

even for murder, are numbered. From seeking the most painful death for an atrocious criminal,

—Cunning cruelty

That can torment him much and hold him long, we have got to the point when the most painless execution is becoming intolerable to contemplate, whatever circumstances may have accompanied the crime to be expiated.

So much for the revulsion of feeling as to human life. But the preservation of brute life, too, is ceasing to be a matter of indifference. Towards those animals which occupy positions nearest to man—his cherished servants, his companions, as the horse and the dog—the feeling would be of earliest and strongest growth; but, not long since, I read in a pamphlet issued by an advocate of exclusively vegetable diet, that one reason this should be preferred was that no life need be sacrificed in order to provide it. If that seems to any hyper-sensitive, I would only say, "Think upon past changes of sentiment ere you rashly underrate the possibilities of future changes."

Doubtless were the main principle of the sacredness of animal life established, many minor points would arise. To take life in defence of one's own would, it should seem, be always regarded as an inalienable right as against man or brute, unless, indeed, the world should be converted to the religious views of Count Tolstoi. But, should we be permitted to put to death such creatures as annoy merely and do not destroy, or those animals whose sole offence is against property? These may, indeed, be questions for futurity, though to us they admit of no question. But when they come up for settlement it will be amongst a people to whom a fishery question can never cause a heart-burn; amongst whom pork-packing and butchering are obsolete employments, and whose palate has never known the taste of turkey, oysters, or beef.

KATHERINE B. COUTTS.

### TOPEKA.

**P**RONOUNCED by the traveller with a slight accent on the *e*, and the short sound of *a*, but by the average Kansan "Topekee," with more of the accent on the final. But what white man has ever yet been able to pronounce an Indian word, as an Indian can? A distinguished Canadian doctor once said, that no white man was able to pronounce the word "Kamloops" as the Indian himself pronounced it, because it was accompanied by a peculiar "cluck" a white man could not correctly imitate.

A gentleman whose veracity is unquestionable says that Topeka, in the Indian vernacular, means "small potatoes," but the epithet is unjustifiable, since "Topeka" is one of the most promising, as well as most modest cities in the west, for city it is with its imposing State House that when completed will be the largest in the Union with the exception of the Capitol at Washington.

Unlike such buildings in the Dominion, the State Houses of the Union possess the stately columns and many fronts which denote that the form of government is, at least professedly, Republican.

The Kansan capital has a population of forty-five thousand, but in the rushing days of the boom, two years ago, its population was upwards of fifty thousand. Canadians have not been indifferent to the geography of the United States. They know where Kansas is but the *locus in quo* of Topeka may not have interested them, and it is, I am aware, not new to state that cities and towns in the west grow as if by magic. Let the reader take Gray's "Atlas of the World," and let his eye follow the course of the 95th and 96th parallels down to the Kansas and Nebraska State line; midway, he will find the heart of the "Dew King of Kansas" for this is a more just title than, "diminutive tubers"—Topeka. And what a contrast it offers to that "Natchez under the hill"—Kansas City, Mo. The one—what it really is—an upper Mississippi town, with its full equipment of all that goes to make the typical Julesburg, the other something of a Portland or a Philadelphia; the one, the centre of the whiskey traffic, and the other, a citadel of Prohibition; the one an illustration that there is no trade or industry, where there is no traffic in strong waters; the other maintaining that true progress and prosperity depend upon temperance; the population of the one largely foreign or of foreign extraction, the other American; the one a place where men look with suspicion on each other, the other a centre of culture and refinement; the one a place where the principles of the Bowery are still venerated, the other a spot where both hands are stretched out in the direction of education and reform.

In the latter are colleges and educational institutions that keep pace with modern advancement, places of learning, the chairs of which are filled by distinguished men from all countries. There was a time when the Canadian whose education was obtained in the halls of Europe looked with undisguised contempt on American colleges, but much of that was prejudice if not sheer ignorance.

"We endow our colleges and our universities most liberally," said an American gentleman to me not long since. "We obtain the best professors and teachers we can get, and why should the standard of our educational institutions be low?" I think I remarked that this impression prevailed more in respect of the western than the eastern states. Again, many persons have overlooked the fact that the west begins where the east leaves off. Many persons coming west, for the first time, have been agreeably disappointed; they have found the western people liberal, progressive, intelligent and fully alive to the importance of educational advancement. They have likewise been able to adopt

everything modern that progress has invented and that progressive educators have approved of. Their buildings and equipments have been modern in a line with what modern science has called for. "A supply of mediæval teachers, we can always get," said a Topeka professor to me, the other day, and while every true scholar respects and venerates these, the demand in a young and practical nation like this is more for the later school of instruction than for the old. The old and the new are well represented, as native Canadian professors who fill many of our chairs know, and their articles, which appear in our best periodicals, show that the hearts of the great bulk of the American people are sound and that they are not above allowing a Canadian to draw a correction line now and then, at least, in spite of the trade policy which both countries have seen fit to adopt.

