



M. Rousseau is a new writer, who believes in the plan of teaching the history of his country by means of the novel. He has made the experience in a volume on "The Exploits of Iberville,"\* and may, perhaps, follow it up by a drama, believing that there is a "veritable apostolate" in that also. However this may be, we contented ourselves with going through the book, curious to see how the project was carried out. The verdict is not unfavourable. There is a great deal of history in the pages, and a great deal of love-making, with all the adventures, more or less hackneyed, that attend this interesting period of every man's and woman's career. Singularly enough, however, much of the historical part has nothing to do with Iberville, and the plot of the story is almost independent of his exploits, so that the title of the work is hardly well chosen. It does not follow, however, that it is not worth reading. On the contrary, one gets along with it first rate, amazed at times at the crosses of love, and thrilled, at others, by the old familiar sensations of the war-whoop and tomahawk. The massacre of Lachine makes a lively opening, and the whole career of Iberville is brought in, especially toward the end. There is too much of the legendary, of course, in the deeds of the hero—which is not healthy as historical training—but the method is natural enough, and has been followed by all novelists in like circumstances. The story itself—which hinges on the loves of Yvonne Kernouet, daughter of a rich peasant, in the island of Montreal, and of Urbain Duperret-Janson, a French naval officer,—is told with much dash, and that wonderful breaking through obstacles which young readers delight in. Altogether, it is a good beginning for the author, of whom we hear for the first time, and we trust that the favour with which this attempt is received by his own people may give him heart to continue his series of romantic and dramatic history.

The early church records of Eastern Ontario are enriched by a little work, giving the history of the late Alexander Macdonell, first Roman Catholic Bishop of Upper Canada.† The author is a namesake and a kinsman, W. J. Macdonell, who knew personally the subject of his sketch, and gathered the materials for his account, eight and forty years after the death of the same. Alexander Macdonell was born in Glen Urquhart, Inverness-shire, on the 17th July, 1762, and pursued his studies at the Scottish colleges of Paris and Valladolid till he was raised to the priesthood, in 1787. He was stationed as a missionary in the Braes of Lochaber, for four or five years, during which time, braving the penal laws, he went down to Glasgow, with 700 or 800 Highland labourers, dispossessed of their small farms that were turned to sheep walks, and got them employment in the factories for two years. In 1794 he caused to be raised the First Glengarry Fencible Regiment, as a Catholic corps, and was gazetted chaplain. He served with this corps in Guernsey and Ireland till 1802, when the regiment was disbanded, on the declaration of peace. In 1803 Mr. Macdonell obtained the Sign Manual for a grant of land to every officer and soldier of the Glengarry regiment whom he introduced into Upper Canada. On arriving at Quebec, he was appointed to the mission of St. Raphael, and the county of Glengarry then became his residence for the next five and twenty years. He obtained patent deeds for 160,000 acres to his new clients, and also for the lands of his own followers, then set about building churches and establishing schools, travelling all over the vast province of Upper Canada. In 1820 Mr. Macdonell was made Vicar Apostolic, and in 1826 first Bishop of Regiopolis or Kingston. All these years were filled with good works, many particulars of which are set down in this book, and he died, full of years and merits, at Dumfries, Scotland, on January 14, 1840. The slight space at our command does not allow us to do full justice to this work, but we may say to the author that he has contributed one of the most valuable records to Canadian special history that we have yet seen.

\* Les Exploits d'Iberville, par Edmond Rousseau. Quebec, C. Darveau, 12° paper, pp. 254.

† Reminiscences of the late Hon. and Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell, First Catholic Bishop of Upper Canada, etc. Toronto, Williamson & Co., 12° paper, pp. 55.

### PERSONAL POINTS.

General Sheridan is still fighting for his life.

Hon. C. H. Tupper has taken hold of his Department.

Miss Mather, the actress, is a Canadian, born at Tilbury, 21 October 1860.

The mystery of the White Pasha marching on Barh-El-Gahzell is still unsolved.

Sir Henry Tyler, president of the Grand Trunk Railway, will probably visit Canada in August.

