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THE WEEK.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, MARCH 18th, 1892.

\$3.00 per Annum.
Single Copies, 10 Cents.

Ninth Year.
Vol. IX., No. 16.

THE WEEK:

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART

TERMS:—One year, \$3.00; eight months, \$2.00; four months, \$1.00. Subscriptions payable in advance. Subscribers in Great Britain and Ireland supplied, postage prepaid on terms following:—One year, 12s. stg.; half-year, 6s. stg. Remittances by P.O. order or draft should be made payable and addressed to the Publisher. ADVERTISEMENTS, unexceptionable in character and limited in number, will be taken at \$4.00 per line per annum; \$2.50 per line for six months; \$1.50 per line for three months; 20 cents per line per insertion for a shorter period. No advertisements charged less than five lines. Address—T. R. CLOUGHER, Business Manager, 6 Jordan Street, Toronto. European Agents—SMITH, AINSLIE & Co., 25 Newcastle Street, Strand, London.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

ON another page a correspondent takes exception very courteously to certain views that have from time to time been expressed in these columns touching the Canadian situation. If we make a few observations by way of reply it is not because we object to friendly criticism, or wish to take advantage of the editor's privilege of having always the last word, but because the subject itself is at the present moment the one subject which above all others demands consideration and discussion in the Canadian press. We may observe, in the first place, that Mr. Holgate seems to have somewhat misunderstood our views in regard to one or two points treated of in his letter. He speaks, for instance, of our "conclusion that the remarkable success which the Government at the capital has experienced . . . has established the fact that the people of this Dominion refuse to be coaxed or coerced into annexation," etc. What we meant to say and, we think, did say, was that the result of the bye-elections shows that the people of the Dominion refuse to accept reciprocity with the United States, however desirable, at the cost of tariff discrimination against the Mother Country. We object to the other way of putting it because we have never been convinced, even by the logic of Mr. Blake, that unrestricted reciprocity would necessarily lead to annexation. On the contrary the arguments of those who maintain that international free trade would tend to destroy whatever annexation feeling may exist in the country have always seemed to us the more cogent, inasmuch as it is well known that such feeling has its origin almost exclusively in the desire for better trade relations and not in any preference for the political system of our neighbours. The question does not appear to us to be one of annexation or non-annexation, but one of what is consistent with duty and honour in our relations as a colony to the Mother Country. We are free to confess that a chief source— we might even say the chief source—of our anxiety in view of the present situation of our country is the fact that, as it seems to us, the process of annexation by piecemeal is even now constantly going on to a debilitating and dangerous extent, in the exodus of so many of our young men, the bone and sinew of our country, to swell the population of the United States. Nor is the extent

of the evil and danger measured simply by the number of those who leave us, considerable as that number is. The fact that in many cases these young men, and many who are no longer young as well, gradually become enamoured of the Republic because of the better facilities it affords for "getting on in the world," and exert a powerful influence upon the relatives and neighbours whom they have left behind, in the direction of annexation, is, in our estimation, another important factor in the situation. We are well aware that this is not always the case. Many of our expatriated countrymen remain loyal to Canada, and would gladly return should opportunity offer. There is no pessimism in looking facts fairly in the face, and no lack of patriotism in stating them frankly as they are. We quite agree with our correspondent in hoping that some honourable way out of the difficulty may be found. It is the duty of our statesmen to seek and point out that way. We would gladly find it, if we could, in either Imperial Federation, or an Imperial Customs Union, or both combined. But for reasons which we have often given, and which we have never seen satisfactorily answered, we are unable to believe that either is attainable, or would bring the desired relief.

NO doubt the Dominion Government, now that all hope of "the re-establishment of reciprocity as it existed in 1854" has vanished, are seriously considering the situation and will announce their new policy before the close of the session, or at farthest at some early day. We cannot believe that they will content themselves, we are sure that they cannot long satisfy the people, with a policy of *laissez faire*. Now that they have a strong majority in both Houses they will be expected to prove themselves equal to the situation and to show the courage of their convictions. True loyalty is undoubtedly a loftier sentiment than the desire for material benefits, but it can never serve as a substitute for it. Men cannot live by bread alone, but they cannot live without bread. No more can a young nation grow strong without convenient markets and extensive commerce. We have little doubt that the crucial test that will in the near future be applied by the electorate to the two parties will be the merits of their respective policies as promising escape from industrial and commercial embarrassment and entrance upon a new era of progression. We hope to see a great extension of our trade and intercourse with the Mother Country and with all the world, but none the less do we believe that nature has decreed that our business interests shall always be closely bound up with those of the continent on which we live. Nor do we despair of the overthrow at no very distant day of the artificial barriers which the perversity of politicians and the selfishness of combinations have erected between the two countries. Powerful forces on the other side of the line are even now moving in this direction. The feeling of the better classes, the intelligent Christian thinkers of the nation, is in favour of free and friendly intercourse, and the intelligent discussion which the question is now receiving on both sides of the border cannot fail to accelerate the day of commercial freedom. Can it be doubted that it is the part of the broadest and truest patriotism, as well as of the soundest philanthropy, for the good people of both countries to do all they can to hasten the day? We would not have our people "look to Washington," but we would have them not cease to look to the millions of good citizens who are to be found across the border, as intelligent and broad-minded as are to be found in any land, and hope for the day when their growing influence shall cause better counsels to prevail at Washington.

PUTTING one's self in the place of one's neighbour, so as really to see the question in dispute as he sees it, is the hardest of all moral achievements. It is so hard that it is doubtful if any mortal man ever fully succeeds in doing it, and it is no uncommon thing for good and conscientious men to fail egregiously. This bit of not very fresh moralizing is suggested by the concluding act of the London election. For many years we have been used to hear the name of Judge Elliot, of London, mentioned with the highest respect by all who knew him.

He has undoubtedly had the reputation of a righteous judge. Far be it from us to insinuate that, in so far as conscious intentions are concerned, he does not still deserve that appellation. And yet it may well be doubted whether a truly thoughtful and candid man could be found in the ranks of either party, who has followed the proceedings in the case in question, who can believe that if, all other things being the same, the effect of Judge Elliot's decision pronounced the other day would have been to give the seat to Mr. Hyman, instead of to Mr. Carling, that decision—opposed as it is to that of so many learned judges in the higher courts—would have been given. And this seems to us all that it is necessary to say in regard to this vexatious case at present.

THERE can be no doubt, at least we have none, that the bonusing system which has been so much in vogue of late years in some of the municipalities is an evil of some magnitude. In violation of all sound economic principles, in accordance with which local as well as national industries should be left to follow the laws which regulate the location as well as decree the survival of the fittest, they tend to turn the attention of those who have or seek to establish industries of any kind from the consideration of natural facilities to a search for artificial aids and stimulants in the shape of tax-exemptions and bonuses. The rivalry thus engendered between contiguous towns or villages is by no means a healthy competition. The fact that the principle involved is, so far as we can see, almost precisely the same as that which underlies every system of protection, does not make it any the less inherently a false principle, or one which tends to injustice and loss. But when it is proposed, as is now being done by Mr. Balfour's Bill to amend the Municipal Act in this particular, to take away from the municipalities the power of bestowing such bonuses, there is some danger of infringing upon another sound principle, viz., the natural right of a community, small or large, to do what it will with its own. Is there not some reason to fear that the Provincial Government and Assembly may carry paternalism in local legislation too far and deprive the smaller municipalities, which are but miniature models of itself, not only of their natural liberties, but of a large part of the educational benefit which is one of the chief recommendations of self-rule, whether in local or in provincial affairs? Is not the Provincial Government, in placing such restrictions upon the freedom of the municipalities, treating them on a small scale to a touch of the same centralizing policy to which they have from time to time so strenuously and effectively objected on the part of the General Government? Would it not be better to leave the municipalities to work out such problems for themselves, even though the education might cost them something? The only answer to such a contention is, perhaps, that the question involves the rights of minorities which the Assembly is bound to protect, seeing that every bonus voted by the majority of ratepayers in a town or city is to a certain extent equivalent to a confiscation of the property of the minority, some of whom are often thereby compelled to contribute from the proceeds of their own toil to the prosperity of their rivals in business. But even this argument sounds suspiciously like that which has been on certain memorable occasions urged on behalf of Dominion interference with what were afterwards declared to be Provincial rights, as, e. g., in the matter of the Rivers and Streams controversy. But it is idle, we suppose, to attempt to apply either scientific or logical laws to practical politics.

TAKING exception to some of our criticisms of the Dominion Franchise Act, our correspondent "S." last week described the manner in which two revising officers, whose methods have come under his personal notice, perform the duties assigned to them. It will, we hope, be clearly understood that we make no personal charges of wrong-doing against the revising officers appointed by the Government. The simple fact that they are appointed by the Government, which is a party most deeply interested in the result, is enough, as it seems to us, to condemn the system. As a natural consequence of the working of the

party system, it is a foregone conclusion that in the great majority of cases, probably in almost every case, the officer appointed will be a partisan of the Government which appoints him, and we cast no aspersion upon the officer so appointed, but simply ascribe to him the ordinary weakness of human nature, when we assume that the instances will be rare in which he will be able to divest himself wholly of party predilections and prejudices. For the same reasons his subordinate officers will, as a rule, be appointed from the ranks of the Government supporters, with the chances of their judgments being more or less influenced by party feeling still greater, in proportion as they are likely to be men whose minds have been less disciplined to impartiality by education and a sense of responsibility. But passing by all such considerations and assuming the perfect impartiality of the Government officials who have the manipulation of the complicated machinery of the Franchise Act, let us glance at the mode of procedure, as described by our correspondent. To make the assessment rolls the basis of their lists is of course unobjectionable. Then comes a scramble. The preliminary lists are sent to the local party "bosses" with what is equivalent to an invitation to "stuff" them with as many names of those who may be relied on to support their respective candidates as possible. It will be said that no name can thus be added to the list without some declaration of qualification, or of somebody's belief in the qualification of the person whose name is thus added. But how does it work in practice? Let the facts in the famous London case answer. Here no less than 540 names on the list were challenged by the Liberals, and a large number, we do not know how many, by the Conservatives. To say nothing of the "appealed" votes, most of which are tacitly admitted to be worthless even by the Conservative lawyers, considerably more than half of the 540 were proved to be "bogus" and stricken off the list. What could be more suggestive? Now be it remembered that no one of these names once placed on the list, could be removed without a process of protest and notification, followed by trial before the revising officer. By Judge Elliot's decision in the case just referred to, from which there is no appeal, it appears that these notices, in order to be valid, must specify in each individual case the exact ground on which the qualification of the person is challenged. What an expenditure of time and money is involved in all this, and what a temptation to partisans to have as many spurious names as possible added to the lists in the hope that some of them may remain, as is pretty sure to be the case, in spite of the utmost vigilance and energy of opponents. Could any system be devised better calculated to give the advantage to the party which has the appointment of the officials and the most money to spend in ferreting out the names of those who are without qualification, and securing their removal from the rolls. We say nothing of the fact that the lists as finally revised are printed in an office which is under Government control and managed, it may safely be assumed, by strong Government partisans. It is not necessary to assume the truth of the frequent charges made by the Opposition, of errors in the printing by means of which names which have been found good disappear from the lists and worthless names reappear on them as they emerge from the office after the final revision, but surely a scrupulous Government should avoid the methods which provoke such suspicions.

WE have thus far dealt with the facilities afforded for getting worthless names on the voters' lists and the difficulty and expense of getting them off again. Let us turn for a moment to the other side, to which "S." mainly directs his attention. He says: "If the assessment roll, the party heeler, and the duly qualified voter himself have all failed to find him (the qualified voter) out, I do not see what more could be asked to be done in his behalf. If a man prizes his vote and goes in and out of his post-office daily for weeks, brushing past the posted list each time, and never looks to see if his name appears there, he cannot reasonably raise much of a row if other people are not more vigilant in his behalf than he is himself." But what of the thousands who are busy on their farms or in their shops or offices and do not personally enter a post-office once a month? What of those other thousands who have not yet got accustomed to the idea that it is necessary for them to look sharp or they may lose their hitherto unquestioned right to the franchise? Simple fact is the best argument here, and that fact is beyond all question that it is far from uncommon for those who have an undoubted right to vote to find when it is too late, with indignation

and dismay, that their names are not on the lists! As to the argument that the revisors will be sure to make good lists to save the Act from falling into disrepute and being repealed, with consequent loss of their occupation, it is pretty obvious that, so far as such a motive operates, the revisor knows that his tenure of office depends much more upon the retention of his party in power than upon the impartial discharge of his duties. Hence the motive presses much more strongly in the direction of having a list that will secure the return of the Government candidate than in that of having one of a thoroughly impartial character. To sum up, the Act is very complicated and enormously expensive in operation, it affords facilities for "stuffed lists," it tempts strongly to perjury, it works wholly in favour of the wealthier party, and in practical operation it undoubtedly results in the omission from the lists of many good citizens whose right to vote is beyond question, and in placing and retaining on the lists many who are without a shadow of qualification. In private life a man of honourable feeling would scorn to enter into a competition or contest in which every official was appointed by himself and even the umpires were of his own choosing. Why should the Government leaders of a party be less scrupulous in giving their rivals an equal chance for fair play? Can anyone who has observed the working of the present Act doubt that its educative influence is in the direction of sharp practices, unfair advantages, and success through miserable technicalities, rather than in that of British fair play and scorn of inequitable advantages. If the Government is truly anxious to purify Canadian politics, and raise the smirched reputation of the country to a level with that of Great Britain, one of their first steps should be to repeal the Franchise Act and put a non partisan method of registration in its place.

POSSIBLY the point made by "J. C.," in his brief letter, is well taken. THE WEEK certainly strives to be independent in its criticisms and scrupulously fair to both parties. We have, therefore, no objection to re-write the sentence of which "J. C." complains and make it read: "In so far as the Opposition, etc.," which would quite as correctly express our thought. In writing as we did, we did not forget all that the Opposition has done to show its detestation of the Franchise Act. Nor have we the slightest doubt that its leaders and members have been quite honest and sincere in all their efforts; first, to prevent its enactment, and second, to obtain its modification or repeal. They would have been very short-sighted indeed had they failed to oppose by every fair means in their power an act which was so obviously adapted and intended to give their opponents an advantage and do themselves a corresponding injury. For the same reason we have no doubt whatever that if they could cause the obnoxious Act to be wiped from the statute book during the present session, or during any other session while their opponents are in power, they would rejoice to do so. But we cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that had the hopes of the Liberals been realized at the last general election, or in the bye-elections, and the Government fallen into their hands, they would have been exposed to a very strong temptation to leave the Act untouched. It would indeed have required not a little self-denial, and an adherence to principle which is less common in Canadian politics than we could wish, for them to have destroyed, the moment it came into their hands by lawful capture, the weapon which had been forged against them and which had proved so efficient in the hands of the enemy—instead of turning it against the latter. For that reason we should have liked to hear of some more emphatic pledge being given by the Liberal leaders than we remember to have heard, that one of their first acts on coming into power would be the repeal of this most objectionable statute.

THE question of the appropriation, or misappropriation, of \$100,000 of the funds of the Provincial University, to the equipment of Upper Canada College, without the sanction of the Legislature, is an important one, and involves principles of administration which the Opposition do well to look after. Meanwhile it may not be amiss to consider for a moment the force of the arguments by which the "Old Boys" of the College, as they with commendable loyalty delight to call themselves, seek to justify the appropriation on the ground of the public interest. The defence presented at a recent meeting of a number of these alumni was based upon the following grounds: The College is a necessity in the interests (1) of that one-half the population of Ontario, who are not within reach of any of the

120 high schools. (2) Of those who "are so much absorbed in business and public duties that it is impossible for them to look after the home-training of their children." (3) Of those who "are unable to attend to the home-training of their children by reason of family affliction." (4) Of those who "considered the residential school training the best." Perhaps it would not be easy to find in the records of scholarly argument a better sample of the logical mistake of proving too much. If, for instance, the first consideration urged is good in behalf of Upper Canada College, it must be equally good on behalf of perhaps a dozen similar institutions which would be needed to supply the wants of the one-half of the population who are not within reach of a high school or collegiate institute. In like manner the implication of the second is that it is the duty of the Government to come to the aid of all those who choose to plunge themselves so deeply into business or politics that they have no time to look after the home-training of their children, and to reward their neglect of parental duty by providing institutions to impart such training, largely at the public expense. Having gone so far, it would of course be a small matter for so obliging a Government to make provision for the children of the sick, and then to extend its generosity with a bound to all those, whether within reach of a high school or not, who prefer the residential training for their sons. By the time all this is accomplished the Government and the taxpayers who supply them with funds will certainly have gone into the boarding school business pretty heavily. If it be said that the patrons of the College really pay the greater part of the fees charged, and ask for but a small per centage of them from the public chest, the argument is again self-refuting, as confirming the view that the school is really the school of a class—and that the comparatively small class who can afford to pay the heavy fees charged—and is therefore of no advantage to the great body of the people. All this goes to show, not by any means that the school has not a right to exist, or that it is not doing a good work in its sphere, but that it is such a school as should be provided and supported by those who patronize it, and who may be supposed to be abundantly able to supply their children with all the superior advantages it affords. For our own part, we should be glad to see a dozen such colleges in operation in the Province, provided always that the Province is not called on to pay for their maintenance. Nay, more, we fully believe that amongst the educational developments of the future will be a great increase in the number of voluntary schools and colleges of all grades, doing a work for the education and training of the coming Canadians such as no Government schools can possibly accomplish, by reason of their necessary limitations.