The track of boom however, did not spare Topeka, for here a couple of years ago, the mania invaded the city and inflation dethroned "King Corn," "Golden Wheat," "Proud Oats," "Modest Grass," "Buffalo Birch," "Clover and Orchard," "Standby Flax," and "Sweet Sorghum." The Plumed Knight was no longer King; the boomster had come and was regnant until the boom burst. The collapse was felt by not a few who had been led into the game in good faith. The original boomster had, in the meantime, "unloaded" and quietly withdrew, perhaps to Oklahoma, or Santa Barbara. More than two thousand vacant houses in the city attest to the rise and fall of boom in the Kansan Capital, but Topeka is not without certain resources which are of the substantial kind. Two trunk lines of railway run in and out of Topeka. These are the Atchafalaya, Topeka and Santa Fé, and the Rock Island and Chicago. These companies represent a large pay roll, and their freight and passenger traffic is ever on the increase. The surrounding country is a very rich agricultural one, and it is thickly settled.

The building and street improvements did not cease with the collapse of boom. There are several avenues which are expensively but splendidly paved. On only one street do you see the old-fashioned horse-cars, and these will shortly be replaced by the electric cars. The latter with the cable car run on all the principal streets. The city extends several miles, comprising many additions on which are erected handsome suburban residences; many of these denote wealth and refinement. Quite a number of Canadians are among the successful business men of Topeka, and what may interest many readers of THE WEEK is a certain similarity in the names of places.

For instance, there is the town of Ottawa, in Franklin County, which has a population of 6,626. Here, this month, will meet the Ottawa Chautauqua Assembly, which will be the 12th session. This is second only in attendance to the parent Chautauqua in New York. The announcement states: "Ten days of rest, recreation and instruction, in the finest natural park in the State, the largest auditorium in Kansas, and the best time and place in the west to take a ten days' outing. Nine departments of instruction and over fifty literary and scientific lectures."

There is also a very large lecture platform, and, what is never absent from great gatherings in this country, Grand Army day orators, who will be led by General Russell H. Alger.

Again, there are also a Toronto, and a York, a Pardee, and a Prescott, a Stormont, and a Waterloo, a Windsor, and a Woodstock, a Russell, and a Belleville, a Brantford, a Carlton, and a town the name of which is "Dennis," a Halifax, an Ontario, and last, but not least, a Canada. Now, can anything be more Canadian than these names? They are certainly familiar to the Dominion dweller and they show that in the early settlement of Kansas, Canadians took a leading part.

Cosmos.

Topeka, Kansas, May 10, 1890.

### A GLIMPSE OF A LONDON STUDIO.

**A**MONG the most successful of American artists resident in London is George H. Boughton, who must now, perhaps, be classed as an out-and-out Englishman, for not only does his well-proportioned and somewhat bulky frame show British health and physical vigour, but his accent and mannerisms are even more evidence in point. New York has undoubtedly lost him, while London has gained an artist who has won an enviable place in the ranks of modern painters. A glimpse of a famous artist's workshop is always interesting, and when, therefore, I received a neatly written note of invitation to West House, Campden Hill, for two o'clock on a certain Tuesday afternoon, signed, in a small yet neat hand, "G. H. Boughton," a resolve to accept it was as easily made as carried out.

Campden Hill lies just beyond Hyde Park, the street leading to the Hill being one of those erratic, narrow, winding, cobble-paved avenues which abound in the residential part of London. Rounding a curve, the first break in the line of masonry revealed a house of such curious and striking architecture as to stamp it at once as the haunt and home of a true artist. It was indeed an architectural oasis in a desert of dull brick and duller stone, with its quaint gables and its seventeenth century windows. Even the "Notting Hill gate" (of hammered iron) and the door knob were of an unique pattern—the latter very large and very bright in its brassy glory—as bright as the dainty white-capped domestic who piloted us through curious little halls and rooms and up odd little stairways, that did not seem to know quite where they were going or whither they would lead us, to the studio and its occupant. A hearty English welcome was given by the genial artist, who,

palette and brush in hand, was putting the finishing touches to a Dutch landscape. No one can doubt, after reading his "Artist's Strolls in Holland," that the land of dykes and windmills is his favourite source of inspiration. He must be a rapid worker, judging by the fact that the canvas in question was started and completed in two afternoons.

