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JANUARY, 1892.

CANADA

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF
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EDITED BY MATTHEW RICHIEY FRISHT



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"Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."

Vol. II.—No. 1.

JANUARY, 1892.

One Dollar a Year.

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EARLY CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY J. M. LEMOINE.

To the Editor of "Canada":

DEAR SIR, From the literary scraps in my portfolio I have pleasure in tendering the following for publication. It is the English version of a dry-as-dust document which an esteemed friend—now deceased—the late Henri Duchesnay, Esq., M. P., for Beauce County, P. Q., allowed me to transcribe from the voluminous French correspondence inherited by him from his brave ancestors, the Duchesnays, seigniors of Beauport, opposite Quebec.

Among the old *noblesse* of primitive Canada, few rank higher than the warlike Juchereau Duchesnays—now represented at Quebec by the athletic and worthy Brigade-Major and Deputy-Adjutant General, Lt.-Col. Théodore Duchesnay, and the numerous and highly respected clan of the Taschereaus, of Beauce, P. Q., from which sprang our present archbishop, Cardinal Taschereau. *Quebec, Dec. 1891.* J. L. M.

[A LETTER FROM A YOUNG FRENCH LADY.]

Quebec, 1759.

REINE MARIE DUCHESNAY TO HERMINE TASCHEREAU.

My Dear Mine,—You doubtless are wondering why I did not write sooner to you. I have enjoyed my holidays very much, though not exactly like Mère St. George would approve of; the fact is the town has been uncommonly gay. Our Intendant (Bigot), the young men say, is a *galant homme*. My mother, with a sneer, says he is *un peu trop galant*, and that she would rather cut our heads off, than that we should ever darken the doors of his glittering palace,—for such, really he has made the *Intendance*. There seems no hurry for school girls attending

balls, either at the Intendance or at the *Chateau St. Louis*; though a young French Lieutenant I was introduced to, last week, told me he thought it an abominable shame that grown up ladies, like Clementine and myself, should be debarred the pleasures of *la bonne société*, even if we should be younger than our appearance indicates, for you must know that I am quite as tall as my mother, though only fourteen years of age. Much of my time, this summer, has been taken up showing round that handsome English Captain,* who saved my good father's life just as the Indians were going to scalp him. This captain, as you know, is a prisoner on *parole*, and has had every liberty to wander about Quebec and the vicinity. Not only is he handsome,—he is young and witty,—his repartees would grace a Paris *salon*,—his daring and courage manifest themselves in his very foot steps. He is full of *prevenances* for the ladies, accompanies my mother on the streets, dines occasionally with my father.

But of late my poor father,—and it grieves him much,—seems to mistrust the gay captain, whose only fault appears to be too great a curiosity to learn everything concerning the doings of our Government in Paris and in Quebec. His inquisitiveness at times certainly surprises all hands, and he is, when alone, constantly writing; some say he is gathering secret information, for his friends in Virginia; others, actually go so far as to say he is preparing a plan of Quebec and the fortifications; with what object I cannot see. Our gratitude towards the saviour of our father is, of course, as it ought to be,—boundless. I speak unreservedly. I would not wish you to think for a moment that

* Major Robert Stobo, after three unsuccessful attempts, succeeded in escaping from his prison in Quebec, in May, 1759. He was a hostage taken at Fort Duquesne in 1755, and brought to Quebec,—where he was to be tried as a spy. He was commander of a Virginia corps. He joined Wolfe's fleet at Louisbourg, returned with him to Quebec, and is credited with having shown him the spot where to land and assault the city. Evidently our charming young friend was not proof against the fascinations of the brave, but unscrupulous, Virginia captain. J. M. L.

I could cherish for Captain Stobo any other feeling than that of esteem and gratitude. For all that his *tournaire*, conversation and looks are such, that many a girl would select him as an *heros de roman*. Major Peau, as you know, is often away, and his lovely wife, forgetting the early piety instilled in her at the Ursulines Convent as far back as 1735, gets herself much talked about. Her wondrous beauty, her accomplishments, her sweetness of manner, are calculated to create envy in this little world of ours; and I think there is no foundation for these slanders. As just stated, I do not yet form part of the *grand monde*, and do not know all that is going on. One thing I am sure of, one portion of the society is all that it ought to be: I mean the ladies and the gentlemen, my father and mother associate with. We go to-morrow to sup with Mons. Jean Taché, an eminent merchant who has a pretty country seat on the south side of the Ste. Foye road—the same who was, as you remember, charged with a diplomatic mission to the court four years ago, to plead the cause of the colony with the King's ministers. Bigot and his *gay entourage* are not likely to be there. Your turretted old manor of Ste. Marie (Beauce) cannot be very gay, though your lively cousins, the LaGorgendières, are a host in themselves. Do you still adhere to your former idea of keeping a diary of what may happen to you daily; if so, please copy into it my epistle and your answer, and when I go up to Beauce next summer we shall read over our letters, and ascertain the changes which have happened since the date on which the letters were written. I long to meet you in that noble avenue of waving elms, on the sounding banks of the river Caudière. Cannot you sketch for me that dear old feudal dungeon of yours, Elms and all, and make interest with the good old curé of the parish to take it to us in Quebec as you have no post, nor postmen, yet.

A singular feeling, a craving for something, has come over me this summer.

My harp and my drawing have ceased to please; I could (previously) practice for hours. Lieutenant Stevenson of the Rangers, to whom I complained jestingly, said he could think of nothing so likely as love at my age, and that if Capt. Stobo were not so much my senior in years, he would swear the captain was for much in the case. Stevenson is not a bad fellow by-the-by, only I wish he would not be incessantly joking at my expense. My pious mother says that there is only one fault to be found with Stevenson: *he is a heretic*. She seems determined to bring him over to the true faith.

[ANOTHER LETTER.]

ROBERT STOBO* TO GEORGE WASHINGTON.

From my French Prison, Quebec, Christmas Day, 1755.

DEAR GEORGE,—Is not mine a glorious *final*—for me, your trusty and well beloved *campanjon d'armes*: don't be surprised at my getting to learn French. I am now *prisonnier de guerre*. Here is your dashing leader of a Virginia company, condemned to a *regime* of bread and water, instead of Madeira punch, prairie chickens and quail as of yore. My luxurious campaigning seems now like the dreamy shadow of pleasures past, though not forgotten. In this lonesome French dungeon shall a descendant of Montrose give away to despair? Never, never! Ah! sweet hours of my childhood, ye are indeed far away. Dear old Glasgow, the Elysium of my youth, dare I recall thy cherished memories? On the eve of closing my career, I can well retrace how it began. When a roving school boy, I was playing the soldier, mustering and drilling my noisy squad of schoolmates, little did I then dream what life's realities had in store for me. And you, my dear old relative, who taught me so early to live and dislike a man, let me waft you my blessing across the broad Atlantic. John Mitchell, my sire, my early friend, I shall not die unworthy of you. I thank you for having nerved my arm and inspired my young heart with your thrilling stories of Bruce and Wallace, always closing your gentle advice with a request that I should remember that I was a descendant of James Graham, the great Earl of Montrose.

Yes, George, I shall never forget my grandfather's parting words, when I left Scotland for my adoptive country, for

America. "Hob," said he, "my boy, watch the grand, the stern features in that picture on the wall; see the eye following you. Do you know what that great man lived for? He lived for his country; he left an undying fame as a soldier. Be worthy of him! His name was Montrose; some of his blood courses in your veins." I have no hesitation, my dear George, in this solemn moment to recall to you these family memories—to you, whose life has ever been inspired by similar sentiments. This is Christmas day, George. Twenty-one such days have revolved for you—twenty-eight for me. We have both seen death on the battle-field, and Indian warfare has more than once added to it additional horrors, but neither you nor I ever shrank from it, at the call of duty. You were the wise leader, the dutiful son, the truthful man, and I the rash cavalier, maddened with success, intoxicated by the praise of my fellow-men, bestowed more on my good looks, good dinners, than on my virtues. I am, however, prepared to seal my opinions with my blood, if the enemies of my country wish it,—but enough of this croaking.

If this should be my last letter, let it contain for my friends a record of what has occurred to me since that unlucky stroke of fate which has landed me where I am. Let me hope this letter will involve me in less trouble than my epistle of July 28th last, in which I enclosed the plan of Fort Duquesne. Poor Braddock! that fatal day, which brought him defeat and death, will also, seemingly, bring me to the block. Doubtless he thought my letter and plan safe in his custody, but the savages plucked the damning record from amongst his baggage. Therefore, I am, I am told to grace a gibbet on the highest pinnacle of Cape Diamond. My French jailors load me with every opprobrious epithet. I have ceased in their eyes to be a hostage—as such inviolate in person by the law of nations; and if England has really disavowed the terms of the capitulation of the Fort, was I still to consider myself a hostage for the due execution of these terms,—was I not then an ordinary prisoner of war, as such not precluded from aiding my country by communicating information about the enemy—even should I forfeit my life by so doing? But enough on this point—if ever we should meet on this side of Styx, of which, I confess, the chances seem faint at present, we will discuss this knotty point of the usages of war and the duties of a *paroled prisoner*. There are some incidents personal to myself at the taking of the fort, which I

did not impart to you. For surrendering we had excellent reasons. Those *nine hours* we stood exposed to the galling fire of the French and their murderous allies, the Indians, will never be forgotten by any of those who survived. We could not hold out any longer; what would have availed us firing at foes carefully entrenched behind trees? No relief at hand, our palisades crumbling and defective, it would have been an act of inhumanity to sacrifice the lives of any more of our devoted Virginians. That merry fellow Munro, my ensign, I shall never forget his rueful countenance when I conveyed to him your order to hoist the white flag. "What, Captain!" said he, "are we then reduced to this—you and I, who so lately organised this pleasure party to thrash the French? Why, our good cheer was the envy of all—our venison, quail and comfits, with a full team behind to draw the King's ammunition, viz. a butt of Madeira, and crowds of camp followers. Captain, captain, I shall never survive it!" But he did survive it. He was luckier than my poor lieutenant, to whom, on becoming a hostage, I surrendered my then useless sword. My dear George, did you not know my buoyant, mercurial nature, you would wonder how I could find space to record all these trifles, with death staring me in the face; but death has stared me in the face before this, and I generally succeed in staring the unwelcome monster out of countenance. You, no doubt, will be surprised to hear that the athletic French officer, Pean's friend, whom I purchased for forty pistoles from the Mohawks, just as they were preparing to scalp him, has turned up in Quebec. Whilst I was here on *parole*, I used to meet him in the best *salons*, at Vaudreuil's, and at the *petits-soupers* of that charming little rascal, Bigot. His name is Duchesnay: he is Laird of a *Seigneurie* facing Quebec. His manor, at Beauport, is within three miles of the city. It contains two budding beauties of uncommon promise. Gratitude made him extend to me in my wretchedness a helping hand; his doors were ever open to me. I sometimes wish I had never crossed the threshold.

Everyone remarks the fine typographical appearance of CANADA. The credit of this is due to our printers, the Nova Scotia Printing Co., who have taken a deep interest in the magazine, and have succeeded in making it conspicuous among Canadian publications for the attractiveness of its make-up.

*Robert Stobo, a hostage sent from Fort Duquesne to Quebec, where he was a stated prisoner for four years, escaped in 1759, and found Wolfe's army at Quebec.

(FOR CANADA.)

THE LESSON OF THE WEED.

A SNEAKING weed, unsightly, coarse,
Within a garden fair,
Unfit companion for the flowers rare
Just bursting into bloom.
Pluck out the bold intruder;
For a fairer growth make room.

A gentle voice, entreating, sweet,
Pleads for the doomed weed's life,
And holds in check the sharp, uplifted
knife,
So near the fated stem,
Whose jagged leaves seem pleading
hands
Touching her garment's hem.

A respite given, the soft voice speaks:
"I know it is not meet
To mar the beauty of this loved retreat
With rank unloveliness;
But let me wait the coming bloom,
The future fruitfulness."

The knife is stayed, the weed is spared;
June roses bloom and die;
The garden withers 'neath July's hot sky,
Revives 'neath August showers;
And yet the spared one shows but
leaves—
Where are the promised flowers?

September days—hope almost gone,
When, lo! a bud appears,
In mute appeal 'gainst further taunts
and jeers:
What will the blossom be?
Will patient tendance, loving care,
Their due reward now see?

From out its waste of dew-dipped leaves,
Like a shy child in tears,
Into the strange, new life around, it peers
And fears to raise its head;
A zephyr's kiss—a sun's caress—
Lo, all its fears have fled!

A perfect flower! a glorious bloom!
From out the tangled green
She raises her fair head, the garden's
queen;
"In perfect, purple state"
O'er all her fair domain she reigns,
Shy, modest, yet elate.

And one who erst had known the weed,
Despised, condemned, now heard
The fame of its rare beauty, and was
stirred
To inmost depths of heart:
With the Great Gardener he had toiled,
Striving to learn His art.

Within the plot of garden ground
He for the Master tilled
Were strange, unsightly growths, that
oft he willed

To pluck out by the root,
So little promise did they give
Of bloom, of seed, or fruit.

Then came this message borne to him
On blossom-scented breeze
Judge not by leaf, or branch, or stem,
nor seize
Too quick the hasty knife
To sever from its anch'ring root
An undeveloped life.

In God's great human garden plot,
A wealth of beauteous leaves
Not always shows forth the golden
sheaves.

Nor upright stem or shoot,
Or lavish wealth of branches yields
The luscious, mellow fruit.

But oft a twisted, tortured stem
Will on its summit bear
A mass of beauty and of fragrance rare;
And oft the golden fruit
Will bear to earth, with its rich weight,
Some leafless, withering shoot.

ERIK.

(FROM SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.)

CAPTAIN JOE AND JAMIE.

A STORY OF THE TANTRAMAR TIDES.

HOW the wind roared in from the
sea over the Tantramar dyke!

It was about sunset, and a fierce
orange-red gleam, thrusting itself
through a rift in the clouds that blackened
the sky, cast a strange glow over the wide,
desolate marshes. A mile back rose the
dark line of uplands, with small, white
farm-houses already hidden in shadow.

Captain Joe Boulbee had just left his
waggon standing in the dyke-road, with
his four-year-old boy on the seat. He
was on the point of crossing the dyke, to
visit the little landing-place where he
kept his boat, when above the rush and
whistle of the gale he heard Jamie's
voice. He hurried back a few paces
before he could make out what the little
fellow was saying.