IF the Dominion Government has seriously contemplated the permanent adoption of the bounty system for the encouragement of the manufacture of beet-root sugar in Canada, it will hardly adhere to that policy after studying the able and elaborate report which has been submitted by Professor Saunders, of the Ottawa Experimental Farm. This report is a mine of valuable information with regard to the results and prospects of the business under the bounty systems of other countries, especially France, Germany and the United States. It would be hard to find anything in the history of the operation of the bounty system in any one of these countries to encourage similar experiments in our own land. Perhaps the one argument in favour of the artificial stimulation of the business which has the greatest semblance of soundness is that based upon the supposed encouragement to agriculture which would result from the demand for the large quantities of roots necessary to the carrying on of the manufacture on any large scale. But the fact that all the stimulus afforded under the bounty system has failed to induce farmers to continue the cultivation of the beet for the purpose makes it clear that it is not a profitable business for the farmer and can hardly be made such by any bounties which can be bestowed. That this is true of Germany is sufficiently evident from the fact that in 1888, the last year for which returns are to be had, more than sixty per cent. of the total quantity of beets used was grown by owners of the factories and less than forty per cent. by the farmers. A similar state of things exists in the other countries named. The explanation given for Germany is that farmers have learnt that the conversion of their sugar-beet crops into beef by feeding them to cattle is a much more profitable transaction than selling them for sugar purposes at prevailing prices. "But," someone may answer, "the culti-

vation must be done by farmers or farm labourers after all, and what matter whether these are in the employ of the farmers or of the companies? The employment is given in either case." Very true, but then it is only in virtue of the enormous bounties that the manufacturers are able to do this, which means, in the last analysis that the regular farmers and other tax-payers pay for the whistle. One or two facts will suffice to show who reaps the profits: "Large profits are made by many of the factories. In 1884 some details were published as to the dividends paid by five of the large establishments, which were said to be as follows: 36, 38, 38, 43, and 50 per cent." Other extracts of a similar kind are given, showing that under this as under other tax-fostered industries, the profits go into the pockets of the few, the bills are footed by the many. Lack of space prevents us from going more fully into the statistics with which Prof. Saunders' report abounds. Nor can we give, as we had intended, the main points of his interesting and valuable summary. The practical question for Canada, which is the main point just now, is, or ought to be, sufficiently answered by the closing paragraph of the summary, which is as follows:—

It is probable that the strongest objection to the encouragement of this industry, on the only basis on which it is claimed it could be established, will be found in the fact that it would require, when fully developed, an annual subsidy of about \$4,000,000, for the raising of which, as long as we have free sugar, other industries must be taxed. This subsidy might in the course of time be lessened, but in view of all the facts presented, of the greater richness of the sugar cane when grown in the tropics, and the probabilities of further improvements in the quality of the cane and in the process of manufacture, it is not likely that the bounty could ever be much reduced without crippling the industry.

If there are stronger objections it was scarcely necessary to mention them. This will surely suffice.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER, our High Commissioner in London, has by a single sentence thrown all Canada, save perhaps the few who may be in the secret, into a mild fever of curiosity. His intimation in a recent speech that Canada would shortly strike the United States a vital blow by way of retaliation is, for the present, a sphinx's riddle. What can it mean? Does he speak by authority of the Dominion Government? That must be assumed. Otherwise he is only making both the Government and the country ridiculous, and must incur the censure of his Ottawa masters. But in what way can Canada strike a vital blow at the great Republic? We might, indeed, let our curiosity carry us still further and ask, what is a vital blow; but that would be mere quibbling over a word the meaning of which is obvious from the connection, and which, moreover, may not be the word that was used by Sir Charles. Seriously, we are unable to guess more than two things which the threat could have been meant to foreshadow. The one is, tariff discrimination against the United States and in favour either of Great Britain alone or of the whole world, the wicked Republic only excepted; the other, free trade with the world, the United States included. It can hardly be that the latter is about to be sprung upon us, though, as we have recently pointed out, to throw open our doors for the trade of all nations would be the most effective retaliation possible against the unfriendly commercial policy of our next door neighbours. It would compel them to call out the Grand Army of pensioned veterans to guard their three thousand miles of frontier against the destructive inflow of cheap goods. But then what would the Canadian manufacturers say? And what would the Canadian Government do for money to pay the interest on the public debt and little bills that mature from time to time? No, Sir Charles can hardly mean that. The more probable alternative, so far as we are able to conjecture, is the milder stroke of a differential tariff, discriminating in favour of the Mother Country. This, we are bound to say, would be a better, more unequivocal proof of loyalty than much waving of the old flag from the ramparts of a frowning tariff wall. But what, again, of the protected home manufactures? And what of the retaliation which such discrimination would most surely provoke? Not that we have not a perfect right to favour the Mother Land to which we look for protection, but that we should have to take the consequences, if our self-seeking neighbour should be unable to see it in that light, or should insist on her perfect right to regulate her own commercial affairs to suit her own prejudices. But we may as well frankly confess our inability to make even a half-probable guess as to the hidden meaning of Sir Charles' riddle. May it not be that Sir Charles has been misre-

ported and that he said nothing of the kind attributed to him by cable? We would fain hope so for the sake of his own reputation and the dignity of the country. But in that case, why has not the mischievous report been promptly repudiated?

THE strike of the English coal miners, in consequence of which nearly half a million of men in that and related industries are thrown out of employment, is one of the most remarkable on record, by reason not only of its magnitude, but of the fact that, whether by concert or not, it is quite as much in the interest of the coal owners as of the operatives. The great rise in the price of coal which must inevitably follow, which has indeed already followed, will evidently more surely and more largely benefit the capital than the labour involved. The possibility, not to say probability that, for the first time perhaps in the history of labour struggles, there may be an understanding between masters and man, suggests what may some day prove to be a new kind of combination more powerful and harder to counteract than any that has hitherto been known. Whatever may be the fact in the present instance, one has but to conceive of a mutual agreement under which, in view of a promised increase in wages, the employees in any great industry which is more or less of the nature of a natural monopoly, may enter upon a "strike," to see the possibility of the price being raised and maintained at almost any figure on which the two parties might fix. Such an event would, however, do more in a week than any amount of abstract argument could accomplish in a decade to bring about the absorption of all such natural resources as partake largely of the nature of monopolies, by the State.

REORGANIZATION OF THE CABINET.

SEVENTH ARTICLE.

THE late Sir John Macdonald, like so many successful leaders military and political, used to plume himself on his luck; his good fortune as well as his great place seems to have been inherited by Mr. Abbott. Horace Walpole, speaking of Chatham's most successful year, tells us it showered snuff boxes and that every mail brought a victory. A bye-election has only to take place to be won by the Government candidate; in Quebec the Rouge party has been annihilated; all is elation in the Conservative ranks; depression reigns supreme among the Liberals. Not since 1874 has any party been so crushed as the Reform party to-day.

Last year in these pages we discussed the subject of the Reorganization of the Cabinet. We pointed out special difficulties which beset Mr. Abbott; the difficulties arising from factions which all Premiers have to encounter; the degrading effect on the country of raising unworthy and incapable men to the Ministry; the widespread craving for reorganization; the necessity of a strong Government, strong not only in the votes behind it, but in talent; of efficient administration; of filling public offices and retaining men in power on business principles. We referred to instances in English history where Cabinets weak in *personnel*, even though supported at first by large and increasing votes, melted away

Like a mockery king of snow,

as, for example, Addington's Cabinet in 1801, upheld on going to the country in 1802 by an overwhelming majority, but which soon disappeared before the widespread perception of the ineptitude and imbecility of certain of its members.

In the third article we discussed the possibility of Mr. Abbott fighting the bye-elections without reorganizing the Ministry, and, deeming such a policy would be disastrous, urged a contrary course.

In common with the public generally we believed a bold reorganization was imminent, and that it would certainly take place before the bye-elections. The bye-elections have come; Parliament has met; there has been no reorganization; and for the Government the contests thus far have been crowned with phenomenal success.

It is easy to divine what held Mr. Abbott's hand. There will always and in every country where Parliamentary Government exists be wire-pulling to influence a leader who contemplates the reconstruction of his Cabinet. That he is responsible and should be able to act with a judgment untrammelled is a proposition, however willingly accepted in the abstract, the average politician will not readily act on. To fill the two vacancies and to fill them acceptably and meet the electors with the old Ministry, thus reinforced, might well have seemed safer than to create jealousies and heart burnings. It would be hard to say which were the bolder course; that which has been taken, or to have gone forward at once with the work of pulling down and rebuilding. What really occurred no doubt was this. Mr. Abbott set honestly about the work; but at every move, serious difficulties presenting themselves, time wore on.

Every day indeed showed that an issue was being forced on the people which threw the question of reconstruction

into the shade, namely, whether men could tolerate anything that tolerated Mercier and show the least approval of the most flagrant pillage by public men which ever disgraced a country. Unable to separate himself from the unhappy Count, Mr. Laurier experienced the fate of the victims of Mezentius. Would voters cast their ballots in favour of giving the Dominion up to the plunderers of Quebec? Sir Richard Cartwright's extraordinary genius for inspiring repellant must be accorded due weight. But this is a trifle compared with his Unrestricted Reciprocity. That, read in the light of Mr. Blake's letter, and the letters of Mr. Mowat, of Wiman's actions and utterances, Boston banquets, antagonism to immigration and to North-West development, and a pessimism which, looking at the prosperity on all hands, is as ludicrous as it is lugubrious, had a powerful influence on the new voters—on young Canada—which has no faith in annexation, but, full of hope and energy, enthusiasm and power, believes in Canada, and Canada's future. Something must be allowed for the power of organization of Mr. Birmingham, which seems to have been of a high order, and full importance must be attached to the just confidence inspired by Mr. Abbott and Sir John Thompson, a confidence which has grown deeper and stronger every month; but yet the great note which rises from the bye-elections, clear, strong, jubilant, not to be mistaken, is a protest against the policy of the leaders of the Reform party which did not merely squint but looked full-faced across the line.

Mr. Abbott has now an overwhelming majority. His party is compact; has clear views and aims; is by tradition and training and conviction of his fairness and strength, thoroughly loyal. The Opposition hardly exists. The Opposition as organized up to a few months ago, around a principle with which the people will have nothing to do, and under leaders greatly discredited, the one by an untoward association, the other by extraordinary defects which time has developed and emphasized—the bottom is out of that. Mr. Abbott is in a position of the greatest freedom ever enjoyed by a First Minister. A First Minister advanced in years has an advantage which cannot belong to a young leader. When he is, like Mr. Abbott, entirely capable, he may dismiss from his mind all fear of rivalry—that fear which has so often led to acts which make the historian qualify his estimate of a great man. Mr. Abbott has this further unspeakable advantage. Having come recently to power he is unhampered by factitious personal claims. There has been no time for the growth and reproduction of barnacles on the Admiral's own ship.

He is indeed comparatively free from all the greatest difficulties in the way of governing men—difficulties most of which never meet the public eye. These, like so many of the unhappy conditions of private life, proceed from human selfishness. The telegraph brings us news of Cabinet Reconstruction in France, and this reminds us that nearly thirty years ago, when the then ruler of France was at the zenith of his power, Cabinet reconstruction was on the *tapis*—a reconstruction which was much needed, because more than ten years had elapsed since a band of singularly able adventurers had placed Louis Napoleon on the throne. A passing reference to this may not be out of place. In 1863 an undergraduate was in Paris, and being a connection by marriage of a man who occupied a position in one of the Departments, who was the Paris correspondent of a London newspaper, who had a wide knowledge of politics, whose house was the rendezvous of men, some of whom were then prominent, and all of whom have since become known in letters, or politics, or art, he had an opportunity of hearing much of what was going on. Gambetta was unknown, was poor, and was not yet accustomed to fulminate in that café, where, in 1868-9, the roar of the young lion attracted the attention of all Paris, and startled the Tuilleries, even though Napoleon was talking of "Crowning the Edifice," and Prevost Paradol began to believe in him, and Emile Olivier thought that the hour of his greatness had surely come. But to return to 1863. At that time Paris outshone every capital in Europe, and threw her most brilliant past into the shade. The Empress Eugénie had not yet lost her youthful loveliness. The habits of the Emperor had not, at least visibly, begun to tell on his constitution. Princes from every country in Europe crowded to Paris, and the most beautiful women of the time might be seen every day in the Boulevards and the Champs Elysées. The Emperor and Empress drove out, apparently unguarded; and they, at times, no doubt with a view to popularity, affected a modest equipage, a small, light phaeton, drawn by a pair of ponies with an Arab strain. He was at the height of his power. Men looked on him as an oracle. All Europe waited on his utterances. This was three years before Austria was crushed at Sadowa. He was undoubtedly at the time the most powerful potentate in Christendom. To the superficial onlooker all was well. But at the house of the civil servant referred to, politics were discussed in a Cassandra mood, and the youth not yet left college, who had brought from England the accepted estimate of Napoleon III. and the prevailing admiration for the man of mystery, was amazed to hear a catastrophe spoken of as possible.

Well, how did the drama of reconstruction go? A Prime Minister is a sort of king, and a despotic ruler has to be his own Prime Minister. There is a remarkable similarity between all courts as regards rivalries, social and political, and a leader in power will, even in a free country, have to be on his guard against what is equivalent to a

court. Louis Napoleon, though very far from a great man, was by no means wanting in ability. He had nothing of the heroic will, and the intrigues, rivalries, hatreds of his *entourage* were a constant source of difficulty to him. Morny, Rouher, Fould and de Persigny were leaders in these intrigues. The letters of their colleague and fellow courtier, M. Rouland, lift the curtain on a miserable scene, where we see men whose duty it was to enlighten and strengthen the man they professed to serve, moved by personal resentment, practically fighting against him. That is what we see. What all but astute observers saw in the theatrical light of that Byzantine rule was a body of great and important persons filling high offices, a council presided over by a man whose judgment they enlightened, and from whose lips dropped sibyllic phrases, pondered by expectant and anxious nations. He had made the fortune of his friends. His generosity with the money of France was great. When de Persigny married he gave him, as a wedding present, 600,000 francs. But neither honour nor gratitude is in such as they.

Breathing pity, despair, fatalism, the letters of M. Rouland, addressed to the Foreign Minister, lay down principles of action which prove the writer to have been a good and wise man. Writing on the 21st of June, 1863, he apprises his friend that among the changes which might take place on the reorganization of the Cabinet was his losing his portfolio, for M. de Morny coveted it. The men having the honour or the peril of giving advice to the Emperor at a time so serious, will they, he asks, "prefer the interests of the State and of His Majesty to the temptations of their personal sentiments?"

He proceeds: "I see clearly that we have amongst us two sets of men, neither of whom considers the public welfare and the interests of the Emperor." (M. Rouland evidently thought these were identical.) "The one will act and advise, influenced by their friendships or enmities, the other by their own calculating egoism, seeking the most attractive positions or those surrounded by the least danger. To my thinking," says this true man, "each should bravely do his duty according to his talents and aptitude. I remember your saying to me that in the face of political necessities men ought to be, as regards the Emperor, good servants, not egotistical and capricious intriguers." Read in "country" for "Emperor" and you have what is called for everywhere in a time of crisis or transition at the hands of patriotic men.

Further on he says: "The essential thing to-day is to escape from difficulties which have to be promptly met. The Emperor should be able to count on the willingness of his friends to suppress at least for the present their complaints, even though just. But for God's sake beware of the new Duke (de Morny), for I do not quite understand the morality of those ambitions which have not even the excuse of fatigue of service, and climb not by inherent force but by jockeying others. I detest coteries which seek the opportunity of the present time to war on those they do not like."

It is instructive to mark the character of the men we have referred to. De Morny was a reckless *viveur* who, as his career in the Chamber long before he thought his brother would ascend the Imperial throne showed, cared not with what party he acted, provided only he was on the successful side. In 1851, when some hours before the explosion of the *coup d'état*, a lady said to him, "If they give the broom to the National Assembly, what will you do?" "I don't know what may happen," he replied, "but if there is a stroke of the broom, be sure I will seek to be on the side of the handle." Though his life was a series of brilliant scandals and shining ancient fish-like with elegant corruption and dissipation, he amassed an immense fortune and left his children several million francs!

Fould was a banker who became Napoleon's Finance Minister. In appearance very active and resourceful, in reality a mediocrity. He mismanaged the finances while he pushed forward his favourites and made the fortune of himself and his friends.

De Persigny started as a journalist on the *Temps*. But he sought a more rapid road to fortune than journalism. He was the instigator of the Strassbourg affair. He was one of the principal conspirators who strangled France on that dark December night. He rose to be duke and to wield great power.

All these and such as these were determined to play each for his own hand, and their intrigues keeping down or out ability in order to have Napoleon in their leash, and bent on self aggrandizement, left him without wise and true advisers. He set quietly by and saw Austria crushed and German unification go forward. At last with a dreamer for Premier, and a Leboeuf for War Minister, all unprepared, he went into a struggle out of which if prepared he could not have emerged victorious. No longer near him was counsel, wise, weighty and commanding enough to hold him back and rouse to appreciate the dangers of the situation, a judgment grown dormant from indulgence. Yet in 1863 and on to 1870 the paid writers cried up his wisdom and the wisdom of his Ministers and nearly all France believed in them.

No reconstruction, such as would give renewed vitality to his Ministry, ever took place. All was outwardly prosperous. The only policy was drift, and this ended in power passing into the hands of men who could not rule, and who, above all, could not carry on the business of Imperialism. The career of Olivier since his fall proves he was wanting in the stuff which goes to make up the "outfit" of a ruler of men; that nature had not designed

him for a statesman. Men do not gather acorns from maple trees nor grapes from thorns.

Returning to our own country, the people still look for reorganization at Mr. Abbott's hands, and will, we believe, not look in vain. There are occasions when the portals of a new and better era are thrown open by time. Come the era will, and the wielder of power may facilitate and fashion or clog and disfigure what should be a happy and beautiful birth. Canada at this hour might be spoken of in language like to that magnificent psalm which burst from Milton musing on England's greatness and England's resources, and the heart of hope and power and heroism stirring in the young England of his day, when he saw her mewing her mighty youth and kindling her eye at the sun's full mid-day beam. Nothing has occurred for many a year so calculated to fill with hope and courage and to deepen faith in free government as the magnificent vindication by the Quebec electors of their worthiness for free citizenship in a self-governing Commonwealth, and the clear insight evinced by the constituencies in the bye-elections. They have done what the country and a Government whose cardinal principle is faith in Canada deserved at their hands. All she wants is a policy of expansion, first and above all a great immigration policy which will crowd desirable settlers into the North-West, the seat of a boundless reserve of power.

