

CANADIAN HISTORY.

The following was addressed to the Literary and Historical Society by one of the *litterateurs* of Percé :

The *Haldimand Papers* have been partially copied at the expense of the Dominion Government and ought now to form part of the public archives, at Ottawa.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF GASPÉ.

MY DEAR SIR,—Since my last, these following new informations have come to hand.

By the *Quebec Almanack*, we see that in 1806 and 1807, Lieutenant-Colonel Fleury Deschambault, Aide-de-Camp, was Lieut.-Governor of Gaspé. In 1808, Forbes appears for the first time.

The best chance of success would be to apply to the *London British Museum*, where is the collection of *Haldimand Papers* and *Bouquet Papers*, which contain very precious information on the years following the Conquest. No copy of these papers likely exists in Canada. Please suggest to authorities.

Mr. Benj. Sulte is to publish shortly notes concerning Lieutenant-Governor LeMaitre, in a gazette. They will likely supply some missing links.

Could not a Canadian devoted to his country's history be found in London to inspect the aforesaid papers and extract what concerns particularly that point which is now put before the public. We say *honor to a centenarian!* Well, the Lieutenant-Governorship of Gaspé is about this time a venerable centenarian. Let us dust it a little, gather, like the dry bones in Ezekiel's vision, all its component parts, and set it up as a whole.

Let me know if the *Chronicle* or the *Journal de Quebec* contain information in answer to questions about the Lieut.-Governor of Gaspé. Percé, June 4th, 1880.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow has been recognized as a poet in days that are separated from us by almost sixty years. He was born in Portland, Me., on the 27th of February, 1807. Maine then formed part of the commonwealth of Massachusetts. He was a son of the Hon. Stephen Longfellow, a man of much note in the first half of this century, both in law and in politics, and who was one of the early members of the United States house of representatives from Maine (1823-5). He was one of the Massachusetts delegates to the Hartford convention, and it is stated that he was the last survivor of the members of that memorable body. He was descended, paternally, from one of the Massachusetts colonists who came to this country more than two centuries ago, and on the side of his mother from John Alden. Mr. Stephen Longfellow had a close interest in literature, and at one time he was president of the Maine Historical Society, a body which has done much good and useful work. He died in 1849, living to a great age, so that he had the gratification of seeing his most distinguished son in all the enjoyment that established fame affords. That son was sent at the age of 14 years (1821) to Bowdoin College, then, as now, ranking with the first of our institutions for the promotion of learning. In the same class was Nathaniel Hawthorne, who was his senior by almost three years. The early association of these two young men was the beginning of a close friendship that lasted for more than 40 years, and ended only when Hawthorne went to his final resting-place, in Sleepy Hollow, at Concord. In Hawthorne's writings can be found not a little that shows how he appreciated Longfellow's friendship; and Longfellow was not less loyal than Hawthorne. He was the first man in the world who took the measure of his friend's mind, and we have heard that he wrote the admirable article on the first edition of "Twice-told Tales," published in 1837, which article appeared in the *North American Review* the same year, if our memory be not at fault. A third student was at Bowdoin during most of the time that Longfellow and Hawthorne were there. Franklin Pierce entered the college a year earlier than Hawthorne and Longfellow, and in 1853 he became president of the United States. Between the future president and Hawthorne a lifelong intimacy was established, which had a great effect on the fortunes of the author, though the president cared for nothing but American politics, and Hawthorne cared no more for them than he cared for those of Lilliput. But it is an old thing that men of the most different minds often become the most devoted friends. Mr. Longfellow graduated in 1825, when he was but eighteen years old. As he began his poetical career while he was in college, he was a young poet in what have become old days. Mr. Longfellow appears to have thought of devoting himself to the law, which was a natural enough first thought of a youth whose father was an eminent jurist, but it soon was abandoned. When but 19 he was made professor of modern languages and literature in Bowdoin College, and he passed the next four years in Europe preparing himself for his professional duties. That time was spent in Germany and France, Spain and Italy. He assumed the chair to which he had been appointed in 1830, and held it till 1835. He found time, or he made it, for other labors, writing for the *North American Review* and translating the "Coplas de Manrique," the most perfect production of the kind ever known. It

is not just to speak of it as a translation, for in the English it is almost as much an original work as it is in the Spanish.