Bishop Southgate (missionary for Constantinople) who is still living, was consecrated in 1844 and resigned in 1850.

Colonel Bond, of the Canadian Wimbledon team, held an At Home which the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne attended.

Mrs. Siddons, going to see Dr. Johnson, found no chair, on which he said that when Mrs. S. appeared there was never a seat to be had.

The oldest bishop in years in the American Church is Bishop Kip, of California, who was born in 1812, and is consequently 76 years of age.

Sir Lister Kaye, who is now in Winnipeg, states that he has made all the necessary financial arrangements in England to proceed with his great farming scheme.

It is announced that Major-General Cameron, son-in-law of Sir Charles Tupper, is to succeed General Oliver as Commandant of the R. M. College at Kingston.

Mr. C. S. Burroughs has presented to the Montreal Chess Club a framed portrait, to hang in the club room, of the late Dr. Zukertort, the eminent chess player.

The Colchester Liberals have nominated A. G. Morrison to oppose ex-Governor Archibald. Mr. Morrison is a son of the late Hon. Thos. Morrison and is a member of a Halifax law firm.

The Prince of Wales wears a billycock hat, smokes a short pipe and drives about in a hired carriage when at Cannes or Nice, and cuts everybody who attempts to treat him as a prince.

Lord Stanley of Preston, who has had only fair sport at Cascapedia, is most generous in the disposal of his fish, all the lords, dignitaries, civil, municipal and ecclesiastical, coming in for their share.

The Governor-General will not visit Kingston during the holding of the Provincial Exhibition. He has accepted an invitation to open the Industrial Exhibition in Toronto, on Wednesday, September 11.

There is no bishop in actual service in the Protestant Episcopal Church of America whose consecration outdates 1851, the year when Bishop Williams, the presiding bishop of that Church, was consecrated.

There are about thirty grand dukes in Russia, all of them near relatives to the Czar. Each receives from the state an annual pension amounting to \$80,000, and the majority of them have large private fortunes besides.

General Harrison's maternal great-grand-father, John Cleves Symmes, who purchased from the Government the site of the city of Cincinnati, was not the promulgator of the "Symmes hole" notion, but was the uncle and namesake of that theorist.

The Bishop of Fredericton, now in his 84th year, and Bishop Austin, of Guiana, now 80 years of age, are the oldest actively engaged bishops in years and length of service in the Church of England at home, in the colonies, or in the great daughter church of America.

Mr. Benjamin Sulte has examined the tomb at Three Rivers opened a year ago by Mr. L. Pothier, and has come to the conclusion that it was that of Capitaneal, the Algonquin chief who induced Champlain to establish a fort at Three Rivers. The chief was famous both as an orator and a warrior.

Among the members returned at the general election for the new North-West Legislative Assembly is Capt. Wm. Thorburn, of Shipton, formerly Captain of No. 1 company 54th Batt., and for some time farm manager of the Richmond Agricultural College. He represents the Bow-River district, and had the poll by a large majority.

### EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

An epigram of an old Greek poet has been running through my mind for the past week, and this is the shape it has taken at last:—

I ask no fields with plenty crowned,  
I ask no wealth, as Gyges owned,  
Dear Laclede; all I seek,  
Is what the wants of life require,  
Beef, porter, bread, a cheering fire,  
My paper once a week.

I ask no store of paltry pelf,  
To make me quite forget myself;  
Such ills doth wealth afford:  
To me a "combine" hath no charms,  
To me the "stocks" cause no alarms,  
I envy not a hoard.

The master-minds of other days,  
The bards whom wond'ring nations praise,  
To me their treasures bring.  
Homer and Virgil me inspire,  
For me Anacreon strikes his lyre,  
For me does Horace sing.

And they, the chiefs of elder time,  
The denizens of every clime,  
The patriot men of yore,—  
For me they live, for me they bleed,  
For me they do the heroic deed:—  
What can I wish for more?

With wealth like this, with friends like these,  
I live in no "inglorious ease;"  
Nor rend the air with groans,  
Because there's been denied to me  
The complement of L. S. D.,  
That's lavished upon Jones.

