

investigation for the first time—men and women who are not sure of their own powers, who need encouragement and advice in taking the first steps in original research. The third department is limited to those whose knowledge is wide and varied—university professors and others who have already done original work and who desire to prosecute it further in the society of congenial and sympathetic workers.

A steam launch, a sailing yacht and some row boats collect all the material necessary for dissection and work of embryology, while the engines of one of the fish commission stations provides all the fresh salt-water required for the supply tanks. The swish and gurgle of the aquaria never cease here. Their music soothes and cheers and stimulates both students and investigators, for here is done some of the best biological work in America. Dr. Whitman, an old Penikese student, now Professor of Zoology in Clark University, directs the research work of the institution. A. B. Bowdoin, 1868; Ph.D., Leipzig, 1878; Fellow of Johns Hopkins, 1879; Professor of Zoology, Tokio, Japan, 1880-81; Naples Zoological Station, 1882; Director Allis Lake laboratory, 1886-89—such a record stamps him as a man of no common mould. His "Methods in Embryology" is a standard work, while articles and monographs innumerable have found their way into scientific magazines both at home and abroad, and attest the originality and reputation of the man.

Dr. Bumpus of Brown University directs the teaching in general biology. He swims faster, dives deeper, rises earlier, goes to bed later, and works harder than any man in or about the whole institution. I never saw him idle, never heard him boast, never knew him to lose his temper. Outside of the laboratory he is as full of fun as a schoolboy; inside, he knows his work thoroughly, and does it in a calm and dignified way, which commands respect. In the lecture-room he is clear, witty, incisive, animated, and has the reputation of knowing the anatomy and embryology of the crustaceans in general and of the lobster in particular, better than any of the younger biologists of to-day.

There is no tooting for students to come here. There are no honours given, no scholarships, no prizes, no degrees, no examinations (so called), no certificates even—nothing to appeal to either the cupidity or vanity of that strange product of our modern universities, the undergraduate worldling. You go to Woods Hall, if you go at all, solely for the love of the work or the knowledge you acquire, and not for the tinsel and pasteboard with which to subsequently dazzle the eyes of the *prophanum vulgus* at home. Do the students work hard? you ask. That depends upon what you consider hard. Here was the daily programme for most of them, and you can judge for yourself: breakfast, 7 to 7.30; work until twelve; dinner, 12 to 1 p.m.; work until 5. A plunge in the cool sea gave us an excellent appetite for tea at six o'clock; work again from 7 to 9.30 or ten. Not much time in that programme for loafing. The variations consisted in going over to the islands to collect material. Even on Sundays we got no rest. The Rev. Dr. King from Martha's Vineyard gave his usual congregation a spiritual vacation, and preached scientific sermons at us regularly every Sunday for the three months I was there. Strangely enough we rather liked them, and before long the hard-headed sinners who, at first, felt disposed to "section-cutting" on Sundays, abandoned their sharp practices and gave ear to Dr. King's persuasive eloquence. It was wont to be said that when a Highlander got tired walking he took to running for a rest. This was very much like the way in which the men rested at the marine laboratory on Sundays. And yet, with all this work, the whole thing seemed like a prolonged picnic. We worked under the most favourable and delightful hygienic conditions. The sunshine, the breezes and the bathing were a constant stimulus, the mess was fair, the beds first-class. Ten hours a day at anatomy and histology at Woods Hall fatigued me less than three at home. I reached the laboratory the 8th of June expecting to stay a week—possibly ten days—and I remained nearly three months. Parting day came at last. I had had a most charming holiday, and should have been half satisfied to go if I could have taken with me some of those naturalists whose companionship I had found so profitable and inspiring. With the sympathy and assistance of such men as Drs. Gardiner, Jordan, Watase or Mr. Johnston, it would not be difficult to build up on one of the great northern lakes a miniature of the laboratory by the sea; but alone and unaided the thing seemed impossible. So I left Woods Hall that morning feeling rather blue. To be sure, my own home away up on that great inland sea was a very bright spot ahead. There I could study at leisure some of the 1,500 microscopic sections which I had made; there the sympathy and co-operation, which had never failed me in the past, would still be mine; but, nevertheless, I did want to carry off with me some of those "bug-hunters," as the villagers called us. Toot, toot, the train is starting! Good-bye, good-bye. A. P. KNIGHT.

Kingston, Canada.

