

ment. Despondency, ignoble ease or sordid toil are not factors in Mr. Blake's present retirement.

It has been said and with truth that the future of a country is in her young men. The youth of Canada are addicted largely to party parades and grow up "bound hand and foot to party."

The perfect man is not so made. The firm will to persist in a reasonable course of action once chosen, and a manly courage to assert the right in the face of dominant wrong, conduct, pure, noble and just, with no desire to be relieved from labour, are the constituents of the best specimens of modern civilization.

EDWARD HARRIS.

### PARIS LETTER.

**S**Ocialism having emigrated to Germany, as Thiers and Gambetta boasted, has unquestionably returned to France but stripped of much Utopianism, hence the reason why the largest school of French socialists have baptized themselves "Possibilists." They follow the lead of Germany while marching arm and arm with their companions in Austria and Italy. They will hold a demonstration on the first of May next—they abstained last year. The chief planks in their platform are: eight hours a day work; augmentation of wages and for municipalities, either singly or collectively; to undertake the storing of grain, grinding it into flour and baking it into bread. The one-pound loaf would thus cost six instead of eight sous. The Possibilists are facing social difficulties; this is an advance on windbagism and cloudiness. They will have no medicine-men—save themselves; the municipalities must be their backbone, by providing free workshops and capital for co-operative labour. Obligatory education is affirmed to be a delusion so long as the State does not support the children. The working classes are the majority, and ought to unite to vote solid and straight for the candidates of their order, pay less attention to strikes and more to securing a controlling majority in Parliament.

After being permanently exiled in 1886 with the Orleanist pretenders, Prince Napoleon retired to his exile home at Prangins, near Nyon, in Switzerland. There he passed his day in his study or in feeding, playing and walking with his three Newfoundland dogs, maintaining his correspondence with numerous European celebrities, and, above all, conversing and smoking with visitors. In summer he rose at five o'clock and took his bath in the river close by, in winter his tub must be iced. His favourite, and indeed only drink since the doctors placed him on a special régime, was iced water. Like Napoleon I., he eats rapidly and quits the dinner-table precipitately. He likes to spend much of his time in his museum, composed of relics of Napoleon I., some of which include the sword he wore at Austerlitz—destined for Boulanger in case he won Alsace for France. There are coronation dress articles of Napoleon, some of his hair and a portion of the coffin in which he was interred at St. Helena.

Prince Napoleon's eldest son, Victor, resembles his uncle the King of Italy in appearance, but he has no distinct individualism. His father disowns him and has concentrated all his affections and care on the second son, Prince Louis, who has some of the physical and mental traits of the Bonapartes. That the Prince has inflexibility of will is shown in his attitude not to pardon his eldest son, but when his sister-in-law, Maria Pia, married the King of Portugal, he wrote her: "I like you very much, but, since you have married an Orleanist, I like you no more." Similar to Napoleon I., the Prince is a good chess-player; he has no taste for billiards. He cares little for dispaty, his pocket-book, that he never quits, costs only two sous, and everyday he notes in it the changes and strength of the French army and the sums voted for its maintenance.

The French are born to trouble in Tonkin as the sparks to fly upwards. One of the resident Governors and his body guard have been assassinated by the Black Flags, another Rivière affair and which must be avenged, as withdrawing from the colony is impossible. It is said an expeditionary corps of 10,000 men will be necessary to keep the inhabitants quiet, and a good punishment column must be sent into the disaster district to repair the check. In case France was involved in European complications, the Black Flags would likely become tragically lively. The population of Tonkin is 9,000,000, and of Algeria 3,250,000, and it takes an entire army corps to watch the latter.

Spain is the only country in Europe that has a distinct Chinese Legation; this is due to the thousands of coolies resident in her colonies. The great powers are honoured with a Minister Plenipotentiary, who drops in on them from time to time. The Chinese Legation here has had for secretary the popular General Tchong-ki-Tong, a veritable Boulevardier, who writes and speaks French like a native, and is as well known in Paris as the Pont-Neuf, for he has resided over a quarter of a century in the capital. His return to China is deservedly regretted. His successor is M. Tchong-Tchang, a diplomatist and a distinguished linguist, and what is singular a Catholic, a religion to which also his Tartar wife belongs. That will be a rebuff for the Western "Buddhas." The few Chinese living in Paris sell tea; one wide-awake John Chinaman boasts of the specialty of vending only "tea from the French colonists," which do not produce a leaf or a tip of that shrub. Patriots give him their custom. Other Chinese are employed by big grocers to make up coffee and

rice in paper bags. One Chinese has opened an "Opium Paradise" for the delectation of Europeans who have lived in Tonkin or the Flowery Land, and he has several on his "pipe roll."