H. M.



He—Are you fond of noodles, Miss May?  
She—Am I to understand this to be an offer of marriage, Mr. Smith?

A definition of matrimony, quoted by Lord Beaconsfield, but said originally by Gibbon to Lord Sheffield: "Choice difficult—success doubtful—engagement perpetual."

Surprised Dame—What! And you have refused Mr. de Good? I thought you liked him.

Lovely Daughter—I did, but none of the other girls seemed to care a snap for him.

A good story is told of a photograph in a shop window in Turin; it was taken from "La belle Jardinière", but in deference to insular ignorance, this had been translated into English as "Gardener's Fine Woman."

Miss Clara (at the seashore)—How gracefully young Mr. De Lyle handles the ribbons when driving, doesn't he?

Miss Jennie—He ought to, my dear; he has charge of that department at Silk & Satin's, you know.

Several Indians who went on the war path recently were overtaken by four white men and killed. It is feared that our government had not provided the unfortunate Indians with the latest improved rifles.—*Norristown Herald*.

"Who is that distinguished looking man across the street?"  
"I don't know his name, but he's an Englishman."

"A lord, I wonder?"

"I don't think so; I saw him getting change for \$5 a while ago."

Brown—That's a handsome umbrella you've got there, Robinson.

Robinson—Yes.

Brown—About what does it cost to carry an umbrella like that?

Robinson—Eternal vigilance.

Professor Pasteur—Oui, I must admit it. My plan for killing Australian rabbits by inoculating them with cholera of chicken has failed.

American—I'll tell you what to do. Just convince the rabbits that they will have hydrophobia unless they can get to you for treatment and they will die fast enough.—*Omaha World*.

"Do you know what Greenberry is doing now?"  
"He's in a museum."

"In what capacity?"  
"As a freak."

"How can he pass as a freak?"  
"Well he has not broken one of his New Year's resolutions yet."—*Lincoln Journal*.

Featherly was making his customary Wednesday night call, and Bobby was sustaining his part of the conversation with his usual ease and fluency.

"Ma," he said, "do people who steal get into trouble?"

"Certainly, Bobby. Why?"

"I heard Clara say that Mr. Featherly would get into trouble if he didn't stop stealing kisses."—*The Epoch*.

A traveling man for a certain New York house was put on the witness stand in court.

"Do you solemnly swear," said the clerk, "that the evidence you shall give in the case now on hearing shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

The witness hesitated, and then said: "I've been selling goods for Blanks & Co. for five years—but I'll do my best."—*Merchant Traveler*.

Metropolitan Editor—Write an able article carefully reviewing the topography and population of Central Africa, the dangers incident to travel from men and beasts, give the line of Stanley's probable march and your conclusions regarding Stanley's probable fate.

Assistant—I don't know anything about it.  
"Neither does any one else. It's a splendid subject for fine writing."—*Omaha World*.

"Dear, dear," said a kind-hearted matron, on meeting a friend whom she had not seen for a long time, "dear, dear, and you're not yet married, Jane, and with your good looks, too!"

"No, I'm single yet," replied Jane, with a pleasant laugh.

"And how comes it that you are still single?"

"Well," replied Jane, with a twinkle of her eye, "I expect, like Topsy, I was born so."

A young cock and a hen were speaking of the size of eggs. Said the cock: "I once laid an egg—" "Oh, you did!" interrupted the hen, with a derisive cackle. "Pray how did you manage it?" The cock felt injured in his self-esteem, and turning his back upon the hen, addressed himself to a brood of young chickens. "I once laid an egg—" The chickens chirped incredulously, and passed on. The insulted bird reddened in the wattles with indignation, and strutting up to the patriarch of the entire barnyard, repeated his assertion. The patriarch nodded gravely, as if the feat were an every-day affair, and the other continued: "I once laid an egg alongside of a watermelon, and compared the two. The vegetable was considerably the larger." This fable shows the absurdity of hearing all a man has to say.