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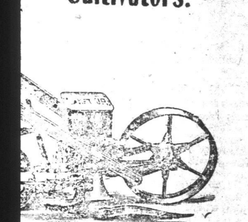

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The Editor's Chair

THE pursuits of politics and of literature seem to have an attraction for the same order of mind. I do not mean politics in the frequently understood sense of an unclean grabbling among the lowest passions and prejudices of mankind, but politics in the sense of an analysis of the habits, instincts and tendencies of the body politic, coupled with the endeavor to express in the institutions of the country these habits, instincts and tendencies as they make for a higher material and social development. Many great politicians have been great as men of letters. The names of Demosthenes, Cicero, Caesar, Francis Bacon, John Milton and Edmund Burke occur to all of us at once as illustrations of this fact. Many great politicians could have been great men of letters if they had devoted their days to literature. One most notable example is to be found in Mr. Gladstone. What Mr. Gladstone would have amounted to as a literary man it is impossible to say, but it is probable that he would have added to the masterpieces of the English language. There are also great men of letters who could have been great politicians had they directed their energies towards politics. It was said of Dr. Chalmers, the Scotch ecclesiastic and orator, and I think the opinion was Mr. Gladstone's, that had he become a politician he would have been the greatest statesman of the nineteenth century. I am morally convinced that if Thomas Carlyle had founded a political school, if the politics of Great Britain in his day had been such that a poor man could enter them, he would have changed the course of British history, and would have expunged from our records the pusillanimous policies into which a namby-pamby humanitarian dogma has too often betrayed us. As it is, the present generation is steeped in Carlyle, whether its members have ever read a line of his or not; and his doctrines have become a heritage to the whole civilized world, instead of being merely partially expressed in the institutions of one country, as would have been the case had he become a statesman instead of a sage.

* * *

Many literary men have been almost failures, or at least only partial successes in politics, or, let me rather say, as politicians. Look at Lord Macaulay, John Stuart Mill and John Morley. I might add Edmund Burke himself, whose fame as an orator has partially obscured his comparative failure as a politician. I believe that the reason is contained in the following passage of Hallam's: "Those who act by calm reason are always so few in number, and often so undeterminate in purpose, that without the aid of passion and folly no great revolution can be brought about. A persuasion of some entire falsehood, in which every circumstance converges to the same effect on the mind; an exaggerated belief of good or evil dispositions in others; a universal inference peremptorily derived from some particular case; these are what sway mankind, not the simple truth with all its limits and explanations, the fair partition of praise and blame, or the measured assent to probability that excludes not hesitation—that condition of the heart and understanding which renders men cautious in their judgment and scrupulous in their dealing unfits them for revolutionary seasons."

* * *

This explanation does not apply very well to Lord Macaulay, because no man was ever more susceptible to the "persuasion of some entire falsehood in which every circumstance converges to the same effect on the mind" than was Thomas Babington. But his persuasion was never the reflex of the popular mind, but the result of his individual and isolated intelligence; so that he possessed the political capacity without the necessary power of absorbing popular ideas, which is, in plainer language, the power and will to worship popular idols. The passage I have just quoted occurs in Hallam's "Introduction to the History of Literature in Europe," and although it is so long since I read the book that I do not exactly remember the context, I think it is quoted from a scholarly and acute discrimination between the influence of Erasmus and Luther upon the Reformation. Certainly the characters of these two men illustrate very clearly the difference between the politician and the literary man. Luther was a typical politician in his force, his certainty and unconscious blending with a popular movement outside himself. Erasmus was the typical literary analyst, whose profound but cautious criticism is lost sight of in the popular acclaim of the leader who would have found nothing to lead without it, although Erasmus disliked the dogmas of the Reformed Church rather more than he did those of the Church of Rome.

* * *

The question as between politics and literature as it affects the individual is thus discussed by Lord Macaulay in one of his letters: "But that a man before whom the two paths of literature and politics lie open, and who might hope for eminence in either, should choose politics and quit literature, seems to me madness. On the one side is health, leisure, peace of mind, the search of truth and all the enjoyments of friendship and conversation. On the other side is almost certain ruin to the constitution, constant labor, constant anxiety. Every friendship which a man may have becomes precarious as soon as he engages in politics. As for those, men soon become callous to it, but the discipline which makes them callous is very severe. And for what is it? Is it for fame? Who would compare the fame of Charles Townshend to that of Hume, that of Lord North to that of Gibbon, that of Lord Chatham to that of Johnson? Who can look back on the life of Burke and not regret that the years which he passed in ruining his health and temper by political exertions were not passed in the composition of some great and durable work? Who can read the letters to Atticus and not feel that Cicero would have been an infinitely happier and better man and not a less celebrated man, if he had left us fewer speeches and more academic questions and tusculan disputations; if he had passed the time which he spent in brawling with Vatinius and Clodius in producing a history of Rome superior to that even of Livy?"

