

for the fun of the thing. And lastly, the French Canadian is exclusively needy. Other reasons will suggest themselves; but having regard to all the circumstances it is absurd on the part of the English-speaking people to seek to perpetuate the existing state of things, in which they give everything and receive nothing in return. On the strength of Confederation theories and the supposed fusion of the two nationalities, the Dominion Government is gradually passing into the hands of the French, and when they have attained supreme power they will exercise it after the present fashion in the interests of the most retrogressive state on this continent. Our party politicians are bidding—or perhaps we should say out-bidding—each other for French Canadian support, and it will presently become a serious question for Ontario to answer how far she is justified in carrying the dead weight imposed upon her by being connected with the Province of Quebec. Mr. Alonzo Wright, whose name is mentioned as a successor to the present occupant of Spenser Wood, is in himself an exceedingly strong candidate, and, beyond all comparison, the most highly as well as the most generally esteemed political man in the Province. If he accepted the office at all, it would be from a sense of public duty, for, unlike many politicians, he is no needy adventurer, seeking to make ends meet, and not over scrupulous as to the methods employed. With the French Canadians of the Ottawa Valley no man stands higher than Alonzo Wright; he is the poor man's friend, ever ready to lend a helping hand to those who need help, and besides having a strong predilection in favour of his French Canadian fellow-countrymen. In addition to his other qualifications, Mr. Wright makes an admirable speech of the good old-fashioned style, rich in playful humour, and abounding in apt illustrations. For the acrid passages of debate and the personalities which do so much to lower the tone of our deliberative assemblies, Mr. Wright has never evinced the slightest liking, and, in consequence of this, he holds a positively unique position at Ottawa, being equally esteemed by both political parties. If anything could restore confidence in the present order of things, such an appointment would unquestionably have that effect, and Sir John is far too shrewd a politician not to appreciate its advantages fully; but it is highly probable that even Sir John will find himself powerless to resist the deep-seated selfishness and national antipathies of the French Canadians of the Lower Province. They are sufficiently powerful now to command the situation, and the fiat has gone forth that, so far as the Province of Quebec is concerned, "no English need apply." If we wished the present state of things perpetuated, we should like to see Mr. Wright appointed. We think, however, that disruption is bound to come, and, in the interests of the other Provinces, it is not desirable to contribute to its delay. We have such a strong conviction in the anti-English policy of the Lower Canadians that we have no hesitation in predicting that no *bona fide* offer of the position will be made to Mr. Wright. French Canadian politicians are too needy to be generous, too bigoted to be liberal.

OBSERVER.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## "DOMINION QUARANTINE REGULATIONS."

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—My attention has been called to a paragraph in the *Sanitary Journal*, in which the writer is good enough to speak of my article on "Dominion Quarantine Regulations" as *very erroneous and misleading*. Now, assuming that the editor of the *Sanitary Journal* attaches some value to the words he employs, I ask him in a spirit of fair play to point out specifically the errors and misleading statements contained in my article. He will not, I am sure, pretend to mistake my meaning, and enter upon topics entirely outside the article. I beg to assure the editor of the *Sanitary Journal* that the article was not written to serve any political interest or party, and that I made no accusation against the Minister of Agriculture—in whose favour he is so anxious to break a lance. The Quarantine Regulations recently issued are a sufficient refutation of the *Sanitary Journal*, but I can promise the editor to make the answer far more complete. Zealous friends are occasionally far more dangerous than enemies—*vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*.

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

THE Philadelphia *Progress* has published, in the form of a supplement, a long account of Mr. Edwin E. Booth's reminiscences of men and things, both North and South, during and just previous to the War.

WE do not suppose it will come to anything, but one cannot help being interested in a bill which has just been introduced into the French Senate for replacing the guillotine by prussic acid. The guillotine is probably more expeditious than the gallows; but according to M. Charton, the author of the bill, the head lives for a short space of time after its severance from the body, and in any case an execution in France is a very ghastly spectacle. M. Charton does not bind himself to prussic acid, and suggests the discharge of a powerful electric battery as an alternative. It certainly is time that the resources of science were brought to bear on capital punishment, and the French, if any people, with their "accessibility to ideas," might show the way.