MAN, living, feeling man—is the easy sport of the overmastering present.—Schiller.

It is of very little use trying to be dignified, if dignity is not part of your character.—Bovée.

PROVIDENCE has given us hope and sleep as a compensation for the many cares of life.—Voltaire.

THE RAMBLER.

A SINGULARLY inappropriate remark concerning the equality of Toronto's temperature has been followed by swift retribution. We have suffered as individuals. The city has suffered. The reading public has suffered, for the editorial mind clutching at straws in the hot weather fell to writing about the hot weather, and without an apology. And, by-the-bye, if there is a place where the heat makes itself felt so that no excuse can be found for dwelling on it and making "copy" out of it, that place is the "making up" room of a great city daily. We weekly papers are, of course, nowhere in comparison. There is a patrician slowness about us; we do everything decently and in order, and by cool daylight for the most part. But walk down some hot night to the precincts of the *Globe* or *Mail* and condole with the sweltering editors in shirt sleeves, the reporters, the messengers, the long-suffering devil! The sense of rush is upon them all, at all times no doubt, but now it is at its worst. From the weather bureaux come in the palpitating reports which receive confirmation at once. Along the wire there flashes news of the death and prostration of hundreds of men in other cities. Visitors straggle in and drop exhausted on to the window sills and tables. The editor rises and looks down through the network of wires to the street below. People who ought to be in bed peacefully asleep are walking with hats off and coats open under the electric light. The stars gleam cynically and redly; there is no rain in the sky. Around him the whir and whiz of tumultuous life, augmented by terrific midnight heat, the distant jar of machinery, flies, bores, and thirst—the devil clamouring for "copy"—what wonder if the heat gets into his head, and he forthwith scribbles a leader entitled "The Hot Wave." A remarkable thirst envelopes him, and should that messenger not return as soon as he promised with that iced soda he will have to fall back on the contents of the large double inkstand.

At least, that is my notion of how these editorials on "The Hot Wave" and kindred light subjects are written. Would it not be curious, though, if they were not written in the sanctum at all, but thirty miles away, in Muskoka, at Parry Sound, or down at St. Leon Springs? The editor is sometimes required to be funny—poor fellow—or at least light, and of course it is so easy to be funny and light, though James Payn, George Sala, Joseph Hatton and Andrew Lang do not always find it easy.

Some features of the British elections strike us as unusual. There were many sudden deaths at the polls, from heart disease, cerebral excitement and similar causes. Such general and lively interest seems a little odd to us; we take our elections and political life generally with greater ease, a true laconic poise. "Three cheers for Stanley's missus" was a cry frequently heard in the late contest. Immediately after the declaration of the poll at Croydon, a well-known ironmonger of the town, Jordan by name, and a prominent Gladstonite, entered his shop and hung himself. Numerous cases of what Jean-Jacques Rousseau would call *petit lapidation* also occurred. Three baronets from the Midland shires were violently mobbed and insulted. This does not necessarily imply a low state of British morals, but rather testifies to the national importance of the impending crisis.

The days of the Inquisition, it appears, are returning. The recent action of an American officer reminds us of the *eiserne jungfrau*, the Spanish donkey, the wheel, the ducking-cage, the tongue-tearer, the gag and the yoke, the copper mask, the drunkard's helmet, the pillory, the scourge, the branding-iron, the sieve, the tongue-slitter, the screw, the manacle, the iron glove, the crucifix. While it was no doubt necessary to maintain discipline, the idea of torture is one so foreign to a progressive American civilization that one does not know what to say about it. I imagine, however, that the officer's popularity will be a short one. Certainly he enforced order, but at a great cost; it would have been easier to have shot the man, and perhaps quite as efficacious. Thumb-tying is a kind of game that may become dangerous; the offender is turned loose on society with a deep desire for revenge rankling in his breast. May he not rise up again and do even more damage than he has done already!

CORRESPONDENCE.

GOVERNOR SIMCOE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I perceive that in THE WEEK's topic "An Important Anniversary," the first Lieutenant-Governor of this Province is styled simply Col. Simcoe. But I think there is ample reason to conclude that before entering upon his civil duties, Col. Simcoe had been gazetted to the rank which he certainly enjoyed, and I take leave to come to such conclusion, despite the statement of my friend, Mr. D. B. Read, in his "Life and Times of Governor Simcoe," p. 240, that "In October, 1794, Col. Simcoe was promoted to the rank of Major-General."

