Pages Missing

THE WEEK.

Ninth Year.
Vol. IX., No. 36.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 5th, 1892.

$3.00 per Annum.
Single Copies, 10 Cents.

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*.

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European Agents—SMITH, AINSLIE & Co., 25 Newcastle Street, Strand London.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, *Publisher.*

CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

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.

A WARM discussion is now going on in reference to the choice of those members of the Senate of the Provincial University who are elected by its graduates. It would of course be out of place for us to pronounce any opinion upon the merits of rival candidates. We have grave doubts as to the wisdom or propriety of forming electoral committees, or framing "tickets" of eligible candidates. We are of opinion, too, that nothing but a serious fear of the interests of the Arts department, which should always take leading place and rank in the minds of those who are entrusted with the management of university affairs, were being subordinated to those of some other department, could justify the formation of a special alumni association for their defence. Whether such a danger at present exists, or has recently existed, in connection with Toronto University, it is not for us to say. But in view of various facts which have recently come to the knowledge of the public, it is clearly high time that a reform movement should be made. Whether such a movement should take the form of "a crusade against those who practise or endorse crookedness in university administration" depends, we should say, upon the question of fact whether there are any such persons in positions of influence and responsibility in connection with such administration. That any members of the present Senate would consciously "practise or endorse crookedness" we should be very sorry to believe, though we cannot but repeat the opinion we have before expressed that the action of the majority who voted down the resolution calling for an enquiry into certain matters connected with the Park Hospital Trust and the extension of the biological building stands sadly in need of a better explanation than has yet been vouchsafed. There seems, too, to be need for some definite action to reassure those interested in the University that full justice is being done to the public on the one hand and to the members of the teaching staff of the institution on the other, in the distribution of the work and the emoluments of the institution. The sum is this, so far as we are able to judge from what has been brought to the knowledge of the public. The time has come when the Senate of the University should claim its right to a more full and complete control of all matters connected with the management and oversight of its affairs than it has hitherto exercised. To this end it is desirable that men of ability, independence and energy should be elected to represent the members of Convocation on that body. Much weakness has resulted in the past from the irregular attendance of many of the members of the Senate, often through no fault of theirs, we dare say. This fact makes it desirable that only those should be elected who, in addition to their qualifications, are so situated as to be able to attend its meetings with regularity, and who have sufficient interest in the welfare of the institution to ensure their doing so.

THE decision of the British Privy Council, allowing the two appeals of the city of Winnipeg in the well-known cases before it, and thus virtually affirming the validity of the Public School Act of the Province, will, it may be hoped, set at rest the vexed question of the right of the people of Manitoba to determine their own school system and to free themselves from the incubus of Separate schools. It is not unlikely that an attempt may be made, as has been foreshadowed, to induce the Dominion Government to take up the case on behalf of the Roman Catholic clergy, and propose remedial legislation of some kind, under cover of the section of the British North America Act, which provides that an appeal to the Governor-General in Council may be taken against any Act of a Provincial Legislature which prejudicially affects any right or privilege of a minority with respect to denominational schools. But the existence of any such right or privilege is in effect the very thing which was in question in the appeal which has just been decided upon by the Judicial Committee of the British Privy Council. The clause of the Manitoba Act upon which those who sought to quash the Winnipeg Assessment Act relied, reads as follows: "Nothing in such law (relating to education) shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons have by law or practice in the Province at the union." This clause is identical with the corresponding one in the British North America Act, save that the two words "or practice" are added, evidently with a view, it must be admitted, to cover the case of the Roman Catholic schools which existed in the Red River country before its acquisition by Canada. From a legal standpoint it would seem clear that if the claim has been decided against under the Manitoba Act, which includes those two words, it must fail, *a fortiori*, under the B. N. A. Act, in which these words do not appear. The courage and determination which have hitherto been shown by the people of Manitoba in defending what they regard as their rights can hardly fail to increase the reluctance of the Dominion Government to enter upon another contest in which the issue would be at least doubtful. There seems, therefore, good reason to hope that the decision now announced will be accepted as a final settlement of the question, so far as the legal and constitutional rights of all parties are concerned.

THERE is no Province in the Dominion which would be more ready to resent and resist any real or fancied encroachment on its constitutional rights than the Province of Quebec. It seems, therefore, at first thought, somewhat strange that the press and people of that Province should be so anxious to bring the authority of the Dominion to bear against the little Province of Manitoba, in a matter in which the people of the latter believe, and seemingly with good reason, that their rights are involved. Apart from the legal and constitutional questions which may now be considered settled, it is evident that many of our French contemporaries which champion the cause of their co-religionists in Manitoba, do so on the ground of what they regard as a moral right. They sincerely believe, no doubt, that their French fellow-countrymen in the Prairie Province are being treated with much less fairness and generosity by the Protestants of Manitoba than the Protestants of Quebec by the French Catholic majority in that Province. Hence we are constantly being reminded of the liberality shown to the minority in the latter Province in the matter of Separate schools. It might be deemed a sufficient reply to such an argument to remind those who use it that the Protestant separate schools of Quebec are the *quid pro quo* for the Catholic separate schools of Ontario, and that so long as the compromise is observed in the letter and the spirit by the Government of Ontario, so long the same course must be expected on the part of Quebec. But there is a still better reply which we can only reiterate as often as the view under consideration is presented. It is true that this reply has been made so often that it has become monotonous, and that it seems difficult if not impossible to induce our French Catholic fellow-citizens to give it its due force and value. It is, nevertheless, we firmly believe, conclusive in the case. It is this: The analogy which would give the argument great force if it existed as assumed, utterly fails because of the radically different character of the schools. The public schools of Manitoba and of the other Protestant Provinces are absolutely non-sectarian; those of Quebec are as distinctly sectarian and Catholic. The public schools of the other Provinces are neither Protestant nor Catholic. The teachers employed may be either Protestants or Catholics. The sectarian and conscientious views of children and parents are scrupulously regarded. We need not say how different is the case in regard to the Quebec public schools. Cannot our contemporaries see that this simple fact makes a radical difference, that it spoils the assumed analogy?

ORDINARILY the Canadian public has enough to do to keep track of the combinations which are formed and operating in their own country, and have little time to spare for interesting themselves in what is being done in the way of their formation or suppression among their neighbours. It happens just now, however, that our interest is identical with that of the people of the contiguous States in the outcome of the proceedings which are being taken against the Reading combination, in the Supreme Court of New Jersey. The effect of the arrangement by which the Reading Company have leased the Jersey Central are already felt to the extent of an increase of fifty cents a ton in the price of anthracite coal in Toronto and other parts of western Canada, and there seems to be good reason to fear that, unless the combination can be broken up by the State courts, a much larger increase may result in the near future. An American contemporary says of the proceedings of the week before last: "The Reading Company in its briefs pleaded that its leasing of the Jersey Central was authorized by a law of New Jersey passed in 1880." Attorney-General Stockton in his reply urged that the authorization to make leases was simply an authorization to make such leases as would enable the corporation better to carry on the work for which it was originally chartered. "No New Jersey corporation was ever authorized to lease itself to a foreign corporation for the purpose of suppressing the competition it was created to promote. The leasing of the New Jersey Central was an illegal combination for a purpose that had been recognized as illegal by American and English courts from the beginning." Whatever the effect of this plea, which to the lay mind seems, we confess, to be rather weak in point of law, however strong in equity, it is hardly possible that the coal-consuming public will quietly submit to have the price of their fuel permanently increased by such a process. The advance already gained of fifty cents a ton means, it is computed, a loss of fifteen millions to coal-buyers. The corporations concerned could hardly have struck a more effectual blow at the combine hydra than by touching the public in so tender a spot, and with so ruthless a hand. The public in the United States, as in Canada, is long suffering in such matters. But when it is coolly proposed that two self-seeking companies shall put their heads together for the purpose of making fabulous gains out of the demand for a prime necessary of life, thereby defeating the beneficent designs of nature which has provided such bounteous store-houses of the material for the benefit of the whole people, the plotters are reckoning without their host. We are not sure that a temporary triumph of the combine would not be a blessing in disguise, by hastening, as it most surely would, the day when the public control of railroads and public ownership of the treasures of the earth shall have become recognized as the intention of nature, and a necessity of advancing civilization.

A GREAT struggle is now going on in the United States Senate over the Anti-Option Bill, which has, we believe, already passed the other House. So far as appears to those who are not interested in Wall Street methods and operations, the principle of the Bill is thoroughly sound, and its passage and enforcement would strike a most effective blow for the deliverance of the country from the worst form of the gambling mania of which Wall Street is the generating centre. It is a measure designed to prevent gambling in food products which have no existence save in the imaginations of the speculators. Its opponents have urged that the Bill would prevent farmers from selling their crops for future delivery, but it expressly provides that he may do so. It simply prevents the farmer or any other speculator from selling products which he neither owns at the time of sale nor has "acquired the right to the future possession of." And yet the New York *Tribune* says that the Wall Street men have kept the wires between New York and Washington hot with messages urging Senators to vote against the measure, and stock-brokers are declaring that if passed it will upset the business machinery of the whole country, and create a disastrous panic in all the great money centres. The outcome of the struggle remains to be seen, but it will be somewhat strange if the public anti-gambling sentiment which has crushed so effectually the Louisiana Lottery, after one of the most desperate struggles for existence ever made by any corporation, shall fail to strike down the twin institution in New York, which is no less vicious in principle, and which, if its ramifications are less extensive and minute, does its deadly work from time to time on a far more magnificent scale.

VARIOUS indications point to the existence of a degree of tension in the political situation in England such as has not been felt for many years. Rumours of the most improbable character are set in motion and straightway cabled across the Atlantic and to the ends of the earth. At one time we are told that Lord Salisbury proposes, or that it is proposed for him, to ignore the vote of the Parliamentary majority and retain the reins of Government from purely patriotic motives—a course of action which, it is needless to say, would shake the British Islands from centre to circumference, and put the stability of the constitution itself to the test. Another canard, far less wild in its improbability, but yet verging on the absurd, credits the moribund Ministry with an intention to take the wind out of the sails of their great adversary by putting into the Queen's speech a promise to repeal the Coercion Act and introduce a Home Rule Bill. Tory Governments have, it is true, in several famous instances borrowed the thunder of their Liberal antagonists and anticipated their reform Bills, but they have not waited until they had been defeated at the polls before doing so. There are limits to the extent to which such tactics can be successfully used, and one of these is that the change of policy must not be too sudden, or too long delayed. A death-bed repentance in politics would naturally be received not merely with suspicion but with incredulity and derision. But what strikes one as the most absurd of all the stories which have been sent by cable is that of the alleged interview of the Queen with the Duke of Devonshire, in which Her Majesty is represented as having appealed to the Duke to point out to her some way in which she could escape from the obligation of having to send for Mr. Gladstone to form a Ministry, and the sturdy constitutionalist is said to have replied that the only possible alternative was abdication. It is highly probable that Mr. Gladstone is not a favourite with Her Majesty, and that she still less likes his Home Rule policy. But Queen Victoria has not worn the British crown for more than half a century without having learned what is required of her as a constitutional monarch, and to her credit it must be said that she has never suffered her personal predilections to interfere with her discharge of her duties as a sovereign by the will of the people. It is in the highest degree unlikely that she would think of commencing now. Besides, had such an interview taken place it would have been in its nature confidential. Who then would have let the correspondent into the secret, Her Majesty or the Duke?

AN open letter addressed by Mrs. Humphry Ward to her publisher, as a preface to the sixth and popular edition of "The History of David Grieve," will be read with some interest by both the admirers and the more hostile critics of that production. The letter divides itself into two parts. In the first, Mrs. Ward amuses herself and her readers by adroitly bringing into view the somewhat striking differences in opinion and judgment which reveal themselves in the articles in the three great quarterlies to which she mainly directs her attention. For instance, while the writer in the *Quarterly* pronounces "David Grieve" "tiresome as a novel and ineffectual as a sermon," the writer in the *Edinburgh*, though even more disparaging in the tone and substance of his general criticisms, admits that he has found it "a powerful story, at times of absorbing interest." Thus "the two statements cancel out," says the author, "like those mysterious sums of one's childhood, which I still remember as though they were some pleasant conjuring trick—amusing and impenetrable." Again, "the book shows a total absence of humour," says the *Edinburgh*, but the *Church Quarterly*, the third of the trio of hostiles, talks of "a refined and delicate sense of humour," of "mingled humour and pathos," etc. These contradictory verdicts are not very surprising when we remember that the capacity for being interested, and for recognizing and appreciating humour, is as varied in kind and extent as the facial expressions of the individual readers of the book. And in regard to such points we look in vain for any surer criterion than those supplied by individual tastes and idiosyncracies. We venture to say that the opinions of any dozen readers, taken at random, would be found to be quite as widely diverse in regard to the qualities under consideration. Or, to take for illustration a third point on which the critics disagree, the relative merits of the book as compared with its noted predecessor, the *Edinburgh* concedes that "the later novel has greater interest, more passion, more power and more pathos," the *Church Quarterly* "pronounces it a great improvement;" but the *Quarterly* is clear that "David" is "distinctly and surprisingly inferior." The results would be curious, we dare say, could we collate the opinions of any dozen readers on this question. For our own part, we are free to confess though we read "Robert Elsmere" to the end with intense interest, modified, it is true, by that feeling of the weakness and insufficiency of the cause assigned for the "eclipse of faith" which constituted the turning point in his career, we, notwithstanding our high-wrought expectations, or it may be to some extent in consequence of them, found "David Grieve" so "tiresome as a novel" that we cast it aside when scarcely more than half through with it, and to this day have not had a return of interest or curiosity sufficient to carry us back to it.

ALL the foregoing is, however, but introductory to the real questions which Mrs. Ward discusses briefly with her critics. These questions are two, though the first objection which she sweeps away seems so flimsy that we could easily conceive of it as a mere tissue-paper bogy, set up for the fun of seeing with what facility it could be sent into space with one vigorous puff. It is the assumption which underlies what is called the "personal" method of reviewing, "that a writer must deal with nothing but his or her personal experience." "All that one has to say is," says Mrs. Ward, suggesting proof of the statement by reference to Sir Walter Scott and his "Heart of Midlothian," etc., "that literature and the public have upset it times without number." But the second question, shall a novel have a purpose, is really worth discussion. It is still an open question—at any rate it has not been settled in the negative. All the three great quarterlies "dislike and resent what they call the intrusion of 'theology' into a novel, and the two older are especially intolerant of 'the novel with a purpose.'" To the discussion of this question Mrs. Ward addresses herself with a good deal of earnestness and vigour. We have not space to follow her either in her historical references, or in her attempted justification of the definition of a novel which she herself proposes, "A criticism of life under the conditions of imaginative truth and imaginative beauty"—a definition which she constructs by first exchanging the idea of "purpose" for the idea of "criticism of life," in the theory she is discussing, and then altering two words in Matthew Arnold's definition of poetry. The definition is certainly an attractive one, though we confess ourselves puzzled to discover the "imaginative beauty" in the characters of the hero or heroines in "David Grieve." But with the main argument of Mrs. Ward on this point we find ourselves in hearty sympathy, and so, we venture to think, will most of our readers. What can be truer than that "there are no hard and fast limits in reality; the great speculative motives everywhere play and melt into the great practical motives; each different life implies a different and a various thought-stuff; and there is nothing in art to forbid your dealing—if you can—with the thought stuff of the philosopher as freely as with the thought-stuff of the peasant or the maiden"? May we not safely go much farther? Is there not an absolute similarity in kind, in the higher thought-stuff of peasant and of philosopher? Is it not that part of the thought-stuff of each which stands most closely related to "theology," or if we must modify our expressions to take in also the agnostic, which is most closely connected with our efforts to peer into the "surrounding darkness of the Unknown," which is, in philosopher and peasant, the most potent force in developing those shades of character and those phases of life which are best worth pourtraying, even for the amusement of the classes of mind which are best worth amusing? But we are getting beyond our depth. We must just be content with confessing ourselves unable to conceive of the thoughtful mind which is not in hearty accord with the author of "David" when she says: "I am so made that I cannot picture a human being's development without wanting to know the whole, his religion as well as his business, his thoughts as well as his actions. I cannot try to reflect my time without taking account of forces which are at least as real and living as any other forces, and have at least as much to do with the drama of human existence about me."

SHELLEY.

THE present year is remarkable as the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Very few indeed of its poets is humanity willing to remember for so long a period as a hundred years. It is said that the final test of literary ability is the test of time, that merciless judge which seems to be possessed of some mysterious alchemy that enables it to select the permanent from the transitory, and out of the myriad aspirants for immortality choose a favoured few. To this stern ordeal the poetic darlings of every age have been forced to submit, nor can we, in surveying the ranks of the great ones who have been chosen, doubt that there is a rugged justice in the verdict of the ages. The verdict of time shows little respect for the judgments of ten years. It treats with a lofty contempt the opinions of contemporary critics, very often condemning to obscurity those whom their age has honoured, and selecting for immortality those whom it has condemned.

