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CANADA:

A Monthly Journal of Religion, Patriotism, Science & Literature.

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

Vol. I.—No. 1.

JANUARY, 1881.

50 Cents a Year.

Our Contributors.

THE AUTUMN THISTLES.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE morning sky is white with mist, the earth
 White with the inspiration of the dew.
 The harvest light is on the hills anew,
 And cheer in the grave acres' fruitful girth.
 Only in this high pasture is there dearth,
 Where the grey thistles crowd in ranks austere,
 As if the sod, close-cropt for many a year,
 Brought only bane and bitterness to birth.

But in the crisp air's amethystine wave
 How the harsh stalks are washed with radiance now,—
 How gleams the harsh turf where the crickets lie
 Dew-freshened in their burnished armour brave;
 Since earth could not endure, nor heaven allow,
 Aught of unlovely in the morn's clear eye!

*"Kingscroft", Windsor, N. S.*A RED LETTER DAY IN THE ANNALS
OF QUEBEC.*Bi-Centennial Anniversary of the Repulse of Phips before
Quebec, October 23rd, 1890.*

BY J. M. LEMOINE, F. R. S. C.

A MIDST the many thrilling scenes and dramatic incidents chronicled in the annals of the five sieges at Quebec—1629, 1690, 1759, 1760, 1775—there are few calculated to create deeper emotion than those recalled by the week of peril and dire alarm for the besieged extending from 16th to 23rd October, 1890.

The subject has just furnished an exhaustive narrative of this memorable anniversary to one of our leading journals, for which our French-Canadian *literati* have contributed their choicest inspirations.

Let us resume the theme where we have just left off. We shall now view the sturdy chieftain, Count Frontenac—who, on his return to Quebec in 1689, was christened the Pillow of Canada—such as history depicts him—undisturbed, striding across the lofty terrace of the Château

Saint-Louis, surrounded by his staff, but surveying with suppressed feeling the unwelcome Massachusetts fleet mooring in the offing below. Among the restless group of officers, one might readily have recognised by their prominence, as well, possibly, as by their family likeness, Charles LeMoynes's four dauntless sons: de Longueuil—de Sainte-Hélène, *le brave des braves*, destined to an early grave—de Bienville and de Maricourt. There stands, silent, next to the Count, Frontenac's trusty adviser and lieutenant, town major François Prevost, and close to him Villebon, Valrenne, Clermont, and Frontenac's clever secretary, Charles de Monseignat; in the background and conversing in whispers may be noticed some of the high civil officials: Intendant de Champigny, René Chartier de Lotbinière, Ruelle d'Auteuil, the King's attorney-general, and others; they exchange with bated breath their views, without daring to advise the impatient, impetuous Governor.

'Tis a cool, bright October morning; a hoar frost whitens the dropping roofs of the dwellings and warehouses of the Lower Town; the sun is just piercing through a veil of autumnal vapour, hanging like a pall over the foaming cataract of Montmorency; the fir, oak, and maple groves sitting like a diadem on the western point of Orleans, opposite Quebec, are all aglow with the gorgeous hues of the closing season, prior to the fall of the leaf. An indistinct white spot in the purple distance—the first snow—soon however to melt away—crowns the lofty peak of Cape Tourmente, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence.

One by one the hated black hulls of the frigates emerge, a hideous reality, from the rising fog: thirty-four Boston men-of-war, flaunting defiantly at their mast-heads the dreaded flag of the mistress of the sea, old England. The damp, dripping sails, frosted over, are being stowed away; the ships have all swung with the tide; a vague, an ominous silence pervades the public squares and usually noisy market place.

"How is *Monsieur le Gouverneur* to defend the city?" one asks; some few have faith in the sturdy, able old warrior, to whom fear is unknown. The majority incline to take the gloomiest view of the future. "Let us pray to the Virgin!" repeats, with upturned face and trembling lips, the lady-superior of a monastery, just returned from visiting the bishop for advice.

Towards two o'clock, a boat, bearing a white flag, put out from the Admiral's ship. Four canoes leave the Lower Town to meet it midway. It brings an officer bearing a letter from Sir William Phips to the French Commander.

Let us allow the brilliant biographer of Frontenac, Francis Parkman, to describe this incident :

"He (the bearer of the flag of truce) was taken into one of the canoes and paddled to the quay, after being completely blindfolded with a bandage which covered half his face. Prevost received him as he landed, and ordered two sergeants to take him by the arms and lead him to the Governor. His progress was neither rapid nor direct. They drew him hither and thither, delighting to make him clamber in the dark over every possible obstruction ; while a noisy crowd hustled him, and laughing women called him Colin Maillard, the name of the chief player in blindman's buff : amid a prodigious hubbub, intended to bewilder and impress him with a sense of warlike preparations, they dragged him over the three barricades on Mountain Street, and brought him at last into a large room of the Château.

Here they took the bandage from his eyes. He stood for a moment with an air of astonishment and some confusion. The Governor stood before him, haughty and stern, surrounded by French and Canadian officers, Maricourt, Sainte Hélène, Longueuil, Villebon, Valrenne, Bienville and many more, bedecked with gold lace and silver lace, perukes and powder, plumes and ribbons, and all the martial foppery in which they took delight, and regarding the envoy with keen, defiant eyes. After a moment he recovered his breath and his composure, saluted Frontenac, and, expressing a wish that the duty assigned to him had been of a more agreeable nature, handed him the letter of Phips. Frontenac gave it to an interpreter, who read it aloud in French, that all might hear."

It was a summons to Frontenac, on behalf of their Majesties, William and Mary, King and Queen of England, to surrender the colony, and closed thus : "Your answer positive in an hour, returned by your own trumpet, with the return of mine, is required upon the peril that will ensue."

