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THE WEEK:

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HOWEVER we may differ from the views of many of our readers, we cannot but feel that the City of Toronto is to be congratulated on the decision of the citizens in regard to the Sunday-car question. From our point of view the only thing to be regretted is that the majority was not larger, the decision more emphatic. We recur to the question, not by any means for the purpose of simply expressing our gratification, but because we are persuaded that the issue before the people of Toronto in this case was but a fractional part of a question of world-wide importance, over which a great struggle is even now beginning to be waged in various quarters of the globe, and which is likely to assume much larger proportions in the near future. This peaceful contest is destined to be, we venture to predict, on the one side a struggle of the working classes for the universal recognition of their sacred right to a seventh-day rest, without loss of wage or disability of any kind; and on the other side a struggle in the interests of humanity generally, and under the teachings of science, for the re-establishment and recognition of a beneficent ordinance which, generally observed, would do more than almost anything else could do to counteract the evil effects of the mad haste which is so characteristic of the time, whether the object of pursuit be business or pleasure. The faithful observance of a regular day of rest, whether from toil of hand or of brain, can, we are fully persuaded, be demonstrated to be a physiological necessity, and one of the best possible safeguards—might we not say the only possible safeguard—of the race against the deterioration with which it is threatened by the conditions of modern city life. From this point of view, and not, as we have before tried to make clear, from any Puritanical belief in the right or duty of the civil authorities to enforce the observance of the Sabbath as a religious ordinance, the struggles which are going on in the United States, especially in regard to the coming centennial, will be followed with the deepest interest by many who, like ourselves, believe the issue to be fraught with consequences to the universal well-being far more serious and far-reaching than might at first thought be imagined.

THE result of the election in North Lanark was a foregone conclusion, but the marked increase of the Government majority was not so generally anticipated. Premier Abbott is too shrewd a tactician to permit the first of a series of bye-elections to take place in a doubtful constituency, or to open such a constituency voluntarily unless sure of the result. So far, therefore, as any augury can be drawn from the outcome of this first skirmish of the campaign, it must be drawn, not from the fact of the Government victory, but from the character of that victory. In this regard its decisiveness left little to be wished for by the friends of the Administration. It must, in fact, have been a surprise even to themselves. So far as we are able to judge, the question of trade policy, which is and must be the question of Canadian politics for some time to come, did not decide the issue in this contest. Certainly it did not enter into it to the degree that it is natural to expect in some other constituencies. Probably the point of greatest significance in connection with this election was its relation to the investigations and revelations at Ottawa during the last session. There had hitherto been nothing to indicate in any objective and practical way the extent to which the minds of the people have been affected towards the Government by those events. Now that North Lanark has spoken, it must be admitted on all hands that, so far as its verdict may be taken as a criterion, the Opposition may as well give up any hope they may have been building upon the "scandal" foundation. There is no indication that the electorate is prepared to try a change of Government, either by way of punishing those under whose management those things took place, or as a means of saving the country from danger of further disgrace and damage in the future. This result is susceptible of different explanations according to the party glasses through which the interpreter may look at it. To infer that the constituency, and the country as represented by it, cares nothing for purity of administration and honesty in the use of the public funds is unnecessary and would be humiliating. There are other ways of looking at it. For our own part, we should be sorry to believe that the electors in any constituency could agree with the views put forward by Sir John Thompson, the tenor and object of whose speech seemed to have been, we are sorry to say, to minimize the importance of the whole affair. We prefer to believe that the Quebec revelations, on the one hand, and those of the Election Courts on the other, led the people in North Lanark to the conclusion that under existing circumstances they had nothing to hope for on the score of political morality from a change of party leaders. As to the soundness of such a conclusion we do not feel called on to express an opinion, but we cannot refrain from observing that the remarkable results of the election trials, so far as they have gone, leave the Liberal leaders in a very awkward position. A great deal of explanation and we fear not a little purgation will be required to convince even those who may wish to be convinced, that they can fairly claim the honour of being regarded by unprejudiced onlookers as the party of purity, *par excellence*, in Canadian politics.

THOSE who are inclined to insist upon the full measure of "Provincial Rights" in matters affecting the relations of the members of our confederation to the central authority are sometimes met with the assertion that their views are counter to the spirit of the age. Everywhere, we are told, the political tendencies of the day are in the direction of agglomeration and consolidation. Experience has taught the nations that in this way lie strength and safety. Consolidation means strength, decentralization weakness. Reasoning in this way, we do not doubt, the late Sir John A. Macdonald was always of opinion that the adoption of the federal system was a source of weakness to Canada, and that, had a legislative union been formed at the outset, we should have escaped many evils, past, present, and to come. All this is, it seems to us, but one side of the shield. That there has been for some years past a marked tendency towards confederations among smaller states and alliances on the part of the larger is undeniable. But a little closer scrutiny reveals, unless we greatly misread current history, a still

more strongly marked tendency in the internal management of free states towards decentralization. "Home rule," "Local management of local affairs"—these and similar cries have become the mottoes of the smaller communities in their relations towards the larger of which they are or propose to become constituent parts. It is unnecessary to go for illustrations beyond the confines of the British Empire. The Canadian Confederation, the nascent Australasian Commonwealth, even the county and parish council movements in Great Britain—to say nothing of the larger and more debatable "Home Rule" demand which has been so long the rallying cry of the Irish, and which, in some modified form, is almost certain to be effectively raised in England and Scotland at no very distant day—these and kindred movements amongst the populations which have the freest governments and the greatest genius for self-government of all peoples, will suffice to explain and illustrate our meaning. And when we view the matter dispassionately, it is not difficult to see that the tendency is a most sensible and beneficent one within reasonable limits, though it may not always be easy to determine just where those limits are to be found. That is, however, a difficulty which is by no means peculiar to the decentralization movement, but is common to all spheres of politics and morals. But what can be more uncalled for, or a greater waste of time and energy, than for an august body like the British Parliament to occupy itself with the details of local legislation for every shire and village to the remotest part of the kingdom, when those details could be better understood and better managed by a dozen representatives of the people directly interested, sitting in a county or parish council? There can be no doubt that the completest localization in regard to local affairs, combined with the completest centralization in all truly national matters is rapidly becoming the ideal and is destined to become at no distant day the actual mode of administration in the best governed nations. Such a system of legislative units, combined and recombined in higher and still higher classes until the comprehensive and supreme national council, concerning itself exclusively with the things which belong to the nation as a nation, is reached—such a system is eminently rational and is based on the great models which are everywhere to be found in the natural world.

THE discussion of the question of a union of the Christian churches—its possibility, its desirability, its mode—is being kept up with great pertinacity in the press of Canada and the United States, the secular as well as the religious. For our own part, we should have more hope of a favourable result if we could discover more indications of a readiness to go back to first principles. What is the real origin of the differences in creed and practice which mark or make the dividing lines between the sects as they to-day exist? To what extent are those differences the outcome of unbiassed, personally-formed convictions on the part of those who now hold them? Of course the narrower the limits within which those making the effort at union in the first place are confined, the greater the possibilities of success. We imagine, for instance, that the chances of a favourable result are much improved when the question is confined to that division of the sects within which all are agreed in holding the views which are termed "evangelical." Suppose the discussion for the present confined to these, is there any one first principle from which all could set out as a starting point? Would all be willing to accept the sole and absolute authority of Scripture, or of the New Testament, as such starting point? If so an important step would have been gained. But then who is to interpret the law-book? To our thinking, it is evident that a further step forward would be impossible so long as each party represented in the conference should persist in looking at the question from the standpoint to which he is accustomed, viz., that of his own denomination. We have often thought that a census of the history of denominational opinions, or convictions, as most of us prefer to call them, were such a thing possible, would be a curious affair. It would call our attention to some important facts now too often lost sight of. The evangelical denominations all profess, we believe, to base their respective views upon the Bible. But how large a

percentage of the members of anyone of these churches really belongs to that particular church for any better reason than that his parents were members of it, or that his environment shut him up to it, or that he was trained and indoctrinated in its creed and policy by those responsible for his early education? Can we suppose that one in ten, or one in fifty, of the Presbyterians, or Methodists, or Episcopalians, or Congregationalists, or Baptists, who constitute the membership of the bodies under consideration, ever at any period of his life sat down to a deliberate, unprejudiced, conscientious investigation of the questions at issue between these different bodies and reached his conclusions accordingly? The fact that in the majority of cases the "convictions" in question were gained in a very different and much less laborious way does not of course prove that the sectarian distinctions are worthless. We are quite willing to admit that correct views, in other words truth, may have an intrinsic value to the individual, apart altogether from the way in which he may have come by them. But none the less, even the truth that is held as the result of training or tradition, without impartial investigation, is held as a prejudice, and must be dealt with as such. And everyone knows how much harder it is to uproot or examine a prejudice, than an opinion formed by conscientious study. The point we wish to reach is this: assuming the facts with regard to the history of our individual creeds to be as we have suggested, it follows that the only possibility of reaching a genuine unity of belief and practice founded on the truth would depend upon two conditions. First, the finding of a sufficient number of competent representatives in each denomination, so loyal to truth that they could be trusted to free their minds from every preconception and sit down with their brethren to study the textbook at first hand with a view to find out simply what it teaches in regard to the points at issue. Second, the consent of the rank and file of the various bodies to abide by the result. As to the probabilities in favour of, or against, these representative men reaching an agreement, we leave our readers to judge from their own knowledge of human nature. To any objections which might be made to the reception by the many of the verdict of the few in such a matter and the changing of their convictions to suit, it could only be answered that the new convictions would have about the same intrinsic value as those at present held in the majority of cases, if the above view as to the manner in which they are ordinarily formed be correct. Failing this way of attaining the desired unity, would it not be better for the brethren of the various churches to join hands cordially to carry out their principles and do their Christian work, in so far as they are already at one—and everyone claims that the points of present agreement are far greater in number and importance than the points of difference—leaving to time and growth in knowledge and grace to bring the closer union? There is nothing like close contact and hand-in-hand struggle in a worthy cause to wear away the sharp corners of prejudice and fit mind and heart for closer approximations.

THE inevitable reaction against the unwisdom of protection as a commercial policy is operating just now in a somewhat roundabout fashion in both hemispheres. It is inconceivable that the intelligence of modern times can long suffer great nations to be guilty of the practical folly of flying in the face of nature and striving by artificial disabilities and prohibitions to countervail the beneficent ordinances by which she has decreed that the peoples dwelling in different regions and in various latitudes and longitudes shall freely exchange products for mutual advantage. Notwithstanding the prevalence for the time being of the strange economic heresy that A confers a special favour on B when he permits the latter to supply him with some commodity which he (B) has to spare and which A needs, even though he (B) is quite willing to take in return something which he himself needs and which A wishes to sell, the free-trader's confidence in the ultimate triumph of nature's beneficent purpose never wavers. It is incredible that the majorities in self-ruling communities can continue permanently to stand in their own light. We ventured to observe some time since that there were indications that the protectionist nations were beginning to find their way back to healthy commercial conditions by the indirect route of international treaties. Those who follow the news of the day will have perceived that considerable progress has already been made in this direction in both Europe and America. In the former the Dreibund Zollverein, which it is almost certain will soon be extended to include Belgium, Holland, Roumania, Servia,

and possibly Spain, spreads in effect the free-trade area over a large part of the European continent. Then, again, France, though she is fighting against serious disadvantages, in consequence of being too late in the field, as well as of other well-known causes, has made some progress in the same direction, especially in the cases of Greece and Denmark. It is unnecessary to recount what has recently been accomplished by the United States, along somewhat similar lines, though not to the same extent. The agreements just made with the British West Indies complete a circle of comparative freedom which will go far to counteract the injurious tendencies of the McKinley Bill. It is to some extent a redeeming feature of these treaty arrangements that however wrong in principle, they work so far as they go, right in practice. In giving the peoples concerned opportunities for testing the benefits of commercial freedom within certain limits they are almost inevitably paving the way for further experiments in the same direction, since no very profound reasoning can be required to convince the masses that if partial freedom cheapens production, quickens trade, and increases domestic comfort, complete freedom would be proportionately more beneficial. It is of course greatly to be deplored that these treaties are based to so great an extent on political rather than purely commercial grounds, especially since free commercial intercourse would prove one of the most potent of all influences in restoring good feeling between unfriendly peoples and in rendering future wars impossible. A Canadian journal supporting the present Government and its policy asks pertinently enough, why if it pays the United States to have a reciprocity treaty with the British West Indies it would not also pay it to have one with us? There is much force in the suggestion and, though there are many differences in circumstances and conditions which greatly increase the difficulties in the case of Canada, especially those growing out of the differences in latitude, these do not furnish a satisfactory answer to the question. It will remain for the Dominion Government to give the answer when the negotiations at that long delayed conference shall have failed, should they unfortunately fail, to bring about a better commercial understanding with our next door neighbours.

"PATRIOTISM becomes stagnant by too long epochs of peace." If General Porter, of the United States Navy, really delivered himself of the foregoing and other truculent sentiments, as reported by an interviewer at Washington, and if the words were spoken in seriousness, the fact affords a most suggestive argument for those who would have professional soldiering confined within the narrowest possible limits. The words speak volumes in regard to the relations between the maintenance of great standing armies and navies, and the finding of occasions for their use. Nor can it be denied that the sentiment is a very natural and reasonable one from the professional point of view. What more likely than that the soldier or naval officer should come to regard the virtues associated with the profession of arms as the chief of all manly and national virtues. To one who thinks it over calmly, having in full view all the horrible passions let loose in war and all the horrible results involved, there is indeed something monstrous in the idea of one nation going to war with another, on some pretext more or less plausible, but in reality in order to find scope and exercise for the development of what is called patriotism in its own subjects. One has only to imagine the powerful navy which the United States is now constructing complete and fully equipped, and manned with officers of kindred spirit with that of Admiral Porter, to be convinced that the finding of an enemy on whom to test the prowess of the war-ships would not require a great deal of time. On the same principle it is that the danger of war in Europe, however pacific the intentions of its rulers, can never be reduced to a minimum so long as immense bodies of warriors on sea and land are trained to look upon war as their legitimate business, and to regard their respective peoples as in serious danger of deterioration in all manly qualities if enervated by too long a period of peace. It is easy, for instance, to perceive what effect upon the issue of the present controversy with Chili, the presence at Washington of any considerable number of fire-eaters, of the Porter type, would have. We may hope that the day is far distant when such sentiments as those ascribed to him can find general favour on this continent.