"Pap," cried the child, "I want to get
out of the waggon. 'Fraid Bill goin' to
run away."

"Oh, nonsense!" answered Captain
Joe. "Bill won't run away. He doesn't
know how. You stay there, and don't be
frightened, and I'll be right back."

"But, pap, the wind blows me too
hard," piped the small voice, pleadingly.

"Oh, all right," said the father, and
returning to the waggon he lifted the
child gently down and set him on his
feet. "Now," he continued, "it's too
windy for you on the other side of the

dyke. You run over and sit on that big
stick, where the wind can't get at you,
and wait for me. And be sure you don't
let Bill run away."

As he spoke the captain noticed that
the horse, ordinarily one of the most
stolid of creatures, seemed to-night pecu-
liarly uneasy; with his head up in the
air he was sniffing nervously, and glancing
from side to side. As Jamie was trudging
through the long grass to the seat which
his father had shown him, the captain
said, "Why, Bill does seem scary, after
all; who'd have thought this wind would
scare him?"

"Bill don't like it," replied Jamie; "it
blows him too hard." And, glad to be
out of the gale, which took his breath
away, the little fellow seated himself
contentedly in the shelter of the dyke.
Just then there was a clatter of wheels
and a crash. Bill had whirled sharply
about in the narrow road, upsetting and
smashing the light waggon.

Now, utterly heedless of his master's
angry shouts, he was galloping in mad
haste back toward the uplands with the
fragments of the waggon at his heels.
The captain and Jamie watched him
flying before the wind, a red sceptre in
the lurid light. Then, turning away
once more to see to his boat, the captain
remarked, "Well, laddie, I guess we'll
have to foot it back when we get through
here. But Bill's going to have a licking
for this!"

Left to himself, Jamie crouched down
behind the dyke, a strange, solitary little
figure in the wide waste of the marshes.

Though the full force of the gale could
not reach him, his long fair curls were
blown across his face, and he clung
determinedly to his small, round hat.
For a while he watched the beam of red
light, till the jagged fringe of clouds
passed over it, and it was gone. Then,
in the dusk, he began to feel a little
frightened: but he knew his father would
soon be back, and he didn't like to call
him again. He listened to the waves
washing, surging, beating, roaring, on the
shoals beyond the dyke. Presently he
heard them, every now and then, thunder
in against the very dyke itself; upon
this he grew more frightened, and called
to his father several times; but of course
the small voice was drowned in the
tumult of wind and wave, and the father,
working eagerly on the other side of the
dyke, heard no sound of it.

Close by the shelter in which Jamie
was crouching there were several great

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tubs, made by sawing molasses hogheads into halves. These tubs, in fishing season, were carried by the fishermen in their boats, to hold the shad as they were taken from the net. Now they stood empty and dry, but highly flavoured with memories of their office. Into the nearest tub Jamie crawled, after having shouted in vain to his father.

To the child's loneliness and fear the tub looked "cosey," as he called it. He curled up in the bottom, and felt a little comforted.

Jamie was the only child of Capt. Joe Boulthée. When Jamie was about two years old, the captain had taken the child and his mother on a voyage to Brazil. While calling at Barbadoes the young mother had caught the yellow fever. There she had died, and was buried. After that voyage Capt. Joe had given up his ship and retired to his father's farm at Tantramar. There he devoted himself to Jamie and the farm, but to Jamie especially, and in the summer, partly for profit, he was accustomed to spend a few weeks in drifting for shad on the wild tides of Chignecto Bay. Wherever he went, Jamie went. If the weather was too rough for Jamie, Capt. Joe stayed at home. As for the child, petted without being spoiled, he was growing a tough and manly little soul, and daily more and more the delight of his father's heart.

Why should he leave him curled up in his tub on the edge of the marshes, on a night so wild? In truth, though the wind was tremendous, and growing to a veritable hurricane, there was no apparent danger or great hardship on the marshes. It was not cold, and there was no rain.

Capt. Joe, foreseeing a heavy gale, together with a tide higher than usual, had driven over the dyke to make his little craft more secure.

He found the boat already in confusion; and the wind, when once he had crossed out of the dyke's shelter, was so much more violent than he had expected, that it took him some time to get things "snugged up." He felt that Jamie was all right, as long as he was out of the wind. He was only a stone's throw distant, though hidden by the great rampart of the dyke. But the captain began to wish that he had left the little fellow at home, as he knew the long walk over the rough road, in the dark and the furious gale, would sorely tire the sturdy little legs. Every now and then, as vigorously and cheerfully he worked in the pitching smack, the captain sent a shout of greeting over the dyke to keep the little lad from getting lonely. But the storm blew

his voice far up into the clouds, and Jamie, in his tub, never heard it.

By the time Captain Joe had put everything in shipshape, he noticed that his plunging boat was drifted close to the dyke. He had never before seen the tide reach such a height. The waves that were rocking the little craft so violently, were a mere back-wash from the great seas which, as he now observed with a pang, were thundering in a little further up the coast. Just at this spot the dyke was protected from the full force of the storm by Snowdon's Point. "What if the dyke should break up yonder, and this fearful tide get in on the marshes?" thought the captain, in a sudden anguish of apprehension. Leaving the boat to dash itself to pieces if it liked, he clambered in breathless haste out on to the top of the dyke, shouting to Jamie as he did so. There was no answer. Where he had left the little one but a half-hour back, the tide was seething three or four feet deep over the grasses.

Dark as the night had grown, it grew blacker before the father's eyes. For an instant his heart stood still with horror, then he sprang into the flood. The water boiled up nearly to his armpits. With his feet he felt the great timber, fastened in the dyke, on which his boy had been sitting. He peered through the dark, with straining eyes grown prematurely keen. He could see nothing on the wide, swirling surface save two or three dark objects, far out in the marsh. These he recognised at once as his fish-tubs gone afloat. Then he ran up the dyke toward the Point. "Surely," he groaned in his heart, "Jamie has climbed up the dyke when he saw the water coming, and I'll find him along the top here, somewhere, looking and crying for me!"

Then, running like a madman along the narrow summit, with a hand of iron tightening about his heart, the Captain reached the Point, where the dyke took its beginning.

No sign of the little one; but he saw the marshes everywhere laid waste. Then he turned round and sped back, thinking perhaps Jamie had wandered in the other direction. Passing the now buried landing-place, he saw with a curious distinctiveness, as if in a picture, that the boat was turned bottom up, and, as it were, glued to the side of the dyke.

Suddenly he checked his speed with a violent effort, and threw himself upon his face, clutching the short grasses of the dyke. He had just saved himself from falling into the sea. Had he had time to think, he might not have tried to save himself, believing as he did that the

child who was his very life had perished. But the instinct of self-preservation had asserted itself blindly, and just in time. Before his feet the dyke was washed away, and through the chasm the waves were breaking furiously.

Meanwhile, what had become of Jamie?

The wind had made him drowsy, and before he had been many minutes curled up in the tub, he was sound asleep.

When the dyke gave way, some distance from Jamie's queer retreat, there came suddenly a great rush of water among the tubs, and some were straightway floated off. Then others a little heavier followed, one by one; and, last of all, the heaviest, that containing Jamie and his fortunes. The water rose rapidly, but back here there came no waves, and the child slept as peacefully as if at home in his crib. Little the captain thought when his eyes wandered over the floating tubs, that the one nearest to him was freighted with his heart's treasure! And well it was that Jamie did not hear his shouts and wake! Had he done so, he would have at once sprung to his feet, and then tipped out into the flood.

By this time the great tide had reached its height. Soon it began to recede, but slowly, for the storm kept the waters gathered, as it were, into a heap at the head of the bay. All night the wind raged on, wrecking the smacks and schooners along the coast, breaking down the dykes in a hundred places, flooding all the marshes, and drowning many cattle in the salt pastures. All night the captain, hopeless and mute in his agony of grief, lay clutching the grasses on the dyke-top, not noticing when at length the waves ceased to drench him with their spray. All night, too, slept Jamie in his tub.

Right across the marsh the strange craft drifted before the wind, never getting into the region where the waves were violent. Such motion as there was — and at times it was somewhat lively — seemed only to lull the child to a sounder slumber. Toward daybreak the tub grounded at the foot of the uplands, not far from the edge of the road. The waters gradually slunk away, as if ashamed of their wild vagaries. And still the child slept on.

As the light broke over the bay, coldly pink and desolately gleaming, Captain Joe got up and looked about him. His eyes were tearless, but his face was gray and hard, and deep lines had stamped themselves across it during the night.

Seeing that the marshes were again uncovered, save for great shallow pools

left here and there, he set out to find the body of his boy. After wandering aimlessly for perhaps an hour, the captain began to study the direction in which the wind had been blowing. This was almost exactly with the road which led to his home on the uplands. As he noticed this, a wave of pity crossed his heart, at thought of the terrible anxiety his father and mother had all that night been enduring. Then in an instant there seemed to unroll before him the long, slow years of the desolation of that home without Jamie.

All this time he was moving along the soaking road, scanning the marsh in every direction. When he had covered about half the distance, he was aware of his father, hastening with feeble eagerness to meet him.

The night of watching had made the old man haggard, but his face lit up at sight of his son. As he drew near however, and saw no sign of Jamie, and marked the look upon the captain's face, the gladness died out as quickly as it had come. When the two men met, the elder put out his hand in silence, and the younger clasped it. There was no room for words. Side by side the two walked slowly homeward. With restless eyes, ever dreading lest they should find that which they sought, the father and son looked everywhere—except in a certain old fish tub which they passed. The tub stood a little to one side of the road. Just at this time a sparrow lit on the tub's edge, and uttered a loud and startled chirp at sight of the sleeping child. As the bird flew off precipitately, Jamie opened his eyes, and gazed in astonishment at the blue sky over his head. He stretched out his hand and felt the rough sides of the tub. Then, in complete bewilderment, he clambered to his feet. Why, there was his father, walking away somewhere without him! And grand-papa, too! Jamie felt aggrieved.

"Pap!" he cried, in a loud but fearful voice, "where you goin' to?"

A great wave of light seemed to break across the landscape, as the two men turned and saw the little golden head shining, dishevelled over the edge of the tub. The captain caught his breath with a sort of sob, and rushed to snatch the little one in his arms; while the grandfather fell on his knees in the road, and his trembling lips moved silently.

CHAS. G. D. ROBERTS.

CHERRAPONGEE, in Southwestern Assam, is the wettest place in the world. In 1861 the rainfall there reached 905 inches.—*Scientific American*.

(FOR CANADA.)
SOMETHING ABOUT GINSENG.

IF any of the readers of this magazine are interested in the study of Botany they may have observed the plant I am about to describe, growing in shady situations in the rich woods.

Its botanical name is *Aralia quinquefolia*, and its common name ginseng. A very considerable trade has recently sprung up in the root of this plant, caused by a demand for it among the Chinese, who form no inconsiderable element in the population of the United States, whither most of the exported article finds its way. They look upon it as a remedy for nearly all the ills to which flesh is heir, though European and American doctors regard it as almost worthless. So great is the demand that the parliament of Ontario found it desirable to pass a law last session prohibiting the digging of it at certain seasons, lest it should be eradicated.

The fleshy root, which is the article of commerce, is from four to nine inches long, and throws up a simple stem about a foot high, bearing at the top three long-petioled leaves, each of which has five divisions. The stem terminates in a small umbel of inconspicuous greenish-white flowers, which are succeeded by a small, berry-like, red fruit. It has a peculiar and rather pleasant smell, and a sweet, somewhat pungent, aromatic taste.

The revival of the trade in ginseng recalls an interesting bit of Canadian history. A century and a half ago it was a considerable article of commerce; in fact, after the treaty of Utrecht, it was considered hardly less important than fur. Père Lafitan, a Jesuit father, who arrived in Canada in 1812, and was stationed at the Sault, above Montreal, was the first to discover it. Being in Quebec in 1815, he saw a letter from Père Jartoux, who had seen ginseng in Tartary, and who gave a description of it. It was then worth its weight in gold in Pekin. Père Lafitan, seeing there was a fortune in it, inquired about it from the Indians and examined the country to find it. In this he was successful, and a company was formed to export it to China, Japan and Tartary. The price at Quebec was from thirty to forty sous per pound. At first anyone was allowed to sell it, but as the value increased the company exercised its monopoly rights, and in 1751 undertook to exclude all others from the trade. As the demand increased less care was taken in its preparation for market, and by and by Canadian ginseng came to have a bad reputation, and the demand for it ceased. In 1752 the export amounted

to 500,000 livres, and in 1754 it had fallen off to 33,000 livres. When the trade was at its height agriculture was almost neglected, the digging for ginseng being considered more profitable than farming. When it ceased, it came to be a proverb, when speaking of anything that had failed, "C'est tombé comme le ginseng."*

The Chinese word *gensing* and the Iroquois word *garent-oguen*, the Indian name of the plant, both mean "a man's thigh," and have doubtless been applied because of the fancied resemblance of the root to that part of the body. Upon this coincidence Père Lafitan based an argument that America had at one time been joined to Asia at Behring's Strait, and that the Indians of the former had come from the latter before the separation took place.

The average price of the root is now one dollar per pound wholesale, and five dollars retail. A desire to participate in this profitable trade has led to some curious mistakes. One man in Manitoba discovered, after buying several tons, that he had the wrong article, having probably mistaken gentian for ginseng.

*It has gone down like ginseng.

(FROM THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.)

THE PIRATE OF LABRADOR.