"When the reading was finished, the Englishman pulled his watch from his pocket, and handed it to the Governor ; Frontenac could not, or pretended that he could not, see the hour. The messenger thereupon told him that it was ten o'clock, and that he must have the answer before eleven. A general cry of indignation arose, and Valrenne called out that Phips was nothing but a pirate, and that his man ought to be hanged. Frontenac contained himself for a moment, and then said to the envoy. "I will not keep you long waiting. Tell your general that I do not recognize King William, and that the Prince of Orange, who so styles himself, is a usurper, who has violated the most sacred laws of blood in attempting to dethrone his father-in-law. I know no king in England but King James." This interview was ultimately brought to a close by Frontenac's proud retort,

"I will answer your general only by the mouths of my cannon"; and he eventually did so, and much to the point. Major Walley, in his journal, republished in *Smith's History of Canada*, has given full particulars of the operations on the Beauport shore—the idea was for the English to cross in their boats or ford the River St. Charles, ascend by the coteau Ste. Geneviève and take the city in reverse, whilst Phips would fiercely cannonade it from the ships : the spot where Wolfe, sixty-nine years later, ascended, at the *ruisseau St. Denis*, was pointed out to Phips, but he would not alter his original plan.

Nothing seems to have been done that day (16th) ; in the evening there occurred "a great shouting, mingled with the roll of drums and the sound of fifes," in the Upper Town, when, in reply to an English officer's question, a French prisoner in the English fleet, of the name of Granville, captured whilst reconnoitring opposite Mal Bay, informed him it was Callières, just arrived from Montreal with 700 or 800 men, many of them regulars. Space precludes my developing in detail Major Walley's operations and repulse at Beauport, where the local militia gave his men a warm reception, though Quebec had to deplore the death of a valuable officer—*le chevalier de Clermont*—and the ultimate loss of Sainte Hélène, who, wounded in the leg, lingered until 3rd December following, and was buried on the 4th, in the *Cimetière des Pauvres*, adjoining the Hôtel-Dieu Monastery.

Let us now take up Parkman's narrative : "Phips lay quiet till daybreak, when Frontenac sent a shot to awaken him, and the cannonade began again. Saint Hélène had returned from Beauport ; and he, with his brother Maricourt, took charge of the two batteries in the lower town, aiming the guns in person and throwing balls of 18 and 24 pounds with excellent precision against the four largest ships of the fleet. One of their shots cut the flagstaff of the Admiral, and the Cross of St. George fell into the water. It drifted with the tide towards the north shore ; whereupon several Canadians paddled out in a birch canoe, secured it and brought it back in triumph. On the spire of the Cathedral of the Upper Town had been hung a picture of the Holy Family as an invocation of divine aid. The Puritan gunners wasted their ammunition in vain attempts to knock it down. That it escaped their malice was ascribed to miracle, but the miracle would have been greater if they had hit it."

A furious cannonade was kept up all this time between Quebec and the Massachusetts fleet. Mère Juchereau de Saint Ignace, a Hôtel-Dieu nun, draws a very dark picture of the interior of Quebec during this dreadful week. The nuns restricted themselves to a daily morsel of bread, and the loaves which they furnished to the soldiers were impatiently devoured in the shape of dough, terror and distress reigned in the city, "for", in her simple but affecting language, "everything diminished except hunger." To add to the general confusion, the English squadron kept

tremendous cannonade, more to the alarm than to the injury of the inhabitants. "It is easy to imagine how our alarms redoubled; when we heard the noise of the cannon we were more dead than alive; every time the combat was renewed the bullets fell on our premises in such numbers that in one day we sent twenty-six of them to our artillerymen to be sent back to the English. Several of us thought that we were killed by them; the danger was so evident that the bravest officers regarded the capture of Quebec as inevitable. In spite of all our fears we prepared different places for the reception of the wounded, because the combat had commenced with an air to make us believe that our hospital would not be capable of containing those who might have need of our assistance. But God spared the blood of the French; there were few wounded and fewer killed. Quebec was very badly fortified for a siege; it contained very few arms and no provisions, and the troops that had come from Montreal had consumed the little food that there was in the city." "The fruits and vegetables of our garden were pillaged by the soldiers; they warmed themselves at our expense and burned our wood." "Everything appeared sweet to us provided we could be preserved from falling into the hands of those whom we regarded as the enemies of God as well as our own. We had not any professed artillerymen. Two captains, M. LeMoine de Maricour and M. de Lorimier, took charge of the batteries and pointed the cannon so accurately as hardly ever to miss. M. de Maricour shot down the flag of the Admiral, and, as soon as it fell, our Canadians boldly ventured out in a canoe to pick it up, and brought it ashore under the very beards of the English." "The Lower Town had been abandoned by its inhabitants, who bestowed their families and their furniture within the solid walls of the Seminary. The cellars of the Ursulines Convent were filled with women and children, and many more took refuge at the Hôtel Dieu. The beans and cabbages in the garden of the nuns had all been stolen by the soldiers, and their wood-pile was turned into bivouac fires." "At the Convent of the Ursulines, the corner of a nun's apron was carried off by a cannon-shot as she passed through her chamber. The sisterhood began a *novena*, or nine days' devotion, to St. Joseph, St. Anne, the angels, and the souls in purgatory; and one of their number remained in prayer day and night before the images of the Holy Family." "The Superior of the Jesuits, with some of the elder members of the order, remained at their college during the attack, ready, should the heretics prevail, to repair to their chapel and die before the altar. Rumour exaggerated the numbers of the enemy, and a general alarm pervaded the town. It was still greater at Lorette, nine miles distant. The warriors of that mission were in the first skirmish at Beauport, and two of them, running off in a fright, reported that the enemy were carrying everything before them. On this the villagers fled to the woods, and by Father Germain, their missionary, to whom this

hasty exodus suggested the flight of the Holy Family into Egypt. The Jesuits were thought to have special reason to fear the Puritan soldiery, who, it was reported, meant to kill them all, after cutting off their ears to make necklaces":

