

"down east." Louise Michel herself could scarcely hope to realize republican dreams after the fashion Winnipeggers seem already to have realized them. Few barbed fences insist doggedly upon your neighbour's rights; indeed he shows at times an almost self-destructive generosity with regard to his ox, his maid-servant, and in fact, *all* that is his.

Our first glimpse of society was afforded us at a charmingly convivial little dinner given by what, I suppose, are the most genuine specimens of N. W. knights. Comfort ye, comfort ye, mothers and sisters who have vague fears concerning the temporal welfare of your idols! Spacious, polished, rug-covered hall, and drawing-room none the less cosy for being deprived of feminine gew-gaws; a board all a sparkle, and heavy laden with succulent viands; the usual fussily dressed Hebe replaced by a golden-headed Mercury—you will admit the life of our four enviable hosts has nothing to fear from comparison.

We find in society a curious reflex of the quaint little homesteads. The buffalo looks interrogatively down upon our telephonic ambiguity, and the moccasin and hair bridle are shown side by side with the coquetting Sèvres Shepherdess. The latest London mode of salutation in no wise prohibits an after expression of western opinion, and a very gallant bearing is quite compatible with an intimate knowledge of the crops.

If there seems something infinitely pathetic about decapitated English manor houses, this must be in a measure modified by the close sympathy between crumbling, mouldering stone, and the flowered wilderness about—tired, faded brick and mortar submit gladly enough to be drawn down into the earth's cool, green embrace; but with a half-completed mansion it is different. The Ross residence stands magnificently imposing by the river's bank, vainly protesting against unfinished rooms and paint-spattered windows, against grass-grown walks and encroaching shrubbery, prematurely deprived of all its great apartments had reason to expect. Nobody can buy this seventy-five thousand dollar edifice, and nobody can rent it at seventy dollars per month, so it is occupied by several families like any old tenement house, pending, I suppose, its conversion into some public building.

Here where the Ross mansion stands at Fort Rouge, we find all the pretty, bric-a-brackish homes of the more enterprising youth—frame houses, but quite disguised with gabled roof and balcony and soft æsthetic colouring. Armstrong's Point is the Faubourg St. Germain of Winnipeg, the quarter of the older aristocracy, whose habitations are brick, and square, and English. Some twenty lots near by which were pointed out to us as among the best residential sites in the city had lately been sold by the Federal Bank for six thousand dollars.

Perhaps relatively, but, I fear, from no other point of view, can Winnipeg proper be pronounced picturesque. Now over the river banks and in the wayward shrubbery by the road-side there are gorgeous masses of colour, only it is the colour and arrangement of the paint-shop. About picturesqueness, however, Winnipeggers seem to concern themselves very little; witness their sacrificing old Fort Garry. Nothing but a great stone gateway remains of what was a few years ago by far the most interesting building in the country.

Nothing can give you a better idea of how completely passed the boom period is St. Boniface, which looks sleepily at Winnipeg from across the river, than the fact that a sixteen thousand dollar shop sold the other day for one thousand. The imposing stone church and the still more imposing convents—there are two—seem, nevertheless, flourishing. Louis Riel, you know, lies buried here. His name and nothing else is on the wooden cross that stands with flowers about its foot and a wooden fence around. Under the protecting shadow of the sacred edifice, watched by those pathetic-faced red and purple blossoms which look up craving pardon from the veriest miscreant's grave, for the moment the pretty, melancholy spot quite fails to remind us that beyond, beyond on the Hudson Flats across the bridge, Scott was murdered.

By a piece of very good luck on our way to Sir Donald Smith's house, *Silver Heights*, we saw the review of the C Company of Mounted Infantry. It is quite an original military force, they tell me. The men charge on horseback, then dismount to fire while their horses are led back, several being in charge of one man. You can't imagine anything quite so inspiring as these riderless bronchos dashing madly along.

Sir Donald's residence from the exterior is not much more imposing than the generality of Northwest houses, but a private railroad running to its door, broad acres in a very promising condition, herds of the best cattle in Manitoba, filled us with exceptional admiration. He has some buffalo too, asthmatic things that look at you from their prison with the sad, fierce, mysterious resignation of the Indian.

By the way, I have given you no Government House news; this can be accounted for by the fact that the Governor's house is under repairs. People are still talking about the last entertainment given there, about a perfect *fête* where the children might swing, where their elders might play chess upon the lawn, and western good cheer was quite unmodified by Prohibition.

Regina.

