



IN THE PUBLIC GARDENS, HALIFAX.

old French of Louis XIV., the idiom of Racine, Corneille, Sevignee; making fun of what he styled *l'Argot Parisien*, he good humouredly jeered the French emigres who frequented his *salon*, on their modern effeminate accent, though at all times ready to extend to them the hand of friendship. Round his hospitable board, says an old memoir, were grouped Archbishops, Bishops and other eminent members of the French clergy—safe in England from the guillotine of Robespierre. Amongst others, might be noticed a dignitary of the Parliament of Paris—an exile—greeted with a hearty welcome in Masères' Villa at Reigate. Though Masères despised the levellers of 1793, as well as Voltaire's subversive doctrines, he knew how to appreciate the brilliant writings of the author of *Zaire*. Scrupulously honest, unassuming, of an even, happy disposition, what especially delighted him was the bringing together, at Reigate, congenial spirits—lovers of the exact sciences. He could not bide the surly dogmatism of the famous Dr. Samuel Johnson. On one occasion Masères met the old bear, at his publisher's store; the critic as usual launched out in unmeasured raillery of the contemporary writers, naming Hume and Voltaire. That was enough; Masères declared he would have nothing more to say to him. The Baron was a great chess player; he knew how to lose a game, with such charming *bonhomie*, that a friend of his once observed that of all his acquaintances, Masères was the only player on whose face a defeat or a victory could not be read. Contemporary memoirs display *The Veteran of Science*, in the sweet seclusion of his home, at

times, under a reverential aspect, recalling the tender piety and singleness of mind of the illustrious Sir Isaac Newton—who through respect for the Supreme Being—whom he styled the *Gentleman above*—never pronounced his revered name without uncovering his head. Until his dying day the Baron's was the decorous bearing, the exquisite good breeding, the simple but punctilious costume of the gentlemen of the long robe,—the three cornered hat, the heavy powdered wig, the delicate, frilled shirt of olden days: such his daily attire.

To those who might love to re-people old Quebec with the men who in the flesh roamed through its historical thoroughfares, at the era following the great siege of 1759—when the 527 dwellings and public edifices destroyed by Wolfe and Saunders' shells were springing from their ashes—imagination would fain depict the cheery presence of the courteous dignitary strolling through the *Ring* towards the Chateau St. Louis, or hurrying down Palace Hill in the direction of the *Intendance* in search of documents from the archivist J. A. Panet—parchments of commissions, certificates of land grants, patents of French nobility, for his work "An account of the Noblesse or Gentry of Canada;" or else disputing at the corner of a street with the learned Cugnet anent an article of the Custom of Paris, or else attending the sittings of the Superior Council, presided over by the Governor, or perhaps, even like many some luminaries of our day, leisurely strolling up St. Louis street in the direction of the *Grande Allée*, after office hours, for his "daily constitutional."

Spencer Grange, Quebec, Nov. 1891.

A Wise Russian Journal.

They seem to have strange ideas of Canadian affairs in Russia. The *Moskovskaia Viedomosti* (Gazette of Moscow) came out the other day with an editorial entitled "Persecution of Jews in Canada," wherein occurs this sage comment upon the action of the Canadian Government in refusing a landing to destitute immigrants:—

"The Canadian grate may prove hotter than the Russian frying-pan, and this state of things will not surprise our readers who are acquainted with English despotism in British Colonies. It is a fact that the so-called freedom which the perfidious Albion gives to her subjects in the 'United' Kingdom (the word United is under quotation marks in the Russian text), this so much boasted freedom is completely denied in Queen Victoria's Colonies. Our readers may have heard of England's cruelty and perfidy in India and South Africa; but many do not know that the same state of tyranny exists in all the English Colonies, Canada not excluded. It is therefore natural that the English Government supports gladly the popular animosity against the Jewish immigration which fosters pauper labour in Canada. Many a riot has already broken out against the Jews in Montreal and Kingston, where the natives refuse to work with the children of Israel in the same factories. There is no doubt that British officials encourage these riots, and we find a proof of our assertion in the anti-Semitic articles of Sir Goldwin Smith, Governor of the Province of Toronto!"

"Sir Goldwin Smith, Governor of the Province of Toronto!" And after all the professorial tirades against the gewgaws of British connection! Really this is too bad! One consolation only can we offer Mr. Smith. He is not alone in this new-born honour, for the same journal talks knowingly of "Sir McGreevy, a vehement rival of the late Sir John Macdonald!"—*The Canadian Gazette, London.*