* * *

That is all very true from the point of view of the individual and his fame. The fame of the statesman is great while he lives, but it is evanescent after he dies. With the literary man the reverse is the case, as a rule. The reason for that is that the statesman's name is connected with acts which modify the institutions of his country and at the same time draw great attention; but afterwards they become grafted into the parent stock, and people no longer remember their origin, although they live upon their fruits; whereas the works of a literary man remain a continuous influence upon the minds of his fellow men, and that influence is always connected with his name. But if we look away from the individual to the objective value of the work accomplished, the politician in applying reason to the maintenance of sound institutions and the lopping off of rotten ones, does something of not less moment than the man who prepares his way by influencing thought. Very frequently the mind behind the greatest acts of a statesman is not his own, but that of some more obscure thinker, who might find his revenge for the total suppression of his fame in the evanescent character of that pertaining to the more forceful genius who puts his ideas into action. The fame of Erasmus is as a literary man; but, as he tells us himself, "I receive daily letters from remote parts, from kings, princes, prelates and men of learning, and even from persons of whose existence I was ignorant," and his influence upon contemporary policy must have been enormous. The fame of John Milton is as a literary man, but he was the mind behind the foreign policy of Cromwell, a something to which all Britons look back with pride. Burke was a disappointed politician, but Burke was the author of many a statute, and his advice was often considered indispensable by those in power. Macaulay lives through his contributions to literature, but Macaulay created and brought into force the splendid educational system of our Indian Empire. In fact it may be said that there is not a single literary man whose fame in that direction has been lessened or totally obscured by his absorption in politics, who has not left some enduring monument in the institutions of his country, could all of these only be traced to their proper origin.

Small Beer Chronicles

By the Tapster.

"DOUBT," says Waloopi, "is the friction of truth against truth." And, again: "He who doubts, with him may I strive to some purpose, but to him who easily believes, of what use are my arguments?"

You who have new truths to expound, new discoveries to advertise, new facts to relate, thank heaven for the honest doubter. Into him, stubborn with the firmness of well-tried fibres of knowledge you may, by hard effort and continuous pounding, wedge, insert and finally engraft your demonstrations—to hold the stouter and to ring the truer for that resistance which now clasps and retains the conquering intruder.

"Wouldst hang thy hat on a peg?" asks Waloopi. "Drive it, then, in the oaken beam, not in the crumbling mortar." Also "Fair doubts break no fair truths."

We must thank the doubters for the science of logic which has confounded many knaves (but, alas! few lawyers).

This tale, translated from Waloopi, contains anachronisms, and is of doubtful authenticity.

* * *

Al Hazan, the Caliph, was talking high politics with his vizier. "Let it be admitted," said he, "that vox populi and vox dei are synonymous, homogeneous, similar and concentric."

"True, O King," said the audience of one.

"Let us also admit the divine right of monarchs, the heaven-sent wisdom of princes, and the royal axiom that the King can do no wrong."

"Most undoubtedly," acquiesced his mental foil.

"Then," said the Prince, with sledge-hammer logic, "what the popular voice demands and the royal wisdom grants is and must of necessity be right, proper and uniform."

"Yea," nodded the jackal, "these be wise words."

"For," pursued the monarch, "neither can vox populi ask unfittingly, being vox dei, nor can the King, incapable of wrong, wish to act otherwise than in accordance with that which is fit."

"Truly," chimed in the echoing one, "this is the very distillation of grey matter—let me listen and learn."

"Now," went on the royal dialectition, twirling dexter and sinister thumbs in recurrent cycles of upper and lower culmination, "put case that John Doe and rabble make unanimous and hungry clamor for the foodstuffs that are daily thrown into our fish ponds, and that the King, heritor by divine right to the pike fishing, refuses to grant or recognize such demand. Therefore—"

"Yes," quoth the other, "of a verity—"

"Therefore—" said the Caliph.

"Therefore," acknowledged the understudy.

"Peace, fool," commanded the monarch, "this is no ping-pong tournament. Therefore—er—wherefor—er—where have we arrived at?"

"I fear," said the obsequious vizier, "Your Highness is up against the horns of a dilemma."

"Then get me off quickly," ordered Al Hazan. "'Tis no dignified position for one of my rank."

"Alas!" moaned the officer, "there is no royal short cut through logic. If Your Highness' premises and conclusions jump not well together, there must be flaws therein. Either thy infallibility is somewhat Pickwickian, or the popular voice is out of key."

"What then to do?" asked the now dismayed Caliph. "The mob has already robbed my fishes of two meals, and we must act quickly. If my logic be faulty, what shall be my guide?"