## FAME'S SYNONYM.

THE wind made moan about the poet's home,  
And sought to enter by each crevice gate,  
As if the soul of brooding Melancholy  
Had her affinities through earth and air.  
His head was bowed in abject sorrowing thought,  
And this the wording of his reverie:

"The breath of fame is breath of scorn:  
Why deem it praise and blessing?  
Was ever yet that poet born  
Who has not felt his crown of thorn  
On bleeding temples pressing?"

"When hearts of men are polished steel,  
How vain the gift of numbers!  
For souls self-bound to Ixion's wheel,  
No height, no depth, no power to feel;  
The lyre of Amphion slumbers!"

"So chilled are all the flowers of song,  
A grave above them closes.  
What charm can such crushed petals show?  
And yet some darling hope may glow  
Beneath life's trampled roses."

Years fleetly passed. The crown he wore  
Grew bright within the mart of thought,  
For every cruel wound he bore  
Came balm, by tears too dearly bought.  
The harp once swept vibrates again  
Through widest range of joy or pain;  
Heaven taught the strains that seek the sky,  
Earth wrought the low antiphony;  
And his the poet's power to show  
How fires neath "polished steel" may glow,  
And His the poet's soul to prove  
That still no fame  
Is worth the name  
Which is not synonym for Love.

JEANIE OLIVER SMITH.

Johnstown, N. Y.

## GAMES AND GAMESTERS.

THOSE grand old gamblers of the last century, John Law of Lauriston, and Casarova, were shrewd arithmeticians, and when they held a bank at Aix, Paris, or Venice knew what they were about perfectly well. Public tables at watering-places appear to have grown out of the custom of dining at an ordinary, after which the person who was prepared to make the biggest bank dealt at faro, then as popular in Europe as it afterwards became in America. In Europe it died out before the period of Crockfords, where only hazard, roulette, and trente-et-quarante were played. It is said that the famous Lord Chesterfield of that period broke all three banks in one night, just as the too-notorious Lord de Ros cleaned out the German tables in a successful tour. There is, however, always a little doubt about these stories, for the tables go on, like the book-makers on the turf, while noblemen and gentlemen die beggared and in exile.

Popular games of cards separate themselves distinctly into classes. There are the games in which a certain number is sought to be attained by the colours, red and black, as at trente-et-quarante; by the dealer and the punters, as at ving-et-un, at quinzio, and at baccarat, now more in vogue than all the others put together. Another class of game is that in which the order of cards coming up decides the battle. To this belongs faro, Horace Walpole's favourite game, at which John Law, Casarova, and other renowned adventurers made immense sums of money by keeping the banks, and which has long been the popular gambling game from New York to San Francisco. Lansquenet is another game of this kind, and, like faro, has somewhat of hazard about its structure. Poker, bluff, and brag are very distinct from these, mainly in being played, like whist, nap and loo, without a banker, and simple as round games. The three first are also games depending not entirely on good cards, but on the skill, coolness, courage, and luck of the player in betting heavily at the right moment. A champion hand by no means insures large gains at poker, as a player may hold four aces and yet be so unfortunate as to find nobody to bet against him. Nearly all games of hazard, as opposed to those of skill, will be bound to come under one of these heads, as games depending on the attaining or approaching of a certain number, or the order of cards in the pack, or on the luck and spirit of the player in betting or in "standing," as at loo (Horace Walpole's weakness), sometimes on a hand which he would reject at others.

In all games played either with a professional or amateur banker, there is a distinct advantage to the banker, as the lovers of Monte Carlo can establish. It is said that there is no doubt about the fairness of the game played at Monte Carlo. This may be. It is argued that the eyes of the greatest scoundrels in Europe are bent upon the dealers, and that is sufficient to guarantee the fairness of the game. I am not at all sure that this