

for his assurance, coming across the fields. As they were alone in the house they shut the door and kept perfectly quiet, trusting that he would, on finding no one, set off for the next house. The fellow however entered the kitchen, and, after calling in vain for the expected inmates, commenced a search through the house, and finally opened the door of their room and walked in. He was received with calm dignity and silent reproof. But nothing disconcerted he exclaimed: "Sisters, poor Indian hungry and wants breakfast, not such breakfast as you get 'em Irishman, but a breakfast like your own."

Here is another anecdote of those old colonial days which marks the powers of observation and the quiet sense of humour of these peculiar people. The father of a large family of girls, observing an old squaw following them with her eyes as they passed through the room, said to her: "Well, Molly, I suppose you are wondering how all those daughters of mine are to get husbands out here." "No brother," she said, "certain by-em-by; catch em officer."

During the French regime in Acadia, the squaws themselves proved adepts in the art of catching officers. This was a constant source of annoyance to the king, but in spite of all the royal edicts it was impossible to prevent the *couriers du bois* attaching themselves to Indian brides.

Neither the English-speaking settlers nor those in the British regiments stationed in the Maritime Provinces appear to have been tempted to commit this social offence. The latter, however, have always fraternized to some extent with such of the Indians as turned their attention to hunting and fishing. The result is that the aborigines acquired modes of expression and adopted habits which would startlingly remind a newly-arrived Englishman of home. On one occasion a party of officers had arranged for an excursion into the woods in search of moose, and consulted the Indian engaged to head the party as to what provisions they should take. "S'pose," said he, "you take some Worcester sauce," and then enumerated pork, hard tack, and the other comestibles usually selected on such occasions. It would be rash, in the face of this evidence, to assert that the Acadian red men are incapable of being fully civilized.

It is asserted that the Indians find much satisfaction in inducing white children to become Indians in tastes and habits. I know of at least one instance which tends to prove the correctness of this assertion. Near the camp of a Milicete on the river St. John lived a white mother with a young baby girl. The mother, according to the Indian's statement, was neither a kind nor wise nurse, and so much did he disapprove of her methods that he was induced to ask for and obtain possession of the child. Having adopted it he came to me to assist him in raising a fund for its maintenance and, armed with a brief written statement of the case, succeeded in obtaining a good many dollars. Learning that the child had never been baptized, I advised him to take it to the priest at once. He agreed to do so if I would provide a name, but refused to give it any name except one of my selection. After fully considering the matter I selected part of the name of a plant bearing a very pretty and very sweet star-shaped flower of the *Ericaceae* family, *Moneses uniflora*. Accordingly this poor little waif was christened *Moneses*, and my Indian friend told me that all his people said that they knew it was an Indian name but did not know what it meant. It is scarcely necessary for me to add that the name is of pure Greek origin and means the solitary desire, being derived from *monos* and *esis*.

I. ALLEN JACK.

### NATION MAKING.

THE present age has witnessed many curious experiments in the attempt to produce artificially what it was formerly thought to be the function of nature solely to provide. Some scientists have attempted to produce chickens from artificial eggs; others have devoted their lives to promoting an artificial language; rain making has engaged their more recent efforts; but the most interesting, as it is the most ambitious, has been the promotion of nations. There is great question as to the permanent success of any of these trials, and we are inclined to think that the nation promoters will have to wait some time before their pudding is proved by the most scientific of all standards—success. Meantime it is our privilege and pleasure to discuss their plans.

What has always been the accepted use of the word nation? What meaning is sought to be attached to it? Naturally we turn first to philology, and though philology is a most deceptive, as it is a most engaging, guide, we cannot be far wrong in concluding that the essential meaning of the word is *birth*. A common origin is undoubtedly the first step in the formation of a nation, and though common language and common customs may seem equally necessary in uniting a people, they are sufficiently allied to birth, to make them one and the same thing. But is birth sufficient? The Jews had a common origin, they had language and religion in common, and they were welded by a series of wars and migrations into a nation, which, divided as it now is, still preserves its characteristics in whatever corner of the globe it is met with. On the other hand the Greeks, possessing nearly every feature which we see in the Jews, can scarcely be said to have ever attained to national life. Not even the pressure of Asiatic invasion left any mark of permanence upon their union. Like a handful of

pebbles they resisted the pressure, and, when it was removed, fell apart again. Why did the Greeks fail where the Jews succeeded? They lacked some quality which the others possessed—the power of uniting their interests. They were good artists, but bad business men. Needless to say in the latter respect the Jews have always excelled.