The vizier tapped himself modestly on the chest. "Send me with full authority to confer with the hungry ones. Methinks I may satisfy them at small cost to Your Highness."

"Nay, but this is kind of thee, vizier; art in earnest?"

"Earnest indeed to please my lord—and to appease the starving" (this with a cruel laugh).

"'Tis well," said the Caliph, feelingly, as he pressed a button, "thou art a good man, vizier—and fat. I am loath to leave thee, but thou hast offered—and they are indeed hungry."

"Shagrah"—(this to the Eunuch, who appeared suddenly with his armed assistants)—"take this meat offering and throw it among those of our pikes that have longest hungered."

And as the surprised vizier was borne away, shrieking, the Caliph laughed to himself, "Horns of dilemma, forsooth." Moral: 'Tis a fowl act that feeds no fish.

* * *

Speaking of doubts and doubters, a young friend of mine who writes with a tuning fork sends me the following fragment. He says it is a true story, but I have my doubts:

THE PASSING OF PAUL LEGAI.

Far to the north and far to the west,
Where the totem bears the tribal crest,
Proudly aloft—as the eagle's nest
Is borne on the steepling pine—
A stately pillar of granite grey
Tells the stranger how passed away
The Indian chieftain, Paul Legai,
At the age of forty-nine.

Make keen enquiry and it appears
That out of his nine and forty years
Thirty were troubled with Pagan fears
And haughty with Pagan pride.
Tho' born a Pagan and Pagan bred,
Midst Pagans living and Pagan dead,
Of a Pagan tribe the Pagan head,
Legai a Christian died.

From Father Lemoine he learned the truth
With most of his tribe, albeit, forsooth,
Thoughts from the heresies of his youth
Still puzzled his mind with doubt.
(Paul was a sailor; for years a score
He had handled sheets and pulled an oar.
Plying truders along the shore
Till his tale of years ran out).

Now when it happened that Paul fell ill,
And saw his doom (as a siwash will)
Turning his eyes to the Burial Hill
Of his ancient Pagan clan,
He thought of Heaven—he thought of Hell;
The first was good—but the other? Well—
Better perhaps that his soul should dwell
Midst the ghosts of Tsimpsean.

But what if a watch of each were tried?
Paul was a sailor, quick to decide;
His soul he knew would go with the tide,
(And none stood by his bed).
Just to see if the billet were good
With Mother Church—if bad, he could
Fly quickly back in penitent mood
To sleep with his Father's dead.

Pond'ring he lay with his racking cough,
"Now, if four hours on and four hours off
Is good on earth, it is good enough
For the watch beyond as well."
So he prayed ('tis graven on the stone)
His body should die and lie alone
Eight hours, while his spirit sought the throne
Of the watch of Heav'n and Hell.

And then with a sudden grasping breath
He turned to his lonely tryst with Death
And learned the truth—so the story saith—
And went to the proper place.
His prayer, they say, was hearkened to,
Twice eight bells rang ere the people knew
That Paul was gone—and a troubled few
Gazed long on his tranquil face.

But what he had learned or seen or heard
Is more than I know, for not a word
He left behind as to what occurred
On his last and furthest scout.
Should you ever meet a siwash spook,
Ask, if you please, in your best Chinook,
The fate of Legai—what course he took,
And how did his choice pan out.

LATE INDEED.

If the words of each one were always taken literally, the result might sometimes be quite alarming. The New York Herald tells of an instance where we can hardly blame the party for doing as he did.

The chairman of the lecture committee of a literary society sat restlessly on the stage before a large and waiting audience wondering why the expected lecturer did not arrive. Finally he felt that some sort of an excuse was necessary, and stepping to the footlights, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I regret this delay, and am unable to account for the absence of Professor Smythe, who was to lecture here tonight. He told me that he would be on time if he was alive, and as he is not here, we must conclude that he is dead."

Just then the professor rushed onto the stage all out of breath. "Ladies and gentlemen," continued the chairman, "allow me to introduce you to the late Professor Smythe, who will now address us on 'The Inferno.'"

"Don't you miss your husband very much now, he is away?"

"Oh, at breakfast I just stand his newspaper up in front of a plate and half the time I really forget he isn't there."

Port Royal and Its Defenders.

The following paper was read by Lieut. Beaumont Boggs before the Veterans' Association of Vancouver Island on April 4:

Lieut.-Col. Wolfenden and Brother Members:

I am going to read to you this evening a paper which I do not wish to take any credit for preparing, but to acknowledge at once that the greater part is taken from an excellent work, written by Mr. M. MacVicor, which came into my hands not long ago.

In presenting to you this paper I hope to interest you for a few minutes in a period of Canadian history when the value of England's possessions, although not understood at home, was most hotly contested for, on the western shores of the Atlantic.