Perhaps there is no better illustration of this ephemeral character of contemporary literary verdicts than is afforded in the instance of that which the public of his time passed upon the works of Shelley. A generation ago he was fiercely denounced as blatant atheist, a violator of every rule and rubric of society, a blasphemer against all that was sacred and holy, a literary iconoclast, writing for the sole purpose of undermining the fabric of society, a poet whose verses were hardly worthy of a sneer, a monster in private life, and a traitor to public sentiment. Such was the opinion of his countryman and contemporaries regarding Shelley. To-day, when another and a happier generation is on the scene, how different is the verdict. The wisest critics of the time have consigned him a foremost place in the brotherhood of "immortals," and he has thousands of passionate admirers who claim for him the very first. His character is admitted to be one of the sweetest and purest which the annals of literature have recorded. His life has been shown to be as stainless as his mind's ideal, and his crusade against the political and religious institutions of his day is now seen to have been inspired not by any malignant and unreasoning desire to destroy, but by a deep and a passionate desire to render yeoman service to the truth he saw and loved.

While we are inclined to think that the harshness of the judgment which his countrymen passed upon Shelley was largely due to their ignorance of his works, yet there can be little doubt that even those few who condescended to read them, and who held the orthodox political and religious opinions of the day, found much that was novel and shocking to their minds in the works of the poet. Shelley was a man at war with his age, and he rebelled against the received opinions at a time when his countrymen were least inclined to tolerate rebellion. The great revolution in France had made men suspicious of the very name of reform, and had implanted in the breasts of a great majority of Englishmen, from Edmund Burke down to the humblest ploughman, a hatred of anything breathing of political innovations which might tend from their nature or application to weaken or subvert those political and religious institutions which they deemed their only security against anarchy. It is not surprising, therefore, that the bold and radical opinions of Shelley should have been met with the fierce denunciation of his countrymen. They were not in the humour to examine, much less to reason, with his arguments. They treated him with the same unreasoning severity which they had already displayed towards Byron, and they drove him, like that illustrious exile, to leave his native land in anger and contempt.

Byron in his more impassioned moods had much in common with Shelley, but Byron was essentially an egotist, while Shelley was of all things an altruist. The pas-

sion of Byron was all concerned with and concentered on self, while the passion of Shelley drowned self and saw only humanity. Byron touched on the problems of individual existence, Shelley wrote of the vast problems of race and intellect and society. Both continued to offend society, but Byron offended it rather by his life than by his works, while Shelley offended it by his opinions. In his later years, however, Byron joined Shelley in his revolt against the usages of society, and in "Don Juan" bitterly attacked those social restrictions and institutions which from the first had been so fiercely denounced by his fellow poet. But even in "Don Juan" the individual is never lost sight of, and Byron proclaims rather the wrongs of an injured man than the wrongs of humanity. Shelley spoke for the race. His hatred of kings and priests and despots sprang not so much from a sense of personal injury as from a deep and passionate sympathy for the unfortunate masses, whom history and observation had shown him had suffered so much from oppression. He loved the race with a passionate ardour. He saw the vast potentialities which lay dormant in humanity, "cabined, cribbed, confined" by the chains of ignorance and the shackles of despotism. To know a wrong with Shelley was to proclaim it, and that in no faltering or uncertain tones. His life, like that of Byron, was characterized by a fierce current, but the expression of discontent in Shelley is more sustained and unwavering, and is couched in the same intense fire throughout, while that of Byron often weakens, sinks into puerile humour or careless satire, and only at times breaks forth into that fierce and intense passion which Shelley maintains throughout. The genius of Shelley is characterized by the presence, a subtle spiritual element never found in the works of Byron.

Between Shelley and Schiller we think there is in the method and character of their genius, perhaps a greater identity than between any other two poets of the period. The resemblance lies in the deep passion, the unwavering enthusiasm which is the common characteristic of their poems. The fiery and warm-hearted Schiller of the "Robbers" and the enthusiastic author of "Queen Mab" had a strong identity of interest as well in the nature as in the spirit of their revolt against the restrictions and rubrics of conventional society. But apart from their early works the resemblance of Shelley and Schiller lay rather in the nature of their genius than in the sentiments they expressed. Schiller was not so bold a rebel as Shelley, and even in the hot enthusiasm of his youth he was satisfied with rebelling against the powers of earth, and did not seek to assail the powers of Heaven. Schiller also was deeply tinged by that romanticism which seems a second part of the German nature. He had a profound reverence for the past. He was deeply imbued with the poetry of tradition, the age of chivalry, the days of tournaments, of gallant knights and lovely lady, of knight errantry, of romantic castles, were ever before his eye. The beautiful old legend of the Rhyne, the folk-lore of the different districts, the tales of the mystery-haunted forests—all these were deeply written on his mind and often reflected in his verse; and all combined to strengthen in his mind a very substantial reverence for the past. Very different was it with Shelley. To him the past was darkness; it was a night bright only in a few places where the torches of the brave sons of freedom gleamed fitfully among the vast shadows of superstitution and dark clouds of ignorance. To him the mediæval castle that stood in romantic beauty by the side of Liston's to rivers or on the summit of forest-clad hills was a relic of an age of ignorance, a stronghold of despotism and folly, a reminder of the days when the lords ruled and the people cringed; a thing to be razed to the ground to make way for the great temple of humanity unchained. He had no reverence for the past, and so while Schiller often selected as his subjects, historic characters and events, Shelley never spoke of the past but to condemn it, and point a moral for the future. The genius of Shelley was more subtle and intangible than that of Schiller, less warm perhaps but more intense, and equally sustained in its energy. This characteristic of sustained unfaltering and unwavering passion is a very marked feature of the poetry of both these great intellects. The intensity of their genius seemed unquenchable and untiring, as warm in the last line as the first. Both were passionate to the last. Both were filled with the restless fire of genius, but the passion of one burnt like a subtle astral flame in the sight but not in the understanding of men, while the passion of the other sought like a warm caster fire through the pores of the intellect. Shelley soared like a disembodied spirit above the heads of his fellows. Schiller swept like the flame clad genius of his native forests through the haunts and the paths of earth. We like to think of Schiller as Coleridge has grandly pictured him:—

> Wandering at even with finely frenzied eye
> Beneath some vast old tempest swinging wood.

But Shelley does not seem at home in the haunts and the pathways of men. We fancy him rather as a fire-clad spirit storming the battlements of Heaven. At the first sight there would seem to be little in common between the great incoherent and finally quiescent intellect of Coleridge and the vivid vernacular of Shelley, but Coleridge in his early days, when inspired by the revolution in France or prompted by the energy of his youth, wrote with a power and a beauty strangley akin to the verses of Shelley, and in the mystic harmonies of the "Ancient Mariner" and the weird ecstasy of "Kubla Khan," there is something of the same marvellous music which throbs in "The Ode to the Western Wind," "The Witch of Attar" and the dying lines of "Adonais."

But the orthodox Coleridge, the conservative Coleridge, the quiescent Coleridge, blindly grouping in the mazes of Hegelian philosophy and seeking for the Trinity in the tangled metaphysics of Schelling, had nothing whatever in common with that fiery and faithful spirit which never faltered in its passionate devotion to the idol and the altar of its youth, the incarnate spirit of Humanity enthroned in the temple of nature.

It is a remarkable fact that of that great choir of English poets which hailed the outbreak of the French Revolution, Shelley alone remained faithful to his early convictions. Coleridge, Wordsworth and Southey, at first so enthusiastic in their greetings of the advent of the Revolution, grew cold as they witnessed its excesses and finally repudiated their last convictions. We fail to see how a logical mind which sympathized with the principles of the Revolution could be alienated by its excesses. The enmities were perpetrated by men and not by principles. The crimes of the revolutionists might darken their character, but could never stain their convictions. The latter were as true at the end of the Revolution as they were at the beginning, and while an observer might recoil from the method of their application he could never recoil from its justice. If the principles of democracy are true they are eternally true. The crimes of the Revolution were due to the frailty of men and not to the frailty of principles; the error was one of conduct not of opinions, of means and not of ends. The principles of liberty were committed to the hands of a restless and ignorant poletarait educated in ditches, drilled in slums and maddened by ten centuries of cruel and merciless oppression. What wonder if they dragged their idol in the dust or stained it with the hands that time had soiled.

The distinction between the genius of Goethe and that of Shelley is so great that one would almost seem the very antithesis of the other. It is true that Goethe of "Werther" would in the warmth and energy of his work seem to bear some resemblance to the fiery muse of Shelley, but the Goethe of later days, the cold, calm, classical Goethe had nothing whatever in common with that fiery and impassioned spirit which seemed to glow with a more intense and burning enthusiasm as the years passed on. What greater contrast could there be than between Goethe's "Helene" and the white fire of "Prometheus Unbound." In the former the characters are rather like marble statues than men, cold, quiet, passionless, with the blood frozen in their classical veins; in the latter the characters are the passions incarnate, they seem to live and move in an intense and spiritual atmosphere, a livid and subtle flame leaps and moves through their veins, they bow and bend and tremble under the influence of vast and incoherent emotions, and at last find utterance in that miraculous music which varies in its melodies from the terrible anthems of the rock-bound Prometheus to the tender melodies of the troubled Asia.

It is said that Goethe was the soul of his century. It might be better to describe him as the mirror of all centuries. His mind was receptive rather than creative. It was a mighty mirror in which all art and nature were reflected. It was like a vast ocean that had once been tempest tossed and finally sank into a great repose, catching and casting back the image of heaven from its surface. But if the term "soul" be used in the sense of something which acts and manifests itself in acting, which creates and is measured by its creative capacity, which not only receives art and reflects nature, but also adds to art and gives new moods to nature, which, not content with assimilating and co-ordinating the past phenomenon of mind, seeks to add its quota to the great revelation, then we are inclined to think that it is better applicable to Shelley than to Goethe.

Genius is essentially a revelation. It is mind revealing its moods. We can know the soul only by its manifestations, and must measure it by these. It is impossible to penetrate into the inner and mysterious world of mind and learn its nature by inspection. Here, as in nature, there is a momentum behind the phenomena, and our conception of the former must be guided by our knowledge of the latter. When we call a thinker "original," we mean that he has revealed a portion of mind not revealed before, that he has discovered and recorded a new region in the infinite world of mind, that he has penetrated into sources and the centre of moods, and brought a new mood to light, that in the ever varying and interacting phases and shades of thought he has detected a new and more subtle ray and translated it into the intelligible records of language.

A man of genius is to be judged, therefore, not so much by the variety as by the originality of his conceptions, not by what he has taken in, but by what he has cast out from his mind, or rather by that much of his output as is clearly and wholly his own. It is by this method, therefore, that Shelley must be judged. It might be thought that coming at so late a period of the world's history, after almost every imaginable phase of mind had been revealed by the vast poets from Homer to Shakespeare there would be little now to reveal. Dante had already shown the darkness of mind, Æschylus had pictured its sublimity, Aristophanes had written its humour, Anacreon had shown its levity, Horace its grace and its pathos, Chaucer its warmth, Shakespeare its breadth, Milton its majesty, and innumerable other minor poets its thousand varying moods and attributes. It might, therefore, be thought that there was little left for a new poet to reveal, of that vast over-soul which had already spoken in so many tongues.

And yet the reader of Shelley will be strongly impressed by the presence in his poems of a new and more subtle element not found in the works of his predecessors. His genius seems of a finer and less material type than theirs. His verse touches with a strange and mystical music which sweeps in maddened ecstacy along the lines, and glows with a terrible intensity into a weird white passion, which dazzles all sense and strikes a new chord in the mind. Light, heat, energy, beauty are all present in his verse, but to these there seems superadded a new and more subtle element which blends with and beautifies the rest, and into which they seem at times to pass. This element is most strongly present, perhaps, in "Epipsychidion." It glides like a silvery thread through the mingling emotions of "Adonais," and bursts into a dazzling and ethereal flame in the last stanza of that marvellous requiem. The poet seems at times to be swayed and tortured by some mighty inspiration which he can indicate but not express. Innumerable harmonies mingle in his verses and blend into musical colours, which dazzle as well as entrance; and beneath the restless surface of the enchanted sea there seems to rage and tremble a mighty undercurrent. The musical waves keep time to a vast undertone, and swell like echoes of wild spirit voices singing an anthem in the soul's deep sea. From the vaults and the valleys of the spirit-haunted mind there flows sad strains of music weirdly beautiful. The reader is moved by a sense of haunting melodies of light and shadow, strangely mingling of invisible presences haunting the valleys of space, of brooding spirits hovering in the vaults of the midnight, of purple rivers flowing through the veins of the air, of strange hurryings to and fro of invisible feet, of babblings of angel voices in a strange and mystical universe which the wand of the poet has made near.

And yet it was in the mind that these things had their being. Nature never changed her form at the bidding of the poet. He clothed her in a new and radiant garment. The marvellous images which he has crystallized in verse were not reflections of the world without, but were revelations of the world within. It was in the mind's deep universe that the maddened music had its home, and there too were the tremulous shadows of thought, the shifting light's flame, the burning passions of the self-torturing soul, the sublime cognition of an eternal truth, the varying visions of a spirit world, the changing chimes of innumerable bells hung in the belfry of the intellect, the trumpet call of a beleaguered truth, the war between the powers of night and light, the vast darkness that at time prevailed and clothed its orders in crape before sending them forth to the world, and behind the darkness, like the sun behind the night, a radiant and beautiful soul which wore its sorrow like a veil, and ever and again ordained deep silence in the mind, recalled the militant ideas, absorbed all modes and music, and in the ecstasy of dull introspection realized itself as the eternal Ego.

Such as his poems reveal it was the mind of Shelley. To all who live and love and feel, it is a precious heritage. To all who live and love and think, it is a priceless one, for by these it is doubly valued, as well for its suggestion as its revelation. It is of all human intellects in many respects the most interesting to the student of psychology, as it presents the most subtle mental phenomenon yet displayed within the compass of one mind, a phenomena which the hypothesis of the school of Condylas is wholly inadequate to account for, and which offers in many respects a singular confirmation of the mental philosophy of Gottlieb Fitche.

One of the most striking features of Shelley's character is his passionate devotion to democracy. In this he never faltered. His earliest verses were dedicated to freedom, and his latest poems throb with the same deep sympathy with the cause of the struggling masses. He served democracy in the hours of her tribulation, at a time when to serve her was treason, and to praise her was blasphemy. When all the world seemed against her he fearlessly sprang to her side and brought all the splendid resources of his intellect to her service. He welcomed her uprising in Spain. He glorified her revolution in France. He extolled her struggle in Greece, and defended her character in England. It is on this account perhaps that the warmest admirers of Shelley are generally found in the ranks of the friends of progress. He honoured democracy militant, and democracy triumphant honours him; and indeed it seems altogether fitting, now that freedom has come to her throne, that Shelley should be first minstrel at the court of her mistress when he loved with such passionate devotion in the hour of her tribulation.

The present century, particularly in its later years, has done great honour to the name of Shelley, but yet we cannot read his poems without being impressed by the conviction that to other and happier ages will be reserved the task of rendering to him the full measure of that homage which is justly his due. The years which have followed his death have witnessed many a triumph for the cause he loved. Democracy is advancing day by day more swiftly on the paths he indicated. Humanity already sees afar the breaking of the morning whose brightness he foresaid, but yet our light is darkness and our years are midnight hours compared to the radiance of the golden destiny which he predicted for the race he loved. And when that destiny ceases to be more than a dream, when the sublime reality of that vast ideal dawns on the eyes of men, then only will Shelley be truly known and supremely honoured.

Meanwhile at this, the first century of his birth, looking back at the vast change which time has worked in public opinion concerning him, and at the universal homage that is now rendered to his genius, we cannot but think

that it was not in vain he prayed that strange, wild prayer in "An Ode to the Western Wind,"

> Make me thy lyre even as the forest is,
> . . . . . .
> Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
> Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth,
> And by the incantation of this verse
> Scatter as from an unextinguished hearth
> Ashes and sparks my words among mankind.

And now a hundred years from his birth, as the nineteenth century is reeling hurriedly to its close, it is indeed consoling to think that there are some of our race who survive centuries and reckon their age by eternities.

Ethelbert F. W. Cross.

SHELLEY.

Like a fair being of another world
On this cold earth his hurrying footsteps trod;
Or like a star from out its pathway hurled
Swift to rejoin its fellows and its God.

He knew the pride, the bigotry of man,
His spirit yearned to set the captive free—
He looked with the soul's eye, and he did scan
The groaning world, and all its misery.

The world was dull, it did not know his voice,
His heart lay bleeding, and it passed him by:
He could not sing to men "Rejoice, Rejoice,"
His soul was sobbing in its agony.