The special difficulties of eight months ago, the difficulties from faction, the danger of embarrassing the Government by exciting jealousy and individual resentment, all that might lasso the will with hesitation, and sickly o'er resolution with "the pale caste of thought," is gone. Mr. Abbott, happier than poor Louis Napoleon, is master of the situation, and may do for Canadian what Sir Robert Peel did for English politics, train and leave behind him a band of men who, while rendering great services to their country, will keep his name in grateful remembrance as the "Peelites," with Gladstone at their head, have kept that of the Repealer of the Corn Laws.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

"NOT LANCELOT NOR ANOTHER."

TRIOLET.

NOT Lancelot nor yet another knight,
But Arthur—in the midst of men, a king—
Stands ever in my soul's keen, loving sight,
Not Lancelot nor yet another knight,—
But one who, still for God and for the right,
Could count his peerless life a paltry thing.
Not Lancelot nor yet another knight,
But Arthur—in the midst of men, a king.

Montreal.

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

PARIS LETTER.

THE danger of Boulangism had welded the several factions of the republicans together; that danger definitely laid, it was not to be expected the fractions would long continue sitting still like ancient Egyptians. The political work of the republic, of the revolution, remained to be completed. At what pace was the work to be executed? To promise reforms, or to achieve them? Such were the issues. Then the present Cabinet was a long time in office, an unpardonable crime in the eyes of those expecting to figure in a new one. The first reform on the roster was the Associations Bill; it has, in fact, been there since 1789. The measure, to be effective, said the advanced republicans, must be thorough; and the measure brought in by M. de Freycinet was sweeping indeed. It was accepted, as it was understood to be the first act in the melodrama of separation of Church and State. The hostile attitude of the Episcopal Bench had much to do in the framing of the Associations Bill, which ostensibly meant the secularization of the religious orders and their revenues, and placing all under the inspection and the legal control of the Government.

Then came the manifesto of the Cardinals, gingerly accepting the present Constitution, while liberally condemning, or anathematizing, its measures. This was met by a motion in the Chamber to at once proceed with the Associations Bill, and then the Cabinet declined to state it would or would not. This evasion led to its overthrow. Indeed M. de Freycinet aimed only to keep the Bill *in terrorem* over the heads of the Cardinals. At this juncture appeared the Papal Encyclical, calling upon moderate Catholics to loyally accept the Third Republic. The intention of His Holiness is good, but in conciliating the irreconcilable, its effect will be unhappily small. The royalists will keep a milk-tooth for the Pope for his effort to proselytize them into republicanism, while the radicals politely remind his Holiness they are masters of their own house. It is well to understand the commencement of this strife, which will last, say, till the British evacuate Egypt, and that must have important influence on the destinies of France. The wine is poured out and must be drunk.

Much fuss is made of the injury that will be inflicted on French interests in the eyes of foreigners, of the Russians in particular, by the knocking over of the De Freycinet Cabinet, which is the natural consequence of the collapse of the Boulangist poly-party conspiracy. No matter what Ministers are demolished, no matter what statesmen are devoured, France always comes up smiling, and the Gallic cock crows alike, whether victorious or vanquished. The mania for Russia is not based upon the existence of any

Minister; it is the outcome of the popular desire to have a big ally, able and willing to assist her when the necessity arises for whapping mutual enemies. There will never be an anti-Russian government in France till Russia gives occasion for its existence. But in the interim there will be several new Cabinets in France; that of to-morrow must take up or repudiate the Associations Bill, for the horns of the dilemma are painfully pointed. The radicals have put their hands to the plough, and will not look back.

Two deputies figure in the recent debates, and who are destined in due course for high office, Messrs. Camille Pelletan and Pichon. They are respectively first and second lieutenants of M. Clemenceau. The former is forty-two years of age, deputy for Aix, and who, after being a brilliant parliamentary chronicler, became a member of Parliament. He studied law, was destined to be an archivist, but drifted into journalism. He is an accomplished free lance, witty, incisive, sparkling and original. He speaks as he feels, but writes as he thinks. He is mordant, but not wicked; he loves to be free and independent, even in his paradoxes. Tall and slender, careless about the latest fashions, and indifferent in regard to hair-dressers, when his tall, slender form appears in the tribune, leaning like a Pisa tower, his sparkling, penetrating eyes and slightly upturned nose stamp him as a foe worthy of any adversary's steel. He has the habit of working one arm like a Catherine wheel and an aerial telegraph; then he commences to lapidate ministers with ironical arguments, and to bombard their supporters with sarcasms. He has become an authority on finance, in the sense at least in seeing that the national book-keeping be truthfully executed, and that no tricks take place with the estimates. Thanks to his early education of Dryasdust, he will devote twenty-four consecutive hours to the Benedictine examination of an estimate, and his memory is prodigious, as his colleagues of the Budget Commission can testify.

M. Pelletan is a co-proprietor and chief editor of the *Justice*, M. Clemenceau's journal. M. Pichon belongs to the staff; he is thirty-five years of age, and, although not so frequently in the tribune as Pelletan, he has a good financial head, and has the secret of making a short speech the right way and at the right moment. When a debate wanders he brings it back to the business point, and arranges that it shall rest there. Impossible to throw dust in the eyes where he is to speak; he has, for those who desire to cushion a debate, the awkward habit of dotting the *i's* and crossing the *l's* of what they wish to suppress.

During 1891 French naturalization was accorded to 5,371 strangers, of whom 4,398 were men, and 973 women, whether wives or spinsters; one-half of the total number of men were born in France, and 3,218 of these were married or widowers. Further, more than the moiety of the men naturalized were married to Frenchwomen; and, in point of nationality, three-tenths were Alsations, Belgians, Germans and Swiss, as regards nationality, were the highest Frenchified foreigners; the Russians and Austrians were ninety-seven and seventy-eight respectively. Strange, the Italians, who swarm in France, do not figure among the re-nationalized, save in, perhaps, the "187," which includes dwellers beyond Mesopotamia. As usual, Anglo-Saxons find that "there is no place like home." Among the 2,088 individuals who had acquired the right by birth to French nationality, 521 repudiated the right; of this number twenty-eight were Italians and twenty-four Anglo-Saxons.

Nothing succeeds like success. On Monday last I called to see Miss Nelson, the plucky English fasting young lady, wind up her thirty days' fast. She surprised me by stating it was her resolve to continue the fight against hunger a few days longer. Her motto was: "Never give up, 'tis the secret of glory." Her medical attendants attest there is nothing in her condition to prevent the continuation of the experiment some time longer. The cardiac muscles denote a weakness, but nothing of a dangerous character. She has not the slightest intention of jeopardizing her health, like her rivals, Merlati and Succi, and while prepared to dare much, she has the will to stop in the nick of time.

The statistics of the municipal circulating libraries for 1891 show that the literature most devoured consists of romances and travels. Among the former the most favourite author of the past is: Dumas père; Georges Sand, Balzac and Gaboriau are on the decline. Among contemporary novelists Zola is the first letter in the first line; there are always eight applicants in advance for his volumes. Odd, there is a revived taste for poetry, Hugo taking the lead. There has been a spasmodic demand for colonial literature; only the aged consume historical and biographical volumes. The books are lent free, to be brought home or used in the reading-room, and the number of readers in both cases is nearly the same. Most readers reside on the fringe of the city.

M. Janssen, President of the Academy of Sciences, has just presented to his colleagues some splendid photos of the enormous fugitive "spot," or mark, on the sun's surface during the last fortnight; each spot, or succession of spots, was one hundred times larger than the surface of our planet. He could not state if these phenomena had aught to do with the prevailing atmospheric perturbations that tell so dreadfully on health. However, he has no doubt that there is a close connection between magnetic disturbances and the aurora borealis.

Trains leaving the St. Lazare Railway terminus for Versailles, Dieppe, etc., have to pass through a villainous

black hole, nearly three quarters of a mile long, called the Batignolles tunnel. The latter is as dark as Erebus itself; the engine-drivers are said to blow the whistle to give themselves courage when slowly steaming through. It was by accident that the public discovered the absence of inspection of this "funnel"; a general recently fell out of the train for Versailles during its passage through the hole. His legs were cut off, and it was only nine hours later his remains were discovered. In place of demolishing the tunnel it will be lit up by electricity, converted into a hall of dazzling light, and the reflectors will play upon advertising boards, the latest political news and the winners of races. The enterprisers might vary the list of good things by giving the "state of the crops." So much information for a funnel run of three minutes! But "time is money."

Tailors say they are starving in Paris, and too impoverished to go on strike. When an employer has need of a hand, fifteen solicit the job; work that was hitherto paid 16 frs. is now only paid 5 frs.

Some "congealed camel flesh" is being imported from Obock to test it as a new food supply for Parisians; and when hippopotamus-steaks?

OLD NEW-WORLD TALES.

THE EXPULSION OF THE ACADIANS—II.

COLONEL MASCARENE was a mildly tempered man, and one who evinced every disposition to treat the French with kindness and lenity, having a warm feeling towards them, as being himself a Frenchman by birth. We find nevertheless that, during his nine years' tenure of office as Lieut.-Governor—from 1740 to 1749—he was obliged to maintain an incessant struggle against the ever-growing encroachments of the French and their priests. These people were rapidly increasing in numbers and strength and yearly extending their occupation of lands—of lands to not one acre of which, throughout the whole Province, had they any right or title whatever. Mascarene severely felt the weakness of his position and of the force at his disposal, and sought, by close circumspection and diplomacy, to keep the French quiet and to uphold British interests as far as possible. His struggle was a difficult one. To counteract his efforts there was, on the one hand, the Bishop of Quebec, who assumed and exercised the right to send such priests as he pleased as missionaries into Nova Scotia. We have already seen what were the characters of some of his selections. On the other hand, there was the French Governor of Louisbourg, giving orders at his discretion to the only too obedient French residents of Nova Scotia. When the English Governor sought from the latter, even at high prices, supplies for the sustenance of the garrison at Annapolis Royal, or of the handful of troops maintained at Canso, all sorts of excuses were trumped up in order to evade the request. Even wood for fuel and for the repairs of buildings and works was often refused. On the other hand, their cattle were driven off by hundreds, and other provisions of their own growth bountifully supplied to feed the garrison at Louisbourg.

In the first week of July, 1744, that modern "Arch-priest," De Loutre, had so far succeeded in his machinations as to be able to present himself before Annapolis Royal with a hostile force of French Acadians and Indians under his own immediate command. The fort was in a very dilapidated—indeed, almost defenceless—condition at the time, and, for its defence, Mascarene had not a hundred men, officers included, fit for duty. De Loutre had under his command over three hundred assailants. The assailants made an ineffective attack upon the fort and were driven off. They then set fire to the lower end of the town, and, at one time, were near destroying the block-house which there occupied a small open square. They were, however, finally repulsed. The opportune arrival of a galley from Boston, with some seventy auxiliaries for the little garrison, caused De Loutre and his Free Lances to retire some miles up the river, after having stolen some sheep and cattle.

Mascarene was very soon to be again called upon to defend his post. War between England and France having been formally declared, M. Du Quesnel, Governor of Louisbourg, took the earliest possible steps to act on the offensive. He fitted out a force of French troops, Indians and Acadians, amounting to over seven hundred in all, under the command of Captain Du Vivier. By way of Bay Vert and Chignecto (Cumberland), this force reached Minas near the close of August. Here Du Vivier assumed command of the Acadians as of French subjects, gave them orders to furnish him with provisions, horse-teams and drivers; and, with this additional outfit, he proceeded overland and appeared before Annapolis Royal early in September. Mascarene had received some reinforcements from Boston since De Loutre's attack, but his garrison was still far inferior to the force of the enemy. After vainly demanding the surrender of the fort and declaring that he was in immediate expectation of the arrival of a formidable naval force to co-operate with him, Du Vivier commenced a series of very irritating, petty attacks, both by day and night. This mode of attack, keeping the whole garrison in alarm all night, was very harassing to the besieged. Renewed demands for surrender were made. Mascarene temporized, declined to surrender, and the daily and nightly attacks were resumed. After some three weeks of this and the arrival of two vessels from Boston with a company of Rangers, Du Vivier got discouraged and decamped for Minas. A few days afterwards two French

war-ships appeared in the port and seized two of the New England transports; but, finding that the land forces with which they were to have co-operated were not to be seen, they, too, took an early departure. After the failure of this attempt of Du Vivier's, the Acadian French, from various quarters, came in very obsequiously and made their most humble submission to the British Governor.

The New England Provinces, having resolved upon the extermination of the French hornet's nest at Louisbourg, fitted out an expedition in the spring of 1745 to seize that place. To the surprise of the whole world—probably themselves included—they achieved a complete success. France resolved upon a still heavier counter-blow, and, in the following year, sent forth under the Duke D'Auville the most powerful armament that had ever yet sailed from France, to retake Isle Royale, beloved Acadie, and perhaps deal a terrible blow at New England itself. Chebucto was to be the place of rendezvous. This expedition met with nothing but disaster. The greater part of the armament was lost at sea in a succession of terrific tempests. A few ships, sorely damaged, made their way to Chebucto. Here a virulent pestilence broke out amongst those who had escaped the perils of the sea. It extended to the Micmac Indians, and destroyed by far the greater portion of the whole tribe. D'Auville poisoned himself. D'Estournelle, the second in command, also died by his own hand. De la Jonquiere, the third in command, sank the greater number of his ships in Chebucto Bay, under the waters of which they remain to this day; and, with the poor residue of his forces, he returned to France without having achieved any success whatever.

The French had one little feat to boast of, in 1747. A small detachment of British troops, under command of Colonel Noble, had been placed at Grand Pre (Horton), to keep the French Acadians in order. In the winter of 1747, a French expedition was projected by De Ramezay, then at Beaubassin; and, in accordance therewith, a force, under command of Coulon de Villiers, was marched over land from Chignecto, and, with the undoubted connivance of all and the direct aid of many of the Acadian *habitans*, surprised the English post, killed the commander and a large proportion of his little force, took most of the others prisoners, and quite broke up the station. There could not be a better indication than this incident affords, of the hostility of these French Acadians towards the British. Coulon de Villiers' detachment must have necessarily been for days travelling through the settlements of these *habitans*, on their route to Grand Pre; yet there was not one of these settlers who would pass on a word of warning to Colonel Noble and his little band.

Peace between Great Britain and France was concluded at Aix-la-Chapelle on the 18th of October, 1748; and by its terms, the former, with that quite peculiar turn for adroit diplomacy for which she has always been celebrated, once more conceded back to the latter the town and fortress of Louisbourg, with the island of Cap Breton, to the intense disgust of the New Englanders, who had gallantly seized the same three years before. However, the British Government had arrived at the conclusion that Nova Scotia was not only worth keeping, but worth being improved and peopled by loyal British subjects. So, in June, 1749, Halifax was founded, on the shore of Chebucto Bay, and became thereafter the capital of the Province.

The French, always hoping to regain possession of Acadie, were astounded at this new movement on the part of the British. Under the instigation of the Abbé de Loutre and other French emissaries, every effort was made to injure and alarm the newly-arrived settlers. Parties of Indians were constantly upon the watch, in the vicinity of Halifax; and any persons who dared to go any distance beyond the stockade of the little town were almost certain to be pounced upon by Indians, killed and scalped, or taken prisoners. Deserters from the English posts were received with open arms by the *habitans*, and furnished with money and ammunition. The Indians were furnished with arms and ammunition from the same sources, in defiance of orders to the contrary.

No sooner was the settlement at Halifax commenced than an atrocious act of bad faith was perpetrated by the Governor of Canada. He despatched a military force to the isthmus of Chignecto where they threw up a formidable fort on the north side of the Missiguash River, which they called "Fort Beausejour." They also planted a redoubt on the shore of Bay Vert. With quite as much propriety, the French might have invaded and commenced to fortify the county of Kent, in England. The two nations were avowedly at peace. It had never been disputed, or questioned, that all of what is now called New Brunswick was a part of Acadie, or Nova Scotia. Yet the French now impudently assumed that all the country north of the isthmus and of the Bay of Fundy belonged to them. All that the new English Governor—Hon. Edward Cornwallis—could do, in the weakness of his position and in the multiplicity of affairs upon his hands, was to send Major Lawrence—afterwards Governor and Brigadier-General—to Chignecto, where, to keep the French in some check, he also built a fort on the south bank of the Missiguash, called Fort Lawrence.

We may here mention a tragic incident which illustrates the inhumanity of the Abbé de Loutre. Captain Edward How was, in November, 1750, the fort Major at Lawrence. This gentleman was a great favourite, both with English and French. He was conversant with the Indian languages, and had much influence over the Indians themselves, facts which doubtless made him an object of

jealousy and antipathy to the unscrupulous Abbé. Under a flag of truce, How had frequent conferences with De Loutre and the French officers, from the opposite banks of the creek, or river, Missiguash. One day, this wicked priest clothed in a French officer's regimentals, a Shubenacadie Indian named Cope curled and powdered his hair, and tied it up in a bang according to the fashion of the period. He also lay an ambuscade of Indians near the fort. Cope was sent towards it, waving a white handkerchief as a flag of truce. Captain How, taking Cope for a French officer, came out with his usual politeness, to see him. He had no sooner appeared within reach than the Indians in ambush fired at him and killed him. This is no partial English tale. It is a circumstantial account of the transaction given by a French officer, who writes as if he were an eye-witness, but expresses his horror at the murder.

The conduct of the *habitans* towards their English rulers had been, ever since 1710, so extremely suspicious—to put the very mildest construction upon it—that the new Governor came armed with authority to insist upon the Acadians becoming truly British subjects, or vacating the country. The subject came up at the very first meeting of the new Council, on board the *Beaufort* transport, on the 14th of July, 1749. Colonel Mascarene read the Oath which the French had already taken in Governor Philipps' time. A declaration was issued and sent amongst them, stating that they could continue in the free exercise of their religion, and in the peaceful possession of such lands as were under their cultivation, provided that, within three months, they took this Oath of Allegiance—already taken by many of them—as required by British laws of all British subjects; that they submit to all necessary rules and orders for maintaining and supporting His Majesty's Government; and should countenance and assist in the settlement of the Province. They were distinctly told that this was the only alternative before them. They were also emphatically assured, in this July, 1749, in reply to their own direct enquiries, that they had already been allowed nearly forty years in which to dispose of their property if they wished to leave the country; and that if they now determined upon leaving Nova Scotia without taking the Oath of Allegiance, they should leave their property behind them.