The first settlements on this continent north of Florida were made on the peninsula of Nova Scotia in the spring of the year 1605, nearly three hundred years ago, and among these, that of Annapolis or Port Royal was the first.

To understand the importance of Port Royal we must first look at its geographical position. Skirting the easterly coast of the New England States, we enter that notoriously turbulent arm of the ocean, the Bay of Fundy, having the rocky shores of Nova Scotia on our right and the indented outline of New Brunswick on the left, and behind these rocky shores rises a range of wooded hills which in the absence of anything higher are called mountains. About half way up the coast these hills are cleft in twain, and a narrow pass appears. Through this we pass into the Annapolis basin out from the windlashed waters of the stormy Bay of Fundy into the placid land-locked basin of Annapolis. This body of water is triangular in shape, about 16 miles long, and from 2 to 4 miles wide, and at its extreme apex stands the site of old Port Royal, guarding the approach to the land of Evangeline, the home of story.

The land is undulating, extremely fertile, and well watered by the Annapolis river, which enters salt water near the old fort. At an angle formed by a creek and the main stream lie the fortifications, covering an area of fully thirty acres, and when I last saw them they were in a fine state of preservation, still showing the original lines and presenting a formidable appearance.

The fort consisted of four bastions, with connecting curtains to form the main defence; outside these walls lie three ravelins.

The ditch, now altogether dry, was originally wet, and protected with a palisade. Above this rose the walls of bastion and curtain to the height of thirty feet, faced above with hewn timber.

On the parapet above lay logs, secured by pins, ready to be sent rolling down upon the heads of assailants. The embankments appear difficult to ascend even now, after a century's rains have beaten upon them.

The first fort was probably constructed by Sieur D'Aunay in 1643, and enlarged by his successors.

Hostile attacks on Port Royal number about a score, of which about three occurred before the erection of works. The fort suffered ten regular sieges, and was three times captured.

In the summer of 1613 Capt. Samuel Argall, with an armed force of Englishmen from Jamestown, in Virginia, visited Port Royal, and, finding no person to defend the fort, as all the men were in the fields five miles away, he at once set fire to the fort, which was consumed with all its dwellings and stores, leaving the inhabitants nearly destitute. He then sailed home.

In 1628 Sir David Kirk, together with a son of Sir William Alexander, accompanied a colony of Scotch settlers who started out for the purpose of trading with the Indians and colonizing a territory to be known as the future "Nova Scotia," Charles I., King of Scotland, having made a grant of the country to Sir William Alexander, and having established an order of knights called "Baronets of Nova Scotia," to further the interests of the scheme and provide funds. This expedition never reached its goal, for, finding that the lands of Port Royal were occupied by the French, under the leadership of Charles La Tour, they returned to England. Claud La Tour, father of Charles, had been taken to England as a prisoner, but was soon released and received at court. There he was induced by the solicitations of many Huguenot refugees, then in London, to change his allegiance, and, together with his son Charles, was created a "Baronet of Nova Scotia," with a grant of territory. In return for this the elder La Tour was to plant a colony of Scotch at Port Royal, and to secure possession of Fort St. Louis, at the mouth of the Penobscot river, for the English, the said fort being held at that time by the French, under his son, Charles La Tour.

Claud La Tour left Britain in 1630, with a number of colonists, in two vessels, well equipped and provisioned, and in due course anchored off Fort St. Louis. Here his first difficulty was encountered. On communicating with his son, Charles rejected all overtures. He replied that he held the land for his sovereign, the King of France, and was prepared to defend it against all comers, his father's threats and entreaties failing to move the stubborn son. The British assaulted the works on two successive days, but were driven back with great loss, and as the officer in command would not allow his men to be sacrificed in further fighting, the expedition was compelled to continue on to Port Royal.

The Scotch colonists having established themselves, proceeded to lay out much more elaborate works upon the site of the old French fort, but before work had progressed to any great extent, King Charles of England, who had married a French princess, by the treaty of St. Germain restored the whole of Acadia or Nova Scotia to France.

The history of Port Royal from the years 1635 to 1645 is an account of the bitter strife between Seigneur d'Aunay and Charles La Tour. The former had the influence of Cardinal Richelieu, while the latter was a Huguenot and not in favor at the French court. The King of France therefore issued orders in 1641 for the forcible apprehension of La Tour and his removal from Port Royal, but with the assistance of the New England colonists he baffled these designs, and after much fighting drove his enemies back to their ships. This reckless quarrel between rival Frenchmen continued until both men had exhausted their resources and completely impoverished themselves.