WE are sorry to be compelled to infer from the tenor of discussions going on in the newspapers that the practice of dehorning cattle is spreading in Canada. It is

said by some that dehorning is now so common in the Western States that it is the exception to see cattle with horns. We sincerely hope that this taken, as it is evidently meant, to imply that the hornless cattle so universally seen were not polled or hornless by nature, but have been made so by the saw or other implement in human hands, is an exaggeration. But, if otherwise, it is still obvious that this fact is by no means decisive of the question of humanity or morality, since it will hardly be claimed that the average cow-boy or cattle-raiser of the Western plains is exactly the kind of man to whose judgment or humane instincts it would be safe to refer a question of this kind. To us it always seems that in all questions of cruelty to animals two distinct considerations should be taken into the account, though as a matter of fact stress is usually laid mainly or wholly upon the one, viz., the amount of pain inflicted upon the animals. This is, of course, a vitally important question in the present case, and, unfortunately for the easy decision of the matter, it is one in regard to which there is a very wide difference of opinion. We have, for instance, before us at this moment two letters which appeared in the *Globe* of Saturday last, both written by men claiming to know whereof they affirm. Speaking of the consequences of dehorning the one writer says: "These consequences to the unfortunate animals are intense agony during the operation, and great subsequent suffering, continuing more or less severely for considerable periods, frequently causing permanent injury, and occasionally resulting in death." The other writer, a practical farmer, asserts, on the contrary, that the charge of cruelty is foundationless. He says: "As to the operation itself, every precaution is taken to prevent injury, and only in rare instances does it exceed ten seconds in duration to each animal, and within fifteen minutes afterward they will be feeding without any appearance of suffering." Evidently the first thing to be decided, so far as decision in such a matter is possible, is this question of fact. As a trial is shortly to be had in London in which this will no doubt be the chief issue, those interested will do well to pay special attention to the evidence. Meanwhile it cannot be unfair, we think, to observe that pretty strong evidence will need to be brought forward to convince the disinterested listener of the opposite of what appears to be the testimony of experience and common sense. To conceive of the operation is enough to cause most sensitive persons to shudder; to conceive of it as almost painless is well nigh impossible.

BUT there is, it seems to us, a human as well as a humane element involved in all such questions. By this we mean that while the question of the suffering inflicted upon the poor brutes is a legitimate and important one, that of the reflex influence on those who perform such operations, those who witness them or their effects, and gradually on the whole community which tolerates such practices and perhaps profits by them, is, properly considered, of still greater moment. Of course the two things are pretty closely connected, yet it is not very difficult to distinguish clearly between them in thought. If the whole question were simply one of a few minutes or even a few hours of pretty acute pain inflicted upon an animal, to be forgotten as soon as past, it might not be so difficult for even the most sensitive humanitarian to become reconciled to it on the ground of the greater good to be gained, say, in the cheapening of animal food for the poor. But no thoughtful mind can fail to perceive that there has always been a close connection between the development of the more merciful and tender attributes of humanity and that of the finer and nobler and braver qualities. Hence it has come that we instinctively associate mercy with true refinement and manly courage, and cruelty with coarseness and cowardice. As we pointed out on a recent occasion, the modern and essentially Christian sentiment of pity which has covered every Christian country with hospitals and asylums for the halt, blind, deformed and helpless, of every class, means very much more in its effects upon civilization than the perpetuation of individuals whose continued existence really tends to lower the average of the national manhood, so far as mere physical and mental characteristics are concerned. The compensating advantages—and who will undertake to say that they are not ample?—are to be found in the development of those moral qualities which all are agreed constitute the highest attributes of our complex humanity. In this direction, it has always seemed to us, lies the strongest if not the absolutely impregnable fortress of the opponents of the vivisection practices which are so marked, and in the opinion of very many of the most estimable people

whom our civilization has produced, so deplorable a feature of the scientific investigations of our day. We have often wondered that those who are fighting what they believe to be the battle of humanity and religion in this matter have not transferred the conflict to the higher ground, to a much greater extent than they have hitherto done. Let it be demonstrated that all those practices which involve the infliction of intense pain unnecessarily upon the inferior animals, whether this be done in the name of commercial gain or of medical science, tend directly to the atrophy and final extinction of qualities which constitute some of the noblest attributes of human nature, and a case will have been made out for the prohibition of all such practices, against which no consideration of pecuniary gain, or even of physical healing, can prevail for a moment. That it should be one of the first and highest aims of all government to promote the perfection of the race in its highest qualities, and in the long run, all who recognize the supremacy of the moral side of our nature must admit. To bring the matter with which we set out down, then, to the true practical test, the question is whether the practice of dehorning cattle is not such as, if it should become common among farmers and stock-raisers, would tend to harden and degrade the natures of those who should thus accustom themselves to inflict such suffering for a slight pecuniary consideration, and of all who should stand in any relation of responsibility in the matter. There is surely something in the very dependence of these domestic animals upon our superior knowledge and prowess which appeals powerfully to whatever is noblest and most generous in the human breast. It is at least worthy of consideration whether that appeal can be habitually and deliberately disregarded without corresponding injury to the higher nature of those who turn a deaf ear to it for the sake of filthy lucre.

WAR has again broken out between the Catholic clergy and the Senate and Chamber of Deputies in France. The fuller accounts which reach us by mail show that the storm aroused by the incident at Rome and the insolent attitude assumed by the Archbishop of Aix and other dignitaries of the Church in reference to the circular of the French Minister of Worship, in which the Bishops were requested to refrain for the present from promoting any more pilgrimages in their dioceses, is still raging. It is scarcely too much to say that the very existence of the Catholic Church as an established church is threatened. As a matter of fact we do not suppose that the mobbing of the French pilgrims in Rome and the correspondence which ensued were so much the cause as the occasion of the violent discussions which took place in the two Houses of Parliament and of the strong and bitter feeling against the Church which was revealed in the course of those discussions. As the matter now stands there is no ambiguity in the attitude of the Party of the Left in either chamber. The separation of Church and State is distinctly demanded. It is probably only a question of time when the demand will have to be conceded, and but a little more arrogance and obstinacy on the part of the hierarchy are needed to bring the time very near. It may be even now at the doors. In the Senate, after violent debate, a motion was carried by a vote of 211 to 57, censuring the clergy and calling on the Government to enforce their submission to the Republic. In the Chamber of Deputies the opponents of the Establishment went further and made a direct motion for disestablishment, which secured 179 votes out of 500. This showed that those who are as yet unprepared to go so far are in a pretty strong majority, it is true, but a subsequent motion substantially the same as that carried in the Senate gave the Government only the narrow majority of twenty. M. de Freycinet made, moreover, the significant statement that while, as responsible Minister, he could not now agree to the separation of Church and State, yet if the agitation continued, and the clergy were determined to set the Republic at defiance, this consummation would be reached in the near future. Apart altogether from the merits or results of the present quarrel it seems quite unlikely that the connection, so alien to the spirit of democratic institutions, can last long after the firm and final establishment of the Republic.

IS Mexico about to follow the example of so many of the South American States and have its revolution? There are some indications that such a thing is possible, though it must be confessed that the spectacle of a revolutionary force taking refuge on foreign soil is not calculated to impress the world with the conviction that it is very

dangerous to the constituted authorities. From the tenor of an interview said to have been had with Garza, one of the insurrectionary leaders, by a representative of the *New York Times*, it would appear that the insurgents are relying upon disaffection in the ranks of the Presidential army for the reinforcements which are evidently needed if any speedy success is to be achieved. If it be true, as is by no means unlikely, that President Diaz is a good deal of a despot and much more intent on consulting his own pleasure and providing for his own future, than upon seeking the permanent prosperity and happiness of his people, or, which would come practically to the same thing, if this impression is abroad in the land and in the army, the reliance of the would-be revolutionists upon the goodwill of the forces sent against them may not be misplaced. The desertion of a body of Government troops, as reported the other day, is an indication in the same line. It is not very improbable that only a temporary success of the rebels in some engagement may be needed to cause a general desertion from the Government ranks. But in the almost total absence of reliable information as to the causes of the insurrection, the strength of its leaders, and the real feeling of the masses, speculations are useless. Meanwhile United States troops are said to be in hot pursuit of the trespassers, and a collision is imminent. It is therefore possible that the insurgent forces on American soil may find a speedy end put to their ambitious dreams by being ignominiously arrested, or driven across the border and into the arms of the President's troops.

THE NEW YEAR.

THE old year has passed away, and the new year has come in; and the omens are bright or gloomy according to the point of view from which we regard them. The most sanguine optimist will hardly feel satisfied with the present appearance of things; and the gloomiest pessimist will not venture to say that they are bad beyond the possibility of improvement. The reasonable man, who loves his country and his neighbours, and therefore wants to know and think what is true about them, will impartially recognize the good and the evil which exist around him, will be thankful that things are as well as they are, and will take counsel how they may be made better.

For us Canadians such a state of mind is quite justifiable. We have a good deal to be thankful for, and we have some things to be ashamed of. The general condition of the country is good, prosperous, hopeful. The average of well-being and of all that constitutes well-being is high. In this respect there is probably no country in the world better off. There are countries which have a greater number of wealthy men in proportion to the population; and this is perhaps a doubtful good. But the general level is higher with ourselves than in most countries, and this is a great matter. "The greatest happiness of the greatest number" may not be an absolutely safe principle in Ethics; but it is not a bad working theory in Politics.

Still there is everywhere a dark side to things. Many persons have been telling us that our political life is not sound. Unfortunately we are often told things of this kind by the very people who are most corrupt. But whoever may tell it to us, it is unfortunately too true. And it is true, not merely of this party or that, of one class of officials or another: it goes through our whole system. And it is of no avail to say that the people at large disapprove and detest these things; for ours is the soil in which they are grown.

Of course we detest them, especially when they become a scandal. We detest them when they are brought out in all their unblushing hideousness to the light of day. We do not exactly mean that we dislike evil doing only when it is found out; but there is some truth in this view of the matter. If we go a little further and enquire into the root of the evil, we shall find it in the prevalence of party spirit and in the selfish desire, so wide spread, for personal aggrandizement.

Of party spirit we need say little at this moment. It is the curse of every age and of every people. It is one of the horrid forms taken by falsehood, prejudice, bigotry, self-deception, greed. When these are chased out of the world, party spirit will go after them. But the other evil—the desire for personal aggrandizement at any cost—is getting very serious indeed. When men desire public office that they may enrich themselves at the public expense, and to the serious public loss, then things are in a very bad way.

And, it is said—apparently with some considerable degree of truth—that such things are on the increase. Here in Toronto it is alleged that the heavy rate of taxation is the result, not merely of the rapid increase of the city, nor merely of incapacity and mismanagement, but of actual jobbery. It is not perhaps quite easy to prove this to any considerable extent, and it may be retorted that such things should not be said unless they can be proved. Yet the wide-spread belief in such evil doing could hardly have arisen without some reason. These things are bad, not merely as facts, but as symptoms.

We do not propose here to do more than refer to the maycralty contest in Toronto, which illustrates the real difficulty of the situation. How few comparatively seem to see clearly the nature of the issue! How few seem to see that by advocating or approving the advocacy of the privileges of any particular class, they are doing and encouraging the very thing which has disgraced our country during the past year. We are practically and in reality hoodling—that is to say, we are trying unlawfully to get other people's money into our possession.

And the remedy! Of course the first remedy that suggests itself to most of us is to criticize our neighbours and point out where they may amend themselves; whilst our neighbours are going through the very same or a similar process with respect to ourselves. It is always thus. We are willing to reform the church and the world, and to forget our own need of reformation.

This is the way to prophesy smooth things. It is done every day by all kinds of teachers, even from the Christian pulpit. If only we could make other people better, get them to hold our opinions, use our practices, and so forth, then how soon would come the millennium! But the millennium will come in no such way; but only when every one of us takes himself in hand, and resolves that he, for one, will do righteousness, whatever other people may do.

And here is our earnest greeting of good-will and peace for the new year. If things are fairly well with us, let us be thankful and try to keep them so. If anything is wrong with us, let us do our best to find out the causes and go on to remove them. Let every man begin at home. Let him sweep before his own door, and the city will be clean. Let each man consider with himself that it is when he is doing his duty to his neighbour and his country, and only then, that he is gaining his own legitimate good. By this means, and only by this means, however we may try to deceive ourselves or others, will the new year prove a happy one for all.

THE QUEBEC BOULEVERSEMENT.

THE recent overturn of the Provincial administration in the Province of Quebec by an exercise of the prerogative assumed to be vested in the Lieutenant-Governor is an unexpected and ominous incident in our constitutional history. We have a precedent for the dismissal of a Governor, but none for the dismissal of a Premier supported by a majority in the Legislature.

The Letellier imbroglio of 1878 is our only precedent for the dismissal of a Governor under our present constitutional system. He was a Liberal and the appointee of a Liberal Government. Mr. De Boucherville—the gentleman who has just acceded to office by the grace of Governor Angers—was then leader of the Opposition. Mr. Joly, the Liberal Premier, was sustained by a majority, but the overwhelming victory of Sir John Macdonald in Ontario emboldened the Conservatives of Quebec to attempt the overthrow of the Liberal Government of that Province in spite of its majority. They invoked the aid of the Dominion Premier, and even went so far as to ask the intervention of the Imperial Government. The answer from that high constitutional authority was a palpable rebuff. The Colonial Secretary instructed the Governor-General to the following effect: "Under the British North America Act the Lieutenant-Governor of a Province has an unquestionable constitutional right to dismiss his Provincial Minister if from any cause he feels it incumbent on him to do so. In the exercise of this right, as of any other of his functions, he should, of course, maintain the impartiality towards rival political parties which is essential to the proper performance of the duties of his office, and for any action he may take he is, under the 59th Section of the Act, directly responsible to the Governor-General." It was further intimated that "the power to dismiss a Lieutenant-Governor rests with the Governor-General and the Dominion Cabinet, and not with the Governor-General alone."

Mr. Letellier was dismissed by the Governor-General on the advice of his Ministers. The impartial historian of that event, and of the circumstances and motives which produced it, will hardly care to cite it as a precedent that future Governors-General may safely follow. It was a questionable exercise of arbitrary power by a rehabilitated

leader, intoxicated by the spectacle of his own marvellous success.

In the present case it is the Provincial, not the Federal, Governor who has ventured to exercise this exceptional prerogative. According to the doctrine laid down by the Imperial authorities the Provincial Governor "is directly responsible to the Governor-General" "for any action he may take." Presumably, therefore, Governor Angers obeyed the instructions of the Governor-General, whom he was bound to consult, before adventuring upon the *coup d'état* he has just effected. It must be taken for granted, also, that the Dominion Cabinet advised His Excellency in this drastic proceeding, and they must defend and uphold the Governor before Parliament and the country.