Thus it would appear that there are two bonds, separate and distinct, which go to form every true nation—a common origin and a common interest. They have their counterparts in everyday life, in the ties of family and business partnerships, illustrating the sentimental and the utilitarian sides of man. They still exist, but with ever decreasing force; and the question seems now to be whether a state of hard and fast nationalism is the best, or at least sufficiently good, to cultivate and make some sacrifices for. The natural tendency is rather the other way, and any attempt to check it seems to savour of turning the sacred streams backward. This we know is impossible, though apparently it is given unto man to dam them. If things were only allowed to work themselves out along their natural lines, the human race would probably advance at a regular pace towards its ultimate goal. As languages became assimilated, race prejudices would die out. War in any case must go pretty soon, and the lesser causes of irritation in trade barriers would speedily follow. At this point the nation maker steps in with a plea for the old order. "Nations," he says, "are a good thing and very easily procured. A flag, a customs tariff, and some inhabitants are the sole essentials." It is a little difficult to decide whether this theory should be classed as reactionary or new.

The tendency exists in old countries, but it is with America that we are chiefly concerned, for there new tendencies are illustrated in all their vigour.

The United States have long delighted to call themselves a nation, and we in Canada have learned of late, with some hesitation, to take unto ourselves the word. It has become natural enough to us, but surely the "Ancients" would stare, were they told that two nations of similar origin existed side by side, separated not by a mountain, a river, or even a ditch, but by a parallel of latitude. And perhaps the humour of the thing would be increased—for Herodotus, for instance—were he to find that each nation, so-called, though speaking the same language, spoke it with a variety of accent limited only by the number of other languages on the earth. "Surely," he might exclaim, "these are not nations; they are companies." Companies they are in fact, existing for purposes of trade and fenced in by their own custom laws. Some relics of sentiment remain. Flags are still hoisted, and drums are beat in the States, because they once whipped the British; and here, in honour of our various grandparents, for Parliament has decreed that the best way of keeping the national holiday is by transacting the business of the country on it. Even in the last elections, though the loyalty card was played for all it was worth, yet it cannot be overlooked that some care, not to say anxiety, was displayed that the people should understand clearly that the business interests of the country depended on preserving our independence. Had a rivalry been declared, we fear loyalty would have made a poor showing.

But must the two ideas always go hand-in-hand? If "trade follows the flag," may it never precede it? We never could quite reach the point of view of the man, who will not buy his bread from So-and-so, because he is, say—a Baptist. So it is difficult to understand why a knife should not be bought, because it is of German origin. There seems to be a certain confusion of ideas. One would think it a matter of quality and price. Are we less good citizens because we carve our Baptist bread with a German knife? The modern nation theory says that we are. It is proclaiming that it is disloyal to trade with outsiders. Disloyal to what? The answers vary and include Canadian Nationality, the British Connection, the Imperial Idea,—no two agree as to where our loyalty should be fixed. We have plenty of loyalty, but we lack an objective. It was proposed to define Canada as the objective by our Customs tariff. It is now proposed to extend the objective to the Empire by a more extensive Customs tariff. And yet it might appear that the loyalty which requires a Customs tariff is absurd.

What we really want is to get the ideas separated. Let us be loyal to Canada, or to the Federated Empire, or to Ireland, or to Riel, but let us remember to keep our loyalty in its proper place, by the domestic hearth of our minds. If born to loyalty, let us remain loyal; but do not let us sacrifice the true interests of life in pursuing a manufactured sentiment. The true interests of life are the improvement of men, the breaking down of international hate and provincialism, and the advance of civilization and of all higher ideas. To every one of these nationalism has in its time been a hindrance and an enemy. But nationalism was the necessary result of the early condition of mankind. It is not now necessary, and there is such a thing as sinning against the light.

F. W. F.

I NEVER knew a man of letters ashamed of his profession.—*Thackeray*.

MEN are apt to mistake the strength of their feelings for the strength of their argument. The heated mind resents the chilly touch and relentless scrutiny of logic.—*Gladstone*.

