

tion is well known. The attack was made that night, but such is the fortune of war, that, instead of the small Canadian force being wiped out, the party of 500 sent against it capitulated, and it may be said that by Laura Secord's timely warning Canada was saved.

"Space forbids the copying in full the scene where Laura delivers her message to Fitzgibbon. It is natural and not stilted. A good point is made in the Canadian officer being found reading a small four-page newspaper, the *London Times*, in which is a bulletin of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow; also, a notice of a man, named Bell, trying to propel a boat on the river Clyde by the vapour of boiling water. In brief, no word but good can be said of this drama. It is pure in tone, clever in construction, and (what is becoming daily rarer) is in good English. Why do not our boards of education make use of a book so patriotic as a prize for pupils in the classes of Canadian history?"

Mrs. Curzon is a resident of Toronto, and promotes by her personal and literary influence whatever makes for the welfare of her adopted city and country; for, though of British birth, she is most thoroughly Canadian at heart, and zealous for whatever may concern the integrity and honour of the Dominion. Especially does she inculcate the duty of attention to our early patriotic ancestry, the care of their graves, and the erection of suitable memorials on sites where important victories were achieved. She has been associated with other workers in the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, which proposes "to erect a memorial tower of stone, eight feet in height, on the spot where the important battle was fought." The volume containing her drama is enriched by several lyrical and patriotic poems, and some excellent translations. She is also the writer of graceful prose; and her recent monograph *Laura Secord*, published under the auspices of the above-mentioned society, is an excellent example of her clearness, directness and pith, and the fluency of her style in narrative writing. Mr. Duvar says:

"Laura died in 1868, and in 1891 Canadians are beginning to wake up to her fame. That is to say, for more than half a century this brave woman lived unrecognized in comparatively straitened circumstances, brightened only *once* by £100 sent her by the Prince of Wales, who took much interest in her story. No monument yet marks her resting-place at Drummondville, although there is *talk* of a memorial. 'Loyalty,' pithily says the writer of this appropriate *brochure*, 'is a principle, not an epithet,'—a fact that some of us Canadians seem to forget. We notice that Mrs. Curzon has just been elected an honorary member of the York Pioneers."

NOTES.

THE multifariousness of Mr. LeMoine's subjects is as notable as his literary skill and wide erudition. He turns from the annals of his native city and province, to delightful disquisitions on the birds and the flowers; and for lovers of the stars of the green field he has made a sort of

"Colin Clout's Calendar,"* in which appear the blossoms, according to their order, native to Quebec and environs, and in the seasons of their appearing. He says: "I have been asked to state what are the first wild flowers, noticeable in spring, at Sillery and around Quebec generally." Then he points out "The willow with its golden catkins in bloom," ere "April snows have disappeared," and that favourite, "The Mayflower, or trailing arbutus," with its "rusty hairs and pinkish white flowers, sweet scented." We wander with him where it grows, "in the Gomin wood, at Montmorency Falls," and stoop to pluck it from its sandy bed underneath the pine trees. He shows us that early flower, the Hepatica, blossoming varicolour before its leaves; the Sanguinaria, or blood root, pushing up its "pure white inverted cap;" and many others, that cannot here be enumerated. He invokes the poets; and prefaces the whole with a quotation from Lord Lorne's poem on Quebec:

"In the dark grass at our knee,
Show pearls of our green forest sea."

The dainty little *brochure* is printed on tinted paper, and dedicated to the "Young Ladies of Quebec."

IN Halifax recently our attention was drawn to one of the principal reading books authorised for use in public schools of the Province of Nova Scotia;—a consideration entertaining to us always, as it was from such a source we first imbibed the taste and passion of literature. We found this an excellent compilation, in which the familiar masterpieces, that should never be wanting in such a work, were prominently found; but, to any person who considers that one object of a system of such lesson books should be to draw attention to and excite a patriotic interest in things native and Canadian, it is subject to this exception,—that there is nowhere in it an intimation that anything deserving the name of literature was ever produced within our borders. This we conceive to be injustice to some worthy names, and a deprivation of our youth, many of whom would contract a stronger love for the things of their own land by thus coming in daily contact with the best thoughts of our best Canadian authors. We would not exclude the finest examples in the wide scope of general literature; but would add this, of which we have spoken, in addition. May we not hope that some Council of Public Instruction, or compiler of school readers, not far in the future, among the gems of English literature, will include Lampman's "Heat," Roberts' "Canada," Campbell's "The Mother," Heavysege's "Night," Sangster's "Brook," Howe's "Our Fathers," and other fine productions of like worth, native and spirited, we might enumerate? Also various selections of prose, from authors such as Grant, Howe, Allen, Dawson, Wilson, Davin, Kirby, Lighthall, and their like, would be in equal place, and subserve the same useful purpose.

* "Our Wild Flowers, Familiar Notes Thereon." By J. M. LeMoine, Quebec, 1885.

WEREGRET to learn that Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., author of "The Gate of Flowers, and other Poems," was obliged by reason of illness to leave his editorial work at Duluth in September, and return to his home at Paisley, Ont.; while, at the same time, we rejoice with him in the prospect of his speedy recovery. He writes: "I find comfort in the thought that He who directs the wheeling stars in their courses, and cares for the tender flowerets of the field, holds me too within the canopy of His love." It is likewise a pleasure to record the recovery of our friend—the friend of many George Martin, of Montreal, from a serious malady which threatened to deprive Canada of one of her foremost litterateurs, and his adopted municipality of a most excellent citizen. Long may the author of "Marguerite" dwell in well earned honor and prosperity amongst us.

THE *M. F. Independent* of Nov. 19th, is particularly rich in things Canadian. Barry Straton's poem on "The River St. John," replete with the most musical cadences, and charming rural imagery, breathing the longing of lost summers; William Wilfred Campbell's "Autumn," time "of the languorous gold," full of the very soul of that favourite season; and Edmund Collins' fanciful and wizard story of central Acadia, "The Witch of the Ardise Hills,"—help, with Margaret J. Preston's "Personalities of Robert Browning," Richard Henry Stoddard's "Poetic Contemporaries of Burns," and other readable articles, to make up a truly red letter number.

WE had missed the hand of John Hunter Duvar in the department of verse, though aware of his activity in that of criticism. He is absorbed in other and interesting labours now, having completed "A Popular Treatise on Early Archaeology, Stone, Bronze, Iron," which was undertaken at the invitation of Swan, Schonnensheim & Co., Paternoster Square, London, G. B.; the manuscript of which, after six months' labor at the desk, having been accepted by them, without alteration of text, and with exchange of copyright papers. The work will be illustrated from designs furnished by the author, and will be placed at an early day upon the English market. We know of no one, from the character of his genius, better qualified to render this subject of bones and relics truly popular, and to invest it with the charm of literary style, than Mr. Duvar: who once said of himself to the writer: "I have always had a latent taste for rummaging among dead men's bones, and when I come to throw into shape the ghoulish information accumulated through long years I find it full of interest when refreshed by systematic study." The success of this enterprise may warrant another work on "Ethnology,"—a more abstruse subject, requiring profounder thought.

WE are always interested in hearing of Whittier. So were we in the *Portland Transcript's* recent account of the poet's birth-place, the scene of "Snow Bound"