In him all thoughts and all desires were blended,
He knew the glory of the earth, the sky—
Upward and upward still his song ascended,
Soaring far out of sight, so high, so high.

His name shall be a beacon and a star
Shedding its beams on sad Humanity;
Far in the glimmering To-be, so far
Those rays shall shine until eternity.

His spirit doth not sleep in Death's dominions,
The world is waking to a better day;
The forgéd fetters and the iron pinions
In which it moaned shall all be cast away.

Triumphant Love from her untranquil slumber
Shall rise and call the waiting earth her own,
And of her ministers a countless number
Shall serve and watch around her starry throne.

Time shall exalt his virtues and his fame,
Shall twine the fadeless amaranth on his brow,
Wisdom shall bend before his spotless name
And weep for him who died, as I do now.

Emma C. Read.

PARIS LETTER.

In France there are leagues against everything and against —nothing. No less than two new leagues have been launched this week, one against the drinking of Seine water, the only supply available; the other against the spread of cancer. Both aim to accomplish perfect cures, and no one believes in success. Perhaps they are on a par with the leagues of peace and of universal brotherly love. The associated move against cancer is an imp of the other good samaritanisms. Dr. Verneuil, whose authority cannot be questioned, asserts that since nearly half a century no progress has been made in the treatment of cancer, and that such a state of things is a disgrace to contemporary surgery. If the standard in this case for progress implies curing, cancer is not the only uncured of the ills that flesh is heir to.

The erection of cancer wards and hospitals, in which the diseased can hide their hideousness till death makes them on a par with youth and beauty, has advanced. So has surgery, in the sense that it has ranged the malady into ten groups—while saving no patient. It has vigorously worked; as many as five operations in five months have been performed on a sufferer, but who died all the same. Poor socialist deputy Joffrin, who beat Boulanger at the general elections, was pronounced to have smoker's cancer in his lip; he expired in great agony, and yet he never smoked in his life! Among the favoured guesses of the cause of cancer, the most generally accepted is worry and mental anxiety. Fools are said never to suffer from the malady. Of course it may be hereditary, like other diseases. Since Dr. Brown-Sequard's elixir claims to rejuvenate centenarians, "Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new," he might test its efficacy in the rich cancer harvest-field of Paris.

The fight for A.D. 1900, between the French and the Germans, in which to hold an International Exhibition, is still raging. The Teuton appears strongly to be inclined to go in for 1900 and not 1898. The decision does not rest with either power. Precedents and natural advantages are in favour of the French, while the impartial urge to deal generously with Germany's first World's fair. It is astonishing that no league has ever been formed for the suppression of these big shows. If the rivals select the year 1900, they will wreck each other's scheme, for nations will hardly vote grants for both; even 1898, treading so closely on 1900, would be too great a demand on the purses of would-be exhibitors. Two years do not form a sufficient interval for the production of a novelty that would attract a public labouring under surfeit of exhibitions. France promises a telescope so immense that not only will it "Lick" California's, but will be able to allow a peep into the moon as if it were only three feet distant from the spectator, so that when a child cries for the moon henceforth, it can get it. Jules Verne has nothing to do with this branch of astronomy; it is Deputy Denocle, and he only requires a mirror 120 inches in diameter and weighing eight tons; the contractor is found to execute the order; but to obtain the illusion of being within three feet of our satellite, the lens would have to be set on an Eiffel tower, new edition, or a mountain of equal altitude, and corresponding nearly with the summit of Mt. Blanc. Further, unless the atmosphere at this height were perfectly pure and as still as the grave, Selene would never approach to kiss any sleeping Endymion. Not to be beaten, the Germans say they will be ready in 1900 with a navigable balloon, and would transport the President of France and his invités to their show on the Spree. Nor does M. Flammarion intend to be cut out by these "couriers of the air"—but not "sightless;" he expects electrical science, in eight years hence, will be so developed as to enable him to telegraph and telephone between the earth and Mars. As John Gilpin says, "may we be there to see."

France is already preparing for her general elections next year; they will be very important, as the recent action of the Pope has brought the monarchists to accept the republic, and their votes will be cast on the side of the conservative democrats. The coming new Chamber also will have to elect M. Carnot's successor. In France there are 10,000,000 electors, and 537 deputies, or one representative per every 20,000 voters; in England there are 637 members of parliament and 6,000,000 of electors, or one representative per every 9,000 voters. The home population of France and the United Kingdom are the same, namely, 38,000,000.

M. Pasteur is seriously ill; his inner circle of friends knew since some time that he has been suffering from paralytic stroke number two, aggravated by intense application to obtain by exhaustive experiments an anti-vaccine for typhoid and cholera. He resides in the suburbs, near Garches, on an estate once the property of Marshal Soult, and the site is an unhealthy marsh. No wonder he is reported to be suffering from cholera. In his grounds he has quite a kennel of mad dogs, purposely hydrophobiaed in order to obtain the virus for the preparation of anti-rabies pock. *Similia similibus curantur.* M. Pasteur is now in his seventieth year, and since 1839 has been a hard working scientist. With the events of the world outside his laboratory he has no interest; it is said that he only learned geography and the nature of political realms and their rulers from the foreign patients who came to be inoculated at his laboratory. Pasteur has been accused of a thirst for wealth; the accusation is unmerited; the man who never Kochized his humane discoveries, who never patented his industrial ameliorations connected with the preservation of wine, of fermented beverages, and of the hygiene of silk worms, can well dispense with dividends in anti-microbic filters and lion's sharing in the revenue of the anti-hydrophobia institute. He has a pension of 12,000 frs. a year from the Government for his industrial discoveries; it is a fair question to ask, is he aware of its existence? he lives perhaps on one-tenth of that sum, and would cheerfully give the balance, not so much to discover a comma, semi-colon, colon, dash, or exclamation bacillus, but to be able to bring the whole family of punctuation microbes to a "full stop." Pasteur sadly needs rest.

M. Le Roy is staggered at the disappearance of over 38,000 of the population. Perhaps I have discovered the little multitude. There are 16,000 barges moving to and fro on the canals and rivers of France, representing a total of 7,500 miles of inland navigation. On these boats there is a floating population of 40,000 individuals—20,000 men, 8,000 women and 12,000 children. The barges are veritable Noah's arks; the families have all the comforts of a home; the kitchen is on deck, so can be the dining-room, wind and weather permitting; there are cages full of birds, and pots full of flowers; if it be not washing day the women are plying the needles and the children neatly dressed, thumbing books or in a deep tête-à-tête with pussy or the poodle—the latter have to wear a muzzle during the passage of the barge through the department of the Seine. The barges have living on board, a total of 3,106 draught animals, horses, mules and asses to walk the plank ashore and give the men and women aid in the tow rope. The captain of a barge is often its owner, and the vessel represents a capital of several thousands of francs; he has no rent to pay, no taxes on doors and windows; he and his family are sobriety itself. The dimensions of the barge are sixty-six feet long and nineteen wide. By the Seine, Paris is 140 miles from Rouen, and the tug barges do this distance in thirty hours; under the Restoration nearly a month was required for the journey. The total inland traffic on canals and rivers annually is, three and one-fifth milliards of francs, employing 700 steam tugs competing with over 10,000 locomotives.

The Chamber is to be complimented on its courage in voting M. Cavaignac out of the Admiralty Office; he had not the pluck to obey public opinion, which had made up its mind to put an end to, once and for all, the rivalry between the army and navy when operating in foreign expeditions, Dahomey to wit. Since three centuries these quarrellings and antagonisms between the services have existed; they have cost France her richest possessions and are the principal reason why Frenchmen decline to emigrate to their own colonies. The Chamber has ruled, there must be unity of command, be that lodged in the army or the navy. M. Cavaignac persisted in the *non possumus;* he was swept away without a regret, and his successor, the able M. Burdeau, installed his successor within five hours.

Consolation for Seine-poisoned Parisians: M. Ch. Rabot declares there are no microbes in Arctic Circle water, and Messrs Behal and Desvignes draw attention to "essence of soot," or "asboline," as efficacious in the treatment of consumption.

Z.

TWO KNAPSACKS:

A Novel of Canadian Summer Life.

By J. Cawdor Bell.

CHAPTER XII.—*(Continued).*

It was easy to get twelve good men and true for the first inquest. In addition to Johnson, Newberry, and Pawkins, there were the constable and Mr. Terry, Messrs. Hill and Hislop, Sylvanus, Timotheus, and Rufus, with Mr. Bangs and Maguffin. The colonel was an alien, and Carruthers did not care to sit on the jury. Dr. Halbert presided, flanked by his fellow justices, and Wilkinson, though a minor witness, was made clerk. Several persons identified the slain Nagle or Nash, and gave evidence as to his relations with Rawdon's gang. Ben Toner's information and Newcome's attested confession were noted. Mr. Errol and Coristine, backed by the Captain and Ben, told how the body was found. Wilkinson and Perrowne related their share in conveying the corpse to Richards' house, and Richards confirmed their story. The coroner himself, having examined the body, affirmed that the deceased came to his death by a fracture of the skull, inflicted by a heavy blow from some blunt instrument from behind, followed by a pistol shot in front through the temple. Two persons, evidently, were concerned in the murder. Who were they? Matilda Nagle was sworn. She repudiated the name of Rawdon. She testified that a man called Harding brought her a note from her long lost brother Steven, asking her to meet him at the barred gate in the narrows at a certain hour late on Monday morning. She went, but Rawdon would not let her go beyond the barred gate, so she called Stevy over. He came to the foot of a tree, where Rawdon told her she must stay; and then she saw Harding run up behind him and hit him over the head with an iron bar, and he fell down and went to sleep. Did Rawdon shoot him? She shivered, and didn't know, nor could any cross examination extract this evidence from her. Harding knocked him down with the iron bar, and he went to sleep, and she couldn't wake him. Then she went to the corpse and cried: "Oh, Stevy, Stevy, wake up, do wake up quick, for he'll come again." The court and jury were deeply affected. Old Mr. Newberry, the foreman of the jury, brought in the verdict to the effect that the deceased was murdered by a blow from an iron bar administered by one Harding, producing fracture of the skull, and by a pistol shot in the left temple by some unknown person. Thus the first inquest came to an end. The second inquest would have been a matter of difficulty, on account of the large number of people supposed to be implicated in Harding's death, had not Ben Toner, who had been called out of court, returned with three good men and true, namely Mr. Bigglethorpe, M. Lajeunesse, and a certain Barney Sullivan. These three parties, moved by the entreaties of Widow Toner, had set out early in the morning to look up the missing Ben; and were so delighted with their success, and so tired with their walk, that they were willing to sit on anything, even a coroner's jury. Accordingly, a new jury was empanelled, consisting of Messrs. Johnson, Newberry, and Pawkins, Bigglethorpe, Lajeunesse and Sullivan, Errol, Wilkinson and Richards, with the Captain, Mr. Bangs, and Squire Walker. The latter was chosen foreman. The coroner himself acted as clerk. Ben Toner had seen the deceased in company with one Newcome, and had heard him addressed as Harding. The coroner testified to having examined the body, which exhibited no shot wound of any kind, but the forehead was badly bruised, evidently by a stone, as gritty particles were to be seen adhering to it, and two table knives were still resting in the neighbourhood of the heart. The jury examined the corpse, and, led by the foreman under guard of the constable, went out across the road and over the fence into the field where Mr. Terry and Coristine found the dead Harding lying. The place was well marked by the beaten down grass, blood stains on a large boulder and on the ground, and by the finding of a loaded revolver. Carefully examining the spot, the detective pointed out, at last, the very root, not more than three quarters of an inch thick, which formed a loop on the surface of the ground, in which the unfortunate man's foot had caught, precipitating him upon the stone. Every member of the jury having examined it, Mr. Bangs took out his knife and cut it away in order to prevent similar accidents in future. The coroner did not think the blow sufficient to kill the man, though it must have rendered him insensible. The killing was done by means of the knives.

These were identified by the Squire and Timotheus as belonging to the Bridesdale kitchen. There was neither time nor necessity for prolonging the examination. Matilda Nagle and her son Monty, with much satisfaction, confessed that they had followed the Bridesdale force and had seen the man fall, that she had turned him over on his back and struck him to the heart with the knife she carried, which she left there, because she had no further need for it. Her son had followed her example. The jury retired, or rather the court retired from the jury, and, when Squire Walker called the coroner in again, he read the second verdict, to the effect that the deceased Harding, while in a state of insensibility owing to a fall, had been murdered by one Matilda Nagle with a table knife, and that her son, commonly known as Monty, was accessory to the deed. The double inquest was over, and the bodies were transferred to coarse wooden shells, that of Nagle being claimed by his fellow detective, and Harding's being left for a time unburied in case some claimant should appear.

The magistrates, and Mr. Bangs as clerk, now sat in close session for a little over half an hour, inasmuch as they had already come to certain conclusions in the office at Bridesdale. One result of their conference was the arrest of the madwoman and her son, much to the regret of the Squire, Mr. Errol, and many more. Rigby was ordered to treat them kindly, and convey them, with a written order signed by the three justices, to the nearest town, there to hand them over to the police authorities to be forwarded to their appropriate lunatic asylum. Old Mr. Newberry, whom the case had very much affected, volunteered to accompany the criminals, as he had to go to town at any rate, and offered to drive them and the constable there, and take his wife as company for the insane Matilda. Accordingly, he brought round the waggon in which he had driven up, and took the constable and his prisoners away towards his own house, which was on the road to their destination. The Squire and his battalion were much relieved to find that they were not responsible for Harding's death, although the fact reflected on their aim as sharpshooters. The two wounded men were informed that a magistrates' court was sitting, but evinced no anxiety to lodge a complaint against any person or persons in connection with their injuries. The coroner paid Messrs. Johnson and Pawkins their fee as jurymen, and, with the Squire's permission, invited them to dine at Bridesdale; but they declined the invitation with thanks, and returned, in company, to the bosom of their families. The lawyer, filled with military zeal as a recruiting officer, seeing that the new Beaver River contingent was armed, asked Carruthers if he had room for them.

"The mair the merrier," answered the Squire, and bade him invite them. So Coristine invited the three to dinner, and to help in the support of the justices in the afternoon. Barney Sullivan said he wasn't going to leave Ben. Mr. Bigglethorpe, as a fisherman, had always wanted to see these lakes, and, if it would help the cause of good fishing, he was ready to lend a hand to drive out poachers and pot-hunters. Pierre doubted how Madame would take his absence; of course there was Bawtiste, but, well yes, for the sake of the poor dead M'syae Nash and Meestare Veelkeenson, he would stay. Que dommage, Meestare Bulky was not there, a man so intelligent, so clever, so subtle of mind! Mr. Bigglethorpe was introduced to the drawing-room, but Pierre, though invited, would not enter its sacred precincts. He accompanied Barney to the kitchen, and was introduced by Ben to the assembled company. His politeness carried the servants' quarters by storm, and wreathed the faces of Tryphena and Tryphosa in perpetual smiles. Mr. Hill and the Sesayder succumbed to his genial influence, and even the disheartened Maguffin, though deploring his poor English and lack of standing colour, confessed to Rufus that "his ways was kind o' takin'."

"Squire Carruthers," said the detective, as they re-entered the office, "there is wen thing you failed to have den at the inquest."

"What is that, Mr. Bangs?"

"To search the bedy of the men, Herding; bet I attended to thet, and found pore Nesh's letter to his sister. Pore Nesh mest hev lost his head for wence, since he trested thet dem villain. I seppowse there's no such thing as a kemera ebout here?"

"No; what did you want a camera for?"

"To phowtogreph this Herding; there's a mystery about him. Nesh trested him, and he terned out a dem traitor. Nesh mest hev known him before; he would never trest a stranger so. Is there no wey of taking his likeness?"

"There's a young lady staying here, you saw her at breakfast, Miss Du Plessis, who's very clever with brush and pencil, but it's no' a very pleasant task for a woman."

"No, but in the interests of jestice it might be well to risk offending her. If you will reintroduce me more formally, I will esk the lady myself."

Mr. Bangs was escorted to the garden, where the lady in question was actually sketching Marjory and the young Carruthers in a variety of attitudes. To the Squire's great astonishment, she professed her readiness to comply with the detective's desire in the afternoon, if somebody could be left to accompany her to the post office adjunct.

"How long will it take, Miss Du Plessis?" he asked.

"A few minutes," she answered, "a quarter of an hour at most."

"Then, if you will allow me, I shell be heppy to be your escort, and indicate the features that should be emphasized for purposes of recognition. As I ride, I ken easily overtake the perty." This being agreed to, Mr. Bangs asked Carruthers to let him look over Nash's last memoranda, as they might be useful, and any recently acquired papers. Among the latter, taken from Newcome, was a paper of inestimable value in the form of a chart, indicating, undoubtedly, the way to the abode of Serlizer and the Select Encampment generally. In the memoranda of Nash's note-book the detective found a late entry F. al. H. inf. sub pot. prom. monst. via R., and drew the Squire's attention to it. "Look here, Squire, et our dog Letin again; F. perheps Foster alias H, Herding, informer, under my power (that's through some crime entered in this book), premises to show the way to Rawdon's. This premise was made last Tuesday, at Derham, a whole week ago."