In the first place as a simple Colonel of a regiment the Lieutenant-Governor could not have exercised the prerogatives of a military commander in a Province he was

appointed to rule. And again, I find in the Report on Canadian Archives, by Douglas Brymner, Archivist, 1891, on p. 3, State Papers, Upper Canada, under date August 3, 1791, London (p. 2) "Simcoe to Grenville" writes: "... Presumes that in Upper Canada he shall be subject only to the military authority of Dorchester, whether he (Simcoe) hold the unmeaning title of Brigadier-General, or that of Major-General," which shows that the question of military rank to be conferred on the Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, whoever he might be, was already under consideration.

Under date September 6 (1791), Walford Lodge: "Simcoe to Dundas. . . states his reasons for desiring to have the local rank of Major-General."

Again, under date Nov. 17 (1791), Quebec, Simcoe writes to Dundas: "Sir George Yonge having stated that he (Simcoe) could not hold the military rank intended for him until the arrival of part of the corps of which he was, as Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, to be commandant, asks that he may not wait for the uncertain contingency of the arrival of the corps, but may receive letters of service by the first opportunity. Although he has not the name, he has all the responsibilities of a Major-General. . . ."

It is hardly likely, I think, that under such conditions as Simcoe here cites, not to mention the honour the British Government would be sure to be anxious to do an officer it had just appointed to so important a trust, by investing him with the most adequate authority, the title under consideration before that officer had even positively received official assurance of his appointment as is apparent from the terms of the letter of August 3; it is hardly likely that the bestowal of the title should have been delayed until 1794. There may of course be indisputable official authority for the latter date, though I have not yet been able to find it, but shall be happy to be informed of it if there is. S. A. CURZON.

A BRITISH SUBJECT.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In a recent issue of THE WEEK I noticed the following editorial comments: "No matter with what sentiments of admiration, even of affection, the young man born and nurtured on Canadian soil may turn to the mighty nation whose flag waves over his native land, he knows and feels, that in the eyes of the people of Great Britain, he is but a colonist, and that the term carries with it to their ears a connotation of inferiority. He feels, too, the difficulty, the impossibility of being passionately loyal—and loyalty itself is a passion—to an empire scattered over the surface of the globe and embracing peoples of all races and all degrees of civilization."

It is true, that peoples of all races and every degree of civilization, scattered over the surface of the globe, with one flag and one sovereign in common, constitute the Empire of Great Britain.

It is likewise true that the attributes of the people, which make such an Empire possible, belong to no other nation on earth. An empire of such vast and increasing proportions, must have, at least, one sentiment in common to vitalize and give it coherency.

Sir John A. Macdonald voiced that sentiment when he declared "A British subject I was born, a British subject I shall die."

To be a Roman citizen was once a proud boast, but it never possessed even remotely the significance and value attached to being a "British subject." The one, an embodiment of physical force, compelled respect by the martial aspect of well trained legions; the other, a synonym of progress and freedom, secures it by the exhibition of high intelligence with restless enterprise and great tenacity of purpose, by a characteristic love of liberty, linked to a predominant sense of right, and by extending to all others with open hand the blessings of civilization and religion. This is a heritage indeed to cherish and be proud of.

The conception of Britain is so inseparably associated with her colonies, that she would seem no longer great without them, and her colonies would receive but scant consideration from their estimated intrinsic importance individually. People talk about the future independence of Canada as if Canadians were not British subjects with every privilege attached to the name. Our own Edward Blake is Canadian born, yet because he was a British subject he had the right and has secured the privilege of sitting in the next Imperial Parliament. The East-Indian "black man," with the unfamiliar name, obtained the same privilege in the same way, by an appeal to English voters, because first of all he was inalienably a British subject. To be an Englishman, an Irishman, a Scotchman, a Canadian or an Australian, might signify very little in the abstract. Each patronymic might convey a certain measure of contempt to some one else. But linked to that of British subject, are the vast possessions which encircle the globe, the indomitable energy of the race, and a glorious history of conquests in war, in science, in art, in civilization, and in the prospect of future achievements in everything that tends to elevate and ennoble mankind. Cut up Great Britain and Ireland into four independent principalities, each selfishly intent upon its own interests, what influence then would the Englishman, the Irishman, the Irishman, the Scotchman or the Welshman possess in moulding the destinies of the world? To be a colonist