FOR years the deep and tortuous and great bays on the Labrador coast afforded a safe haven to bloodthirsty pirates and rovers of the seas who, driven by hot pursuit from more frequented waters, repaired to this Northern shore to mend their shattered vessels. Here, during the short summer, they recovered from their wounds; here, too, they secreted their booty; here, perchance, the long-sought treasure of Captain Kidd may be hidden. Who can tell what secrets are held forever in the recesses of these wave-beaten and rock-bound shores? Wondrous traditions are told of hidden wealth on Labrador, and that these are not all old men's tales this true story of Manning may convince the reader:

Toward the close of the eighteenth century a Scotchman named Manning settled on the Labrador coast and, alone and unaided, followed the rough and precarious calling of a fisherman. At the close of each season he visited Newfoundland to dispose of his catch to the

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English traders, buy his stock of provisions and then return to his lonely dwelling to pass the long and dreary winter. For several years he led this life, till by his economy having amassed a few hundred dollars a great longing seized him to see his native land. Accordingly he crossed the Atlantic, and during the round of visits to his Scotch friends he met a bonnie lass whom he persuaded to share his Labrador home. Fitting out a small vessel or schooner, he set sail for America with his young bride and a crew of hardy settlers and their families. This was in the year 1806. But after twelve months of industry at Labrador Manning grew restless and persuaded the most active and daring spirits in those parts to join him in a new project. Toward the latter part of October, 1807, he placed his effort on board his vessel and quietly slipped out of the harbor, determining to lead a life of piracy. All his old habits of thrift and industry seemed to have left him, a very demon of adventure appeared to have driven out his feelings and wiped out all natural affection, for with heartless cruelty he basely deserted his wife and young child. A stranger in a strange land, far from home and kindred, the fate of the unfortunate woman is not known; most probably she did not survive her cruel treatment long.

On the coast there is now a small settlement called Mutton Bay or Mecatina Harbour, and about a mile east of this settlement is a deep inlet called by the French "L'Anse aux Morts," or Bay of the Dead. This bay is screened alike from the fury of the sea and the observation of passing vessels by a small island which is easily mistaken for the mainland. Under the rugged and frowning cliffs which overhang the Bay of the Dead, so called because an old burying ground was there, Manning and his companions landed. Securely sheltered, they here perfected their plans for a life of piracy and bloodshed; and in truth no spot could be more admirably adapted for such a conclave.

The course taken then by vessels on their way to Quebec from Europe was through the Straits of Belle Isle close to the north shore of the St. Lawrence and just outside of the island behind which Manning and his crew lay in hiding. At that date a packet was sent out annually by the British Government with the pay of the forces stationed in Canada on board. Manning knew this only too well, and was on the lookout for the vessel. Unsuspecting of danger, she neared the island, when Manning with his ship darted suddenly from his place of hiding and swooped down upon her. She fell

an easy prey. Her unfortunate captain and crew were butchered, the treasure removed, the vessel scuttled, and no trace of the foul deed left. At Quebec the overdue ship was anxiously looked for, but hope died out at last and it was thought that she had succumbed to the fury of the Atlantic. The following year another packet was sent out and she shared the fate of her predecessor.

The loss of two vessels and their crews in such a short time aroused suspicion, and a third was sent out, but with her a man-of-war. All went well till the vicinity of the Bay of the Dead was reached, when, the man-of-war having fallen far astern, the pirate schooner darted out, quickly captured the packet, secured the treasure, and destroyed all the crew with one exception. This was a negro, whom Manning wished to keep for a servant. This man, hoping to propitiate his captor, told him that the man-of-war was close behind him. This news so alarmed the pirate that he beat a precipitate retreat to the island. That night another dread crime was added to the long list already committed by the blood-thirsty wretch. Fearing discovery, and believing in the adage that dead men tell no tales, he changed his mind about the negro. He resolved to bury his treasure, and, under cover of a blinding storm, while the thunder rolled and the lightning cleft the sky, he collected his ill-gotten gains into five small casks.

With the assistance of the negro, he placed them in as many holes dug in the old burying ground of the Bay of the Dead. Having accomplished this, he suddenly sprang on the unfortunate negro and plunged a knife into his heart. As the life blood slowly ebbed away, he twisted the limp form of his victim around the central cask. At this dread moment the old Scottish superstitious nature asserted itself, and he believed that "he wraith" of the negro would keep guard over the treasure, preventing any adventurous outsider from unearthing it. He then heaped up the earth over the five casks in the form of graves, judging that no French habitant, whose reverence for the dead is proverbial, would molest them, and at each apparent grave he placed a stone, to carry out the illusion.

At dawn the pirate sentinels saw the man-of-war sailing through the western passage and heading for their retreat. Sail was quickly set, and the schooner escaped through the eastern outlet. The storm of the previous night still raged wild and fierce, the sea was lashed to fury, the waves ran high, striking the vessel with resistless force, throwing her

on a sunken reef. With despairing shrieks and prayers to the God whose laws they had outraged, her wretched crew were launched into eternity. All were thought to have perished.

Twenty years passed, a new generation grew up, and the story of Manning and his exploits was well-nigh forgotten. Then, as now, trading vessels from Nova Scotia frequented the coast to supply the scattered settlements with the necessaries of life, receiving in return furs and fish.

In the year 1830 the captain of one of these vessels happened to be in an inn in Halifax talking over his summer voyages, while smoking a pipe with a friend. They observed that an old man, sitting at a table near them sipping his whiskey and water slowly, appeared highly interested in their conversation.

When Captain Black left the inn the old man followed him into the street and eagerly questioned him about the Labrador coast. Before they parted he made the captain promise to take him to the Bay of the Dead the following spring. Captain Black had harboured there once during a storm. In the year 1830, when the warm rays of the sun had loosed the icy barriers of the coast, Captain Black, mindful of his promise, sought the mysterious old man, but found him dying of fever. Amid the ravings of delirium, the astonished and horror-stricken captain was told a tale of murder, bloodshed and robbery on the high seas, and of the hidden treasure of the Bay of the Dead.

Manning (for the dying man was none other than the notorious ex-pirate) with blasphemous curses foretold death and destruction to anyone who should attempt to secure the ill-gotten wealth. In a paroxysm of fear and despair he died unrepentant, unabsolved. The captain was too bold a man to be deterred from seeking the treasure by a dying man's curse, so he immediately set sail for the Bay of the Dead.

The weather being foggy, and the coast dangerous, he approached with the utmost caution. Within a few hundred yards of the coveted goal, the burying ground, a strange faintness came over him, his limbs refused to bear him. Eager to secure the treasure, which had from long brooding become his sole object in life, he with a great effort dragged himself to the bow of the vessel. At that moment the ominous words, "Death, death, death!" sounded in his startled ears. A mortal fear overspread him and he had barely sufficient strength to order the crew to put about. The sailors, wondering at the strange conduct of their captain, obeyed just in time to

prevent striking on a sunken reef. Among the crew of Captain Black's vessel on this occasion was a lad of some thirteen years of age, Ricketts by name. The captain had made rather a pet of this boy, and during the long voyage had related to him the story of Manning. Thirty years passed, and no further attempt was made to wrest the wealth from its ghostly keeper. In the year 1860 Ricketts, then in middle age and living in the United States, was a married man. In dreams and in his waking hours, the apparition of Manning followed him, urging him to go to the Bay of the Dead and secure the treasure. Old inhabitants of the coast say that in that year (1860) a strange vessel flying the American flag sailed into the harbor of the Bay of the Dead. The captain, whose name was Ricketts, hired a fishing boat, and while ostensibly engaged in fishing operations, spent a great part of his time in exploring the shore and digging. After a month spent in this mysterious way he departed, returning, however, the following summer.

Again he was watched, and from the burial ground at the Bay of the Dead was seen to unearth a large wooden box or cask, which he carried with him.

Again, so late as 1880, a strange American vessel paid mysterious visits to the Bay. Their object was and is a subject of endless conjecture among the fisherfolk.

There are now many graves at the Bay of the Dead, and the good people of the coast, with their great respect for the dead, disturb them not to search for hidden treasure.

It cannot be asserted positively that the treasure of Manning has been torn from its hiding place and the spirit of the murdered negro released from his long and faithful vigil. But it is a sure and certain fact that a dweller under the cliffs of the Bay has of late, without apparent effort, become very wealthy, and rumour hints of treasure-trove. Such is the story of Manning as related by a native of that bleak and desolate coast, and though the mellowing hand of time has thrown a halo of romance over the picturesque Bay of the Dead and the deeds done there, the main facts are well established.

MAUD OGILBY.

A PART of the manuscript of "The White Cottage" has unfortunately been lost, and it may be necessary to discontinue its publication. We have on hand, however, a very fine short story by the same author, and this will run through two or three numbers of the magazine.

[FOR CANADA.]

WILL CARLETON'S SONG.

IT WAS all through a foolish quarrel,
 "Twixt Bessie, my wife, and I.
 "I wish we had never met," I cried;
 'Twas brutal, I don't deny.
 And Bess, with her blue eyes flashing,
 Turned away as with scorn she said:
 "At least, I suppose, there'll be peace for one
 "When the other one is dead."
 And then I sprang up fiercely:
 "I'll tell you what we'll do;
 "To part is an easy matter, Bess,
 "And I can be dead to you."
 She caught her breath once quickly,
 And I felt a twinge of shame;
 But my wrath rose high next moment
 As her answer coolly came,
 While her bright blue eyes grew dark:—
 "Do what you think is best.
 "You may file a bill to-morrow, Jack,
 "And be sure I'd not protest."
 To be sure, I had spoken rashly,
 Not meaning the half I said;
 But Bessie longed to be free, I thought,
 And even wished me dead.
 For hadn't she just now said it?
 And she hadn't a crumb of heart;
 I wouldn't give in—I swore it now,
 That Bessie and I should part.
 Well, the upshot was, we parted,
 And I kept Freddie and Jack,
 And Bess with the weesome baby girl
 To her father's home went back.
 So I shut up the cosy cottage,
 And the two lads mother took;
 But you needn't think that I cared to pass
 The home we had both forsook.
 I did not file a petition;
 "She may do so herself," I said,
 "If she wishes yet to be freer
 "And I should not be dead."
 But the thought brought a stal of anguish,
 For Bess had been true to me,
 And the fact that she'd not been all to blame
 I began at last to see.
 And something under my waistcoat,
 'Round here on the left hand side,
 Tugged at me with a vengeance,
 And fought with my sullen pride.
 I began to hope that Bessie
 Would send me a word or sign,
 But I found, as weeks and months rolled 'round,
 That her pride was great as mine.
 I tell you, that year was the longest
 That ever I saw drag by;
 I think at the end of another such
 I'd been old enough to die.
 And Bessie's face was before me
 Wherever I went or came;
 I saw it all, I had wrecked my life,
 And I was slow to blame.
 Sometimes I thought I would seek her,
 But I'd been such a brute, you see,

I felt 'twould be worse than useless,
 She must feel but hate for me.
 You know Jack Stout—well, he dragged me
 To a concert hall one night,
 Where a certain way up songstress
 Was to give us all delight.
 At least so the posters told us,
 Though music's no fad of mine;
 But Jack had heard her somewhere
 And pronounced her something fine.
 So, to please my friend, I entered
 The throng and the blazing light,
 Expecting to find it boredom—
 I was indigo that night.
 But I tried to be light and social
 As my glance went idly 'round,
 And then, my heart on a sudden
 Leaped up with a mighty bound.
 For Bessie was there before me—
 We looked in each other's face,
 And then for a moment all things
 Grew hazy about the place.
 The orchestra gave us a prelude,
 Though I didn't hear a note;
 I was trying in vain to swallow
 A mighty lump in my throat.

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MATTHEW R. KNIGHT,

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All back numbers of "Canada" may still be obtainable from the Publisher at 10 cents each. Only a few left.

I thought there was something wistful
 In the glance Bess gave to me ;
 But she turned away just after,
 And wouldn't appear to see.
 I turned to the *prima donna*,
 She was tall and fair and stout ;
 But, boys, the song she sang that night
 Was, " Betsy and I are out !"
 Will Carleton's song, and it broke me up
 There was just one thing to do ;
 I sprang to my feet and turned to Bess,
 And saw she had risen too.
 No doubt they thought me a madman
 As I blindly strode along,
 But I saw one face and one alone,
 In all the assembléd throng.
 Well, we left that gay assemblage
 A gladder and wiser pair.
 That was years ago ; our sky since then
 Has been ever bright and fair.
 So, I bless that fair haired songstress,
 And I also bless Jack Stout,
 But I bless still more the chap who wrote,
 " Betsy and I are out."

NINA C. RICKESON.

NOTE.—The incident which suggested the above was an actual occurrence. It was related to me by one who knew the circumstances of the case. I render it as nearly *verbatim* from my friend as it is possible to do and make the finale jingle. Those who have read "Betsy and I are out" will appreciate the situation.—AUTHOR.

[FROM THE NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE.]

THE STORY OF EVANGELINE.

THE course of the stream is shaped by the meadow, and so, while in all matters of verse the poetic instinct is essentially the same, it is directed in its choice of themes and expressions by individual taste and temperament.

Thus it was that the element of sublimity predominating over all other qualities in the imagination of Milton, guided his reflections into realms of eternity, and the soul of poetry poured itself out in the immortal lines of "Paradise Lost." The natural bent of Bryant's mind led him to observe with keen delight the ever-changing phenomena of nature, and his sweet eloquence was employed to give expression to the rapture of his soul in communion with nature and the work of nature's God. Perhaps this is best exemplified in his poem of "Thanatopsis."

The love of home was Longfellow's guiding sentiment. He possessed a simple child-like affection for the scenes and traditions of his youth. Scarcely a spot was there in New England during Longfellow's early life that did not have associated with it some episode of the revolution or earlier story of the colonial past. Those humbler scenes that would have sunk into swift obscurity, he render-

ed famous ; and raised around them in the hearts of humanity a veneration with which they were regarded by himself.

In the poem of *Evangeline*, the tradition more than the scene appealed to the poet's imagination. Strange as it may appear, Longfellow was never in Acadia. To be sure the greater portion of the poem is laid in various parts of the United States with all of which Longfellow was of course familiar. But although his account was powerful enough to induce many of his readers to visit the land of *Evangeline*, the author himself derived his only knowledge of the place from the description of others. Nova Scotia is bound to me by ties of blood. Therefore the story of *Evangeline* had always a double fascination. The history of the village of Grand Pré as related in the poem is the history of all other settlements in the province.

The occasion which gave rise to the narrative—namely, the expulsion of the Acadian farmers from the land which had been their home for a century—is familiar to all. The tale is not only founded on fact ; almost every incident it describes or alludes to may be verified by reference to contemporaneous history. The names of the actors alone are fictitious.