The studio was as charming and inviting as we had been told. Lying on chairs and settees and rugs were a queer disarray of costumes, brilliant in colours and velvety hues. Our host explained that they had been chosen by Henry Irving for him, he (Mr. B.) being engaged at that time in drawing a series of designs for a new illustrated edition of Shakespeare. We met a Shakespeare model leaving as we entered, a most ordinary looking, nineteenth-century individual, apart and outside of the doublet and hose and richly-lined cape lying in a corner of the studio.

"You have evidently settled in London for good?" I remarked. "Yes," replied Mr. Boughton, "it all turned on a comparatively trivial circumstance. About six years ago, while in London for a visit, I had made up my mind to return to New York and settle down there; in fact, I was going to start in less than a week's time. That same day, when walking down Fleet Street, I met a London friend who possesses a good deal of influence. On his recommendation I postponed my journey westward for a short time, and it has been postponed ever since. Through the influence and good-will of this gentleman I have been perhaps more successful here than I would have been in the States. Yet," he added, "England and America are practically one. An Englishman and an American are in reality one in their sympathies and tastes, and our civilization is also one; at least, no material difference exists."

I was, however, specially interested in the studio, a room that gives a fitting frame for Mr. Boughton's class of work, which a critic has described as "human and tender," dealing as it does with the gentle and domestic side of life. The north end of the high oak-roofed room is almost entirely filled with a large window, while the southern end has a lofty gallery such as one sees in the old Crosby Hall Inn in East London. The walls are covered with a gray coloured plaster. In an alcove is an inviting settee; on the floor rich Persian and Turkish rugs are spread. A book case, a writing desk and a few book shelves give a literary air to the room. The eastern wall is also adorned by tapestries of no inconsiderable value. Among the canvases on the walls were a number descriptive of Holland, some of the fruits of the "Artist's Strolls" in that country to which I have alluded. You will remember these charmingly illustrated and written articles, which appeared in *Harper's Magazine* in 1883. "Yes, the costumes of the Hollanders are horribly funny," said Mr. Boughton, as he noticed our amusement at a sketch of "Fisherman and Boy"—the latter a duplicate in miniature of his baggy-breeched, stolid, wooden-shod *paterfamilias*. "A scribe was to have gone with me on that journey, but failed, and I was in consequence compelled to act both as writer and sketcher"—in both of which, it may be truthfully added, he was equally successful.

But comparatively little of the interior of the house could be seen, owing to the fact that gloomy shrouds of white cotton encased the Chippendale furniture in the three beautiful rooms which open from the Main Hall, known respectively as the Yellow, the Blue and the Gold Room. The house was about to be closed for the summer, the artist spending the holiday season in Scotland as a rule. In spite of the white cotton, however, we saw sufficient of dainty *bric-a-brac*, of pink and blue friezes and walls, of golden panels with decorative sketches and amber-coloured dados, of Japanese embroidered yellow satin hangings, of cosy fire-places, and of a wealth of art on window-panes and blinds and screens, and in etchings, water-colours and oils, to convince us that West House, both in exterior and interior, is a masterpiece of Queen Anne architecture and decoration. It made us loath to leave the hall again with its fine old Beauvais tapestry, to turn our backs on the main staircase flooded with the rich light that filtered through a stained-glass window, and enter the unartistic, uninviting, undecorated street, and still more unwilling to bid good-bye to the modest, genial, grey-coated and velvet-capped Royal Academician.

FRANK YEIGH.

### "SAINT" JOAN OF ARC.

**R**EPORT says that Joan of Arc is to be elevated to the rank of sainthood by command of his Holiness, but as she has been in the other world something like four hundred years, it is charitable to suppose that she has already attained to some such honour, otherwise the good opinion of the people may not be of much advantage to her. That the Maid of Orleans dreamed dreams, saw visions, and heard voices of a right brave, and patriotic sort, we are all willing to believe, and that she was inspired by her own genius and fervour, to inspire the fainting heart of her King and countrymen with courage and hope, is one of the ever memorable incidents in the wars between England and France. Let St. Joan have honourable mention in the calendar of the pious departed by all means, and if need be, a monument as high as the Eiffel Tower. England will not be behind with her guineas nor her meed of praise, even as she was not behind with her fagots to burn the soldier-maiden as a witch four hundred years ago.

Every age, I suppose, has its own special weakness, and it is rare indeed that one covers the whole ground. When we come to look back a century or two it seems to