

being jealous of English traders penetrating into the country. Of the vicissitudes of fortune that attended Henry while he was in Michilimackinac, I do not propose to speak in this paper. The story of the massacre of the English at the fort and of Henry's wonderful escape and rescue from death has been so well and so fully told by Parkman that it would be presumptuous in me to seek to add anything to his relation. Suffice it to say that as many as seventy of the English soldiery of the fort were treacherously massacred by the Indians, and that the French Canadians did not try to stay their hands. The means employed by the Indians to gain entrance to the fort was their favourite game of Lacrosse. The ball was allowed to be thrown into the fort, and as if innocent of murderous design the Indians were allowed to enter the gates to rescue the massacre, with all its shocking details, have been so graphically written down by another pen that I pass them over as beyond the purpose of this paper which has been written more to illustrate the mode of transportation in Canada in the last century and the general state of the country, more especially that part of it extending from Montreal to Lake Huron by the Ottawa, than for any other object. I have to thank Mr. Colby Cockburn, of Toronto, a great grandson of Alexander Henry, for permitting me to peruse his journal which Mr. Cockburn preserves as a family treasure. It is by the aid of this journal that I have been able to give most of the facts related in this paper.

D. B. READ.

### LOVE AND THOUGHT.

WITH silver speech, clear brow and eyes of light,  
Came Thought and clasped my hand and led me on  
Into the darkness: where, when we had gone  
With flying feet far down the lonely night,  
Ere yet his beacon turrets rose in sight,  
E'en while their distant cressets dimly shone,  
A sudden terror fell my heart upon:  
That Love, my master Love, was slain outright.

Our onward course we held until the grey  
Of morning glimmered on the clouds above;  
The high, wide portal past, he led the way:  
And then—as 'twere the rustling of a dove,  
A low, cool laugh—and, in bright rose of day,  
There at my right hand smiling—there was Love!

J. H. BROWN.

### OTTAWA LETTER.

A CANDIDATE capable of stealing or bribing to obtain an examination paper is not likely to make the sort of civil servant the country wants. For some time past the examiners have had suspicions that underhand play was going on, notwithstanding all their precautions to prevent their papers from being obtained beforehand; but, beyond disquieting hints, no evidence could be had till lately. Now it turns out that an elaborate conspiracy existed whereby the papers for the promotion examinations of mail clerks were copied in the Government printing office. The investigation has disclosed all but the actual means of copying resorted to, which is supposed to be by shorthand writing, apparently the only thing left out of the calculation when the complicated system of supervision of the confidential printing was devised. The wretched state of affairs in the Printing Bureau under Mr. Senecal's management adds to the uneasy feeling that other Departments than the Post Office may have suffered in this way.

Mr. Senecal's own opinion of his management by no means agrees with that just expressed. In the Printing Bureau he has indeed erected a monument to himself more lasting than brass dogs. Even Mr. Arnoldi could not have given such a delightfully audacious interpretation of the Civil Service Act as does Mr. Senecal in his letter of farewell to the Public Accounts Committee. That tyrannous statute forbids extra pay, but it cannot, says Mr. Senecal, prevent "testimonials of esteem and of cordial relations from friend to friend." Several witnesses testified to "testimonials." Mr. Senecal thoughtfully saved his friends the trouble of searching for something appropriate by suggesting cash commissions of ten per cent. It is most unfortunate that this form of testimonial does not permit of the usual inscription testifying to the esteem and cordial relations which prompt it. A sensitive nature like Mr. Senecal's could hardly be expected to stand the rude shock of appearing before a committee which is neither capable of appreciating the services he has rendered his country nor of understanding his delicacy of feeling. He has therefore felt that his doctor's orders must no longer be disregarded. Reminding the committee gently that

He that will not when he may,  
When he will he shall have nay,

he has excused himself from further attendance upon them, and, as is the fashionable thing for witnesses wanted at Ottawa to do, has gone to the seaside. How totally incapable some people are of entering into the feelings of others is shown by the fact that he has actually been summoned to the Bar of the House to explain this departure. The revelations as to his dealings with firms supplying the Printing Bureau are getting worse and show that the total amount received by him must be very large. The charge is rather implied than made that Senecal had something beyond his own pocket in view, that the Conservative

election fund of that portion of the Province of Quebec which is in Mr. Chapleau's particular care, benefited by the transactions. As the evidence stands, however, there is no proof of this, but in one of the stormy scenes which are of such frequent occurrence in the Committee rooms, Mr. Lister threatened to bring matters close home to the Secretary of State before he had finished the investigation.