At the beginning of Longfellow's story, Acadia, or, as it is now called, Nova Scotia, had been under the rule of England for forty-two years. It was ceded to the British crown by the treaty of Utrecht in 1713. Several times before it had been conquered by the New Englanders, but French diplomacy had always been able to win it back. The famous statement of Louis XIV, "I am the state," embodied a reprehensible principle, but had nevertheless in the sense of a boast much justification. His energetic spirit pervaded every department of the government. For the time being he was France, and her marvellous prosperity at home, as well as success abroad, were due to the mighty will of her imperious king. But Louis had grown old and his power was on the wane. Incessant wars had exhausted La Belle France. For peace at home she was willing to sacrifice her cherished dreams of empire in the new world. The French settlers in America were, however, more loyal to their king and he to them. They adhered with stubborn fidelity to their customs and affection for France. In return, they were subjected to a degree of tyranny by their new rulers which scarcely finds a parallel in the history of civilized nations.

Unfortunately the beautiful picture of rural happiness and contented peace which Longfellow draws is not the account of history. These conditions did

prevail as far as the existence of the peasants was secure from the persecution of the English governors. But these magnates could generally find some means of harassing the harmless inhabitants. One mode was banishing the priests, to whom the people were devotedly attached, and burning the churches. The missionaries were natives of France and were regarded by the people in the light of leaders as well as spiritual guides. The charges on which these priests were expelled may be found in any history of Canadian missions. One was banished for having left the settlement a short distance without an order from the governor. Another for having "perverted one of his majesty's subjects to the popish religion." Two more for not having notified the garrison that a foreign tribe of Indians meant to attack it. In vain these last two Recollects asserted that they were not aware of the savages' intentions ; that if they had been, the river between the settlement and the fort was guarded by hostile Indians and communication was impossible. The council adjudged them guilty and they were obliged to go.

The faithful curé whom Longfellow describes under the name of Father Felician was a priest whose real name was Father Jean Baptiste des Enclaves. He had come from France in 1728, and at some later period was sent by the bishop of Quebec to be the pastor of Minas. Somehow he managed to escape the hostility of the governors and ministered uninterruptedly to his flock for thirteen years. The whole pretext for the expulsion of the Acadians was summed up in a letter from the English lords of trade to Governor Phillips, namely : "That they seemed likely never to become good subjects while the French governors and their priests retained so great an influence over them." The French governors, however, were able to prevent their deportation, and it was not until the last French stronghold had fallen that the English were able to put into execution their long contemplated scheme.

This piece of tyranny, more inhuman perhaps than any other that stains the foul record of English misrule, was accomplished in September, 1755. The appearance of the ships in the harbour, the summons of the commander for the men to assemble on a certain day in church and the decree of expulsion read from the steps of the altar are all vividly described by Longfellow. When the tumult had somewhat subsided the men turned to leave the church, but found the entrance guarded by the British soldiers.

They were prisoners and were confined as such for four days.

Meanwhile the women and children had been gathered together on the shore, and on the fifth day the men were marched down to the beach. The document which the British commander read from the altar was a long one, and copies of it are still extant. It was signed by King George III, and one part expressly provided that families should not be separated. It is needless to say that this order was disregarded. Mothers and children, husbands and wives were hurried into different boats and carried to various vessels of the fleet. The embarkation was conducted with all haste in order that the ships might sail with the receding tide of the morning. Ere it was accomplished night descended upon the scene: while the Acadians were encamped upon the shore, guarded by troops, the torch was applied to the village, and the unfortunate people, at whose doors not a single crime could be laid, witnessed the destruction of their homes and their harvests and all their worldly possessions.

Next morning the fleet set sail, bearing 1923 souls into exile. From the other settlements not contiguous to the Basin of Minas were banished 5000 more. Up and down the whole Atlantic coast they were scattered; from Boston to Georgia and from the West Indies to New Orleans. Then became the wanderings of a nation. All over the continent members of separated families travelled in search of lost ones. Search, alas! that too often proved vain. The trials of Evangeline and her lover have been immortalised in verse, but how many aching hearts and blighted lives, whose sorrows have never been chronicled, the rest of that band contained, only the omniscient God can tell.

Many of the wanderers drifted to the French settlements of Louisiana, and, attracted by the familiar customs and language, settled on its fertile plains. Here they were again under the sway of the French king, and, what they prized above all other privileges, their religion was safe from interference. Evangeline, it will be remembered, reached this country in company with the curé, though not, as the poem states, the curé of Minas. He had been taken by another ship to Boston, where he spent a few remaining years, alternately discharging his priestly duties and serving terms in the colonial prison. He finally returned to France, broken down by the weight of years and the persecutions of the English governors.

In Louisiana, Evangeline and her companions visited Basil, the father of

Gabriel. In Acadia he had been the village blacksmith, but now was the prosperous master of the cattle ranches. From here Basil accompanied her up the Mississippi, hoping to overtake his son, who had departed only the day before. Then came the beautiful tales of the Indian mythology, which, in the wild poetry of the forest, Longfellow loved so well. Sympathising with her white sister in misfortune, the Shawnee directs her to the camp of Black Robe, the pale face chief of the mission. They sought it according to directions, and at the end of a day's journey,

Just as the sun went down, they heard a
murmur of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, near the
bank of a river,
Saw the tents of Christians, the tents of the
Jesuit Mission.
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst
of the village,
Knelt the black robed chief with his children.
A crucifix fastened
High on the trunk of the tree, and over-
shadowed by grape vines,
Looked with its agonised face on the multi-
tude kneeling beneath it;
This was the rural chapel. Aloft, through
the intricate arches
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their
vespers.

Many weary days Evangeline counted until the fall, when so Gabriel had told the priest he would return to the mission. The fall and winter came—and spring—but Gabriel came not. A rumour, however, was brought from the north. Gabriel is a hunter in the forests of Michigan, on the banks of the Saginaw. With a party of guides, setting out for the northern lakes, Evangeline takes her departure. After tedious and perilous journeys she reaches the northern forest, only to find a ruined and deserted hut.

This is the last of Evangeline's peregrinations described by Longfellow. To those which followed he merely alludes. After the revolution Evangeline came to Philadelphia, whither she had been brought with 453 others in the vessel which carried her from Grand Pré. Hope was dead and she followed the delusive phantom no longer. For a number of years she had been doing good to afflicted humanity as a Sister of Mercy when an epidemic of yellow fever in 1793 visited upon Philadelphia the most fearful scourge it had ever known. The hospitals were filled to overflowing and hundreds of sufferers died in the streets without shelter or attendance.

There stood in those days a Quaker almshouse at Fourth and Walnut streets, which was used as a temporary hospital. When the poem was published, in 1847,

it was still standing, but has long since been removed. Here it was Evangeline ministered to the wants of the sick and dying. Into one of its crowded wards was borne one night the body of a stranger, old, wretched and nearly at death's door. In the last agony he lay, as Evangeline entered to begin another day of merciful labour and saw before her the form of Gabriel LaJeunesse. He was buried in the cemetery of St. Mary's church, which stands at Fourth and Spruce streets, and there the faithful nun soon after followed him.

Around them in their last resting place sleep many illustrious dead. Near their graves stands the monument erected over the father of the American navy. Numbers of their countrymen who came to these shores under the standard of Lafayette lie here under tombstones that tell of their exalted rank and eminent service. But no stone marks the grave of Evangeline. A naked spot of earth, unadorned by a single flower, is where the ancient records show that a Sister of Mercy awaits the resurrection.

But of the narrative, the sublimest portion is its latter end. After having carried the reader over immeasurable distances far away from Acadia, Longfellow brings him back to its peaceful vales for a last farewell; and there, in words the most beautiful perhaps in our language, he thus concludes the tale:

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away
from its shadow,
Side by side in their graves, the lovers are
sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic
churehyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown,
unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing
beside them;
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs
are at rest and forever;
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no
longer are busy;
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have
ceased from their labor;
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have
ceased their journey.
Still stands the forest primeval; but under
the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other language and
customs;
Only along the shore of the mournful and
misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants whose fathers
from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in
its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom
are still busy;
Maids still wear their Norman caps and
their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's
story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced
neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers
the wail of the forest.

MONTCALM AND FRENCH CANADA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF
CHARLES DE BONNECHOSE BY
THE EDITOR.

(Continued.)

V.

With its garland of forests as old as the world, "Horican," the loveliest of American lakes, unfolds far and wide sinuous recesses where islands without number are mirrored. Around the council-fire kindled on the strand, near their dried canoes, the warriors of thirty-two allied nations assemble in silence and seat themselves. These thirty-two ephemeral peoples, where are they to-day? As well ask where are the ancient snows of Canada. Poor Indians, race without a future, whose instinctive cult of the tombs seemed to betray the presentiment of a short and fatal destiny.

After each orator had spoken "freely and in his turn, a matter which among the savages never created any confusion," Montcalm arose, and at the end of his address, adapting himself to the usages of the Indians, shewed to the Assembly a symbolic necklace made of innumerable small shells, and raising his voice, spake thus: "Go, said our king to me, cross the great lake to defend my children and make them happy and invincible. This necklace that I bring you from him is the sacred pledge of my word; the cohesion of its beads is the image of our union and our strength." The orator then threw into the midst of the assembly the necklace of wampum. An Ottawa brave, named Pennahoel, adorned with a gorget, and a medal with the portrait of the most Christian king on the face, and on the reverse Mars and Bellona, picked up the shells and handed them to his companions. "See now," said he, "a circle is traced around us by the great Omouthio, our father: woe to him who steps out of it! The master of life will chastise him, but this curse will never fall again upon all these sister nations which are willing to form now a union that nothing can break in eternal submission to the will of our father." An approving murmur almost drowned his concluding words; over the volatile circle it passed like a blast of war. Then from the bosom of the trembling crowd, already forgetful of its own superstitious terrors, a voice, with slow rhythm and guttural accent, intoned this invocation to the tutelary spirits dispersed through the universe: "Manitous, manitous, all ye who are in the air, upon the earth and under our feet, destroy our

enemies, give us their spoils and ornament our wigwams with their bloody scalps." An outburst of yells and cries scarcely human responded to this chant; Montcalm could count on his allies with all the fury of war they possessed.

(To be continued.)

Canadiana.

Edited by REV. A. J. LOCKHART, ("Pastor Fictiv"), *Cherry Hill, Maine, who will be pleased to answer, under the head of "Queries," any question addressed to him concerning Canadian history, biography and literature, where the information is at hand or obtainable.*

I.

OUR OWN, OR ANOTHER'S.

WAS there not a time when the gentleman of the road had a course free of obstruction; a time when he could cry "stand and deliver!" with a magisterial authority, nor bishop, nor nobleman could say him nay? With flourishing bravery, now severe, now generous, Turpin or Duval called the travellers to a halt, or bade them move on; while, before them, Robin Hood, Little John, and their merry men in Lincoln Green made great parade of ruffian chivalry. Ah! what of the hangman? Are not these gentry (who narrowly escaped his clutches, or not at all, embalmed in romantic song and story, like flies in amber? The world has had enough of them, except by way of intellectual excitement, and few sigh to meet one of their number as a favourite method of relieving life of its monotony. Indeed, none of their successors can with their old-time ease and grace perform such evolutions; though there is still an occasional slick secrecy among them, conformable to an altered time and condition. As we have been told, the London railway would be loth to stand and give up its pocket book on Black Heath. Men and machines have become plentiful; solitudes have become scarcer in the neighbourhood of great cities: the unfilmed eye of the eagle law from a loftier flight looks over a wider range, to the detriment alike of the meanest pilferer and the noblest-seeming knight of the way.

There was a grandeur in the times when the doughty knights of the pen were exploiting, and forth on the highway of letters they rode and forced the gray commoners of the quill to yield to their gilt and feathers. There were some splendid fellows amongst them; and the way they divided their spoils with the multitude has been the wonder of succeeding ages. Dan Chaucer rode a free horse, and laid hold of his neighbours' literary wallet with the jocularly of the aforesaid Robin Hood; he could even ease Boccaccio of his brightest Decameron-jewels without a suspicion of law. But none ever rode so loftily or so

jauntily, and with such splendid trappings, or took such unlimited spoils from the travellers of all ages and nations, as did our own Gentle Will, in whose powerful hands the booty multiplied; while some are only known to us as freeholders because he dispossessed them. And even that grave and doughty Puritan, Knight Milton, who might have been supposed incapable of coveting what little store had fallen to his neighbours, — rode forth on a horse whose nostrils were flamy, and whose neck was clothed with thunder, and whose "long resounding pace" made the earth tremble, while he riled right and left. But what they took they gave, and what they gave they transformed, and what they transformed they made permanent. They came to some dead body, and gave life; they laid hold of rags, and lo! garments; they levied pence, and distributed sovereigns; for "brass they brought gold, and for iron silver, and for stones iron;" they took the dull bullion, and gave shining shapes of eternal beauty, to be the world's delight and wonder. Thinkest thou, O modern adventurer, thou canst ride forth with like honour?

If you have become acquainted with that vivid and sympathetic book in which a great humourist has, as in a clear glass, given us the features of his brothers;* — that great man, with a great heart, and a penetrative eye; yes, and an uproarious laugh — never against virtue; with an imperial voice, always for truth: if you have attentively read that book as it deserves to be read, and as it wins us to read it, — particularly in that masterly portion pertaining to Swift, you will remember where he quoted the Dean's admission that he used his great powers for an unworthy purpose — to obtain places for himself and friends — and that he says, by way of comment:

"It is an outlaw who says: 'These are my brains: with these I'll win titles and compete with fortune. These are my bullets; these I'll turn into gold;' and he hears the sound of coaches and six, takes the road to Macbeth, and makes society stand and deliver. They are all on their knees before him. Down go my Lord Bishop's apron, and his Grace's blue ribband, and my Lady's brocade petticoat, in the mud. He cases one of a living, the other of a patent place, the third of a little snug place about the Court, and gives them over to followers of his own. The great prize has not come yet. The coach with the mitre and crozier in it, which he intends to have for his share, has been delayed on the way from St. James; and he waits and waits until nightfall, when his runners come and tell him that the coach has taken a different road, and escaped him. So he fires his pistols into the air with a curse, and rides away into the country."

Thus does he figure the saturnine Dean, retiring in indignant chagrin, failing to get a bishopric.

So may the unplumed knight of the pen seek his splendid feathers, and pluck and plunder, daw-like, from every peacock or lyre bird within his reach. He rides out to his adventurous "collonelling"† in the

* Thackeray, "English Humourists."

† "Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling
And out he rode a collonelling."