Seldom was a military expedition worse planned and less efficiently carried out. Parkman affirms that the troops were composed of undisciplined Massachusetts fishermen and farmers, ill supplied with ammunition and worse off for artillerymen to point their guns. After a whole week of ineffective siege and furious cannonading, the luckless fleet, on Tuesday, the 23rd October, 1690, disappeared behind Point Lévis and set sail for Boston. The flag of the Admiral's ship, captured by Maricour's boatmen, was borne in triumph to the Cathedral, where it remained until the great siege of 1759; Bishop St. Vallier sung a *Te Deum*; and, amid the booming of the city guns, the image of the Virgin Mary was paraded from church to church, followed by priests, citizens and soldiery. The auspicious day closed with a grand bonfire in honour of Frontenac, the Saviour of Canada, who was idolised more than ever.

Spencer Grange, Quebec.

KING SOLOMON AND THE DJIN.

BY J. HUNTER-DUVAL.

SUNSET befell in Judah's land,
 And one last ray aslant the heights
 Of Mount Moriah, threw a band
 Of rose, and mingled with the lights
 That with a steady lustre shone
 From out the many-windowed, grand,
 High-builed House of Lebanon
 That proudly o'er the hill-clefts spanned;
 And outlined where the Temple stood
 Massive, gold-domed, a holy rood.

The King went down a golden stair
 That gave upon the mountain's crown,
 And standing, with a pensive air,
 Looked down upon Jerusalem town,—
 Not in his robes and ermined stole,
 But in a caftan coarse and spare;
 When crept a djin out of a hole,
 Dwarfish and brown and wierd and bare,
 And stood up with a ghastly grin;
 And the King said, "What would'st, O Djin?"

Up spake the elf: "Dread Jewerie,
 Son of the Shepherd King, than thou
 No king shines more resplendently;
 No greater crown than on thy brow;
 Thy caves with wealth flow to the brim;
 Thy keels plough up the Ophir sea;
 Thy thousand wives are fair and trim;
 If thou art happy tell to me!"
 Sighed Solomon and said, "All these
 Are vanity of vanities."

Then the dji laughed, an eldritch laugh :—
 "Why do men call thee Wise, O King?
 Pride counts for half, and Care for half,
 Nor comes Content with anything
 Men are not wise; their ways are droll:
 Let me get back into my hole."

Horne wood, P. E. I.

BITS ABOUT BIRDS.

BY PASTOR FELIX.

"**F**AR away a wood-bird sings
 In the spruce's purple shade,
 And I follow at the call
 From a leafy cool arcade;
 O how far, how clear, how pure
 Is his liquid floating song!
 Sweet bird-spirit, vain my quest,
 Though I hear you all day, long,—
 'Come, come, follow me, follow me!'"

—*Anna B. Averill.*

Often, in some outskirts of the Whiting woods, have I listened to this bird,—or in the Connecticut Mills hollow. It had an enticing note, though plaintive, and seemed saying,—“O-dear-y-me! Pitee-me, pitee-me!” This is the song-sparrow, and one of the shy children of the woods. Here she

“builds her home
 In the creviced mossy ledge,
 And the startled red-wing flies
 Like a fire-spark in the hedge;
 And the dusky wood is filled
 With clear songs and flapping wings,
 While I follow, wrapped in dreams,
 Where this lovely spirit sings,—
 'Come, come, follow me, follow me!'"

I first heard a whippoorwill in the lonely Franklin forest, riding at night. It seemed like a disembodied sorrow. But all these sounds are sweet, whether interpreted cheerfully or mournfully. The sharp call of the jay, the chatter of the scolding blackbird, the delicate softness of the purple finch's note, the hoo of the wild goose, the whistle of the robin—are sweet; all the feathered tribe add something to the grand concert.

We have a settled partiality for Jack Robin. He is to us a harbinger of spring, and convinces us of sunnier days and greener fields with the abundance of flowers. He does not wait for all the leaves, but comes to make fellowship with us among the budding twigs; and for his dear familiarity we love him. He may claim the like praise with the English cuckoo; for, before the snow-patches are gone out of the hollows, his “certain voice we hear”. Out of his clump of evergreen in the cedar swamp he comes and undertakes a nest in the maple close to the door, prepared to run the gauntlet of cats and children.

Nor is the blue-bird a tardy comer. He, too, has a gleesome flute to announce the season beautiful. The robin shall not sing his song alone. Though redbreast may come nearer to us, we love the little darling who has made sweetly vocal for us so many an Acadian spring. While yet March is brusquely crackling the streamside bushes, the minstrel “with a tinge of earth on his breast, and the sky tinge on his back”, assures us the reign of winter has broken, and the hillsides will soon be vocal with the “sound of many waters”.

And there is another much beloved bird, that comes with April. We have heard it so often here in Maine; and never hear it now without a thought of Lowell's exquisite lines:

“Ere pales in Heaven the morning star,
 A bird, the loneliest of its kind,
 Hears Dawn's faint foot-fall from afar,
 While all its mates are dumb and blind.

* * * * *

“It seems pain-prompted to repeat
 The story of some silent ill;
 But, *Phæbe! Phæbe!* sadly sweet,
 Is all, it says, and then is still.”