Mr. Mercier and his colleagues will need to "lock horns" with Premier Abbott as well as Governor Angers. The friends of popular Constitutional Government will look with anxious curiosity for the outcome of this sudden, haphazard appeal to an exceptionally ill-informed and incompetent tribunal for the determination of a great constitutional issue.

ONLOOKER.

THE NEW YEAR BELLS.

To human hearts where gladness dwells,
In gladness ring the New Year bells;
A welcome herald of delight
Their tuneful voice across the night.

To some, alas! In mournful swells,
They seem the echo of farewells,
And waken painful memories
That linger when the cadence dies.

Thus, from our hearts the spirit wells
That tunes the voices of the bells;
The joy or sadness in their tone
Is but the echo of our own.

A. M. BELDING.

PARIS LETTER.

THE Marquis of Dufferin must be "on the side of the angels," so unanimous are the hosannas chanted in his favour by the French press. It is, if not fortunate, at least *apropos*, that the Russian ambassador is "down" with influenza, and so presumed to ignore the doings of the outside world. The something like the sudden squall—the weather is now permanently gusty—of cordial sympathy for *perfidie Albion*, will require at least the visit of half-a-dozen Russian war-ships at Brest or Algiers, with the dropping in of a live grand duke to Paris, to keep up the Cronstadt fire. The Marquis is accepted as a *persona grata* in advance; but if he aspires to be ranked as a *persona gratissima*, he must, it appears, undo all his work in Egypt by effecting the evacuation of the British from the land of Pharaohs. To accomplish that end would not only be a crowning glory for the ambassador's diplomatic career, but the most fitting political event with which to wind up the international harmonies of the expiring century.

It is in a sense lucky for the Marquis that Osman Digma has again "resurrected," as he is reported to be once more on the war-path. In presence of a descent into Egypt by his "furious Franks and fiery Huns," English troops will be marched into, rather than out of, that country, and so ease the Marquis of an initial difficulty. It was cruel to perpetrate the practical joke, that the new ambassador could not speak French; on the contrary, he is as expert in the *parlez-vous* as any ambassador need be. It is not by verbal communications that real business is transacted; all serious despatches before becoming definite are read and signed by the diplomatists on both sides, with the orthodox *vu et lu* appended. Being an Irishman, the Marquis will be sympathetic in advance; if he keeps fiddles and feet going at the Embassy, varied with the clatter of knives and forks, he will become immensely popular. The English colony here would like to see its ambassador climb down somewhat to the democratic temperament of the times, and not to forget one of Paddy's maxims, that "one man is as good as another—if not a great deal better."

Respecting the Parnell funds, in the hands of Bankers Munroe and Company here, some Americans resident in Paris are taking steps to bring about an amicable solution of the difficulty, and thus save the fund from being eaten up in law expenses, by proposing that the sum be handed over for the endowment of the Irish College in Paris, allowing the United States the right to send a certain number of sizar students annually to the college. Before the threatened suit be even commenced, the French Court will exact that the fund be lodged in court in the Chancery section, where it will carry three per cent. interest. If at the end of ninety-nine years the claims to the fund be not established, the money becomes forfeited to the public charity boards. Indeed, to all appearances, that will be its certain destiny if the war proceeds.

The public has not yet grasped the very serious situation in which France has been placed by the commercial union of the triple allies, who will certainly attract to their *zollverein*, the secondary European states, Spain herself included, as well as Scandinavia. The egoism of the ultra-protectionists of France, to buy nothing if possible from the foreigner, while compelling him to take French outputs of industry, has recoiled on themselves. France has

been out-China-walled! she will be admitted by some port-holes, but possessing no advantages for her manufactures, and she cannot, of course, consume all the latter herself, while her artisans must be employed and her people fed. The political consequences of this provoked boycotting, this *lex talionis*, become as plain as the road to the parish church. The French lay the flattering unction to the soul, that they will form a Franco-Russian *zollverein*; now the tariff of Russia is next to prohibitive, and her manufacturers want no foreign manufactures at all; their own industries suffice to meet on the whole the rough market wants of their country—a category of goods that France does not produce. In her recent Moscow Exhibition, France has been able to experience the rigorous application of the crushing Russian tariff. Besides, the revenue of Russia flows from the export of her natural products, of which Germany and England take from seventeen to twenty times more than France, and if the latter cannot dispose of her produce in foreign markets, she will not be in a position to import raw materials.

As an illustration of how the revision of the French tariff is proceeding without compass or rational aim: France has gradually progressed in the manufacture of window glass as to justify her to claim to that as a specialty for exportation; she sells to the foreigner seven times more of window glass than she buys from him, yet the new custom dues raise the rates for the latter sixty-seven per cent., while overlooking the possibility of retaliation. Now, the foreigner resembles those wicked animals, which, when struck, defend themselves. Stranger still, one of the chief drawbacks to the internal development of the national industries is the excessive rates of transport on the railways. Carmaux is one of the great centres of glass-making in France; in order to enable its products to reach the interior of the country, and so compete with the fabricants of Belgium, as well as of Northern France, the railway companies made important reductions in rates of carriage, and that the Government positively refused to sanction! That's how not to do it.

All that Paris, that is to say, France, could do to honour the remains of her great engineer, Alpaud, was done, and on the most sumptuous scale, combined with artistic effect and *apropos* surroundings. The gala wake, under the central dome of the 1889 Exhibition building, was in harmony with the deceased's life and works. There was an absence of all that was theatrical and flummery, which, in the case of the Hugo wake beneath the Arc de Triomphe, made the unskilful laugh and the judicious grieve. The Alpaud funeral ceremony was military, civil and religious; it commenced at nine in the morning and had to summarily terminate, fault of daylight, at Père Lachaise cemetery, much to the disappointment of orators, who had come primed and loaded with adieu eulogies. The remains repose in a temporary vault till their permanent sepulchre be constructed by the Municipal Council. The latter intends to invite competition of designs for the contemplated mausoleum.

According to many authorities the condition of the theatres could not be worse. They are said to be in want of regeneration. To effect this end, several theatres have sprung up like mushrooms, where anyone who strikes off a play can have it represented, provided he contribute to the expense—as a rule, not costly. The audiences generally consist of club men, mashers at large, young *littérateurs* and painters, with streaming locks like professors of the piano, the violin and the banjo. As a rule, the pieces are incomprehensible, that which appears to amuse; the poets are of all the schools, from the Symbolists, who symbolize nothing, to the Naturalists, who outrage nature. Happily the pieces are short, so the tax on intellect is not strained; but occasionally as many as six new pieces appear at once on the bills, and which are not played out till the sma' hours after twelve. However, the audience comes to stay; each spectator has a "won't go home till morning" expression. Occasionally an author is hissed or whistled down; this riles his friends, but the Montagus and Capulets are reconciled by a proposal, "Messieurs, let us have a drink!" I notice this resolution is always carried, *nem. con.* When in presence of political dissidence, Lord Eldon would say: "Gentlemen, let us dine!" It is by the stomach, observed Talleyrand, that you catch men. The Theatre d'Art is one of the new departure establishments coming within the foregoing lines. A few nights ago it commenced its fifth great attraction at one in the morning, subject, "Solomon's Song." Was it intended to be a Passion Play, or what? Each personage carried a different coloured lamp, and burning incense, advanced in turn to the foot-lights, recited a verselet and then retired—an actress succeeded an actor, music being executed in the background. After an artiste recited a verse, many only repeating the same, spectators would exclaim "Amen!" That continued for an hour. Such is the very latest phase in the regeneration of the theatre.

M. Carnot *s'amuse*: it is asserted that the *mitrailleuse* he has invented is the best machine gun yet produced. The wags call it *le président*, just as the guillotine is nicknamed the "national razor," and "the widow." Elector Frederick had only one cannon that he called his "aunt Catherine." When any of the barons to whom he loaned money did not pay, he set his "aunt" at them and their castles, and the account was settled.

A recidivist, on the morning of his trial a few days ago, wrote to the presiding judge, avowed his guilt, and begged to receive a long sentence. He asserted, and which was true, that nearly all his life he was in prison, where his conduct was exemplary. To be sentenced as he desired

he would receive a better dietary, be able to earn something at prison labour, to strengthen his health and buy a few necessaries before sailing for New Caledonia. His request was granted. "Madame," said Louis XVIII. to the wife of General La Bédoyère whose husband was condemned to be shot, "I cannot pardon him, but I shall have masses said for the repose of his soul."

Licht mehr licht. The Paris lamplighters demand not to be forced to clean the panes of the street lamps on Saturdays and Sundays.

Z.

A TWELFTHNIGHT EVE, FORTY YEARS AGO.

THIS, I need not inform the readers, was before the Fenian movement, and therefore long before the Home Rule question came to the front first under Butt, and subsequently under his greater successor, Parnell. It was about two years after the rising in '48, if rising it could be called, and the writer well remembers on days when he had the privilege of being driven to Cork by his mother. As the two walked along, she not much taller than her five-year-old child, begging of her to pause by a crowd gathered around a ballad singer, who sang a patriotic strain of which the chorus rang

Sooksees atind aitch wurthy frind
Boath Protestan' an' Roaman,
Who will lind a hand to Smith O'Brine,
For to repale the Union.

We lived a few miles outside Cork, just pretty comfortably. There was a great deal of property in Cork, but heavily mortgaged, and the little woman referred to above had to attend to all the business connected with, and be always ready to provide wages for the men on the farm, and the men employed in the city by her husband, whose hobby it was to indulge a taste for building—nature, he thought, had intended him for an architect.

In 1795 Pitt founded the College of Maynooth, and in 1845 Sir Robert Peel passed his Maynooth Endowment Bill—\$150,000 for repairing the building, and \$130,000 annually, one of his objects being the main one of Pitt to keep the Catholic priesthood at home during their student days. Before this College was established the young acolyte either received the greater part or all of his education abroad. One of Pitt's objects was certainly not attained. Maynooth did not turn out priests more attached to British connection than those who came from the French College. There was even a drawback in loss of refinement. In 1850 there were still many priests of the old school, and Father Mac—, of —, whom I am about to introduce to the reader, was one of them.

I do think such a heteroclyte household as ours was not in all the country side. No longer rich, we paid our way; had horses and traps; and, as we were connected with the "ould families," were respected by the farmers, and not looked down on by the men of large estate. The lady of the house was a woman of original mind, fond of horses and dogs, a good whip, full of experiments, a daring readiness to take her own course, with an overflowing kindness of heart that sometimes warped her judgment, and a never-failing brightness, which no labours and no reverses could dim.

Molly Brown was an old retainer of hers. Molly was supposed to look after the children and the servants in the absence of her mistress in Cork. Molly always had a white handkerchief round her head; she either had the toothache or neuralgia or headache, and there were rumblings under her apron strings, which, to my mature judgment, suggest dyspepsia, but to the childish imagination, conveyed the idea of spiritual movements—for Molly was very religious. Promoted from the position of an ordinary servant, she had a becoming contempt for all who were not of aristocratic blood, and when anything was going wrong in the country, or on the farm, she would say to her mistress: "Well, ma'am, sure one can't be up to these pheasantry."

Molly had a daughter, Mary by name, and Mary had finished her education at Boston, U. S. A., and when she was hired out of good nature as governess to the sister of the writer, his stepfather would say to his beloved spouse: "My dear, that is a truly original idea of yours. You bring a lady from the States to teach your daughter a good English accent. She will be sure not to have the provincial twang of a Dudley or a Devonshire," and he would laugh, for in truth the good-natured old gentleman looked down on all peasants and farmers and Yankees, and even lords, unless they had a long pedigree.

His wife, for all her lightness of heart, was very religious. She was, therefore, very much opposed to swearing, while, on the other hand, her husband was very much addicted to that habit, at once vicious and vulgar. She greatly objected to the habit—a habit that was almost inveterate—of using explicatives. What was to be done? He loved his wife very much, and would naturally do all things in his power to break a habit of which she did not approve; but we know the proverb that you cannot teach an old dog new tricks, and, unfortunately, it is a hard thing for old dogs to unlearn old tricks. One day she said to him: "What benefit do you get from damning a thing?" and, as he sometimes qualified a too express verb in the imperative mood by a sacred name, "What benefit do you get from that sort of thing? It would be almost as good if you were to *grandmother* it or *great-grandmother* it." He was a man of some humour. He struck his stick upon the ground and declared that she had

solved the difficulty ; and it was quite evident afterwards that he put himself into a course of training, for when he wanted to damn anything he would simply say "grand-mother it," and, if he felt exceedingly angry, why he gave full vent to his feelings by *great-grand-mothering* the thing or man that offended him. Until he had entirely mastered this euphemism, it was very amusing, if one were travelling with him in the carriage and a twinge of rheumatism, to which he was a martyr, came on with unusual severity to hear him break out with "D—, oh! no—the grandmothere rheumatism." He had an exceedingly strong desire to attend all auctions; and when at breakfast in the morning the *British Palladium* was laid before him, the first thing he did was to look at the column where auctions were advertised. If an auction were advertised for the following morning, for instance, if it were twenty miles off he would at once ring the bell and tell the girl that answered it to send the coachman, or, as we say, the driver, to the door. By and by the coachman would come to the door of the breakfast parlour, bowing, with hat in hand, with the reverence that is, I understand, falling into disuetude in Ireland, to receive his master's commands. His name was not "Pat" or "Mickey," and the old gentleman would say: "Have the side-car ready to-morrow at nine o'clock," or "have the dog-cart ready to-morrow at nine o'clock," or "have the covered carriage ready to-morrow at nine o'clock." Well, in the evening of the following day, to the despair of his wife, home he would bring some useless utensil purchased at an exorbitant price. In his eyes, however, it was always a bargain, and he always contended that it was sure to turn out useful. One day he brought home, to the amazement of his wife and to the infinite delight of the children, a pair of angels with branches attached to their arms for holding candles. When she asked "What on earth do you want these things for?" he said they would be very useful in the hall. "But," she said, "there is a lamp there already." "Oh, well," said the old gentleman, "this will give more light." "But," said she, "there will hardly be room." He, however, contended there would be room.