Despite the famous "Decrees," there are fifty-five convents and fifteen monasteries in Paris; of the total 70, three are due to British endowments. Parisians have sixty-nine churches to meet their religious wants, and thirty-one of these are dedicated to saints. It has been said that Spain is the land to die in because of its devotion; Voltarian Paris beats Madrid in facilities for piety.

It is contemplated to raise the wind for the poor, by having a carted stag hunted in the Bois de Boulogne, early in May. A splendid pack of thirty-five hounds is promised and the Duc d'Aumale will supply the stag. The hunting party, ladies and gentlemen, are to be dressed in the hunting costumes of Louis V., and will pay 100 frs. for their *permis de chasse*. A corps of trumpeters will assist. Spectators will be charged five to fifty frs., following standpoint. The idea bites.

Although May Day be a good six weeks distant, the working classes are actively organizing to have an imposing but pacific demonstration. Home Minister Constans will assist them in the latter by his manifestations. Last year the turnout was a fiasco because the workmen were disunited. On the present occasion they are unanimous to show capitalists and employers—their strength. The orators charged with the arrangements hold advanced ideas. One speaker laid down that Governments would and could do nothing for labour; another aims to turn society inside out like a glove; a third repudiates patriotism and believes only in the universal brotherhood of toilers, united to suppress militarism. The labour deputies were accused of allowing themselves to be "fattened at the grub tables of capitalists" and with having their "nails rounded by employers' ladies." Stung at this heretical charge one deputy retorted that he expended his official salary of twenty-five frs. a day in bringing out socialist pamphlets, and utilized his free pass over the railways to preach the sacred cause of revolution throughout the country.

Z.

### AMONG THE MILLET—BY LAMPMAN.

Yes, Nature's hand is 'gainst his lips,  
The secrets of her finger tips  
Are his! his ear is near her heart,  
He hears the buds and blossoms start,  
The streams awake, the loving wind,  
Which stoops to coax the grass unbind  
Its old, worn clasp! the Robin, too,  
Who flings his songs athwart the blue,  
And taunts the echoes far and near.  
In reckless gladness! These appear  
And take fine form in his rich soul,  
He feels and knows, and scans the whole,  
And gathers in his dewy rhyme  
The glamour of the whole spring time.

C. M. HOLMES.

Pictou, Ont., April, 1891.

### PROMINENT CANADIANS—XXXV.

SKETCHES of the following Prominent Canadians have already appeared in THE WEEK: Hon. Oliver Mowat, Sir Daniel Wilson, Principal Grant, Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., Louis Honoré Fréchette, LL.D., Sir J. William Dawson, Sir Alexander Campbell, K.C.M.G., Hon. William Stevens Fielding, Hon. Alexander MacKenzie, Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley, C.B., K.C.M.G., Alexander MacLachlan, Hon. J. A. Chapeau, Sir Richard Cartwright, K.C.M.G., Sandford Fleming, C.E., LL.D., C.M.G., Hon. H. G. Joly, Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, Sir William Buell Richards, Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, M.P., Hon. Honoré Mercier, Q.C., Hon. William Macdougall, C.B., Rev. Principal MacVicar, D.D., LL.D., Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, M.A., George Paxton Young, M.A., Hon. Auguste Real Angers, Principal Caven, D.D., William Ralph Meredith, LL.D., Q.C., M.P.P., Sir William Pearce Howland, C.B., K.C.M.G., Senator the Hon. John Macdonald, the Hon. John Hawkins Hagarty, D.C.L., Chief Justice of Ontario, Lieut.-Col. George T. Denison, Sir Antoine Aime Dorion, His Grace Archbishop O'Brien, Charles Mair, F.R.S.C., Chief Justice Allen, and Sir John Thompson, K.C.M.G.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

**I**N countries like the Motherland, ripe with honourable years, rich in illustrious ancestry, and still rapidly productive of individual types of greatness, a man must indeed be essentially a heroic figure—using the attribute in the sense which Carlyle attaches to it, in order to capture the attention and compel the admiration of a people long used to appraise merit in every form.

But in this young Canada of ours, we have less reason to view with indifference or apathy the efforts of a son of the soil to carve out for himself a noble career, the success of which must be of inappreciable value to his country, helping to invest her with a dignity which all her achievements hitherto, in the political, agricultural or commercial orders, have been powerless to obtain for her.