"Why is Harding called an informer?"

"Because he belengs to an infamous cless raised up by our iniquitons kestoms administration. These informers get no selery, bet are rewerded with a share of the spoil they bring to the depertment. Semtimes they accuse honest men, and ectually hev been known to get them convicted falsely. Semtimes they take bribes from the greatest scoundrels, and protect them in their villainy. Nesh thought he hed this fellew safe by the law of fear; bet fear and envy and the dread of losing Rawdon's bribes, combined in his treacherous heart to make a merderer of him."

"But Nash couldn't have written that letter last week. He knew nothing of his sister's whereabouts till yesterday morning."

"Exectly; see here is the nowte, a sheet out of this very book fowlded sp. End it says: 'Meet me at wence, not later than noon, outside the barred chennel. You say he fellowed Rawdon from the powst office; then, at sem point behind Rawdon, this Herding must hev terned ep, end, O dem the brute if he is dead! hev cheated the cleverest fellow in the service."

"But why should he have killed him? Why not leave that to Rawdon?"

"Rawdon's kenning and deep. When he knew it wes Nesh, he got a fright himself end then frightened Herding into doing it. I'll bet you whet you like, thet revolver found with his body is the kelibre of the bellet wound in pore Nash's head. I'll look when I go ep this efternoon. His trick was to lay it all on Herding; I shouldn't wender if he towld thet med woman to kill him. It's jest like him, dem the brute!"

In order that due preparations, in the shape of accoutrements, might be made, and after dinner delay avoided, the Squire and the colonel assembled the forces. Including the absent Richards family, the upholders and vindicators of the law numbered twenty-six. The Captain had already signified to Richards senior his willingness to take command of the scow and its complement of five men, armed with guns, and with axes for cutting away the barrier at the narrows. There was much romance about this side of the campaign, so that volunteers could have been got for marine service to any extent; but the means of transportation were limited, and even that able-bodied seaman Sylvanus had to be enrolled among the landsmen. Happily Tom Rigby was not there to see him descend once more to the level of military life. The colonel, rejoicing in Newcome's chart of the marked road, called for cavalry volunteers. Squire Walker, Mr. Bangs and Maguffin, having their horses with them, naturally responded. It then came to a toss-up between Mr. Perrowne and Coristine; the parson won, and the disappointed lawyer was relegated to the flat feet. As the doctor had been major in a volunteer regiment, the Squire ceded the command of the infantry to him. It was proposed to have at least one man behind as a home guard, but nobody was prepared to volunteer for this service, Messrs. Errol, Wilkinson, and Lajeunesse, who were severally proposed, expressing their sense of the honour, their high regard for the ladies, and anxiety for their well-being, but emphatically declining to be absent from the common post of duty and danger. Miss Halbert voiced the opinion of the fair sex that, being eight in number, including the maids, they were quite able to defend themselves. Nevertheless, the Squire inwardly determined to send old Styles, the post office factotum, back with Miss Du Plessis. The main attacking force of infantry consisted of Doctor Halbert, in command, sergeants Carruthers and Terry and their two squads, the first comprising privates Errol, Wilkinson, Coristine, Bigglethorpe, Lajeunesse, and Hill; the second, privates Hislop, Toner, Sullivan, Hill junior, and the two Pilgrims. Then, arms were inspected, and the twenty bludgeons dealt out, five for the cavalry, and fifteen for the infantry. Most of these had attachments of stout common string, but those of the three commanders, the Squire, the two clergymen, and the two pedestrians, were secured with red window cord, a mark of preference which rejoiced the hearts of three of them, namely, the younger men. With doubtful hands the dominie received his gun, and the minister more boldly grasped a similar weapon. At the request of the colonel the cavalry were served with a hasty luncheon, and thereafter set forward, with the exception of the detective, Miss Du Plessis' escort, to patrol the road and open communication with the Richards for the purpose of intercepting the enemy's possible scouts. Two waggons were ordered to take the infantry to the lake settlement, so that they might be fresh for the work before them.

In his martial accoutrements, the dominie's soul was stirred within him. He repeated to his bosom friend pieces from Körner's Leyer und Schwert, but as the lawyer's acquaintance with the Teutonic tongues was limited, including *sauer kraut*, *lager bier*, *nix kum araus*, *donnerwetter*, and similar choice expressions, he failed to make an impression. Nobody in the house knew German, unless it were Tryphena and Tryphosa, who had picked up a little from their mother, and, of course, he could hardly lie in wait to get off his warlike quotations on them. Ha! he remembered Wordsworth, and rolled forth:—

"Vanguard of liberty, ye men of Kent!
. . . . . .
They from their fields can see the countenance
Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance,
And hear you shouting forth your brave intent."

Still failing to awake a responsive echo in the heart that once beat in poetic unison with his own, he turned to Mrs. Du Plessis, and, alluding to the departed colonel, recited in her native tongue:—

"Honor al Caudillo,
Honor al primero,
Que el patriota acero
Oso fulminar.
La Patria afligida
Oyo' sus acentos,
Y vio' sus tormentos,
En gozo tornar."

"That is very pretty, Mr. Wilkinson, and I thank you much for recalling the pleasant memories of my early speech. Is there not an English translation of these words?"

"There is, Mrs. Du Plessis, by Sir John Bowring. It is:—

Hail, hail to the Chieftain,
All honour to him
Who first in the gleam
Of that light bared the sword!
The drooping land heard him,
Forgetting her fears;
And smiled through her tears,
As she hung on his word."

The dominie had thought only to give expression to the poetic fervour called forth by the circumstances, but accomplished a good deal more, the establishment of a common ground between himself and the nearest relative of a very charming and cultivated young lady. The said young lady came up to join in the conversation, and request Mr. Wilkinson to repeat all that he knew of the battle hymn. The lawyer was secretly of the opinion that his friend was making an ass of himself, and that, if he were to try that poetry quoting business on Miss Carmichael, he would soon discover that such was the case. Yet, if the Du Plessis liked that sort of thing, he had no right to interfere. He remembered that he had once been just such an ass himself, and wondered how he could have so far strayed from the path of common sense. It was worse than Tryphosa and Timotheus sitting down to sing with a hymn-book between them.

"What are you doing out in the garden all by yourself, Eugene?" asked a small voice. He looked down and saw Marjorie fingering the barrel of his rifle. "Don't you know," she continued, "that all the people have gone in to dinner?"

"Did the gong sound, Marjorie?"

"To be sure it did. Tell me, what were you thinking about not to hear it?"

"I was thinking about a dear little girl called Marjorie," answered the prevaricating lawyer, picking the child up and bestowing a hearty salute upon her lips.

"You're a very good boy now, Eugene; you get a clean shave every day. Do you go to Collingwood for it in the night time, when I am in bed?"

"No, Marjorie; I get the cat to lick my face," the untruthful man replied.

"What? our pussy Felina that spits at Muggy?"

"The very same."

"Then I'll ask Tryphosa's father if he would like to have the loan of Felina. Don't you think she would do him good."

Coristine laughed, as he thought of Mr. Hill's stubbly countenance, and carried "the darlin'" into the house.

At the dinner table he found himself punished for his day-dreaming. Bangs was on one side of Miss Carmichael, and Bigglethorpe on the other, and he was out in the cold, between the latter gentleman and the minister. Mr. Bigglethorpe resumed the subject of fishing, and interrogated his right hand neighbour as to his success at the River. He laughed over the so-called mullets, and expressed a fisherman's contempt for them as devourers of valuable spawn, relating also the fact that, in the spring, when they swarm up into shallow parts of the stream, the farmers shovel them out with large wooden scoops, and feed them to the pigs or fertilize the land with them. Finding he had more than one auditor, the fishing storekeeper questioned the Squire about the contents of his brook, and, learning that dace, chubs, and crayfish were its only occupants, promised to send Mrs. Carruthers a basket of trout when the season came round. In order to give a classical turn to the conversation, the dominie mentioned the name of Isaac Walton and referred to his poor opinion of the chub in the river Lea. "I know the Lea like a book," said Mr. Bigglethorpe, "and a dirty, muddy ditch it has got to be since old Isaac's time. When I was a schoolboy I went there fishing one afternoon with some companions, and caught not a single fish, hardly got a nibble. We were going home disappointed, when we saw a man at the reservoir above the river, near the Lea bridge, with some eels in a basket. They were queer-looking eels, but we bought them for sixpence, and one of our fellows,

called Wickens, put them in his fishing can; then we maide for home. Before we could get there we had to cross a pretty rough part of the Kingsland road. It was pretty dark, but, of course, the shops were all lit up and we sawr a lot of boys, common cads, coming our wy. Just in front of a public house they called out 'Boots, Boots! fish, fish!' and out caime a stout lad of about eighteen to lead the gang. Three of us clubbed our rods over them, briking the top joints, of course, but Wickens wouldn't fall in with us. So Boots ran after him, followed by a crowd. When Wickens sawr he couldn't escype, he opened his can, took out an eel and slapped it over Boots' fyce. The beggar just yelled, 'O, Lawr, water-snykes!' and he ran, and Wickens after the crowd like mad, slashing 'em with the water-snykes. O dear, O dear, I shall never forget those snykes to my dying dy."

"Are there any water-snakes in our rivers in Canada?" enquired Mrs. Du Plessis.

"Oh yes, ma'am," answered the fisherman, "I imagine those lykes we are going to visit this afternoon are pretty full of snykes. Mr. Bulky, whose nyme is known to Mr. Coristine, I'm sure, wears long waterproof boots for wyding in the Beaver River—"

"But, Mr. Bigglethorpe," asked the fair questioner, "how can one ride in a river?"

"Excuse me, ma'am, I did not say riding, I said wyding, walking in the water. Mr. Bulky was wyding, one morning, with rod in hand, when, all of a sudden, he felt something on his leg. Looking down, he sawr a big black water-snyke coiled round his boot, and jabbing awy at his leg. It hung on to him like a boa-constrictor, and squeezed his leg so tight that it gyve him a bad attack of gout. He had to get on shore and sawr it in two with his knife before the snyke would leave go. Fortunately, the brutes are not venomous, but that beggar's teeth scratched Mr. Bulky's boots up pretty badly, I must sy."

When they rose from the table, Miss Carmichael went up to the lawyer and said: "Please forgive me for punishing myself between Mr. Bangs and Mr. Bigglethorpe. I sigh for good English." The lawyer answered, all unwittingly, of course, in his worst brogue: "Miss Carrmoikle, it's my frind Wilks I'll be aafther gitten' to shtarrt a noight school to tayche me to shpake Inglish in aal its purity." To this there could be but one response: "Go away, you shameful, shameless, bad man!" It pleased the lawyer better than a more elegant and complimentary remark.

(To be continued.)

A GLANCE AT SOME OLD NEWSPAPERS.

"LOOKING BACKWARD" is by no means as new as Mr. Bellamy's book, and need be no less instructive and encouraging taken from the point of view of the present which we know, than from one so forward that we do not know it. All hail to the Fourth Estate! for it is by means of the newspaper press that much, nay most, of the social as well as political life of a people is preserved and *con*served, distributed and hidden away, to come to light again in the future, not only as a troubadour, a minnesinger, but as a prophet and priest. The struggles of our fathers consecrate our own endeavours; their successes bid us expect our own triumphs; on recounting the romantic past our hearts leap up with glorious anticipation of a noble future. The echoes of a wind-blown harp soothe our souls, wearied with the rush and roar of a noisy traffic, and upon the crest of its long harmonious swell we rise to hope and patience.

Moth-eaten and mouldy as the Jacobite struggles may appear to us now, particularly to those who, counting themselves of that Greater Britain that is the pride of the world, yet paying too little heed, so that they cannot realize their momentous bearing upon their present, to the hopes and fears, the losses and gains of the Lesser Britain, there was a period when news of that struggle was of the first importance, even upon this continent. A fac simile of the First Newspaper ever printed in America, "*The Boston News-Letter, published by authority,* from Monday, April 17, to Monday, April 24, 1704," lies before me, and its first three columns of news are wholly taken up with an article from the *London Flying Post* from December 2nd to 4th, 1703, containing a resumé of a "*Seasonable Alarm for Scotland,*" "In a Letter from a Gentleman in the City to his friend in the country, concerning the Present Danger of the Kingdom and the Protestant Religion." The writer gives details on many points, such as the presence of spies in the Highlands, the gathering of arms and ammunition, the secret circulation of news from France, etc., and calls upon the nation to prepare for defence, an armed invasion of great strength from France being, in the writer's estimation, very imminent.

That the English Government had received intimations of the same thing is evident from the terms of the Queen's speech delivered to both the Houses. In that delivered to the House of Commons Her Majesty says: "*I am very sensible of your great Readiness and Affection for the Public Service, by Presenting Me so early in the Session with a considerable part of your Supplies; I depend entirely upon your continuing with the same Zeal to dispatch the remainder of them that so we may be Prepared to give the Speediest Assistance to our Allies, and to defeat the Malicious Designs of Our Enemies,*" etc., etc.

Those were the days of Malplaquet and Ramillies, of Blenheim, Oudenarde, and the great Duke of Marlborough; of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Sir George Rooke, and the conquest of Gibraltar, the key of the Mediterranean, which has been in British hands ever since. The remaining column of this ancient sheet, of which a portion even of the *fac-simile* taken in the sixties is missing, is occupied by shipping news with the exception of one item: "Mr. Nathaniel Oliver, principal merchant of this place (Boston) died April 15, and was decently inter'd April 18, *Ætatis* 53."

We have sharp glimpses of the conditions of the time in the marine reports, as for instance: ". . . Captain Warton (or Harton), in 3 or 4 hours' time, fitted and man'd a brigantine with 70 brisk young men well armed who sail'd the following night, returned last evening and gave His Honour an account, that they found the aforesaid shallop with one other and a ketch at *Tarpolian Cove* who were all Fishing Vessels belonging to *Marblehead* or *Salem* who were fishing off Block Island, one of them was a *French* built shallop with a Topsail which gave the great suspicion that they were Enemies." Evidently the outcome of a scare.

Again: "New-York, April 17. By a Barque from Jamaica (last from Bermuda, 7 weeks passage) says there was an Imbargo in that Island several Months, occasioned by news they had of a design the *French* and *Spaniards* had, to make a descent upon them: she came out with the homeward bound London Fleet, who are gone home without Convoy."

Again: "Capt. Davison in the *Eagle* Gally sails for London in a month; if the Virginia Fleet stays so long, he intends to keep them company Home, if not, to run for it, being Built for that Service," a very neat turn of speech indeed.

"Philadelphia, April 14. An Account that the *Dreadnought* Man-of-War was arrived in *Maryland*," or as it is spelled, *Marryland*, the old pronunciation being "marry" for *marie*.

The publishers' advertisement, with which the page finishes, deserves attention as showing that John Campbel had his wits about him.

"This *News-Letter* is to be continued Weekly; and all persons who have any Houses, Lands, Tenements, Farms, Ships, Vessels, Goods, Wares or Merchandizes, etc., to be Sold or Let; or Servants Run Away" (meaning White as well as Black *Apprentices*), "or Goods Stole or Lost, may have the same inserted at a Reasonable Rate, from Twelve Pence to Five Shillings, and not to exceed: who may agree with *John Campbel*, Post-Master of Boston."

"All Persons in Town and Country, may have sent *News-Letter* every Week, Yearly, upon reasonable terms, agreeing with *John Campbel*, Post-Master, for the same."

"Boston: Printed by B. Green. Sold by Nicholas Boone, at his shop near the Old Meeting-House."

The history of the founding of the *News-Letter* is given in "Proof that this is a fac-simile of the first newspaper ever printed in America," added on a fly to the main sheet.

"For at least one year previous to the appearance of this paper in print, John Campbel, postmaster, was in the habit of writing the newsletter by hand upon the arrival of news from Europe, and addressing the same to Governor Fitz-John Winthrop, of Conn., also supplying a few particular friends with copies thereof. The Massachusetts Historical Society have printed nine of these in their Proceedings for 1866-7."

But the years roll on, and 'Seventy-six "saw another sight" the Declaration of Independence, by which the Thirteen Colonies lost their imprimatur of "English" and became "Independent." More—the Thirteen Colonies had aided the Mother Country to good purpose in defending themselves from the French incursions from Canada, and at last in conquering Canada altogether, never thinking that such a tug-of-war would be theirs as would raise Canada into the high position of a rival, an asylum for such of her children as the violence of her own passions would alienate from her even in the hour of her triumph.

But still the years roll on, and, instead of Canada, we have The Canadas, and within the same century that saw the departure of British rule from the older ground we see it loved, cherished, strengthened, and renewed, on the newer. An "Upper Canada" came into existence, when again British law, British tradition, British pluck, had leave to be and to do.

