

The evidence of the authenticity of the red line of the Franklin map does not end here. In 1784, while Dr. Franklin was still in Paris, Lattré, engraver of maps to the king, published a *Carte des Etats Unis de l'Amerique, suivant le traité de Paix de 1783*, which he dedicated to Franklin, and on which the line of boundary is identical with that of the Sparks-Franklin map. Mr. Reves says the line was drawn under Franklin's direction. This conclusion appears to have been a presumption founded on the dedication; but if it were shown that Franklin accepted the dedication, or if the words "by permission" had been added, the responsibility of the American negotiator would have been established.

THORPE MAPLE.

### SIR WILLIAM DAWSON.

THE election of Sir William Dawson to the Presidency of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, for the year 1886, was partly a recognition of the valuable services rendered to Science by the expounder of *Eozoon Canadense*. It may seem ungracious to add that the compliment to Canadian Science was, more particularly, a return for the hospitality afforded by the Dominion to the Association in 1884; but the last to consider his views in accordance, not to say sympathy, with those of a majority of the British scientists, would be, we imagine, Sir William Dawson himself. A few years ago there were two camps in the British Association, the Evolutional and the Non-Evolutional, but to-day there is hardly a murmur of the old battle heard. The evolutionists have not only won the day in their own arena, but have been received under the protecting wing of Society and the Church. It is matter of fresh memory that, when the theory was first enunciated, religious men took alarm from a fear that the foundations of their faith were being attacked, as they had taken alarm when a former generation of scientists had given the world a longer birth-hour than the six days of the Mosaic narrative. The spread of more knowledge, however, as to the real nature of the theory, and as to the character of its greatest propounder, has greatly weakened this alarm, and has won for it a toleration, at least, amongst those who are unable to judge of its value as a now indispensable adjunct of scientific research. In America the change has been hardly less rapid; and the only combatant left, of any considerable note, is Sir William Dawson, who opposes the theory as being not only subversive of religion but wanting in scientific proof. His "Story of the Earth and Man" attempts to show that geological history is not in accordance with the theory, but rather, when the lights are properly shifted, in remarkable accordance with the Biblical narrative. We do not propose to enter here on any discussion of the value of the arguments there brought forward. The spirit of true science has never seemed to us in conflict with the spirit of true religion, nor has the latter ever seemed to require conformity, in letter, with the ever-advancing results of the former. Our object is, rather, to draw attention to the attitude which Sir William Dawson assumes toward his opponents—an element of his work which we do not think should pass unchallenged. Clear and exact in his arguments, when no theory is involved, and popular in his descriptions, many pages of his "Earth and Man" are as entertaining as the pages of Kingsley or Lewes; but whenever we touch upon the theory of evolution we are bidden to believe that its upholders are not only men of comparatively scant knowledge, but that they are necessarily wanting in the elements of manhood. Such a method of argument had, we thought, with scientific men at least, passed away from the world. A successful method it may have been at one time, but it can hardly hope to be again. The writings of Darwin, Huxley and Tyndall can never, among reading men, be considered as wanting in knowledge, and the character of the one who has passed away was surely publicly recognized when England's great Abbey received the body of Charles Darwin.

Sir William Dawson is, indeed, the leader of a forlorn hope. The young gentlemen of Princeton, of Knox College and of Morrice Hall, may still show an adherence to the orthodox standard, but the defections from the scientific wing have been too numerous to admit of any serious rally of the forces. *Et tu, Brute!* may have escaped the leader's lips as he read the other day that the Duke of Argyll had announced in a lecture at Glasgow that he could see no real conflict between Darwinism and Religion. A few years ago the scientific Duke spoke of "Dr. Dawson's" able defence of religion from the attacks of "pseudo-science."

If we have little sympathy, however, with Sir William Dawson's attitude towards Evolution, we cannot withhold our admiration of the great services which he has rendered to science as a teacher and as a discoverer. An accomplished botanist, geologist and microscopist, he has not only laid at McGill strong foundations for our scientific growth, but has "enlarged the boundaries of human knowledge" to a quite appreciable degree. Patient, painstaking and judicious, in matters of pure science, his interpretations of New World geology are received in England with the very highest respect.

J. C. S.

### THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL GRANT.

NEW YORK, August 8th, 1885.