His success with the "Coplas de Manrique" placed Mr. Longfellow at the age of 26 (the work was published in 1833), in the front rank of great living poets; and there were poetical giants in those days. "Outre-Mer: A Pilgrimage Beyond the Sea," came out two years later, and was received with delight, though the reading public of 1835 would sustain but a poor comparison with that of 1880. Two years after its publication he was appointed to the professorship of modern languages and belles-lettres in Harvard College which had been made vacant through the resignation of his eminent friend, P. of. George Ticknor. He again visited Europe, where he remained two years, travelling in Germany and Switzerland, in Holland and Belgium, and in Sweden and Denmark. He began his official duties at Cambridge in 1837, and held the professorship till 1854, when he resigned. Meantime his career as an author went steadily on. "Hyperion" was published in 1839, and became immediately popular, and it has retained its popularity through 40 years. The same year appeared "Voices of the Night." "Ballads and other Poems," date from 1841. It was in 1842 that he gave his "Poems on Slavery" to his countrymen. A long series of works followed, showing that the poet could labor steadily besides discharging his professional obligations. "The Spanish Student" was published in 1843, and in 1845 he prepared "Poets and Poetry of Europe," a critical compilation. Then came "The Belfry of Bruges and other Poems," in 1846, and "Evangeline" in 1847, which is commonly held to be his greatest production. His novel, "Kavanagh," appeared in 1849, and "Sea-side and Fire-side," in 1850. "The Golden Legend," has the date 1851. Four years passed, and in 1855 he published "The Song of Hiawatha," said to have had the largest sale of any of his poems. Three years later, in 1858, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," met with the applause it deserved. "Tales of a Wayside Inn," appeared in 1863, "Flower de Luce" in 1866, and "New England Tragedies" in 1868. It was known that he was engaged on a translation of Dante, which was expected with much interest. The publication took place in 1867, with the title "The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri," and filled three superb and massive volumes, including "Notes," and "Illustrations."

MUSICAL.

After an absence of about two years, August Wilhelmj re-appeared before a Montreal audience on Tuesday, the 8th inst., at the Mechanics' Hall, with Signora Marie Salvotti as prima donna, and the young and celebrated pianist and composer, Max Vogrich.

Though the audience was rather noisy, owing to the inexcusable delay of half an hour in opening the concert, every one was full of attention when Max Vogrich appeared to begin the programme with the Mendelssohn-Liszt Wedding March, the playing of which proved at once that the good account which the United States press gave of this young artist is true. Signora Marie Salvotti, a lady of Italian type with a commanding appearance, sang Verdi's Aria "Nabucco" in Italian.

Her cultivated voice, over which she has entire control, is rich and pure, while she sings the upper register with the greatest ease and understands fully how to give expression even to the most simple music.

Paganini's Concerto by Herr Wilhelmj was the next piece, and we can hardly describe the storm of applause which greeted this distinguished player, who furnished a delightful sight by his modesty, pleasant smile and composure, amidst the ovation given him. This scene was repeated at the end of his playing, and though he generally avoids *encores* he had to comply with the demands of the audience which manifested such a longing for more as if Herr Wilhelmj had just come on the platform.

"I Love Thee," a sweet little song by Wilhelmj, was beautifully rendered by Signora Salvotti who, too, received warm applause and sang "Home, Sweet Home" as an *encore* in an artistic style, and with great pathos. The accompaniment to this piece particularly had some exquisite passages, and we have had seldom the pleasure of listening to anything so perfectly executed.

Vogrich's Andante by Herr Wilhelmj followed. Though he plays with the brilliancy of execution and delicacy of shading which characterizes his execution and justly made him the eminent artist he is, yet the flaw which occurred in the harmony of his and the composer's playing could not escape the notice of an attentive and musical ear. We fully realized the fact of playing without music on one side, and being entirely at home in the rendition of a piece by the composer himself on the other; still harmony is the important foundation and does not admit of a break in the precision. Max Vogrich played Raff's Fantasia "Aida" with great effect and accompanied Herr Wilhelmj in Ernest's Hungarian Dances, which simply brought the house down, and Herr Wilhelmj bowed in place of an *encore*. Still, as the enthusiasm did not abate, the three artists appeared to close the concert with a Fantasia on "God Save the Queen" in which Signora Salvotti showed her melodious voice until every one was fairly in raptures, and when God Save the Queen was sung with the usual honor the audience left with the greatest satisfaction.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

It is stated that Sir Richard Wallace is forming his collection of pictures, works of art, and curiosities into a museum, which he will open to the public once a week.

THOSE of the Paris theatres which remain open in June, July, and August will, during those months, revive popular and little-remembered plays. This is for the benefit of the foreign visitors as well as for that of the theatres.

THE antiquarian world is in joy. A genuine nightcap in guipure, belonging to Charles V., has been placed in the Cluny Museum. This valuable relic figures alongside the slobbering bib of Henri IV. and the feeding spoon and silver porringer of Louis XIV.

