

we are, in this book, reading the words of no unpractical enthusiast for the idea of human nature being all good. As with dancing, so with other freer amusements, it is found that prevention is better than repression, and that by this judicious freedom there are enlisted on the side of good and wise life all the instincts for self-respect, and self-preservation; and gradually ties are formed with those who gratify the instincts for good, and interests are aroused in innocent pleasures, and in occupations tending to their own good and to the good of others.

This last above all. That is the grand result of such work on all the workers. And the authoress modestly but frankly appeals to the experience of all whether indeed this going out of the nature towards others in sympathy and infinite forms of mutual help is not the true way of salvation. It lies in everyone's way to prove that trust of true texts, "He that loseth his life shall save it." If only some bit of human feeling could find practical expression in every daily walk, what a tonic the now wearying "constitutional" would be; for every one of us would find we were taking the best tonic, happiness; of course we are cynics in theory often; we are irritated, and really full of envy, hatred and malice often, too; but our cynical theories and our blue devils alike vanish when some one depends on us; who will refuse to help a blind man across the street, to show a lost child its way, to answer a civil request? And more than that, who is not made really happier by a moment's kindly interchange of courtesy with even a stranger—alas! that our British want of courtesy saves us from knowing those moments of kindly happiness, of more effect than we imagine on digestion, on family jars, on health and clearness of mind and soul. With all our silliness and hypocrisy, and infinite self-deception, few of us are at bottom brothers of *The Spanish Cloister* or Holy Willie's.

Another result of these clubs for developing human interests and saving lives is the putting off of marriages. The authoress of this book means that quite seriously. Far from some gaiety and amusement urging the young girls to marry very young, their more truly happy lives, their varied interests, their knowledge of better companions, and through the better girls their knowledge of more honest men—all those causes and others prevent wild and thoughtless marriages, as much as they prevent easy seductions. And that is a great gain in the "lower classes." It is preventing poverty and large families going together; and preventing in a right way.

For the rich and the well-to-do have a natural but brutal way of condemning the poor for breeding too fast; just as we condemn the poor and the wretched for drinking more than many of their better-off fellow-creatures. They breed and they get drunk because they have had no discipline, no guidance, because they had and have no hope. Just as the too frequent early engagements in this country might be compared with such early marriages, and might both be set down to "Satan finds mischief still, etc." Only, among the ordinary fairly comfortable classes with us the evil is lessened by the hopes for the future; and also indeed by the extraordinary facility with which our engagements can be made and broken; if that be a sign of advanced civilization, we are probably the most civilized and the coolest-blooded people in the world, here in North America.

Work, and work for others, with all the infinite interest that that means—since it involves intercourse of our human being with his or her fellows—there is no use writing about such things; but practice teaches every minute we live that it is the way to make ourselves wiser, better and happier, and the way to lay in the best insurance against the changes and chances of this mortal life. Such a book as the above-mentioned shows us once again how ennui may be killed at the root, and how in its stead may be planted the tree of interest in life, whose growth is not dependent altogether on even the severest trials that may be awaiting us, nor on anything external; and which grows within us as something ineradicable, as long as we ourselves are alive.

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Frederickton, N.B.

### THE RAMBLER.

I WAS delighted to find that in the February *Popular Science Monthly* there is a short pithy paper advocating the Homely Gymnastics in connection with house-work and cooking as in contrast to the fads of Delsarte and so-called Physical Culture. One likes—being but human—to find oneself corroborated by a good authority. The reaction is bound to come, has in fact already arrived. Who are the women who practise Delsarte? Those who have nothing to do with their time; very likely the rich young, not yet *fiancée* and bored by the enforced absence from tennis, lawn or court, and very positively the rich married who have no children. The latter must dabble in something—thank Heaven it is not often literature—and so when dogs and dinner decorations pall Delsarte arrives to promote digestion. What has the Higher Education done for us, if this be all? But have you heard that a man's class has recently been formed, to include only bank clerks, brokers and curates? Oh! yes, and already the results are being watched in society. The curates are specially fitted to become good Delsartians, while the ten-inch collar of the bank clerk is relegated forever, exchanged for a limp jabot of whitest lawn. There is a rugged sturdiness about the broker however that renders him a difficult pupil; there are hopes that he may eventually over-

come his stiffness and learn to use those neglected muscles which give so much pain to the Delsarte instructor, but at present the outlook is gloomy.

