

Said the Maple one day to the rampant Thistle,
To the passers by, why do you stick?
What profit, poor sot, do you reckon to get by it?
None whatever, replied the weed:
I only want to scratch them!

Rare everywhere else, the maple must have agreeably struck the discoverers of Canada. We may well suppose that the French colonists gave particular attention to it, and became accustomed to regard it as the Canadian tree *par excellence*.

The oak of the Gauls was replaced by the maple in the affections of the Canadians. This will be understood upon the least reflection. Inhabiting a country covered with immense forests, the Gauls long nourished themselves with the wild fruits of their trees, and especially the nuts of the different species of oak which were very numerous among them. The special veneration in which they held this latter tree, the pompous ceremonial with which the high-priest came every year to cut the mistletoe which grows upon it, the name even of these druids, derived from the Celtic *deru* (oak), all seem to indicate what furnished the first food of our ancestors. It was that of most of the original barbarous races. The Canadians beheld in the maple a majestic tree, the equal of the oak in aspect, more beautiful at certain seasons—the spring when it dons its tender green vesture, the autumn when it crimsones at the touch of the frost. Soon they perceived that its admirable wood was a precious boon for many uses, and that the sap of this monarch of the mountains and plains supplied an abundant sugar, superior to all others; they became attached to the maple, just as the Gauls had been to the oak.

At the first banquet of the St. Jean Baptiste Society that took place in Montreal, on the 24th of June, 1834, there was remarked, in the decorations of the hall, a festoon of maple branches full of leaves. When it was officially proposed to the same society to adopt the maple leaf as the national emblem (1836), M. D.-B. Viger expressed himself in these terms: "This tree which grows in our forests, on our rocks, when young and storm-beaten languishes, while drawing with difficulty its nourishment from the soil which produces it; but soon it erects itself and, grown big and robust, braves the storms and triumphs over the blast. The maple—this is the king of our forests. This is the emblem of the Canadian people!"

A New Literary Venture.

THE new magazine, which rejoices in the name of "Cosmopolis: an International Review," is certainly an ambitious and laudable enterprise, of which we say that we trust it will both deserve and achieve success. Of making magazines there seems to be no end, but this one has a distinctive feature in that it is tri-lingual, a third of its contents being in the French, German, and English languages, respectively. There are many uses for a magazine of this kind: students of the three most important living languages can hear read the fresh productions of men who are masters of style. The members of these different nationalities may here see themselves as others see them, and the great questions of literature, art, music, and politics can here be viewed from totally different standpoints. There is sufficient variety to suit many classes of readers. The most prominent present-day writers of fiction are represented in each section. The recently departed Alexander Dumas is also dealt with by a writer of each nationality, while those who desire something more solid can study "The Scientific Work of Leonard de Vinci," by Eugene Muntz, in French, or "Old Arabic Poetry," by Julius Wellhausen, in German. Ludwig Von Bar (Göttingen) contributes a brief but solid and sober article on "The New Application (Onwendung) of the Monroe Doctrine;" this doctrine is coolly analyzed and shown to be no part of international law, and

† The maple leaf headed the first page of the "Canadien;" the thistle adorned the title of the Mercury.—*Translator*.

‡ As an evidence of the vestiges of Druidical rites among the French-Canadians, I have before me, at the moment, a "Chanson de circonstance," by Mr Sulte, that was used here in Ottawa the other day (1895) for the *Guignol*, or Carol of the Mistletoe. The following is a translation of the foot-note to the chanson:—

"The *Guignol* will be sung at Sandy Hill, on the evening of 31st December, with the object of collecting alms for the poor, according to the ancient custom of France and of Canada. Citizens are requested to have in readiness provisions and other articles for this charitable object."

Woolsey's saying, "On the whole the doctrine is not a national one," is quoted with approval. The question of arbitration is considered, and its claims supported by three writers, including Mr. H. Norman in the Review of the Month, by M. Jules Simon, who closes his brief but charming letter with the sentence, "L'est la cause de la paix, et c'est celle de Dieu!" and by J. Gennadius who concludes his more sustained treatment of the subject with this sensible remark, "One condition, however, is essential and indispensable—proposals for arbitration must be advanced, pressingly, it may be, but in a friendly, conciliatory form. A minatory tone may create a question of honour, and *ipso facto* exclude arbitration; it constitutes a contradiction in terms, and defeats its own object. It is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the very essence of arbitration." One of the most interesting things in the magazine is the threefold representation of the recent difficulty between Britain and Germany. Mr. H. Norman, who has worked hard in the cause of arbitration between the United States and England, who regards Jameson's "firebrand foray" as "a mere piece of filibustering undertaken in flat defiance of every principle of international law and public morality," tells us that "the Emperor had touched the sensitive nerve of national pride, and the whole country was pulsing with a throb of patriotic emotion which might easily have been translated into action." M. F. De Pressense, as an outsider, can handle the matter in a cooler fashion, and gives a fair analysis of the situation, he does not think that the Emperor of Germany ever dreamed that his message would evoke such a response, or if he did he cannot define the motives that actuated him. Let us turn now to Germany and gain whatever enlightenment "Ignotus" is prepared to give. He simply states the fact that the Emperor congratulated the Boers on their warlike action. He then mentions the outlines of "Jingoism" which resulted in both countries, and speaks of it in terms which are meant to make it appear ridiculous. He gives a slight sketch of the past relationship of the British and Dutch in South Africa, and by the aid of Mr. Froude condemns the English out of their own mouth. Next, we learn that the Germans have good memories; England, it seems, did not feel or act rightly at the times of the war with Denmark, the Austrian war, and the Franco-German war. The years 1864, 1866 and 1870 are the great years (years of destiny) of German development. Just here one would like to ask a pertinent question, How does this agree with the quotation from Bismark given later on: "We have with England not less than with Russia the tradition of a century's good relationship." Leaving this for the reader to settle, we note with sorrow that there is a feeling of antagonism in Germany against England on account of commercial rivalry, and jealousy springing out of colonial enterprises. We can make no objection to the statement. "Certainly we wish to grow, but may not England also grow, the earth is big;" the only comment needed is that so far as colonizing is concerned, England has already grown, and while the earth is big, it is not big enough to hold England and Germany in the same place. Whether a good understanding is to be kept up between the two countries depends upon what is done in London (was man in London will und erstrebt). Exactly; M. Pressense says the same in relation to France. By a strange coincidence his review closes with the same sentiment (*Vondra-ton à Londres y contribuer pour sa part?*). Well! it is about Cosmopolis that we are writing, and if any reader gets tired of these jangles when handling its pages he can turn with pleasure to Gabriel Mond's account of the great Wagner festival at Bayreuth in 1876, and he will find himself in the more peaceful realm of poetry and music.

Strathroy, Ont.

W. G. JORDAN.

There are many ways by which men cross the river that lies between obscurity and literary success (remarks Mr. James Payn). One or two leap it at a bound; others are helped over by their friends (but these have to come back again: they cannot "stay"); others make stepping stones for themselves out of their own works, and slowly, but not toilsomely—for their labour is pleasant to them—reach the other side. This is what happened to Mr. Henry Seton Merriman. "Young Mistle" was his first stepping-stone; then there were others at all helped him on his way; but he one that almost brought him to the bank was "Edged Tools," and now "The Sowers" has left him high and dry. There have been few such good novels for years.