That it did well is evident from the two old newspapers before me belonging to the first quarter of the present century.

The older is the *Canadian Argus and Niagara Spectator*, printed and published by Ferguson and Davidson, in the town of Niagara, U.C., Thursday, November 20, 1820, and has for a motto "Salus Populi, Suprema Lex." "The Safety of the People, the Supreme Law," a rather non-committal sentiment since it logically admits of much twisting.

The sheet is a four-page folio of five columns per page, and opens its matter with terms of subscription which are three-fold: 1st, subs. in town, four dollars, payable quarterly in advance; 2nd, companies of twelve or more residing off the post-road (the King's highway, we may presume) who receive their papers from the office, two dollars per annum, payable as before; 3rd, subs. receiving their papers by mail, four dollars per annum, payable quarterly in advance exclusive of postage, the amount of which is worn off being in a fold of the paper, but is reckoned by "Halifax currency."

"Printing: Blanks, cards, hand bills, etc., etc., executed with neatness and expedition."

After two columns of ads., in which we find familiar names: James Crooks, Esq., who advertises the capability of his Darnley Clothing Works in West Flamborough, district of Gore; Matthew Crooks, at Ancaster, who says he has authorized Mr. John Crooks, of Niagara, to "receive any cloth or flannel the farmers may feel disposed to send to his works to be dressed;" Ralph Walker, Thomas Walker, John Wolverton, who are executors of the late William Walker's estate at Clinton. We look at the last of these ads. with interest, since it tells of an infant industry that seemed to be very buxom indeed:—J. Stocking informs the public that, having lately dissolved partnership with Mr. Joseph Rogers (can this be the veteran Toronto dealer in hats and furs?), he "has established a hat manufactory on a very extensive scale and will be able to furnish the gentlemen of York and Niagara with beaver, caster, roram, nap, and merino wool hats." And memory brings up the soft long fur our grandfather's chimney-pot headgear, round which he used to draw with much care the yellow silk handkerchief with crimson figures on it, under which his afternoon nap was so peacefully enjoyed.

Then Mr. Stocking tells the public that he "has on hand and will keep constantly on sale ladies' beaver hats of the latest fashions." He will also pay "cash and the highest price for hatting and shipping furs."

The editor fills in a small space with the announcement that "a few cords of wood are wanted in payment for newspapers due this office, if *delivered soon.*" Wise man! No summer-dried wood for him next winter!

And then follows the verbatim evidence given in the House of Lords, Wednesday, August 30th, 1820, in the greatest scandal of the century, the Trial of Queen Caroline. The portion given which occupies eleven columns, and covers perhaps, the worst part of as malicious a piece of evidence as was ever voiced in a British chamber, begins with Paul Oggione. This man who is described as "of decent appearance, about thirty years of age," was questioned by the Attorney-General closely upon the Bergami charges. He was an Italian, of Lodi. Next to him comes Louisa Dumont, "of whom," says the paper, "the public have heard so much." Her appearance is carefully described: "She wore a handsome black satin hat ornamented with feathers, a muslin ruff highly pleated, a white silk handkerchief over her neck and bosom, and a black satin gown vandyked at the top, and profusely decorated with flounces at the bottom. She is the smartest dressed of *femmes de chambre*, but neither the youngest nor the prettiest. She seems to be about thirty years of age; in complexion she is a *brunette*, her cheeks sunk and shrivelled, and her eye more remarkable for an expression of cunning than of intellect. She advanced to the bar with a degree of confidence which even the penetrating glance of Mr. Brougham, who eyed her most perseveringly from 'top to toe,' did not at all affect."

Mr. Brougham, it will be remembered, dated his future rise to eminence from his successful defence of the maligned Queen. With him were associated in the defence, Denman, Williams, and Dr. Lushington, all of whom won deserved fame.

Of the character of the witnesses for the indictment the *Times* is quoted as saying: "This is probably the most singular cause that will ever be handed down to posterity. Among the accusing witnesses of a Queen—of the Queen of England—there is not one that is not of the lowest, meanest, most purchaseable occupation in human life—not one whose character has borne the test of a cross-examination, even from the slight materials which sprung up from casual knowledge, or were supplied by the examination-in-chief—the names and designations of the witnesses being, as indeed they might well be, studiously concealed till the moment of their production."

A leader by the editor of the Canadian paper says: "There are no later arrivals than that announced in our last, bringing London dates to the 10th September." News two months old! "Nothing hardly appears in print copied from London papers but what relates to the trial of the Queen in one shape or another."

In her reply to an address presented to Her Majesty from St. Mary's, Whitechapel, signed by 25,000 persons, the Queen says: "I am happy to find that my many sufferings and my accumulated wrongs have so powerfully interested the sympathies of the inhabitants of St. Mary's, Whitechapel.

"The conspiracy which I am combatting, though nominally directed against myself, is, in fact, a conspiracy against British liberty. . . . This Bill of Pains and Penalties may thus be the harbinger of woe to every man's hearth." . . .

The Queen also points out the danger of a civil war should the Bill of Pains and Penalties become law. In such a case, she remarks: "We must never lose sight of the possibility that His Majesty may marry again—the issue of that marriage would, in all likelihood, cause a contested succession."

"That part of the nation which will not allow the Bill of Pains and Penalties to be a constitutional act may not readily submit to the offspring of a marriage which will never be generally deemed legitimate."

The Queen evidently well understood the character of the British people, nor did she want for examples of it drawn from the experience of the past.

An address from the ladies of Sheffield containing 10,000 names was presented at the same time as that from Whitechapel.

A lengthy advertisement fills the last column of the

Argus of a map as proposed to be published by "Amos Lay, author and publisher of the late maps of the northern part of the State of New York, Upper and Lower Canada."

The new map to comprise "a large part of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, with a part of Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont and Upper Canada. On a scale of seven miles to an inch."

This map will be printed on fine wove paper, handsomely coloured, and delivered to subscribers,

In the sheet at	$ 7 00
Made portable in a book	10 00
Mounted on rollers and varnished	11 00

After reciting the means be taken to ensure a fulness and correctness, Mr. Lay appends a guarantee of the quality of his work, signed by names that even to day would be accepted without cavil. They are :—

De Witt Clinton	Governor.
James Kemp	Chancellor.
John Taylor	Lieutenant-Governor.
Andrew Ellicott	Professor of Mathematics, West Point.
M. Van Buren	Late Attorney-General.
S. Van Ransellaer	Late Lieutenant-Governor.
Robert Troup	Agent for the Pulteney Estate.
Daniel D. Tompkins	Vice-President.
W. W. Van Ness, Jonas Platt	Judges of the Supreme Court.
Nathan Ford	First Judge of St. Lawrence County.
Gideon Granger	Late Postmaster-General.
Abin. Van Vechten	Late Attorney-General.
Joseph Ellicott	Resident Agent of the Holland Land Company.

A further guarantee is given, signed A. Spencer, Chief Justice of the State of New York.

The author advertises "the above maps for sale at his Map Establishment, No. 649 South Market Street, Albany, September, 1820."

Also "subscriptions received by John Crooks, Esq., Niagara; Mr. William Chisholm, St. Catharines; Wm. M. Jarvis, Esq., Hamilton; Matthew Crooks, Esq., Ancaster, and R. C. Horne, Esq., York."

Another advertisement that would be regarded with surprise to day winds up the column :—

"For sale. At this Office, The Church Catechism. By the Gross, Dozen, or Single."

Dated "Niagara (U. C.), Wednesday, September 1, 1824," we have a different kind of a sheet, the *Canadian*, bearing the motto, "Let it be impressed upon your minds, let it be instilled into your children, that the liberty of the press is the palladium of all civil, political, and religious rights."—*Junius.*

One naturally asks oneself, looking at the immense field the liberty of the press covers, whether it is possible "Junius" could have foreseen the full outcome of his dictum. It is customary for our vanity to say, No, to such queries, yet I think we may safely give to the seer of every age full credit for the wisdom he prophesies on.

The *Canadian*, of which the present sheet is only No. 3 of Vol. 1, was "printed and published by Livingston E. Beardsley, at £1 per annum, at the house adjoining R. M. Crysler's store," evidently a very modest home for the young beginner.

But it counted local men of mark among its earliest subscribers, for I find in a free hand, and evidently with a quill pen the name of "Mr. Jacob Gander" written across the top of the page (he had also been a subscriber for the *Canadian Argus*); a gentleman well known along the Niagara frontier, and a record of whose death, followed by a short memoir, I find in the last of the four old newspapers kindly entrusted to me by one of Mr. Gander's grandsons, the *Christian Guardian* for Dec. 30, 1846. The announcement of death reads as follows: "Died. At his residence, in the Township of Willoughby, Niagara District, on Sunday morning, Nov. 8th, Mr. Jacob Gander, in the seventy-first year of his age."

The editor of the *Guardian* takes occasion to say at the close of the memoir, written by another hand: "We have a melancholy pleasure in adding our spontaneous testimony to the excellence and worth of the late Mr. G. We knew him long and loved him well. He was a fine specimen of a Christian gentleman," etc., etc.

To return to our *Canadian*, however. As before said, its character differed entirely from either of the sheets previously reviewed. There was no Jacobite conspiracy to excite even a colonial public, and the trial of Queen Caroline had ended in illuminations and public rejoicings at her acquittal, Her Majesty giving thanks for the same by going in solemn state to St. Paul's.

The first page of the usual five-col. size, contains first a story "For the *Canadian*"—is there *nothing* "new under the sun?"—entitled "The Sailor's Legend," and beginning: "I tell thee, Jack Bowman, it bodes us no good, she is a spirit of the sea."

The spirit has evidently appeared, and Jack Bowman is but little afraid of her though the boatswain begs him in whispers to be more considerate of the circumstances, and winds up his appeal with the very natural enquiry in proof of his ghostly assertions: "Prythee, how came she on board this ship five hundred leagues at sea?" To which the incorrigible Jack replies: "I do not dispute but that she may be a spirit, but split my timbers"—the more familiar "shiver" had not then been invented as a sailor's expletive, probably—"but split my timbers if I believe so fair a spirit forebodes misfortune."

"The captain," says the boatswain, "has skulked in the cabin" ever since the spirit's appearance, who does not however seem to have constituted herself a fixture, for the boatswain being about to indulge "the sailors" in a reminiscence of a similar appearance is suddenly "brought up all standing"—is not that the phrase?—by the sudden presence of the spirit on the stern. To the further discomfiture of the sailors she proceeds "in a voice of enchanting sweetness" to sing a dirge of thirteen stanzas narrating how

> From the depths of the ocean
> Arose the sea maid,
> Her ringlets in motion
> The coral displayed,

and how at the winding of her horn, a "pearl shell," the Sea Maidens get up a storm in which "the mariner goes to his queen To the queen of the deep." But, O Lorelei!—the captain comes on deck as one who obeys his fate, the Sea-maiden beckons him to her side, he remonstrating in "an unknown tongue" which appeared to have some effect for the Sea-maiden, again vanishes and the captain retires in a pitiable plight to his cabin, where, however, he summons his crew to tell them he shall have to obey the inevitable and leave them; moving even the hardy jacktars to tears when he refuses their company in his disappearance. Next morning the helmsman informs the sailors that "the captain had paced the deck for hours without speaking, when suddenly the Maid of the Sea sprang up the side of the vessel, and clasping the unfortunate man in her arms leaped overboard; a word"—what word informant sayeth not—"and the waves closed over them." There's a nautical melodrama for you, gentle reader.

The *Canadian* was a decidedly literary paper—nowadays we call such material as it mainly employs "padding," but we use much poorer stuff. Here is a description taken from Mr. Poinsett's "Notes on Mexico" of the adventurer Iturbide: Our cousins over the line had not then annexed any part of this ancient kingdom. Some "observations" on *swearing* in the course of which Archbishop Tillotson is quoted against the "silliness of the practice" are followed by an affecting anecdote followed by three or four more anecdotes, two of them decidedly comic. Then come three and a-half columns of a selection from "Recollections of the Peninsula," a volume the author of which is not named. The selection covers "a description of the town and environs of Cintra," and is so agreeably written that one would gladly read more.

What may be more truly called "the news of the day" than any other of the contents of the paper is taken from the New York *Mercantile Advertiser* of August 17th, "The Landing of General La Fayette," whose services to the new constitution entitled him fairly to be considered one of the heroes of the Revolutionary War.

The reception was evidently worthy of the occasion, but it would occupy too large a space to give it here even in *resumé*. A bit of history of another kind is, however, brought to mind. The *Robert Fulton* steamship had the honour of carrying the distinguished visitor into port. La Fayette had, however, crossed the ocean in the ship *Cadmus*, whether of the British or American fleet, I do not know, but quite as likely to be of the first since mean jealousy or resentment have never been characteristics of Britain. The report says: "The General, we are happy to state, is in fine health and appears much younger than was expected."

The address, read by the Mayor, is somewhat adulatory; it says:—

"In the name of the municipal authority of this city, I bid you a sincere welcome to the shores of a country of whose freedom and happiness you will ever be considered one of the most honoured and beloved founders.

"Your contemporaries in arms, of whom but a few remain, have not forgot, nor will their posterity forget, the young and gallant Frenchman who consecrated his youth, his talents, his fortune and his exertions to their cause—who exposed his life, who shed his blood that they might become free and happy. . . . . .

"The people of the United States look up to you as one of their most honoured parents, the country cherishes you as one of the most beloved of her sons," etc., etc. Rather a riddle-me-ree here.

To which in the course of his reply La Fayette uses the following expressions: "It is the pride of my heart to have been one of the earliest adopted sons of America. I am proud to add that upwards of forty years ago I have been particularly honoured with the freedom of this city."

In a passage from the Pope's encyclic letter we are informed of that cleric's attitude towards the Bible Society, then but newly organized, comparatively at least.

From "an interesting article in the Chamber of Deputies on the expenses of the Spanish campaign, we take names, historic and suggestive. M. de le Bourdonnaye, M. de Villele, who, the report says, "is now to be considered the prime or supreme Minister of France." M. Sicard, M. Regnault, M. Joinville are "the three intendants" arraigned by M. de Villele. Damas appears as the Minister of War.

At last comes what is more like home news. The editor gives a long list of places from which subscribers can receive their papers according to certain topographical arrangements. "At the request of a number of our friends" the day of publication of the *Canadian* is changed from Wednesday to Monday, and the points of distribution are "on the river road to Fort Erie": at Adam Brown's, Queenston; at Lee's Inn, Stamford; at Forsyth's Inn at the Falls; at Crysler's Inn, Chippewa Village; at Waite's, first house, upper side, and at the mouth of Black Creek. (This Waite was a near neighbour of Mr. Ussher, who was shot by the '37 rebels; he was a man of good standing, and married into the family of the Mr. Jacob Gander before spoken of.) Other places of deposit on the "river road" are given.

On the road to the head of the Lake, by way of Queenston and St. David, subscribers might get their paper at Brown's, St. David's; at Shipman's, St. Catharines; at Vanderlip's, Ten Mile Creek; at Johnson's, Fifteen Mile Creek; at Anderson's, Forty Mile Creek; at Woolverton's and at Carpenter's, the Forty-Mile; at Gilbert's, Stoney Creek; at Dr. Case's, ditto; at Hamilton Hotel; at St. John's Inn, Ancaster, etc., etc.

The only bit of real Canadian news the paper contains is headed "The Union." "Letters have been received by a respectable mercantile house in Montreal from London mentioning that a Bill for uniting the Provinces of Lower and Upper Canada was recently brought before the House of Commons and ordered to be printed. The letters further state that His Majesty's Ministers intend to act on this Bill in the early part of next session." This news is gathered from the Montreal *Courant.*

A piece of piracy of a Hamburg ship bound for Havanna, and an encounter "off Salt Key Bank" between "the Spanish armed brig *Marinero* and the Colombian armed schooner *Gen. Padilla*" are reported.

Next the *Canadian* gives a column of its own history and intentions, which are very good.

Under the head "Foreign Intelligence," we have some interesting details. Hessian troops are to be employed for the preservation of tranquility in Portugal. The Chinese lady of Yhon Fung Queen died in London, July 9, aged 20. The Queen of the Sandwich Islands died the same day.

The body of Lord Byron had been brought to England, and his funeral celebrated (*sic*) on the 12th.

The Dwina at Archangel was still covered with solid ice, May 17, and the thermometer was five degrees below freezing point.

We are reminded that the days of 1824 were before the days of the "peelers" or the "bobbies." At the Lying-in-State of Lord Byron we are told: "The bustle was so great that it was found expedient to call in the aid of Handley and Beale, the two principal officers of Queen Square establishment, and even their presence scarcely tended to abate the violence of the applicants, so eager were they to gain admittance.

"This morning a wooden frame was erected round the coffin and urn to keep the spectators off."