The French shuffled and prevaricated. When urged to a decision, they, through their delegates, arrogantly dictated a form of Oath, suggestive again of the lion of Bottom the weaver—an Oath hampered with such incongruous conditions that it implied no Allegiance at all. A document was handed in by them, having a thousand signatures, in which they positively declared that they would not take the Oath required by Governor Cornwallis, and that they had determined, every one of them, to leave the country. Among other strange observations in this document, we find this *naïve* but insolent statement: "What causes us all very great pain is the fact that the English wish to live amongst us!" A petition boldly remonstrating against the Oath was sent in by the inhabitants of the district of Annapolis Royal, in which they had the presumption to say that "they never considered themselves as subjects of the King of Great Britain"—whom they style in the petition "King of New England."

To all remonstrances, the pith of Governor Cornwallis' reply was that they must either take the Oath, or leave Nova Scotia before the 26th of October. They tried various evasions and excuses; they begged for more time for consideration; and they got it.

In point of fact, Governor Cornwallis was, at the time, too weak handed to enforce his demands, and that the Acadians well knew. In the meantime they were every day assuming a more daringly and openly hostile demeanour. In the autumn of 1749 an attack was made by a band of French and Indians upon the fort of Captain Handfield at Grand Pre. Eleven of the former were, by a French resident of Grand Pre, recognized and afterwards sworn to by name, as *habitans* belonging to Pezziquid (now Windsor). About the same time the Abbé de Loutre and one M. La Corne, a very zealous French partisan late from Quebec, had, without difficulty, induced the Acadians of Chignecto—one of the largest settlements in the Province—to take the Oath of Allegiance to the French king.

After the French invasion of British territory at Chignecto, and the erection there of Fort Beausejour—1750 to 1752—a number of those, and the descendants of those Acadians who had taken the Oath of Allegiance under Governor Philipps, were by De Loutre and his aides induced, partly by persuasion and partly by threats, to desert from the older settlements and plant themselves under French protection, on the north side of the Missiguash. These consisted in all of about fourteen hundred men capable of bearing arms, together with the families of many of them. These people became known, in the English descriptions of the time, as "the deserted French inhabitants." In the autumn of 1753 a number of these "deserted French" petitioned Colonel Hopson, then Governor of Nova Scotia, for permission to return to the lands formerly occupied by them. Even in this petition they had the presumption to dictate the terms upon which they would condescend to return. They laid down the form of the new Oath they deigned to take; they stipulated that they should "be exempt from taking up arms against any one whatever, whether English, French, savages, or people of any other nation; and that neither they nor any of their descendants should be taken to pilot, or go where they would not wish to go; that they and their descendants should be free to withdraw whenever

they should think proper, with lofty head (*la tête levée*), and carry away their property, or sell what they could not carry away; that they should be beyond the control of the king of Great Britain; that they should have as many priests, Catholic, Apostolic and Roman, as should be thought necessary, without any Oath of Allegiance being required of them; and that the lands, which they had abandoned, "should be restored to those to whom they formerly belonged." They further insisted that their demands should not only be granted by the Governor, "but even ratified by the Court of England." To these insolent demands the Governor and Council patiently and leniently replied that the misnamed "petitioners" might return to the possession of the lands they had formerly occupied, upon taking the ordinary Oath of Allegiance as previously demanded of them.

The French *habitans* who continued in possession of their lands could not be induced by the English to furnish them with provisions, even fuel wood, or manual labour on the public works, at any price or wage. At the same time the markets at Beausejour and Louisbourg were amply supplied from the Acadian farms with all they required; and large gangs of Acadian labourers were working for the French in dyking the Tintamarr Marsh. The Governor-in-Council, was under the necessity, in the autumn of 1754, as a measure of mere self-preservation, to pass what was called a "Corn Act"—an Order-in-Council prohibiting, to a certain extent, the exportation of cereals.

Things were growing worse and worse. Like all weak-minded and ignorant people, the French Acadians regarded every act of leniency, or forbearance, on the part of their rulers as an indication of weakness. About the close of September, '54, a priest, named Daudin, threateningly assured Captain Murray, in command at Pezziquid, that Acadians, "three thousand in number," were then "assembled together and consulting mischief against the English," and "though they had not all arms, they had hatchets," etc. About the same time, the handful of Micmacs, who still existed in Nova Scotia, made, through their missionary, the "Archpriest," De Loutre, an insolent demand for the exclusive possession of the eastern portion, comprising fully one-half of the peninsula of Nova Scotia. All the best lands of the remainder of the peninsula were already in the actual occupation of the Acadians, so-called. The representatives of France—without any right, it is true—claimed that part of the Province which is now comprised within the bounds of New Brunswick. They also claimed, by treaty, the Isles Royale and St. Jean. By this comfortable little arrangement, then, all that remained for English settlers, throughout these regions, was—Halifax and the Atlantic coast to the westward of that little town. All this time the English Governor was in the frequent receipt, through intercepted correspondence, of proofs positive that M. Duquesne, the Governor of Canada, was, both directly and through his emissaries, the Abbés De Loutre and Daudin, the French officers at Fort Beausejour, and others, constantly stirring up the Indians and *habitans* to acts of aggression upon the English.

It was at length determined that this state of affairs could be endured no longer. An arrangement was arrived at between Governor Lawrence, of Nova Scotia, and Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts—two among the ablest men of their position and time, within the sphere of North America—by which a force was raised in New England, and despatched, under Colonel Monckton, to Chignecto, to rout the French out of that quarter. It will be observed that Great Britain and France were ostensibly at peace at this time. Monckton's attack upon the French at Chignecto was made as upon a nest of land-pirates who had squatted there in utter defiance of the law of nations. Short work was made with these same land-pirates. Fort Beausejour surrendered on June 16, 1755; and the redoubt, at Gaspereau, Bay Vert, on the following day. On his first arrival, Col. Monckton had driven out four hundred and fifty Acadian *habitans*, who had been posted to defend a blockhouse at a pass of the Missiguash; and when he took Fort Beausejour he found the garrison consisting of three hundred Acadian *habitans* to one hundred and fifty regulars. Every man of the former owed allegiance to Great Britain. The pious De Loutre had also been with the garrison during the siege, but made a hurried exit on the day before the surrender. He made his escape to Quebec, where he was severely reprimanded by his bishop.

It was learned that, pending and during this Chignecto campaign, a number of French emissaries had been careering about through the Acadian settlements of Pezziquid, Minas and Annapolis Royal, inciting the people to take up arms against the English. There were very strong grounds for suspicion that attempts had even been made to tamper with the loyalty of the new German settlement at Malagash (Lunenburgh). It was obvious that the hostile and defiant demeanour of these *habitans* could not be longer endured. Now was a good time to bring them to a conducive settlement, while there was in the country a military force capable of handling them. Still Governor Lawrence resolved to give them one more chance. He called upon them to give up their arms and to take the Oath of Allegiance as required of British subjects. The most of them gave up their arms; but they obstinately refused the Oath. No doubt they believed that their English rulers would succumb to that obstinacy, as they had so often done before; but in this instance they "counted without their host." Governor Lawrence called in Admirals Boscowen and Mostyn, who happened to be in

port, to take a seat at his Council Board and assist him with their opinion. Various delegations arrived, all with the same remonstrances, sometimes still rather defiantly expressed. There was but one answer—the Oath must be taken. They peremptorily refused, and were ordered into confinement. Some of them began to suspect that the Governor was serious, and offered to take the Oath. Oh, yes; by all means, they would take the Oath. Why not? Then they were told that a man, having refused the Oath, would not thus be allowed to take it. Finally they all agreed to refuse the Oath. It was then conclusively and irrevocably resolved by the Governor, Admirals and full Council, on July 31, 1755, that the whole French people resident in Nova Scotia should be expelled from the country.

About the time that the Governor and his advisers were approaching this conclusion, they were startled by a piece of information which may have hastened that conclusion, and could not have failed to confirm its justice and wisdom, and to expedite what it demanded. This was the news of the disastrous defeat of General Braddock, with his finely appointed army, near Fort Duquesne (now Pittsburg), on July 9. For many years a fierce struggle for supremacy had been going on in North America, between the French and English. Braddock's defeat caused immense consternation throughout the British Provinces, and commensurate exultation on the part of the Canadians. It was feared, on the one hand, and fondly hoped on the other, that the power of France was on the eve of becoming paramount throughout North America. Upon Nova Scotia especially, the hold of the English seemed to be so precarious—notwithstanding the recent little success at Fort Beausejour—that they felt that their utmost efforts were essential even to their maintaining an existence. For, besides being clearly surrounded by formidably equipped avowed foes without, they had, in their midst, fully seven thousand rancorous enemies—a number far exceeding their own total population. It was therefore essential that these Acadians should be dealt with promptly, and, if possible, before they, too, should hear of the affair at Fort Duquesne. So it was done.

What was to be done with these troublesome Acadians? To set them loose in Cape Breton, St. John's Island, or Canada, to add to the already formidable power of the French, would have been an insane-like procedure. It was resolved to scatter them among the older English provinces, from New England to Georgia, thus rendering them innocuous. All the activity, determined energy and administrative ability which were marked characteristics of Governor Lawrence, were brought into play in this dangerous and disagreeable task which circumstances had forced upon him. Here was an odious work which his country's weal told him must be accomplished. He manfully and loyally faced the responsibility, and accomplished the task; and did so, in as far as circumstances would allow, in accordance with the tenderest suggestions of humanity. In this he was ably and efficiently assisted by Colonels Monckton and Winslow, their regimental officers and the various officers in charge at Annapolis, Minas and Pezziquid. He was, too, heartily supported throughout by the bold counsel and friendly advice of Governor Shirley of Massachusetts.

The much-misguided French Acadians found at last that the English, with whom they had so long been trifling and worse than trifling, had really always meant what they said; and that even their patience had come to an end. Transports were procured from Boston; the wretched settlers were shipped—every possible precaution being taken to avoid the separation of members of the same family—and they were sent off to the older British colonies West and South, according to settled plan. The French seem to have been almost entirely cleaned out of Annapolis Valley, Grand Pre, Canard, Pezziquid and Cobequid; although a few individuals from these settlements made their escape to the woods, to associate with their friends, the Indians. There were in the vicinity of Cape Sable, and principally at Pobomcoup (Pubnico), some small settlements composed principally of the descendants, and relations of the descendants, of that French nobleman, D'Entremont, who had been the Lieutenant and friend of Charles De la Tour in years long past. These do not seem to have been disturbed in the general expulsion. In Chignecto alone the *habitans* showed fight. Only a portion of them were secured and shipped. The remainder finally took flight to the woods. For years afterwards they made themselves troublesome to the English in those quarters, they living to some extent the life of freebooters, and forming temporary settlements at Richibucto, Mirimichi and the Bay Chaleur. Early in this adventurous life, and whilst Canada was still a French colony, they applied for aid to the Governor at Quebec. Whether or not that Governor had already reached the grave suspicion that his own position as *locum tenens* of the King of France was only a precarious one, or from whatever other cause, certain it is that he gave the poor Acadians no countenance or material support. Indeed, the conduct of France throughout this expulsion of the French Acadians was little to the credit of that whilom gallant nation. If anybody except the Acadians themselves, through their own misconduct, was to be held accountable for the expulsion of those people, it was certainly France. It was notorious that the emissaries of Old France and of her colonies, Canada and Isle Royale, never ceased to foster and foment in those Acadians feelings of hostility towards the British. They were always representing to these ignorant *habitans*, as a certain event,

that Acadie was to be won back to France, to become permanently a French possession. They had thus, so far as their influence could go, prevented these *habitans* from taking the Oath of Allegiance to the British Crown—to that crown which, for nearly half a century, had treated these people with a lenity and a kindness which, under like circumstances, had no parallel in history. Yet, when these Acadians were called upon to submit to the consequences of their evil and no longer endurable conduct, France uttered not one syllable in their behalf—lifted not one finger in amelioration of their circumstances. With reference to the whole transaction, whatever of blame there is chargeable to anybody beyond the Acadians themselves, is due wholly and solely to France. Great Britain and her officials are utterly blameless; and, for the part taken by the latter in this matter, it calls for no apology whatever, and they are entitled to the cordial praises and thanks of their posterity.

As to the subsequent fate of these *habitans*, the history of that is no necessary part of the story of the Acadian Expulsion. Nevertheless, we may make a few remarks under that head. It would seem that none of these people could be content to remain in the older provinces to which they were transported. Possibly some of those who had been landed in the more southern provinces eventually wended their way to the French colony of Louisiana. It is known that a considerable number of them shaped their course, in process of time, to the French West Indian Islands. Some few of them reached Old France. The greater number of them, however, managed to build for themselves, or in some way possess themselves of, shallops and boats, by means of which they crawled along the shores north and east, obviously with the intent of returning to their native Acadia. Some few of them accomplished that object. The greater number were, by instructions from the Governor of Nova Scotia, arrested at various points along the coast from New Jersey to Massachusetts inclusive. Of the few refugees who actually reached the shores of their native land, the settlement of some who were quiet and orderly was connived at. Others, who still showed a disposition to make themselves troublesome, were taken prisoners to Halifax, and there, in a sort of semi-durance, set for some years to labour for their sustenance upon the public works. Indeed, about one hundred and fifty of the French inhabitants of Cape Sable and its vicinity were, upon their own petition, taken up to Halifax in their extreme distress and given employment. A large proportion of those transported to Virginia and South Carolina were, by those provinces, sent to England, where, by the King's orders, they were given in charge to the Lords of the Admiralty, to be secured and maintained by the Commissioners for sick and hurt seamen. Still, down to a period long subsequent to the surrender of Quebec to the British, a portion of these Acadians, acting in the capacity of pirates and freebooters, were in such force in Nova Scotia as to seriously impede the peaceful settlement of the country. In March, 1764, there were upwards of two thousand of them in the province, over one thousand of whom were in Halifax and its environs, and prisoners of war. In December of that year, six hundred of the latter, with permission, hired vessels at their own expense and sailed to the French West Indies.

Finally, in 1768 and the immediately subsequent years, lands were appropriated for the settlement of these returned and wandering Acadians in the district of Clare, St. Mary's Bay, in the southern part of what is now Digby County, and in parts of the island of Cape Breton. They accordingly settled upon these lands and, at length, became quiet and orderly British subjects. Those settlements now occupied by their descendants are among the most moral, industrious, frugal, thrifty and loyal communities in the Province of Nova Scotia.

PIERCE STEVENS HAMILTON.

WHAT CHAMPLAIN DID AT MON- TREAL IN 1611.

"IN the year 1611 I brought back my Savage to those of his nation, who were to come to the great Rapid of St. Louis, and to return my servant, whom they held as hostage. I left Quebec the 20th of May, and arrived at the said great Rapid the 28th, where I did not find any of the Savages who had promised me to be there on the 20th of the month. I was then in a wretched canoe with the Savage whom I had brought to France, besides one of our people. After having moved about in one direction and another, as well in the woods as along the shore, to find a place suitable for the site of a dwelling whereon to prepare a spot for building, I walked eight leagues, skirting the great rapids, through the woods, which are open enough, and came as far as a lake to which our Savage led me, where I considered the country very closely. But, in all that I saw, I found no place more suitable than a little spot¹ which is as far as barques and boats can easily come up, unless with a strong wind or by a circuit, because of the great current; for higher than that place (which I named La Place Royale), a league away from Mount Royal, there are quantities of small rocks and ledges, which are very dangerous. And near the said Place Royale there is a little river² which goes some distance into the interior, all along which there are more than

¹ The site of the present Custom House.

² Foundling Street is the course of this stream—a branch of the Little River of Montreal.

THE RAMBLER.

sixty acres of deserted land, which are like meadows, where grain can be sown and gardens made. Formerly the Savages tilled these, but they abandoned them on account of the wars they had there. There is also a great quantity of other fine meadows, enough to feed whatever number of cattle one may desire, and of all sorts of woods which we have in our own forests, with abundance of vines, nuts, plums, cherries, strawberries, and other kinds very good to eat; among the rest, one which is quite excellent, which has a sweet taste allied to that of plantains (a fruit of the Indies) and is as white as snow, and the leaf resembles beans and runs along trees and the ground like ivy. The fishing is abundant, and is of all sorts we have in France and of many others we have not, which are very good; as also bird-hunting of different species; and that of stags, does, kids, caribou, hares, lynxes, bears, beaver and small game which are there in such quantity that during the time we were at said Rapid we never lacked any.

"Having, therefore, made particular examination and found this place one of the most beautiful on that river, I immediately had the wood cut and cleared away from the said Place Royale to make it even and ready for building, and anyone can pass water around it easily and make a little isle of it, and settle down there as he desires.

"There is a little island twenty rods from the said Place Royale, which is over 100 paces long, where one could make a good and strong dwelling. There is also much meadow-land of very good rich pottery clay, as well for brick as for building, which is a great convenience. I made use of a part of it, and built a wall there four feet thick and three to four high and ten rods long to test how it would keep during winter when the waters descend, which, in my opinion, would not come up to said wall, seeing that the bank is elevated twelve feet above said river, which is high enough. In the middle of the river there is an island about three-quarters of a league in circuit fit for the building of a good and strong town, and I named it the Isle of Sainte Heleine. The rapids come down into a sort of lake, where there are two or three islands and fine meadow-lands.

"While awaiting the Savages, I there made two gardens, one in the meadows and the other in the woods, which I cleared, and the second day of June I sowed some grains, which all came up in perfection and in a short time, demonstrating the goodness of the ground."

Seeing the foregoing details, how far can it be said that Champlain is or is not the founder of Montreal? In 1616 he promises the Indian chief, Darontal, to build a habitation there. For many years the spot he chose was the annual trading-place between the merchants and the tribes from above. De Maisonneuve's party found it deserted, it is true, but De Maisonneuve himself was influenced in his selection of the sight by Champlain's decision.