— Butler's Hudibras, Part I, Canto I.

very spirit of the market-place—a spirit quite fatal to knightly and poetic success,—and comes in with a bit of brocade, or a shred or two of a velvet mantle, plucked forth from some unwilling victim in the midst of clumsy struggle; but he will sew them on his druggot, in hopes that there is a price in the mart for his fantastic finery. He has already tested the poverty and scantiness of his native product, and the alchemic process has failed with him altogether; so finding himself so destitute and unequal in his aspirations, he proceeds to make the splendid possessions of others available, judging that what so well becomes *them*, will appear equally well upon *him*. He takes his horse of Presumption—the brazen nag that has carried many an adventurer through—rides out, and brings the seers and sages on their knees before him. He rifles poet and essayist; from Montaigne or Emerson he culls an aphorism, snatches a stanza from Milton or Tennyson, and sticks them aloft in his fool's cap; or perhaps he cabbages outright some floating lyric, a Virginia, of whom the Virginius is promptly enough found when once this sneaking Appas has laid his false claim. If he meets a divine at all to his purpose, he bids him stand and deliver; so that Barrow and Jeremy Taylor are at last let go, like birds of torn and ruffled plumage. He cases this luckless comer of a pet idea, and that of a set of illustrations, and whatever he gets is current coin. He is the thief of thunder; but, beware! He who with clumsy fingers steals the lightning lies slum! He does "to death the innocent," that the guilty may thrive; he must have one more sentence plucked bleeding out of its context—that heart where alone it could be organic and kept alive. And what will he do with the plunder when he gets it? Can he convert it into beauty or convenience, or make it a better thing than it was before, which alone can justify its appropriation? A string of scalps is the booty of a savage; he cannot make them what they were when he took them away, nor fashion anything like unto them. Our own thought, or another's? Our own, certainly, though it befit us only as the donkey's ears the donkey's head. But that is his who has the wit to win, and the genius to transform.

II.

MRS. CURZON'S "LAURA SECORD."

MR. HUNTER DUVAR—just and generous as a critic, as he is strong and original as a poet—has spoken warm words of one of Ontario's most intellectual and patriotic daughters. And why should he not? The book under review ought to be better known among us, as it teaches the very lessons we require to learn, with a grace that never descends to feebleness, and an enthusiasm that is never extravagant. We consider Mr. Duvar's remarks appropriate, and suitable for reproduction here. He prefixes to his article the worthy sentiment,—

"O Canada, thy soil is broadcast sown
With noble deeds."

After discoursing on the drama, as the highest species of literary composition, he comes to his point, as follows:

"Our notes to-day are on the drama of 'Laura Secord,' in which, although the heroine is heroic, the language is not inflated, and the interest (the conflict of the affections with duty,) never falls below the subject.

"For great deeds have been done, and are being done every day, by women deeds of devoted disinterestedness and self-sacrifice. Says the heroine of the drama, Laura Secord herself:

MRS. SECORD—

"Heaven speed thee, dear wife. I'll try to bear
The dreadful pangs of helplessness and dread
With calm demeanour, if a burning heart."

LAURA—

"Then will you taste a woman's common lot
In times of strait, while I assay man's role
Of fierce activity."

"That is woman's sphere. At this moment we can remember no 'time of strait' in which some woman did not come to the front and gloriously bear more than her share of man's fierce activity. That British officer's gallant wife at Manipur not many weeks since, and many other noble heroines will occur to the reader. The last war in which Canada was engaged—and may it be the last—the war of 1812, was productive of many admirable ladies (among them the Baroness Reidesel and Lady Harriet Auckland,) all of whose names deserve to be made familiar through school-books to every Canadian boy and girl—especially girl. Among them stands out prominently Mrs. Laura Secord, whose brave deed is the subject of Mrs. Curzon's drama

"The theme is one worthy of treatment by the most able male pen, yet more fitly put in dramatic shape by a cultivated woman whose finer perceptions would more readily perceive and appreciate the jarring on the chords in the female breast. And first for the actual story of Mrs. Secord.

"A large force of American invaders lying at Fort George determined to send sufficient strength to surprise by a night attack an important British post at Beaver Dam held by Captain Fitzgibbon with a few soldiers and Indians, about twenty miles inland. The farm house of the Secords, with husband and wife and four children, ranging in age from fourteen to four, lay within the invader's lines. Mrs. Secord, forced to supply a sergeant's guard with provisions, overheard the men babbling in their cups of the intended surprise. The importance of the news was appalling. Home affections struggled with a patriotic feeling to warn Fitzgibbon. Her husband, James Secord, was crippled from a wound received in the fight at Queenston Heights, and there was no one to send as messenger. Patriotism prevailed over personal feelings, and the brave woman determined to make her way through the enemy's lines and trackless forest and herself convey the warning. Records do not say clearly whether she informed her husband of her intention,—probably she did, although, being a man, the chances were that he would betray the secret by fidgetting. There was no time to be lost. The attack was to be made next night with 500 men. There were but twelve hours in which to reach the threatened post."

The drama begins, as it ought to do, in the affectionate home of the Secords at Queenston. The keynote is later introduced.

WIDOW—

"Yes, Sergeant, I'll allow
Old times show tender women bold and brave
For those they love, and 'twill be ever so,
And yet I hold that woman braver still
Who sacrifices all she loves to serve
The public weal."

SERGEANT—

"And was there ever one?"

WIDOW—

"Oh, yes."

At daybreak on the morning of the 23rd June, 1813, Mrs. Secord put on her bonnet and shawl, casually remarking to her family that she had heard that her brother was sick at the mill; it would be only a sisterly act to go and see him. Thereafter the story of her journey is told by the dramatist in a succession of neat touches, with a careful avoidance of what is familiarly called "piling up the agony." Indeed, a great beauty of the whole drama is its natural tone. Meanwhile Laura proceeded on her important mission. Haste would have betrayed her, so, restraining the anxiety that consumed her, she plodded along at the stolid, moderate pace of a country wife going to visit a neighbour. Yankee sentries three times stopped her, but she spoke them fair, and when past the last one plunged into the forest, then without a track, and with most part of twenty miles to make through the bush, with no guide but stray snatches of sun straggling through the roof of trees. On she struggled till all but exhausted, and then sat down and wept:

"The sunbeams toward the west; O darlings mine,
E'en now, perchance, ye sit in order round
The evening board, your father at the head,
And Polly in my place making the tea,
While he pretends to eat, and cheats himself.
And thou, O husband, dearest, might I lay
My weary head, as oft, upon thy breast!
But no, [she rises] I dare not think,—there is above
A love will guard me, and, O blessed thought,
Thee too, and them, our darlings."

There is an affecting touch, Polly making her father's tea. It shows how vividly the whole home scene was reproduced before the woman's eyes. Dark was drawing on, and in a few hours the foe would be on the defenceless post. Onward, straining every nerve,—but look! an appalling danger! The howling of wolves:

"The wolves! the dreadful wolves! they've scented me

O whither shall I fly? No shelter near;
No help. Alone! O God, alone!
O, Father! not this death, if I must die,
My task undone, 'tis too, too horrible!"

Fortunately the vile beasts passed by on another scent.

"On, on, trembler! life for life it is,
If I may warn Fitzgibbon."

Still onwards, until stopped by a rapid stream that seemed to forbid passage. Searching along its bank, a fallen hemlock made a rugged kind of bridge, along which she managed to crawl, and with the last remains of strength pursued her way, until ascending a rise she came—oh, joy!—on a British sentry, who sympathized with her but could not leave his post. Following the sentry's directions she again proceeded through the forest, until she fell in with Mohawk Indians, allies of the British, but who were persuaded with great difficulty to take her to the Canadian Commander's quarters. There, exhausted, ragged and bleeding, the heroine had but strength to tell her tale, ere she fell fainting. The result of her devo-

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tion is well known. The attack was made that night, but such is the fortune of war, that, instead of the small Canadian force being wiped out, the party of 500 sent against it capitulated, and it may be said that by Laura Secord's timely warning Canada was saved.

"Space forbids the copying in full the scene where Laura delivers her message to Fitzgibbon. It is natural and not stilted. A good point is made in the Canadian officer being found reading a small four-page newspaper, the *London Times*, in which is a bulletin of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow; also, a notice of a man, named Bell, trying to propel a boat on the river Clyde by the vapour of boiling water. In brief, no word but good can be said of this drama. It is pure in tone, clever in construction, and (what is becoming daily rarer) is in good English. Why do not our boards of education make use of a book so patriotic as a prize for pupils in the classes of Canadian history?"

Mrs. Curzon is a resident of Toronto, and promotes by her personal and literary influence whatever makes for the welfare of her adopted city and country; for, though of British birth, she is most thoroughly Canadian at heart, and zealous for whatever may concern the integrity and honour of the Dominion. Especially does she inculcate the duty of attention to our early patriotic ancestry, the care of their graves, and the erection of suitable memorials on sites where important victories were achieved. She has been associated with other workers in the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, which proposes "to erect a memorial tower of stone, eight feet in height, on the spot where the important battle was fought." The volume containing her drama is enriched by several lyrical and patriotic poems, and some excellent translations. She is also the writer of graceful prose; and her recent monograph *Laura Secord*, published under the auspices of the above-mentioned society, is an excellent example of her clearness, directness and pith, and the fluency of her style in narrative writing. Mr. Duvar says:

"Laura died in 1868, and in 1891 Canadians are beginning to wake up to her fame. That is to say, for more than half a century this brave woman lived unrecognized in comparatively straitened circumstances, brightened only *once* by £100 sent her by the Prince of Wales, who took much interest in her story. No monument yet marks her resting-place at Drummondville, although there is *talk* of a memorial. 'Loyalty,' pithily says the writer of this appropriate *brochure*, 'is a principle, not an epithet,'—a fact that some of us Canadians seem to forget. We notice that Mrs. Curzon has just been elected an honorary member of the York Pioneers."

NOTES.

THE multifariousness of Mr. LeMoine's subjects is as notable as his literary skill and wide erudition. He turns from the annals of his native city and province, to delightful disquisitions on the birds and the flowers; and for lovers of the stars of the green field he has made a sort of

"*Colin Clout's Calendar*,"* in which appear the blossoms, according to their order, native to Quebec and environs, and in the seasons of their appearing. He says: "I have been asked to state what are the first wild flowers, noticeable in spring, at Sillery and around Quebec generally." Then he points out "The willow with its golden catkins in bloom," ere "April snows have disappeared," and that favourite, "The Mayflower, or trailing arbutus," with its "rusty hairs and pinkish white flowers, sweet scented." We wander with him where it grows, "in the Gomin wood, at Montmorency Falls," and stoop to pluck it from its sandy bed underneath the pine trees. He shows us that early flower, the Hepatica, blossoming varicolour before its leaves; the *Sanguinaria*, or blood root, pushing up its "pure white inverted cap;" and many others, that cannot here be enumerated. He invokes the poets; and prefaces the whole with a quotation from Lord Lorne's poem on Quebec:

"In the dark grass at our knee,
Snow pearls of our green forest sea."

The dainty little *brochure* is printed on tinted paper, and dedicated to the "Young Ladies of Quebec."

IN Halifax recently our attention was drawn to one of the principal reading books authorised for use in public schools of the Province of Nova Scotia;—a consideration entertaining to us always, as it was from such a source we first imbibed the taste and passion of literature. We found this an excellent compilation, in which the familiar masterpieces, that should never be wanting in such a work, were prominently found; but, to any person who considers that one object of a system of such lesson books should be to draw attention to and excite a patriotic interest in things native and Canadian, it is subject to this exception,—that there is nowhere in it an intimation that anything deserving the name of literature was ever produced within our borders. This we conceive to be injustice to some worthy names, and a deprivation of our youth, many of whom would contract a stronger love for the things of their own land by thus coming in daily contact with the best thoughts of our best Canadian authors. We would not exclude the finest examples in the wide scope of general literature; but would add this, of which we have spoken, in addition. May we not hope that some Council of Public Instruction, or compiler of school readers, not far in the future, among the gems of English literature, will include Lampman's "Heat," Roberts' "Canada," Campbell's "The Mother," Heavysege's "Night," Sangster's "Brook," Howe's "Our Fathers," and other fine productions of like worth, native and spirited, we might enumerate? Also various selections of prose, from authors such as Grant, Howe, Allen, Dawson, Wilson, Davin, Kirby, Lighthall, and their like, would be in equal place, and subserve the same useful purpose.

*Our Wild Flowers. Familiar Notes Thereon.
By J. M. LeMoine, Quebec, 1885.

We regret to learn that Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., author of "The Gate of Flowers, and other Poems," was obliged by reason of illness to leave his editorial work at Duluth in September, and return to his home at Paisley, Ont.; while, at the same time, we rejoice with him in the prospect of his speedy recovery. He writes: "I find comfort in the thought that He who directs the wheeling stars in their courses, and cares for the tender flowerets of the field, holds me too within the canopy of His love." It is likewise a pleasure to record the recovery of our friend—the friend of many George Martin, of Montreal, from a serious malady which threatened to deprive Canada of one of her foremost literateurs, and his adopted municipality of a most excellent citizen. Long may the author of "Marguerite" dwell in well earned honor and prosperity amongst us.

THE *N. Y. Independent* of Nov. 19th, is particularly rich in things Canadian. Barry Straton's poem on "The River St. John," replete with the most musical cadences, and charming rural imagery, breathing the longing of lost summers; William Wilfred Campbell's "Autumn,"—time "of the languorous gold," full of the very soul of that favourite season; and Edmund Collins' fanciful and wizard story of central Acadia, "The Witch of the Ardise Hills,"—help, with Margaret J. Preston's "Personalities of Robert Browning," Richard Henry Stoddard's "Poetic Contemporaries of Burns," and other readable articles, to make up a truly red letter number.

We had missed the hand of John Hunter Duvar in the department of verse, though aware of his activity in that of criticism. He is absorbed in other and interesting labours now, having completed "A Popular Treatise on Early Archaeology, Stone, Bronze, Iron," which was undertaken at the invitation of Swan, Schonnensheim & Co., Paternoster Square, London, G. B.; the manuscript of which, after six months' labor at the desk, having been accepted by them, without alteration of text, and with exchange of copyright papers. The work will be illustrated from designs furnished by the author, and will be placed at an early day upon the English market. We know of no one, from the character of his genius, better qualified to render this subject of bones and relics truly popular, and to invest it with the charm of literary style, than Mr. Duvar; who once said of himself to the writer: "I have always had a latent taste for rummaging among dead men's bones, and when I come to throw into shape the ghoulish information accumulated through long years I find it full of interest when refreshed by systematic study." The success of this enterprise may warrant another work on "Ethnology,"—a more abstruse subject, requiring profounder thought.