In the provisions of the will we find a codicil, dated Venice, Nov. 15th, 1818, bequeathing to his executors, in trust, £5,000, for Allegra Byron, an infant about twenty-one months old, "by me brought up and now residing at Venice," to be paid her at twenty-one years of age or at her marriage, "provided she does not marry a native of Great Britain."

More news. "The Emperor of Russia was, on the 6th of July, elected an honorary Fellow of the London Horticultural Society, at his own express solicitation."

Agriculture and horticulture had made giant strides in Science in the course of the previous fifty years.

"Lord Napier is elected a Scots Peer to succeed the Marquis of Lothain. (Lothian?)

"The Duke de la Chatre died of apoplexy on the 5th July."

But the Emperor of Russia cannot have been as progressive as we hoped, for we learn: "The Emperor of Russia has issued a ukase to the effect that no Russian functionary shall publish, without special permission, any work, in any language which treats of the domestic affairs of the Empire."

The only semblance of a "leader" the editor of the *Canadian* permits himself is to commend a "theatrical company in this place," of which he says "they are much more respectable in appearance and performance than we anticipated." A further grain of comfort is granted the poor Thespians, for the editor "thinks them highly worthy of the liberal patronage they have received, but defers particular criticism till Monday evening, when we understand 'Othello' is to be performed." Where were the editor's complimentary tickets?

A column and a-half of ads. close the third page, but we miss familiar names. The fourth page is occupied first by that excellent old poem, "What is time?" that, though we growled and grumbled, and succeeded but ill when we were bidden to learn it by heart to repeat to our parents, nevertheless left behind it some thoughts which have in due measure governed our lives. This is one of the "good" ends of making children learn by heart, that as the mind develops, the memory recalls, and life is built up. Who does not remember the poem of our Select Readers, "I asked an aged man, a man of cares, Wrinkled and curved; With white and hoary hairs." "Time is the warp of life," he said, "Oh tell The young, the fair, to weave it well!"

Here we will leave our old newspapers, taking little account of "A True Story," from the journal of an American traveller, exciting as it is, for the last lines of our poem still ring in our ears—

> I asked the Mighty Angel who shall stand,
> One foot on sea and one on solid land,
> By Heaven's Great King I swear the mystery o'er,
> "Time was," he cried, "but Time shall be no more."

S. A. Curzon.

SONNETS.

I.—WHEN COMES THE SUMMER.

From out the glooming West through the still eve
Comes one with dusk-warm locks and shining eyes,
And rose-dark cheeks, whose beauty might retrieve
A world where sin with odious virtue vies:
And from the still clear East a maiden sweet,
Whose lissome shape and lilac-kerchief'd hair
And shy, pure eyes, where joy and sadness meet,
Proclaim the spirit of spring, the goddess fair.
And in this garden they join hands and gaze
For one swift silent moment ere they part;
Then Westward passes Spring, the Summer stays
A rose-bush near, where crimson blossoms start.
Night and the roses first glad homage pay;
June and the birds to-morrow own her sway.

II.—MIDSUMMER.

A garden-world of leafy avenues,
A moon-lit sea of swaying branches green,
Uprising scents of flowers and falling dews,
Dusk shadow-spaces, silver isles between:
And over all the magic of the time,
The breathing spell of love and love's sweet hours;
The shimmer there of robes—and hark! the chime
Of happy laughter as from hidden bowers,
Now all the sad earth seems one paradise,
An Eden new-redeemed of lovely souls,
Where if the sunlight glance or the moon rise,
Toward fair perfection a bright planet rolls.
All vanished now the woes of yesterday—
Would that to-morrow's were as far away.

III.—ON A PORTRAIT OF MILTON.

If strength and beauty ever in one face
Were fitly wedded in fair harmony
Of form and spirit, high self-poised and free,
Behold their union, this their dwelling-place:
Here shines th' unconquered soul and here the grace
Ineffable that Greece rose from the sea
To teach men rioting in war's fierce glee—
The radiant consummation of her race.
Austere in mind, he heard the muses sing;
Joy's suitor, duty called him not in vain;
A puritan, he fled on fancy's wing
To pleasure where in pleasure was no stain;
For conscience' sake his life an offering,
He at the least drew splendour from sad pain.

J. H. Brown.

PENIKESE AND WOODS HALL.

AWAY down at the south-east corner of the State of Massachusetts stands the first marine biological laboratory ever established. Earlier than the celebrated ones at Naples, at Villefranche or at Plymouth, the Penikese laboratory, although deserted, remains as a monument of the foresight and energy of that widely-known naturalist, Louis Agassiz.

The commodious buildings were the gift of a New Yorker. There is a romantic and pathetic story connected with the gift, but the time has not yet come in which to tell it.

The location is just what you would expect from an enthusiast. The place is almost inaccessible—out of the way of every line of cars or boats, regular or irregular. If you reach it at all you must charter a boat or swim to it. The buildings, consisting of laboratories, dining-hall, professors' residence and large barn, are said to have cost $25,000. The laboratories are shaped exactly like the letter H. Two large rectangular wooden structures, parallel to each other, are laboratories below and dormitories above. These are connected at their middle points by what was once the lecture-room and its gallery.

During that first session, some seventeen years ago, part of the practical work was done on the rocks lying near the beach, in rain occasionally, but generally in sunshine and breeze. One can easily picture forty ardent students, men and women, drawn together from all parts of America, standing round rough tables and earnestly prosecuting their studies under the influence of a teacher so magnetic as Agassiz, and known at that time over all the world.

The Quaker poet has so beautifully described Agassiz's dedicatory prayer that I cannot forbear quoting it:—

On the Isle of Penikese,
Ringed about with sapphire seas,
Fanned by breezes salt and cool,
Stood the master with his school.

. . . . . .

Then the master in his place,
Bowed his head a little space,
And the leaves by soft airs stirred,
Lapse of wing and cry of bird,
Left the solemn hush unbroken,
Of that wordless prayer unspoken,
While its wish, on earth unsaid,
Rose to Heaven interpreted.

He never lived to see the laboratory at Penikese fully completed. He died before the beginning of its second summer, and, although its direction fell upon his son Alexander, himself a well-known scientist, the laboratory did not prosper. The impetus given it by its founder carried it on for a year longer, but the enthusiasm—the boundless energy of its director—had passed away, and with them went the future of the laboratory. Penikese, as I saw it last August, is a deserted institution on a deserted island, the home of terns and toads. Up to the beginning of this year a few sheep and cattle, tended by one lonely woman-hater, who was both herdsman and caretaker, were its only domesticated occupants. And very carefully the old man guarded the building and its goods. Although a few excursion parties visited the island from time to time every summer, no curiosity hunter was allowed to carry away the more precious relics. But fifteen years of monotonous life proved too great a strain upon the mental resources of the taciturn old janitor. The plaintive cry of sea-gulls, the trilling whistle of toads, the lonesome bleat of sheep, the rush of the wind and the plashing of rain or surf upon the stormy beach were the only sounds he heard, and which his poor dried brain vainly sought to translate into the language of human sympathy. Even communion with brooks and trees was denied him, for there is not a rill of water upon the island, while the early war of extermination between man and the primeval forest had, probably, two hundred years before deprived the place of every vestige of tree or shrub. Is it any wonder that, amid the solitude and monotony of such a life in summer, and the still more monotonous days of winter, surrounded by a treeless waste of snow and ice, reason at last gave way and left the old man a more pitiable sight than the abandoned buildings he had so long and faithfully guarded? Less than a year ago he was transferred to the Taunton lunatic asylum. What does it matter? One who lives at all counts life by heart-beats, and the old woman-hater had probably died years before he became guardian of Penikese.

The present caretaker has certainly not been so faithful. Dr. Watase tells me that a year ago the mottos which first adorned the laboratories (the work of a Miss Coffin, of Maine) still hung upon the walls. Some of them were singularly appropriate. "Never be afraid to say 'I don't know';" "A physical fact is as sacred as a moral principle"; "This building is sacred to the study of God's handiwork, do nothing which would be unworthy of it." Within the last six months, these mottos—most of them done simply in script and tacked upon the walls—have disappeared. All the present caretaker knows about them is that some men came one Sunday and took them away.

The buildings are still in a good state of repair. Piece by piece, however, the furniture has gone, all except one clumsy-looking dissecting table and a few bottles (not reagent). The notes of the last lecture are still upon the blackboard, and the same silent speaker tells us that "Dr. Packard will lecture Friday evening at 8 o'clock." How many, I wonder, of these forty students would now obey the summons, should the old horn again call them to that voiceless lecture hall?

It is interesting to look over the roll call of those early students and professors, and note the names of those upon whom fame has since then smiled. Of Dr. Whitman I shall speak later on. Dr. Brooks, now of the Johns Hopkins University, is well known on both hemispheres. Dr. Wilder's treatise on the cat is one of the solidest pieces of work ever done by an American naturalist. Dr. Packard's text-books are to be found in almost every school and college in the United States and Canada. Dr. Jordan is now president of Stanford University, California. Who does not know his "Manual of Vertibrates," and what amateur archæologist has not heard of Drs. Putnam and Morse, of Salem? Miss Clapp, of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, and Miss Hallowell, of Wellesley, have recently come to the front, and proved their claim to the rank of "honourable mention" among the members of the summer class of 1874.

The island was probably formed ages ago as part of the terminal morraine of a great northern glacier. It is therefore stony and barren in the extreme. Elliptical in shape it stretches north and south some sixty acres in extent, and rises at its centre to about two hundred feet above sea level. I walked half round it—the terns in thousands flying and shrieking over my head, and the lazy toads hopping clumsily out of my way. The sheep hugged the shady side of huge boulders for shelter from the sun, and are evidently ill-cared for, because I counted at least a dozen of their dead bodies rotting on the beach half covered with stones. I suspect they died from thirst, for they could easily have taken shelter from the sun under the small clump of poplars (the growth of recent years) near the Agassiz cottage.

On reassembling to re-embark on the launch a few of our party had collected mementos of our visit. One curiosity-monger had picked up a brass key-tag, with the number 85 stamped upon it. "I would not take ten gold dollars for that," he remarked as he carefully slipped it into his trousers pocket. Two young ladies had each a sick tern which they had picked up upon the beach. A brand new college "professor," fresh off a farm away out west, trailed some long pieces of kelp behind him as he came along the wharf. I had a tern's nest of dried grass with one solitary speckled egg in it. But the large majority had collected nothing. Dr. Watase, of Tokio, Japan, voiced the motive of their visit when he said: "I had heard and read of Penikese, long before I ever dreamt of coming to America." They wandered through the laboratories and numerous dormitories, they strayed along the shore or ascended the hill and enjoyed the cool breeze and charming view. Within a rude enclosure of dark granite stones which faced the south, half-a-dozen sat down and looked around them. Just across the strait in front of them lay Cutty Hunk, an island peopled with fisher folk, while beyond was Gray Head, with its terrace of grey, red, white and black clay. Eastward lay the wolds of the mainland.

As we sat there we could not but speculate as to how that pioneer band of laboratory workers spent their evenings. There was no library, and no daily mails in '74-5. Every Monday the letters and papers came down from New Bedford in a steamer specially chartered for the journey. There were no lamps for night work in the laboratory, and evenings without some recreation must have been almost as wearisome as in an Esquimaux hut. No doubt many incidents must have occurred there, those two summers. The normal temperature of the human body is 98° F., and the average heart-beat 72, but sometimes both fire and pulse bounds upwards with tremendous force. A tree, a cairn, a glimpse of the moon, a waft of wind, the sough of a wave, the breath of a flower—any trifle may awaken a "special sense" and set every fibre of one's being vibrating like a harp. If this is the effect of inanimate nature upon the human soul, what must have been the result of those duets and choruses away out on the moonlit rocks, or up on the craggy hill? It was simply impossible for forty men and women to be thrown together for two months without some entertainments of tongue and pen. The place must have abounded in *affaires de cœur* as much as on board an Inman liner:—

Here there was laughter of old, there was weeping
Haply of lovers, none ever will know,
Whose eyes went seaward, a hundred sleeping
Years ago.

But here again I am on dangerous ground, and I must leave to the classes of '73 and '74 or their grandchildren the pleasing duty of recording the love episodes of Penikese.

But how these buildings have become completely diverted from their original purpose I cannot understand. A loving regard for the past is a marked characteristic of the American people. In no place is this seen more clearly than in Boston. The condition of the Kings' Chapel, the old State House, the old South Church, and a dozen other points in that city proves this conclusively. These places have touched me as nothing else in America has done, except the heights of Abraham and St. Helen's island. During my fortnight's stay, I never tired of visiting them. The household relics of the early English families, the arms and accoutrements of the colonial soldiery, the firm and dignified protests against tyrannous enactments, the names upon the tombstones, the portraits of these splendid looking men in Harvard memorial hall—all told me more plainly than words could have done, that these people were my people and their God, my God. "These be all good Englishmen," I said to my student friends, "these are *my* ancestors as well as *yours*." Nor is Boston the only place in New England which showed me the depth and sincerity of the regard which its people have for the sacred past. From Maine to Pennsylvania, from Massachusets to Missouri one sees, in the public libraries, monuments and statues that have been erected to the loyal dead, ample evidence of the reverence and veneration in which the worthy past is held to-day by the American people. And it is for this very reason (pardon the impertinence of a rough Northman) that one wonders how much longer the buildings of the first marine laboratory in the world are to be degraded by the midnight orgies of the clam-bake and clog-dance. Surely the old buildings need not crumble into dust before the floral offerings of a grateful and reverent nation are tendered in memory of its pioneer work in biology.

After the whistle sounded I passed through the buildings a second time to bid them "Good-bye." The dripping and gurgling of the aquaria had ceased, and the rooms were all empty; the students gone; the great scientist was dead.

In the lap of sheltering seas
Rests the Isle of Penikese,
But the lord of the domain
Comes not to his own again:

. . . . . .

Other lips within its bound
Shall the laws of life expound;
Other eyes from rock and shell
Read the world's old riddles well.

The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones.

But the good in this man never died. It communicated itself to the ardent spirits who flocked around his tables in 1873, hovered lovingly among the bays and keeps of the great New England sea, and a few years later conjured up near its old home a new Penikese to perpetuate under more favourable conditions and more genial influences the traditions and ideals of the naturalist's life. Though Penikese was abandoned, a new laboratory was shortly afterwards established at Annisquam by the Women's Educational Aid Society of Boston. Having demonstrated the need and usefulness of this undertaking by carrying it on for six years, the ladies handed it over to the fostering care of the naturalists of the Eastern United States. After full consideration of the matter these gentlemen determined to locate a new one at Wood's Hall, and to organize it upon an entirely new basis.

They decided to have three distinct departments of work: one for instruction in general biology, one for junior investigators, and one for senior investigators. Their plans have been nobly carried out, through the liberality of prominent Bostonians. The first or lowest department is open to those possessing an elementary knowledge of biology, such as graduates of high schools, normal schools or undergraduates of universities, and who are desirous of acquiring a fuller knowledge of the subject. The second is open to university graduates or specialists who begin

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 *profanum 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 bureaus 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.

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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

may carry with it to some ears "a connotation of inferiority." But a Scotchman would not be an Englishman if he could, and he respects him just as little or as much as he does a colonist. An Irishman would prefer being a colonist at any time rather than being dubbed an Englishman, and an Englishman would be neither Scotch nor Irish, for he boasts of being English to the back-bone, though never ashamed of being counted a colonist. Each is deservedly proud of his heritage, yet only as British subjects under a common flag, impelled by the same motives and acting in concert, have they gathered about them, as a centre of attraction, an empire such as the conquerors of antiquity never dreamed of. If Canada is to become independent in the sense of hauling down the Union Jack forever, then you must grant to every colony that floats that flag the same privilege and regard it as a consummation much to be desired. If union cease to convey the meaning of imperial effort and ability for good to all within the wide range of its influence, then by all means let the "Greater Britain" become only a discredited memory of futile struggle in the past to assist in the great work of imperial beneficence. Break up the British Empire into fragments if you please, by granting a separate independence to all its people of all races, but I warn you that you will at the same time let loose the dogs of war and the jarring elements of discord among the nations. British strongholds would then become objects of strategic importance to rival claimants, seeking only national aggrandizement and supremacy. How long before India would become a vassal to the Czar, with the stupendous retrogradation which that would imply? And do the advocates of so-called Canadian independence imagine that Canada would be permitted to develop and strengthen a nationality on this continent peculiar to herself? If so I must say they strangely interpret the recent unfriendly and aggressive policy of our neighbour to the south of us. An Empire "scattered over the surface of the globe and embracing peoples of all races and all degrees of civilization," may not awaken in some a feeling of even respectful consideration; yet it is pertinent here to remark that God in His Providence has permitted His Gospel to embrace within its influence "peoples of all races and all degrees of civilization," with no diminution of that loyalty which every Christian feels towards his religion.