As I remember the hall, it was not a narrow one. There was a mahogany bench for the outside servants and their humble friends when they came to visit, or on business. There were some antlers and a miniature man-of-war; the master of the house had been a captain in the Royal Navy. There anyway the angels were placed. I remember they looked dilapidated; the sockets for candlesticks were all right; but, as to the angels, time had told on their eternal cheeks, and more than their cheeks. There was in the village a priest of the old school, who had been educated in France, the Father Mac—to whom we have referred. He always moved about booted; put on his vestments booted; was scarcely ever off his horse; and was a constant diner with the old gentleman of whom I have spoken, though that old gentleman was an Orangeman. In the same way Parson E——, whose church was, of course, in the village, charmingly embowered in trees. Adjoining it was an old graveyard full of village history, aye, and of the whole neighbourhood. The parson lived at a little distance in a seaside valley. He, also, was a constant diner at that hospitable board. When it was not a set affair, nobody took the trouble of dressing for dinner; and, unless there was a considerable number of guests, the children sat down. When the cloth was removed, the decanters were placed upon the table, the punch brewed, and the first thing done was to ladle out some into a wine glass, which was passed to the lady of the house, then wine glass after wine glass was filled until all the ladies and all the children were supplied, then the rummers of punch were filled for the gentlemen. With the ideas of the present day, I am inclined to think that the old gentleman, the priest, his neighbour Mr. Morrow and his neighbour Mr. Ewingham—who may, without impropriety, be mentioned, for they have all passed away—used to drink more of this whiskey punch than was good for them; but great good humour prevailed; jokes were made, though it is impossible for me to say now whether they were brilliant or not; but there was much innocent amusement, and no scandal was ever discussed over that table. The host himself was full of fun, and his wife had not only humour, but a certain epigrammatic wit which all her religion did not prevent scintilling on those occasions. In that simple country home, unless on state occasions, the dinner was at four o'clock, the habits of the house being early to bed and early to rise. Well, on the twelfth night eve I am trying to recall, after I do not know how many bowls of punch had been made, but certainly after several tumblers had been drunk by each of the gentlemen, and we had all been laughing at stories, the very ghosts of which I could not recall, the old gentleman said:—

"Well, Miss Mary Brown, how is Miss —— (the little girl approaching eight) getting on under your charge?"

Mary Brown: "She's very bright, sir."

"Yes," said H——, "and papa, I am not to call 'Derby'—"

"Hush, Miss," said Mary Brown.

"O yes, I know," said H——, "he's a rooster."

"And a 'male chick,'" said her brother.

"But," replied the little girl, "that's only when he's on top of a rooster of hay."

Shall I ever forget the laughter in which I joined without knowing why? Down the parson's cheeks, down the rosy visage of the priest, down the host's face—flowed the streams of merriment, and the lady of the house laughed with all her might. In fact, the table was in a roar—only Mary Brown sat smileless—a virginal pyra-

mid. The next day she said she must leave. She could not live in a family so wanting in refinement. Father Mac— rose about nine o'clock to go. He said he had to go early. He had a few miles' ride before him. The storm indeed was up, in the pauses of which the family banshee was heard—(N.B.—a few years afterwards the writer investigated this banshee and found she consisted of a choir of tom cats)—and he had to celebrate mass in the morning at six o'clock. All the guests rose. When they had taken their leave their host attended them into the hall, followed by the children. As Father Mac— folded his comforters round him he said to my step-father:—

"I think, Mr. ——, you ought to give me these angels for the altar in my church."

"By ——," cried the old gentleman, when he caught his wife's eye. "By my great-grand-mother I will, if you will baptize them in whiskey-punch."

"I will do it," said the priest.

"Then let us have another bowl of punch, my dear," said the old gentleman, beckoning to his wife, who was so filled with laughter at this idea that she was leaning against the wall, giving full vent to her sense of mirth. With more alacrity than on any other occasion she might have displayed, she went and brewed another bowl of punch, and out into the hall it was brought where parson, priest, the two other gentlemen, children and all were laughing. Glasses were also brought out on a tray, and the three gentlemen filled their glasses, leaving enough, however, in the bowl for the baptism that was to take place. In due time Father Mac—— took the punch, sprinkled the angels, and read the solemn ritual appropriate to the occasion. To my surprise, now, looking back, the lady of the house was in roars of laughter, and it may be that a certain puritan element that was in her was gratified. Of one thing I am certain, she was glad to get rid of the angels. The next day orders were given to have them sent over to Father Mac——.

At the time this occurred, although I laughed in unison with those who laughed around me, as a fact there appeared to me to be nothing strange in the whole proceedings. Nor was it one whit odder than a hundred things that weekly happened. But many years after the place had passed completely out of the hands of that family, after I had myself passed through many years of life, I went to visit the scenes of my boyhood, and then this thing came back upon my mind, and I thought I must have dreamt it. So I told the man who was driving me to drive me to the Catholic Church, or, as it is called there, the Catholic Chapel. We could not get in, so I enquired of a passer-by, who would enable me to pay a visit to the church. He said the key was at the national school. I went to the national school and was courteously shown into the church, where, on each end of the altar, I saw the angels, well gilded now, and wearing, as they should, an appearance of eternal youth. I turned away—not the fun of that night did I recall. In the neighbouring graveyard near the English Church the parson and host of that far off night were sleeping. In the graveyard round the chapel a stone marks the spot where the priest reposes. Ireland has perhaps advanced since then, but the old courtesy is gone; the priest of the type of Father Mac—— is no more, and the old Irish squire, frank, brave, kind, who had probably spent his youth in arms, who would fight to the death for a point of honour, will soon be searched for in vain.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

SONNETS TO THE LARK—I.

ALTHOUGH the lark is the typical early bird of poetry, he does not make his appearance in sonnet literature until late, as becomes a distinguished guest. When he arrives, all the other birds of poetic importance have long assembled; the nightingale having come over night in the dark of English verse, determined to secure the best place. From numerous reference to "the cheerful lark," "the silly lark," "the merry lark," "the gentle lark," "the busy lark," and other unscientific species in early poems, one is led to expect a burst of Petrarchan enthusiasm from some of the seventy or eighty Elizabethan sonneteers, but one is disappointed. The bird had probably soared too high in the dawn of our literature, and the sonnet-mirror flashed in vain to entrap him. He was not caught until about the beginning of this century, although his reflections were seen earlier. Opposed to the nightingale in the poet's aviary stands, or rather soars, the lark, for the top of that bird-cage is heaven. The lark in verse usually means the skylark—the *alauda mulcens aethera cantu* of the Latin poet, and the *alauda arvensis* in the Latin terminology of the professional ornithologist. The Latin word itself is a gallicism, and occurs late in the language. It is Italianized as *alodola*, the French form being *alouette*, as every Canadian knows who sings a *chanson populaire*. Like with many names, there is an affinity in the forms used in various languages. Compare the following: Anglo-Saxon, *lāwerc*; German, *lerche*; Danish, *lerke*; Dutch, *leeuwerick*; Scottish, *lawerock*. Throughout these variations there is something decidedly larkly, suggesting a common origin in the song of the bird, the "*tirra lilla*" chant which Shakespeare speaks of in his "Winter's Tale," or the "*tire-lire*" mentioned by Ronsard in "L'Alouette." In this poem Ronsard writes:—

Ainsi tu roules, alouette,
Ma doucelette mignonnette,

Qui plus qu'un rossignol me plais,
Qui chante en un bocage espais.

It is likely, however, that he wrote these lines for poetical effect and with due regard to the feelings of the bird he was addressing, for, as a matter of fact, the song of the skylark is one to which distance lends enchantment, whereas the nightingale's voice is melodiously sweet, even at a few yards. The caged lark sings just as well as his happier brother at heaven's gate; but, in the latter instance, it is St. Peter who gets the full benefit of that sibillant harshness which rather spoils his song, whereas we, who listen admiringly below, only hear that quick succession of falling sounds which, "from its presence showers—a rain of melody." This Shelleyan image is very fine, much better than that of Ronsard in these lines:—

Quand ton chant t'a bien amusée,
De l'air tu tombes en fusée.

Sainte Beuve commented thus on this passage: "La descente de l'alouette, comparée à la chute de la fusée, offre une image aussi fidèle que gracieuse." The idea of a showering rain of melody seems more natural and of a higher order of imagination than the coruscations of a sky rocket.

Spencer in a sonnet says:—

The gentle bird feels no captivity
Within her cage, but sings and feeds her fill.

This may be true of other birds, but it will not apply to the skylark, which is constantly seized with a desire to soar, so that its cage has to be specially constructed and padded to prevent any injury resulting from the attempt to reach beyond the sky. It will be noticed Spencer makes the hen bird sing. The captive lark is a loud and early singer, and a bird fancier of Club Row once told the writer that he had to cover up his larks' cages because the birds always commenced to sing when he was going to bed in the morning.

By special request of the poets, the lark officiates daily as a valet to Phœbus, and once a year he is employed as a master of ceremonies to the month of May. Indeed, if through any vermicose surfeit the herald of morn should oversleep himself on the night of the last day of April, a double catastrophe would likely ensue: Phœbus might not 'gin to rise, and the merry May-day morn would be in serious danger of being left out of the calendar. Happily, however, the skylark is an actual as well as a rhymed success in the matter of regular early rising. Chaucer tells us

Altho' it were not day by hours two,
Yet sang the lark,

and other poets have noted the fact that he sings before the dawn. It would seem that the lark takes up the solo when the nightingale leaves off, and before the chorus of the day commences. But the lyric of the lark is not specially addressed to the sun or directed to the drowsy ploughman; it is simply the spontaneous outburst of natural instinct. If a reason must be given for the song before the dawn, Charles Tennyson Turner offers the best possible one in a sonnet to "An April Day":—

The lark sang loud; the music at his heart
Had called him early, upward straight he went
And bore in nature's quire the merriest part.

The simple truth however is not sufficient for all poets. There are occasions when invention is better than fact, and William Habington in a sonnet "To Castara, complaining her absence in the Country" (A.D. 1634), writes thus:—

The early Larke, preferring fore soft rest
Obsequious duty, leaves his downy nest,
And doth to the harmonious tribute pay;
Expecting from thy eyes the breake of day.

Habington lived in the age of Italianated conceits and, though his poetry is not so far-fetched as much of the period, yet he often unreins his imagination. In another sonnet he presents himself as having been turned into a fountain that he could number every moment with a tear during his Castara's absence, and says:—

The Larke here practiseth a sweeter straine,
Aurora's early blush to entertaine,
And having too deepe tasted of these streams,
He loves, and amorously courts her beames.

The quaint unfolding of Habington's love in his "Castara" with its simple diction, easy couplets, and honest expression is, in contrast with the Euphuistic language of his time, like a refreshing draught of crystal water after a surfeit of Italian wine. A. H. Hallam has remarked of the book that it is "one of those works which make us proud of living in the same land, and inheriting the same associations, with its true-hearted and simple-minded author."

The poet, by constantly harping on the lark's habit of early rising, has gained a similar reputation for himself, for he must have been up to know that the lark has been. This is more doubtful of the rhymer than the rustic; it is probably true that "the merry larks are ploughmen's clocks"; though, if not, the ploughmen would certainly become the birds' alarms, for they nest in meadows and cornlands. Poets hold the lark up as an example and make his song a reproach to sluggards. Ronsard commenced a charming old sonnet to one of his many loves—Marie—thus:—

Marie, levez-vous ma jeune paresseuse
La la gaye Alouette au ciel a fredonné,

and Robert Herrick addressing his "sweet slug-a-bed" remarks in a tone of gentle admonition—

Nay! not so much as out of bed,
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns; 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation to keep in,
When as a thousand virgins on this day
Spring sooner then the lark to fetch in May.

But poetry is full of the use of the lark as a model of matutinal activity. "Stir with the lark to-morrow," said King Richard to Norfolk on the evening before the fatal Bosworth.

Charles Tennyson Turner published in 1830, while still at Cambridge, a volume of fifty sonnets, among which was the following excellent example of his fine fancy, moderate philosophy, and melodious touch:—

TO THE LARK.

And am I up with thee, light-hearted minion?
Who never dost thine early flight forego,
Catching for aye upon thy gamesome pinion
What was to fill some lily's cup below,
The matin dew-fall? What is halt so thrilling
As thy glad voice i' th' argent prime of light?
Whether in grassy nest, when thou art billing,
Or thus aloud and mocking human sight?
Peace dwells with thee for ever—not the peace
Of cool reflection, but redundant glee,
And with such vocal token of wild ease
Thou dost reveal thy proud immunity
From mortal care, that thou perforce must please;
Fair fall thy rapid song, sweet bird, and thee!

Coleridge had a copy of Turner's sonnets on the margin of which, after his custom, he made notes and comments; this being his way of talking when alone. Among the marginalia is the following—alluding to the line in italics—"with this sentence excepted (and it may be easily altered by substituting a positive and potentiative attribute of Peace for this somewhat smile-worthy truism in the negative), this *me judice*, is among the best sonnets in our language."

When the sonnet was republished in 1864, it has been altered not only in the matter Coleridge had objected to, but in another place. Lines 7-10 were re-written thus:—

Just risen from the nest where thou wast billing
A moment since, and with thy mate in sight,
Joy dwells with thee forever—ecstasy—
Beyond the murmuring bliss of doves or bees.

This might have satisfied Coleridge; but it is doubtful if it much improves the original version. The second alteration was the slight but scientifically necessary substitution of "morning shower-drops" for "matin dew-fall." The lark, being sky-high, could not catch the dew, which itself rises only a short distance from the earth. Altogether, the sonnet as it originally stood is good, though certainly not one of the best English specimens. "Minion" is at first sight a doubtful epithet and suggests an exigency of rhyme; but as one who gets preferment by singing the praises of another, it is really appropriate. "The argent prime of light" is a fine expression for the dawn. "Mocking human sight" refers to the fact that the bird usually gets beyond the range of vision, though its song is perfectly audible, falling on the ear as a scintillation of fine sound. This sonnet is, like most of Turner's sonnets, irregular in structure. The lark has a poetical habit of shaking the dew from its wing whenever an occasion demands it. In the tragic story of Eugene Aram Hood effectively introduces it in marked contrast with the conscience-stricken man, too absorbed with remorse to see anything of Nature,

Merrily rose the lark and shook
The dew-drop from its wing;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing.

Does the lark really find any dew on its wing to shake off? The position of the nest and the warmth of its body would likely prevent the moist deposit assuming its bead-like forms on its wing.

Keats is nearer the fact when he describes, in a sonnet to Charles J. Wells:—

As late I rambled in the happy fields,
What time the skylark shakes the tremulous dew
From his lush clover covert—

Edward Moxon, the publisher, on the death of Charles Lamb, sent a very tender and beautiful sonnet to Mary Lamb. Moxon had married Emma Isola, the adopted child of Charles and Mary Lamb, and felt more than a literary interest in Elia and his works. In this sonnet the lark is produced with a purpose far more appealing to the human heart than when it is merely made to soar to heaven for an effect.

His only mate is now the minstrel lark
Who chaunts her morning music o'er his bed.

Elia's bed is in Edmonton churchyard and Mary Lamb was afterwards laid to rest by her devoted brother's side. The shrine is much visited by literary pilgrims.