We are always interested in hearing of Whittier. So were we in the *Portland Transcript's* recent account of the poet's birth-place, the scene of "Snow Bound"

and other of his poems. Like the clay-built cottage by the Doon, it will hereafter be among the

"Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind."

A recent edition of *The Week* gave a most pleasing account, by Agnes Maule Machar, of a visit to the poet, and of his cordial and generous reception of her, at his home in Amesbury. Fidelis, the gifted, genial, and good, could but exhibit the bard of charity and freedom worthily, and many will feel a warmer glow toward both, because of her representation.

Long live the Bard! O, could our love and praise
In his serene retirement, crown his days,
How lavish were it pour'd! But, higher still,
He flings and seeks of Him the approval meet,
Who wrought with wounded hands and bruised feet,
Lord of the Infinite Heart and Perfect Will!

In this age of ours, when most are on the rush, or are fagged out, when we learn style from the reporter, and contemplate Volapuk, or maybe a limited number of signs, as a means of universal communications, the old-fashioned grace of letter-writing, known to Cowper, Byron, or Mrs. Carlyle, threatens to become one of the lost arts. It presupposes a certain measure of serenity and aloofness from life's whirlpool, a natural kindly interest in your friends and the life around you, as well as an inclination to put some of your best thoughts where no eye but one, after your own, may ever trace them. Nevertheless, we are aware of some who still write letters of as fine a quality as those that have become classic; and the receiver considers himself fortunate. Hunter Duvar, Bliss Carman, George Martin, Charles Mair, and others, when they turn to this species of composition, produce easily what is quite as delightful in its way as their more elaborate writings.

Do our readers notice that wholesome spice-o-the-forest, "*The Land We Live In*," published by D. Thomas & Co., Sherbrooke, Quebec? We can scarcely believe it; but if any of them do not, we would call their attention to its late numbers, that put our country forward rarely in picture, song and story. The old hunter always has a tale to hold you like that of the ancient mariner, and the latest fisherman gets some credit for his toughest story. Such serials as Miss Ogilvy's "Marguerite De Roberval," and such articles as LeMoine's "Birds of Canada,"—to say nothing of Sandy, Pat and Baptiste, who still stand in the market-place,—ought to commend it to the favourable regard of our countrymen, and to their patronage, whether they be patriotic, sportive, or literary. [\$1.00 per annum.]

WHERE are the promised volumes from the pens of Bliss Carman, Prof. Roberts, and Mrs. Heusley?

WE also look for another publication from the Halliburton Society, which continues to do honourable work in the field of Canadian letters.

MR. ARTHUR WEIR, author of "Flours de Lys" and "The Romance of Sir Richard," has more in his *repertoire*. Let him not keep the best too long in his portfolio.

Canadian Statesman.

ETHICS AND POLITICS.

WE cannot divorce our political economy entirely from ethics. Political economy as a science, like every other scientific study, must limit its field of enquiry. Like every other science, it strives to reach general rules of what may be done. Political economy does not tell the politician or philanthropist what ought to be done, but simply how certain ends may be gained. To determine which ends should be sought, the politician and philanthropist must consider the comparative worth of various ends. The latter is the special work of ethics. No one lives for himself alone; no one acts for himself alone. No greater moral delusion exists than to suppose that some of our actions are our own private possession, and affect no one else. Directly or indirectly, every moral act goes beyond the actor, and nearly or remotely affects other persons for good or ill. But, if the first apprehension of this thought brings with it at first a sense of awe, a second thought brings gladness and joy to each soul that is in love with the good, who desires the progress of the human race, the conquest and supremacy of the higher life.—*Professor James Hume in Inaugural Address at Toronto University.*

LORD ABERDEEN AT TORONTO.

LORD ABERDEEN'S sensible, practical speech at Toronto will establish him in the esteem of all Canadians. We are so accustomed to visitors from the Old Country lecturing us on our destiny, and telling us what we must do to be saved politically and nationally, that it is quite a relief to hear good, plain, common-sense talk from an earnest, level-headed Scotchman. Lord Aberdeen knows our country pretty well. He has travelled all over it, sojourned at many places, mixed with and made himself acquainted with the people of the various sections, invested his money in our soil and has become a practical Canadian farmer. He has thus not only shewn his good-will, but also established his right to be heard. And when a man of his standing proclaims his abiding faith in the prosperity and coming greatness of the Dominion, giving sound reason, therefore, at the same time steering clear of the political snags on the surface of Canadian affairs, we recognise in him a friend of the right sort. His speech has the ring of that true statesmanship so much needed in Canada. Of politicians and politics we have more than enough. If his words should turn popular attention away from the miserable squabbles of boodling politicians to the practical development of the material resources of the country, he will have done more for Canada than any speaker who has come amongst us for a long time. Present economic conditions

are not permanent. This country is too great in its extent, resources, and in the spirit of its people, to remain for any length of time in a state of depression. Even bad government and restrictive tariffs cannot hinder its development, and Lord Aberdeen is a good witness to the fact.—*Montreal Daily Star.*

THE WANT OF THE HOUR.

WHAT is imperatively demanded at the present moment is a government composed throughout of the broadest, loftiest and most statesmanlike minds to be found in the Dominion. Upon his steadfastness in adhering to this aim, and his success in reaching it, depend all Mr. Abbott's prospects of any real and lasting success in the accomplishment of the great and hard task which is set before him. Surrounded by a band of men whose characters and abilities command and compel the confidence of all honourable citizens, his position might, by a year or two of good legislation and wise administration, be made impregnable. Should he yield to selfish or factional pressure, and adopt a low policy of expediency, any structure he may erect will be pretty sure to go down before the first of the blasts, many of which are no doubt still in leash in the cave of the political winds.—*The Week.*

Science Notes.

ANTHRACITE COAL.—The discovery of new deposits of anthracite coal in the Province of Alberta, comprising a portion of what was formerly known as the Northwest Territory of the Dominion of Canada, will prove, if the reports are correct, highly important not only to Manitoba and British Columbia, but also to the Pacific Coast States of this country, there being no import duty on anthracite coal. It is said that large seams of this coal have been found along the Red Deer River, 40 miles north of Banff. Hitherto, it has been supposed that the only anthracite coal in Canada was at Anthracite, near Banff, from which place the present supply for the western part of the Dominion is taken.—*Engineering and Mining Journal.*

WILD GESE.—Thousands of wild geese go to solitary places on the Labrador coast, and I know that hundreds upon hundreds of thousands go to silent spots in the interior of Newfoundland, building their nests around the gravelly shores of the ponds and lakes.

Think of this flight from the mainland out over the stormy waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where the birds have often to make their way through leagues of fog with nothing to guide them!

They usually leave the mainland with a southwest wind, rising slowly into the air, and ascending very high. They wheel this way and that, as if establishing their bearings, and then slowly begin their way toward the distant island of Newfoundland.

They fly by night and day, and often there is not so much as a star by night to guide them. As far as I can learn, the wild goose will not take rest, under any stress, on the sea.

I have watched them in the autumn take their departure from Newfoundland for the continent. They gather from the interior in large flocks, feeding about the uplands till a steady northeaster begins to blow. Then I have seen them float up, up, till they appeared as small as mosquitoes; but no captain that ever sailed the seas can lay out his course with greater accuracy than these birds. The land is not visible to them when they leave, nor for many hours afterward.

The captain of a schooner trading between Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, and St. Johns, Newfoundland, tells a curious story. He says that he was lying to in a storm in the Gulf late in the fall, during one of his usual trips, and was awakened in the morning by the mate, who said, "Come on deck and see what we've got here."

"Judge my astonishment," he said, "to find perched all about the deck between twenty and thirty wild geese, as tame as chickens."

The birds, it appears, left the coast with a northeaster after them, but when they were midway across the Gulf the wind chopped round and it became foggy.

They became bewildered but would not alight in the sea, preferring rather to perch on the schooner's deck. This is all the stranger because the wild goose is one of the wariest of birds, and one of those most afraid of man.—*Youth's Companion*.

PROF. W. O. ATWATER, of Wesleyan University, contributes an article to the November *Century* on "The Food Supply of the Future"—the first in a series which will have especial value to farmers. The writer believes that the doctrine of Malthus—that the time will come when there will not be food enough for the human race owing to the theory that population increases in a geometrical and food supply in an arithmetical rate—is one which need never give the world any uneasiness, owing to the great advances that are being made in chemistry. Science has shown what are the essential factors in vegetable production, and plants can now be grown in water or in sand by adding the proper chemicals. Prof. Atwater gives the result of an interesting experiment recently made in his laboratory. Sea-sand was brought from the shore of Long Island Sound. To divest it of every possible material which the plant might use for food except the sand itself, it was carefully washed with water and then heated. It was put into glass jars, water was added and minute quantities of chemical salts was dissolved in it. Dwarf peas, planted in this sand, grew to a height of eight feet, while peas of the same kind, planted by a skilful gardener in the rich soil of a garden close by, reached a height of only four feet.—*Charlottetown Examiner*.

Canadians of Mark.

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

THE author of that very unconventional book of travels, "A Social Departure; or, How Theodosia and I Went Round the World by Ourselves," and of that bright and humorous social study, "An American Girl in London," is now living in India. She is not yet thirty years old, and was born, brought up, and educated in Brantford, Ontario, the eldest of a large family. Her father is a merchant there, and has been identified with the place for more than thirty years. He is a man of keen intelligence and of wide reading. Miss Duncan's mother is Irish and quick-witted, and the daughter undoubtedly inherits her cleverness largely from her.

The Duncan family has always lived in a pleasant, big, old-fashioned house in Brantford, surrounded by lawns and fir trees and fruit orchards. From a child Miss Duncan read everything that she could find that interested her, including much fiction, and recollects especially the delight she took in "The Back of the North Wind" when it appeared in *Good Words for the Young*. It was *Appleton's Magazine*, however, that first inspired her with literary ambitions. The desire filled her to write sonnets and stories like those which appeared in the pages of this periodical. She yielded to this desire, and meeting with the usual discouragements of young authors, determined to try journalism as a stepping stone to literature.

Miss Duncan's first newspaper work was in the year of the Cotton Centennial at New Orleans, whither she went to write descriptive letters for the *Toronto Globe*, the *Buffalo Courier*, the *Memphis Appeal*, and other newspapers. After that she went to Washington and became a member of the editorial staff of the *Washington Post*. This newspaper experience, especially that in Washington, was of great service to Miss Duncan. Her "copy" was freely and even severely criticised by the editor of the *Post*, with the result of improving greatly her manner. Leaving Washington, Miss Duncan joined the staff of the *Toronto Globe*, and later that of the *Montreal Star*, passing one season at Ottawa as the special correspondent of the *Star*.

It will interest the readers of Miss Duncan's "Social Departure" to know that the Theodosia of that famous journey round the world was Miss Lily Lewis, a young woman of twenty three, who is also engaged in newspaper and other literary work, being a contributor to *Godeaux* and several of the London journals.

We have referred to Miss Duncan throughout this sketch by her maiden name, the name by which she is known to the readers of her books. She ought properly, however, to be called Mrs. E. C. Cotes, for this is the name of the gentleman whom she met in Calcutta, and whom in less than two years she married. Mr. Cotes has a scientific appointment in connection with the Indian Museum, and has a quired considerable of a reputation in the field of his special research, Indian entomology. He is the author of several entomological publications, which have recently appeared under the authority of the Government of India.—*Book Buyer*.

BOYS and GIRLS can make money during the holidays by 'canvassing for 'Canada.' See last page of cover.

Our Own Poets.

A SONNET.

I hold before me in weak, trembling hands
The fading portrait of a woman's face;
A picture not of young and girlish grace,
But one upon whose sacred head the sands
Of time had dripped until the gleaming strands
Shone wan with drifted white. A band of
lace

Circles the wrinkled throat in fond embrace,
Even as these boyish arms, years gone, their
hands

Of love clasped round the then fair neck of her,
As softly rained her lullaby upon
The drowsy ear in dreamland's tinkling
drips;
And as I scan that face now, through the blur
Of manhood's tears, I hear a voice, long gone,
Soft crooning through the portals of lost
lips.

—*Kimball Chase Topley in Judge*.

THE CAMPER.

NIGHT 'neath the northern skies, lone, black
and grim;
Naught but the starlight lies 'twixt heaven
and him.

Of man no need has he—of God no prayer;
He and his Deity are brothers there.

Above his bivouac the firs fling down,
Through branches gaunt and black, their
needles brown.

Afar, some mountain streams, rockbound and
fleet,
Sing themselves through his dreams in cadence
sweet.

The pine tree's whispering, the heron's cry,
The plover's passing wing, his lullaby.

And, blinking overhead, the white stars keep
Watch o'er his hemlock bed—his sinless sleep.
—*E. Pauline Johnson in Outin*.

TO THE RIVER ST. JOHN.

Birds on wings unfailing,
Northward sailing, sailing,
Ye can reach the glories of our happy stream!
Chained of worldly duties
Here we mourn its beauties,
Pine with hearts imprisoned, droop, and long
and dream.

When shall we go sailing,
Sweetest airs inhaling,
Wafted with the dew-drift through the gray
morn's balm?
Or, when winds are sleeping,
Softly, softly sweeping,
Where the deep-eyed lakelets brood in shade
and calm?

When shall we go gliding
Where golden sunbeams, sliding
Sheer down curving banks of branches myriad-
leaved,
Shimmering o'er the edges
Of darksome, sunken ledges,
Are lost in amber waters, with sedges inter-
weaved?

Where lilies white, heart-golden,
On misty lakes upholden,
With ethereal fragrance fill the languorous
gloom—

Where silence dwells unbroken,
Where sweet thoughts reign unspoken,
Our buoyant birch has drifted, a spirit of the
bloom.

When moon and stars were shining
We watched, with souls divining,
The midnight, mist-draped glories that in thy
distance lie—

The phantom white sails passing,
Through mirrored starways dashing,
The herons on the shallows, the wildfowl
whirring by.

Or, when winds were hiding,
Through labyrinth brooklets gliding,
We stole on nooks of beautiestaken unawares—
Silvery minnows darting,
Mist-veils closing, parting,
Sombrebitterns starting from their reedy lairs.