M. K. Church.

Merrickville, July 25, 1892.

GODFREY OF BOUILLON.

The proffered, golden crown he lays aside,
Nor could his brow wear diadems of gold,
When, in this same Jerusalem, had rolled
Dark streams of blood (a holy, cleansing tide),
From Jesu's brow. Here had his Master died,
Crowned with a crown of thorns; betrayed and sold
By cruel hands, the Shepherd of the fold
Was scourged here, and mocked, and crucified.

Oh, Godfrey, blessed with true humility,
As long as our frail, human race endures,
And nobleness receives its meed of praise,
Your story shall be told. Till unborn days
Have run their weary paths, this deed of yours
Will ever live in hallowed memory.

Brandon, Man. A. Melbourne Thompson.

ART NOTES.

The art of painting, like that of poetry, has infinite resources. The analytical history of painting, if it could be written, would be the history of the modifications of the visual sense in humanity, contemporaneous with the history of our intellectual and moral transformations. Each civilization, each generation, almost each individual demands of it something new, according to his degrees of culture, his sentiments, his habits. Between the striking colours which suffice among primitive societies, for enlivening their furniture or accentuating their architecture, and the complications of imagination, of observation, of thought which a Leonardo, a Rembrandt, a Delacroix are able to express by scholarly and refined methods, there remains an enormous place for all sorts of manifestations, approaching, more or less, either to the lowest barbarism or the highest perfection. Nevertheless, in the same way that poetry, great or small, is only able to work by means of a determined rhythm and an exact language, so painting can employ no other means of expression than form and colour. The more use an artist is able to make of the forms which a study of nature furnishes him, the more he is able to harmonize and vary the colours at his disposal, the more will he be able to express that which he feels, thinks and imagines. Knowledge does not give genius, but in a certain degree of civilization it is always necessary to it. These elementary truths, however, are the very ones which seem to be called into question, in certain studios, by a spirit of vain lack of discipline and infatuated ignorance. Yesterday it was for the science of drawing and composition, sciences out of fashion and useless, that they expressed their contempt and hatred. To-day that indifference and scorn is applied, besides, to that which is more material in painting: to the means itself, to the brilliancy of colours and their expressive use. These lamentable theories, which favour the weakness of some and the indolence of others, do not fail to find witty defenders who amuse the gallery, and, as everything is in fashion in our country, there are not wanting honest people who feel themselves in the fashion in applauding all the painters who do not paint and all the drawers who do not draw. This is the anarchic and nihilistic system applied to art, as it is already applied to literature, and perhaps this is not the time for artists who wish to live to resist it and defend themselves. The consequences of this jumble are already sufficiently visible for shame and fright to be able to force out those who have fallen through weakness or error. The shapeless dilutions which everywhere appear at the *Champs-Elysees*, and still more at the *Champs de Mars*, like irresolute waifs, in pretentious frames, the rich gilding of which only makes more apparent their emptiness, have something distasteful to the eyes of the most indulgent. The last generation of our painters, those who made there début after 1870, retarded in their progress by the general disorder, have not, with rare exceptions, done what might have been expected from them. It is to those of their predecessors, from 1830 to 1865, who still remain that the great victory of 1889 was due. The present generation, that which, for some years past, has sought recognition, is still more troubled; at least it should be. After having preached naturalism under the grossest and most rudimentary forms, behold it now preaching idealism under forms most puerile and conventional. And in the meanwhile what has become of noble desires, hard work, productive force in that uneasy school which has such a great desire to live and which they wish to condemn to the government of the sick and disordered? Ah, if young painters better comprehended their interests, if they would read less the journals which flatter and destroy them, if they would give less heed to the literary prattlers and worldly flatterers, if they would live more among themselves and for themselves, only taking for counsellors, besides their professors, whom they should respect, the old masters of Italy, of the Netherlands, of France, and, above all and always, nature, living, healthy, strong nature, generous and inexhaustible, which alone rejuvenates and renews the schools, when they love her with sincerity and study her with intelligence.—*Translated for Public Opinion from the French of M. George Lafenestre, in the Paris Revue des Deux Mondes.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The *London Musical News* of July 15 has the following interesting comment: "The event of the past week has been the production at Dublin of Sir Robert Stewart's 'Ode,' written for the Tercentenary Festival of the Irish University. A report of this from our correspondent appears in another column. There can be no doubt that this work of the gifted music professor is an effective and masterly composition, and he has thoroughly succeeded in musically illustrating the history and events connected with his University. Unfortunately, little notice seems to have been taken of the 'Ode' in the English papers, and in most quarters it is regarded merely as a *piéce d'occasion*, but it is clearly worthy of being heard again. A valued contributor, who has been in Dublin during the festivities, sends the following interesting account of the impression the 'Ode' made on him: 'The work is really great on all counts; but to me there is a touch of pathos that so much fine work, so fine! should have been done to ornament an occasion. I remember Ruskin in "Political Economy of Art" remarks upon the duty of fitting work to the proper place, taking care that there should not be waste. Verily, this seems to be as a work of excellent worth done in show! As the *Independent* says, "If there is a regret, it is that the Ode has been written for an occasion, and, consequently, is of such a nature as not to enlist widespread attention." This is most certainly not through any haste or weakness in the music, but because the text, good as it is, appeals, strongly appeals, to the moment and the locale of its first hearing. The texture of the work is so rich, all is so bright, and has so much more of spontaneity, genius and geniality than one is accustomed to hear. And it is so charming and original in idea, while the orchestral colour is most fresh, and always of extreme interest. Perhaps musicians do not care much for "picturesque" orchestration, but here, fitted to the occasion, is some of the very best I know. It almost lifts itself to the sublime, if there can be sublimity in the "picturesque." The total effect of the movements so designed is one of immensity, as if there were a very great multitude engaged. Beyond and above these things there is much writing of the quiet, solid, majestic character, classic in the best sense. There is less chance for solo writing, perhaps, but the tenor, the duo for tenor and soprano near the end, and the final solo and chorus are very beautiful and impressive to a high degree. A point of great skill is the application of melody, harmony, and rhythm to touch up and display, in musical tones, the character of the famous men connected with our old University. The combination of popular airs sounding simultaneously, accompanied by a mass of flying counterpoint, and Sir Robert's own special choral texture at the back, is wonderfully clever. Professor Armstrong's descriptive poem has indeed been appropriately set.' One can but hope a fresh occasion will occur for another performance of so novel a work, not only in Dublin, but in London. Surely, with the enterprise and striving for novelty which distinguishes our age, some opportunity should be found to accord another hearing to Sir Robert Stewart's composition."

From the same source we have taken the following report of an unusually instructive address by the celebrated operatic artist, M. Maurel, delivered at the request of Sir George Grove, Dr. Mackenzie and others: "M. Maurel commenced his discourse by referring to his lecture delivered in the same place in 1890, which he said was merely intended as a *resumé* of discoveries up to that time, and as a preliminary to demonstrations which he intended to give later on. Some of these were given at his recent lecture at Milan, which, somewhat amplified, had just been published in Paris. Before passing to further demonstrations, it was necessary to explain his motives. They were quite disinterested, and simply made in the interests of vocal art. The system he was about to advance was not a mere theory, but was founded upon long practical and scientific observation. He was not labouring under the delusion, as some critics wrongly inferred, that he could make every singer attain perfection in every direction; he was perfectly aware that nature had assigned certain limits to each individual, but within those limits he guaranteed that his system would ensure the highest results attainable. The Milan lecture did not exhaust the subject, neither would his discourse on this occasion. Time would only permit of his speaking on two principal points, viz., the production of vocal sound and the grave errors of the modern methods of teaching singing; errors made apparent by comparison with the laws of physiology. The first of these two points he would divide into 'Modulation' and 'Signification.' By 'Modulation' he meant the vocal progression from one note to another in an agreeable or disagreeable manner. By 'Signification' he meant the intellectual value of any combination of sounds by which words were formed. From these two points it was possible to classify every vocal sound under the four following heads, viz.: I. Good tone and intellectual value. II. Tone alone. III. Intellectual value alone. IV. No tone and no intellectual value, *i. e.*, a scream or cry. He would now pass on to the two chief errors of modern systems. In his Milan lecture he had referred to three qualities of vocal sound, viz.: tone quality, pitch and intensity. The difficulty of the singer was to satisfy these three requirements simultaneously. Every difficulty which could possibly arise from such causes could, however, be solved by his system, within the natural capabilities of each vocalist. It was impossible to go into all the details in a short lecture, but he would expose the two greatest fallacies of modern teaching. One of these was the *coup de glotte*, and the other the method of vocalization of exercises. The *coup de glotte* was against physiology. The only advantages which the advocates of this system advanced for still bolstering up their unscientific and irrational method were obtainable just as well without the *coup de glotte*. One fundamental error permeated all the systems of vocal exercises, viz.: the vocalization at all pitches without modification of the vowel sound used. Physiologically each step of the scale corresponded with a specific position of the vocal organs, and this position determined the vowel sound; therefore, if we altered the pitch we must vary whatever vowel sound was used, or we sinned against physiological laws. By variation of a vowel sound he meant the delicate and infinite gradations of pronunciation of which each vowel was capable. If it were asked how it was that vocalists managed to satisfy the three requirements alluded to with the bad systems of teaching they had undergone, the answer was that experience taught them to abandon the errors of the schools and to follow their natural instincts. He might, from this afternoon's discourse, be accused of merely overthrowing all other systems without offering anything in their place, but his system would be clearly explained in his forthcoming work on the subject."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Alone on a Wide, Wide Sea. By W. Clark Russell. New York, London, Toronto: John A. Taylor Company.

This story cannot be said to be one of Clark Russell's best, though it is by no means bad. Mrs. Campbell, the wife of John Campbell, a solicitor, about three years after her marriage accompanies her husband, sister and children to Piertown on the Bristol Channel to spend their holidays. One fateful day Mrs. Campbell went for a sail with a fisherman named Hitchins, whose boat she had often hired for a row or sail on the sea. The result of this day's sail forms the burden of the tale, which is one of pathetic and tragic interest.

The Adventures of Gil Blas of Santillane. By Alain René Le Sage. New York: Worthington ane Company.

Who has not read Gil Blas? Who has read it, shall not easily forget it; and who that has not read it has not heard of the inimitable Dr. Sangrago, of imperishable memory? This edition is one of the Rose Library Series and old admirers of this famous book will welcome the first part in its present pretty and readable form. Smollett's translation could scarcely be improved upon and Le Sage's clever and versatile adventurer again appears upon the stage with his keen wit, his abounding humour, his pliable conscience, his readiness of resource and his accommodating adaptibility to the changing circumstances which

environed his remarkable and adventurous life. Not without its lessons is this entertaining book, and not the least important of them is to learned from the preface.

Evangeline. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. New York: John D. Alden. 1892.

Mr. Alden has included the beautiful but, alas! somewhat unreliable story of the expulsion of the Acadians, as embodied in this poem, in his issue of cheap books. It is a pleasant and neat reproduction of Longfellow's famous poem, fully illustrated with woodcuts of pictures by such artists as Sir John Gilbert, Birket Foster and others. In giving his clients such an agreeable edition of "Evangeline" at such a very small price we suppose the publisher thought himself entitled to devote about one-quarter of its pages to an advertising catalogue; for our own part we would have preferred the catalogue separately.

Card Tricks and Puzzles. By "Berkeley" and "T. B. Rowland." London and New York: George Bell and Sons.

One of the most enjoyable uses of cards is that indicated by the title of this neat little volume. It is one of what is known as the Club Series being issued by this well-known publishing firm. The *nom de plume* of the compiler and the name of his able assistant are a guarantee for the skill and competency with which the subjects treated are presented. It is as well to direct the reader to the announcement in the preface that no attempt is made to teach "tricks of sleight of hand," but rather to "enable an amateur to amuse his friends with card tricks, some of which may even be thought to require sleight of hand." The contents are divided into "Card Puzzles," "Simple Tricks," "Simple Tricks by Calculation," "Tricks with Arranged Cards." So far the work has been "Berkeley's." The last but by no means least interesting portion is devoted to "Arithmetical Puzzles," and is by Mr. Rowland. It is almost needless to say that this is one of the best handbooks of its kind of which we are aware.

Political Pamphlets. Edited by George Saintsbury. New York: MacMillan and Company, 1892.

Mr. Saintsbury has provided a notable addition to the Pocket Library of English Literature in the above volume. There are certain political pamphlets which have exercised an important influence not only upon the persons to whom they were addressed, and the concerns to which they were directed, but indirectly upon a far wider circle of men and events. From the great and abiding interest of the affairs with which they dealt, the special knowledge and rare qualifications of their authors, and the intrinsic excellence of their literary form they will ever remain the handmaidens of past legislation and history and the by-paths which lead their readers to close and familiar views of some of the great turning points in the statecraft and polity of our commonwealth. The Rules by which Mr. Saintsbury determined his selection: "That they should be pamphlets proper; that they should deal with special subjects of burning political, and not merely personal, interest; and that they should either directly or in the long run have exercised an actual determining influence on the course of politics and history," we should deem amply sufficient. The admirable and discriminating Introduction by the editor, and his clear and concise head-notes to each of the pamphlets, will prove both interesting and satisfactory to the reader. The following pamphlets are included in this compact and clearly printed volume, which is very attractive in its old-fashioned board covers and vellum back: "Letter to a Dissenter," by George Savile, Marquess of Halifax; "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters," by Daniel Defoe; "The Drapiers Letters," by Jonathan Swift; "Second Letter on a Regicide Peace," by the Right Honourable Edmund Burke; "Peter Plymley's Letters," by Sydney Smith; "Letter to the Journeymen and Labourers of England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland," "Letter to Jack Harron," by William Cobbett; and "First Letter of Malachi Malgrowther," by Sir Walter Scott. The rules laid down by the editor justly exclude the sarcasms of "Junius" and many a minor pamphlet, clever it may be, but comparatively unimportant and ephemeral. This is an excellent collection. Mr. Saintsbury deserves our thanks for having so deftly decanted such crusty old wine into this chaste, new bottle.

Thomas Scanlon commences the July number of the *Westminster Review* with "Who Are the Irish Loyalists?" an interesting question, but hardly answered to universal satisfaction by Mr. Thomas Scanlon. Joseph J. Davies writes on "The Tyranny of Canvassing." "A Plea for Justice" is the title of a paper from the pen of Walter Snoad. The July number of this well-known review is a very fair one.

The *Expository Times* (July) holds on its course prosperously and usefully. Among the most important articles is that of Professor Ryle, continuing his series on the "Early Narratives of Genesis." The Rev. D. W. Jenkins partly replies to Principal Davies' paper on the "Study of Theology in British Baptist Colleges." There are some excellent notes of recent exposition on such sujects as "Jephthah's Daughter," "Jehovah and Moloch," "Human Sacrifice," "Max Müller's Gifford Lectures," etc. This publication is indispensable to the thoughtful young clergyman.

Daniel Walney commences the July number of *Greater Britain* with "An Indian and Imperial Question," an indignant protest against Mr. Strangway's suggestion of the "adoption of a gold measure of value for India." "Mashonaland," by Alexander Boggie, is an interesting descriptive paper. "The Earl of Derby" is a brief but readable sketch of Edward Geoffrey, fourteenth Earl of Derby, whom the first Lord Lytton estimated as

> The brilliant chief, irregularly great;
> Frank, haughty, rash, the Rupert of Debate.

Jas. Stanley Little writes a paper in which judgment is altogether subordinate to enthusiasm, entitled "A Pan-Anglican Alliance"; the editor's remarks at the foot of this paper should be read carefully.

The *Critical Review* (July) is an excellent number, giving careful and discriminating notices of a number of new books, nearly all of a theological character. Among the most important reviews are Professor Macalister's of the new edition of Tylor's "Primitive Culture," Professor Adam Smith's notice of "Davidson's Commentary on Ezekiel," Professor Marshall on "Ewald's Chief Problem of the Gospel Question." Professor Davison gives a sympathetic account of Professor Ryle's book on the Old Testament Canon, and Mr. Raleigh draws attention to Professor E. Caird's most interesting volumes of Essays. We quite agree with Professor Kilpatrick's commendation of Mr. J. H. Muirhead's excellent "Elements of Ethics."

Scribner's July number opens with "Stories of a Western Town," by Octave Thanet; the "stories" are humorous and interesting. William Vaughn Moody writes some touching lines under the title of "Faded Pictures." Walter Besant contributes another paper on "The Poor in Great Cities" entitled "A Riverside Parish." "Sun in the Willows," a poem by Harrison S. Morris, is pretty:—

> A lazy, winking journey full of whims,
> With dew to cool his feet, and pictures set
> Each way about him!

What a truly charming vision for a hot August day! "Guérin's Centaur" is the name of a contribution from the pen of Mrs. James T. Fields, and her vigorous translation of Maurice de Guérin's prose poem, so highly praised by Matthew Arnold in England and Sainte-Beuve in France, will be read with interest.