In February, 1645, D'Aunay attacked the fort at St. John when La Tour was absent and the garrison was small; but his devoted wife inspired her garrison with her own courage, manned the walls, and beat off the besiegers. In April, however, during a second attempt, an entrance was gained by the besiegers through the treachery of a sentry, but again Lady La Tour, at the head of her men, fought with such spirit that the assailants were driven back with heavy loss. Finding her position no longer tenable, Lady La Tour agreed to surrender if the lives of her brave companions were spared. To this D'Aunay consented, but no sooner were the gates opened than he basely broke his word of honor and hanged every man of the garrison, compelling Lady La Tour to stand in the fort yard with a halter round her neck and witness the execution of her friends. Her heart was broken by such treatment, and she died within a few days of the capitulation. She was a heroine of the highest type, beloved by all who knew her.

In 1650 D'Aunay was drowned near Port Royal, and three years later La Tour married his widow, probably expecting, like the Yorkes and Lancasters of old, by uniting the families to possess the lands in peace. But D'Aunay had a creditor, a merchant of Rochelle, named Le Borgne, who shortly arrived, and under legal authority from the French courts took possession of all the estates, making his headquarters at Port Royal.

But Oliver Cromwell had not been reckoned with; he had never been satisfied with his predecessor's restoration of Nova Scotia to France, and, without waiting to declare war, despatched 500 men in four ships, under Major Robert Sedgewick, of Charlestown (an ancestor of the present Minister of Justice), and Captain John Leverett, of Boston, to dispossess their troublesome neighbors of Acadia.

Le Borgne refused to surrender, and opposed the English, who landed 300 men on the south side of the harbor. The officer in charge of the French was killed, and his force retreated in disorder to the fort, within his defences.

Le Borgne had 150 men and abundance of military stores, while an armed ship lay moored near by. His courage failed him, however, and he surrendered on terms, permitting the inhabitants to retain their lands and enjoy their own form of religion.

Cromwell retained possession of Nova Scotia, despite the protests of France, he having placed Col. Temple, an English officer in charge. After the short war ending 1667, Charles II. agreed to restore the country in exchange for one-half of the little island of St. Christopher, in the West Indies, and Col. Temple was withdrawn.

In 1689 war again broke out. William of Orange sat on the English throne, and Louis IV. ruled France.

Frontenac, the able administrator of Canada, was hurling his forces of regulars, rangers and savages against the defenceless villages of New England, and roused every colonist to acts of retaliation.

The people of Boston fitted out an expedition under the command of Sir William Phipps, to attack Port Royal, consisting of seven vessels and 700 men. This force arrived in May, 1690, and found an unfinished fort, 18 unmounted cannon, and a garrison of 70 men without officers. A show of resistance was made, resulting in another surrender, much plunder but little bloodshed. Before his departure Phipps summoned the French settlers and made them take the oath of allegiance to the crown of England, and then left them without any English-speaking representative.

A few days after the departure of the English ships, Port Royal was visited by two piratical craft, the crews of which burned nearly thirty houses, committing terrible ravages and hanging many of the defenceless inhabitants. In the year 1704, Port Royal having in the natural course of events drifted back to the rule of France, another expedition was fitted out at Boston, under Col. Ben Church. This was much larger than the former, but if we except the burning of the unprotected villages of Chignecto and Grand Pre, breaking the dykes and killing of cattle, nothing was done, and no decided attempt was made to attack Port Royal. Three years later we find a still larger expedition—over 1,000 men, several warships and numerous armed transports, under command of both colonial and British officers, the latter of whom took little pains to conceal their disdain for their companions in arms.

The fleet arrived at Annapolis basin on June 6, taking the French completely by surprise. The commander saw the hostile fleet and sent messengers to the militia to assemble at the fort, from whence they were despatched to oppose the enemy at positions on both sides of the river.

The British meantime had landed far down the river—Col. Appleton with 320 men and some Indians on the north bank, Col. March, the commander-in-chief, with the remainder on the south bank, and both columns were slowly making their way toward the fort. Col. Appleton's command was attacked early in the morning, following the landing. The action took place in a ravine, but the British succeeded in driving the French before them, and by noon had reached a spot opposite the fort, the French retiring within the enclosure.

Col. March seems to have advanced up the basin without serious opposition until attempting the passage of the Three Bridges. At this point the French had laid an ambuscade, and the fight was waged with intense vigor. Subercase had his horse shot under him, and was at last compelled to retreat. They were closely pressed up the hill by the British, who advanced in the face of a brisk fire, their drums beating, trumpets sounding and colors flying, and cheering as they charged the enemy. They encamped within a mile of the fort, on the peninsula and less than half a mile across the river. Their difficulties, however, were only commencing. The prize they coveted lay before them, but it was garrisoned by 500 men, and showed over forty 12, 18, 24 and 36-pounder guns—the latter, however, being trained seaward. To take so formidable a place by assault was too hazardous an enterprise for the undisciplined militia of New England, and it was accordingly thought better to reduce the place by regular siege. But in this the lack of concert among the leaders soon showed itself, and the ill success of the expedition seems to have been caused in a great part by the jealousies that arose between the colonial and imperial officers. Redknap, commanding the artillery, failed to bring up his heavy guns into position against the defences, while Stucley, in his English man-of-war, lay far out of range. The colonials made energetic efforts to capture the fortifications, but, without the support of their artillery, these were futile. In advancing against the works from the south, the English gained the cover of several buildings which stood near the fort on that side; but Subercase at once had these destroyed.