For a nation's patent of nobility is her poets' list. Not Alexander, but Homer, immortalized his country, Virgil is greater than Caesar; the land of Shakespeare takes precedence of the land of Wellington; the pen of Longfellow is mightier than the sword of Washington. It remains for Canada, or to be just, we should say English Canada, to produce her singers, before she can hope to be admitted into the aristocracy of nations.

Viewing her destiny in this light, it becomes apparent that any evidences of extraordinary talent, or to be

bolder, let us say any promise of genius, on the part of her sons, must be eagerly looked upon, by men imbued with national spirit, as the possible germ of that intellectual greatness, without which mere material prosperity would be but a vain and barren result.

Though it might be rash and even dangerous to forecast the future of a man as young as Mr. Lampman, yet there are, in the work he has already produced, suggestions of power, insight, wisdom, pathos, courage, and truth, which, in the mind of an attentive reader, breed hopes of a very high order indeed, and are, we think, a sufficient justification for the assumption that his success is a matter of national importance.

Granting this fact, no excuse need be offered for making his character and work a theme for serious study and public discussion, though a perfectly fair and frank treatment of the subject is as yet, for obvious reasons, a task of more than ordinary difficulty and delicacy.

Thirty years ago, namely, on the seventeenth of November, 1861, at the little post-village of Morpeth, in the county of Kent, and on the shore of Lake Erie, our poet, Archibald Lampman, was born. His parents though both Canadians by birth are descended from German families, and people who love to ascribe the credit of a man's attributes to his ancestors will doubtless recognize, in our poet's contemplative disposition, a tendency inherited from his Teutonic forefathers, who flourished in the middle of the last century.

But during the hundred and fifty years or thereabouts which have elapsed since the old German stock struck root in transatlantic soil, it is more than probable that the radical change of conditions resulted in an entirely new variation of type, so that the poet of to-day may legitimately be regarded as a genuine Canadian product. A few years after the birth of his son Archibald, Mr. Lampman, who is a clergyman of the Church of England, was removed from Morpeth and appointed to the Parish of Perrytown, a small village in the county of Durham, about nine miles from Port Hope. The change proved disadvantageous in many respects. The place was thinly populated, and its surroundings bare of beauty or interest. After about a year of residence, Mr. Lampman gave up his pastorate, and brought his family, now consisting of a boy and three girls, to Gore's Landing, on the shore of Rice Lake.

Here, at least, if other things were lacking, there was compensation of a kind likely to be appreciated by the dawning enthusiasm of an ardent lover of nature. It was far from being a misfortune that the lad's fast developing powers had no larger scope for exercise than the narrow limits of this country village with its peaceful environs. No doubt this circumstance did much to foster the habit of patient and minute observation, which made the future poet so fine a master in the art of description.

Concentration of his forces was more judicious than expenditure as a preparation for the future. His range of vision being narrow, his perception grew keen, his tastes pure, his knowledge of things exhaustive. He came out of this primitive school better equipped for intellectual achievement than many a youth bred in the classic atmosphere of the university and subject to the stimulating processes of foreign travel.

But though circumstances may have been in many respects unfavourable to the advancement of the young and earnest student, he was at least highly fortunate in this that he found a large share of sympathy and encouragement under his own roof. Thus he enjoyed a happy immunity from the sufferings which are the inevitable fate of a sensitive nature, unsupported by watchful affection and intelligent sympathy. His mother, herself a woman of talent and taste, was eminently qualified to understand the bent of her son's mind, and to assist him in developing the spiritual forces latent within him. Her indomitable courage and perseverance succeeded in overcoming every obstacle that lay in the way of her son's education. The best tuition available in the country was secured to him, and happily it was not long before the fruit of her noble endeavours began to appear.

In 1876, the young Archibald was sent to Trinity College School, Port Hope, where he rapidly distinguished himself, and ended by outstripping all his comrades. He then entered Trinity College, Toronto, where he won several scholarships and finally took his bachelor's degree in arts with honours.

During his three years' sojourn there, he may be said to have been initiated into the secrets of the Literary Guild by assuming the editorship of the college paper. Many of his first published efforts, both in prose and verse, appeared in its modest columns, and his reputation as a poet soon became firmly established among his immediate friends and acquaintances.

Upon leaving college, Mr. Lampman went to Orangeville, where he accepted the post of Assistant Master of the High School. His duties there proving uncongenial, they were given up in the course of a year, and Mr. Lampman removed to Ottawa, where he received an appointment in the Post Office Department which he still continues to hold.

It is scarcely to be supposed that it is in the nature of a poet to take kindly to the daily routine of office drudgery. Indeed, one could well imagine the writer of such lines as:

Oh for a life of leisure and broad hours  
To think and dream, to put away small things.