Poetical license is granted to the lark to sing at Heaven's gate; but as a matter of fact the bird only mounts a comparatively short distance—a few hundred yards. It is seldom away from its nest for half-an-hour. It mounts in a small circle of flutter, which gradually lessens to the sight until it appears ascending in a straight line, and it descends, not in a fair fall—as the poet wishes—but in a series of falls and jerks, alighting near its nest.

The lark's flight and return is thus described by Charles Tennyson Turner in a sonnet to "Morning":—

and how the lark upsours!
Not like the timid corn-craik scudding fast
From its own voice, he with him takes his song
Heavenward, then, striking sideways, shoots along,
Happy as sailor boy that, from the mast,
Runs out upon the yard-arm, till at last
He sinks into his nest, those clover tufts among.

The imagery in this sestet is not very happy and no lark would feel pleased at the comparison.

Wordsworth used the lark's flight as a simile for the sailing of a ship in the opening of one of his numerous sonnets:—

Where lies the land to which yon ship must go?
Festively she puts forth in trim array,
As vigorous as a lark at break of day,
Is she for tropic suns or polar snow?
What boots the enquiry? etc.

What indeed! The soaring of a lark and the sailing of a ship do not appear at all similar except in a flight of poetic fancy. A balloon would be nearer the mark. For a ship the swallow is a much more likely bird for comparison, as Mr. Ruskin has so beautifully shown in "Love's Meinie"; but the exigencies of rhyme suggested the "break of day," and the lark at once responded, probably unconsciously. The lark never gives the idea of sailing. Its motion is always, except for short ground flights, in the perpendicular plane. SAREPTA.

IMPRESSIONS OF HARTFORD.

IT is a necessary condition of human existence to have something to boast of. From the patriot poet on the highest plane of cultured refinement hymning the praises of his mother-country, through the bourgeois boasting the unrivalled civic administration of his native town, to the simplest villager bragging of his particular local little greatness runs this common need of the race. A rich and harmonious chorus might indeed be made up by (soprano). The soft melody of a mother's vanity concerning her incomparable baby-boy; (alto) the glorying in their respective orders of those noble women who have given their lives to their fellows' service—teachers, nurses, sisters of mercy in whatever garb, be it black and white or blue and red; (tenor, piano) professional pride, when the profession is one of real benefit to society; and underlying all a deep strong bass of loyalty and patriotism. But these more melodious boastings are so inextricably intermingled with all sorts of petty brag and swagger as to but swell the distracting jangle and clamour of heterogeneous vauntings, which arise incessantly from the many million throats of earth's inhabitants. A distinguishing feature of this general characteristic is that the vehemence of its exhibition is usually in inverse ratio to the dignity of its subject; for instance a North German is far oftener heard chanting the greatness of Prussia and her King than of Germany and her Emperor—a man will wax far hotter in arguing the merits of his horse than of his country; while one who believes his country on the verge of ruin, her administration corrupt throughout, her financial condition rotten, her land unfit for agriculture, her climate deadly and her (other) people fools will boast, yes actually boast, and that by the hour, of the unvarying accuracy of his watch, or the strict diet on which his doctor has put him. We all know him. He is a good fellow but depressing, and we can only hope that his regiment may bring about a brighter state of affairs. So in travelling through the United States, above the perpetual screaming of the Eagle heard throughout the land, the ear is distracted in each successive city by nasal anthems on the peculiar advantages of that particular centre over all others of the Union. Amongst this ceaseless hubbub little Hartford's voice will not fail to make itself heard from among her encircling hills; and good cause has she to hold up her head among her sister towns, in spite of her diminutive size. For has she not historic incident enough centred in and about her to warm the heart of all New England, and natural beauty such as would put many a larger, richer city to the blush? And yet it is of such things as her new State House, her insurance companies and factories and her wealth—which latter the interested stranger is informed is the greatest in proportion to population of any town in the U.S.A.—that she boasts.

Let us then consider her first from the point of view taken by her own sons. At the outset as intelligent visitors we shall be asked: "What do you think of our new State House?" And as gracious guests we reply with all warmth of admiration in our power. We applaud its imposing appearance, as from without the city it is seen towering a mass of glistening white stone and gilded dome above all other edifices, public or private. We advert also to the imposing proportions and rich decoration of its entrance halls, the sumptuousness of its state apartments; but particularly do we expatiate on the view from the top of the dome. Here is a theme safe both as regards the feelings of our amiable entertainers and our own sense of courtesy, forming moreover a favourable channel through which to glide from State House to other topics before we have been obliged to confess that a near inspection of this costly building proves it ill-proportioned and ungraceful. Despite its architectural faults, however, we cannot but hold the Capitol in a certain grateful regard for the outlook it affords us from its summit over the justly celebrated Connecticut Valley. All about us the hills rise and fall in a succession of the most gracefully varied outlines. On the one hand across the river the Glastonbury Hills unroll their panorama to our view; yonder again a well cultivated ridge glowing with the golden tints of harvest parts asunder, disclosing behind a vista of softly wooded slopes; while far away to the south we catch here and there a brilliant gleam from the hurrying river, whose course we can trace for a long distance, even where the water is invisible from our point of view, by the steep bluffs along its sides.

As the eye surveys this rich and beautiful landscape it is not hard to understand how its early settlers must have rejoiced in reclaiming it from savagery, nor why they endured the privations and struggles which were theirs before their supremacy was established. A Dutch trading fort stood on the site of the present town as far back as 1633. But it was not till three years later that an exodus from Newtown (now Cambridge), Mass., resulted in the establishment of an agricultural colony in the same locality

by Englishmen. The first winter passed in this wilderness home was a period of hardship such as seems to have accompanied all the early settlements in America. Cold, hunger, loss of cattle and dread of the Indians, combined to depress the Englishmen to the verge of despair; and numbers had already abandoned the new settlement, when, in the course of the following summer, the Rev. Thomas Hooker, of Cambridge, Mass., with the aid of his assistant minister, led forth his spiritual flock to the newly-opened region. They at once joined themselves to the remnant at Hartford (then also called Newtown), whose courage revived with this increase to their population, particularly as the newcomers brought cattle and supplies with them. Thenceforth, though at times threatened by Indians and annoyed by the Dutch, who still kept their trading post at the town, the little settlement grew and prospered; and although at first Connecticut was nothing more than a federation of independent towns with equal rights, yet even in the earliest days the important legislation and other public events occurring in Hartford seem to mark her out as the capital of the colony.

Her claims to wealth the visitor will scarcely question, as she bears the mark of abundant dollars on all her principal residence streets. The business part of the town is not however the network of deep defiles found where new and elaborate nine or ten storey blocks prevail. The shops and offices are for the most part sober buildings of very moderate dimensions, looking as though they had arrived some time ago, and, intending to remain, might be relied upon to fulfil, perhaps succeed, whatever professions their modest exteriors may make. Its comparatively airy streets fairly bristle with insurance companies—Hartford's great financial progeny. The parent of such far-reaching enterprises as the *Ætna* and *Phoenix* Insurance Companies can scarcely fail to be possessed of great riches. The capital of a pre-eminently manufacturing State, Hartford possesses at least one industry of world-wide renown. Apart from the insurance companies Colt's factory is an enterprise of very generally extended interest, for he who escapes an involuntary thrill of pleasurable excitement at the sight in all stages of completion and incompleteness of Colt's revolvers, may yet have his blood stirred in going over the works by the unexpected discovery of larger game. For here are manufactured Gatling guns, whose mild and peaceable looking inventor resides not very far away in Charter Oak Place.

Charter Oak! The name sounds strangely from American lips, it has such an unquestionably English ring. Surely had the circumstances connected with the name occurred under other than British dominion, a discriminating fate would have directed Captain Wadsworth to some other tree than that which associates itself with all that is picturesque in English history. The story runs that King James II., having decided to reorganize the administration of his American Colonies, recalled as a first step their several charters. Connecticut objected to part with hers, and disregarded the summons of the English Governor Andross to yield him peaceable possession of it. Accordingly in 1687 he entered Hartford at the head of a body of British soldiers for the purpose of seizing the charter. The chief magistrates received him and occupied the day in remonstrances and arguments; but were at last obliged to produce the precious document. By this time darkness had closed in and candles had been brought to light the council chamber. Suddenly, while the charter lay spread out upon the table before the Governor, the lights were extinguished; and, in the momentary confusion which ensued, Captain Wadsworth seized the parchment, slipped with it out of the room under cover of darkness and, running to a great old oak in the town, hid the charter in a hollow of the tree, whence it was not taken till several years later, when all danger to it was past. It now hangs in the State House framed in wood from the very tree in which it so long lay concealed. Had like events happened since the American Revolution and Congress demanded possession of Connecticut's evidences of her title to State privileges, can anyone suppose for a moment that any term would have since stood as a symbol of her resistance so entirely English as "Charter Oak"? No! that title is a faithful monument to the days when Connecticut men were His Majesty's true and loyal subjects. Had the case been our suppositions instead of the actual one, it would no doubt have been represented to posterity by some such figure as "Constitution Elm" or "Independence Tulip-Tree." But now the great oak tree has vanished, and only a white slab, set in the stone facing of the hillside, tells where it once spread abroad its sheltering arms to receive and protect the precious charter of its State.

The quiet and retirement of Charter Oak Place suggest that it is a quarter of past fashion; and following that erratic dame to newer haunts we find ourselves entering wide avenues bordered by maples and other trees, pre-eminent amongst them that crowning glory of Connecticut forestry, the elm. From the streets the lawns and gardens extend back for the most part without intervening fences to large handsome houses, built with that richness and variety of style, material and colouring, which make the town of the last twenty-five years so much more pleasing artistically, so much more varied in character than one of fifty years earlier. An additional charm is lent to Hartford streets by the apparition here and there among the warm stone and brush colours of the new dwellings of a cold, white, ghostly house-spectre, with grim array of classic columns before the door, and Venetian blinds at all the windows. Its proportions are ample, but its lines

rigid and unyielding—a very just representative of its time. And your guide will chant to you the praises of this specimen of "Old Colonial Architecture," till having dubbed it quaint, old-fashioned, interesting, even classic (that is out of deference to the pillars) several times over, you are at an utter loss for a new term to enable you to avoid the persistently arising "ugly." Nevertheless as you become better acquainted with these flat and rectangular buildings they do win their way to a square area in your affections, and you begin to feel the place would not be complete without them. They are an outgrowth of their country and its people. And, though seen in any other part of the world, they would be passed over as the uninteresting design of a purely utilitarian mind, yet in their proper setting they have their own meaning—they tell their own tale. The stern simplicity of the classic imitation, the lofty scorn of anything approaching the artistic in form or colour, the external coldness of these edifices, softened however by the tint conveyed in their wide dimensions of contemplated hospitality, render them no unfitting monument to the descendants of Puritan ancestry.

Perhaps the most striking difference between a New England town and New York or one of the great Western cities is in the air of the people themselves. In Hartford no less than in her sister towns, one of the first things which strike the stranger arriving from the bustle and strain, say, of New York or Chicago, is the number of people on the streets who do not look hunted or hunting, the number of calm, dignified-looking men and women who are to be seen going quietly and sedately about their business, not dawdling or trifling by any means, but apparently masters of their affairs (and themselves) not mastered by them—people who have no need to fight for fortune or push for place, both having been kindly arranged for them more or less generations ago by considerate forbears. For Connecticut boasts many a distinguished family, and has sent out more than her just quota of men to become famous in the political, professional and industrial world of the Union.

Hartford's pride in herself as a literary centre is very justifiable. Nor does she hesitate to comfort herself with all the dignity and hauteur of a Bostonette. Her position in the American world of letters is one of long standing. From the days of the so-called "Hartford wits" on, there are found in her records names of such prominence as Percival, Brainard, Mrs. Sigourney and Noah Webster. Foremost among her *litterateurs* of later years, both by virtue of her sex and age, stands Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who is spoken of almost with reverence by her fellow-townpeople, but whose age and failing health have of late shut her off from almost all social intercourse with outsiders. Other well-known writers who have made their home in this favoured spot are Charles Dudley Warner and S. Clemens (Mark Twain). Both have places which would astonish some of those fine old English writers of the days when to be a man of letters was to be a man of "two pair back" and precarious dinners. Unquestionably literature nowadays, however it may compare as to quality and durability, is a more paying commodity than that of the days of Johnson and Goldsmith.

LENSAR.

THE RAMBLER.

DISSENTERS and Churchmen alike, if they possess any saving grace about them at all, must deprecate the interchange of opinions—more or less creditable according to the writers—which the Christmas season has seen in the daily papers. One cannot help thinking how wise the Romanist is who never (or hardly ever) condescends to enter into argument and attempt refutation. His belief is sacred to him and he defends it best—as we defend all sacred things best—by silence. It is difficult to see what good can be effected by the display of erudition on the one hand, or a half-bantering, half-patronizing retort on the other. Neither course is going to do much for Christian Union about which we heard so much a year ago. Every age has seen its sect. Every side has always had its partisans. You could no more bring together under one religious roof all the varying Protestant sects and preach to them in comfort and absence of personal bodily fear than you could gather Mohammedans, Buddhists, Jews and Gentiles into Westminster and address them Sunday after Sunday. Not so easily, in fact, since the sacred precincts of Westminster offer a truly Catholic retreat, where men of many minds might indeed enjoy spiritual relaxation. But the Protestant is such a tyrant to the brother Protestant. He says to the Jew or the Roman or the Pagan, "You're in a bad way I know, but I'll do the best I can for you, and, in return, you'll try and believe what I teach you? I promise not to bully you, nor frighten you, and when I've done with you if the dogmas and the doctrines are not quite correct, if you are hazy as to ritual and lazy as to genealogy, it won't matter. We'll effect some kind of compromise." But what does he say to the brother Protestant? "Come here, you weak-minded, wandering, erring son of darkness, and be put right. As it is, you're all wrong. Since you don't agree with me, you *must* be all wrong. It's my business to put you right. I don't care whether you have a clear conception of the revelation of the Gospel or not. What I want to know is—why don't you agree with me on these fundamental points?" And forthwith he commences to bully, and is bullied in return too often, until the old cry goes up—how long—from many actual though not loudly professing Christians!

