

Rameau has made a slight mistake in maintaining that the increase of the French Canadian element in Ontario, which is the most remarkable outcome of his exposition, was due to natural growth. It was assuredly almost entirely the result of immigration. A natural increase of 288 per cent is a little too tall even for our thrifty compatriots. No person denies that the French-Canadian is moral and steady, and that his habits are favourable to the growth of population. But a comparison based simply on those qualities is misleading. Indeed, the proverbial rebuke of all comparisons is not inapplicable to statements of this kind, which naturally tend to excite jealous rivalry and to provoke unfriendly retort. The Canadian people of the future will, we feel assured, be something very different from that ideal community which national vanity, whether French or British, Catholic or non-Catholic, is wont to contemplate in its forecasts. Of one thing we may be sure, however, that the more faithfully we do our duty in our generation to the country at large, to our own people and to ourselves, the more admirable will be the Canadian of the 20th or 21st century. But no man, however clever, can gauge, by taking thought, the development of a complex nationality like ours.

THE BRITISH NAVY--A RETROSPECT.

The visit to Montreal of some of the vessels of the "Queen's navy," one of them in command of Her Majesty's grandson, Prince George of Wales, suggests a retrospect that embraces many changes. It is worth recalling, perhaps, that it was on board a ship called the Prince George that our royal visitor's great-granduncle, Prince William Henry, Duke of Clarence, afterwards William the Fourth, swung his first hammock. She was a ninety-eight gun ship, under the command of the Hon. Robert Digby, Rear Admiral of the Blue. Like the Thrush, she had at that time (1779) been only lately built, and she had been named after the Prince of Wales. Those were still the days of "wooden walls," and we can imagine what a contrast, in more than material, she would have presented to the men-of-war of our own generation. It was a period of trouble and transition when this elder sailor prince of our royal house visited the shores of North America. Some of our readers can doubtless recall the years when he wore the crown and our gracious Queen was still the Princess Victoria. From his boyhood till his death he was at heart a sailor and the friend of sailors. But the service has undergone a wondrous transformation since William the Fourth was King. The art of shipbuilding has developed in a manner and to an extent of which His Majesty and his contemporaries never dreamed. Indeed, it may be said that the great warships of the present surpass the finest products of naval construction fifty years ago more than the latter surpass the greatest triumphs of the Tudor period. Though Henry the Eighth was the first to establish royal dockyards in England, the motherland did not lack ships before his reign. In the nature of things our forefathers were a sea-faring people. Even in Cæsar's time there was the semblance of a fleet, and those who made their homes in Britain after the Romans retired were the boldest and most skilful sailors of their age. England had been no plan of naval defence became necessary to repel ever fresh assailants. Alfred the Great was admiral of the fleet as well as king. The Cinque Ports are a memorial of the Conqueror's naval policy. Under his successors down to the accession of the Seventh Henry we read of great sea fights and of fleets of from 200 to 500 vessels. But the most of these were pressed into the King's service, and many of them were built abroad, or, if in England, by foreign craftsmen. It was customary to hire ships from the Venetians and other trading communities. Henry the Eighth invited mechanics and artisans to build and equip him a navy for his war with France. After a battle in which, though not without loss, the English fleet remained mistress of the sea, he caused to be erected that Great Harry, whose tradition is still unconsciously preserved in a familiar oath. Though

assigned a guage of 1,500 tons, it is generally thought by experts that 1,000 would be nearer the truth. A list is extant of the other vessels of the royal navy in Henry's time: Gabriel Royal (650 tons), Mary Rose (600), Barbara (400), Mary George (250), the Great Galley (800), John Baptist (400) and the Great and Less barks (250 and 180 tons, respectively) are its most noteworthy features. The Henry Grace de Dieu, or Great Harry, was built to replace the Regent, which was blown up with a French ship in the battle of the Bay of Brittany, already referred to.

William Harrison, in his "Description of England"—one of the most minute and yet comprehensive pictures of contemporary life ever written—devotes a chapter to the navy of Elizabeth just before the struggle with the Spanish Armada. Among Her Majesty's ships he mentions the Bonaventure, the Elizabeth Jonas, the Philip and Mary (a memorial of the previous reign), the Bull, the Tiger, the Lion, the Swallow, the Bark of Bullen (which commemorates her mother's family), and a number of other "great ships." The Mary Rose still survived, and it is worthy of mention that such names as the Dreadnaught, the Swiftsure, the Sanspareil were as familiar to Elizabethan as they are to Victorian sailors. But if the vessels bearing these names three hundred years ago and now could be placed side by side, what a contrast they would make! As yet, British men-of-war were of foreign build. Sometimes the very names, as in the first of the list just given, as well as the Bona Esperanza and the Bona Confidentia indicate the nationality of the builders. But whatever the ships were like or by whomsoever constructed, they were commanded and manned by as fearless soldiers and mariners as ever ventured into unknown waters. The Willoughbys, the Chancellors, the Frobishers, the Drakes, the Raleighs, and other great captains of that time, will be reckoned among England's worthies while England lasts. It was then that the colonial movement began. Then began that quest for a north-west passage which only found its solution in our own day, while, in frozen wastes of the arctic old world, two daring adventurers anticipated the fate of the still-regretted Franklin. With the accession of James, who was a man of peace, there was a lull in maritime adventure. But the seas swarmed with pirates, and to protect navigation and commerce ships of war had to be maintained. The merchantmen of that time were feeble craft—not over 400 tons, it is said. The East India trade made it necessary to enlarge their dimensions. In 1609 a vessel of 1,100 was built, and she went to sea fully armed. The number of the royal navy was doubled. The dockyards showed unusual activity, and the first great impulse was given to native shipbuilding. The Prince Royal, of 1,400 tons burden, Phineas Pett's first masterpiece, was deemed the naval wonder of her age. In foreign ports she was visited, as the Great Eastern used to be some years ago, by admiring crowds. The development of shipbuilding continued till, in 1637, the Sovereign of the Seas, "a monstrous vessel," as Evelyn records, "being, for burthen, defence and ornament, the richest that ever spread cloth before the wind," was sent afloat, carrying 100 brass cannons, registered at 1,600 tons, and an unrivalled sailer. For sixty years the Sovereign attracted the admiration of both Englishmen and aliens, and to the close of the last century no English ship could claim to be her superior.

