

has he eluded us till we are in despair? At the precise moment when we feel to resist no longer, let the cross and crown of James Wolfe occur to save us from the long roll of the wretched and the wrecked. The narrow, 'impassable' pathway which led him to victory on the Plains of Abraham is typical of that which leads us to rest—to rest in Abraham's bosom." T. C. L. KETCHUM.

A SNOWDROP AND A FANCY.

In early spring
A raindrop fell
Into a snowdrop's heart;
And the flow'r bell—
Sweet as a heavenly thing—
Was his, and none could part:

Though these both knew
The sun of day
Oft killed the rain with heat;
That the light May—
(Yet did they trust and woo)—
Trod snowflowers 'neath her feet.

But when the sun
Had shone its best,
Still was the Raindrop there,
In his sweet rest;—
Yea, till the year was done
The flower bloomed, young and fair.

And oft I sing:
"A day departs,
The things thereof shall flee,
But in true hearts
Lingers a heavenly thing
That knows Eternity."

Montreal, P. Q.

HUGH COCHRANE.

JOTTINGS ON THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION, 1775.

AMONG the books recently added to the library of the Literary and Historical Society, at Quebec, one volume, in particular, bids fair to interest, in an eminent degree, students of Canadian history. It bears for its title, "Letters of Brunswick and Hessian officers during the American Revolution; translated from the German and annotated by William L. Stone, author of several standard works on American history." One portion of the volume is particularly attractive to Canadians.

In the first stages of the mighty struggle which, in 1783, ended in the final separation of the British Provinces from the Mother Country, Quebec had, by its geographical position, been called to play a not unimportant part, as a secure northern basis of military operations, against the New Englanders. Its citadel was proved to be impregnable; its magnificent harbour, open for one-half of the year, afforded rare facilities for the English fleets to land troops destined for the seat of war. From 1775 to 1783, inclusive, the port of Quebec more than once was crowded with stately frigates—bearing England's red-coated legions and their brave German allies, the Brunswickers and Hessians.

Mr. Stone, in the preface to his work, explains the origin, nature and value of the translation he undertook in an historical point of view. The collection of these letters, it seems, is due to Professor August Ludwig Schlozer, of the University of Göttingen, who, in 1776, collected in a monthly magazine these private letters, written by officers to their relations and friends in Germany, from those portions of the world then engaged in war; the publication was continued through to the year 1782, and contains many letters of the most interesting character from Hessian and Brunswick military men, who were serving on the British side during the Revolutionary War. They are replete with new and valuable information regarding the habits and customs of the inhabitants of the places whence they were written—minute descriptions of different personages, such as Generals Gates and Hancock, Sir Guy Carleton, Luc de la Corne St. Luc and others; a stirring narrative by an eye witness of the battles of Saratoga, and of other memorable engagements. In the collection, there are three letters written from Quebec and its environs, of more special interest to us Canadians. Let us select a passage from one of these three letters—descriptive of the festivities, resorted to annually to commemorate the defeat and downfall of the leader of the Invasion of Canada in 1775; it sets forth, among other matters, in vivid colours, the treatment inflicted on traitors, caught red-handed; the incident to us is entirely new. The annual banquet, mentioned in this letter, continued to be held for nearly a quarter of a century, sometimes at Free Masons' Hall, at others, at the famous, rustic hostelry on the Little River St. Charles, the Blue House, kept by General Murray's famous *cuisinier*, M. Menut.

"On Dec. 28, 1776, Brigadier-General Specht and myself started to drive from St. Anne to Quebec, both to pay our respects to General Carleton and at the same time to attend a fête to which we had been formally invited. We passed the night with Lieutenant-Colonel Ehrenkrook at Cap Santé, and on the 30th paid our respects to His

Excellency and dined with him. In the evening we supped with Lieutenant-Governor Cramahé. On the 31st there was a great festival, that day being celebrated as the first anniversary of the deliverance of Quebec, on which occasion the rebels lost their great leader, General Montgomery. At 9 o'clock in the morning a thanksgiving service was held in the Cathedral (the present Basilica) at which *Monseigneur*, the Bishop, officiated. Eight unfortunate Canadians, who had sided with the rebels, were present, with ropes about their necks, and were forced to do penance before all in the church and crave pardon of their God, Church and King. At 10 o'clock the civic and military authorities, as well as all visiting and resident gentlemen, whether Canadians or English, assembled at the Government House. All the resident gentlemen of Quebec, in accordance with their rank as officers of the militia, wore green suits with *paille* (straw) facings, waist-coats, knee-breeches and silver epaulettes upon their shoulders. At 10.30 His Excellency came out of his room and received congratulations. At 11, accompanied by Major-General Riedesel, Brigadier Specht and all of the officers and English gentlemen present, he left for a large square in front of the Recollets Convent (the Ring), where the French Militia or Canadian citizen soldiery of Quebec were drawn up in eight companies. They fired off three trains of gunpowder, lit bon-fires, and shouted *Vive le Roi!* From here the company proceeded to the 'Upper Town,' where we attended religious services in the English church.