The New York papers in characterizing Professor Goldwin Smith, speak of him as possessing a "broad accent" and of displaying "unlike the majority of Englishmen, a keen appreciation of humour." These perfectly imbecile remarks would not be worth noticing did they not serve to show how much obstinate short-sightedness still survives in the United States with regard to things English. Either some stupid speech of the kind I have quoted or a desperate degree of Anglomania seems to distinguish the daily press—there is no happy medium.

If the literary and journalistic activities of Toronto were focussed in one place and under one reliable head there might be some prospect of a new paper or magazine which would weather the shocks of time. How pathetic it is to see the announcement of a "new Canadian journal"! I have assisted at the christenings of a larger number than I care to look back upon. I have climbed dark dull stairs in search of the office, and found the young and curly-haired editor absorbed in contemplation of the title page with elegant coloured frontispiece and a brimming list of contributors "culled from the best talent in the Dominion." I have taken the wrong turning and found myself face to face with the "plant," presided over by a foreman of sad experience who knows the end thereof, but maintains on the whole that air of wise decorum which nearly all foremen possess. Being escorted gallantly back to the office, the young and curly-headed editor has jumped up in shyness and consternation and attempted to look business-like by rummaging through the exchanges on the table, and clearing off two ink-bottles, three maulage-pots, an old hat and an enormous pair of shears from the one available chair. When we came to "business," however, there was very little to say, and so I departed. Alas—the magazine never appeared. The editor fled—the elegant frontispiece never saw the light—and the "plant" (which belonged to the *Grocer's Bulletin*) and the wise foreman went back from whence they came—three doors down, second floor up.

Or—I have answered magnificent high-sounding, confident, type-written letters, emanating from a company desirous of founding a really national magazine, something genuine and splendid, no mistake about this, anyhow. So I reply in a grateful key asking them what they will take, and they say—they wouldn't mind a Serial, and so I send them my very best Serial, on a Canadian subject of course—and then I wait a long, long time and hear nothing more. In six months or so back comes the Serial, smelling strongly of smoke. And no wonder—for the magazine itself has gone up in smoke, and the splendid promises are *nil*. Or—there is the modest friend who aims at starting a little weekly of his own, and so gains your ear and gets you to assist him by writing about five hundred letters—very weak of you, of course—to the *literati*, and so forth, announcing the prospect and asking for assistance. After you have done this and so committed yourself to the inauguration of the paper, it transpires somehow that the modest friend has no capital. In this connection I must state that I have never heard anything more from the promoters of that *Colonial Magazine* who issued such a delightful programme a few months ago. Here is a case in point. It seemed to promise so well, too, and was so sanguinely worded—the circular I allude to.

The meagre cablegrams sent out of London doings reveal no more than the outside of things. No case of late years has attracted more attention than the Osborne-Hargreaves trial which ended so peculiarly. The *Times* in an editorial sees fit to preach a sermon upon the foolish extravagance of the age, showing that Mrs. Osborne is very likely no worse than a thousand other women of her class. One remembers poor little Becky Sharp dilating upon the chances of her being an honest woman if she had had five thousand a year. Indeed the temptations that assail fashionable men and women are so very great that the wonder is such cases are the exception rather than the rule. The multiplication of fashion journals and fashion columns has a great deal to do with the insane emulations which destroy the female soul.

What is the motive which can thus transform the ordinary young lady of society into a daring and unscrupulous adventuress? So far as appears at present, there is none in any degree adequate to explain the puzzle. It does not appear that she was in any desperate pecuniary straits. Debts she may have had, but she was not without resources, and still less was she without friends who on the eve of her marriage would certainly have given her a clear start. Even overwhelming debt would not account for the phenomena, since mere extravagance does not count as a mortal sin in the feminine code.

Mr. Andrew Lang's literary dialogues in *Longman's* are the best things he has done for some time. The charge of writing to order is one too easily made. However, Mr. Lang has a whole month in which to make ready this new feature of the day, whatever hurry he may be in with regard to other matters. He is at all events one of the genuine critics of the time. I cannot recall one mistake he has ever made either touching old authors or new. He has plenty of reverence, some enthusiasm, and a great deal of breadth. In this symposium are associated Jane

Austen, Mr. Sterne, Dr. Johnson, Scott, Hannah More, and Cervantes. We have had this kind of thing before; it is not absolutely new, but it is difficult to do well, and only an expert ever succeeds in it.