Does its name, though domestic, suggest the shy and lonely thing the poet makes it to be? Or is it that we knew a maiden, bearing that name, who was shy, and had the air of loneliness about her? Come, little Phæbe, or “Pe-wee”, from thy nook of retreat, by the water-courses, perhaps under some ramshackled old bridge or caved bank,—and shew thyself! The poets have desired thee; and the hearts of the children will leap gladly to see thee, darling, near them, calling,—“Pe-wee, pe-wee, perch, pe-wee!”

Then the gentry must arrive, and the gay gallants. We are always glad to see them, too. The earth has got herself attired for them. The dandelions have spotted the grass with their golden disks before the gentleman swallow is seen evolving in the sunny air, or the oriole puts in his flashy appearance. This oriole swings his shapely cradle from some elm tip. He does not mean his domicile shall be molested. He is too beautiful a bird to put himself or his nestlings in danger.

Then another visitor launches himself with song, like an arrow out of Spring's quiver. Who does not know the saucy, glancing, musical fellow? “Robert of Lincoln is telling his name” to the smiling meadows and the rejoicing hills. What a musical tangle, what a gibberish of melody! This was a favourite of Whittier's hero, Hugh Tallant:

“Of all the birds of singing,
 Best he loved the bobolink.”

And he is also a favourite of ours. How Lowell goes into raptures over him, and what rhyming tricks he plays with him!

“Gladness on wings, the bobolink is here.”

And Bryant forgets to be cold when he listens to this musical well-spring, “bubbling over with exhilaration and quivering with delight”.

" Bob o' link, hob o' link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about,
Chee, chee. chée !"

And now is the "high tide of the year". The woods are full of song; every field has minstrelsy, every grove is vocal! Surely they are akin to humanity; we feel as if a part of ourselves had vanished, when the naked trees stand silent and the birds have disappeared. How beautifully Burroughs has put it! "The song-birds might all have been brooded and hatched in the human heart, since nearly the whole gamut of human passion and emotion is expressed more or less fully in their varied songs. There are the plaintive singers, the soaring, ecstatic singers, the gushing and voluble singers, and the half-voiced inarticulate singers."

One more! We heard through the ear of naturalist and poet, and then through our own. No bird-song is more exquisite than that from the throat of the wood-thrush. Evening fills her cup with its most delicious melody, and, at morning, the heart gives response, with that of Anna Boynton:

" Clear is thy message, O woodland bell,
Ringing soft in the echoing dell,
Under green arch and golden spire;
When the dawn's first radiant arrow fell
Into the dim wood's dusky choir,
Thy notes uprose, nor the rising fire
Of day doth hush thy heavenly swell.
* * * * *

" Ever unspoken on earth must be
The dawn-blown message borne by thee,
Bell of the wilderness, soft and clear!
There's a language lost and sweet, that wo.
May never speak in our veiled sphere;
And thrushes sing it, and, lo, we hear!
The lily-blow, and, behold, we see!"

Thank God for birds and for bird-songs!

Cherryfield, Maine.

A SONNET.

EXHIBIT - - - 1890.

BY MARY BARRY SMITH.

THESE from the great North-West—this tasselled corn,
This bearded grain the short bright summer grow,
These giant roots which drank the sun and dew
And prisoned in their hearts the hues of morn.
Lo, this is wealth! Fortuna's golden horn
With Nature's largess hath been filled anew;
Rejoice, O West! our East rejoiceth too;
Wide home of plenty for a race free-born!

And Canada's true sons from age to age
Shall gather in her spoils of land and sea,
And by their own brave loyalty shall gauge
The untold splendours of her destiny,
And crown at length their glorious heritage
Foremost among the nations of the free!

Saint John, N. B.

MONTREAL AND FRENCH CANADA.

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

ABOUT the end of the year 1870, at a gathering of the artisans of Montreal, a subject of Queen Victoria concluded his opening address in connection with the evening classes thus: "And if anyone would know to-day how far we are Frenchmen, I answer: Go into the towns, go into the country, accost the humblest among us and relate to him the events of that gigantic struggle which has fixed the attention of the world; announce to him that France is conquered; then place your hand upon his breast and tell me what can make his heart beat so fast, if it be not love for his country."

The invincible attachment of the French-Canadian race to the mother country was always known; it is known that time, distance, foreign domination have not been able to banish old France from the memory of that province, which, alone among all our colonies, bore the name so sweet, the name so full of promise and so deceiving, *New France*. But what testimony so emphatic as this instinctive sorrow, provoked by our common misfortunes, and which has revealed perhaps to more than one Canadian, till then unmindful of his origin, what blood flows within his veins.

Alas! who can forget? Since that first separation, other loved provinces have been taken from us; other pieces of our flesh have been torn away to satisfy an inexorable creditor. Our country has experienced new farewells, new sorrows. But, as they remember on the banks of the Saint Lawrence, they will remember elsewhere: the image of conquered France has long been seated by the firesides of her exiled children; for, fifteen hundred leagues from our shores, after a century has passed, England reckons still a million of her subjects whom she cannot change into Englishmen.

On this side of the Atlantic, how forgetful we have ever been of a land where, travellers tell us, our image is reflected as in a mirror! The history of that cruel separation between France and Canada is to-day but little known. We know, in general, that at an unfortunate period of our annals, when the French colours were often humbled, the flag of the army in America was held high and firm; we know that if it fell, that flag also, it was to serve as the winding-sheet of the general of that valiant army. But the details of the catastrophe in which our great colony went down, the events of that mournful drama, have been long unknown.

To-day, thanks to the publication of the archives of the war and of the navy, thanks to the labours of Canadian historians, and to the discovery of a valuable family correspondence, the light has come, and the devotion of Louis de Montcalm and his troops appears with an amazing grandeur.

