

the platform, we make no doubt he is entering on a wider field of usefulness, where he will everywhere personally receive as appreciative a welcome as his writings have received. The lecture delivered covers other than literary ground, dealing also, as we see by the report, with the "Repeal" agitation in Nova Scotia, which Mr. Carter Troup rightly regards as economic rather than political. "It is to be regretted," he said, "that Canada has no social and intellectual capital, no centre of taste and judgment. The beneficial effects of such a centre would be incalculable in a democracy such as ours. . . . Canada in rejecting what is extreme in the two social systems which have most influenced her own—the English and American—has produced a society the excellence and novelty of which the world will some day recognise and acknowledge. . . . We hear a good deal about Canadian feeling and sentiment, but that we should be only a sign of its unhealthy state. The trouble with Canadian life is that it is colonial, not national," and this thought precedes an eloquent appeal to the Canadian press on behalf of Canadian literature: "The days of the greatest literary splendour of England, Holland, and Portugal were the days when all had a smaller population than that of Canada, and when the book market must have been more limited than ours." The lecture given in the schoolhouse of St. Martin's Church was kindly received, and is to be repeated next week in one of the larger halls of Montreal.

WITHIN a few weeks two railway men met their deaths by putting their feet into a frog. It seems that the Provincial Legislature has legislated to prevent this reckless sacrifice of life, but the legislation does not extend to lives under the jurisdiction of the Dominion. The sooner it is extended the better. Let everything be done that legislation can do to protect the workingman against the cupidity or carelessness of employers, to assure him the payment of his fair earnings, to secure to him all the rights of labour. Let righteous Factory Acts be framed, and vigorously carried into effect. So long as Trade Unions are working for such objects as these, our heartiest sympathies will attend them.

THE great question about the presentation of Americans at the Court of St. James' has once more been raised, and the correspondent of the *New York Tribune* wonders what it can be that makes a certain class of Americans so anxious for presentation. It is at bottom the same sentiment that makes them so fond of scandals about the British aristocracy; only, the sentiment shows itself directly in one case, and in an inverted form in the other.

WE said that we had reason to doubt the truth of the statement that Mr. Goschen is a Jew. Mr. Goschen has now positively denied it. He says that he is of German origin, that his family have always been Protestants, and that the impression that he is of Jewish descent is quite unfounded.

THE most interesting thing in Mr. McLennan's "Studies in Ancient History" (Macmillan) is his account of "Marriage by Capture," of which the Rape of the Sabines is the mythical embodiment and commemoration. The custom of feigning to steal or carry off the bride, after the marriage has been really arranged, still prevails in many primitive races. Among the Khouuds the bridal assembly divides into two parties, and while the bridegroom is carrying off the bride, and his friends are assisting him, the friends of the bride attack and pelt him till he reaches the confines of his own village. Among the Kalmucks, when the price of the girl has been agreed on, she is mounted on horseback, rides off at full speed, and is pursued by her lover. Mr. McLennan thinks that the custom of throwing a shoe after the newly-married pair may be a mimic assault and a relic of the same tradition. The explanation that the pretence of force is a tribute to virgin modesty, Mr. McLennan rejects as too refined for primeval sentiment. He finds the origin of the custom in the exogamous habits of certain tribes, which compelled them to take wives by force from other tribes. Exogamy, again, he connects with the practice of killing female infants, which left the tribe without its complement of women. We might add to Mr. McLennan's account of the manner in which women are won in marriage, by citing the custom prevailing among some tribes of our North American Indians. Hearne, in his "Journey to the Copper Mine River," published at the close of last century, speaks of the Dog-rib and Copper Mine Indians, in the neighbourhood of Hudson's Bay, as wrestling for the women to whom they are attached, or for whose accomplishments, as cook and beast of burden, they take a liking. "A weak man," writes the explorer, "unless a good hunter and well beloved, is seldom permitted to win or keep a wife that a stronger man thinks worth his notice." Thus many a poor girl during his journey was lost and won at wrestling in the wilderness joust; and the custom, we dare say, still prevails in the region.

THE NORTHERN RIVER.

I SPRING from out my parent lake
In far-off northern highlands,
And southward, ho! my course I take,
Through tangled maze of alder brake,
And mid my tiny islands.

My channel deepens, on I rush,
And wind by dale and hill,
Full-fed by many a torrent's gush,
And tributary rill.

Past reed-fringed shores, where from his nest
Slow flaps the sluggish crane,
And where, upon my tranquil breast,
When no rude winds the waters crest,
The wild fowl leads her train.

'Twixt rifted cliffs with forests vast
Of waving pine trees crowned,
That towering high in mid-air cast
Upon my waters sweeping past
A shadowy gloom profound.

Through dense, wide-spreading, cedarn swamps,
Where in the dusk are seen
A thousand fire-flies' twinkling lamps
Bright'ning the sombre green.

No hut its train of smoke reveals,
No dams my currents curb,
No noisy mill's revolving wheels
My quiet deeps disturb.

At times my mirror's broken by
The springing trout at play,
Or kingfisher that from on high
Swoops down to seize his prey.

With stately step the wild red deer
At times comes down to drink,
And sees his graceful image clear
Reflected on my brink.

And in the still midsummer night,
When beasts are lulled in dreams,
The wandering Indian's camp-fire light,
'Gainst the dark fir trees flaring bright,
Upon my surface gleams.

No labour's din I leave behind,
No fact'ry stuns the ear,
But, borne upon the norland wind,
Far other sounds I hear,—

The roving hunter's distant shout,
Prolonged the rocks among;
The wolf's long howl, the owl's weird note,
Or whippoorwill's strange song.

Lonely, untrammelled, wild and free,
My current's changing flow,
In notes of varying minstrelsy
Sings a glad song of liberty.
As southward on I go.

Ottawa.

D. C. C.

CANADIAN NOTES AND QUERIES.

Queries on all points of Canadian History and kindred subjects are invited, and will be answered as fully and accurately as possible. Address Editor, "Notes and Queries," THE WEEK.

WITH reference to the use of Roman Catholic churches by Protestants, the librarian of the Toronto Public Library kindly contributes the following extract from the *Quebec Gazette* of April 28, 1768:—"On Sunday last a charity sermon was preached in the Recollets Church, by the Rev. Dr. Brooke, chaplain to the garrison, for the relief of the sufferers by the late fire at Montreal, and Tuesday the collection began from house to house amongst His Majesty's old and Protestant subjects in this city. From the success which has attended its beginning it is expected the amount of the whole will be considerable. On Sunday next, at the same church, will be preached a sermon in French by the Rev. M. Delisle, chaplain of Montreal."

LOCAL news seldom occupied more than a dozen lines in the *Gazette*; but occasionally one comes upon an interesting item, possibly preserved only there. On Thursday, October 20, 1785, it describes the phenomena which caused that year to be popularly remembered as *l'année de la grande noirceur*.

"On Sunday, the 9th instant, between four and five in the afternoon,