanger's advantages merely negative. They are positive, pregnant, and self-assertive. He has all the national forces of France at his back. The Orleans Princes, who, through his influence, will return to their native land, not only to dwell therein, but to whom will be restored their great hereditary property, are with him; the Bonaparte party, which is well-nigh all-powerful in France, through its military traditions; the Royalist and Legitimist families, who wield an overwhelming influence, through their vast wealth and social and political standing, are also on his side. Some scandal-monger lately telegraphed, far and wide, that the General had applied to Rome for a divorce from his wife. This was at once denied, through the same channels of publicity, it being well known in France that one of the General's daughters has consecrated her young life to the service of her Maker, in the cloister of a Paris Sisterhood of Charity. Boulanger is a good Roman Catholic, as are the overwhelming masses of the French people, and feels instinctively, like Napoleon I., that religion and a smooth-working concordate with the Pope is necessary to the social and political administration of France. Floquet, on the other hand, is a downright infidel and free-thinker, wholly "out of touch" with the majority of the French people, and no backing to speak of beyond the rag-tag and bobtail of the Paris mobs and secret societies. Summing up these and many other obvious remarks which we might make, we venture this foretelling, that Gen. Boulanger will be virtually Dictator in France, the Power behind the Throne, before next November, the term set down by the cowardly Floquet, and that nothing will be done without his tacit or spoken sanction. The reader who cannot coincide with these remarks is singularly blind to one of the most momentous changes of modern times.

### THE LATE MR. C. J. BRYDGES.

The death of Mr. C. J. Brydges, the well-known land commissioner of the Hudson Bay Company, occurred on Saturday, at Winnipeg, from apoplexy. On Friday evening, he had attended a dinner of thirteen, at which Sir George Baden Powell, of England, was present, and in a joking manner the question was asked who was to be the next to die. The next morning Mr. Brydges had a slight attack of giddiness, from which he presently recovered, after which he went down town on his ordinary business. In the afternoon he paid his accustomed visit to the General Hospital, of which he was Honorary Secretary. Entering the Board Room he sat down and, but a few moments after, gasped for breath, his head falling over on the back of the chair. It was at once seen that life was extinct. Mr. Brydges resided for many years in Montreal when General Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, and it was expected would have been buried here. However it has been determined to have him interred at Winnipeg. Mr. Brydges was a man of large heart, generous impulses, and uniform courtesy, amounting almost to gentleness, and wherever he was known was generally respected.



We have received from Mr. J. M. Le Moine, of Quebec, a volume reprint, comprising two that were before published, and entitled "Memoirs on the Affairs of Canada, from 1749 to 1760," the whole written in French. The book is full of information, and contains a number of valuable maps, such as those of the Bay of Fundy and Green Bay, of La Présentation, of St. Frederick, of Ontario and Peperell, or Chouagen, of St. Johns, of George and Carillon, of Frontenac or Cataracoui, of Pointe au Baril, of Isle-aux-Noix, of Jacques Cartier, and of Chambly. But the greatest and most valuable curiosity of the book is the Fragment of an Inscription, engraved on a leaden plate, found, about 1815, at the mouth of the Muskingum River, but which was originally set at the mouth of the Venango River, above Pittsburgh, in Pennsylvania.

The second volume of a book printed in Cambridge, in 1836, entitled "Archæologia Americana," whence the above inscription was taken, contains, besides, a detailed notice, written by the late DeWitt Clinton, on the discovery of the plate, with a translation into English of the Inscription, which was therein found in full. Thus the Inscription was restored thus:—

L'an de Notre-Seigneur, 1749, et Sous le Règne de Louis XV. Roy de France, Nous, Céloron, commandant d'un Détachement sous les ordres de Monsieur le Mis (Marquis) de la Galissonnière commandant général pour le Roy en la Nouvelle France, commis pour rétablir la paix et la tranquillité parmi quelques villages Sauvages dans ces quartiers. Avons enterré cette Plaque de Plomb à l'embouchure de la Rivière Venangue ce 16e Août, proche de la Rivière Oys, dite La Belle Rivière, pour faire du rétablissement de possession sur le territoire que nous réclamons près de cette dite Rivière, ainsi que toutes celles qui s'y déchargent et sur toutes les terres qui peuvent s'y trouver situées de chaque côté, en remontant jusqu'aux sources d'icelles, conformément à la possession qu'ont eue tous nos précédens Roys, et dans laquelle ils se sont maintenus, tant par la puissance de leurs armes, que par différens traités, et notamment en vertu de ceux de *Kiswick, Dorfdrecht et Aix-la-Chapelle.*

PAUL LABROSSE, scit.

The *Magazine of Poetry* is a queer book, with a queer title, published quarterly at Buffalo, and the first number of which appeared in January. It is the queerest *omnium gatherum* we ever set our eyes on. Mr. J. G. Gilder figures in a leading manner, giving us a sonnet, if you please, in autograph, and betraying his ignorance by speaking of Dante as a sonneteer. Hear him:

This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath,  
The solemn organ whereon Milton played.

If he had known enough, Mr. Gilder would have written Petrarch, instead of Dante. But he didn't know enough, d'ye see? Then, on page 95, Roberts, Scollard and others are made to be born in 1860! Then, again, Walt Whitman is trotted out again, and the whole work does not contain the name of a solitary poet that anybody ever heard about, Gilder not excepted.

### OUR OWN DEAR LAND!

Our own dear land of maple leaf,  
So full of hope and splendour,  
With skies that smile on rivers wide,  
And lend their charms so tender;  
From east to west, in loud acclaim,  
We'll sing your praise and story,  
While with a faith and purpose true  
We'll guard your future glory.—  
Our own dear land!

Your flag shall ever be our trust,  
Your temple our devotion;  
On every lip your psæm be sung,  
From ocean unto ocean.  
The star that lights your glorious path  
We'll hail with rapture holy,  
And every gift of heart and hand  
Be yours forever solely.—  
Our own dear land!

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

Walkerton High School, Feb. 6, 1889.