THE Versailles Municipality has voted the restitution of the inscription on the Hoche statue:—"Died too soon for France. Had he lived his glory promised to cost nothing to the liberty of his country." This sarcasm on Cæsarism, composed by Mr. Villemain, of the Academy, was suppressed by Napoleon III.

ONE of those French manufacturers who are capable of any iniquity, is sending out a brocade which has designs upon it borrowed from furniture. It is hideous beyond expression when one looks at it closely and realises what a jumble of vases, jars, fans, plates, and pitchers it is, but it is tolerable at a distance, for its colours are blended with great taste.

WHITHER are we drifting in the matter of extravagance in dress? The latest and costliest of novelties is a black satin, embroidered all over by hand very finely, with flowers in their natural hues. This artistic material costs two hundred francs a yard. Some twelve yards in combination with plain satin were recently employed in a dress prepared for an American belle by one of the leading houses of Paris.

A SELECT club has been founded where only enthusiastic sportsmen, foreign as well as French, are admitted. It has its monthly paper devoted to improving dogs, and will hold a canine exhibition every spring. During the close season, the members, instead of gambling, are treated by Waldteufel and his orchestra from ten p.m. till one a.m., to a selection of music recalling the pleasures of the field.

As a rule fashions are confined to the fair sex, but a contemporary gives the latest novelties in masculine dandyism. Canes with secret bottles are now in fashion. The handle of the cane is a Chinese, Indian, or Japanese divinity, from whence, on pressing a string, escapes a jet of scent. Amber holders for cigars and cigarettes have the monogram or crest of their owner in diamonds or coloured stones. At home the Parisian dandies wear short coats of Scotch plush, and white flannel trousers, whilst for races socks of plain-coloured silk with the initials embroidered on the ankles, have a charming effect worn with low shoes. This is the grave result of women adopting masculine manners, and putting on manly attire. It has driven men to the opposite extreme of effeminacy.

VARIETIES.

AN UNLUCKY JULIET.—The juvenile leading lady, a good actress and very pretty woman by the way, and a young mother, was cast to play Juliet in *Romeo and Juliet*. Her baby had been placed in her dressing-room for security, and to be near the mother. But just before the balcony scene the young tyrant became unruly and impossible to control. What was to be done? A mother's tact hit upon the true soothing syrup. She nestled the infant to her breast, and from that moment the young villain became silent as a mouse. Being called, she hastily mounted the rostrum that supported the supposed balcony, throwing a lace scarf over her shoulders, which concealed the little suckling; and leaning over the balcony, with the other arm pensively placed upon her cheek, she looked the picture of innocence and beauty. The scene opened and went glowingly. But, alas! Juliet has to appear and disappear three times; and in her effort to do so gracefully, and yet conceal the child, she stumbled against the iron brace that held up the frail structure. Down fell the balcony; and, lo! the love-lorn maiden was discovered with a baby at her breast—seated on a tub, that served for a stool, and at her foot, accidentally placed there by the thirsty carpenter, was a quart pot. The said carpenter was discovered on all-fours steadying with his back the rickety structure above. Shrieks of laughter from all parts of the house greeted the *tab-tears*, and of the play no more was heard that night. From "Random Recollections of an Old Actor," by Fred. Belton.

CHARLES DICKENS AND THE QUEEN.—The new literary paper, the *Pen*, contains in its first number the following hitherto unpublished letter addressed by Charles Dickens to an intimate friend (the father of the painter of the "Roll Call") immediately after the marriage of the Queen. "Devonshire Terrace, Thursday Morning. My dear Thompson,—Maclise and I are raving with love for the Queen, with a hopeless passion whose extent no tongue can tell, nor mind of man conceive. On Tuesday we sallied down to Windsor, prowled about the Castle, saw the corridor and their private rooms