As for France, but yesterday once more clad in mourning,

is not this the hour for her to remember, the hour for her to bow with reverence before all the great victims of the national honour? If not to-day, when then will our country honour the memory of her soldiers? What matters it if their bones are already whitened. the faithful servants who died long ago for France, have we loved them less than those so dear to our country who fell but yesterday?

Before entering upon the subject of this study, in order to make clear by what succession of errors and misfortunes Canada was lost, it will be well to remind the reader, in accordance with the latest historical researches, of what transpired in that land before the English conquest.

One point especially deserves attention. It is the rather obscure origin of the fatal quarrel which cost us our national colony. We know that the Seven Years' War had America for its cradle, but we may be ignorant of its origin: it is, however, a consolation to know that never was war more inevitable for France, never was our country more provoked, more menaced, and that in truth our adversaries abused the permission accorded them at Fontenoy when, saluting them, we said: "Gentlemen of England, strike first!"

I.

Casting our eyes upon the old maps of North America drawn in the seventeenth century by the Delisles, we are struck with astonishment to see that two-thirds of the continent belonged to France. In a corner of the immense area comprehended between the arctic regions and the frontier of Mexico, we see, on the coast of the Atlantic Ocean and inside of a semi-circle described by the Alleghany or Appalachian Mountains, the little group of English colonies, the nucleus of the future United States; the rest, all the rest, save Florida still Spanish, belonged to our fathers, the compatriots of Cartier, Champlain, Marquette, and De la Salle.

(To be continued.)

Red Pencil and Scissors.

QUOTATIONS FROM CANADIAN POETS.

CANADA THANKSGIVING HYMN.

For the gifts the seasons yield,
Gold that crowns the harvest field;
For our homes at peace and free,
Through the land from sea to sea;
By no slave or tyrant trod,
Canada gives thanks to God.

Of thine own we give Thee, Lord;
Thine the gifts our fields afford,
Wealth of wood and boundless plain,
Harvests heaped with golden grain;
Room for all, and homes that see
Church and school and market free.

—C. P. Mulvany.

CANADA.

Then I see

This now and wolded State of Canada
Take her place on the nations' roll beneath
A broad emblazoned banner of her own,
Until she shines a light among the lands,
With keels of commerce upon every main.

—J. Hunter Duvar.

CANADA.

O Child of Nations, giant-limbed,
Who stand'st among the nations now
Unheeded, unadorned, unhymned,
With unanointed brow,—
How long the ignoble sloth, how long
The trust in greatness not thine own?
Surely the lion's brood is strong
To front the world alone!
How long the indolence, ere thou dare
Achieve thy destiny, seize thy fame—
Ere our proud eyes behold thee bear
A nation's franchise, nation's name?
The Saxon force, the Celtic fire,
These are thy manhood's heritage!
Why rest, with babes and slaves? Seek higher
The place of race and age.

—C. G. D. Roberts.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

BY BLISS CARMAN.

CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS ROBERTS was born on January 10th, 1860, at the old parsonage of Douglas, a parish on the east side of the St. John River, only a few miles above Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick. His father, the Rev. G. G. Roberts, had been appointed rector of the parish soon after his marriage with Emma W. Bliss, one of that Loyalist family which traces its descent through a line of lawyers back to the Rev. Daniel Bliss, Emerson's progenitor and the first pastor of Concord. In less than a year after the birth of their son, Mr. Roberts was transferred to Westcock, in Westmoreland County. Here, in that charmed land of wind and meadows and dykes and sea-faring folk, which has lent its enchantment of flying colour and bending grass to "In the Afternoon", "Tantramar Revisited", and many another bit of inspired realism,—

"the long strong wind, thro' the lonesome
Golden afternoon"

blew rough and blithe under the youngster's hair. "Inspired realism", indeed, is only a makeshift term. There is a quality in these poems and their fellows, which touches everyday things, pasture lands and fishing boats and the common work of men, and ennobles them,—sets them in their higher and more subtle relations with the beauty and sweep and pathos of those shadows on the face of nature which man calls life and death.

In 1874, Mr. Roberts, *père*, again removed his family, this time to Fredericton, where he undertook the responsibilities of the rectorship whose duties he continues to discharge, with an unflinching kindness, with a thorough godliness and gentleness of heart that have secured a large share of love among his townsmen. Mr. Roberts, *poet*, entered the College School in that town, upon a two years' course of preparation for college. His only teacher up to this time had been his father; he now passed into the hands of Mr. George N. Parkin, headmaster of the school (whose predecessor, by the way, was Dr. Roberts, Professor Roberts' grandfather), a teacher of remarkable quickening power, whose ideas on English public school life and on "The Re-organisation of the British Empire" we have just been reading in *The Century*. Roberts remained at this school until 1876. In that year he won the silver medal of the school for proficiency in classics, and matriculated at the University of New Brunswick, also in Fredericton. Here he won a classical scholarship at the end of his second year, and graduated with honours in Mental and Moral Philosophy and Political Economy in June, 1879. At the end of his summer vacation after graduation he was placed in charge of the Grammar School at Chatham, N. B. In the summer of 1880 Roberts' first volume, "Orion and other Poems", was published. Towards the end of the same year, on December 29th, Mr. Roberts was married to Mary Isabel Fenety, daughter of George E. Fenety, Esq., of Fredericton.

