

# The Dominion Illustrated.

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Inquiry has been made about Black Cod, spoken of lately in the despatches from the fisheries of Prince Edward Island. The fish has some points of likeness to the cod, but does not belong to the same family, and is said to be more akin to the ling, having only two dorsal fins and being slenderer than the cod. The ling is a plentiful article of food in Scotland and Ireland.

The two-cent letter rate having paid for itself in the United States, after only a few years of use, it is time that the same lowering should be adopted in Canada, and, if our information is right, the authorities, under the new Postmaster-General, Mr. Haggart, have as good as settled the introduction of this reform. The experience of the Americans would be repeated here—an immediate and large increase in letter-writing.

A more special postal legislation is urged in certain quarters, the book trade demanding the rate of one cent a pound on books bound in paper and on periodicals, and sent over by mail into Canada from England or the United States. It is claimed that the Government would save money by this, and that the discrimination in favour of English and American publishers would be estopped.

General Wolseley's list of transcendent military geniuses is small—comprising Cæsar, Hannibal, Marlborough, Napoleon and Lee. Napoleon he puts at the very top, and, in our age, Lee. That is about right, and what the impartial historians of the future will pretty much agree to. The great Moltke has the same view of Napoleon. With Lee, Stonewall Jackson must not be forgotten. No commander of modern times excelled him in strategic insight, and his attack always told.

Professor Blackie is ever original and sound. In a lecture on Education, at Kingussie, he said the object of schooling was to draw out, not to cram in, and to make the mind grow consciously as the plant grows unconsciously. He deprecated the exclusive use of books. He declared the Bible too sacred to be taught as a school book. He insisted on the study of history, and hoped that there would soon be a Chair of History in every Scotch University, a hope which we may echo in Canada, where there is not one.

Turning to his own people, Professor Blackie put one great source of moral culture in national songs. They enrich the blood more than the best sermon, because no minister would pretend that the best sermons were better than the songs of David; and as to the songs of Scotland, "A man's a man for a' that," could they hear a better psalm than that song? As to the æsthetic element of human nature, the Scotch people, he was sorry to say, were not an æsthetic people. The Scotch had no sense of the beautiful. He did not want the schoolmaster's salary to be paid

by results. That was degrading and made the schoolmaster a slave.

A glance over the whole field of public opinion, during the past three months, reveals a strengthened and a loftier national feeling than existed before. It is more general, too, stretching from the east to the west. Partisan papers may seek to explain that sentiment away, but they cannot do it. Canada is immeasurably stronger to-day, in the consciousness of self-sustainment and of determining to be itself, and nothing else, than it was before Mr. Cleveland's Retaliation message.

Some of the papers, whose object it would not be hard to fathom, complain bitterly that the writers and speakers should be called traitors who would hand over their country to another, on the transparent plea of a material improvement, which cannot be shown, and which does not justify the risk of political change. Yet, traitor is the word. It conveys precisely what is meant. Canada is well as it stands. Its institutions are no longer experimental, but entering fast upon results of practical thrift. We are a nation now, and need no officious bolstering.

It is amusing to observe the free and easy way in which the papers of the Northwest speak of the older Provinces. They toss them off jauntily with the name of "Eastern" Canada, as if they were ever so far away and only lightly connected with them. In their tone, too, these young papers are a little saucy, but that will right itself with time. Dudley Warner, who has just returned from there, was amused to find in our Northwest the same offhandedness as in the American Western States, and the same show of independence of the East.

And yet the old Provinces are still there. They cannot be shaken off by a shrug of the shoulder, or even a blow betwixt the eyes. They carry the ark of the Constitution in their hands, and no Ishmaelite may dare to lay profane hands thereon. They are the depositories of the traditions of the country, besides, and are the guardians of principles which have made Canada what it is. And—coming down to hard pan—it is their money, their hoarded means, the fruit of secular toil, that has gone far toward the building of the North-West itself.

Up to two or three years ago our blue-books, Federal and Provincial, were unworthy of the Governments which put them forth, and inadequate to the money spent on them. At present there is a change for the better. The Maritime Provinces and Ontario have put forward neat samples, and Quebec has followed suit, in several instances, this year. The Federal Government ought to give the example. So precious a yearly volume as that of the Archives, for instance, should be printed on good paper and bound in stiff covers.

There has been very little light thrown upon the hidden influences which put a sudden stop to the negotiations with Newfoundland for union, and if the Dominion Government have received any official communication on the subject they have kept it strictly to themselves. What adds to the mystery is the information now leaking out, from reliable sources, that the opposition to the proposed measure is by no means preponderating. The Rev. Mr. Harvey, well-known correspondent of the *Gazette*, and, we believe, of the *Globe*, as well, states that the adherents are very strong, and that the day may be carried within a not distant future.

## ONLY HALF CIVILIZED.

We are very boastful of our progress in civilization, and while our American friends may be said to take the palm in that respect, the Canadian is not far behind, and, indeed, in certain points, fancies that he has done better than his big neighbour. We have each dark, aboriginal elements to deal with, the United States having two—the Indian and the Negro—and the Dominion one, the Indian, from Prince Edward Island to the shores of the Skeena. With the former the Americans and ourselves have had to deal for over two hundred and fifty years, and close contact with the Ethiopian across the border goes back nearly two centuries.

In that time these people have been more or less under the influence of the white man; the English having one way of treating them, and the French another, but both relying, as the most powerful agency, on the examples and teachings of Christianity. At first the original holders of the continent had to be subdued by force of arms, and, while this was done partially and temporarily with some tribes alone, the greater number were brought under by stratagem, fraudulent treaties and fire water. Practically, to-day, after bloody outbreaks in defence of their rights, or in vengeance for outrages upon their women, their property and their own personal freedom, the red race has been driven into subjection to the pale face, and it is Washington and Ottawa that rule even in the farthest fastnesses of the Yukon or Labrador.

This being so, we may well stop to ask whether we have succeeded to any appreciable extent in civilizing the Indian and bringing him up to the standard of Christian virtues and the usages of social life? We need not go out of our own country for an answer. The Lower Provinces have their Micmacs and their Abenakis; Quebec, its Hurons and its Iroquois; Ontario, its Algonquins; and the whole Northwest, the many broken fragments of the tribes that have been beaten back, in a thousand battles, to the prairies and foothills of the setting sun. How do these Indians stand? Are they civilized or not civilized? The answer must imply an admission that there is such a thing as a distinction of races—almost radical in its divergencies—however we may hold to the absolute unity of origin. One half of our Indians are not civilized. The other half are civilized but in part, and it is only a slender proportion that, in habit of thought, mode of life and daily contact with the ways of great centres, like Quebec, Montreal, London and Winnipeg, can lay any claim to the title of civilized Christian. And even in these reservations—which are, at best, but a mild form of disguised imprisonment—the old lawless spirit breaks out at times. The Onondagas of New York were caught only lately indulging in their old cruel and obscene rites of paganism; the dog worship, innocent enough, though grotesque and heathenish, is regularly practised in Brantford, and the sun-dance—a more poetic and logical form of adoration—is one of the yearly attractions at Calgary.

The missionaries will not deny these facts. Indeed, they are the first to acknowledge that, under the best circumstances, their neophytes can hardly be led beyond a certain point of mental or moral progress. They can be taught to read only the hymns and the outlines of gospel instruction. The leading points of Christianity, few and