On the night of the 16th a determined assault was made upon the fortifications, beginning with a heavy fire of musketry, under cover of which 500 men rushed to attack the breaches, which from common rumor they expected to find in a much worse state than they actually were; the defenders, however, stood firmly to their guns until the New Englanders, finding the fire too hot, retired to the shelter of their approaches.

In the early morning they left the vicinity of the fort, and in accordance with the decision of a council of war, which was to abandon the attack, were at once embarked.

In this action the English had 80 men killed, and claim to have burned the great magazine, the church, and many buildings near the north bastion of the fort. The success of the defence was largely due to the arrival of 60 Canadians, who reached Port Royal only a few hours before the fleet anchored.

Col. March, hesitated to return to Boston, where news of the capture of Port Royal was eagerly awaited, and caused the fleet to anchor at Casco Bay, from which place he wrote to Governor Dudley, attributing his failure to the want of harmony existing among his officers, and to the fear of the men that they were to be left in Port Royal permanently as a garrison.

In a letter received by Cotton Mather, the blame of the result is laid upon the ship captains and Col. Redknap, who, even after he had marked out a place on shore for posting his batteries, and broken ground, threw the undertaking with the excuse that he could not risk his reputation in the hands of such officers as he had to support him.

The failure of the expedition caused great indignation in New England. At Boston a mob of women and children bearing wooden swords met them at Scarlet's wharf with the cry of "Port Royal!" "Port Royal!" and thrust their swords at them, shouting, "Fie for shame! Pull off those iron spits by your sides, for wooden ones are all the fashion now." The governor on being held an investigation, refused to allow the men to disembark, as another attack on Port Royal was intended. However, over half the crews deserted, and the number who set out on the second expedition was even smaller than the first; and although they arrived safely in Annapolis basin in the August following, the French were far more formidably entrenched, and were quite prepared to receive them.

After a siege of 15 days, during which the English loss was 16 men, the militia, who were crowded together in camp without proper covering and provided with few of the necessaries for a campaign, grew sick and despondent, and on September 1st embarked for home and left the French in undisputed possession of Port Royal.

The failure of the two attacks excited the people of the New England States to the highest pitch. The New York House of Assembly sent a petition to Queen Anne, praying for such assistance as would expel the French entirely from Acadia. Promises of liberal support are said to have been made by the government, but to have been very tardy in the fulfilment.

As a result of much solicitation, a fleet was sent out to Boston in the summer of 1710, to join the colonists in an attack on Port Royal.

On the 29th of September, 1710, a start was made from Nantucket, 36 transports, four ships of 60 guns each, two of 40 guns each, one of 36 guns, and two bomb galleys.

Col. Nicholson was in command, with Col. Samuel Vetch second in command, as adjutant-general. There was one regiment of marines and four New England regiments commissioned by Queen Anne, and armed at her expense.

This overpowering armament came to an anchorage in Annapolis basin on Saturday, October 5: the transport Caesar struck on the rocks in entering the passage, and during the night went to pieces with a loss of 26 lives.

Subercase was in no position to hold Port Royal. He had under him less than 300 men, three-quarters of whom were raw levies from the cities of France, lacking enthusiasm and military training. Provisions were scarce. His own pathetic words disclose the dire extremity to which he was reduced: "I have by my industry been able to borrow wherewith to subsist the garrison these two years. I have paid what I could by selling all my moveables; I will give even my last shirt, but I fear that all my pains will prove useless, if we are not succored."

Under these circumstances most men would have bowed to the inevitable and at once capitulated; but the French commander would not give up without a struggle. Summoning the militia of the settlement to his assistance and gathering the non-coms of the town within the walls, he determined to withstand the foe. The British began to land on both shores on the morning of the 6th, and by noon had disembarked the whole army without resistance. A simultaneous attack along both the north and south shores followed.

The heavy guns on the water battery and the mortars thundered volley after volley against the distant redcoats, without inflicting serious loss. Nicholson's men encamped for the night at a place called the lime kilns, and on the morning of the 7th struck through the woods in a straight line for the fort at Allen's Creek, in order to avoid the fire from the fortifications. Anticipating resistance at the crossing, a party of Indian scouts, supported by a detachment of marines, was sent ahead to clear the woods. When this was done, the general led his regiments of grenadiers down the hill and across the marsh in full sight of the fort, with drums beating and banners flying.