ALCHEMIST.

WHIP-POOR-WILL.

BENEATH these northern skies
We boast no nightingale;
Here only plaintive whip-poor-will
Takes up the tale.

When the day's noise is still,
And life shakes off its cares,
Her harsher notes may sound as sweet
To lovers' ears

As those which nightly greet
Italia's maidens fair,
Where Naples' orange groves perfume
The summer air.

Here, also, flowers bloom
And Cupid holds his sway;
Here lovers wander hand in hand
At close of day.

Here, as in every land,
The same sweet tale is told—
The whispered words which never stale,
However old.

So, since no nightingale
Enraptured holds them still,
Love gives his votaries the song
Of whip-poor-will.

BASIL TEMPEST.

FIVE years ago the name Umra Khan, of Jandol, was only known for some deeds of gallantry which he had performed in quarrels with other petty chiefs; for he was always, it seemed, in a state of siege by one or other of his neighbours. Gradually, however, he has not only grown as powerful as any of his neighbours, but has subdued them one by one until, with the exception of the Ameer of Afghanistan and the Mehtar of Chitral, he is the only territorial chief of any note between the Indian frontier and the Oxus. Fortunately he has always shown great readiness to be on good terms with the British Government; and his success will, therefore, be welcome, as it will greatly simplify matters to be able to reckon with one capable governor of the whole of this North-Western Norman's Land.

¹ Now the Island wharf.
² From "Les Voyages de la Nouvelle, France Occidentale, dicte Canada, faits par le Sieur de Champlain, Bk. I., Chapter XIII.

THINGS a young dog of high spirits and healthy body can eat at the age of seven weeks: wood, coal, paper—particularly the morning Mail and the Friday's WEEK, your last batch of proof and an important new novel—rattan chairs, carpet footstools, rugs, fringe and all, earth, glass, putty, china plates (especially the edges thereof), sugar, apples, raw vegetables, lead pencils, buttons, marbles, slates and school-bags, stockings and shoes, boots, slippers and rubbers, the broom, the dust-pan, the table-cloth, the Encyclopædia, the curtains, the geraniums, the work-basket, your purse and memorandum book—with a little bread and milk thrown in for a change. He is incidentally inclined to tin boxes, collars and cuffs and the backs of the best books. He disparages the cat and cuts his teeth on your new walking stick.

Our Paris letter informed us lately that Madame Albani, aged sixty-four and remarkably obese, assisted not long ago at the Rossini Centenary. This is not by any means the first time that the use of the vowel *a* instead of *o* has caused the wrath of our great prima donna to wax apace, but it is no easier to bear for all that. Even for humbler folk, unprofessional fry, there is always something excessively exasperating in being called "out of your name." Mistakes will occur, and we make them ourselves no doubt, but we are none the less touchy when we are taken for someone else, or in any way unindividualized. "A poor thing, sir, but mine own"—explains the lover of Audrey, and even though we know ourselves faulty, wretched frauds, humbugs and failures, we like to be addressed, if at all, then by our own and correct names. Of course the O's and Macs are the worst; they are the most exacting people alive. Then come the possessors of names not sufficiently distinct, names that require very clear enunciation in order to be distinguished from others very similar. These are the Robertsons, who frown darkly when you mildly address them as "Robinson," and *vice versa*; the Macdonalds, who would not for all the world be approached as "Macdonell"; the Ogilvies with an *e*, and the Ogilvys without an *e*; the whole legion of Smiths and Smythes, and Pattisons and Pattersons, and Morrisons and Morsons and other unfortunates similarly indistinct. What a thing it must be now to possess such a name as Procopius Basilisk, the Russian poet, who has lately caused such a stir! There cannot be many Procopius Basilisks in the world, even in Russia, and how well it would look on a card—if they have cards in Russia. I suppose there is a Mrs. Procopius Basilisk and some little Procopius Basilisks—you recollect poor Sothern in "Dundreary Married and Settled" enquiring after the health of Mrs. B-buggins and the little Bugginses!

A few years ago there was a reaction against old-fashioned names, and people of education began to look about and see if they could not give their children something in the shape of an historical or poetic appellation which would be in the long run a great deal better than a silver spoon and a blessing to them generally in the hereafter. So it came to pass that Fred and Will and Jack and Harry were abandoned in favour of Claude and Lancelot and Bartram and Eugene. And the girls were christened Guinevere and Imogen and Irene and Muriel instead of Catharine and Caroline and Harriet and Mary. Now—it is, of course, just as unfortunate that a pretty girl should be known as Jemima or Priscilla as that a homely one should have to respond to the call of Elaine or Violet or Enid. But there is just this about the matter: that whereas, beauty conquers even such an obstacle as an ugly or hackneyed name, so that the friends of Jemima may actually come to regard that unwholesome cognomen as the loveliest of names, homeliness is made more apparent and probably more difficult to bear when attached to a delicate and fanciful name. My sympathy is very great for the plain young woman without a sweetheart at the age of twenty-five who is known as Diana or Rowena or Sybil. She is very nearly being ridiculous, and perhaps she knows it and it gives her pain. Then here is this ordinary young clerk in your bank who tells you out your money, answering to the name of Tristram or Bedivere.

It seems that the entire Round Table might be found with a little trouble. There was the lady of whom you must have heard who christened her twin boy and girl Pelleas and Ettarre, because of her admiration for the Idylls, only unfortunately she had never read the one in question until it was too late to change the names, and the most ardent worshipper of the Laureate would hardly care to immortalize the questionable knight and lady any more than they are already made known to the world. Seriously, we can err as much in one direction as in the other. Since there are ugly ducklings in every family, and since none of us are at maturity what we promised to be in childhood, it would be well to exercise caution in the bestowal of ultra or fanciful names upon babies, of whose future and fate we can have no conception.

A very curious phase of our modern life is the ever-insisted-upon increased activity and restlessness of our women. I say curious advisedly, because it is an admitted fact that every facility exists for the comfort and leisure of its fair occupant in the well-appointed house of to-day. Scores of housekeepers never go near the tradesmen who supply them in person; they transact their orders at the telephone, or not even there. Perhaps the order is written

and transferred to the housemaid or cook, to be given either to the driver or the telephone. Many of these favoured beings keep or hire carriages. They are thus enabled to save a great deal of time. They have their own first-class dressmaker and a seamstress in the house for the children. Therefore it is quite unnecessary to ply the needle. Of cookery it is idle to speak; one is not so foolish as to pay thirteen or fourteen dollars to a cook and then go into the kitchen oneself. Society, the play, charitable affairs and clubs are certainly engrossing, but it is impossible that in Toronto these pursuits can be so bewilderingly overpowering in their effect upon constitution and leisure as some would have us think. House-keeping is being gradually reduced, no matter what pessimists may say, to a minimum of responsibility and fatigue. Whence then comes the cry that we hear on every side of there being "no time," "no opportunity," "no rest," "no solitude"! Women talk of being "rushed," and of "pressure" and of "recuperating" just as the men do, and perhaps a little more. I do not see that modern facilities bring complications into view, but it seems as if they must. One would not wonder if the cry came from the middle class, but it does not—it comes from the rich.

CORRESPONDENCE.

REPEAL OF THE FRANCHISE ACT.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I have taken THE WEEK since its first number and became a subscriber because I understood it was to be, and continue to be, an independent journal of politics, etc. Will you kindly tell me how you reconcile independence with the following which appeared in your last issue? "If the Opposition do but make it clear that the repeal of this Act is one of the planks of their party platform, then they may certainly claim the title of Reformers, etc."

How much evidence do you require that repeal of the Franchise Act is a plank in the Reform platform? Did not the Reformers oppose the Bill *ab initio*, and have they not on every occasion denounced it as unfair, useless and extravagant? Have not resolutions been moved in the House of Commons for its repeal, session after session, and supported by the entire party? I ask for simple justice to the party of which I am a very humble but jealous member; I hope it will not be necessary to drop an oak deal incriminated "Repeal of Franchise Act" on the editor to convince him.

J. C.

March 3, 1892.

CANADA'S FUTURE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I derive pleasure, and I hope some profit, by reading your weekly editorial remarks upon current events as they pass in review before you. In your issue of yesterday I note what you say on the subject of Canada's future, and, with your permission, I desire to make a few remarks upon it.

Your conclusion that the remarkable success which the Government at the Capital has experienced, as shown in the recent bye-elections, has established the fact that the people of this Dominion refuse to be coaxed or coerced into annexation to the United States, is perfectly correct, which result, in your estimation, places us in a "serious situation."

The "situation" may seem to be somewhat serious, but not so much so as to discourage us in the least; it merely points to the consideration of what the future of our Dominion is (politically) to be; and, on this point, there has been a large amount of discussion, enough at least to enable us from the data thus afforded to frame a workable mode of relief from any serious embarrassment which may seem, by some, to surround us, and which may prevent the catastrophe of sacrificing our nationality at the shrine of materialism; many remedies have been proposed.

In speaking of the future of Canada, we must not be deterred from a free expression of our opinions by any of the pessimistic views expressed by those whom I cannot but consider as enemies of our country as a part of the British Empire—those who professing to base their calculations on the disappointing result of the last census, which result, by the way, these very prophets of evil have been the cause of, by sending broadcast, through the *Globe* and its American conspirators, lying reports of our condition and prospects, which have had the effect of discouraging emigration to our shores, preventing also the investment of foreign capital in our industries; nor must we be discouraged by some remarks made by our friends; and, with all deference to you, Mr. Editor, I must beg leave to say, I think your remarks are slightly tinged with a leaning to the idea that we need the example and influence of "that great nation to the South" as a panacea for our relief—which I construe as, in a sense, "looking to Washington." Such a remedy I could not tolerate. You say: "The state of Canadian affairs at this present moment is briefly this—this great nation to the South of us has set out to control the trade of the continent, and, unfortunately for us, by reason of its enormous superiority in population and wealth, it can undoubtedly do so to a very great extent. It is worse than useless to shut our eyes to the fact. That will make it none the less the fact and none the less dis-

astrous. Canada can live without intercourse with the U.S. Whether or not she can grow and prosper without it is another question."

Surely some practicable *modus vivendi* can be evolved from the various schemes which have been proposed for our relief that we fall not so low as to sell our birthright for a mess of pottage, fall into the arms of the American Republic as our only safety, forfeit our allegiance to the Queen of nations, and become subjects of a nationality which includes "the dregs and feculence of every land," and for what? for the expectation of realizing purely and exclusively material benefits—even on the showing of the advocates of annexation themselves. The re-establishment of reciprocity as it existed in 1854 might be mutually beneficial. Free trade cannot succeed unless it were universal. Fair trade or modified protection is the only workable system. Even Britain herself is beginning to realize that fact after a trial of half a century of free trade.

I cannot help regretting that you do not look upon the subject of Imperial Federation more favourably than you do, because I think it is a more worthy subject of consideration for us than is, or can be, looking to Washington, in any sense of the term. I know it is fraught with some difficulty in reducing it to a perfectly working scheme, but I believe it can be done, and the more the subject is discussed, the more feasible and the nearer to its adoption as a material fact it becomes, its object is of such vast and far-reaching importance as to deserve the best efforts of our best men to bring it to perfection, which I believe a short time will effect; and, in conjunction with the Imperial Trades Union, as advocated by Col. Howard Vincent, will bring about a state of things which will impart new life to Canada, and at the same time satisfy the loyal aspirations of our people not only without losing our prestige among the nations of the earth, but by thereby becoming a partner in the commercial firm of Britannia, Sons and Company.

JOHN HOLTGATE.

Toronto, March 5, 1892.

BERMUDA AS A HEALTH RESORT—II.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In my former letter I stated that I would give in this letter some information in reference to the trip from New York and the cost of living here, therefore I have made a careful investigation and the information can be thoroughly relied upon. The journey to Bermuda occupies sixty hours, and the cost of a return ticket, good for six months, is \$50, which includes full board and stateroom on the steamers. It is better to write in advance and engage accommodation, for, during the busy months, which are February and March, difficulty may be experienced in getting suitable accommodation. The hotels are as good as are to be found in other resorts, and the rates from \$4 to \$2 per day. There are two first-class hotels, the Hamilton and Princess. The Hamilton ranks higher than the Princess, which is on the water front. Of all the smaller houses the Brunswick House is the best, and should please any fairly contented person. By the way, it is quite a resort for Canadians. The terms are \$12 per week, or, with two in a room, \$10 each. All dry goods and boots and shoes are cheaper here, as the duties are very light. Liquors of all kinds, except lager beer, are cheaper here than with us. Cigars and tobacco about the same price. Horses and carriages, with or without drivers, can be had for four shillings for the first hour, and two shillings for each hour afterwards. Boats, which are large enough to hold several persons, can be had with oarsman for two shillings for first hour, and one shilling for each succeeding hour, and terms can be made much less for those employing the same man frequently. There are plenty of stupid donkeys for hire, but they are only a nuisance. By the way, I have learned the only way to make a donkey move lively is to get a tin can and half fill it with small pebbles. Take your seat in the cart and shake your can and you will be surprised how that donkey will move off. Weekly hops are given at the Hamilton Hotel, and occasional hops at the Princess. They are very enjoyable indeed, and there is no charge made. The society is very good. The residents are very sociable and highly educated and refined, and, with a proper introduction, visitors will be well treated by them. The Governor's receptions are held on Saturday afternoons, and Lady Watson gives occasional receptions. Admiral Watson, with the fleet, arrived recently, and the men-of-war add to the picturesque appearance of the harbour. There is a review of the troops each Saturday. Military bands play in the park each Friday. All visitors coming here should bring the same clothing as they wear at home, and should be prepared to find the climate very damp. There are several Toronto people here now and all are enjoying the climate.

F. E. GALBRAITH.

Hamilton, Bermuda.

LOVE may be celestial fire before it enters into the systems of mortals. It will then take the character of its place of abode, and we have to look not so much for the pure thing as for the passion.—George Meredith.

WOMEN will find their place, and it will not be that which they have held nor that to which some of them aspire. The old Salic law will not be repealed, and no change of dynasty will be effected.—Huxley.

HORACE: ODES, B. I., 2.

You see all white Soracte stands
With thickest crown of deepening snow;
His struggling woods in winter's shroud
Beneath their burden bending low;
Yon stream fast bound in winter's chain
Forgets to murmur through the plain.

Dispel the cold; from bounteous store
Heap high the logs upon the hearth;
Come, Thaliarchus, fill the cup
With lavish hand and genial mirth;
To-day the blood of Sabine vine
Shall add unto your joy and mine.

Leave all the rest unto the gods;
When winds are stilled at their command,
No ash trees shed their glories fair,
No leaves of cypress strew the land;
The billows breaking on the shore
Shall rear their hoary heads no more.

Try not to learn what morn shall bring,
But count as gain each day that flies,
And do not, still in beauty's bloom
The dance and sweets of love despise;
While gloomy age is far away
Cull thou the joys each fleeting day.

May joy in martial sport be thine,
Thine ramblings free, devoid of care,
Soft, whispered vows of sweetest love
Be oft renewed to lady fair
At gloaming, when the trysting hour
Shall lead thee to the wonted bower.

Then let the maiden's happy laugh
That tells the tale of her retreat,
Again and yet again ring out
From inmost nook, her lurking seat;
The pledge that from her hand is gained
Will show the faint defence maintained.

St. Catharines.

J. HENDERSON.

ART NOTES.

ROSA BONHEUR is said to be at work on a painting intended to depict the last Indians and buffaloes. Her material for this work was obtained from special studies made while the Wild West Show was in Paris.

J. F. MILLET'S "The Madonna and the Child" shows the great master in his more classical vein. The pivot of the picture is not to be found in the mother but in the Child. The lighting of the Infant's face is effected in a manner which has never been and never can be excelled.—*Public Opinion*.

IN one of his essays Paul Bourget has drawn a remarkable illustration of the dilettantism of the age from the interior of a modern drawing-room. It is five o'clock, and the lamps cast a soft half-light through their tinted shades on rare and curious embroideries. Over a chair lies a stole that once figured in solemn service; on the divan a piece of needle-work from the farthest East, lustrous with the strange imagery of another world. On the walls are pictures by masters the most diverse: a Venice by Fromentin, next to a stern, almost savage, peasant by Millet, or a racing scene by J. de Nittis, luminous with the dancing light of spring; and over the piano perhaps a water-colour of Galatea and the Cyclops, painted by Gustav Moreau, with a beauty almost painful in its entrancing charm. On the tables and in cabinets is *bric-à-brac* of every age; lacquer-work from Yedo, bronzes of the Renaissance, jewellery of the eighteenth century; everything that can attest the luxurious culture, the skilled eclecticism of an age that has outlived its own capacity for creation. The picture has more attraction for the literary man than for the artist, for it points to a fact of modern civilization which cuts at the root of any possibility of a permanent tradition of art, and the fact, as Bourget puts it, is just this: that the only faith of universal acceptance is that of social usage, and that directly you break below its surface you come on a chaos of creeds and formulas, a very whirlpool of contradictory opinion. Whereas, before the general upset which has been the work of this century, there was common ground of belief—"une même société comme on disait, avait un fonds de conceptions analogues sur les chapitres essentiels de la vie"—there now prevails such complete uncertainty that you and your neighbour hardly speak the same language. In such a condition of things the chances of a national art, or of any future but that of artistic bankruptcy, are exceedingly small. Dilettantism, the collector's mania, is, on the whole, one of the most serious obstacles that exists to the growth of art, and especially of architecture. It is not interested in the workmanship of art, but only in its results. It sets up a false standard of excellence in preferring rarity and costliness to beauty; it is based on no exact knowledge of art, but on a curious medley of ideas, dependent partly on fashion, but mainly on the interests of big dealers, and, so far as the house is concerned, it turns it into a museum instead of a place to be familiarly lived in and loved as a home.—*The Magazine of Art for March*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE GRAND.