"Here the roar of cannon from the citadel intermingled with the *Te Deum*, while enthusiastic citizens shot off shot-guns and muskets from their windows. At 3 o'clock the General gave a dinner to sixty persons, at which no ladies, except the two Lady Carletons,* were present.

"In the evening at six the entire company started for the large English *auberge* (hotel), where over ninety-four ladies and 200 *chapeaux* (gentlemen) were already assembled in the great hall. The ladies were seated on rows of raised benches. A concert was at once begun, during which an English ode, written in honour of the festival, was sung. This ode was composed of *ariettas*, recitations and choruses. During the music, tickets were distributed to those of both sexes who desired to dance. Every *chapeau* received a ticket for a certain lady, with whom he was obliged to dance the entire evening, and which numbered 1, 2, etc. During these dances some distinction is made between the rank of the *chapeaux* and the ladies. Strangers, however, receive preference. Every couple goes through the minuet alone, and the ladies call off the name of the minuet to be danced. At large balls this custom becomes very tiresome. English dances are performed with two couples, and the long hall is divided off by rows of benches. All strife for precedence or, in other words, pushing, is done away with, and the Governor himself, who is not a dancer, does everything in his power to keep things running smoothly. Ladies who do not care for dancing put on a small *Bügel rocke* (an ironed cloak), and gentlemen, who also do not feel like dancing, wear black cloth shoes with felt soles. All kinds of refreshments were served. . . . The streets in front of the hotel were alive with people. At midnight a regular supper was served at a number of tables. It is true that the eatables were all cold, but delicacies and pastry could be had in superabundance. At two o'clock dancing was again renewed and lasted until broad daylight. All the English and French officers of militia at Quebec gave these *fêtes*, which must easily have cost 7,000 *reich thaler*. (A *reich thaler* is seventy-five cents in U. S. money.)—*Extract from Private Letters from Canada, which arrived in Lower Saxony Aug. 1, 1777.* J. M. LE MOINE.

PARIS LETTER.

AS was to be expected, the French commence to ask: "What is the Franco-Russian alliance?" It will not do to reply: "Open your mouth and shut your eyes and see what the Czar will send you." Nor will it do to hint that Russia, united to France, will smash up the "heathen Chinese." The French have, and have had, enough and to spare of black flags and pirates in Tonkin without marching across the Dark Continent of China. The Marquis de Castellane, a spasmodic publicist, does yeoman's service to his countrymen by impressing on them that they are ranked friends by Russia, because the friendship is useful; that it would be akin to mental aberration to believe that it is either from taste or race-love the Muscovite jigs with France. Russia, says the Marquis, will never be a platonic ally: she will exact proofs, for her diplomacy aims at material guarantees. He urges all parties in France to solder their splits, not divide their sympathies upon England and Italy, but give them wholly to Russia. Permit the latter to annex Serbia and Bulgaria, that would restore Metz and Strasbourg to France without firing a shot, and, at the same time, rein up England in Egypt. A Frenchman is born to live in day-dreams, as are the sparks to fly upwards. First kill your bear, then dispose of its skin.

I encountered a few days ago an Italian acquaintance, in a hurry to catch the train to Marseilles *en route* to Nice, to be present at the inauguration of the statue to Garibaldi. I hazarded the opinion that that event might, as in the case of the Portsmouth *fêtes* for the English,

*Sir Guy Carleton had married Lady Maria, a younger daughter of the second Earl of Effingham. His nephew, Captain Christopher Carleton, had married Lady Anne, an elder daughter of the Earl of Effingham.

