

and a mill having a capacity to treat 20 to 25 tons per day may be erected almost anywhere in Ontario within reasonable distance of railway or water communication, at a cost not exceeding \$10,000. If the ores are pyritic, as usually they are more or less, the sulphides are saved by concentrating machinery and stored up for the necessary chemical treatment with a small plant set up for the purpose, or sold for what they may be worth. A modest capital of \$50,000 to \$100,000 in the hands of a prudent and skilful manager will usually suffice in Ontario to place a gold mine on a working basis, with all the outfit and equipment for mining and milling the ore, and buildings for machinery and for housing the men. The Sultana mine in Lake of the Woods is an illustration of what may be done in this way, and with its mill of only ten stamps it is producing every week of six working days bullion to the mint value of \$2,500 to \$3,000.

A word may now be said as to the extent of Ontario's gold fields, for there are several of them and they are widely separated. The largest is found in the north-western part of the Province, and stretches from the western boundary behind Lake of the Woods eastward to Lac des Mille Lacs, and from the State of Minnesota to the Territory of Keewatin. The area of this tract is not far from 3,000 square miles, and while the whole of it does not deserve prospecting—it would be absurd to expect gold-bearing veins everywhere—there is clear evidence that promising veins exist in many parts of it, although only a very small proportion of the tract has yet been explored. Wherever there are green Huronian schists, and they extend for scores of miles in many directions along canoeable waters, they are worthy of being carefully examined by the gold-hunter; and the same is also true of the eruptive or altered granite areas of this region, of which there are a large number. Another gold field lies north of Lake Superior, where the first important discovery was made only a little more than a year ago, and already a ten-stamp mill is a gold-producer there. How extensive this field is no one pretends to know, but there are reports of rich veins having been found a distance of 25 miles back from the lake. A third field occupies a portion of the great Huronian belt which holds the nickel and copper deposits of the Sudbury district, and stretches almost across the Province from St. Marie river to Lake Wahnapiatae, if not to the Quebec boundary. The richest showing of gold ores in the collection at the Natural History building is one from the Crystal mine on the north-east shore of Lake Wahnapiatae, there being in it 35 specimens of quartz, and 34 of them show fine nuggets of gold. A fourth field is in the County of Hastings, concerning which we shall probably have good news at an early day. This is the only field whose ores are refractory, being arsenical; but it is claimed that a process recently discovered will treat them successfully and cheaply, and confidence is expressed that the mines in that region which have been closed down for a number of years, will soon be the scene of lively operations again.

Altogether the outlook for a gold mining industry in Ontario is full of cheer, and it is perhaps the only industry possible for us that cannot be overdone. We may have a glut of meats, or breadstuffs, or textiles, or lumber; but there is no fear that we shall have a glut of gold.

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### Errata.

IN Mr. J. M. Le Moine's article on "The Footprints of the Invader, 1775-6," in our last issue, instead of "L'Affaire de Nuchel" read *L'Affaire de Michel Blais*, and instead of "Bishop of Capsu" read Bishop of Capse.

### Beust.—I.

IT will probably be some generations before the art of writing political memoirs shall have become that perfected science in the separate department of literary activity which it is highly desirable that it should properly become. With very few exceptions the collections of documents which remain of the great directors and creators of events in the course of history, the letters, correspondence, and written observations which men have called their memoirs, have failed to satisfy their contemporaries that they have made public accurate accounts of the parts which they have borne in the negotiations distinguishing their strange and chequered careers. Undoubtedly many politicians and statesmen have in their published papers revealed only the records of those deeds which shall never along the distance of the centuries cast a shadow on their honour nor leave a cloud upon their fame. To imagine that they should do otherwise would be to expect that self-interest had ceased to control the deeds and desires of men, and especially of those men who are known as practical politicians, whose whole lives have almost without exception been devoted to the attainment of ends which are in almost every instance of a personal and of a self-regarding character. The vast majority of statesmen, as for example Lord Castlereagh and those of his colleagues who, by their dark and inglorious methods, succeeded in effecting the destruction of Grattan's Parliament, have been far too wise to write for posterity the details of their ignominious negotiations; they knew that the less said about virtue by men whose principal occupation consisted in dealing with vice the better; and that all their writings could do would be to suggest to the critical and unconvinced readers new and more repulsive offences of which they never had been guilty. They sufficiently understood and valued the wisdom of the proverb, "Silence is golden," to employ it as a substitute for memoirs. There have been, however, two notable typical exceptions to this rule, who imagined that they could deceive posterity as they deceived their own generation, and who published memoirs in order to redeem their honour from a contempt which they undoubtedly considered they deserved. These exceptions are Talleyrand and Beust. But great as were their abilities, and successful as were their careers, they have completely failed to accomplish, by their memoirs, the ends which they intended. Posterity cannot be deceived. Between these two exceptions, however, there is a wide and important difference. Talleyrand in his extensive memoirs, so long concealed from an anxious public observation, disclosed only such facts as he well understood could in no measure darken the splendour of his fame. His memoirs are typical of his life. The dark deeds he kept hidden from the eyes of men both in his life and in his writings. Only what he chose to disclose was seen. And men feel, on reading the trifling details of the no less trifling acts of him who never trifled except towards a splendid end, that he is endeavouring to deceive in death as he deceived in life, and hide his shame behind his folly, and obscure his deeds within his tools. A different type of memoir-writer is Count von Beust, the founder of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. His memoirs are unsatisfactory merely because of the utter incapacity of the great diplomatist to shine with the fullest brilliance in two entirely different spheres of intellectual activity. His memoirs read to a statesman as a child's essay reads to his teacher, as the ballads of Warren Hastings read to his most critical of all biographers, or as the sonnets of Frederick the Great read to the illustrious Voltaire. Beust has failed to satisfy any of his readers by the documents which he published that they are really deserving of the name of memoirs. In fact, they have aroused a feeling somewhat kindred to contempt, which the distance of years has not yet entirely allayed. And men wonder how he, who was so austere, so strategic, and above all so supremely sensible in action, should, when he paused in his actions to write his revelations, have descended to the level of a child. Perhaps the future will be kinder than his own generation, and will question their authenticity, and some convincing reasoner will be able to demonstrate to posterity that the memoirs of the great empire-founder were not the production of his pen.

While the reader feels that he dare not trust the records of Talleyrand, on account of their intentional incorrectness, he feels, on reading the memoirs of Beust, that there is a spirit of truth and candour pervading every page. He thinks