MISS MARIE WAINWRIGHT, in the spectacular drama "Amy Robsart," succeeded in filling the Grand Opera House during last week. The story of Sir Walter Scott's novel, "Kenilworth," is not entirely adhered to, for instance, the villain, instead of the heroine, comes to grief by falling down a steep precipice. This, however, makes a more acceptable *finale* to a general audience. Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week Miss Julia Marlowe makes her appearance in the legitimate drama in the following: "Much Ado About Nothing," "Twelfth Night," "As you Like It," "Rogues and Vagabonds" and "Pygmalion and Galatea," a double bill on Saturday night. Miss Marlowe is of English birth, like Adelaide Neilson, and is credited with being capable of succeeding Mary Anderson in her special rôles.

TORONTO OPERA HOUSE.

LARGE audiences have been attracted to the Toronto Opera House during the week, to witness Grattan Donnelly's play, "A Pair of Jacks," in the action of which many really funny situations are revealed. Though slightly rough-and-tumble in parts, yet the songs and dances indulged in by the ladies of the company are well executed. Next week "Money Mad" will be presented to the patrons of this popular house.

CANADIAN FORESTERS CONCERT.

THE Pavilion was filled with an enthusiastic audience on Thursday evening of last week, the friends of the Canadian Foresters' Societies gathering in force. The programme presented no specially new features; the inane twaddle introduced into Mr. Fax's comic singing seemed to give special delight to the mixed assemblage. Mrs. Caldwell sang the oft repeated "Staccato Polka," in which she failed several times to rise to the true pitch; her voice retains its well-known qualities, though the middle tones betray a lack of cultivation and warmth which renders them thin and unsympathetic. Why is this promising lady vocalist satisfied with remaining in an unfinished vocal form, when such high attainments are within her reach? Mrs. MacKelcan's songs were not altogether satisfying; "Across the far Blue Hills" and its encore were pitched too high for her, both being also unfortunately in the same key, which has a monotonous effect. Why the fortunate possessor of a rich contralto voice should strive to sing out of her natural pitch is indeed a mystery. Miss Alexander, as is usual, delighted her audience with her comic and Irish selections. Mr. Harold Jarvis, who is now a resident of Detroit, and Mr. Warrington acquitted themselves in their accustomed style, giving pleasure by their effective singing of their respective numbers. Mrs. Blight added to her former laurels as accompanist on a fine Knabe Grand, supplied by Messrs. Gourlay, Leeming and Winter. Dr. Wild, chairman, and the committee occupied the platform, which was tastefully decorated with Union Jacks and other national emblems. "The Barn," misnamed "Pavilion," provided the usual complimentary accompaniments of door-slaming, wind-jamming and barn-benched reserved-seat accommodation.

THE GRANITE CLUB ENTERTAINMENT.

THE members of the popular Granite Club sat down to tables groaning under the weight of seasonable, toothsome viands, on Saturday evening, 12th inst., it being the occasion of the annual club dinner. Representatives of the curling, lawn-tennis, bowling on the green, hockey and whist elements, all combined, under the aegis of the Club management, were included in the gathering. Speeches, toasts, songs, joviality and good fellowship, copiously assisted by the wine of the gods, materially helped to digest a heartily discussed repast. The bards of the evening were The Bruce, The O'Dempsey and The Mac-Cabe Brown, whose dulcet tones soothed the jagged existence of their various clansmen with songs, *ancient and modern*, and in dialectic language suitable to the occasion. President Wright, Vice-President Creelman and the veteran Mac Badenach won the chief oratory honours, whereas, between Russell and Tilley (the unvanquished), of the Torontos of Huron Street, Alderman Carlyle of the Prospects, Ross of the Caledonians, among the invited guests, and Baird, Williamson, The Friar, and Bleasdel, all of the Granite ilk, honours were easy. The handsome cups won by the Granite Curlers were prominently exhibited, including the Caledonian cup, the Ontario tankard and the City Association cup, all of which the visiting curlers stated their intention of wresting from the Church Street champions in the near future.

A CORRESPONDENT to the London *World* writes: "Have you noticed how extremes have met behind the footlights recently? On the other side the silver streak we have M. Porel, the manager of the Odéon Theatre, proposing that his audiences shall, as spectators, re-invigorate their etiolated imagination by a return to the primitive scenery of Shakespeare's Globe Theatre. In London an artist, who may be termed the Emperor William of art, owing to his restless desire to become the ruling providence of all the arts, has been urging that the public imaginative power—weak enough already—shall be further reduced by the manager, so that if a poor man's hovel is to be shown, its probable dimensions shall be indicated by a sudden contraction of the proscenium."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

DREAMS OF THE DEAD. By Edward Stanton. Boston: Lee and Shepard. Price 50 cents.

This is an unwholesome book. The author, in sleep, leaves his material body and goes about in his astral body and meets all kinds of persons who have left their natural bodies mouldering in the grave, and go about in their astral bodies. How much of this we are expected seriously to believe we are not quite sure. In any case we can promise to no sane person either edification or entertainment from these pages.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE. By Margaret Lee. New York: John A. Taylor and Company. Price 30 cents.

This is a new volume of a nice series of stories which we have already commended, the Mayflower Library. It is not at all a bad story this "Touch of Nature." One gets a little weary of the great quantities of very American conversation which fill page after page; but there is a good and wholesome sentiment running through the story, and all ends well at last. Both hero and heroine are sorely tried, as they ought to be, and they come out of the trial splendidly, as they ought to do; and everything ends quite satisfactorily. This is, perhaps, as much as we ought to tell our readers.

GEODESY. The Riverside Science Series. By J. Howard Gore, Professor of Mathematics in Columbia University. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company. Price \$1.25.

This neat small octavo volume of 210 pages and a few illustrative cuts is a historic sketch, as its author says, of opinions, speculative and scientific, concerning the shape and dimensions of the globe we inhabit. Two chapters deal with unscientific hypotheses from Anaximander to the French Fernel in the sixteenth century. The remaining twelve treat of scientific efforts to solve the problem in many parts of Europe, in India, and in the United States, by geometers of note, from the Dutch Snell in the beginning of the seventeenth century to the Americans of to-day, Mendenhall and Harkness. The sketch is perfectly intelligible to the ordinary reader, and is interesting to the extent the subject allows.

DOUBTING CASTLE: A Religious Novelette. By John Smith. New York: Alden. 1891.

We quite believe that this little book may be of real service to some of those whose faith has been disturbed by historical and scientific difficulties connected with the Old Testament. The heroine is a good and pious girl who has been brought up with mechanical ideas of inspiration, and when these are shaken she is unable longer to retain her hold on the Gospel itself. She is, however, taught that the truth and power of Christ are not dependent upon any special theory of inspiration, and so she becomes re-established upon the sure foundation. Some good people doubt the expediency of meeting such difficulties, inasmuch as we are sometimes more apt to engender doubts than to quiet them. We quite understand this feeling; but it is rather late in the day to act upon it. We must fortify our young people and arm them for the fight which cannot be avoided. We ought to say that there is a pretty love story running through the book.

ROYAL TEMPLAR PLATFORM OF READINGS AND RECITATIONS. Hamilton: Royal Templar Publishing House. 1892. Price 30 cents.

This is not at all a bad collection of poems, with some prose pieces, suitable for recitation. "It contains a number of patriotic, sentimental and humorous, as well as temperance, selections." We are quoting, and are not responsible for the phraseology. The "temperance" selections are, no doubt, better than the old bacchanalian songs, and, if they are somewhat drastic, we should expect that from the Royal Templars. A considerable proportion of the poems are of the funny type; but they are countenanced by such neighbours as Mrs. Alexander's "Burial of Moses," Macaulay's "Armada," and Lord Tennyson's "Charge of the Heavy Brigade." We learn from the "Bartender's Manual" that there are no fewer than one hundred and eighty-four different methods of serving liquor, either compounded or single; but we doubt whether Good Templars should stimulate human curiosity by making this known.

THE STORY OF OUR CONTINENT: A Reader in the Geography and Geology of North America for the use of Schools. By N. S. Shaler, Professor of Geology in Harvard College. Boston: Ginn and Company.

This book contains 290 octavo pages and six full-page illustrations. Its seven long chapters discuss, in simple, pleasant language, the geography of North America, its physical growth, present geographical conditions, aboriginal population, and products. Some fanciful notions mingle with scientific theories in the chapter dealing with the effect of the form of North America on the history of the colonists from Europe and their descendants. The concluding one, on the commercial condition of the continent, contains much valuable information in an attrac-

tive form. Altogether, the Reader, while too chary of details regarding the Dominion to be suitable for use in Canadian schools, is worthy of commendation for its scientific accuracy, unexceptionable tone, and literary style. It is, therefore, worthy of a place in any family library, and will no doubt be cheerfully perused by all who take an interest in the subject which it treats.

THE FOLK-LORE OF THE ISLE OF MAN; OR, ITS MYTHS, LEGENDS, SUPERSTITIONS, CUSTOMS AND PROVERBS. By A. W. Moore, M.A., author of Many Names, etc. Douglas, Isle of Man: Brown and Son; London: D. Nutt.

In 192 closely-printed small octavo pages, Mr. Moore has compressed such an amount of information illustrating the title of his book as one could hardly have hoped to bring together in the little "Isle of Man." He is almost a pioneer in the work undertaken and worthily executed by him, although he acknowledges the appearance of some of his materials in the well-known memoirs of Waldron, Harrison, Jenkinson and Campbell. Mr. Brush also published, in the "Miscellanies of the Man Society," an account of mythical Mananan MacLir, the supposed discoverer of the island. Mr. Moore's book published at one shilling is the cheapest treatise on folk-lore in the market, and is withal worthy of a place beside Lady Guest's "Mahinogion," Campbell's "Tales of the West Highlands," and Douglas Hyde's Irish collection, called "Beside the Fire." Mr. David Nutt, the London publisher, makes a specialty of folk-lore books from all quarters.

HOMILIES OF SCIENCE. By Dr. Paul Carus. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. Price \$1.50.

It is questionable if the age has produced a philosophic thinker in the line of free thought more thoroughly paradoxical than Dr. Paul Carus. In this elegant octavo volume of some 320 pages are compressed fifty-nine well-written, thoughtful, and, in many ways, learned essays on subjects in religion, ethics, anthropology, and sociology, in which the writer, on the one hand, opposes all that is atheistic and anti-Christian, while, on the other, he rejects the Christian's God and allows no divine revelation other than Nature. A Monist, Dr. Carus is necessarily pantheistic, but in its outworking his pantheism is neither of Spinoza nor of Hegel; it is peculiarly his own. Indeed he denies, in his homily on "The Conceptions of God," that he is a pantheist at all, calling his system by the name of Entheism. He thus separates between Deity and its emanations, as Averroes called them, or, as modern writers would prefer, its evolutions. Dr. Carus' object is to reconcile religion and science by absorbing the former in the latter. Yet his own genuine religiosity appears on every page of his book, and he treats the Bible morals and devotion passages with much respect. His sect will necessarily be a small one, as Christianity will not surrender its enormous spiritual prestige at his call, and the atheists, pantheists and nihilists, whom he abjures, will continue unsatisfied with his half measures.

THE LANDFALL OF LEIF ERIKSON. By Eben Norton Horsford. Boston: Damrell and Upham.

This magnificent quarto of 150 pages and 40 valuable illustration plates is dedicated by Professor Horsford to the memory of Carl Christian Rafu, the author of the "Antiquitates Americanae." It is the last word on the subject of the Norse discovery of America, and, on account of the extensive reading and the painstaking and minute investigation it reveals, is worthy of the most serious consideration by all students of early American history. In the year 1000 A.D., Leif Erikson landed in a region called Vinland, on the Atlantic coast of North America. That Vinland Professor Horsford has located in Massachusetts, and, by many proofs derived from the Sagas, has definitely identified ancient remains on the Charles River near Watertown with Leif's settlement and the village of Norumbega. Exhaustive analyses of the accounts of Bjarni's, Thorwald's and Thorfinn's expeditions, with appendices and notes replete with learning in the literature of the subject, add a special interest to this monumental work. The collection of ancient maps and charts alone is most valuable, and evidences the fact that nothing has been spared either in painstaking research or in expense to render the book worthy of its author and its theme. With whatever preconception in his mind the student may take up this latest contribution to the literature of the Norse problem in America, he cannot fail to render homage to its author's disinterested zeal, extensive learning, and abundant labours.

THE STORY OF THE HILLS; A Book about Mountains for general readers. By the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson, B.A., F.G.S., author of "The Autobiography of the Earth." New York and London: Macmillan and Company. Price \$1.50.

The 360 pages of this well-printed book represent ten gossipy chapters, four of which constitute Part I, "The Mountains as They Are," and six, Part II, "How the Mountains were Made." Sixteen engravings, chiefly taken from photographs, illustrate these chapters. The second part is popular geology, somewhat in the style of Professor Shaler with a little poetry added. It is entertaining read-

ing for those who enjoy popular science, but the four chapters of Part I. are likely to receive more general attention. They are on "Mountains and Men," "The Uses of Mountains," "Sunshine and Storm on the Mountains," and "Mountain Plants and Animals." The first is an ethnological sketch, flattering to the Highlander of pre-tourist days all the world over; the second is scientific in the lines of meteorology and physical geography; the third is scenic and anecdotal; and the fourth is a pleasing description of mountain floras and faunas. The larger part of the book is devoted to Switzerland and the mountainous parts of the British Islands, but many other mountain regions are referred to. The lover of mountain scenery, and every cultivated reader with a taste for the beauties and the marvels of nature, should find in Mr. Hutchinson's book the means for spending some pleasant and profitable hours.

CHARACTER SKETCHES. By George A. Lofton, A.M., D.D. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

This is a very curious book, but we can quite believe that the teachings which it contains may have been useful to the classes for whom they were prepared. In order to give our readers a notion of the contents, we quote from the descriptive title page. Character Sketches; or the Blackboard Mirror—a series of illustrated discussions, depicting those peculiarities of character which contribute to the ridicule and failure, or to the dignity and success, of mankind. Also a number of moral, practical, and religious subjects, presented in an entirely new and striking manner, illustrated with over fifty engravings from the original Blackboard Drawings. This description of the contents is quite correct.

Dr. Lofton's plan was this. He gave a series of lectures on Sunday afternoon to miscellaneous assemblies of people who seemed to have been much interested in them. Adopting a subject of instruction, he represented it by a picture drawn upon a blackboard. This picture he proceeded to explain and illustrate, and finally to apply to his audience. For example, the first picture represents the "mote-hunter," who, with a considerable protuberance in his own eye, is represented as poking diligently in the eye of another man, in the hope of finding something wrong there. The talk on the subject which accompanies the drawing is sensible, direct and pungent. Another picture, entitled "Church Asses," represents a congregation seated and addressed by a gentleman on a platform. Scattered through the audience are a number of people with asses' heads and ears, representing types of silly and vulgar people who are the nuisances of such assemblies. Dr. Lofton "goes for" these classes with a will. The sketches, as representing blackboard drawings, are necessarily rough, but they are good of their kind, and the reading is excellent. A book like this can hardly fail to be useful, and it will reach classes that other agencies might miss.

ILLUSTRATED QUEBEC. By G. Mercer Adam. Montreal: John McConniff. 1892. Price 75 cents.

We are inclined to think that this is the most beautiful and the most interesting of all the "Gem Souvenirs of the Principal Cities of the Dominion" as yet published. Some one has remarked that Quebec is the only place on this side of the Atlantic which is worth seeing; and, although such a remark can be admitted only with considerable qualifications, it contains an obvious truth. Whether we consider the position of the city, its streets, its buildings, or its history, we must place it far ahead, in interest, of any other on this continent. Even Boston itself can scarcely compete with it.

The volume before us leaves scarcely anything to be desired that could be realized within its compass. Beginning with some interesting testimonies from writers of eminence, Mr. Mercer Adam proceeds to tell, in his own graceful and picturesque manner, the romantic story of Quebec, from its discovery by Jacques Cartier, or rather perhaps its foundation by Champlain, to its conquest by Wolfe. After this the author takes the localities, and, describing them, makes them the occasion of remarks upon men of the past who were associated with them, thus providing a book which will serve at once as a guide to the objects worth seeing, and, with its many illustrations, a souvenir which will serve to call up the places visited and the numerous objects of beauty and interest. The city, its sights and memories; the citadel, gates and fortifications; Laval University, the Basilica (standing on the site of the ancient Church of Notre Dame de la Recouvrance, erected in 1633 by Champlain), the Ursuline Convent, and the Hotel Dieu; the Parliament Buildings, public gardens and monuments—all pass, successively, in review. A concluding chapter is devoted to Montmorenci and Saguenay.

The illustrations are numerous and good, and they seem to us to be remarkably well chosen. Numerous views of the city are given from different points. The historical sites are adequately represented. No public monument of importance is omitted. Pretty views of old and quaint buildings, and of narrow, crooked streets, are furnished. Some copies of pictures taken on the spot during the conflict between the French and English are of great interest. When we add that the natural features of the locality, its hills and vales and waterfalls and woods, are plentifully illustrated, we have said enough to show the value and utility of the manual before us.

THE *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science* for March contains some very excellent reading. "Ethical Training in the Public Schools" is the name of a paper from the pen of Charles de Garmo. "To the daily discipline of the school," says our author, "both in intellectual study and in conduct, we must look for a development of a sensitive conscience and a vigorous volitional power; while literature and history, economics, and social and political science must, as the bearers of moral ideals, be our main reliance for guiding the disposition, firing the heart, and enlightening the moral understanding." F. von Wieser writes an article entitled "Theory of Value," which is followed by "Basis of Interest," by Dwight M. Lowery. Charles Richardson has a continuation of "Party Government," as usual he is clear and concise in his statements. The issue of March is a very fair one in all respects.

Temple Bar at all times bright and readable presents a very attractive number for March. "God's Fool," by Maarten Maartens, is continued. "An Old Actor" is well worth reading; the writer treats upon Talma, Rachel, and the distinguished father of Mademoiselle Mars. Florence Henniker contributes some touching verses entitled "Lines on a Stormy Petrel"—

When youth is passed, with its dream that blessed,
And passion is dead, and love has flown,
God grant us rest—of His gifts the best—
Ere we drift away to the Great Unknown.