diminish the asperities in the relations between the two peoples. He indulged in a sardonic grin, which only your true Italian can work up. France, he said, was jealous of Italy's unity and resuscitation, and of her alliance, that closes henceforth Gallic interference in our family affairs. Italy is not rich, but her frugality will ever enable her to meet the expenses of her security. She is creating new markets for exports that the shortsightedness of France declines to exchange; she is financially disturbed, but not endangered, by wild cat speculations in Rome and other cities, such as were witnessed at Berlin after the 1870-71 war, and in Paris by the crash of the Union Bank. "And the Franco-Russian alliance?" A "*fumisterie*," as Signor Crispi describes it, but that, like practical jokes, may blunder into real danger. "And the return of Crispi to office?" As possible as the ejection of Di Rudini, for both have identical programmes. "One word more: Your alliance with England?" A natural, unsealed pact, that will exist so long as both kingdoms need a free Mediterranean. "Why should not France utilize the temporal power, as she does Russian autocracy?" he asked me.

In France, only the unexpected arrives. The restaurateurs and their waiters have hitherto been leading a cat and dog life. Strikes were tried, but proved of no avail. At last it was decided to form a mixed syndicate of employers and employed, which has been done, and is working admirably. The waiters will have their choice of a daily salary, or a part share out of the 'Tips' Vase or Ton's Box; they will be free to wear their beards, but promise to relinquish the Esau favour, if clients object. The syndicate will be its own registry office. There is no enthusiasm in France among the workmen, either for coöperate production or really for the Profits' Sharing scheme. Constant employment and unsweating salaries are preferred to risks and up and down profits. As for pure socialism, that has now been handed over to the Anarchists for specialty. Property, whether real, funded, or industrial, is too subdivided in France to be ever equalized.

The French feel very proud that a statistician has revealed they have a greater number of cannon—2,880 pieces—than any other country in Europe, or 260 more than Germany. Unfortunately the battle is often as much to the swift as to the strong, as President Balmaceda knows to his cost. A battle nowadays depends on the rapidity with which the greatest number of men and guns can be concentrated. There's the weakness, and mayhap the indestructibility of Russia. The French are asked to judge of the magnitude of Russia, by her population of 112,000,000, or two-thirds less than that of the British Empire; but it is not stated the 112,000,000 are disseminated between Abo and Wladivostok more than a Sabbath day's journey. As it is in contemplation to prepare breast and back plates for the soldiery of a mixture of copper and aluminum to ward off the new small bore rifle missiles, the outbreak of war may happily be deferred. The compound produces a metal not only light but capable of stopping the modern missile that can perforate three men. Armour-plated soldiers have only to hide their heads and take to their legs to escape scot free.

"Happy are the people who have no complaining in the streets," says Jeremiah. In this sense Paris is not happy; the police have just arrested a band, thirty strong, of highway beggars, that at night-fall slunk into the recesses of the doorways in the avenue of the Champs Elysées and its side streets, pouncing upon solitary pedestrians for charity, naming one or two francs as the smallest contribution, unthankfully accepted. Several young burglars have been arrested; the leader of one band was the son of a distinguished citizen who disarmed suspicion by residing with his parents, till in an evil hour he proposed to rob his own papa, when he and his pals were seized by the neighbours. These juveniles displayed anything but weak volitional power.

The believers in "instinctive criminality" ought to note the case of young Baillet, the "Jack the Ripper" of the north of France, who has just been executed at Douai. He committed no less than five murders, and was only twenty-one years of age; his parents were respectable and he received a good education; for years moral life was extinct in him. During his *dernière toilette* he indulged in scoffings against the two clergymen; he expressed his astonishment that no one was inclined for fun, as he was being tied, and counted that he had still a few seconds left to enjoy it. The executioner knows well these bravado patients; they make a desperate struggle when on the plank, and are actually decapitated while trying to free themselves. Three doctors operated in a shed, at the side of the grave, within seven minutes after the fall of the knife. The law requires that the body must be lowered into its grave, and three shovelfull of earth thrown on it; then the doctors present their demand for exhumation. The deceased left a letter addressed to "Society," very well written, in which he stated his moral corruption was effected while undergoing his first imprisonment, not for a very heinous offence, and implored prison reformers to make some classification of the inmates of penitentiaries. As a nation the French have very little faith in the regeneration of criminals, and only ask that they be shot out of the country as moral detritus.

The proceeding of H. M. S. *Esperanza* in acting as a cargo boat to convey the thirty tons of trust silver from Valparaiso to Montevideo is so far an enigma for everyone, the more so as ex-Balmaceda was an avowed anglophobe. It is rumoured that the English Government will impound the robbings of the Chilean Treasury when