As for the cry of Ritual, surely every church, each sect has its own kind of ritual. If I go to a Methodist, or Baptist church on some bright Sabbath morning I am almost certain when heads are bowed during the first prayer to hear something like this:—

"O Lord, we thank Thee that we are spared to meet again this morning in this Thy House. We thank Thee as a congregation for all Thy mercies vouchsafed unto us during the past week. We thank Thee for the kindness which has followed us—as individuals and as a congregation—from our birth to the present time and which Thou hast promised to send us all the days of our life if we but love and serve Thee in pureness of heart. We thank Thee for the blessings of health, of wealth, of national and personal prosperity, for our friends and our dear ones, but most of all—we desire at this time to lift up our voices in praise to Thee for the greatest of all blessings vouchsafed unto guilty man—the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. We pray Thee so to give us hearts worthy of and deserving such a gift that we may not rest content with the mere personal appropriation of it, but do our utmost to spread the knowledge of it even unto the uttermost ends of the earth. As we look out on the world we see in many lands much suffering, much trial and much neglect of Thee and the great truths of the gospel. We desire, O Lord, to shine out in this darkness as a guiding star. Let this congregation be up and doing. Let its example be known and followed far and near. Let not the spirit of slumber, the spectre of sloth, descend upon us. Bless our mission work. Bless those who work in the Sunday schools. O may a great blessing rest upon all pastors, all teachers and all scholars in this community! Bless our rulers—those who are mighty in this land and in others. Bless Victoria. Send her peace of mind in these last days of her long and untarnished reign. Bless this city. May its example be that which shall speak to others of a prosperous Christian centre. May our liberties as Christian citizens be ever respected, and may we all grow better and wiser and more persevering in the path of virtue day by day! Amen.—We will now unite in singing, 'All People that on Earth do Dwell.'"

Instead of the race attaining the perfection of unconsciousness which for many years if not centuries was its goal, we seem at the present juncture to be Delsarte-driven to the very opposite. A lady of my acquaintance said naively enough the other day when I asked her what Delsarte was doing for her:—

"Why, it has taught me to walk up stairs! I never knew the proper way to walk up my own stairs before."

Delsarte gives a rule for everything and a reason for everything. Delsarte says that instead of forgetting ourselves and being natural, we must be constantly remembering ourselves, making the most of our good points and hiding our defects. In fact life as ridden by Delsarte seems to be a good deal like the terrible days of young girlhood at some spinster's academy of horrors. Frankly, such a system of corrective will soon destroy individuality—a great evil. Then will follow a dead level of girls—all alike. No more charming little traits, little weaknesses, little faults, and, consequently, no more *falling in love!* Man will no longer admire a girl whom he sees reproduced in countless dozens all around him. Don't you recollect, sir, how you first learned to love that trick of hers with her head—carrying it down—so? Then there was your bosom friend who fell in love with the willowy peculiar walk of her cousin—your wife's cousin. She isn't half so pretty when she carries herself straight. What does Browning write somewhere? She was "thin, however;" her hand was like a bundle of claws. She wound her hair in a net behind and there were some words she could never pronounce. Ah! still the lover's heart yearned over her! These very failings endeared her to him. She was *herself*, anyway, and unlike all other women.

To the winds, then, with all artificial systems of deportment and culture which are going to destroy individuality—the greatest charm of existence.

Hugh Miller, one of the masters of English prose, wrote in 1845 these noble sentences: "Nearly eighteen and a-half centuries shall have elapsed since the shepherds first heard the midnight song in Bethlehem: 'Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to the children of men.'" And yet the coming year shall pass in its first visit, over prisons, and gibbets, and penal settlements, and battlefields on which the festering dead moulder unburied; it will see the shotted gun, and the spear of the crease, the murdering tomahawk slaves in their huts, and captives in their dungeons. It will look down on uncouth idols in their temples; worshippers of the false prophet in their mosques; the Papist in his confessional, and the Puseyite in his stone allegory; and on much idle and bitter controversy among those holders of the true faith whose proper work is the conversion of the world. But the years shall pass, and a change shall come; the sacrifice on Calvary was not offered up in vain, nor in vain hath the adorable Saviour conquered, and ascended to reign as King and Lord over the nations. The kingdoms shall become His kingdoms, the people His people. The morning rises slowly and in clouds, but the dawn has broken; and it shall shine forth more and more until the twilight shadows shall have dispersed, and the sulphurous fogs have dissipated, and all shall be peace and gladness amid the blaze of the perfect day.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PROPOSED BRITANNIC CONTEST AND FESTIVAL.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Perhaps you will allow me as an Australian and one engaged in technical education to offer a hearty support to the general features of the scheme propounded by Mr. Astley Cooper.

Firmly convinced of two things—one, that a central Parliament, or whatever you may choose to call such an assembly, is impossible; the other, that the drawing together of the scattered members of this Empire is the noblest work that lies before any citizen of that Empire—I have welcomed this scheme as something workable, and something that could be made a reality.

It was stated by a recent critic of Australia—Mr. Adams—that young Australians no longer come to English universities for their education; the students' clubs for Australians which flourish in each university town are a sufficient answer to this reckless assertion.

There are some hundreds of young Australians, South Africans, and Canadians annually passing through the lecture theatres and examination rooms of the Home Universities—young men, many of whom are destined to take a foremost place in the Colonies from which they come. I am sure that in the ties and associations formed by these young men the Empire will gain more cohesion than from any law of the Statute-Book.

The industrial and athletic parts of this scheme need, I feel, no defence or support; their value must be self-evident; as regards the culture side and the scholarship question, I would like to offer a few remarks.

Formerly, several of the Australian Colonies gave scholarships of £200 a year, tenable for four years, and open to any Colonist under a certain age; naturally they were looked upon as the highest prize to which a young man could aim. For reasons best known to those in power—partly, perhaps, from real motives of retrenchment—these scholarships have ceased to exist, and at the present moment there are no such things as national scholarships in existence.

Great numbers of the Colonial-born come to Great Britain, but naturally, in consequence of the heavy expense, they must be sons of the wealthy classes, while one would prefer to see such opportunities open to any clever young man. This can only happen by the establishment of such scholarships as Mr. Cooper proposes. Certain standards of requirements, certain limits as to age, would be needed; otherwise they should be open to every free citizen. One other condition, I think, should be made—that at the conclusion of his term, or within a specified time after that, the victor should return and settle in the land of his birth. At least £200 a year is needed, and a free passage home and back. I would suggest at least 100 such scholarships (I think 16 would not go nearly far enough when divided up amongst Medicine, Art, Science, Fine Arts, Technical Education, etc.), and to establish these would need an annual vote by the Home Education Department of £20,000; but this I would constantly recoup, so that, except for the cost of supervision, the Colonial part of the scheme would cost the Home Government nothing. Each Colony on the return of a student would refund to the Central Government the cost of that student; payment by the Education Department would here ensure a better supervision over the student's work during the term of his scholarship.

I think it of importance that the number going to each portion of the Empire should be to a certain extent defined—so many to the Australian group, so many to the Indian, and so on. For the Home group I would suggest travelling scholarships of, say, two years, the holders to visit all the important Colonies, to study their resources and developments, and to embody the results of their work in papers, which might be published for use by some statistical department; naturally a farmer, say, would study agricultural; an engineer, mining and general engineering development; and so on. My idea as to these is taken from the Japanese model.

The examinations should be held simultaneously in each centre, and should be so arranged that the names of the victors should be announced at the great Festival itself. I would suggest that on Prize Day of the Festival, which would be a holiday throughout the Empire, a Festival should be held also in each centre in the Colonies, and at these the young heroes would receive their due meed of honour and popular glory.

Might I suggest that as the Empire as it now exists is pre-eminently of the Victorian era, June 20th (Accession Day) should be the Prize Day of the Festival? It would commemorate for ever a most auspicious day in the growth of the Empire—the accession to the throne of Queen Victoria.

The scholarships might be called the "British Scholarships." In the case of those awarded for technical work, there should be facilities given, not only for study within university walls, but in the best factories and workshops. On his return to his Colony each young man would form a nucleus around which would gather all that was best, and each one would form one of those invisible ties, stronger than any which can be devised by the cunning of law-makers, which will keep together, for good or for ill, the Anglo-Saxon race. As Mr. Cooper says, the future destiny of this Empire lies with the young men of the race, the young men of this generation, for they will be

leaders before long, to make or to mar,—to hand on strengthened and more united the Empire we received from our fathers, or to make another chapter in the history of the ruin and decay of Empires—one which would be the saddest of all, for the Empire, if it fall, will fall, not from attacks from without, but from carelessness within, from that fatal Provincialism which seems to be attacking every corner of it.

This question is so important, especially to the Colonies, that I hope the leaders of Colonial education may take it up at once, and formulate some scheme. It is a pressing matter, and yet one of the most readily arranged of all Mr. Cooper's ideas.

T. HUDSON BEARE.

University College, London.

LINES TO CARRIE.

THERE'S a maiden that I know, and in the knowing find a pleasure
That is higher, broader, deeper than the world's extremest measure;
And this little maiden twirls my heart upon her dainty fingers,
As airily as doth the bush the latest leaf that lingers
When summer time is spent. Her heart! I'd scarce believe she had one;
And I should know, for after it my chase has been a sad one;
But when the slightest thing that calls for sympathy appears,
There's something—it must be her heart!—that fills her eyes with tears.
Her hair is like the golden plenty of the sunlight falling;
Her voice's music like the echo of a song bird calling;
In tender ways she spends her days, and seeks the good that's highest;
But if I told you half she is, you'd say: "Pshaw, he's biased!"
Her name I will not tell to you! What's that you say, you know it?
You think the words that head these verses, "Lines to Carrie," show it;
Well, then, you're wrong, though I confess you've made a clever start;
They're lines to carry in your head, as she is in my heart.

Hamilton.

STUART LIVINGSTON.

ART NOTES.

REMBRANDT JONES, a young artist, gives his experiences in search of a livelihood in Boston, in the January *New England Magazine*. He says he prepared a number of drawings as samples of his ability, and started in pursuit of his fortunes. A very little art editor, with great dignity and vast ignorance, took occasion to display his knowledge of terms in commenting upon the drawings. Mr. Busybee, with a sweeping glance, commended them all as works of art, but feared they would not print well. A weary tramp it was for Rembrandt from one to another, each successive man praising what the former had denounced, and *vice versa*. Another weary round of offices, and that of Pumpelly is reached. With one glance at Jones' work, this man, with his Jewish propensities, sees his opportunity to gain a dollar. Here, at last, Rembrandt gets a commission; his drawing is to appear in an elaborate holiday book, with prominent artists. His hopes are at their zenith. He works all day, and at night his dreams are haunted with his labours. After the most unremitting endeavour, his picture is finished and he gets \$5.00 for it.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE GRAND.

THE scenic drama in six acts, "Cleopatra," was magnificently produced on Monday evening of last week. This story has been set for the stage by several dramatists of various nationalities, but Sardou has hit the popular taste, at the same time giving us a notable literary work, of which Miss Davenport and Mr. Macdowell take every conceivable advantage. The electrical effects in the fifth act, depicting the temple of Isis in a tempest, were sufficiently realistic to create a sensational *furor*; nothing of the kind has ever been witnessed on our local boards before. The presentation of the temple of Rameses and the view of the terrace of Memphis gave rise to tumultuous applause. The entire company, largely augmented by local supernumeraries, was specially good. The play altogether is one of the finest ever witnessed in Toronto. Monday, January 4, 1892, and during the week a capital drama, entitled "The Power of the Press," has been presented. The title is in every sense a powerful one, and the company one of the strongest on the road. The scenery deserves a special commendatory comment. Judging by the finished detail work, done by the recent New York companies that have visited us, it can be seen that Henry Irving's visit there has left its indelible stamp as to correctness of stage business and scenic ingenuity. On Monday, January 11, Mrs. Scott Siddons, who has again essayed a theatrical life, after a long season of retirement, will appear in "Check and Mate," a comedy-drama, by St. Maur, supported by St. Maur's English stock company.

January 22nd or 29th La Diva Patti will once again and definitely for the last time delight all the musical devotees of our city who can afford the prices, \$3, \$4 and \$5. Patti proves her correct method by retaining almost her pristine tones. The plan is open at the Grand.

THE ACADEMY.

MISS AMY LEE, a very taking soubrette actress, appeared as Bellinda in the comedy "Euchred," and gained constant credit and unstinted applause for her clever impersonation of a part somewhat mixed-up and difficult, having to hoodwink her rich "nunkie," who had dismissed her lover; but she succeeds and all goes merrily as the proverbial marriage bells. "My Colleen" finished the week out. Since Monday last we have had the Irish comedy, "Bouchal Bawn," with Mr. John Murphy in the leading part. The play is brim-full of comedy and exquisite pathos, clothed in poetic dialogue, true to natural home life in Ireland, at the same time exhibiting many realistic scenes and sparkling merriment.

CANADIAN SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

THE annual session of this society was held in the rotunda of the Normal School on December 29th and 30th. Some interesting subjects were ably discussed by several of the leading members who threw new light upon well-worn topics. Some essays were also read, of special interest to musicians. On Wednesday evening, December 30, Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann, whose wife is classed as a second Madame Schumann, gave a piano recital in Association Hall to a large and brilliant assemblage, including most of the distinguished musicians of Ontario and the fashionable *dilettante* of Toronto. Mr. de Pachmann is the truest exponent of the Chopin school yet heard here. His *technique* is faultless, producing an even, rippling smoothness in the runs, trills and scale passages, delightful to the highest degree. In the *bravura* effects he may be fairly said to have grasped his subject and his instrument with equal power and artistic effect; under this great artist's fingers the Chickering grand was made to speak out the composer's thoughts and sing in rhythmical tones the various musical subjects under treatment. Mrs. Wyman and the Mehan ladies' quartette from Detroit contributed vocal numbers of varied and acceptable contrasts to the stately piano works of Chopin, Liszt, Weber and Mendelssohn. The audience was well humoured, and *encores* were conspicuously numerous throughout the evening.

THE MUSICAL SCALE.

How was the musical scale first invented? That query, which has troubled the theorists of all lands, and has had its answer hitherto only in mystifying speculations and unintelligible theories, the Chinese will reply to by a legend most ingenious and most apropos, which, they hold, offers a complete explanation of the mystery. In the reign of Hoang-ty, they say, there was once a prince called Lyng-lun, who was the most beautiful man and at the same time the most profound musician. He, under pain of a severe penalty, by the order-loving emperor, was commanded to arrange and regulate Chinese music on the same principle whereupon Hoang-ty had arranged law and politics throughout the Chinese empire. Full of thought, Lyng-lun wandered to the land of Sijaung, where the bamboos grow. Having taken one of them, he cut it off between two of the knots and, pushing out the pith, blew into the hollow. The bamboo uttered a most beautiful noise, to Lyng-lun's intense surprise. Simultaneously, the river Hoang-ho, which ran boiling by, roared with its waves, and the tone was in unison with the note of the bamboo. "Behold," cried Lyng-lun, "the fundamental sound of nature!" Two magical birds then came and perched themselves upon some trees near and sang one after the other the seven notes of the scale, starting from the tone which had been roared by the Hoang-ho and warbled by the bamboo. Here is a scale, say the Chinese, at once intelligible, inimitable and easily revealed. Lyng-lun had merely to cut out seven more bamboos and tune them to the pitches he had heard and the scale was made. This he did; and thus was the art of music inaugurated and founded by Hoang-ty's court musicians on a firm and unalterable basis.—*Chambers Journal*.

