

Canadians at home. There are now a million of them, and probably another million of their children, on the south of the line. There are known to be many thousands in Chicago, and a Massachusetts senator told me that there were a hundred and fifty thousand in his State. The exodus of youth from the Maritime Provinces is noted by all who go there. What is there to be said for a system which is constantly sending the flower of our population, as in large measure these exiles are, away from their homes and filling their places with Mennonites, Icelanders, or the sweepings of the London streets?

First stop the leak in the barrel.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Toronto, June 17th, 1895.

#### THE MEMOIRS OF BARRAS.

SIR,—In your issue of June 7th, page 662, there is a great mistake of your London correspondent. He calls Barras "the hated marshal of Napoleon" and adds that Hachette's French edition "omits all the marshal's remarks on the Empress Josephine." Barras was not a French marshal, neither was he one of Napoleon's generals.

The London *Times* with its great staff will occasionally make slips, but it is impossible for a single-handed editor to avoid doing so. An editor who has to do the brainwork of three, must occasionally fail to notice errors.

Barras was one of the members of the French Directory. He it was who practically made Napoleon, raising him from an inferior position to the command of the army of Italy. He was clever, self-assertive, vain, untruthful, and thoroughly unprincipled—a fair specimen of the men that the French Revolution unfortunately brought to the surface. The French editor of the memoirs is a Napoleon-worshipper, and cautions us against believing Barras who paints Bonaparte in dark colours. Yet much that he asserts is corroborated by other authorities.

Barras was a scion of the old nobility, and entered the army when young, and during the revolutionary times was made a general, but he never commanded an army actually in the field, and certainly never served under Napoleon. The latter served under Barras when he commanded the army of the Interior. He speaks most unfavourably of Bonaparte, who had married his cast-off mistress, receiving as her dowry the command of the army of Italy. The chief cause of his hatred of Bonaparte was that he had raised him from obscurity to a great position, and that Napoleon had requited him with prosecution, banishment, and incessant surveillance by the police. But from a common-sense point of view the explanation is simple. Barras disregarded the adjuration cited in a recent great Toronto trial, and did not "keep his mouth shut." He was a chattering, envious backbiter, especially so with regard to the fair sex. With Fouché's police reporting the scandal-mongering of French society, Napoleon must often have heard how Barras vilified Josephine, and he must have deeply resented such vile conduct. In my opinion this explains that particular trouble. If Barras had kept a still tongue in his head, been satisfied with his huge illegitimate makings, and avoided notice, all would have gone well.

Barras shows, contrary to what has been claimed, that Robespierre was corrupt, but probably the real truth was, only occasionally corrupt, otherwise he would have lived in greater style.

Gouverneur Morris represented the United States in France about that time. He lived in Paris for years. His correspondence shows that he was an intelligent, fair-minded, and level-headed man. He distinctly charges that Barras was notoriously guilty of Oscar Wildism. Nearly all the memoirs published of late years respecting that period corroborate the utter rascality of the great majority of the men who actively assisted as revolutionists. Taine performed a great public service by publishing extracts from original documents, which make known the real truth, and destroy "The Revolutionary Legend." Worse men than Barras came to the surface during the Revolution, but judged by a right standard he was a thoroughly evil man.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

#### NEWFOUNDLAND.

"It is a curious fact that there is an intense feeling among the people [of Newfoundland] against Confederation."—*Newfoundland Correspondent in THE WEEK, June 14th.*

SIR,—Notwithstanding the assurance contained in the

above extract from your Newfoundland correspondent's letter, published in your journal last week, I desire to say through the same medium that there is no such feeling generally existing in Newfoundland as that portrayed in the extract I have quoted. I am willing to admit that amongst a certain class of local politicians at the capital, there is a considerable amount of feeling, perhaps of animosity, against Canada, and I cannot fail to recognize the fact that there is much occasion for it. The trade between Canada and the Island Province has been hitherto for the most part centred in Quebec, and it is through the French-speaking, tri-colour flying population of Canada that the people of the Dominion are best known to the people of Newfoundland. In Newfoundland these people are regarded as an alien and a hostile race; and are more apt to be regarded as citizens of France than as loyal subjects of the British Government. The aggressions of France upon the rights and liberties of the people of Newfoundland, her outrages upon the people of that Province, her invasion of and occupation of their territory, contrary to treaty stipulations, have bitterly exasperated the people of the Province, and knowing, as they do, that the particular class of Canadians, with whom they are brought into immediate contact, sympathize with, and encourage these aggressions of France, it is scarcely to be wondered at if a strong feeling against Confederation should be the result. But that feeling exists in the minds only of those who are brought into contact with the Quebec people, and does not extend beyond them.

Should any lack of confidence exist in the part of other classes of the Province against Canada or Confederation, it might very naturally be attributed to the apathy and indifference with which the Dominion Government and people regard the struggle for life which that Province has had to wage with France for the last 150 years, and which has now culminated in the all but total surrender of its whole territory to the domination of France. The whole western coast is now being converted into a French colony, and the balance of the Province must sooner or later fall under the same jurisdiction, whilst the Gulf is being converted into a French lake. Can you wonder, then, if the people of Newfoundland regard with indifference an association with any community which can calmly look on and see the nationality of its sister Province effaced, and the integrity of its own territory threatened without lifting a finger or raising one word of protest against the impending crisis.

Canada may probably be stirred from its profound lethargy on this question; but I fear it will not be moved until it is too late to save either Newfoundland or its own territory from the calamity which is rapidly approaching.

Toronto, June 17th, 1895.

R. WINTON.

#### \* \* \* Birdcraft.\*

NOT being a specialist in ornithology, my first impulse when this book came to the desk was to send it elsewhere for review; attracted, nevertheless, by a pretty cover and some clean coloured plates, the introduction was read, then the following chapters, then came the conviction: Here is the very book for one even though he has not reached a novitiate. There is a charming naivete in the paragraphs, the eye of love has scanned the form, the ear of love has heard the song, and the pen in a kindly hand has traced the habits of two hundred feathered habitants of New England gardens, fields, woods, and waters; and in so doing has also covered the ground of our Canadian birds in these eastern provinces.

"Do you want to know the birds and call them by their familiar names?" asks our authoress in her opening sentence; and the assurance is at once given: "You may do so if you will, provided you have keen eyes and a pocket full of patience; patience is the salt of the bird-catching legend. The flowers silently await your coming,—you may examine and study them at your leisure. With the birds it is often only a luring call, a scrap of melody and they are gone." We are bound to say that our authoress has done all that clear cut sentences, happy descriptions, and the simplicity of affectionate knowledge can do to aid any willing disciple to answer in the affirmative a question of Emerson's: "Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?"

\* "Birdcraft." By Mabel Osgood Wright. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.