Edith Edlmann contributes a most readable paper entitled "A Girl's Opinion on Jane Austen." "Thermidor" and Labussière is an excellent sketch of an actor and spendthrift who lived in the stormy times of sea-green Robespierre. "The Secret of Wardale Court" is continued. There is much more of interest in this issue than our space will permit us to mention.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

SIR ROBERT BALL, the popular writer on astronomy, has been appointed Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge.

"A New Saint's Tragedy," a story by Thomas A. Pinkerton, will be published shortly in Harper's Franklin Square Library.

MRS. GLADSTONE'S first article in the series of "Hints From a Mother's Life," which she has written for the *Ladies' Home Journal*, will be printed in the April issue of that periodical.

THE Cassell Publishing Company announce: "Record of Scientific Progress for the year 1891," by Professor Robert Grimshaw, and "Lumen," a scientific romance, by M. Camille Flammarion.

BRET HARTE'S manuscript of a story was once refused by the publisher, James Fields, of Boston. A few years later Fields paid \$10,000 to Harte for all stories the latter should write during the year. Harte furnished the *Atlantic* a few stories and made \$9,500 out of the deal.

AN interesting little book in French Revolutionary history, by Louise Imogen Guiney, will soon come from the presses of Harper and Brothers. It is called "Monsieur Henri: A Foot-note to French History," and deals with Henri de La Rochejaquelein, of the Army of La Vendée.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S whole family has broken into literature since that clever young man of twenty-seven years has made himself famous with his pen. He has two sisters, both of whom have published novels, and his mother, whom he calls the "wittiest woman in India," has taken to writing verse.—*Philadelphia Record*.

PROFESSOR DAVID STARR JORDAN makes the inspiring influence of a great teacher of science strongly felt in the account of "Agassiz at Penikese," with which he is to open the April *Popular Science Monthly*. The article contains many of Agassiz's own words, which reveal the master's spirit better than pages of description.

AMONG the most notable of recent Spanish novels is "La Piedra Angular," by Dona Emilia Pardo Bazán. It is a novel with a purpose, the purpose being to demonstrate the iniquity and the absurdity of capital punishment. The tragic story of Juan Rojo, the hangman of Maroneda, is powerfully conceived and carried out.

R. L. STEVENSON is about to publish a new volume of miscellaneous papers, under the title "Across the Plains, with Other Memories and Essays"—the others including one on "Village Communities of Artists in France," an epilogue to an inland voyage, "The Education of an Engineer," "Dreams," "Beggars," and a "Christmas Sermon." It will be published early in March.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, it is said, purposes going back to Japan from San Francisco. He will remain there visiting his old haunts until the cool months come round again, and then he will start for India to carry out plans made by the British Government. This mission on the face of it looks quite simple, but if successful, as designed, it is destined to produce far-reaching results.

THE exclusive authorization to issue an English translation of the Memoirs of the Baron de Marbot, which have created unusual interest in Paris, as well as in other literary centres, has been acquired from the Baron's representatives by Longmans, Green and Company. They will publish the work immediately both in New York and London. Its advent will be eagerly looked for.

THE *Bookman* says "that the Rev. Charles Gore, who has only just recovered from a very severe attack of influenza, is resting preparatory to engaging on a more

ambitious work than even 'Lux Mundi.' He declares that his 'Bampton Lectures' were suited to the 'feeble intellects' of his undergraduate hearers, and proposes to treat his subject from a more abstruse and academic standpoint."

A MONTREAL writer says of this year that it is "the 25th anniversary of Canadian Confederation, the 50th anniversary of the establishment of Responsible Government in the country, the 100th anniversary of the convocation of the first Parliament of Upper and Lower Canada, the 250th anniversary of the founding of Montreal, and the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus."

MR. EDWARD WHYMPER'S long expected book, "Travels Amongst the Great Andes of the Equator," which was announced last fall, but which it was found impossible to issue at that time, is now on the press, and will be published by the Scribners about the middle of March. It will contain 140 illustrations drawn by various artists and engraved by the author. The same firm also announce a new volume of poems by Sir Edwin Arnold; many of them have never before been published. The book is to be called "Potiphar's Wife and Other Poems."

THE London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* says: "The death of Dr. George Kingsley removes the last of a brilliant trio of brothers." Charles and Henry were well known in America by their writings. George was a talented medical man with an overruling inclination for adventure, which prevented him from settling down to his professional work. He had been everywhere, seen everything, known everyone, and was at home in every sort of society. He was the original of Tom Thurnall in his brother Charles' story, "Two Years Ago."

DR. PROMPT, author of several monographs on matters pertaining to the study of Dante, and M. Maignien, librarian at Grenoble, announce the speedy publication of a photographic reproduction of the manuscript of Dante's "De vulgari eloquio," which is preserved in the library of Grenoble. This is not only one of the only two important manuscripts of the work in existence, both dating from about the end of the fourteenth century, but is probably the more important of the two, being that used as a basis for the *editio princeps* of 1577, by Corbinelli, whose marginal notes are still legible.—*New York Evening Post*.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH lives about thirty miles southwest of London, on Bon Hill, near Dorking. His house is described as a low, square one, "framed between green lawns and tossing tree-tops," and surrounded by gardens and grounds of almost unparalleled beauty. High above the house, and almost on the top of the green hill, is a little summer house, its one comfortable room luxuriously fitted up, with books arranged in tall cases on every side. Here Mr. Meredith spends much of his time, and has written several of his novels. So luxurious is the existence led by the great novelist that it has been compared to that of Tennyson's "Epicurean Gods."

THE *Bookman* thus solves a problem of authorship of unusual interest: "It may here be stated definitely, and thus prevent further questioning on the subject, that Valentine Dillon is the name of the writer who has for a considerable time succeeded in concealing his identity by the persistent use of the signature 'E. B. Lanin.' Like his kinsman, Dr. E. J. Dillon—who, by the way, is rather annoyed at his name being associated with the above *nom-de-plume*—Dr. Valentine Dillon has had ample opportunity of judging the varied phases of Russian life. In his forthcoming volume the startling revelation in some of the *Fortnightly* articles have neither been curtailed nor modified."

EDMUND YATES, in recalling the visit of Hans Christian Andersen to Dickens in the summer of 1857, says that the famous writer of children's stories was a never-failing source of amusement to all who met him, because of his Old-World gallantry, his pretty speeches and presentation of little bouquets which he had plucked and made up himself, and his childish ignorance of everything that went on around him. Dickens, says Mr. Yates, had one ridiculous story to the effect that when Andersen was being driven through the low portion of the Borough to the London-Bridge station he became so terrified by the poverty-stricken and squalid look of the population that he hid his watch, money and valuables in his boots, expecting every moment an attack.—*New York World*.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY announce "The Discovery of America," with some account of ancient America and the Spanish Conquest, by John Fiske, with a steel portrait of Mr. Fisk, reproductions of many old maps, several modern maps, facsimiles and other illustrations. This work forms the beginning of Mr. Fiske's history of America. It is the most important single portion yet completed by him, and gives the results of vast research. The book is all written upon the original sources of information, and contains abundant footnotes. "A Fellow and His Wife," by Blanche Willis Howard, author of "Guenn," "One Summer," etc., and William Sharp, author of "Sospiri di Roma," etc. "The Rescue of an Old Place," by Mary Caroline Robbins; "Passe Rose," a story of the time of Charlemagne, by Arthur Sherburne Hardy, and a universal edition of "The Scarlet Letter," by Nathaniel Hawthorne. This will be printed from large, clear type (small pica) in single column; it will contain the Introduction written for the Riverside Edition by Mr. George Parsons Lathrop.

THE *New York Critic* describes at length two volumes of autograph letters, documents, signatures, etc., belonging to Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, the New York banker, which probably have no mates anywhere, and certainly are unmatched in America. One of them contains the autographs of almost every ruler of England from Henry VI. (1450) to George II., as well as those of Warwick the Kingmaker, Mary Stuart, Sir Walter Raleigh, the Duke of Marlborough, Henri IV. and Louis XIV., Frederick the Great, William the Silent, Prince Rupert, Bishop Latimer, Milton, Ben Jonson, Addison, Pope, Dr. Johnson, Newton, Watts, etc. The other (a much handsomer book) contains not only the autographs, but engraved portraits also, of the Kings and Queens of England since George II., including the present Heir Apparent; Nelson, Wellington, Humboldt, Washington, etc., and many of the most illustrious English and American men and women of letters of the century. Mr. Morgan owns also the letter in which Cornwallis asked Washington to consider terms for the surrender of Yorktown.

A MEMOIR of the late Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Provo W. P. Wallis, G.C.B., has been written by his very old friend, Dr. J. G. Brighton, and will be published by Messrs. Hutchinson and Company in a few days. Dr. Brighton has been engaged on this work for some time, and there is, perhaps, no man who could better have undertaken the task. He is the author of the authoritative life of Sir Provo's old captain of the *Shannon*, Sir Philip Broke, and has been one of the greatest friends of Sir Provo over a long period of years. It was to him that the Admiral, a few months since, wrote what will probably be found to be his last letter, a *facsimile* of which will find a place in Dr. Brighton's work, which will also include copious selections from the Admiral's correspondence, his own accounts of his engagements, and Dr. Brighton's recollections of the Admiral during his retirement from active service; and will contain numerous illustrations, charts marked by the Admiral himself, and his portraits at different periods of his life, including one at the age of 100.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Chisholm, Geo. G., M.A., B.S.C., Leete, C. H., A.B., Ph.D. New School Atlas. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.
Colbert, E., M.A. Humanity in its Origin and Early Growth. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.
Dennis, Jno. Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Vol. II. London: Geo. Bell & Sons.
Lawless, Hon. Emily. Grania; The Story of an Island. \$1.00. New York: Macmillan & Co.
Kingsford, Wm., LL.D., F.R.S. The History of Canada, Vol. V. London: Paul Kegan, Trench, Trubner & Co. Toronto: Rowse & Hutchison.
Oxley, J. Macdonald. Donald Grant's Development. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publishing Socy.
Stephen, Sir James Fitzjames, Bart., K.C.S.I. Horae Sabbaticae. 1.50. London: Macmillan & Co.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN AND ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

"It was during my second visit to Paris in 1842 that I met Dumas. Whenever I called I was told that he was not up yet, until I concluded that he spent the whole day in bed. I knew, however, that he could not be sleeping; for he was publishing at the rate of two or three romances and plays a month, and they all showed the stamp of his luxurious imagination. I know it has been proved in court that he did not actually write all of them; but he at least plotted them and supervised the writing. He lived in very grand style when I went to see him, and they said he was a great gourmand, who prided himself more on a salad he had invented than on 'The Count of Monte Cristo.' I was very anxious to see him, as I had a letter of introduction, and all Paris was talking about him. At last, when I had called half a dozen times in vain, being always told that he was in bed, I sent up my letter and determined to wait until he should get up. After a while the servant returned and asked me to accompany him to M. Dumas' bed-room. It was a splendidly furnished room, but in great disorder. As I entered, Dumas looked up, nodded kindly to me, and said: 'Sit down a minute; I am just having a visit from a lady'; and, seeing my astonishment, he burst into a hearty laugh, and added: 'It is my Muse. She will be going directly.' He was sitting up in bed as he said this, writing at lightning speed, in a clear, beautiful hand, and shying each sheet, as he finished it, across the floor in all directions. I could scarcely step for fear of spoiling his manuscript. I waited for ten or fifteen minutes, during which he kept scratching away, crying out every now and then, 'Viva! Bon, mon garçon!' 'Excellent, Alexandre!' At last, with a jerk, as of an earthquake, he rolled his huge form out of bed, wrapped the blanket about him, toga-fashion, and in this costume advanced toward me, declaiming furiously at the top of his voice. As he strode along with theatrical gestures I fell back, half alarmed at his vehemence; and when I had reached the door he seized me by the lapels of my coat, shook me gently, and said: 'Now isn't that magnificent, eh? Superb; worthy of Racine!' I assented, as soon as I could catch my breath, that it was very magnificent. 'It's my new play,' he said. 'I write an act, and often more, before breakfast. This is the third act I have just finished.'—*Hjalmar H. Boyesen, in the Century*.

"PULVERIS EXIGUI JACTU COMPRESSA QUIESCUNT."

So used the Roman Virgil
To hush the strife of bees,
When hive with hive contended
Beneath his Matuan trees:
They meet like human armies,
Like men they charge, they thrust:
To quell the war, you sprinkle
A handful of dry dust.

O fitful man's emotion,
O changeful hopes and fears,
O tears that end in laughter,
O laughter worthier tears,
O stormful fateful passions,
Ambition, hatred, lust,—
How very still ye slumber
Beneath how little dust.

—G. A. Chadwick.

A RUSSIAN VERSION OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE CHARGE.

REUTER'S special correspondent now in Russia met in the course of his investigations a steward, Ivan Ivanovitch, who had been through the Crimean War. He was wounded at the battle of Balaclava, and gave the correspondent a vivid description of the charge of the Light Brigade. "We were so sorry for them," he said, "they were such fine fellows, and they had such splendid horses. It was the maddest thing that was ever done. I cannot understand it. They broke through our lines, took our artillery, and then, instead of capturing our guns and making off with them, they went for us. I had been in the charge of the Heavy Brigade in the morning, and was slightly wounded. We had all unsaddled and were very tired. Suddenly we were told 'the English are coming.' 'Confound them,' we said. My Colonel was very angry, and ordered his men to give no quarter. I was lying at some distance with my wound bandaged when I saw them coming. They came on magnificently. We thought they were drunk from the way they held their lances. Instead of holding them under their armpits they waved them in the air, and, of course, they were easier to guard against like that. The men were mad, sir. They never seemed to think of the tremendous odds against them, or of the frightful carnage that had taken place in their ranks in the course of that long, desperate ride. They dashed in among us, shouting, cheering and cursing. I never saw anything like it. They seemed perfectly irresistible, and our fellows were quite demoralized. The fatal mistake we made in the morning was to receive the charge of your Heavy Brigade standing, instead of meeting it with a counter-shock. We had so many more men than you that had we continued our charge downhill, instead of calling a halt just at the critical moment, we should have carried everything before us. The charge of your Heavy Brigade was magnificent, but they had to thank our bad management for the victory. We liked your fellows. When our men took prisoners they used to give them our vodka. Awful stuff it was, more like spirits of wine than anything else. Your fellows used to offer us their rum in exchange, but we did not care for it; it was too soft and mild. The Russian soldier must have his vodka."—*Public Opinion.*

ALASKA.

ALASKA contains an area of 580,107 square miles. From extreme north to south it is 1,400 miles in an air line, or as far as from Maine to Florida, and, from its eastern boundary to the end of the Aleutian Islands, 2,200 miles in an air line, or as far as from New York to California. The island of Attu, at the end of the Aleutian chain, is as far west of San Francisco as Maine is east, so that between the extreme eastern and western sections of the United States San Francisco is the great central city. Alaska is as large as all the New England and Middle States, together with Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Kentucky and Tennessee combined, or as large as all the United States east of the Mississippi River and north of Georgia and the Carolinas—nearly one-sixth of the entire area of the United States. It has a coast line of 25,000 miles, or two and a-half times as much as the Atlantic and Pacific coast lines of the remaining portion of the United States. The coast of Alaska, if extended in a straight line, would belt the globe. Commencing at the north shore of Dixon Inlet, in latitude 54° 40', the coast sweeps in a long regular curve north and west to the entrance of Prince William's Sound, a distance of 550 miles, thence 725 miles south and west to Unimak Pass, at the end of the Alaska Peninsula. From this pass the Aleutian chain of islands sweeps 1,075 miles in a long curve almost to Asia, the dividing line between Russia and the United States being the meridian of 193° west longitude. North of Unimak Pass the coast forms a zig-zag line to Point Barrow, on the Arctic Ocean, and thence south of east to the boundary. Alaska is a great island region, having off its south-eastern coast a large archipelago. The southern portion of this great archipelago is in Washington, the central portion in British Columbia, and the northern portion in Alaska. The part in Alaska has been named the Alexander Archipelago. It is about 300 miles north and south, and 75 miles wide, and contains several thousand separate islands. The aggregate area of these islands is 14,142 square miles. Six hundred miles to the westward of Sitka is the Kadiak group, aggregating 5,676 miles, then farther westward the Shumagin group, containing 1,031 square miles, and the Aleutian chain, with an area of 6,391 square miles. To the north of the

Aleutian Islands is the Pribiloff group (seal islands), containing, with the other islands in Behring Sea, 3,963 square miles. The total area of the islands of Alaska is 31,205 square miles. It is the region of the highest mountain peaks in the United States. These peaks form the Aleutian chain of islands. Unimak, the most eastern of the chain, has that magnificent volcano, Shishaldin, 9,000 feet high; then Unalaska, 5,691 feet; next, Atka, 4,852 feet; then Kyska, 3,700 feet; and Attu, the most western of the group, only 3,084 feet high. In the Alaskan range are the highest peaks in the United States—Mount St. Elias, 19,500 feet high; Mount Cook, 16,000 feet; Mount Crillon, 15,900; Mount Fairweather, 15,500, and numerous others. Alaska abounds in hot and mineral springs. There are large springs south of Sitka, on Penosa Bay, on Amagat Island, and at Port Moller. On Unimak Island is a lake of sulphur. Near the volcano Pogrumnoi are hot marshes. Boiling springs are found on the islands Akun, Atka, Unimak, Adakh, Sitignak and Kanaga. For years these latter have been used by the natives for cooking food. In the crater of Goreloi is a vast boiling, steaming mineral spring eighteen miles in circumference. Alaska contains one of the largest rivers in the United States. The river Yukon is seventy miles wide across its five mouths and intervening deltas. At some points along its lower course one bank cannot be seen from the other. For the first thousand miles it is from one to five miles wide, and in some places, including the islands, it is twenty miles from bank to bank. Navigable for 1,000 miles, it is computed to be 2,000 miles long.—*Sheldon Jackson, in Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine for February.*

COLUMBUS.