PASSING over the route of the funeral procession this morning while participants and spectators were getting into place, or watching, later on, the march of the long escort, as the body was slowly borne towards Riverside Park, it was natural that one's thoughts should often turn back to that raw November day, thirty-three years ago, whereupon England had aroused herself in order to bury the Great Duke with unwonted pomp and ceremony. Many, indeed, were the points of contact between the two occasions, and inevitable differences served to throw resemblances into stronger relief.

In the first place, the characters and careers of the two heroes were much alike. Each was a successful leader of armies, simple of habit, single-minded and unselfish, and each had been fated to stand between his country and perils that threatened its national existence. Wellington, no less than Grant, drawn by the admiration and confidence of his countrymen into political leadership, had failed in all but the old-time honesty which always sought to be right.

It is not probable that either the Duke of Wellington or General Grant would have chosen or accepted for himself the pageant that accompanied his passage to the tomb; but in 1852 the British people felt that their honour and patriotism were concerned in paying splendid rites to the mortal remains of him whom the leading organ of public opinion styled "England's greatest son," and such has been the feeling here with respect to one whom people, in their present mood, are disposed to rank second only to their almost deified Washington.

Let us come now to the chief points of dissimilarity between the two spectacles. At the funeral of the Duke nothing was more striking, or more talked about, than the peculiar aspect given to the streets by the gathering and grouping of not less than a million and a-quarter of people along the short route from the Horse Guards to St. Paul's. To-day there could not have been more than a third of that number along the route, which was fully twice as long, from the City Hall to Fifty-seventh Street, so that our multitude gained in comfort what they lost in picturesqueness. Emphatic proof of the advance of the masses in prosperity during the intervening thirty or more years was afforded by the superior dress, demeanour and intellectual appearance of the people who lined, or rather packed, the foot-walks, balconies, stands and doorsteps, for ocean travel has given to New York the general features of a European city, and one would not always be able to tell from his human surroundings whether he was in the British or American metropolis. Architecturally, the advantage rests with to-day, for no street panorama in the London of 1852 could show such thoroughfares as Broadway and Fifth Avenue, with their long lines of almost palatial buildings. This was fortunate, as the mourning decorations were, to speak generally, scanty, monotonous and ineffective, and the most of them weather-worn from recent storms. Street decoration is one of the undeveloped arts in the United States. Our procession of to-day had not that blending of mediæval and modern features which its predecessor owed to the supervision of the Herald's College, and the survival in the Mother Country of outward signs of the feudal system, although parts of the column sadly needed such lighting up as the scattered array of heralds, pursuivants and trumpeters, and the ancient costumes of civic dignitaries and bodies gave to the former. We missed, too, and on the whole gladly missed, that long procession of empty mourning coaches which attested the perfunctory grief of the nobles and commoners who did not find it practicable or convenient to ride in them to the Cathedral. Nor had we that glittering assembly of princes and general officers who came from all the courts of Europe as special envoys, in splendid costumes, to attend the funeral of one who was an exalted member of nearly every order of merit or dignity known to the civilized world. As to the rest of the pageantry the details need no further discrimination from or comparison with the great event at London so many years ago.

A State funeral for General Grant necessarily meant a military spectacle in its main features, and it was a wise choice that devolved the management on General Hancock, a noble-looking man of eminent reputation as a soldier and great elevation of taste and feeling. He bent his energies towards excluding from the parade and ceremony whatever was grotesque, ignoble, or incongruous, and he sought to give to the whole affair a serious and finished aspect, with military precision and promptness in the movement. As a witness and delineator of many public ceremonials I am bound to say that, with all the shortcomings of to-day's event, which were neither few nor trifling, it will no longer be possible upon any important occasion to put up with the slipshod, draggled-tailed way of organizing and conducting parades which has heretofore prevailed in the States as well as in the Dominion.

The police arrangements were surprisingly good in plan and execution. The length of the march, the torrid season, and the hours of exposure and exertion to which hundreds of thousands of people were to be subjected, caused great anxiety to the medical men and the general public. The route was accordingly laid off into hospital districts; ambulances, stretchers, and water-bearers were liberally provided, a fireman was stationed at each signal-box to turn in alarms to the district hospitals and temporary stations as ambulances were needed, and large hospital staffs remained at the post of duty. These were kept busy, but serious consequences were avoided. The police gave every possible opportunity to the populace to see the procession while protecting the latter from pressure.

The general effect was marred by many temporary stands of unpainted and undraped boards; the divisional commanders, though overburdened with mounted aides, failed to keep their columns well closed; the jangling of the bands produced discord and inharmonious movement, and there was