

gated by him was now unnecessary, as on examining the list he was already fully represented. By the police regulations now about being enforced in the gambling clubs, the croupier must abandon his special coat, covered with pockets, into which cards and coin mysteriously find their way, and all wagers must be in cash down, no counters; and further, the hole in the table down which the bank rakes its winnings must have no padded or lined chimney to deaden the fall of the gold. It may not be generally known that where gambling is carried on, a silence as of death reigns.

The surgeons are now taking to duelling, but at the expense of their patients; just as former crown princes of France, when naughty and condemned to be birched, had a substitute to bear the whacks. The eminent surgeon Péan claims to have invented the forcipressure, an instrument that seizes the internal blood vessels when severed, grips them tight, and so saves bleeding to death. Surgeon Verneuil asserts that he is the inventor. M. Péan hints his rival does not even know how to use the instrument, and challenges him before a jury of colleagues to make three terrible operations—one removing a tumor from inside a fellow, etc. But what patients will volunteer for the honor of an ante-mortem examination before the Academy of Medicine? What a pity Molière is dead.

FALLEN LEAVES.

How the years drift,  
Like the wither'd drift of the leafage  
Swung thro' the woodland aisles by the wind,  
The wind of the years thro' the pines!  
The wind of the ages, Eternity's blast,  
That gathers the lives of the years,  
And hurtles them out to the dark, to the cold,  
As the drift of the wood is onborne by the breeze  
O'er the boundary marks  
That limit the spaces of man,  
O'er the line that divides  
The regions of culture and warmth  
From the cultureless waste and the wild,  
Where the weed and the bramble hold sway,  
Where lurks neath the undergrowth thorny  
and scant  
The serpent that stings to the death,  
Where blossoms the Upas, whose shadow is doom  
And spreads the mirage of a hope that is false,  
Blest promise that youth raised to lip in his trust,  
That falls in the finding to ashes and dust.

The tree of all life with its roots in the past  
Outstretches its arms to the void,  
And around roll the seasons and tides  
Of the evermore, deathless, imbued with the ray  
From the sun, the unquenchable source  
Of the "was" and the "is" and "to be";  
But this is the one,—the many, the leaves  
Fall yearly, to rot at the foot of the stem  
That bore them aloft in their pride,  
And taught them to swing and rejoice  
In the splendor of spring, and the hot summer days,  
And the gold of the harvesting prime.—  
What sigh sweeps the branches apace,  
Where erst was the lisp of the leaf?  
The branches, denuded, now bend to the blast,  
And wail out a note of unspeakable woe,  
O'er the fallen, the lost,  
Asleep neath the pitiful shroud,  
The shroud of the new-fallen snow,  
While above sails the moan thro' the branches bereft.

The tremulous dirge, the murmured refrain,  
The requiem of Nature, the wail of the wind,  
Making plaint for the lips that were kiss'd  
Neath the glamour of June, the splendor of  
days,  
When the spray whisper'd love to the bird,  
And the bird twitter'd love to the noon,  
That were lost, when the purple of wine,  
And the gold of the corn were ingather'd  
again,  
To the tune of the pipe and the roll of the wain.

As bourgeons the bud, so blossoms the hope,  
Holding the dew of desire;  
As deepens the sun on maturity's cheek,  
As deepens the gold on the crests of the lea,  
So mellow the thoughts that aspire;  
The bloom of the peach is sun-kiss'd on the wall,  
The rustle of orchard-boughs tempt from afar,  
The swallows skim over the waves of the grain,  
Like vessels swift-wing'd bearing peace,  
And a pledge of return in their wake,  
When lo! at a breath the orchard is bare,  
And lo! at a breath, the harvest is o'er;  
The grain is in-garner'd, the swallows away,  
June borne in their flight, but December behind,  
The sun-glide in front, but the snow-flake in rear,  
And the blast and the sleet and the cold:—  
Thus ever the hope,—'tis a sunbeam before,  
But a shadow long-flung, seen behind;  
'Tis the flight of a bird from the dark to the dark  
Thro' the light of the regions of sense;  
'Tis the wave on the grain, that subsides in a breath,  
'Tis a leaf that down drops at the summons of death.