ALBANI mourns the loss of several articles of jewelry, says the *Musical Courier*, which were stolen from her room in the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, on Monday evening, probably while the diva was at dinner, no trace of which has yet been discovered. One of the choicest pieces in the collection was a large emerald surrounded by diamonds, the gift of the late Earl Dudley eighteen years ago, upon the occasion of Albani's first appearance in London. Another cherished keepsake was a cat's eye set in diamonds which was presented to her by the Duke of Westminster. The other missing jewels comprise a half horseshoe ring, set in diamonds, and two other rings, large sapphires surrounded by diamonds.

"Ah, you don't know what musical enthusiasm is," said a music-mad miss to Hood. "Excuse me, madam, but I think I do." "Well, what is it, Mr. Hood?" "Musical enthusiasm is like turtle soup," answered the wit, thoughtfully. "What do you mean, Mr. Hood?" asked the lady. "What possible resemblance is there?" "Why, for every quart of real there are ninety-nine gallons of mock, and calf's head in proportion."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

CIPHERS. By Ellen Oiney Kirk. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

A novel devoted to New York Society, and, while not directly antagonistic to it, yet sufficiently sarcastic. The only other feature worthy of remark is the unusual number of proposals and declarations, and their extraordinarily prosaic nature. It might almost be styled a special study of these interesting occurrences.

HOLIDAY STORIES. By Stephen Fiske. Price, 50 cents. Boston; B. R. Tucker; Toronto: P. C. Allen. 1891.

These are some of the happiest sketches that we have come across for many a day. "Paddy from Cork," the first of them, is a delightful story, and so is the "Unfortunate Heiress," and "Love on Instalments"; and, indeed, there is not a bad one in the book. Paddy, or Patrick Cork, as he became, may be a *rara avis*, but it is at least desirable that more such birds should exist; and the model may as well be shown to the rising generation. May it find many imitators.

THE LADY OF FORT ST. JOHN. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Price, \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Toronto: Williamson. 1891.

This is a very fascinating story, based upon historical facts in the old life of Acadia. The principal characters are D'Aulnay de Charnisay, French Governor of Acadia, and Charles La Tour, of Fort St. John, or rather the wife of the latter, who is the heroine of the book. It is a tale of heroism and of base treachery, with episodes of love. It is a story of thrilling incidents, and it is told with decision and brightness. The style is vivid and picturesque without being florid. The story of the execution of the surrendered soldiers is told with excellent taste and reserve, and the horrid death of D'Aulnay, as related by the dwarf, gives to the reader a sense of poetic justice. We suppose the author to be a New Englander, but she dedicates her book to two Acadians, Dr. J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., and Dr. George Stewart, of Montreal.

LIFE OF JANE WELSH CARLYLE. By Mrs. Alexander Ireland. New York: C. L. Webster and Company. 1891.

Everything relating to the late Mr. Carlyle and his wife must be of interest to the literary world, and we can quite understand that Mrs. Ireland, having known them, and thinking, perhaps, that she might help her neighbours better to appreciate Mrs. Carlyle, should take in hand to tell the world what she knew about her. After reading her book, however, we are constrained to say that we knew beforehand almost everything that Mrs. Ireland has told us. We knew that Jane Welsh was a very pretty, perhaps even beautiful, young woman, and a very clever one. We knew that she married Carlyle partly, no doubt, from love, but also, and perhaps more, from admiration of his genius and a certain kind of ambition. We knew, also, that Carlyle was dyspeptic, impatient, short-tempered, and that his wife was a little bad-tempered as well, and that the daily friction of two such high-strung natures did really hide from them a good deal of the great love and admiration which they had—perhaps increasingly—for each other. We knew that Mrs. Carlyle was quite unnecessarily, and yet not quite unnaturally, jealous of Lady Ashburton, and that this added greatly to the discomfort and pain—perhaps even misery—of her life. We also knew how deeply and bitterly Carlyle mourned over his own shortcomings to his wife after she had been taken from him. Perhaps there may be admirers of Carlyle who are not familiar with the few external facts of his life. If not, they will find them in this volume less unpleasantly recorded than they have been by Mr. Froude; but we confess that we have already got behind the scenes to a degree which was quite unnecessary, and has been by no means edifying.

JESUS THE MESSIAH: in Prophecy and Fulfilment. By Rev. Dr. E. H. Dewart. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 1891.

This volume is described as "a review and refutation of the negative theory of Messianic Prophecy," and is a very valuable contribution to this great and much controverted subject. The immediate occasion of Dr. Dewart's undertaking was the delivery and publication of Dr. Workman's lecture on Prophecy, which almost went the length of denying the existence of the predictive element in Old Testament prophecy altogether. It is quite certain that some of our popular writers on this subject have gone to extravagant lengths in the interpretation of minute references in prophecy, finding correspondence with them in later history; but some of our recent expositors would virtually remove from the Scriptures everything which could properly be called prophecy.

Dr. Dewart seems to us, on the whole, to have taken a fair and rational view of the matter, without failing in the reverence due either to the documents with which he deals or to the accepted beliefs concerning them. He begins with a chapter on the Prophecies and Prophets of the Old Testament, pointing out the relation of the Old Testament to the New. In his second chapter he deals with the predictive and ethical elements in Prophecy. He next illus-

trates the fulfilment of Messianic Prophecy, and then contrasts with this the negative theory which would entirely get rid of the predictive element.

Dr. Dewart is perfectly right when he says that the negative theory is rationalistic, and in its most exaggerated form, he might have said, atheistic. If prophecy and miracle are to be eliminated from religion (and they must go together), then belief in a personal God cannot be consistently maintained. The author gives copious references to other writers, and, although some of these are of no great authority, yet the mass will count for something. Dr. Dewart's own treatment of the subject is able, sober and convincing.

JERUSALEM, THE HOLY CITY: its History and Hope. By Mrs. Oliphant. Price \$3.00 (English edition on large paper, one guinea.) London and New York. 1891.

The literary fertility of Mrs. Oliphant is extraordinary; and we think she has done wisely, of late, in cultivating the field of history and leaving (comparatively) that of fiction. Hardly any novelist, however strong or brilliant, can go on producing stories at short intervals without weakening or deteriorating, and Mrs. Oliphant's most ardent admirers can hardly say that her recent stories have reached the level of her earlier ones.

So we think she has wisely taken to historical sketches; and these have been very good. Thus her "Makers of Florence," if only sketches, yet gave to the ordinary reader the kind and quantity of information which he would need, and all that he would be likely to retain; and the same may be said of the "Makers of Venice." Her book on "Royal Edinburgh" was more ambitious—as was natural.

The same may be said of the present work on the "Holy City." It is not, to any great extent, topographical, but almost entirely historical; and it is an admirable and most interesting piece of work. Mrs. Oliphant prefixes to her history a vigorously written introduction in which she dismisses M. Renan and his theories with contempt, and Wellhausen with indignation. Of course these sentiments, however eloquently expressed, do not amount to criticism or argument, but there is a vein of common sense in some of her remarks.

Coming, however, to the history itself, we have nothing but praise for the arrangement of the materials and the clearness, energy, and vividness of the story. If any human beings have ever thought of the sacred history as being hard reading, they will hardly be able to think so when they have taken up Mrs. Oliphant's book. The first Part deals with the House of David, three of the chapters being given to the Life of David himself, one to Solomon, and one to the Kings of Judah. The second Part deals with the Prophets. In the third the Return and the Restoration are treated of, and in the fourth the Final Tragedy. Many passages might be quoted in illustration of the eloquence and fervour with which this book is written. If the reader wishes merely to taste the book before going further, he might turn to the third chapter of Part V., the last chapter of all, and read the account of the closing scenes in the Life of Christ.

We may mention that Mrs. Oliphant, like many others, abandons the traditional sites, and seems to agree with Major Conder in finding the place of crucifixion outside the Damascus Gate. We should add that the book is beautifully got up, and that the very excellent engravings are a great addition to its value.

St. Nicholas (January, 1892) is a very bright number of this bright magazine. "The Little Maid of Spain," by Helen Gray Cone, is a charming poem, which will be read with equal pleasure by old and young. "The Admiral's Caravan," by Charles E. Carryl, is continued in this number. The verses entitled "Sir Peter Bombazoo" are as good as the name suggests. "The Rudder," by Celia Thaxter, contains some graceful lines. "Two Girls and a Boy" is a pretty child's story. The number is a good one, and will be read with delight wherever English-speaking children are to be met with—that is all the world over.

Outing, January, 1892. This issue is called the "Holiday Number," and it deserves the title. "The Bear's Head Brooch," by Ernest Ingersoll, is an exciting tale of life in Southern Colorado. "A Christmas Ascent of Mount Adams," by John Corbin, is a well-written account of a very daring exploit. "Cowboy Life," by Larry Yatt, will be read by all those for whom the very name "cowboy" possesses a fascination. "Saddle and Sentiment," the serial from the pen of Wenona Gilman, is continued in this number. "A Winter Idyl," by Charles Turner, represents Cupid in *fur*—this is rather hard to grasp at first, but to the poet all things are lawful! "The Active Militia of Canada," by Lieut. John H. Woodside, will be read with interest by all Canadians. The number is a bright one and well fitted for this season of the year.

The *Century* for January, 1892. Mr. Richard Wheatley opens this number with an article entitled, "The Jews in New York." "The face of the Jew is toward the future, but whether the future will bring repatriation is a matter of indifference to the reformer. He wills none of it. 'New York is my Jerusalem,' he says; 'the United States of America is my country. In fact my Jerusalem is wherever I am doing well. I don't want to go to Canaan and would not if I could.'" How different is this from the cry of that greater Jew, from the voice of Heine: "Paris is the New Jerusalem, and the Rhine is the Jordan

which separates the Children of Light from the land of the Philistines." However *existence* is necessary both to Greek and Philistine; to the hackneyed *il faut vivre*, one can never reply to *oneself*, "I don't see the necessity." Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier continue "The Naulahka" in this number; this by itself should prove an unfailling attraction. "Andrea Del Sarto," by W. J. Stillman, is an interesting account of that great Italian. "Custer's Last Battle" is ably and concisely written; Capt. E. S. Godfrey does not explain the causes of Custer's defeat; what he does prove is, that a battle was altogether unavoidable. General James B. Fry has some "Comments" on the previous paper, which are well worth reading. "Gounod in Italy and Germany," by Charles François Gounod, contains some charming word-pictures of Rome, Venice and Vienna. His illness at Berlin is touched upon with truly French *sang-froid*. "The Cloud-Maiden," by William Wilfred Campbell, is pretty. Amongst much more that is well worth perusal in this number may be mentioned the "Sonnet on the Sonnet," by Inigo Deane.

The *Forum* (January, 1892) opens with a paper from the pen of Judge Frank McGloin, entitled "The Louisiana Lottery: Shall its Charter be Renewed?" This is followed by "A History of the Company," an ably-written article by J. C. Wickliffe. The latter shows in a very concise form exactly what the "power" is which the anti-lottery men of Louisiana have got to fight. Dr. F. H. Geffekin has a paper on "The Pope and the Future of the Papacy." That the question is a difficult, well-nigh an unsolvable one, none will deny, and Dr. Geffekin does not approach it in an intollerant spirit. "We come to the conclusion that a normal solution of the Papal question is impossible. Notwithstanding all inconveniences the Papacy and Italian Kingship are condemned to live on the same spot, and a change in the person of the Supreme Pontiff will alter nothing." What is possible is the maintenance of the *modus vivendi* established by the law of guarantees. "Brazil: The Late Crisis and its Causes," by Courtenay De Kalb. "It seems certain that Brazil has passed through a crisis which has settled satisfactorily the permanence of her Republican form of government," says Mr. De Kalb, and, "now that the stress is over," he prophesies for Brazil a renewed commerce and a destiny in accordance with the hopes of her truest statesmen. This number contains, amongst much that is excellent, an article by the Rev. Dr. C. A. Briggs, entitled "Theological Education and its Needs." "The Health of the Survivors of the War," by Dr. John S. Billings, and "American Homes," by Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer. In this last paper, a very good comparison is drawn between the ideas of men of the Anglo-Saxon blood, and those of men of the Latin race, in respect to that solid British *entirety* comfort! The issue is a good one and a very fitting commencement of the year.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1892, commences the New Year with the name of Marion Crawford upon its table of contents. "Don Orsino" is the title of this able writer's contribution. A paper of Emerson's, spring, 1861, entitled "Boston," appears in this number; it is a eulogy at once Greek and Hebraic. Let us listen to the voice through the void of thirty years. "Here stands to-day as of yore our little city of the rocks; here let her stand forever, on the man-bearing granite of the North! Let her stand fast by herself! She has grown great." It is not Homer or David who is speaking, it is Emerson of the nineteenth century; and yet the rhythmic simplicity of the words and the exaltation of the fervour carry in them something of both. "James Russell Lowell," by Henry James, is a most interesting paper upon this great American poet. He is dead, but the deeds and the words are they dead also? Not so. "There is nothing ineffectual in his name and fame—they stand for delightful things. He is one of the happy figures of literature," says Mr. Henry James, and in these few words he has said much. Unlike Gray, James Russell Lowell has "spoken out," unlike Alfred de Musset he has kept time with the pulse of humanity. "Birds and 'Birds,'" by Edith M. Thomas, opening as it does with a chorus of Aristophanes through the medium of Swinburne, is very brightly written. "The Ring of Canace" is a graceful little poem which need make no apology to anyone. C. Marion D. Towers contributes an interesting paper entitled "John Stuart Mill and the London and Westminster Review." The latter contains some letters which one can hardly imagine to have been written by that "cold logical engine," John Stuart Mill! "The Greatest Need of College Girls," by Annie Payson Call, is a forcibly written appeal against mental over-pressure. Physical training is necessary. "A Woman's education should prepare her to hold to the best of her ability whatever position life may offer." These words are both wise and true. The author is to be congratulated for having pleaded a good cause in a manner at once clear and brilliant. "Why Socialism appeals to Artists," by Walter Crane, is a well written and at times eloquent attack upon "The Gods of Cash and Comfort." The number is a good one and deserves more comment than our space will permit.