In 1881 Prof. Roberts received the degree of A. M. from his Alma Mater, and in 1882 was appointed master of one of the public schools in this "Shadowy town of the tall elm trees", a position he retained for a little more than a year. In December of the same year, 1883, *The Week* was started in Toronto, Ontario,—a new departure in Canadian journalism, whose subsequent unqualified success in work of a high grade gives interest to the fact that Roberts was its first editor. His connection with it, however, was not a long one; and in 1885 he was called to the Chair of English and French in King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, where he now lives. His second volume of verse, "In Diver's Tones", appeared in the first months of 1887. "Poems of Wild Life", edited by him, has just been added to the series of Canterbury Poets, and a college text-book of Shelley's *Alastor* and *Adonais*, with critical introduction and notes, will soon be in press.

Not to speak of the original work of Professor Roberts, it is safe to say that his marked success as a teacher is due to an unswerving and strongly individualised energy of purpose, coupled with wide sympathy and an unusually inspiring enthusiasm for literature, and directing a penetrating critical faculty. He is a strenuous lover of his native land (one almost says, of his native soil), sturdy, virile, patriotic, easy of approach, a good friend, and (if one may venture a hazarded opinion) but an indifferent enemy. It is upon the loyal, uncompromising and unquestioning patriotism of such

men that Canada,—the true Canada, mindful of her history, loving her heroes, keeping faith with the greatness of her destiny, rests her bid for fame and honour among the nations.—*From The Magazine of Poetry, January, 1889.*

ECHOES.

"If Canadians fail to make this country great, powerful, free, a blessing and wonder to the world, history will write them down as dastards, such as never before have proved themselves unworthy of high opportunities."—*Nicholas Flood Davin in The Week.*

"The question as to whether the weekly or monthly paper is the most economical and profitable medium for the advertiser is open to discussion, and a prominent New York advertiser lately informed us that, in arranging his advertisements with weekly papers, he always contracted to have them appear *once a month.*"—*The Land We Live In.*

Among the best and least costly of the American Magazines is *The Cosmopolitan*, which is now in its ninth volume, and excels in beauty of illustration and of letter press. It is published at New York, Fifth Avenue, Broadway and 25th Street, at \$2.40 per annum. The October number contains a fine portrait of John Boyle O'Reilly, with sketch of his life by James Jeffrey Roche.—*Progress.*

"VICTORIA is a wealthy city. Its capitalists carry large interests in mining, lumber, fisheries, ship-building, iron works and furs. Its steamers connect with China, Japan, Australia, Peru, Chili, Mexico, the Sandwich Islands, Great Britain and the United States. It is estimated that upwards of 70,000 tourists visited Victoria last summer. Over \$1,000,000 was invested in buildings during 1889, and among the projected ones are a \$250,000 hotel, a \$72,000 Roman Catholic Cathedral, and a \$65,000 Methodist Church."—*Springfield Republican.*

"It begins to look as if there would be a notable shifting of party lines in Canada ere long. The great party which has been hitherto so closely identified with the free trade theory, appears to have adopted at length a platform in which the chief plank is the practical assimilation of our fiscal system with that of the most intensely protectionist of civilized nations. It is not argument, but mere definition, to point out that, of the two great parties in Canada, the face of the one is set towards the United States, that of the other towards Great Britain and her colonial empire. The two parties are beginning to divide sharply on these lines, which can hardly fail to result in much changing of allegiance. It remains to be seen which party is going to be the gainer by the process of exchange."—*The Critic (Halifax).*

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The Editor's Portfolio.

WE suppose it is customary for a new comer into the field of Journalism to announce the object of its coming. "CANADA", not at all ashamed either of its size or of its purpose, quite willingly conforms to the custom. This Journal is the outcome of a plan that has been cherished for several years by the Editor, but which circumstances have prevented him from carrying into effect until now. Our object is to create, where it is uncreated, and to foster and develop, where it exists, a spirit of Christian patriotism in Canada. This is our main purpose; subsidiary to it there are others. We intend to advocate the application of the principles of religion and righteousness to politics, literature and social life. We want to help in furnishing

our own writers with a medium through which they can employ their talents at home. Our ambition is to produce a Journal so cheap, so good and so interesting that it will win its way into almost every Canadian family and write on the hearts of old and young, "For God and Canada!" We have already encouraging promises of assistance, and enter on our undertaking with strong faith and good hope.

Our rich men have been very liberal in the endowment of universities and philanthropic institutions. The importance of these cannot be exaggerated. It seems to us, however, that just now in Canada there is an opportunity for some wealthy man to reap imperishable glory by conferring upon our country a benefit the influence of which would be felt from Atlantic to Pacific and would reach through eternity. Let him endow a magazine which will be able to compete with the leading monthlies of Great Britain and the United States and to give remunerative employment to Canadian talent in Canada; which will carry its benediction into scores of thousands of our homes and be one of the main factors in building up the Canadian nation. Let him do this, and he will be remembered as long as Canada has a name and place in the earth.

THE conscience of Canada is in sore need of enlightenment on the subject of bribery. How much better to be ruled by a wise dictator, an honest despot, than by men who have bought their way into office! We are not referring to individual or party; for it would be a difficult task, the more is the pity, to find the man in political life in whose behalf, directly or indirectly, with his knowledge or without it, bribery has not been employed. The thing to be deplored as a resultant of this buying and selling of votes is not so much the election of unworthy and unsuitable men to positions of power, although that may frequently occur, as the lowering of the standard of right in the nation, the degradation of the public conscience. Are we going to be a nation of men or a nation of hirelings and slaves? Franchise or fraud, corruption or patriotism, which is it to be? Is it not time to call a halt and ask whither we are being led?

Both in the local and general elections the amount of bribery and corruption that anyone who has eyes can see, is simply appalling. Common votes are bought at from two to ten dollars each. A very frequent price in the country districts is a barrel of flour. Bidding for votes has been openly done at the polling places, and a man's birthright, his conviction of duty, his soul, has been bought and sold for fifty cents!