The drift of the leafage is borne o'er the lines,  
That sever the dark from the light;  
And nothing remains but the dirge of the pines,  
Thro' the sorrowful spaces of night!

A. H. MORRISON.

RECENT CONTRIBUTIONS TO CANADIAN HISTORY.

It was in the course of things that the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the Columbian discovery should give a fresh impulse to the study of early exploration on this continent and the subjects therewith associated. To some of the results of this impulse, such as the works of Messrs. Payne and Markham, on the farther, and those of Messrs. Winsor and Fiske, on the hither, side of the Atlantic, attention has already been directed in the columns of *The Week*. It may not be untimely, perhaps, to supplement what has been said concerning these writers by Dr. Bourinot and others by a few comments on the contributions of Canadians to the elucidation of the same theme. Of that theme the comprehensiveness and many-sidedness are best indicated by the title, "History of the New World called America," that Mr. Payne has chosen for his original and deeply interesting study. Since Robertson, more than a hundred years ago, gave the English-speaking world his then valuable treatise, no historian ventured on so broad a survey. The tendency has, on the contrary, been towards specialization in letters as in science, and the diligent searcher amid the records of the past prefers, for the most part, to confine his inquiries to a region or period for the investigation of which he thinks he has exceptional facilities. Although, in recent years, the history of Canada as a whole has engaged the thoughts and energies of some of our foremost writers—our press having yielded at least

fifteen histories of the Dominion, from elaborate works of eight large volumes to the simple school text book, since the publication of the *Bibliotheca Canadensis*—it is to monographs of more restricted range that I would now invite attention. A complete bibliography of these, dealing with all the diversities of form in which historical knowledge may be presented, would surprise those who are not wont to watch the course of domestic publication. Such a catalogue I will not attempt to prepare. It may suffice to point out by a few illustrations how much service may be rendered to the cause of historical truth by gathering from local documentary records or even by gleaming among those that previous historians deemed unworthy of notice.

I will, in my quest, take the path of the sun. Newfoundland is not yet of us, but it is satisfactory to know that the oldest of British colonies has its native historian and observer of contemporary events. The Rev. M. Harvey has written the history of Newfoundland and much besides. Once before in this periodical I had occasion to mention his archaeological labors in connection with the discovery of an old Basque burying-ground, the relic and remembrance of some of the almost prehistoric European pioneers of the cod-fishery. As a member of the Royal Society, in succession to the late Alexander Murray, C.M.G., Sir William Logan's earliest co-worker in Canada, he has received all the liberties of the Dominion, so far as literature is concerned. The old Red Indians of Newfoundland (the Beothiks) were recently the subject of a paper by Dr. Harvey's friend, the Rev. Dr. Patterson. The same tireless inquirer has cleared up some questions touching a long disputed claim to precedence in the exploration of our coasts. His study on "The Portuguese on the North-East Coast of America," which was published in the *Magazine of American History*, is a most painstaking examination of evidence, based on a knowledge not of books only, but also of the topography in question and its early nomenclature. As to the time with which it deals, this valuable paper is of more modern scope than the interesting studies entitled respectively, "The Land-fall of Cabot," and "Cabot's Land-fall," the former by Mr. J. R. Howley, F.G.S, the latter by the Right Rev. M. H. Howley, D.D. But the data of the event here learnedly discussed is again transcended by Sir Daniel Wilson's paper on "The Vinland of the Northmen," (posthumously published with other essays in a volume edited by his daughter), and Mr. Alphonse Gagnon's contribution to the same subject, "Les Scandinaves en Amérique." Some other of the regretted President's later writings take us still further back in the story of the New World, or at least in conjectures relating thereto. The learned study of Dr. Bourinot on "The History of Cape Breton," embraces a survey of nearly all the foregoing hypotheses regarding the Northmen, Cabot and the Portuguese and gives a wealth of data concerning a most important portion (formerly a province) of the Dominion, never previously brought together. The researches of Abbe Casgrain touching the Acadians, of Mr. W. F. Ganong concerning Fort La Tour, of M. Paul de Cazes, Dr. Dionne and Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley on Sable Island, and of Dr. Patterson on "Sir William Alexander and the Scottish Attempt to Colonize Acadia," may be mentioned as contributions, from various stand-