### THE RAMBLER.

AS sonnet literature is attracting a good deal of floating attention I subjoin Leigh Hunt's beautiful sonnet, "To the Grasshopper and Cricket." Charles Cowden Clarke relates how during a visit paid by Keats and himself to Leigh Hunt, December 30, 1816, the host proposed to Keats, "the challenge of writing then, there, and to time," a sonnet "On the Grasshopper and the Cricket." In this trial Keats won as to time, "but," Mr. Clarke continues, "with all the kind and gratifying things that were said to him, Keats protested to me as we were afterwards walking home, that he preferred Hunt's treatment to his own." And so does posterity.

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,  
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,  
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,  
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;  
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class  
With those who think the candles come too soon,  
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune  
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;  
Oh, sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,  
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,  
Both have your sunshine, both though small are strong  
At your clear hearts, and both were sent on earth  
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song;  
In doors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

There may not be a better specimen of Hunt's delicious style; natural and buoyant, tender and reserved all at once. The rhymes are above reproach if one exempts *hearth* and *mirth*, the best English authorities giving us of course the broader pronunciation for the first, and the thoughts are unusually happy, truly poetic and, while leaning to a domestic vein, never commonplace. The *warm little housekeeper* is delightful. Away then with superstitions about the cricket! Keats' attempt may follow. It is less fortunate in construction, for the initial line is an imperfect rhyme, and there is, moreover, a palpable effort in the sequence of thoughts. Besides, out of fourteen, eight lines are devoted to the grasshopper and only three or four to the cricket, while Hunt, as we saw, introduces the latter in the fifth line, thereby giving to each equal prominence.

The poetry of earth is never dead,  
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,  
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run  
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;  
That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead  
In summer luxury—he has never done  
With his delights; for, when tired out with fun,  
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.  
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:  
On a lone winter evening when the frost  
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills  
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,  
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,  
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

A few points in the above may be noted as detracting from the general symmetrical value of the sonnet. The phrase "tired out with fun" is over-colloquial. The same fault may be found with the companion phrase "summer luxury"; neither is sufficiently idealized. The introduction of the word "stove" is also a descent. "Fire-side" and "hearth" are admissible into the sacred precinct of poetry, even "grate" may be not found utterly prosaic, but stove is an impossible word. It reminds one of Charles Dudley Warner's "bringing up a family around a register." Then, still continuing an analysis of Keats' sonnet, when he does finally introduce the cricket in the eleventh line, he confers on him no entity of his own, but remarks that his song only suggests that—again—of the grasshopper among the grassy hills.

Poor Hunt—and poor Keats! However, the curious thing about the first is that he really lived to be an old man, seventy five, I think, and yet one regards him always as a very young man and in some manner the brother-martyr of Keats. Readers of "Bleak House" may discern passing traits of Hunt's idiosyncrasies in Harold Skimpole's eccentric and irresponsible character. Lawrence Boythorn, too, is looked upon as an idealized Landor.

Someone writes to ask if in a Dominican Convent absolute silence is always enforced, and, if so, with what result? I have endeavoured to get together the following facts. The routine is somewhat as follows: Matins, 4-5 a.m.; Contemplation, 5-6; *Angelus Domini*, 6; Mass, 6.45; Collation, 7.15. From bed time till after mass next day profound silence reigns, which it is a grave fault to break. Simple silence is observed till after dinner at 12.30. After dinner converse is allowed till Vespers at 1.30 p.m. Study or instruction is then resumed, ending generally with a walk; then come Compline, Rosary and Benediction. In some convents meat is altogether excluded, and during dinner one friar only is allowed to talk. The Dominican fast lasts for seven months, during which period only four ounces of dry bread are allowed for the morning collation, but a good dinner is permitted to atone for this enforced abstinence. There have been men who throve on this sort of thing as there have been others whom it killed. But the dictum of absolute silence belongs rather to the Order of Trappists, I understand, rather than to the Dominicans.

Alas! poor Chambord, how soon he is forgotten! During his latter days he had restored and endowed the Monastery of Castagnovizza, loading with favours the Franciscan Brothers like a true Bourbon, fanatic as he was, and ordered that his mortal remains should be deposited in the vaults of the same monastery and be confided to those saintly men. The demeanour of the Bro-