

After dinner we drove to Mr. McCartney's farm. A fine spacious house in the midst of a magnificent reach of cultivation. Mrs. McCartney received us with much kindness, inquired if we had had dinner, and soon Mr. McCartney and his son had left the field and joined us. A pleasant chat about the crop, the abounding crop, the North-West generally, the air, the opportunities. Nothing, Mr. McCartney assured us, would persuade him to go back to Ontario again. When he did visit it he felt a want of elbow room.

Thence we drove to the school and saw the children of the farmers at school with better desks, better books, better maps than the children of rich men in England and Ireland had thirty-five years ago.

Thence to visit the farm of Mr. Charles Gass, a prominent man in Moosejaw. He had an abundant crop, and Mrs. Gass told us they were well satisfied. Here, as at Mr. Barton's, a conservatory was attached to the house. A day or two ago I drove out from Moosejaw to see some threshing. Long before I arrived at the farm I saw the smoke of the engine and heard, or thought I heard the throb and hurry of the separator. Arrived on the spot the sight was a gratifying one—a thoroughly North-West scene, nor need you glance towards the door for any *cara sposa* to greet you, for the farm is a bachelor's farm. Some ten or twelve men were engaged in the work. One fed the engine with straw; two or three guided the sheaves into the separator; four Sioux Indians with their picturesque eclectic garb were lifting the sheaves to the grinders and the farmer himself was receiving the grain in pails and bearing it away. A magnificent full-bodied specimen of red fye wheat. Two other men on a vast heap were receiving the straw as it was hurried out of the maw of the separator. The agile Indians occasionally leaped over the belts which conveyed the power of the engine to the separator, according as they were required on one side or the other. The man's face who is feeding the engine is black with smoke. The air is clear and bright with that peculiar sense of freshness which belongs to the evenings of the North-West, but of which no description would give any idea. Machinery, Indians, Saxons, Celts, vast heap of deep red wheat, great heaps of straw, all aglow in the light of the sun who is setting in great splendour over the blue-purple backs of the Dirt Hills.

The proprietor of the farm has gone. I ask why? Where? He has gone to get supper for the men. I follow him to the house. It is clean, but bare. Here he is his own cook. He prepares the tea; he cooks the bacon; he boils the eggs. The meal is a wholesome one and much engaged, but there is something wanting, as there is something wanting everywhere in the house—that something only a woman's deft hand can impart. Well may the poet say that nature made her to temper man—to temper him! Her presence and pervading influence are indispensable conditions to comfort, refinement, the highest mental activity, progress, success. In a bachelor's farm-house you feel as if you must be cold on the warmest day—all is bare, hard, amorphous.

This harvest will leave few bachelor farm-houses in the West. Already there is a regular crop of marriages in and around Moosejaw.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

PARIS LETTER.

FRENCH society, since I last wrote to you, has been deeply affected by the death of Octave Feuillet's eldest son, a young married man of thirty. M. Feuillet has been so stricken down with grief that he announced his intention of giving up all authorship. A comedy for the *Gymnase* which was nearly finished is to be withdrawn, and the author of the *Roman d'un jeune homme pauvre*, and of so many charming romances, says that he will write no more. M. Feuillet's work, though not invariably what would be put into the hands of a young girl, is marked by singular purity and grace, and if he keeps the resolution made in the first shock of his sorrow, it will indeed be a loss to letters and to the wholesome literature of France.

President Carnot has been touring in Normandy, and in particular, assisting at a naval combat by night in the port of Cherbourg. Torpedo boats coming in from the open sea attacked a squadron at anchor; the electric light shot out from the forts and men of war, and the big guns thundered from every side upon the little assailants; a splendid sight and a deafening din. Unfortunately for all the nations of the world the real results of naval combat with modern engines of war is the secret of the future. We happened to be at Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight during the autumn of 1870, and saw the melancholy return of the Channel squadron after the loss of the ship *Captain*. Nothing more lugubrious can be imagined than the silent filing of the six monsters, black, flagless, as if ashamed. Their companion the *Captain* had sunk unseen by any of the others; sunk like a child's toy launched upon the waters of a pond. We knew a sailor, now employed at Teddington Lock on the upper Thames; that night he was on the Admiral's flagship, the *Monarch*, and had seen the fleet of seven, more or less distant. An hour after, happening to count them again, there were but six, and it was not till a handful of men who had scrambled into a boat on deck were picked up that any thing was known of the mighty lurch with which the *Captain* settled to the bottom of the sea. And so who can tell what will be the "behaviour" of an iron-clad under the bite of a torpedo?

The newspapers have been full of the memoirs of Frederick III., which chiefly, so far as published, concern his degree of responsibility for the proclamation of the German Empire. Neither to the old Emperor nor to Bismarck, it seems, was due this idea. William loved and regretted "Old Prussia"; Bismarck was afraid of the expense! It was the Crown Prince who prevailed.