—nay, the very bed-chamber (which we know from having been there twice) lighted up with such a ruddy, homely, brilliant glow, bespeaking so much bliss and happiness, that I, your humble servant, lay down in the mud at the top of the long walk and refused all comfort, to the immeasurable astonishment of a few straggling passengers who had survived the drunkenness of the previous night. After perpetrating some other extravagances we returned home at midnight in a postchaise, and now we wear marriage medals next our hearts and go about with pockets full of portraits which we weep over in secret. Forster was with us at Windsor and (for the joke's sake) counterfeits a passion too, but he does not love her. Don't mention this unhappy attachment. I am very wretched, and think of leaving my home. My wife makes me miserable, and when I hear the voices of my infant children I burst into tears. I fear it is too late to ask you to take this house, now that you have made such arrangements of comfort in Pall Mall; but if you will, you shall have it very cheap—furniture at a low valuation—money not being so much an object as escaping from the family. For God's sake turn this matter over in your mind, and please to ask Captain Kincaide what he asks—his lowest terms in short, for ready money—for that post of Gentleman-at-Arms. I must be near her, and I see no better way than that for the present. I have on hand three numbers of "Master Humphrey's Clock," and the two first chapters of "Barnaby." Would you like to buy them? Writing any more in my present state of mind, is out of the question. They are written in a pretty fair hand, and when I am in the Serpentine may be considered curious. Name your own terms. I know you don't like trouble, but I have ventured, notwithstanding, to make you an executor of my will. There won't be a great deal to do, as there is no money. There is a little bequest having reference to HER which you might like to execute. I have, on the Lord Chamberlain's authority, that she reads my books and is very fond of them. I think she will be sorry when I am gone. I should wish to be embalmed, and to be kept (if practicable) on the top of the Triumphal Arch at Buckingham Palace when she is in town, and on the north-east turrets of the Round Tower when she is at Windsor. From your distracted and blighted friend, C. D.—Don't show this to Mr. Wakley if it ever comes to that."

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, June 7.—Prince Jerome Napoleon is seriously ill.—John Brougham, the veteran actor, died last night.—All hope of the missing training ship *Atalanta* is now given up.—The funeral of the late Czarina took place at St. Petersburg yesterday.

TUESDAY, June 8.—Crop prospects in the Ottawa Valley are reported to be unusually excellent.—The German Government is to issue invitations to the Powers for a supplementary conference at Berlin.—An anti-slavery deputation yesterday waited on Earl Granville to urge upon the Government to advocate the abolition of slavery in Egypt and Turkey.

WEDNESDAY, June 9.—The new Viceroy of India has arrived at Simla.—It is reported that James Gordon Bennett was thrown from his horse and seriously hurt whilst riding in Paris yesterday.—In the Local Legislature last night, the Opposition challenged a division, and the Government was supported by a vote of 29 to 21.—Gen. James A. Garfield, of Ohio, yesterday received the Republican nomination for the Presidency, and Gen. Arthur, of New York, the nomination for the Vice-Presidency.—The barque *Glen Monach*, from Rio de Janeiro, has been placed in quarantine at Grosse Isle, near Quebec, having sixteen cases of yellow fever on board. There were three deaths during the voyage.

THURSDAY, June 10.—The Senate Committee on Finance has reported favourably to the House a bill putting a specific duty of 25 cents per bushel on barley malt in place of *ad valorem* duty.—The New York *Graphic* says proceedings have been begun in the U.S. Circuit Court by the Pullman Palace Car Company against the N. Y. Central Car Company and Webster Wagner, for infringement of patent rights. Wagner is charged with manufacturing cars without license to certain contracts. Complainants claim one million dollars damages.—Ravages of the army worm upon wheat, corn and timothy crops in Ocean and Monmouth Counties and other parts of New Jersey continue. Farmers, who at sunset see their grass and rye doing well, awake at sunrise to find acres on acres destroyed. The rapidity and thoroughness with which these worms do their work are appalling, and coupled with the late drought in this section, is likely to make 1880 a year of serious disaster to a large part of New Jersey.

FRIDAY, June 11.—Cassagnac has resigned his seat in the Chamber of Deputies owing to divisions in the Bonapartist ranks.—Lord Hartington in the Commons denies that orders have been given for the evacuation of Cabul.—A tornado in Iowa, on Wednesday, wrought great destruction of property, not a house in its track being left standing. Twenty people are reported dead or missing.—A large oil tank in Titusville, Pa., was struck and set on fire by lightning yesterday morning, and the fire extending continued to burn furiously all day. The loss is estimated at \$3,000,000.—A raft, in descending the Lachine Rapids yesterday morning, got into the wrong channel and was broken to pieces. The crew of thirteen had a thrilling adventure, and three of their number—a Frenchman and two Indians—lost their lives.—The abolition of the malt tax in Great Britain, while gratifying to the agriculturists, will give offence to the Scotch and Irish whiskey manufacturers.—The beer manufacturers, too, are likely to complain of the reduction of duty on light wines.

SATURDAY, June 12.—The Burmah rebellion is said to have collapsed.—The entry of the Chinese into Russian territory is confirmed.—Midhat Paasha is spoken of as likely to be appointed Governor of Albania.—Intercepted letters of Abdul Rahman to the Afghan chiefs have created an unfavourable impression against him.—Preparations are rapidly nearing completion for the holding of the national Democratic Convention in Cincinnati.—A Berlin despatch says Bismarck has no intention of dropping the May laws amendment bill, in spite of its rejection.—Earl Granville, speaking at a banquet given him by the London Fishmongers' Company, said present indications of European concerted action were extremely favourable.