BEHIND him lay the grey Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'rl, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"
"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'rl, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"
They sailed, and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone,
Now speak, brave Adm'rl, speak and say—"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate:
"This mad sea shows its teeth to-night;
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Adm'rl, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"
Then pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn,
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! and on!"

—Joaquin Miller.

AN ENGLISH ENGINEER IN THE SERVICE OF THE AMEER.

MR. T. S. PYNE, who is described as engineer-in-chief to the Ameer of Afghanistan, recently passed through Bombay on his way home on leave, and, in an interview with a writer of the *Times of India*, gave some interesting information in regard to the Ameer and to Cabul. It is now about five and a-half years since Mr. Pyne first entered the Ameer's service. At that time he was the only European in Afghanistan, and the material he had to work with was very raw. The people were most conservative in their ideas, and everything new was regarded with suspicion. The coinage of the country was of the most crude description. The rupees and other coins were all hand-stamped, but the people seemed very loth to change them. However, Mr. Pyne, at the instigation of the Ameer, established a mint, and very soon succeeded in putting into circulation a neatly-coined rupee and other coins similarly well executed. When the mint had been fairly established Mr. Pyne began a cartridge factory, and this, too, was speedily placed in satisfactory working order, so that the Afghan workmen are now turning out seven thousand cartridges a day, while their maximum daily output is placed at ten thousand. Then came a rifle factory, and, although the work-people had all their lives been accustomed to rely on the work of their hands and to be entirely independent of anything like steam machinery, they very soon learnt to appreciate

the value of the improvements introduced by Mr. Pyne, and at the present moment they are producing the smaller firearms. After the rifle factory had been established, a forge, a boot and shoe manufactory, and an English tailoring establishment were put in working order. Asked how the Afghans took to these new introductions, Mr. Pyne said that at first they were a little backward, but now they are taking to them with great enthusiasm, and nobody is more enthusiastic than the Ameer himself. In some respects they were of a very inventive turn of mind. For instance, about half a dozen of them set to work to make a steam engine of a quarter-horse power. No one but Afghans had anything to do with the work, and when the Ameer saw the result of their labours he was so delighted that he gave them several thousands of rupees in order to stimulate others to follow their example. "I think," said Mr. Pyne, "it would be hard to find a more thoroughly courteous ruler than the Ameer, or one who is more ready to do everything in his power to develop his country. I cannot speak too highly of him. He is certainly one of the most fascinating men that you could wish to meet. He is very anxious to improve the condition of his people, and is quite satisfied not to receive a penny return on the money he has laid out on new works." Mr. Pyne added that the Ameer was very anxious to visit England, and will do so as soon as he receives an invitation.—*The Times.*

THE MAORI VERSION OF THE DELUGE.

ACCORDING to the tradition in the Nga-i-tahu tribe of Maoris, men had become very numerous, and evil prevailed everywhere. The tribes quarrelled, and wars were frequent. The worship of Tane was neglected, and his doctrines were openly denied. Men utterly refused to believe the teachings of Para-wheneua-mea and Tupunui-a-uta respecting the separation of heaven and earth by Tane, and at length cursed those two devout men when they continued their teaching. Then these two teachers were very angry, and got their stone axes and cut down *totara* and other trees, which they dragged together to the source of the river Tohinga (baptism). They bound the timber together with vines of the *pirita* and ropes, and made a very wide raft. Then they made incantations, and built a house on the raft, and put much food into it—fern root, kumar (sweet potato) and dogs. Next, they repeated their incantations, and prayed that rain might descend in such abundance as would convince men of the power of Tane, and prove the truth of his existence, and the necessity of the ceremonies of worship for life and for peace, and to avert evil and death. Then these teachers—with Tiu Rete, a female named Waipuna-Nau and other women, got on the raft, Tiu, who was the priest on the raft, prayed that the rain might descend in great torrents, and when it had so rained for four or five days and nights he repeated his incantations that it might cease, and it ceased. The raft was lifted by the waters, and floated down the river Tohinga. All men and women and children were drowned of those who denied the truth of the doctrines preached by Tane. The legend then gives a detailed account of the wanderings of the raft, and the doings and adventures of its occupants. Once they saw goddesses wandering on the face of the ocean. These came to make a commotion in the sea, that the raft might be destroyed and those on it might perish. The sea was boisterous, but the raft and its occupants were not overwhelmed. When they had floated about for seven moons, Tiu spoke to his companions, and said: "We shall not die; we shall land on the earth." In the eighth month the rolling motion of the raft had changed: it now pitched up and down and rolled. Tiu then said that the signs of his staff indicated that the sea was becoming less deep, and he declared that that was the month in which they would land on dry earth. They did land at Hawaiki—the place from which the Maoris, according to their traditions, migrated to New Zealand.—*The Colonies and India.*

THE famous oath of the Gallic chieftain has been discovered, according to M. Arbois de Tubainville, in an Irish text of the second century of our era. At the last sitting of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres the following translation of the oath was given by M. de Tubainville: "The heavens are over us, the land below us, the ocean around us—everything in a circle about us. If the heavens do not fall, casting from their high fortresses the stars like rain on the face of the earth, if shocks from within do not shatter the land itself, if the ocean from its blue solitude does not rise up over the brows of all living things, I, by victory in war, by combats and battles, will bring back to the stable and fold the cattle and to the house and their dwellings the women that have been stolen by the enemy."

A NATIVE statistician has computed that in the United States there are eaten every day 2,250,000 pies. Each week, 16,750,000. Each year, 819,000,000, at a total cost of \$164,000,000—an amount greater than the internal revenue, and more than enough to pay the interest on the national debt. If the pies eaten every day were heaped one on top of another, they would make a tower thirty-seven miles high. If laid out in a line, they would reach from New York to Boston. With the yearly pie product of the United States a tower 13,468 miles high could be erected, and stretched in a line they would girdle the earth three times. These pies of a year would weigh 803,000 tons. And if, as has been so often stated, figures don't lie, then certainly pie is a great institution.—*The Colonies and India.*

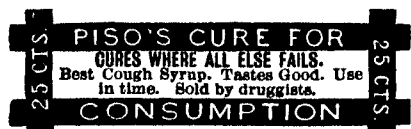
SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

THE *British Medical Journal*, in commenting on the death of a boy who died from drinking hot tea without milk, says that the tea had been left in the oven for some time, so that it had become a strong decoction of tannin. In being drunk without milk, the tannin was not brought into a relatively harmless albuminous tannate. It is on account of this method of making tea that it is so injurious to digestion. Neither the Chinese nor the Japanese, who know how to make tea, use milk with it; but with them the hot water is poured on and off the leaves at table, and it is drunk as soon as it becomes a pale straw colour. No people in the world drink so much tea as the Japanese, yet in Japan it is never injurious to the digestion, as by their method of preparation the tannin is not extracted from the leaves.

It is a well-known fact that, with the same temperature by the thermometer, one may have, at different times, a very different feeling of heat and cold. This varies with the temperature of the skin, which is chiefly influenced (according to M. Vincent of Uccle Observatory, Belgium), by four things: air-temperature, air-moisture, solar radiation, and force of wind. M. Vincent recently made a large number of observations of skin-temperature in the ball of the left hand, and constructed a formula by means of which the skin-temperature may be approximately deduced from those four elements. He experimented by keeping three of the four constant, while the fourth was varied, and a relation could thus be determined between the latter and skin-temperature. One fact which soon appeared was, that the relative moisture of the air has but little influence on skin-temperature. It was also found that for every 1° C. of the actinometric difference (excess of black bulb thermometer) the skin-temperature rises about 0.2°; and with small wind-velocities, every metre per second depresses the skin-temperature about 1.2°. In testing his formula M. Vincent found, with cold or very cold sensation, considerably greater differences between the calculated and observed values than in other cases. This he attributes to the great cooling of the relatively small mass of the hand. Taking the cheek or eyelid the results were better, says *Nature*.

"German Syrup"

Here is an incident from the South.—Mississippi, written in April, 1890, just after the Grippe had visited that country. "I am a farmer, one of those who have to rise early and work late. At the beginning of last Winter I was on a trip to the City of Vicksburg, Miss., where I got well drenched in a shower of rain. I went home and was soon after seized with a dry, hacking cough. This grew worse every day, until I had to seek relief. I consulted Dr. Dixon who has since died, and he told me to get a bottle of Boschee's German Syrup. Meantime my cough grew worse and worse and then the Grippe came along and I caught that also very severely. My condition then compelled me to do something. I got two bottles of German Syrup. I began using them, and before taking much of the second bottle, I was entirely clear of the Cough that had hung to me so long, the Grippe, and all its bad effects. I felt tip-top and have felt that way ever since." PETER J. BRIALS, Jr., Cayuga, Hines Co., Miss.



Minard's Lintment Lumberman's Friend.

THERE will shortly be opened, probably early in March, in the Museum of Archaeology of the University of Pennsylvania, a loan collection of objects used in religious ceremonies, including charms and implements used in divination. The basis of the exhibition is the collection of oriental idols of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, comprising objects sent home by foreign missionaries through a period of sixty years. They include a series of Indian brass and marble idols, and a representative collection of Chinese deities and ancestral tablets. There are also a number of African idols from the well-known missionary station on the Gaboon River. This collection is supplemented by numerous loans from private collections and objects from different sections of the museum. A catalogue is in course of preparation which will contain sketches of the great religions of the world by Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson, Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, Dr. Morris Jastrow, and others. Ancient Egypt, India, Burma, China, Thibet, Japan, Aboriginal America, Polynesia and Equatorial Africa, will be represented by appropriate specimens, which are now being arranged and catalogued.

It has been proposed through the pages of the *British Journal of Photography* that upon the advent of the twenty-first birthday, in 1892, of the gelatino-bromide dry plate process, in photography, a substantial and fitting testimonial should be offered to Dr. R. L. Maddox, the inventor, now a veteran invalid, who has derived no pecuniary advantage from his valuable discovery, which has so largely advanced the progress of photography in all its branches, and in every country. For this purpose a committee has been formed in London, in order to carry out the scheme in the United Kingdom of Great Britain, consisting of the following gentlemen: Mr. James Glaisher, F.R.S., president of the Photographic Society of Great Britain, chairman; Captain W. de W. Abney, C.B., F.R.S., R.E., Messrs. A. H. Harman, F. York, and Sir H. Trueman Wood, assisted by others, as the executive, with the aid of Dr. A. Clifford Mercer, F.R.M.S., Syracuse, New York. For the furtherance of this project internationally, a foreign committee has been formed in Southampton, of the following gentlemen: James Lemon, Esq., Mayor of Southampton; Col. Sir Charles W. Wilson, K.C.B., F.R.S., R.E., director of the Ordnance Survey, Southampton; Major-General I. Innis-Gibbs, Captain Robert Evans, R.N. Subscriptions can be forwarded to the Southampton Branch of the National and Provincial Bank of England, by cheque or bank draft, crossed "Maddox Fund," or by post-office order; but, if preferred, they can be addressed direct to the secretary, Charles J. Sharp, solicitor, 71 French Street, Southampton, and will be acknowledged by him.

At a neighbouring soap-boiler's I saw the process of boiling soap, and learned what "curd soap" and "fitting" are, and how white soap is made; and I had no little pleasure when I succeeded in showing a piece of soap of my own making, perfumed with oil of turpentine. In the workshop of the tanner and dyer, the smith and brass-founder, I was at home, and ready to do any hand's turn. In the market at Darmstadt I watched how a peripatetic dealer in odds and ends made fulminating silver for his peacrackers. I observed the red vapours which were formed when he dissolved his silver, and that he added to it, nitric acid, and then a liquid which smelt of brandy, and with which he cleaned dirty coat-collars for the people. With this bent of mind it is easy to understand that my position at school was very deplorable; I had no ear-memory and retained nothing or very little of what is learned through this sense; I found myself in the most uncomfortable position in which a boy could possibly be; languages and everything that is acquired by their means, that gains praise and honor in the school, were out of my reach; and when the venerable rector of the gymnasium (Zimmermann), on one occasion of his examination of my class, came to me and made a most cutting remonstrance with me for my want of diligence, how I was the plague of my teachers and the sorrow of my parents, and what did I think was to become of me, and when I answer-

ed him that I would be a chemist, the whole school and the good old man himself broke into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, for no one at the time had any idea that chemistry was a thing that could be studied. Since the ordinary career of a gymnasium student was not open to me, my father took me to an apothecary at Heppenheim in the Hessian Bergstrasse; but at the end of ten months he was so tired of me that he sent me home again to my father. I wished to be a chemist, but not a druggist. The ten months sufficed to make me completely acquainted alike with the use and the manifold applications of the thousand and one different things which are found in a druggist's shop.—From *Justus von Liebig, an Autobiographical Sketch, in the Popular Science Monthly for March*.

"If any evidence of the fury of the equinoctial storms that have lately raged in the Atlantic were needed, in addition to the lengthening list of "Disasters at Sea," which has appeared daily during the past three weeks," says the *London Spectator*, October 31, "we might find in it the number of ocean-birds which have been driven from distant seas, and even from other continents, or the New World itself, and have drifted to the rain-soaked fields of England. No doubt all shore birds are liable to be driven inland during a gale; but these are rarely, if ever, lost in a storm. Every seagull and cormorant, puffin, or razor-bill, has its own home, the particular shelf or ledge of cliff on which it sleeps every night, and from which it launches itself over the sea when the first streak of dawn appears upon the waters. But these are only 'long-shore' birds that can lie snug in harbour, like their rivals, the fishermen, and suffer, like them, mainly from the interruption of their fishing. When the true ocean birds, like the petrels, are found scattered inland, dead or dying, as has been the case during the past month, we may safely infer that the weather from side to side of the Atlantic has borne hardly, not only on the ships, but on the friendly birds that love to follow them. Numbers of these, of at least two different kinds, one of which, as a rule, makes the Azores the eastern limit of its ocean range, have appeared on our coasts or inland during the gales. Wilson's petrel has been seen in Ireland, in County Down, and a second is said to have been shot on Lough Erne. The fork-tailed petrel, another ocean species, has lately appeared here in far greater numbers. These birds have been seen in Donegal, and in Argyllshire, in Westmoreland, and in the Cleveland district in Yorkshire. As the last appeared after a strong north-western gale, it seems that it must not only have come in from the Atlantic, but have flown over England before falling exhausted to the ground. They have also been seen in Tipperary, at Linerick, Dumfries and Northampton. From an account given of these petrels in Argyllshire, it is clear that they retained after their long journey all that misplaced confidence in man which marks their behaviour when accompanying ships in mid-ocean. After five had been shot by the owner of a yacht in Loch Melfort, they settled on the vessel, and one allowed itself to be caught under the sou'wester hat of a sailor."—*Science*.

THAT TIRED FEELING is often the forerunner of a serious illness, which may be broken up if a good tonic like Hood's Sarsaparilla is taken in season. This medicine invigorates the kidneys and liver to remove the waste from the system, purifies the blood and builds up the strength.

CONSTIPATION is caused by loss of the peristaltic action of the bowels. Hood's Pills restore this action and invigorate the liver.

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Gents.—My horse was so afflicted with distemper that he could not drink for four days and refused all food. Simply applying MINARD'S LINIMENT outwardly cured him.

Feb, 1887.

CAPT. HERBERT CANN.

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BLOOD poisoned by diphtheria, the Grip, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, etc., is made pure and healthy by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Help or Die

Despairing Condition of Mrs. Parham

Nervous Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Intense Agony.

"Four or five years ago I was suffering terribly from what the physicians called nervous dyspepsia. It was with great difficulty that I could keep anything on my stomach. I had doctored for three or four years but the medicines did me no good and I grew slowly but steadily worse. Sometimes I would have sick headache lasting as long as three days and nights, which caused me such agony that it seemed as if I had

Rather Die Than Live.

I was told to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I had no faith, but as I was suffering terribly was willing to try anything. I was in such a condition that it seemed to me I must either have help or die. After I had taken the first bottle I felt certain that Hood's Sarsaparilla was helping me; after finishing the third bottle I was ever so much better; could eat things which I had not before for years. I continued until I had taken six bottles, when I felt

Like a Different Person

I am not troubled with those terrible headaches and my stomach is all right. Only those who have suffered as I did can understand my gratitude to Hood's Sarsaparilla for the change it has wrought. Since then have taken a bottle or two of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Every spring. I can not say enough in praise of Hood's Sarsaparilla and the good it has done for me." MARCIA E. PARHAM, Fond du Lac, Wis.

Hood's Pills act easily, promptly and efficiently on the liver and bowels. Try them.

A SYSTEM for automatically stopping a train when approaching another on the same track, is the invention of a French engineer. A valve placed beneath the locomotive is connected with the brake pipe and is so arranged that a steel arm will apply the brakes upon meeting an obstruction. Between the rails are placed levers about a mile apart, operated either by electricity or by a mechanical connection. A train in motion raises these levers, both in front and behind it, so that a train from either direction has the brakes applied by means of the lever striking the arm beneath the locomotive. The device can also be made operative when ordinary signals are set to danger.

A COMBINATION pavement of steel and wood has been brought out in Chicago, which has some novel features. Upon a graded street surface plates of steel capable of standing a pressure of 50,000 pounds to the square inch are laid. These plates are in lengths of three feet, with flanges on ribs along the edges, and are pinned together at the ribs, while the bottoms of each section are perforated for drainage. The surface of the steel is now covered with wooden blocks of uniform size standing upon end. It is claimed that by the use of the blocks and the base plates the pressure of the traffic is distributed over a large surface, and that the interchangeability of parts allows of easy street openings and repair.

PLANS have been drawn for the erection of ten dams in the St. Louis River, near Fond du Lac, Minn., which will give about 100,000 horse power. One of the dams has already been completed, and two more of them are to be built before spring. It is proposed to furnish the power from this source to all kinds of manufacturing establishments, street cars, and lighting, cooking and heating in Duluth. In order to make way for these improvements it is intended to tear down the old headquarters fur-trading house of John Jacob Astor, which was built in the days when the Astor Fur Company was the rival in the affections of the Lake Superior Indians with the Hudson Bay Company.

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