Very funny are the English words which are gradually creeping into French journalism. We are told of the exploits of the "joyous Crack-Winner," M. Paul D—, and of the *Highliferies* of the Parisian world. The latter word deserves permanent adoption; it delightfully replaces the worn out old phrase of *haut ton, crème de la crème*, and so on, being active in signification, and expressive of the greatest excitement of fashionable frivolity, with a *souppçon* of zig!

The aged M. Chreveil is slightly failing at last. He is still driven out daily to inspect the progress of the *Tour Eiffel* (which, by the way, is to be painted of a dull red, rust colour), but he becomes too feeble to receive visitors at his home. Gil Blas observes that when a man has seen Marie Antoinette in his childhood, and Mrs. Langtry in his old age, he has not been misused by fate.

An interesting circus, or rather hippodrome, is about to be opened at Neuilly, where the horses are to be trained and exhibited in the view of procuring solid beasts for carriages and carts. Races are to be run by trotting horses in double harness. Mazeppa's nose will be out of joint, and the fleet Arabian will yield the *pas* to democracy in horse flesh!

In a different order of ideas the Canadian visitors to Paris will henceforth see upon the house numbered 144 *Rue de Rivoli* a marble slab inscribed thus, "Here was the hotel where Admiral Coligny died by assassination in the night of St. Bartholomew, on the 24th of August, 1572." Another and very dissimilar French hero has got his statue. Danton the Revolutionist, the man of "audacity and always audacity," has this week set his native town of Arcis-sur-Aube in lively commotion. The Mayor and Municipality, a Senator and two Deputies, the President of the Municipality of Paris and two Delegates from the same, with a local *Préfet* and *sous Préfet*, and a *juge de paix*, who is Danton's great nephew, went with M. Lockroy, a member of the Government, who came by train to inaugurate the monument. The sun was of blinding heat, the dust rose in clouds, but nought did they mind, while the excellent local band played the "Marseillaise," and the company made speeches; after which they dined, having on the table a fine statuette of Danton modelled in lard!

The death of Marshal Bazaine has elicited a curious and painful account of his old age from a neighbour in Madrid. His wife quitted him some time ago, at least she went to her native Mexico on pecuniary business with her younger children, leaving the Marshal with his eldest son. While in Madrid Madame Bazaine saw much company, but the old man chiefly sat alone in a room apart, and was never visible at his wife's five o'clock teas. The family went from one house to another, always changing for the worse, and seemed at last to be reduced to great poverty. Bazaine did his own marketing, returning home with a chicken under one arm and a cauliflower under another. He was devoted to the memory of the Empire, and in his old age allowed himself to speak with much acrimony of the French army. We were present at one of the series of days on which he was tried for treason at Versailles. The trial took place in the hall of the *Grand Trianon*, and was most painful and impressive. The presiding judge, of what we should call a court-martial, was the Duc d'Aumale, and his fine intellectual head, so strongly resembling that of his great ancestor Henri Quatre, contrasted with the bull dog head of the unhappy Marshal of France, who sat at a table on the left of the Duc. He bore the miserable scene with a certain heavy dignity, he the hero of a hundred fights, who had yet so mistaken his duty as to allow 173,000 men, the flower of the French army, to be led away into Germany like a flock of sheep.

Curiously enough Bazaine was one of the few officers who rose from the ranks during the second Empire. Born in 1811 he was the son of a grocer at Versailles. The Radicals who have taken the opportunity to vilify his memory might remember that at least he could have no pretensions to being an aristocrat.

Although we are said to be on the eve of a war, or at any rate of a revolution, social life in Paris goes on as gayly as ever notwithstanding the want of a Court. French women are certainly more various in faculty than those of other nations. A *parisienne* gets through an astonishing amount of work in a day; when the Maréchale MacMahon was in residence at Algiers during her husband's vice-royalty, she rose at six, went to mass and visited the poor till eight, interviewed all the members of her household and gave her orders till lunch time, devoted hours of her time to painting in an English studio, and through it all was known as the best dressed and prettiest woman in the colony, whilst the *fêtes* and receptions which she gave during that time vied with those given by the Empress Eugénie at the *Tuileries*.
M. A. B.

THE modern practice of dental surgery, requiring as it does so extensive a use of the dental engine, and that often in a cramped position, is much more laborious than formerly, when the forceps had almost unlimited sway, and any labour-saving appliances are welcomed. Mr. Coxeter has invented an electric dental engine. The whole apparatus weighs but a few ounces, and is held in the hand when in use, like the electric mallet, which it resembles in shape. The electric current is generated by a large primary battery, or the engine can be worked by means of accumulators or a dynamo. It is spoken highly of by some dentists who have used it, but seems to be rather deficient in power for heavy work. Another invention for a similar purpose is Hastie's water motor, which was introduced by Mr. Walter Campbell, of Dundee, and, as its name implies, is worked by hydraulic pressure. As it is now fitted it is almost perfect as a dental motor, but it requires a considerable force of water, and is hardly practicable unless supplied direct from the main.—*Lancet*.