### GENERAL MONTCALM ON HORSE FLESH.

A GRAPHIC and novel portraiture of Montcalm and Levis\* is revealed in their correspondence, just published by that industrious searcher of the past, Abbé H. R. Casgrain, F.R.S.C. These hitherto unpublished letters exchanged between the two Generals, during the last lustre of the French regime in Canada, entirely corroborate and complete the spicy narrative of the unknown hand who wrote the "*Mémoires sur les Affaires du Canada*," 1749-60—one of the publications of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec.

The scarcity of food noticeable in 1755—through war, bad harvests and plundering public officials—ended in a famine in 1757-8. The Commissary Doreil wrote on the 28th February, 1758: "The people are dying of hunger. The refugees from Acadia, for the last four months, live on horse flesh and dry cod fish, without bread; more than three hundred of them have died. Horse flesh is quoted at six *sols* per lb. . . . Half a pound of bread is the daily ration of the soldier; his weekly ration consists of three lbs. of beef—3 lbs. of horse flesh—two lbs. of peas and three lbs. of codfish. Since 1st April, the famine being on the increase, the people are restricted to two oz. of bread . . ." Dussieux adds that during this time, the *carnaval*, until Ash-Wednesday, was taken up at the Intendant Bigot's with gambling at a fearful rate "*un jeu à faire trembler les plus déterminés joueurs*," Bigot losing at cards more than 200,000 livres.

There is, among others, a characteristic letter, written from Quebec, on December 4th, 1757, by the lively Marquis of Montcalm to his second in command at Montreal, Brigadier-General Levis. The following is a short excerpt: The General, whilst directing his able lieutenant at Montreal to stop the beef rations for the troops and to substitute in lieu, horse flesh, jocularly enumerates the various dishes which a horse flesh *menu* can supply, and adds: "At my table horse flesh is served in every possible form, except in soup." The bill of fare reads quite artistic in French:—

Petits pâtés de cheval à l'Espagnole.  
Cheval à la mode.  
Escalopes de cheval.  
Filets de cheval à la broche avec une poivarde bien liée.  
Semelles de cheval au gratin.  
Langues de cheval en miroton.  
Frigousse de cheval.  
Langue de cheval boucanée, meilleure que celle d'Original.  
Gâteau de cheval comme les gâteaux de lievres.

Montcalm adds that this noble animal (the horse) is far superior (cooked) to elk, caribou or beaver.

There was some grumbling, and there might well be, among the troops and the people when it was attempted to impose horse flesh for nourishment. The reduction in the quantity of food had, the month previous, caused disorder. The soldiers, billeted on the town folks for want of barracks, had been spurred on by the citizens; the colonial corps, less broken to discipline than the regulars, refused to take their rations, in Montreal.

In the absence of de Vaudreuil, then in Quebec, Levis held the supreme command in Montreal. He overcame this first outbreak by firmness combined with tact. His explanations were so persuasive that the soldiers even cheered him.

On de Vaudreuil's return it was the people who rose in rebellion on finding the daily quarter of a pound of bread replaced by horse flesh. The women crowded round the Governor's palace and demanded an interview. He admitted four within, demanding what they wanted. They replied "that the horse was the friend of man—that religion protected his days—that they preferred to die rather than feed on his flesh."

De Vaudreuil cut short the interview saying, "That should any of them again cause trouble, he would cast them into prison and hang half of them." He then told them to go to the slaughter house and ascertain for themselves that the horses killed were in the same good condition as the oxen slaughtered.

This failed to satisfy them; they returned home uttering seditious remarks. The mob held that the Commissary, Cadet, gathered up all the broken down horses in the country to have them converted into food, so much so that a used-up *plug* was named a Cadet. This, however, did not prevent the army from grumbling.

An instance is mentioned of four troopers of the *Beaune* Regiment having brought to the Chevalier de Levis a mess of horse flesh, cooked in their style; Levis made the soldiers breakfast with him on a dish prepared by his own *cuisinier*, and they declared their own preferable. He then handed them four *livres*, for them and their comrades to drink his health.

Then follows, in this curious series of letters, the recipe given by the Regiment *La Reine* for making soup—by combining horse flesh with beef; the boiled beef to be eaten in the morning and the horse flesh to be made in a *fricassée* for the evening meal.

Reserving for another article glimpses of Montcalm's every day life in that boodling era, as disclosed in his

\* "*Guerre du Canada*," 1756-1760. "Montcalm et Levis," par l'Abbé H. R. Casgrain. Quebec: L. J. Demers and Frère. 1891.