In the waving grasses
Of thy wide morasses
Buttercups are bending, humble daisies hide;
Goldenrods and sedges,
Flags and wild-rose hedges,
Are mirrored at the edges of thy crystal
tide.

There are level islands,
Highlands beyond highlands,
Bending bays between them, dim gateways
far beyond,
Where our beauteous river
Fares and furls forever,
Outward to the ocean, of time and let unbound.

Here dark hills detain us,
Languid brooklets pain us,
Barrier forests bind us, cares of life inlock;
Weary ways await us,
Dreary days befate us,
Barren quests belate us, memories rise to
mock.

When shall we go sailing,
With fair winds prevailing,
Joying in thy beauties to our souls' desire?
Yet a little toiling,
With hopes attained or foiling,
Yet a little season of cares that ban and tire—

Then with full lives singing
Shall we speed, outwinging
The barrier of distance which our sight debars!
Then shalt thou behold us,
Thou that hast consoled us,
Thy beauty shall unfold us as daylight hides
the stars.

So shall we go sailing,
With fair days prevailing,
Borne on waves incessant, where the long
winds stream;
Sailing, sailing, sailing,
With sweet thoughts unailing,
Time and distance phantoms, and the world
a dream!

—Barry Stratton in the Independent.

Every new subscriber sending the
full subscription price to us direct will
receive the last three numbers free.
This is in addition to all premium and
clubbing offers.

Home Topics.

NEATNESS IN GIRLS.—Neatness is a good thing for a girl, and if she does not learn it when she is young, she never will. It takes a great deal more neatness to make a girl look well than it does to make a boy look passable. Not because a boy, to start with, is better looking than a girl, but the clothes are of a different sort, not so many colours in them, and people don't expect a boy to look so pretty as a girl. A girl that is not neatly dressed is called a sloven, and no one likes to look at her. Her face may be pretty and her eyes bright, but if there is a spot of dirt on her cheek, and her fingers' ends are black with ink, and her shoes are not laced or buttoned up, and her apron is dirty, and her collar is not buttoned, and her skirt is torn, she cannot be liked. Learn to be neat, and when you have learned it, it will almost take care of itself.
—*Christian at Work.*

POPULAR COLORS THIS WINTER.—In colors this season the blues are rather gray in hue, while the grays either have a tinge of lavender or lilac, or else show a greenish hue deepening into mignonette or sage, writes Isabel A. Mallon in the December *Ladies' Home Journal*. The heliotropes are more than ever suited to those brunettes who have a clear complexion, but the woman who is unfortunate enough to be sallow should never wear or permit to be near her any shade of the delicate hue. But the glaring emerald green is not only at once trying, but loud, and can not be commended even for the much quoted lady who has the skin of a peach. The popularity of black is very great. The soft wools, or mixtures of silk and wool being shown especial favor. A black wool gown is always refined and lady-like. So she who can get only one gown will be wise in choosing that it shall be entirely in the fashion by being black.

WHERE BISMARCK LIVES.—An hour distant from Hamburg is the castle of Friedrichsruhe, the residence of the Prince and Princess Bismarck, writes the Countess Wilhelmina in a sketch of the home life of the Bismarcks in the December *Ladies' Home Journal*. It is situated in a dense forest, bordered by river, hedge and wall which render it invisible alike to road and rail passengers. Originally built for a hunting-lodge by Count Frederick, of Lippe-Sternberg, in 1763, it was converted later into an inn—"Frascati," as it was called—whither the inhabitants of Hamburg went on holidays, and where they held their picnics and carnivals. In 1871, when William I presented the estate to Bismarck, the house proper consisted of a two-storied yellow painted structure. It has remained the main building, although considerably enlarged and altered since that time. The effect within is bare and plain. Walls and ceilings are white-washed, the furniture is scanty and uncomfortable, and ornaments are few. A large portrait of the Emperor William, in the

enormous dining-room, and photographs of various members of the Bismarck family, and of several of the Prince's colleagues, comprise the only art specimens that the castle contains.

Its grounds are extensive and beautiful, dense woods, a winding river and handsome shrubbery combining to secure this effect. They were, in former years, open to the public; but the flowers and trees were so mutilated by visitors in quest of "souvenirs de Friedrichsruhe," that it was found necessary to close the gates.

The life at the castle is one of rural simplicity; possessing but few neighbors, its inmates rely for entertainment upon themselves and the guests with whom the house is always crowded.

Extensive entertaining is also the rule at Varzin, and at the ancestral home of "Schonhausen," the two other estates of the Ex-Chancellor.

Our Young People.

[FROM THE ST. PAUL DISPATCH.]

BESET BY DOGS.

ALONG certain parts of the coast of Newfoundland, as well as Labrador, are herds of wild dogs, lean, with shaggy hair and sky eyes, and when hungry they are as ferocious as any beast of which I have ever heard, for then they will not spare even man. Very little is known about their history, but it is generally believed that the wild dog is part Newfoundland breed and part wolf, for it must be remembered that the wolf was once very numerous in Newfoundland and Labrador, hunting in large, fierce packs across the wide stretches of barrens or treeless morasses. Many of the native dogs ran wild, and long ago were known to mix among the wolves about the coast and live in apparent friendship with them. The wolves in both these places have now grown scarce, but the dogs are still grouped together in several secluded coves and bays along the coast, living in open in summer and burrowing away in holes or under the ground firs and spruces away from storm and cold in winter. In summer time these animals live mostly by the seashore where they find dead sculpins, capelan, herring, squids, tomcods and flat fish; often they plunge into the sea and feast upon the shoals of small fish that come near the rocks; when they are tired of fish they scamper away inland and hunt mice, rats, weasels, muskrats, young birds, rabbits and hares. But in the winter they are often pressed for a morsel to eat, their chief food being almost entirely hares and rabbits, but they have been known to scour the plains for reindeer and to visit

open ponds and brooks in search of otter and beaver.

One March morning two boys, Arthur and Fred Harley, the one about 16 and the other 18 years old, were spending a few weeks in a settlement on the north-east coast of Newfoundland, shooting the northern bird known as the great salt water duck. The coast, about twenty miles or so from the settlement, was said to be haunted by wild dogs; indeed, these animals had sometimes actually dashed through the village in their search for food, frightening the inhabitants old and young. Once they seized a little boy not far from his home and tore him to pieces, so that every one living there was in mortal dread of the vicious creatures.

The two boys set out early in the morning, their intention being to shoot seal in a cove about ten miles distant. They took with them a heavy gun each, a pair of snowshoes, a pair of skates and enough provisions for the day. The course lay across a stretch of bleak barrens covered with snow, over which one could not pass without snowshoes, as the crust was thin and brittle; and as a long chain of ponds and lakes stretched along in the same direction for twenty or thirty miles, they brought along their skates. It was a clear, crisp morning, and two hours' travel, now on snowshoes, again upon skates, brought them to the cove. There were several seals bobbing up and down in the clear water and they shot three or four, but the wind having veered so as to blow off land, they could not obtain their prizes, and so left the place and set out across Island Head, about five miles further on, because they knew that in the shelter of this cape there was a bight where they could always find bottle-nose divers and big salt-water duck. They used their snowshoes for only a short part of this tramp, as long stretches of smooth, steel-blue ice lay across almost to the cove. As they drew near the place they took off their skates, hung them across their shoulders and approached noiselessly, for the ducks are very wary. A thin screen of scrub fir and spruce hid their approach, and through this they crept on hands and knees to get full view of the bight; but, instead of seeing clusters of sea birds, as they expected, in the calm water, between the ice and the shore, the whole beach seemed to be moving, and Arthur whispered to his younger brother, while clutching his arm:

"The wild dogs! I wonder if they have seen us?" But very clearly they had, for the off wind had carried their scent to the keen noses of the pack, and immediately the whole herd turned in the

direction of the boys, their noses thrust in the air sniffing. There were probably about sixty of them, all long lean brutes, with shaggy hair, sharp noses, rather short ears and shy, skulking eyes. For a few seconds they ran back and forth on the beach, their heads now turned down, but constantly keeping their eyes upon Arthur and Fred, who began to retreat back into the bushes. As they neared this shelter they saw that about a dozen of the dogs, some of which were large, and evidently the leaders, made up the bank, followed by the rest in a compact body. Then from all their throats came sharp crying noises, somewhat like the crying of a dog and the yelping of a wolf combined; the tumult rose and fell, the leaders commencing the cry and all the rest following.

It was very plain that the pack was famishing with hunger, for the snow in all the region for 100 square miles about was very deep, and the reindeer, hares and rabbits had gone further south where they could find food. The brothers made sure their guns were ready, and Arthur, laying his hand upon Fred's shoulder, said:

"Now, these brutes are going to attack us; be careful about your aim. Fire when I fire, for we must not let them get too close. We can get four from our two charges; you fire at the right and I will take the left. If we can keep them scared off till we can get up to the ice we can easily escape on our skates." They both turned, stood and faced the oncoming pack, but as soon as the ugly animals saw them, they stopped coming directly forward and spread out to the right and to the left, then moved onward with the intention of surrounding them. Seeing their move, the boys ran as fast as they could up the slope, but they had no sooner started than the most unearthly cries arose everywhere in the air from the pursuing herd, and every dog started in pursuit at a long, loping gallop. They soon got ahead of the fugitives, and there the two stood in the snow, surrounded by creeping, half-crouching beasts, who seemed afraid to rush upon them directly, but tried to approach them by stealth, with their lolling tongues and hungry eyes, whenever their backs were turned.

"They are now within range, Fred," said Arthur; "you take those two big fellows there," pointing in front. "I will take two on this side." Both at once presented, taking sure aim; then there was a simultaneous report, then two other shots, one a little after the other, and four of the mongrels sprawled upon the snow. One of them only was dead, for the three others rose, and with

piercing howls and yelps went backward to the rear of the pursuing party. The boys immediately threw out the old cartridges and put fresh ones into their double barreled guns, then dashed onward, for the circle of dogs had widened as the beasts took fright at the report of the guns. They succeeded during the panic in making a headway of a couple of hundred yards and broke through the circle; then they wondered why their pursuers all crowded together about the body of their dead comrade, but they soon saw that the famished creatures had begun to devour it. Only eight or ten of them, however, could feast at the same time, and after much yelping, biting and jumping, those who were not engaged in eating again started off in pursuit.

They were growing bolder and bolder, not galloping away so far ahead as they did at first, but coming directly for the two young hunters, and they approached them somewhat in the manner of a fawning tame dog who is afraid to approach his master, walking in a crouching manner, with fore legs thrust out and muzzle down. They never looked steadily at their intended victims, but thrust their heads from side to side as if trying to reach them unawares. The cartridges in the boys' guns were loaded with seal shot and would carry effectively sixty yards, so as soon as the more daring ones came within range four more shots rang out over the snow. This time two of the animals lay dead and one of the others went hobbling and howling away, Fred having missed with one of his barrels. The whole hungry tribe at once formed in two divisions around their dead comrades and, as before, began feasting. Then the boys discovered with great consternation that they had no more shells loaded with seal shot, so they were obliged to put in those having small duck shot, which would be almost useless fired into the tough hides of these animals. While loading they ran with the speed of deer and they had now reached the top of the slope. Here the snow was soft and deep, so they lost a couple of minutes in binding their snowshoes to their feet. When they were ready to start about two-thirds of the pack had again surrounded them and began to close upon them from every point. They were in terror of letting the dogs get too near to them and yet did not want to fire with their small shot at too far a range, so they waited until five or six of their assailants had reached within twenty or thirty paces, then crack, crack, crack, went the guns again. A couple of the dogs fell, but got to their feet again almost instantly, and limped off from the attack, but the noise of the

guns created temporary confusion, and enabled the boys while loading afresh to get out of the deadly circle and on a couple of hundred yards more toward the ice. The whole herd once again joined in full chase, and just as Arthur and Fred got to the edge of the lake and were about putting on their skates the snarling crowd were within fifteen paces. They fired full into the faces of the leaders, emptying four barrels; then hastily finished fastening their skates; but this time the enraged mongrels did not hesitate long after the shots, but bounded forward, and reached the edge of the blue ice just as the boys were ready to strike off. Arthur was first on the ice, but as Fred was sliding down the bank a huge dog bounded forward and fastened its teeth in his shoulder. There was not a minute to lose, for all the rest had reached the brink, crying and howling, so Arthur raised his gun and struck the assailant with the stock a great swinging blow upon the head which sent him stunned and sprawling upon the ice. Away then the two went as if their feet had wings, their trusty steel skates fairly singing over the smooth, hard, blue ice.

After they got well started and had swung fully a hundred yards away from shore they turned and saw some of the disappointed pack tumbling and scrambling along the ice at a safe distance behind them. The remainder raced with might and main along the bank, but they could not keep up with the two expert and muscular young Northern skaters. Their cries were now those of baffled rage, and the sound echoed everywhere among the hills, but the two young sportsmen felt little concern, for a shining stretch of ice fully four miles long lay before them. When they reached the end of it, which did not take them a great many minutes, there was nowhere to be seen any of the wild dogs nor a cry to be heard. Then they fastened on their snowshoes, ran quickly over the crust till they reached the next chain of lakes, and got home safely. The story of their adventure filled the settlement with wonder for many a day, and the boys were applauded as a pair of true heroes.

EDMUND COLLINS.

MR. DUVAR'S critical papers in the *Charlottetown Guardian*, which were attracting considerable attention throughout the Dominion, have, we are sorry to see, been discontinued for a time, owing to other engagements. If there is one thing more than another that our literature wants just now, it is wise and just critics.

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A Monthly Magazine for Canadians at Home and Abroad.

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Associate and Contributing Editor.

REV. A. J. LOCKHART ("Pastor Felix").

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January, 1892.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

OUR readers will wonder, perhaps, what has become of the December number of CANADA. This is the December number, but we have dated it a month ahead, because we want to make a change in the time of issue. Throughout the past year the magazine has been published after the middle of the month. Beginning with this number it will appear in time to reach subscribers by the first of the month. The present number, therefore, is dated January, and is the first number of our second volume. It is enlarged to 24 pages and cover. This will be the size of the magazine during 1892. Some changes have been made in the arrangement of the contents, and some new features have been intro-

duced, which we hope will add very much to the attractiveness and value of the publication.

