

## POINTS OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

## THE DOUBLE SHUFFLE.

ONCE heard a highly educated gentleman, a graduate of several of the leading universities of Europe, solemnly declare that Cooper's delightful tales supplied the greater part of the magnetism in the loadestone that attracted him to America. He fully expected to hunt buffalo and rein-deer in the back streets of New York.

An enthusiastic admirer of the Canadian ensign exclaimed, "What about Canada?" Canada was a barren, bleak wilderness situated somewhere in the neighborhood of the North Pole. Its great rivers and lakes were ever locked in the cold embrace of their icy shrouds; its immense territory eternally covered with its silver sheen of chaste, virgin snow, unspotted, save by the trail of the polar bear, the moccasined feet of the Esquimaux and a few adventurous whites who bartered glittering baubles for furs which commanded fabulous prices in the marts of civilized Europe.

Canadians who entertain a pardonable pride in their flourishing cities, their fertile, undulating plains echoing with the hum of happy, contented settlers, the majestic St. Lawrence ploughed by the great ocean liners may smile a smile of pity for the Europeans, whose ignorance of geographical science led Wm. Young, of London, honorable secretary of the *association for the abolition of obligatory vaccination*, to address pamphlets to "New Brunswick, Province of St. John, United States of America." Another learned gentleman, "former Consul-General and Secretary of Legation, etc., gold medalist for merit in sciences of S. M. Emperor of Germany, corresponding member of

geographical societies of Paris, Vienna, etc., etc., *ad libitum*," made a sad muddle of *Mr. Flemming Sangfort and the Institut-Canadien de l'Ottawa, United States*. The most uncouth Esquimaux could inform this celebrated *savant*, that he meant Mr. Sandford Flemming and our Canadian Ottawa, "the Washington of the North." Such an exhibition of virtuous ignorance is excusable in Europeans, who are decidedly insular in geographical lore, whose opening chapter is located at the Ural Mountains and final scene laid at Land's end. "'Tis true, 'tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

We leave Europeans to rest in a peace undisturbed, except by the vain endeavor to solve a puzzle which, for them is writ in Chinese characters, whether historic Quebec is or is not the chief suburb of Greater New York the second largest of the world's cities. Canadians may decide to condone the infantile antics of the grave continental on the charitable plea that, "where ignorance is bliss it's folly to be wise;" yet, if they examine their own conscience, the list of their peccadillos in hand, they may find that they have committed grave sins through vincible ignorance of many of the most important chapters of their own history and the glorious deeds of their most illustrious statesmen. Every effect hath its cause, at least, so saith philosophy, which is, after all, common sense in Sunday attire. We do not wish to tire the reader by leading him through all the ways and by-ways that conduct him from the effect to the fountain-head or source, and shall immediately introduce him into the course of historical studies mapped out for our provincial public