On ascending the hill, after crossing the stream, the French fired on them from their entrenched position in the woods, but were driven back by force of numbers to the shelter of the fort. The grenadiers halted on the crest of Bailey Hill about noon, to await the arrival of the remainder of the army. Across the level, a mile away, rose the grassy mounds of the French fort, surmounted with the barking dogs of war. These spoke in decided tones in the afternoon, when the British advanced down the slope, harassed as well by musketry fire from cover of cottage, fence or garden. The main body soon halted, but an advance guard of grenadiers entrenched themselves within 400 yards of the works, in a position to cover the landing of stores on the shore.

When night fell, the garrison was treated to an entertainment of a novel and startling character. The bomb vessels of the fleet moved into range and threw shells into the defences, to the consternation of the women and defenceless refugees.

An attempt was also made at midnight by Col. Vetch to plant a mortar battery opposite the fort, on the Granville shore, but owing to unforeseen difficulties the undertaking failed.

Whilst the garrison was busily engaged replying to the fire of the bomb vessels, a number of boats loaded with artillery succeeded in getting up stream past the fort, in which they were greatly aided by the darkness.

During the next four days Subercase saw the toils surely tightening around him. Each night witnessed a grand display of artillery practice, the roar and flash of the discharge being intermingled with the more terrible and deadly scream of bursting shell.

The British refrained from assault, but were eagerly throwing up batteries, digging trenches, mounting cannon and placing mortars, while the guns from the defences of Port Royal poured incessant showers of iron balls upon them.

The French governor also had roving bands of Indians and rangers prowling on the outskirts of the English camp, who did much damage. Among the armament of the besiegers was a battery of 24 Coehorn mortars mounted within 100 yards of the fort, a new invention for throwing grenades, and considered very deadly. All the preparations being complete, on the morning of October 2nd the bombardment opened with great vigor and continued for some hours and then paused, when two English officers were sent forward under a flag of truce with a summons to surrender. Hostilities ceased while terms were being discussed, and on the 16th of October the fort at Port Royal was handed over by the gallant Subercase to his conqueror, the keys of the fort and magazine were delivered to Col. Nicholson, and with great formality the British marched into the fort, never again to give up its possession. Under the terms of the capitulation the garrison were conveyed to France in British ships, while the settlers within three miles of the fort were to remain in undisturbed possession of their lands for two years, on taking the oath of allegiance to the British crown; those at a greater distance remained on suffrance.

A garrison of 250 marines and 250 New England militia remained to protect the British interests, when the expedition sailed away.

During the next four years we find a constant feud being carried on between the Indians, incited by the French-Canadian priests, and the garrison. In 1713, by the Treaty of Utrecht, it was provided that all Acadia should be yielded to the Queen of Great Britain and her crown forever, together with Newfoundland, while France retained the island of Cape Breton.

Upon the accession of George I., commissioners were sent from Annapolis to proclaim the King and administer the oath of allegiance to the French inhabitants; but the people positively refused to take the oath, on the ground that they intended to leave the country.

Year after year fresh efforts were made, but without avail; the French agents from Louisburg kept alive the slumbering fires of resentment in the hearts of the Acadian people, so that when war was declared between the two countries in 1744, an overwhelming number of England's enemies remained on British soil.

Expeditions were sent out from Louisburg, and at least two reached the walls of Port Royal, having enlisted the services of the Indians and being largely recruited in numbers from the settlers.

Governor Mascarine having sent the wives and children of his soldiers to Boston, was quite able to resist all attacks, and although, for three weeks, nightly alarms were given, there was little loss of life. At last, the assailants becoming tired of the delay in the arrival of the promised French fleet, and hearing that the garrison was about to attack their camp, gave up the siege and withdrew to Grand Pre.

In the summer of 1745 three hundred Canadians and a many Indians appeared before the town, under an officer named Martin, and for three weeks invested the fort, but these were recalled to assist in the defence of Louisburg.

The following year an immense armament was fitted out at Brest, by far the most powerful that had ever prepared to cross the Atlantic. The story of this ill-fated exhibition is well known. A fleet of 70 ships left France, carrying 15,000 men. Of these, 42, battered by storm, reached Halifax (or Chebucto, as it was then called). There a pestilence broke out among the crowded troops, which carried off between 2,000 and 3,000 men. Their leader, Duke d'Anville, sickened and died; and his successor committed suicide. At last, on the 13th October, 1746, a start was made for Annapolis, but another storm met them off Cape Sable, more ships were disabled, and the news reached them of an English fleet, so the prows of the ships of all that remained of the once great squadron were turned again towards the shores of France.