The Privileges and Elections Committee have named a sub-committee of five to draft a report, but as this is all the progress that has been made in a week, and at such a rate the Greek Kalends will have arrived before the report itself is ready and adopted by the majority. That Sir Hector is to be whitewashed is a long foregone conclusion. The scapegoat, Mr. McGreevy, has fled to the mountains—the White Mountains—and is said to have stated that he would like to come back and tell his own story on his own account, but having been trusted by other people to say nothing, will carry out his promises.

Meanwhile the session drags on. Confident people speak of prorogation by the 20th of this month. It is understood that the Opposition have made about as much political material out of their investigations as they want, and that no very great length of time would suffice to wind these up and discuss the results in the House; so that there is really only the Tarte-Langevin matter to cause delay, unless the Printing Bureau scandal goes on developing. The Government evidently feel the importance of giving the Opposition a free rein and of avoiding the slightest chance of making the country think there is a desire to stop enquiry. But a Government has also the duty of being firm in the right time and place, and of guarding against the other danger of an excited public feeling, mistaking the exaggerated and distorted statements which are going all over the world for sober truth. Had the Interior Department irregularities, the Arnoldi and Senecal rascalities, and the other occurrences which have been blazoned in head lines—had these occurred at any other time than just after Sir John Macdonald's death and during the pendency of the Langevin-McGreevy enquiry, they would have been enquired into in one-tenth of the time they have already occupied, and would never have been allowed to blacken Canada's credit at home and abroad by the imputation that public life and public officers in the Dominion are what a certain class of politicians aver.

However things may be apparently drifting under no control so far as the Committee Rooms are concerned, the work of the House goes on systematically and steadily. There has been enough legislation lately, most of it useful, some of it important, to bring the Deputy Governor down for the fourth time this session to give the Royal Assent. And the Estimates have been progressing so fast that the Opposition evidently think it necessary to do a little obstruction, so as to leave them opportunity for want of confidence motions on "going into Supply." The contract for the wood used as fuel in "the Buildings" took up a whole sitting. A contractor, who is a "Chevalier," also perhaps deserves this special consideration, but Mr. Heney, locally known as "Honest John," probably appreciates it less than he does the contract. Mr. McMullen, famous for knowledge of detail, had been literally looking into this wood pile, but the proverbial nigger eluded him. The tug *John Heney* may be seen sometimes on the Canal towing the barge *Sir Hector*, an allegory dear to Grit expositors.

The Conservative caucus was a gathering at which Mark Tapley would have felt quite at home, so great was the enthusiasm and so small apparently the occasion for rejoicing. That the majority are holding solidly together is quite evident from the tone displayed by all after the meeting, which was probably intended more to bring them together than to formulate any plan of action. The only dissatisfaction which finds expression is that of Members from the distant Provinces who find it a severe task to remain at the Capital, ready at all times for the sound of the division bell, while most of the Ontario and Quebec men get away from Friday night to Tuesday, and can risk the chances of a day's absence without a pair if they want to go home during the week. The Opposition tactics just now are the well worn dodges of tiring the Ministerialists out so as to score a series of lessening majorities to be proudly pointed out as evidence of waning support, and of "piling on the agony" in the shape of charges against the Administration. It is rumoured that the Deputy Speaker is to be the next object of attack. Not that Mr. Bergeron does not fill the chair to everybody's satisfaction; he does that literally in all senses, a little too much good nature being perhaps his only fault. What his political shortcomings may be is not yet known.

Mr. Dalton McCarthy is once more *en évidence*. His return was opportunely too late for the North West Territories question, but it is looked upon as a factor in the readjustment of the Cabinet, which must take place soon after the session ends.

The results of the census were a distinct dampener to all but the most ardent Grits. There is reason to believe, however, that the statements yet to come will show that if the population has not increased in the anticipated ratio, the actual wealth of the Dominion has increased beyond expectation, and the individual Canadian will therefore be theoretically a richer man than he was ten years ago. Whether he will be more contented thereat is another question. It is tolerably certain that the Opposition will find him reason in it to grumble at the Government and to deprecate "combines." The frosts in the North-West, which happily have proved to have affected

the wheat crop much less severely than the first reports stated, recall Sir John Macdonald's famous electioneering joke that "the weevil came in with the Grits." The political Jonahs find much material for prophecy just now.