Where under such a system are our representatives?—where is the choice of the people?—where are the free and independent electors?—where is the constitution on the possession of which we are accustomed to congratulate ourselves? A politician says that he can purchase votes in

his county at the price of lambs! Surely the lash of the slave-driver in the Southern States was ennobling in comparison with this! We can conceive of no form of slavery so degrading as the lowering of the franchise to a marketable thing. Some searching remedy should be devised for this cancerous growth. The receiving of compensation for his vote ought to disfranchise a man for twenty years.

INTEMPERANCE, bribery and gambling are three deep-rooted evils which keep us from rising to the fulness of our destiny. We cannot expect to get rid of the last in its greater forms until we attack it in its lesser. Lotteries such as are advertised in some of our leading papers are a conspicuous disgrace to us, it must be admitted, and some of these are under the patronage of the clergy (!) It is announced with admirable thoughtfulness that winners' names will not be published unless by special authority. How true it is and how well the proprietors of lotteries know it, "Everyone that doeth evil hateth the light." We grow justly indignant when we think of these greater manifestations of this widespread and many-headed vice; but transactions in which the same principle is involved are to be met with everywhere, even at church teas and fancy sales. The difference between guess cakes, articles sold by ticket or raffling-bags, and the National Colonisation Lottery, between guessing at the number of beans in a bottle and guessing at the population of Canada, is only a difference of degree. If we sanction the smaller, we cannot consistently oppose the larger. The young people who matriculate at the church fair are preparing to graduate in some gambling saloon or some gigantic lottery.

THE article in *The Week* of November 14th on Criminal Literature is opportune and judicious. It is ominous to our country that journals which make great pretences to respectability should so pander to a vicious taste for the sake of a temporary increase in circulation. While pulpit, platform and the major part of the press are labouring for the quickening of the conscience and the development of a pure and elevating literature, one of the leading and most influential journals exhibits its unsanctified enterprise in providing for its readers the autobiography of a cool and desperate villain whose career culminated in a most atrocious crime. Any editor or publisher must have lost all shame who would offer to the people of Canada such unwholesome and poisonous food.

THE modern magazine may be taken as embodying the best literature of the world, as the magazine editor pays the highest prices to novelists, scientists, statesmen, soldiers, and even kings and princes for the best they can furnish in the literary line. The well-edited magazine becomes an educating influence in the family circle, whose importance cannot be over-estimated. The children, as they grow up, are attracted by its illustrations, and so come in time to have a

taste for reading. There is always something that is new, something that is strange, something that is interesting; and we consider that we are doing our readers a positive benefit, if we are instrumental in placing such a publication within their reach.

The special arrangement which we have made with the *Cosmopolitan* presents very unusual inducements. The magazine is already recognised as one of the most interesting publications of the day. It is seeking subscribers everywhere and obtaining them. The proprietors believe that the *Cosmopolitan* has only to be examined to secure a permanent subscriber. That is why we are enabled to make, if the offer is accepted before March 20th, such a very low rate, by which our friends can obtain the *Cosmopolitan* and CANADA for the cost of the *Cosmopolitan* alone. Just think what the combination means! You obtain a magazine which gives you, in a year, 1,536 pages of reading matter by the ablest writers of the world, including over 1,300 pages of illustrations that are unsurpassed in point of interest and execution, at the regular price, which is marvellously cheap, and have thrown in for nothing our new Canadian monthly which will contain through the year most interesting contributions from almost all the leading writers of the Dominion, and will make a new departure in Canadian journalism by issuing a special Dominion Day number that will be worth the subscription for the whole year. Will it not pay you to send a subscription to this office for CANADA and the *Cosmopolitan* immediately? Remember, only \$2.40 for the two.

JUST A WORD.

WE wish all our readers a very happy New Year.

ANSWERS to most of the Questions in Canadian History will be found in "Stories of New France".

THE paper of Mr. Lemoine's in this number is to form part of a book which he purposes having published soon.

OUR friends can help us very much by getting up clubs of five. To one address we send five copies for two dollars.

HELP us, all who love Canada! Subscribe, contribute, advertise, and we will improve and enlarge our paper till it is the cheapest and best in America.

WE ask those who sympathise with us in our venture to send us the names of those in their vicinity likely to appreciate our paper, and we shall gladly send them sample copies.

AS a matter of course "The Editor's Table" is empty until the world knows of its existence. Before our next number appears we hope to find something on the table for review.

WE invite our readers to question us on matters of especial Canadian interest, and we shall either answer them in the paper or publish the questions and invite others to answer them.

We feel sure that our readers will be interested in "Montcalm and French Canada." Though written, of course, from a French standpoint, the narrative is a lively and instructive one, in the main true to facts.

Our February number will contain contributions from Archibald Lampman, James Hannay, J. Macdonald Oxley, H. L. Spencer and others. One or two of these would have appeared in this number, if we had not felt it necessary to get it out some weeks ahead of time.

The readiness with which the best writers in our country have responded to our requests for help augurs well for our success from a literary point of view. All our best writers are patriotic, and, when you appeal to them for Canada's sake, they cannot refuse.

For the young people (and the old too, if they wish) we begin in this number a series of "Questions in Canadian History." The first to send us correct answers to them all each month will receive a poetical or other work in Canadian literature, and his name will be announced in the next number.

A LARGE number of sample copies of this issue will be distributed. We hope that every one will bring us a subscriber, if not several. Sample copies will not be sent to the same persons a second time. If you wish to receive the February number, send us your subscription.