The land force, which was to act in unison with this great French Armada, numbered over 1,000 men, and marched overland through Grand Pre to Annapolis, and there waited in vain for the ships that never came, so back they marched to Chignecto.

In the months of December the governor of Massachusetts sent over 500 men, under Col. Noble, to be stationed at Grand Pre as a check to the French at the isthmus. This detachment after a hard march reached the mouth of the Gasperean, near Windsor, where they were quartered on the inhabitants. In the early morning of April 10th they were attacked by the French, who had been informed by the Acadians of the exact quarters of the officers.

Col. Noble and four of his officers, with 70 non-commissioned officers and men, were killed while struggling in the darkness with unseen enemies; 60 English were wounded and 69 made prisoners. The remainder, after desperate efforts, were forced to surrender, and were allowed 48 hours to leave for Annapolis.

In 1748 English diplomacy restored the Island of Cape Breton to France, and the people of New England, who had captured Louisburg at much cost, were naturally incensed at its surrender. The few years of conflict had quickened aspirations in the hearts of the Acadians, which had long lain dormant, as well as roused antagonism to the exercise of authority by the dominant power. Again and again had they been called upon to accept the lot of citizens of a free country and to share the burden of responsibility. The oath of allegiance was submitted to them time after time, and yet, in defiance to friendly advice and kindly overtures, they plainly declared their preference for exile.

In 1756 England was about to enter into a death grapple with her old foe, and the odds were plainly not on her side; so, while we may sympathize with the Acadians whose sorrows and better qualities only have been so beautifully told by Longfellow in his "Evangeline," yet we must admit the expediency and justice of their expulsion, for at this date they numbered in Nova Scotia over [illegible] to one of the British.

MODERN FABLES

By George Ade. Copyright 1901, by Robert Howard Russell.

ONCE there was a Family called Jump that had sampled every Ward within the Corporation Limits. The Jumps did a Caravan Specialty every time the Frost went out of the Ground.

When the Sarsaparilla Ads began to blossom, and the peach Crop had been ruined by the late Cold Snap, and the Kids were batting up Flies in the Lot back of the Universalist Church, and a Barrel-Organ down Street was tearing the Soul out of "Trovatore"—these were the Cues for Mrs. Jump to get her Nose into the Air and begin to champ at the Bit.

Mother was a House-Hunter from away back. She claimed to be an Invalid eleven Months out of the Year, and took Nerve Medicine that cost $2 a Bottle. Just the same, when April hove into view and Dame Nature began to stretch herself, then Mother put on her Short Skirt and a pair of Shoes intended for a Man, and did a tall Prance.

She was good for 12 hours a day on any kind of Pavements. With her Reticule loaded full of "To Let" Clippings, she hot-footed from Street to Street. Every time she struck a Fresh Trail she broke into a Run.

Mother was looking for a House that had twice as many Closets as Rooms, and a Southern Exposure on all four sides.

She had conned herself into the Belief that some day she would run down a Queen Anne Shack that would be O. K. in all Particulars.

In the Magazine that came every month she had seen these Dream-Pictures of Palaces that can be put up for $1,500, if you steal your Materials.

She had gazed at the Bunco Illustration of the swell Structure with bushy Trees dotting the Lawn and a little Girl rolling a Hoop along the Cement Sidewalk, and she had set her Heart on that kind of a Home.

Mother loved to study the Plans and count the Bath Rooms and figure on Window Seats and what kind of Curtains to put in the Guest Chamber.

Every Spring she found the Place she had been seeking, and gave a Grand Signal for the whole Outfit to begin packing up. Those were the bright vernal Days when Mr. Jump got all that was coming to him. Mr. Jump was a Man, therefore any old kind of a Hut suited him. For eight years before starting on his continuous Tour with Mother, he had roomed over a Drug Store.

His Apartment had been one of those delectable Man-Joints where Women never butted in to hide things and give the whole Place a Soapy Smell.

The Sweepings went under the Bed, so as not to litter up the Hallway.

Once a Year he had a House-Cleaning. That is to say, he employed a Colored Man to beat the Rugs, which had to be Separated from the Floor by means of a Shovel.

Inasmuch as Women never came in to straighten up, he knew where to find everything. He knew it was somewhere in the Room, and all he had to do was to excavate until he found it.

Then he hooked up with Laura so as to get a real Home, and she gave him a new one every Year.

Mr. Jump soon discovered that although every Man is the Architect of his own Fortune, the Wife usually superintends the construction.

When Mrs. Jump made her Spring Announcement that they would move to another House, he did a deal of Kicking, but he always went into the Woodshed to do it. He sassed her inwardly