It is rather hard to understand from the newspapers just what the Senate Committee have established about the Baie des Chaleurs Railway job. To believe the local organs would be to believe contradictories from the same premises, each side finding a glaring scandal exposed and the opposite party's bubble pricked. The truth seems to be that as there was no getting over the facts of Mr. Pacaud's little operation and the Quebec Government's share in it, a bold game of bluff was tried by their counsel, who looks more to the presentation of assertions to the French voter than to the feasibility of making a plausible case before the Senate. The investigation of the charge against the old directorate that they had embezzled subsidies due to their contractors, resulted in Mr. Langelier's witness proving just the contrary. The company, it seems, got a portion of the work done for them for \$118,000 less than the subsidies received for it. There is nothing criminal in that. The consequent question whether the railway was thus made a medium for getting money out of the treasury into the shareholder's pockets depends on the actual cost of the railway. The engineers' estimates and other evidence will settle that. Mr. Robitaille has the satisfaction of having vindicated his character and of a formal acknowledgment by Mr. Langelier that the charges were not directed against him personally. The latest news is that Mr. Robert McGreevy is to be summoned to tell all he knows about the road, which, it will be remembered, he had something to say about in connection with the Tarte charges. So the Senators are really going to the bottom of the whole affair.

Mr. Foster has been kept pretty busy for some time past defending his colleagues against aspersions. Last week he was put on his own defence by Mr. Davies and Sir Richard Cartwright. The former essayed a want-of-confidence motion on the subject of the subsidies to the line of steamers from St. John, N. B., to the West Indies, charging that the Finance Minister had unduly favoured his own political friends and at the best had made a bad bargain. That Mr. Baird was one of the favoured of Foster, lent additional zest to the Opposition attack, enabling them to bring in allusions to the famous Queen's County election which caused such a fight in the last Parliament. The Government majority of twenty-six is the largest of the session, and no doubt consoled Mr. Foster amply, as he can hardly be called a popular man in politics.

Sir Richard's shot was aimed at two birds, the Departments of Finance and Railways and Canals. The issue of Governor-General's warrants for the payment of moneys not in the Estimates is supposed to be made only to meet unforeseen expenses of an unusual character. Under all Governments, however, this theory has been liberally stretched. The payment of no less than \$1,680,000 in this way last year certainly required explanation, and Sir Richard selected as the text for his homily a sum of \$300,000 expended on the Intercolonial Railway within a few weeks after the close of last session. Mr. Schreiber and his subordinates didn't know it would be wanted, and beyond that Sir Richard could not get, though he made it very evident that they ought to have known. That did not change the vote, though Sir Richard will claim in the next campaign that his argument, and not the refusal of his supporters to pair with homesick Conservatives, reduced the majority to fifteen.

X.

### THE RAMBLER.

THE youth of the year has fled. We feel and know it in the early morning—really early, I mean, not at half-past nine in the street-car, but five or six in the back flower-garden—where the blossoms of the *belle de nuit*, French for *Convolvulus*, remain round and full and blue or crimson till late in the day. When the ash-berries ripen from immature orange to flaming scarlet, and when an occasional yellow chestnut fan falters languidly to the ground; then we know that the end of summer is not far off. The air may seem still warm, still gracious, and a purplish haze still crown the distant hills—only this is for Toronto, just a nice literary conceit, for here we have no distant hills—but for all these signs of summer's charm, the autumn draweth on apace. And who shall say it hath not its own charm, especially to the dwellers in the cities? Autumn means the gay, glad, busy, crowding in of life and work and talents to the great centres of thought and industry, and who will deny that in the midst of toil and action we are happiest after all? No longer do the days drag wearily on, one by one, each duller and longer than its predecessor. The hours are marked off like those on Alfred the Great's candle, each bringing its duty—real or imaginary—and if these duties only be real and of importance to the race or individual, there is no better season. It is the season of hearth and home, of fireside blaze and close drawn curtain, of long, pleasant evenings around a big table. It is the season, too, of social gaieties, which may have their proper place in the unfolding of human character, and it is pre-eminently the season of the Drama and the Concert, and other means to self-improvement and increased mental cultivation. Then, too, it is the season of varied and fascinating exercise. It is possible that in our climate we allow too many of the summer days to pass without devoting them to exercise. As a