CALL what you dread, fate, and you make it so; strive against it, and you find it is only a great danger to be avoided or a great difficulty to be overcome.—*Goldwin Smith.*

ACCORDING to Professor Sargent, the strongest wood in the United States is that of the nutmeg hickory of the Arkansas region, and the weakest is West Indian birch. The most elastic is the tamarack, the white or shell-bark hickory standing far below it. The least elastic, and the lowest in specific gravity, is the wood of the *Ficus aurea*. The highest specific gravity, upon which in general depends value as fuel, is attained by the bluewood of Texas.

A NEW CANADIAN POET.

To the Maritime Provinces we are again indebted for a poet, who, like Roberts, combines felicity of expression with strong national feeling and individuality. Bliss Carman is a kinsman of the author of "Orion," a native of the same town, and a New Brunswicker. He springs from a race of poets. Wisely, we think, he has not overtaxed his abilities, nor has he printed lavishly the fruit of his muse. A few days ago he sent out to intimate friends a selection of poems, which exhibit him at his best. They touch various phases of his life, movement and character. In execution they are exquisite, and melody, thought, and form are their highest characteristics. Carman owes something to Keats and Shelley, and possibly a good deal to Poe and Mrs. Browning, though he has been careful not to imitate them in idea. But their influence hovers about his muse like the bouquet which delicately rises from Château Lafitte. His workmanship is artistic, and we may see easily that, capable of even higher flights, he has restrained himself. From his pen, shortly, we are promised a volume of verses. In the meantime half a score of poems are given out to whet the appetite and to prepare the reader for what may follow. Carman is a lyrist, pure and simple. He appears to have written, thus far, no long poem, and this may possibly be due to the fact that his imagination does not turn readily to narrative. In an attempt to tell a story he is only partially successful. The beauty of his verse, however, is marvellous. He strikes many keys, and though he has pathos, he never broods. His songs are cheery, musical, and rich in freshness, born of the sunshine. A poet of nature and of patriotism he is bound to be. But little older than the Dominion in years, he, growing with the country, is full of hope for the future of Canada. And this feature of his work cannot be too highly commended. If we have no faith in ourselves, it is difficult for us to inspire others to have faith in us. Carman and Roberts rightly see that they are natives of a country which is full of possibilities. Canadian fruit, flower, manhood, and incident are the well chosen subjects of their songs, and they have invested some of the commonest things in every day life with a grandeur that almost reaches sublimity.

The minor singers of the United States have hardly touched the elevation attained by Bryant, Poe, and Longfellow. When Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell pass away we have no evidence, just now, that their places will be filled. The present singers of Canada, however, have easily distanced their predecessors. It is customary to rank Cremazie as the greatest of the French-Canadian poets. But he never wrote a finer poem than Frechette's "Birds," and every year the laureate of the French Academy is putting forth blossoms and buds which have not been surpassed. Roberts, Mair, and Carman, Miss Machar, Mrs. Harrison (Seranus), and John Reade hold places which Canadian poets never arrived at, with the single exception, perhaps, of John Heavyside. But the author of "Saul" never possessed the lyrical faculty of the present school, and his muse was not Canadian.

To be included in the ranks of *Atlantic Monthly* poets is accounted an honour of no small importance. Aldrich, the editor, writes charming verse himself, and he takes care that the standard of his magazine shall not suffer. The hospitality of his pages has twice or thrice been opened to our Canadian poet, and in the numbers in which his work appeared Carman did not come out below his companions. "Low Tide on Grand Pré"—an ambitious performance—is in admirable temper, very rich in colour, substantial in treatment, and in the way of description it is strong and picturesque. Few poems written in Canada have the splendid swing and force of this melody, which may be quoted here in full:—

The sun goes down, and over all
These barren reaches by the tide
Such unelusive glories fall,
I almost dream they yet will bide
Until the coming of the tide.

And yet I know that not for us,
By any ecstasy of dream,
He lingers to keep luminous
A little while the grievous stream,
Which frets, uncomfortable of dream,—

A grievous stream, that to and fro
Athrough the fields of Acadie
Goes wandering, as if to know
Why one beloved face should be
So long from home and Acadie!

Was it a year or lives ago
We took the grasses in our hands,
And caught the summer flying low
Over the waving meadow lands,
And held it there between our hands?

The while the river at our feet—
A drowsy inland meadow stream—
At set of sun the after-heat
Made running gold, and in the gleam
We freed our birch upon the stream.

There down along the elms at dusk
We lifted dripping blade to drift,
Through twilight scented fine like musk,
Where night and gloom awhile uplift,
Nor sunder soul and soul adrift.

And that we took into our hands—
Spirit of life or subtler thing—
Breathed on us there, and loosed the bands
Of death, and taught us, whispering,
The secret of some wonder-thing.