We have received from E. G. Nelson & Co. a copy of Mr. Nelson's already popular song, "My Own Canadian Home", and, with his permission, will give the words of it in our next number. We have received from the same firm a new song with a patriotic ring to it, entitled "Up with the Union Jack," words and music both by Mr. Nelson.

We give our readers 12 pp. this month. We purpose issuing larger numbers for Dominion Day and Christmas. Give us 10,000 subscribers, and we will give you 16 pages every month without raising the subscription price.

LITERARY NOTES.

MR. W. W. CAMPBELL has a poem in *The Atlantic* for December, entitled "Pan the Fallen".

A VOLUME of verse is to appear shortly from Mr. George Murray's gifted pen. The title will be "Legends and Lyrics".

MESSRS. HART & COMPANY, of Toronto, announce as in press, "Pine, Rose and Fleur de Lis," a volume of verse, by "Serauus".

The Dominion Illustrated is giving us something of very great interest and lasting value in its series of papers on "Historic Canada".

To *Harper's Magazine*, for November, Lascadio Hearn contributes "A Winter Journey to Japan" by way of the Canada Pacific Railway.

THE *Independent* gives high praise to Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott's poem, "The Reed Player", in the Christmas number of *Scribner's Magazine*. It says: "It was reserved for the editors of *Scribner's Magazine* to produce the best poem of the month".

BEFORE the Spring we shall be looking with interest for another volume of verse from Prof. Roberts' pen, "Songs of the Common Day", to be published in London.

MR. JAMES HANNAY, of *The Evening Gazette*, St. John, is at work upon "The Life and Times of Sir Leonard Tilley". This must prove a valuable addition to our historical literature.

ONE of the most attractive features of *Progress*, Saint John, is the "Notes on Canadian Literature", by "Pastor Felix" (Rev. A. J. Lockhart). Mr. Lockhart will be a regular contributor to CANADA.

MR. J. MACDONALD OXLEY, of Ottawa, one of the most promising of the younger generation of Canadian writers, equally at home in story, history and essay, has been lecturing in Toronto on "Hawthorne, the Prose Poet of Puritanism".

THE names of Charles G. D. Roberts, Archibald Lampman, Bliss Carman, W. W. Campbell, D. C. Scott, Charles Lugin, J. Macdonald Oxley, and others, appear so often in the great American magazines that we hear many asking, Is there not capital, enterprise and public spirit in the Dominion to give more general employment to our own writers at home?

AT the first Annual Concert and Reunion of the Sons and Daughters of the Maritime Provinces resident in New England, held in Tremont Temple, Boston, on the 26th of November, Professor Roberts gave an address on "The Maritime Provinces in Literature", and Dr. O. S. C. Wallace followed, on "Love for and Pride in our Native Provinces".

SO far as we know, Montreal is the only city which has a "Society of Canadian Literature". Mr. George Murray, F.R.S.C., is its President; Mr. George Martin, Vice-President, and Mr. W. D. Lighthall, 2nd Vice-President. The first meeting of this season was held on the 13th of November in the rooms of the Natural History Society, and selections were read from Mr. Murray's forthcoming book, "Legends and Lyrics".

QUESTIONS IN CANADIAN HISTORY.

1. What two French seamen explored the Gulf of Saint Lawrence in the first part of the sixteenth century?
2. What event is commemorated in the name, Gulf of Saint Lawrence?
3. What were the Indian names of Montreal and Quebec?
4. What is the origin of the name—Canada?
5. When Jacques Cartier visited Canada the second time, how far up did he explore the Saint Lawrence River?
6. What Indian chief did he carry back with him to France?
7. How many voyages did Cartier make to Canada?
8. To what seaport town in France did he belong?

A NOVEL ANNOUNCEMENT.

The publishers of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION have sent us a handsome Souvenir with the announcements of authors and articles for the next year's volume. It has seven illuminated pages, one for each day in the week, very quaint in style, the whole forming a "Book of Days," and each page illustrating a line of the old rhyme:

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Saturday No Luck at all;
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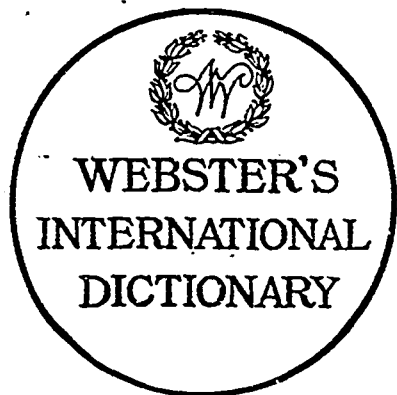
Canada is now quite large enough and its journalistic interests of sufficient importance to require its own annual Newspaper Directory and there are several new features of the proposed work which will make it a valuable hand-book for all seeking information concerning the Canadian Press.

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"Mr. KNIGHT has a true poetic gift. . . . The 'St. Christopher', which opens the volume, reveals both force and skill, and each division of the poems has some really happy poems. The verses on Carlyle are perhaps the most vigorous, but the lament over Gordon is almost equal to it in its own line. The whole volume makes us hope to see more of Mr. Knight's poems."—*London Quarterly Review (Wesleyan Methodist)*.

"Mr. K. is master of a genuine poetic style, which appears in the touching lines on the first page and in many pages throughout the volume. . . . His rendering of the legend of 'St. Christopher' is beautiful and in the best taste. We could mention other admirable poems, and lay before the reader verses

that are gems of sentiment and melody."—*Presbyterian Witness (Halifax)*.

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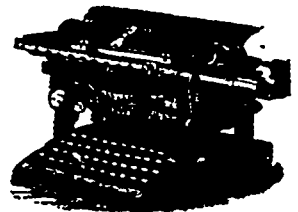
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