You have before you the first number of our second volume. What do you think of it? Will you not be satisfied if we can give you twelve numbers equal to this for one dollar? We hope to do better than this before the end of the year. We ask and feel sure that we shall receive your hearty co-operation. Help us in the first place by renewing your subscription promptly; then by trying to induce a number of your friends to subscribe. We publish a large variety of premium offers, and we expect to receive a great many long lists of subscriptions.

OUR excellent friend, the Halifax *Critic*, says: "CANADA for November fully sustains its character as a high-class national magazine." Our aim is ever to prove worthy of such recommendation. CANADA is not for any one province or any one class; it is for the whole Dominion, and for high and low, rich and poor. It is for the absent ones, too, to carry to them something of the literature and history of the Home Land they have left. We want our magazine to be high-class also, both in a literary and moral sense. While we do not come into competition with the religious newspaper or magazine, we shall always stand for righteousness in literature, politics and social life.

LAST year we offered our subscribers the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* and CANADA for the price of the *Cosmopolitan* alone. We did not expect to be able to make this offer to old subscribers, but by special arrangement we are enabled to not only repeat the offer to new subscribers, but to furnish the two magazines for the price of one to old subscribers to either magazine as well as new. We are sure that those of our subscribers who have been taking the *Cosmopolitan*, and many more, will appreciate this golden opportunity of obtaining the best of American magazines and the best of Canadian magazines one whole year for three years. Those of you who are not acquainted with the *Cosmopolitan* should write to the *Cosmopolitan* Publishing Co., Madison Square, New York, for a free sample copy.

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Literary Notes.

COLLECTIONS OF THE NOVA SCOTIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY FOR THE YEARS 1889-91. Vol. VII Halifax, 1891.

This neatly printed volume of 156 pages contains a vast amount of valuable information concerning the early history of Nova Scotia. The first paper is one on "Vimland," by Hon. L. G. Power; the second consists of "Notes on the Census of 1767," by David Allison, LL. D.; the third is on "The Early History of the Parish of St. George, Halifax," by Rev. Canon Partridge; and the fourth is the "Story of Deportation of Negroes from Nova Scotia to Sierra Leone," by Ex-Governor Archibald. There is also a collection of "Letters and other papers relating to the early history of the Church of England in Nova Scotia," copied from originals in the possession of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, London, England. The eleven volumes of the collections of this Historical Society already published will be, with those to follow, a veritable thesaurus of reliable information to future historians of the Maritime Provinces of Canada.

TRANSITION; OR, THE MAN OF YESTERDAY, OF TO-DAY, AND OF TO-MORROW. By Dr. J. N. Cadieux. Third edition. Toronto, 1892.

This little work of 82 pages will repay a careful perusal. It touches upon quite a variety of subjects, but the principal aim of the book is to give a scientific basis to prohibition, and the strongest arguments are addressed chiefly to the medical profession. We have heard Dr. Cadieux lecture, and we regard him as one of the most intelligent and intensely earnest advocates of total abstinence. He is keen, fearless and uncompromising, and his book shares in these characteristics. The third part, "Lights and Shadows," is a touching story, powerfully told. He takes the most advanced ground on the question of prohibition. Copies may be obtained from the author, Toronto, at 75 cents each.

La Glancee for November has a very sensible article by Denis Ruthlan on "Canadian Literature and Criticism," in which he says: "Knowledge, taste, justice, courage, and tact, these are the elements of sound criticism."

Brains is the name of a semi-monthly journal for literary folk, published by the United States Publishing Company, Boston. The number for November 16th contains a photogravure portrait of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who is contributing an interesting series of articles to the journal under the title "Glimpses of Authors." There are New York and Chicago letters, and "The Observer" chats about T. W. Higginson. Rudyard Kipling, Wolcott Balestier and E. W. Bok. \$2.00 a year.

AMONG the announcements of the *Youth's Companion* for 1892 we see the names of several Canadian authors. Mr. E. W. Thomson will contribute a serial entitled "Smoky Days," a thrilling story of escape from a Canadian forest fire. The Countess Norraikow will write on the homes of the Cossacks, and there will be a paper from J. Macdonald Oxley— "Told by a Circuit Rider"—containing interesting and amusing incidents in a pioneer missionary's life.

THE December *Eclectic Magazine* preserves its usual characteristics, creaminess, timeliness and variety. "The Demoralisation of Russia" gives one a saddening insight into the social condition of that country. The article that very many will turn to first is a short one by Frederic Harrison, on the "Eternal Woman Question." A study of Henry James, an estimate of Parnell by Justin McCarthy, with other articles, short stories and poems, make up a very attractive number. E. R. Pelton, 144 Eighth St., New York. \$5.00 a year.

THE *Methodist Magazine* has grown in interest during the past year and increased in size. Under the able editorship of Rev. Dr. Withrow it must continue to prosper. As the only illustrated monthly magazine published for some time in Canada, it deserves a generous patronage. Every Methodist family would be the better for the monthly visits of this finely illustrated and well-conducted periodical. The December number is a capital one, and the programme for 1892 is very appetising. Wm. Briggs, Toronto. \$2.00 a year.

THE November *Preacher's Magazine* is a good number of this very helpful monthly. The sermon of the month is by the Rev. Dr. John Chifford, and its subject is "The Patriarch Joseph as a Builder of the City of God." There is also a short sermon by Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, one of the editors, entitled "The Gospel of the Day: What to Do when Trouble Comes." Prof. Findlay, continuing his papers on the Epistles of the Apostle Paul, deals in this number with "The Epistles of the First Imprisonment." The substance of an address by Rev. S. E. Keeble is given on "Drink and the Social Question." Wilbur B. Ketcham, 2 Cooper Union, New York. \$1.50 a year.

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Literary Notes.

We have received the December number of the *Scientific American*, Builders' Edition, and we find it full of information of interest to many besides builders. To those contemplating the erection of a dwelling this publication will prove suggestive and helpful.

THE great variety and high character of every issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal* are not so much an occasion of surprise when we remember that this truly excellent publication has sixteen editors, each of whom has charge of a separate department, with Edward W. Bok as president of the editorial board, and that the staff of editors and contributors costs the journal each year about sixty thousand dollars. The Christmas number is just what we would expect a special number of such a journal to be. Among Christmas features are a long Christmas poem by Hezekiah Butterworth, illustrated by W. L. Taylor, and Palmer Cox makes his Brownies have a Christmas tree.

THE *Week* of November 27th contains a criticism of Mr. Davin's recent contributions, by C. A. Boulton; a second paper on "The Indians of Acadia," by I. Allen Jack; F. W. F. writes about "Nation Making," and decries one of the noblest and most useful sentiments that have influenced mankind; "The Rambler" soliloquises upon Leigh Hunt, and Dominican and Franciscan friars; the correspondence is on "The Canadian Copyright Act," and "A Better System of Nominating Candidates for Election;" the poems are by Fidelis and Sarepta; and the selections and departments are entertaining as usual. We are never tired of asserting that this publication is a credit to our country.

A FAIR Alsatian, from a painting by Joseph Lieck, adorns the first page of the *Dominion Illustrated* for November 21st. Annie Crawford, one of CANADA'S contributors, writes about "Chautauqua." A series of papers entitled "Out West," by John McLean, has reached No. 4. Mrs. Curzon, in addition to her interesting Toronto notes, contributes a paper on the "Re-interment Ceremonies at Lumby's Lane." "Pastor Felix" stimulates our fancy, taste and heart by his bright and original musings. W. D. Lighthall recalls "The Schuylers of Albany." Arthur Weir versifies in a pensive strain. The subject of the third sketch in Mr. McFarlane's series of New Brunswick authors is Prof. Roberts; the earlier ones were James Hogg, Rev. A. J. Lockhart and Bliss Carman.

THE December number of the *Cosmopolitan* contains 140 illustrations by leading artists. Mrs. Burton Harrison begins a new novel, "The Daughter of the South." A gentleman, who was a Confederate officer, writes on "Social Life in Richmond during the War." There is a batch of letters from Gen. Sherman to another of his daughters, illustrated by a friend who sat at the General's mess-table during the campaign. This friend also contributes a paper of his own, "With Sherman in his Army Home." There is a very interesting article on "Rapid Transit in Great Cities," by Lewis M. Haupt. Other articles are "From Philie to Wudy Halsa," "American Entertaining," "A Hindoo Romance," and "Ten Days on the Mississippi," with the usual departments by Murat Huistead, E. E. Hale and Brander Matthews. \$3.00 a year.

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Literary Notes.

The Christmas *Dominion Illustrated* ought certainly to make us proud of Canadian skill and enterprise. The supplements are very fine. The photogravure of the Universities of Canada is worthy of framing and hanging up in our homes. The number itself is a wonder of beauty. Its forty pages are filled with stories, poems and articles by our best writers. The best of all is, it is Canadian throughout—Prof. Roberts, Mr. LeMoine, Miss Machar, Mr. Lampman and "Pastor Felix," all of whom the readers of CANADA have learned to know, help to make this beautiful Christmas number what it is. We understand that the *Dominion Illustrated* will cease publication in its present form at the end of the year, and out of its ashes will appear the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly*, a 64 page octavo magazine, at \$1.50 a year. We wish the new magazine much success.

We are informed that a new magazine will be started in Halifax in January, to be called the *Nova Scotia Magazine*. We are pleased to see these signs of a literary and patriotic awakening in the Dominion. CANADA, the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly* and the *Nova Scotia Magazine* will be different in character, each will cultivate its own field, and there will be plenty of room for them all; they will help instead of hindering each other.

Current Literature for December is worthy of the reputation of this youthful king of celebrities. The readings are: "My Friend Vespa," from "The House of Martha," by Frank R. Stockton; "Defiling the Sanctuary," from "The Witch of Prague," by Marion Crawford; and "The Christian's Kiss," from "Judith Trachtenburg," by Karl Emil Franzos. The famous chapter from a famous book is, "The Chariot Race at Antioch," from "Ben-Hur," by Lew Wallace. Besides the above there are twenty-two departments, every one of them full and creamy. We know of nothing that will occupy a leisure half-hour so pleasantly as a number of *Current Literature*.

The December *Review of Reviews* contains 144 pages and nearly a hundred portraits of men and women of to-day. After dipping into it *ad libitum* one has a pleasant consciousness that he is a citizen of the world. This is very largely a woman's number. The women have a doughty champion in Mr. Stead. If he were to have his way they would have the shell of sovereignty as well as the kernel. The price of the *Review of Reviews* until the first of January is \$2.00; then it will be raised to \$2.50. Our subscribers who send us \$2.50 before January 1st, will receive both the *Review of Reviews* and CANADA for one year.

The "Random Recollections of Joseph Howe and His Times," in *Progress*, of St. John, are well written and of great interest. The writer is "Historicus," of Fredericton.

Both the Halifax *Herald* and St. John *Sun* are coming out as eight-page dailies.

Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley, lately of the Marine Department, and one of our leading writers in Canada, has accepted the position of superintendent of agencies for the Sun Life Insurance Company in Eastern Ontario.

Mr. W. H. Hillis of the *Writer and Author*, has in preparation a Biographical Dictionary of Authors, in which all the authors of Canada are to appear.



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"Depart into Gehenna, you child of wrath
and sin."

At last the gates were opened; a man with
features mild
Stooped down and raised the weeping and
unelected child.
Immortal light thrilled softly down avenues
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As on the infant's forehead the spirit placed
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—*Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

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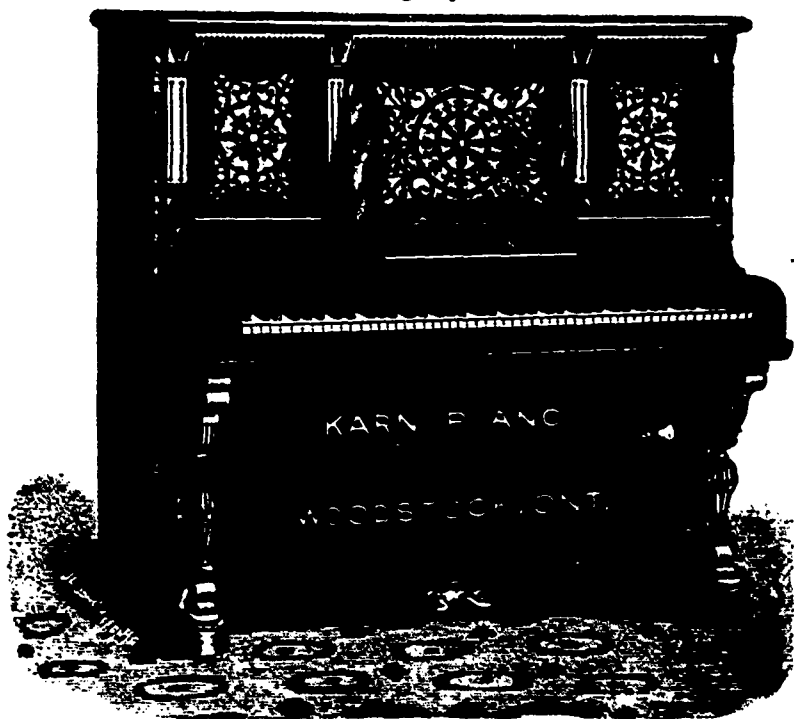
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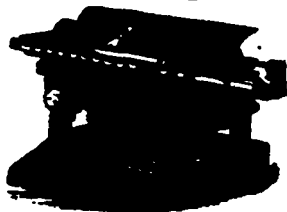
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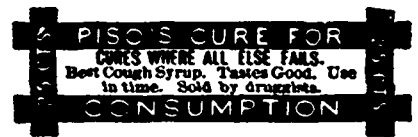
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OFFER No. 1.—2 Subscriptions for \$1.50.

When renewing your subscription, send us one new name, and one dollar and fifty cents will pay for both; if you divide the discount with your friend, the magazine will cost each of you only 75 cents.

OFFER No. 2.—3 Subscriptions for \$2.00.

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OFFER No. 3.—4 Subscriptions for \$2.50.

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NOTE.—The foregoing offers are intended especially for our present subscribers, who can easily induce some of their friends to take such a publication as CANADA, and remit the new subscriptions with their own renewal. The following offers are for those who have leisure to make a systematic canvass in their neighbourhood for the magazine:—

OFFER No. 9.

Agents who send us 20 new names may retain 60 per cent. commission, sending us only \$8.00 with the twenty names.

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