But a new era in naval architecture was approaching, and the propulsion of ships through the water was no longer to be dependent on wind or oar. Wooden walls, moreover, were to give place to iron bulwarks. But these changes did not come in a day nor without strong opposition from the strenuous inertness of novelty-hating prejudice. As early as the reign of King James, even while Phineas Pett was engaged on his Prince Royal, inventive minds had conceived the possibility of urging vessels through the water by steam. But the proposal was laughed to scorn. Nearly a hundred years later—so slowly did the world learn to prize its best benefactors—Denis Papin, French by name, English by adoption, had the grief—for it absolutely killed him—to see his model of a ship-

propelling steam-engine destroyed by Weser boatmen, jealous of a possible rival. The idea was destined to triumph ultimately, though it was not till another century of weary waiting and many a disappointment had elapsed that the first steam-boat was seen on the Thames. Years afterwards a famous English scientist staked his reputation on the conviction that steam would never carry a vessel across the Atlantic. Now, the days before steam locomotion on land and sea seem virtually antediluvian. Like opposition was made in high quarters to the proposed substitution of the screw for the paddle. It required half a century of demonstration to convince learned doubters of its practicability. But the screw carried the day at last. One of the miracles of the Old Testament is the making of iron to float. Thousands of pious believers in the marvel scouted the notion of building iron ships. But for years monsters, compared with which the Great Harry, the Prince Royal or even the Sovereign of the Seas would be mere lighter-boats, have derived their material from the mine, not the forest. By this time, indeed, had the old system continued, British oak would be a mere tradition. In his chapters on the warfare of science, ex-Principal Adams confines himself mainly to the religious obstacles to scientific progress. He might add a fresh chapter on the martyrdom to which inventors have been subjected from the rulers in their own domain through the jealous obstinacy of sheer old-fogeyism. At this moment the English press is doing honour to the memory of a man whom England's naval authorities turned away, though he brought them a gift of untold value. Ericsson was welcomed by an officer of the United States navy and, in gratitude, made the New World his home. But by the Washington Government he was treated with base ingratitude. In the New World, as in the Old, he fell a victim to Red Tape. Yet none contributed more than Ericsson to the salvation of the Union.

But the story of the British navy has a romantic, as well as an industrial side. Through all these changes, from the time when great fleets of little craft did battle for the Edwards and the Henrys, from the days of the Elizabeth Jonas (so-called in memory of rescue from the devouring wrath of the haughty Spaniard), of the Prince Royal and the Sovereign of the Seas to the régime of great armour-plated battle ships like the Inflexible, the Thunderer and the Colossus, the British tar, whether he served under a Drake or a Nelson, a Napier or a Seymour, has ever been true to his Viking blood and to "the flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze." Criticism may cast deserved reproach on administrations: the valour of England's sailors fears it not, and while in every sea her power is guarded by such defenders we need not be apprehensive for the safety of our Empire.

Sonnets.

AT THE LAST.

In youth, a prodigal I leaped and played,
Profanely wanton in my sensuous joy.
Treasure, like that the father gave his boy
When he his substance most regardful weighed,
I took and squandered, as spent leaves the glade
Cast to the pools in autumn; then I drew
My famished, painful breath, and, groaning, knew
The far land's desolation. Lone, dismayed,
I looked around, and no help did I see.
"Oh, Thou, so wronged, let me return to Thee!
Lord, let Thy hand bread scant and bitter break!
Let the sun clearly set that brightly rose:
My morsels now I humbly thankful take,
And husband my spent taper at its close."

AFTERWARD.

Life's fever cooled in Death's reflux wave,—
When on our fainting brows have ceased to beat
Distempered suns; when travel-weary feet
No longer wander o'er Time's burning pave
Uncovered;—*this, d'en this*, we fain would have:
If, the long thirst appeared in that soft tide—
The yearning still'd—we come up satisfied
That this was miscalled *Death*, or that the *Grave*,
We shall not care. Nay, ceases Earth's lament
Mid rapture's jubilant voices at the pitch
Of everlasting song! Calmly content,
Love flies to her abode, securely rich,
To bless her glad-eyed children purely bent,
Where frustrate hopes have to fruition come,
And our divine Ideal is at home.

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.