The July *Fortnightly* opens with an "Elegy" by A. C. Swinburne; it possesses much of this poet's love of word-painting and alliteration, and at times shows the true Swinbournian vigour and warmth of touch, for instance in such lines as

> The honey-heavy lips of Sophocles,

or

> Far-shadowing, deep as depth of dawn or night.

"Some Recent Novels" is the name of a paper by Mr. Francis Adams, in which this gentleman gives vent to the usual shower of indignant criticism against "Robert Elsmere" and "David Grieve." This is hardly new or interesting, but he follows it up with some dispeptic remarks about Messrs. Hall Caine, Barrie and Hardy. The brilliant truism, "the survival of the fittest," is ably paraphrased by Mr. Adams at the conclusion of his paper. Edward Delille writes on "Guy de Maupassant"—a most interesting paper, critical and not virulent. Alfred Binet writes on "Mental Imagery." The July number contains matter for careful reading.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Mrs. Humphry Ward, it is said, has begun work on a new novel.

Dr. Conan Doyle's "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" will appear in book form in the autumn.

We learn from the London *Literary World* that some time ago Mr. Gladstone made as much as £3,000 a year by his pen. It is doubtful whether he makes less now.

The Cassell Publishing Company, of New York, announce a new book entitled "The Literature of War," by Major George B. Davis, U.S.A., chief of the War Records office, Washington, D.C.

There is yet to come a volume of essays on archæological and historical subjects, by Professor Freeman, which the author himself collected together and arranged. His life of "Hannibal," intended for the "Heroes of the Nations" series, is reported to be not sufficiently advanced for publication.

Lieut.-General H. H. Crealock's account of his experience of deer-stalking in Scotland during a period of twenty-two years has been edited by his brother, Major-General J. N. Crealock, and will be published by Messrs. Longman in the autumn. The book will be illustrated by forty full-page plates, which have been reproduced by the Autotype Company, and about two hundred cuts in the text.

Duprat and Company will publish in the fall "Romeo and Juliet," with illustrations by Jacques Wagrez and a preface by Richard Henry Stoddard. The edition is limited, and similar in size and type to the "Antony and Cleopatra" that was illustrated by Paul Avril, with a preface by W. J. Rolfe, and published by the same firm. Duprat and Company sold before it was printed the whole edition of W. L. Andrews' "Jean Grolier."

Mr. John MacGregor, lawyer and writer, whose death is announced from London, was born on January 24, 1825; won honours at Trinity College, Dublin, and Trinity College, Cambridge; began to write and sketch for *Punch* in 1845; and wrote several accounts of canoe voyages besides "A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe on Rivers and Lakes of Europe," which has passed through many an edition and made its author famous.

Punctuation points are comparatively modern, says H. A. Ford in the *School Journal*. Only the period is more than five hundred years old. The colon is reputed to date from 1485, the comma about 1520, the semicolon about 1570; and others have been gradually added. It is obvious, then, that writing, printing and other orthographic arts might dispense in our day with many of their marks of punctuation, and lose nothing of the sense.

The New York *Critic* has the following interesting anecdote: The house where Longfellow was born, corner of Fore and Hancock Streets, Portland, has been bought by Mr. John Musgrave, who is tearing out and remodelling the interior. "He is having quite a time looking after the relic hunters, and one day a citizen, who wanted something to remind him of the birthplace of the poet, was overhauled on Middle Street with a mantelpiece in his arms."

Mr. Howells tells an interviewer of the New York *World* that he makes at the outside from $10,000 to $15,000 a year by his pen. Mr. Howells says also, and most people will believe him, that his work is the product of painstaking effort and never of the "fine frenzy" of inspiration. "Whenever I have given way to the so-called inspiration of the moment and have worked with reckless enthusiasm, I have always found the next day," he says, "that my work was rubbish and all lost."

Mr. Grant Allen is about building a house for himself in England; he will have as a near neighbour Professor Tyndall. The locality is High Head, Surrey. The grounds are elevated from the position where the house will stand, and a wide and beautiful view of the surrounding country is to be had. Mr. Allen has accepted an invitation to deliver a long series of lectures. It will interest our readers to know that Mr. J. A. Allen, the contributor of the able paper entitled "Force and Energy," which appeared in our issue of 22nd July, is Mr. Grant Allen's father.

A letter of Shelley's, addressed to Stockdale, a publisher, is considered by the *Pall Mall Gazette* to have a special interest in view of these celebrations. It is dated September 28, 1810, and refers to a poem, "The Wandering Jew," regarding which the youthful poet writes with a trustfulness that would give a pang to the Incorporated Society of Authors: "I now offer it to you, and depend upon your honour as a gentleman for a fair price for the copyright." The following disclaimer as to the tendency of the poem is worth quoting: "As to its containing atheistical principles, I assure you I was wholly unaware of the fact hinted at. Your good sense will point out to you the impossibility of inculcating pernicious doctrines in a poem which, as you will see, is so totally abstract from any circumstances which occur under the possible view of mankind."

The Boston *Weekly Bulletin* has the following item: The Norwegian Storthing has again granted an annual pension of 1,600 crowns (about $450) to the poet and politician Bjoernsterne Bjoernson. The pension was given to this popular author for the first time in 1863. In 1887, however, a motion was made in the Storthing to honour the novelist, Herr Kjelland, in a similar way. The motion was lost. Bjoernson was so incensed at the insult to his friend that he declined to accept his pension longer. Kjelland, having become in the meantime mayor of Stavanger, the city of his birth, Bjoernson consented to accept again the bounty of his country's representatives. The majority, however, in favour of granting the stipend, was not overwhelming, as the poet's political course recently has aroused much opposition. Henrik Ibsen and Jonas Lie also draw a pension of $450 each from the Norwegian treasury.

The *Speaker* says that a very sumptuous edition of "The Works of Master Francis Rabelais" is being prepared by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen. It is, of course, the translation by Urquhart and Motteaux, perhaps the best translation of any work into any language—Urquhart's share of it, at any rate. The publishers claim to have dealt handsomely with Rabelais and Sir Thomas. They invited a very distinguished French artist, M. L. Chalon, to paint a series of oil-colour illustrations, which have been reproduced by Dujardin. The originals are at present on exhibition at the Cercle Artistique in Paris, where they have won the admiration of critics. Prefixed to the translation is an essay on Rabelais, specially written for this edition by M. Anatole de Montaiglon, whose knowledge of early French literature is certainly unsurpassed and probably unequalled. The work is to be in two volumes, 750 numbered copies for England and 250 for America. There will also be a small edition of 250 numbered copies on Japanese vellum with two additional plates. This is hitherto the most important publication of this enterprising firm. In our opinion an *édition de luxe* of Urquhart's "Rabelais" is a necessity, and no mere bait, like too many special publications, to catch the guinea of the collector.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

The idea of flower-farming for perfumes seems to be exciting a good deal of interest in New South Wales, as many enquiries on the subject have lately been submitted to the Agricultural Department. There are at present in the colony no means of illustrating the practical operations of this industry, but the *Agricultural Gazette of New South Wales* hopes that this deficiency will soon be supplied by the institution of experimental plots on one or more of the experimental farms. The *Gazette* points out that in scent farms large quantities of waste material from nurseries, gardens, orchards, and ordinary farms might be profitably utilized, while occupation would be found for some who are unfit for hard, manual labour. A Government perfume farm was lately established at Dunolly, in Victoria, and this promises to be remarkably successful.—*Science.*

Dr. J. Hann laid before the Academy of Sciences at Vienna, on May 5, says *Nature*, another of those elaborate investigations for which he is so well known, entitled "Further Researches into the Daily Oscillations of the Barometer." The first section of the work deals with a thorough analysis of the barometric oscillations on mountain summits and in valleys, for different seasons, for which he has calculated the daily harmonic constituents, and given a full description of the phenomena, showing how the amplitude of the single daily oscillation first decreases with increasing altitude, and then increases again with a higher elevation. The epochs of the phases are reversed at about 6,000 feet above sea-level as compared with those on the plains. The minimum on the summits occurs about 6 a.m., and in the valleys between 3 and 4 p.m. The double daily oscillation shows, in relation to its amplitude on the summits, nearly the normal decrease, in proportion to the decreasing pressure, but the epochs of the phases exhibit a retardation on the summits, of as much as one or two hours. In the tropics, however, this retardation is very small. He then endeavours to show that these modifications of the daily barometric range on mountain summits are generally explained by the differences of temperature in the lower strata of air. In connection with this part of the subject, he considers that even the differences in the daily oscillations at Greenwich and Kew are mostly explained by the different attitudes of the two stations and by the fact that Greenwich is on an open hill. In the second section he has computed the harmonic constants for a large number of stations not contained in his former treatise of a similar nature, including some valuable observations supplied by the Brazilian Telegraph Administration, and others at various remote parts of the globe.—*Science.*

The British consul in Hainan, in his last report, says, according to *Nature*, that during the past year he has made two journeys in that island, one to certain prominent hills near Hoihow, known as the "Hummocks," which lie fifteen miles to the west, on the road to Ch'eng-mai, the other a gunboat cruise to Hansui Bay. The people at both these places, and presumably all along the north-west coast, though believing themselves Chinese, speak a language which is not only not Chinese, but has a large percentage of the words exactly similar to Siamese, Shan, Laos, or Muong. The type of the people, too, is decidedly Shan, without the typical Chinese almond eye. At one time (1,000 years ago) the Ai-lau or Nan-chau Empire of the Thai race extended from Yun-nan to the sea, and the modern Muongs of Tonquin, like the Shans of the Kwangsi province, the ancestors of both of which tribes belonged to that empire, probably sent colonies over to Hainan; or the Chinese generals may have sent prisoners of war over. It is certain that some, at least, of the unlettered, but by no means uncivilized, tribes in the central parts of Hainan speak a type of language which is totally different from that spoken by the Shan-speaking tribes of the north-west coast. Yet the Chinese indiscriminately call all the non-Chinese Hainan dialects the Li language. The subject, Mr. Parker says, is one of great interest, well worth the attention of travellers. It was his intention to pursue the enquiry when making a commercial tour of inspection round the island, but his transfer to another post compels him to abandon his scheme.—*Science.*

The latest researches of the Finnish expedition to the Kola Peninsula will modify, as we learn from *Nature*, the position of the line which now represents on our maps the northern limits of tree-vegetation in that part of Northern Europe. The northern limit of coniferous forests follows a sinuous line which crosses the peninsula from the north-west to the south-east. But it now appears that birch penetrates much farther north than the coniferous trees, and that birch forests or groves may be considered as constituting a separate outer zone which fringes the former. The northern limits of birch groves are represented by a very broken line, as they penetrate most of the valleys, almost down to the sea-shore; so that the tundras not only occupy but a narrow space along the sea-coast, but they are also broken by the extensions of birch forests down the valleys. As to the tundras which have been shown of late in the interior of the peninsula, and have been marked on Drude's map in Bergham's atlas, the Finnish explorers remark that the treeless spaces on the Ponoi are not tundras but extensive marshes, the vegetation of which belongs to the forest region. The Arctic or tundra vegetation is thus limited to a narrow and irregular zone along the coast, and to a few elevated points in the interior of the peninsula, like the Khibin tundras, or the Luyavrurt (1,120 metres high). The conifer forests, whose northern limit offers much fewer sinuosities than the northern limit of birch growths, consist of fir and Scotch fir; sometimes the former and sometimes the latter extending up to the northern border of the coniferous zone.

In the structure of his teeth and the organs of digestion, man more closely resembles his nearer relatives of the ape and monkey tribe, who are vegetarians, than he does his more distant relations, the carnivora. Yet there are differences of structure which clearly separate him from the former as well as the latter class, and which justify us in ranking him as omnivorous, and adaptable in his dietetic habits to varying conditions of climatic and social environment. If any argument is needed for further scientific rebuttal of the extreme vegetarian view, it may be found in the universal experience of the race. The further back we go in human history, the nearer we approach, apparently, not a condition of pure vegetarianism, but on the contrary a more general and universal use of animal food. Men were hunters and fishermen before they adopted a pastoral or agricultural life, living almost exclusively upon the products of the chase and the resources of the sea. In the ancient "kitchen middens" of Europe and America, mingled with the shells and bones of fish, we find animal, and sometimes even human, bones, on which the marks of human teeth clearly reveal the uses to which they were put. And if we assume before this stage of human evolution a social or unsocial state, when men lived exclusively on the products of the soil, an assumption which has no warrant in the accessible testimony of archæology or history, we must imagine the condition of man then to have been similar to that of the digger Indian or certain of the hill tribes of Hindustan, who rank among the lowest extant specimens of the human race. Looking at this question from the climatic standpoint, we find in the tropical regions a predominance, but not an exclusive prevalence, of the vegetarian habit, while in the Arctic regions the native races resort almost entirely to the use of animal food. In neither of these regions do we find the human race in its highest perfection. Civilization received its primary impulse and has achieved its most notable successes in the temperate zone, and among races which are neither exclusively vegetarian nor exclusively carnivorous in their habits. The modern American and European, as is well known, is a descendant of one or more branches of the ancient Aryan or Indo European stock. It so happens that one branch of this stock which early separated from its European cousins and travelled southward to people the mountains and plains of India, through stress of climatic and religious influences, became as nearly exclusively vegetarian in its habits as any large section of the human race has ever been, and has remained so for centuries. Here, then, is an opportunity for comparison. The effect of the vegetarian habit, superadded to climatic conditions, has been to develop a race notable indeed for some of its intellectual traits, but inferior in size, lacking in physical stamina and energy of character, whose millions of people easily fell a prey first to the Mohammedan and afterward to the English, whose commercial enterprise for centuries has proved inferior to that of the small competing race of the Parsees—their nearer blood relations—and which has shown itself lacking in those essential traits which characterize our modern, progressive civilization. The great and successful men of all ages have been those who have not departed too widely from the mixed diet which has long constituted the habit of the races which have peopled the temperate regions of the earth.—*Lewis G. James, M. D., in Food for July.*

Beware of Green Fruit.—Now that the heated term is approaching, people should pay particular attention to their diet, above all things avoiding unripe fruit and stale vegetables, which invariably bring on Cramps, Cholera Morbus, or Diarrhœa. Children are particularly subject to complaints of this kind, and no mother can feel safe without having a bottle of Perry Davis' Pain Killer within easy reach. It is a safe, sure, and speedy cure for the disorders named, and no family medicine chest is complete without it. Ask for the Big 25c. bottle.

Some trials with solidified petroleum were made a few weeks ago at the works of the Solidified Petroleum Corporation at Hackney Wick, London, and they demonstrated that a 6 horse power tubular boiler containing eighty gallons of water could be heated by 62 lbs. of the chenhall fuel (or solidified oil), and in 36¼ minutes steam raised to indicate 60 lbs. to the inch, while it took 106 lbs of coal and wood to raise steam to 60 lbs. in one hour's time.—*Scientific American.*

At the meeting of the Field Naturalists' Club of Victoria on March 14, as we learn from *Nature*, Professor Baldwin Spencer, the president, gave an interesting account of a trip he had made to Queensland in search of Ceratodus. Special interest attaches to this form, since it is the Australian representative of a small group of animals (the Dipnoi) which is intermediate between the fishes and the amphibia. Ceratodus has its home in the Mary and Burnett Rivers in Queensland, whilst its ally, Lepidosiren, is found in the Amazon, and another relative, Protopterus, flourishes in the waters of tropical Africa. Although unsuccessful in obtaining the eggs of Ceratodus, owing to the early season, Professor Spencer was able, from a careful study of the surroundings under which the animal lives, to infer that its lung is of as great a service to it during the wet as during the dry season—a theory in direct opposition to the generally accepted one that the lung functions principally during the dry season, when the animal is inhabiting a mud-cocoon within the dry bed of the river.—*Science.*

In a recent number of the Journal of the Straits Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society there is an interesting note on the little insectivora, *Tupaia javanensis*. It is very common in Singapore, and especially in the Botanic Gardens, where it may be often seen running about among the trees. It is easily mistaken for the common little squirrel (*Sciurus hippurus*), of which it has much the appearance. When alarmed it quickly darts up the trunk of the nearest tree, but it is a poor climber, and never seems to go high up, like the squirrel. Besides these points of resemblance, it appears to be largely frugivorous. It was found that the seeds sown in boxes were constantly being dug up and devoured by some animal, and traps baited with pieces of cocoa-nut or banana were set, and a number of tupaias were caught. These being put into a cage appear to live very comfortably upon bananas, pine-apples, rice, and other such things; refusing meat. The Rev. T. G. Wood, in his "Natural History," states that *T. Ferruginea* is said to feed on beetles, but to vary its diet with certain fruits. The common species at Singapore seems to be almost entirely frugivorous, though its teeth are those of a typical insectivora.—*Science.*