The *North American Review* for January, 1892, contains much interesting matter. Andrew Lang contributes an article entitled "French Novels and French Life," which is well worth perusal by all Anglo-Saxons. The author reminds us of the fact that the French novel is essentially more an account of Parisian than of French life. We think it is M. Taine who says that when we speak of France we speak of Paris, just as when we speak

of a man it is of his head, and not *par example* of his feet. Still, the provinces have an existence, and it is there, as a recent writer remarks, that the sound backbone of France is to be found. Andrew Lang, however, goes a step further: "We must remember that French novels represent life less as it is than as Parisians like to have it represented." This is both wise and tolerant; all is not rank and rotten in the great capital; let us discriminate between Frenchmen (and women) and French novels! "Wages in Mexico," by M. Romero, is written with conciseness and lucidity. "The Pardoning Power," by Governor Hill, is powerfully written. "It has been tersely said, 'that the very notion of mercy implies the accuracy of the claims of justice.'" In this spirit Governor Hill faces the difficult problem which has two phases; one of weakness and ill-control, the other of that relentless sternness so earnestly pleaded against by Portia in the "Merchant of Venice"; between this Scylla and Charybdis it is necessary for the executive to steer. "The Darker Side," from the pen of Lady Henry Somerset, is an appeal at once touching and terrible against the awful degradation of human beings in the heart of England's civilized capital. "Whether drink causes poverty, or poverty drink, is a matter over which philanthropists may wrangle. For my part, I have never had a doubt, and this is what my experience has taught me"; and the author proceeds to raise the veil, and a picture is seen which is all the more horrible because one feels that it is true. Theodore Voorhees contributes an article entitled "Ninety Miles in Eighty-nine Minutes." As the author remarks, "One can hardly appreciate what this means until one sits by the engineer's side and sees it done." Again: "Great generals are born, not made; so it is with fine engineers." The paper is well and clearly written, and points out that no efficiency of the locomotives would accomplish these high results without the "fidelity, skill, ingenuity and trustworthiness of the men in charge of them—our locomotive engineers." The issue is a good one all through.

Lippincott's Monthly Magazine for January, 1892, opens with "The Passing of Major Kilgore," told by the city editor. The story is smartly written from beginning to end, chapter vii. ("The Morals of Pie") being especially good. "The Editor-in-Chief," by Col. Alex. K. McClure, is good. The Colonel compares the editor-in-chief of a great daily newspaper and the editor-in-chief of the oldtime weekly, and concludes that the main difference is in the fact that the former is held responsible for that over which he can exercise no control whatever. "Great Pan is Dead," by Henry Peterson, shows that worship is essentially subjective:—

Take comfort, soul, for know, indeed,
That great Pan never dies!

It is the soul, the idea, the *τὸ εἶναι* which ever lives; in which sense "Great Pan" has something more than a Pagan significance. About two or three times a year, at regular intervals, a well-known magazine bewails the fact that courtesy, in the oldtime sense, at any rate, is becoming a thing of the past. In this number Amelia E. Barr, in a paper entitled "The Decline of Politeness," condescends to give reasons for such a decline. *Autres temps, autres mœurs*, our great-grandfathers could bow—they certainly had a *je ne sais quoi* which does not belong to us, but then, as the writer ingeniously remarks, "One hundred years ago men had not to compete with steam and electricity." Again, "A very courteous man is a bore"; perhaps so, but he belongs to a rare, almost extinct, order of bores; he is an anomaly and consequently interesting. "Most social evils are retrievable, unless women take part in them." This is undeniable, but we are told that they have allowed the tone of society to be lowered. The reason of it all is "The very element of rivalry makes chivalry meaningless and impossible." The author ends her interesting and able paper with these lines, the truth of which should not altogether be lost sight of even in an age of steam and electricity:—

Love's perfect blossom only blows
Where noble manners veil defect:
Angels may be familiar; those
Who err, each other must respect.

"With the Gloves," by Daniel L. Dawson, gives some valuable pointers on the fistic art. The same author contributes a poem entitled "A Fragment," some lines of which are singularly happy, both in force and expression. John B. Tabb contributes a pretty little poem, "At Dawn." "The Interpreter" (Sidney Woollett), by Julian Hawthorne. This is a paper which requires really careful reading. The author attacks "Delsartism," which we may roughly define as the mastery of the mechanism of the emotions. There are three things indispensable, according to Mr. Hawthorne, which Delsartism does not give, viz., spontaneity, sincerity and individuality. These qualities, he tells us, are possessed by Mr. Woollett. "Between the analytic and the creative attitude the gulf is just as wide as that between death and life." This fact, for it is a fact, is the solution of the whole question. The article is a very good one, and deserves to be classed among the best in an excellent issue.

A ST. PETERSBURG correspondent says that in the Ural district, in Orenburg, Astrakhan, Stavropol, Taurida, and in the south part of Donge, as well as in Krim and Samara, the camel is used for field labour with good results. Many farms have no other working cattle. Some large farms possess 100 or more camels, which do all the work in the fields.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

WILLIAM BLACK'S new story, "The Magic Ink," will be published serially in *Harper's Bazar*. The first instalment will appear in the issue of January 9, and it will run through about four numbers.

THE recent publication by Harper and Brothers of Von Moltke's notable book, "The Franco-German War," lends interest to the fact that the great soldier had another side than the one shown to the world. A selection of his letters to his mother and to his brothers Adolf and Ludwig is promised early in the year. These letters cover a period of nearly seventy years, and pourtray the real nature and character of the man as perhaps no other publication could.

Harper's Young People for January 5, being the first in 1892, will be called the "Columbus Number." It will consist of twenty-four pages and a specially designed cover, and will contain the story of Christopher Columbus in brief, told by Thomas A. Janvier; "The First Christmas in the New World," by Kirk Munroe; the ninth instalment of the Columbus serial, "Diego Pinzon"; the second part of "The Fate of Belfield"; "New Years in Russia," by the Countess Norraikow, and other stories, articles, poems and pictures.

In the department of Book Reviews in the January *Annals*, careful reviews are given of the following recent works: Beudant's "Le Droit Individuel et l'Etat"; Brunialti's "La Legge e la Libertà nello Stato Moderno"; Cook's "Corporation Problem"; Dunbar's "Theory and History of Banking"; Fustel's "Origin of Property in Land"; "Report of the Hartford Committee on Out-Door Alms"; Lafargue's "Evolution of Property"; Miller's "Lectures on the U. S. Constitution"; Thompson's "Purse and Conscience"; and Schullern's "Die Theoretische Nationalökonomie Italiens in neuester Zeit."

AN attractive and peculiarly interesting feature of the current numbers of *Harper's Magazine* is the series of "Melchior" sketches, delineating certain phases of French-Canadian life fifty years ago. They are the work of Mr. William McLennan, the new star in the Canadian literary galaxy, and are written in the picturesque dialect of the French habitants, by one of whom they are supposed to be narrated. Readers of the first of these sketches, "La Messe de Minuit," which appeared in the December number of the magazine, will impatiently await the second story, "De Littl' Modder," which is promised for the January number.

CONCERNING Dr. Ludlow's new book, "A King of Tyre," recently published by Harper and Brothers, one of the ablest of the younger Oriental scholars in Berlin, Germany, writes: "I have read 'A King of Tyre' through with unabating interest, and with great profit. The author has chosen a time about which one reads and studies little, and of which it is difficult to form any sort of mental picture; but he has succeeded in combining the facts that are known into an organic whole, and in giving a vivid picture of the period. I congratulate him heartily on his success in making a most fascinating story without sacrificing historical accuracy."

AN important literary feature of *Harper's Magazine* for 1892 will be the publication for the first time of six papers by Mr. James Russell Lowell on the Old English Dramatists. In this, his last literary work, Mr. Lowell returned to the love of his youth, his earliest studies having been in that field; and we shall have in these papers the results of his ripest thought on a subject which profoundly interested the three greatest critics of our century—Lamb, Hazlitt and Coleridge. These studies are not only examples of the best criticism, but are, as Professor Charles Eliot Norton designates them, "genuine pieces of good literature." They abound also in passages of intimate personal interest, reflexes of Mr. Lowell's moods and of the impressions occasioned by incidents of his later years.

A UNIQUE experiment will be tried in the February issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. The entire number has been contributed in prose, fiction, and verse by the daughters of famous parentage, as a proof that genius is often hereditary. The work of thirty of these "daughters" will be represented. These will comprise the daughters of Thackeray, Hawthorne, Dickens, James Fenimore Cooper, Horace Greeley, Mr. Gladstone, President Harrison, Wm. Dean Howells, Senator Ingalls, Dean Bradley of Westminster, Julia Ward Howe, General Sherman, Jefferson Davis, and nearly a score of others. Each article, poem, or story printed in this number has been especially written for it, and the whole promises to be a successful result of an idea never before attempted in a magazine.

"PHILLIPS BROOKS, then the rector of Holy Trinity," writes Julius H. Ward, in the *New England Magazine* for January, "was put forward as the representative of the clergy in emphasizing publicly the end of the war. He was asked to make the prayer on this occasion standing in front of old Independence Hall before an immense crowd of people. His well-known habit in offering prayer is to throw up his head, so that he might seem to some to be looking over his audience. Two rather rough men were standing on the outer edge of the crowd gathered around him, when one said to the other: 'That man is a fool; he prays with his eyes open.' His companion replied: 'Say that again if you dare.' The remark was repeated, whereupon the other party dealt him so strong a blow in his forehead that he knocked him down. That was the way he emphasized his belief in Phillips Brooks."

A LITERARY event of unusual importance is to be the publication, in the March number of *Scribner's Magazine*, of a very remarkable and noble poem—the last one written by James Russell Lowell, and the only one of consequence which he left in manuscript. This fact alone, of course, would give it an extraordinary interest; but the literary importance and the character of the poem itself are more impressive than the circumstances of its publication. Its title, "On a Bust of General Grant," marks it as belonging to a group of Mr. Lowell's poems of patriotism and high public duty, among which it will rank with the great passages of the Commemoration Ode. With the text of the poem, which is published by arrangement with Mr. Lowell's literary executor, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, will be printed a *fac-simile* from the manuscript of one of the finest stanzas.

WITHOUT professing to make a Christmas number at all, the *Review of Reviews* is, in fact, giving its readers two numbers so full of extra and timely attractions as to justify a claim to very special recognition of the holiday season. Following the extra large December number, the January number may equally be regarded as a mid-winter extra-fine issue. It contains, as its most conspicuous feature, a very important sketch of the Czar and the Russia of to-day, written particularly for the American edition of the *Review*, by Mr. W. T. Stead, the distinguished English editor. Mr. Stead is the only English-speaking journalist who has ever had the honour of interviewing the Czar, and his knowledge of Russian affairs is exceptional. The article contains a number of portraits, and what will be particularly interesting—a fine map showing the famine districts, and another showing the so-called "Jewish Pale," the district within which the Jews are permitted to live. In this brilliant article the *Review of Reviews* scores another of those journalistic triumphs for which it is becoming so distinguished. As usual it has struck the man and the subject that most keenly interest the whole world at precisely the right moment.

THE December number of *Free Russia*, the monthly publication of the friends of Russian freedom, states that the famous Count Tolstoi, his great-hearted wife, with their sons and daughters, have given up the pleasant leisure of their country home, and are now in the famine-stricken districts of Russia, saving from starvation people who, but for their efforts and the timely contributions of friends, would in all probability perish. From Moscow the Countess Tolstoi has issued an appeal which will be read with world-wide interest. As translated from the *Russkaya Vvedomosti (Russian Gazette)*, her letter runs as follows: "Sir,—The help, in money and otherwise, given up till now for the relief of the starving people, has been so great that I hardly dare to touch upon the question. But the distress also is proving far greater than anyone had expected, and always more and more has to be asked and given. My whole family has broken up to go and help in various parts of the country. My husband, Count Lyov Tolstoi, is at present with our two daughters in the Dankov district, trying to arrange the largest possible number of free soup kitchens, or, as the peasants have named them, "Care for Orphans." My two elder sons, who serve in the Red Cross, are actively helping in the Ohernski district; and my younger son has gone to the province of Samara to open soup kitchens there as far as his means allow. But, in such a great need as this, individual persons can do nothing. And yet every day that we spend in a warm house, every mouthful that we eat, seems to reproach us with the thought that in this very moment someone is dying of hunger. All of us who live here in Moscow in luxury and cannot bear to see the slightest pain suffered by our own children—how should we endure the sight of the desperate or stupefied mothers looking on while their children die of hunger and cold?"

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

ÆSCHYLUS AND THE MORAL LAW.

IT is impossible to overlook the relation in which Æschylus stands to the Bible. He appears as the interpreter of a divine law, just and inevitable; and he is content to rest in the working of it upon earth. Just so, the first form in which revelation was clothed was that of a law stern and temporal. The claims of "the law" to obedience are peremptory, its condemnation of transgression inexorable. The sanctions of a future life form no part of its system, though the fact of a future life is implied in the idea of a covenant between God and man. In both respects the parallel between the spiritual ideas expressed by the poet and those enforced by the inspired Law-giver holds good; but the difference between the mode of their expression is not less remarkable. Æschylus was, so to speak, an intellectual witness; his appointed task was to address himself to individual reflection, and not to discipline the faith of a people; the truths which he taught were left in words, often dark and mysterious, and not embodied in a traditional and public ceremonial; they might be fruitful here and there in some devout soul, but they contained no message which could shape the common thoughts of a nation, or form the solid basis for a development of a religious life. None the less, his teaching has still an office for us. It is often said, and even taken for granted, that the severer aspects of the Christian creed are due to some peculiarity of the "Semitic" mind; that they

are foreign to the more genial constitution of the "Japetic" type; that here, at least, the instinct which revelation satisfies is partial and not universal. Against such assumption the tragedies of Æschylus remain a solemn protest. The voice of law addresses us even from Athens. There is a stern and dark side to the Greek view of life. The "Prometheus," the "Seven Against Thebes," and the "Orestes" contain a "natural testimony of the soul" to the reality of sin and the inevitable penalty which it carries in itself, and to the need which man has of a Divine deliverer, to check and control the consequences of a violated law. And the testimony comes with the greater force because it is given by the poet who had witnessed the most glorious triumphs of Greek power. It is an utterance of outward strength, and not of exhaustion; it springs out of the fresh vigour of Greece, and not from the despairing weakness of her decline. It is, indeed, partial and incomplete, but its instructiveness lies in the fact that, though partial and incomplete, it was devoutly held, in virtue of the truth which was in it. It was, in some degree, taken up into later systems and variously supplemented, but for us its chief significance lies in its simplicity. If Plato tells us what are the aspirations of man, Æschylus tells us what are the requirements of the law of God. The one is, in some sense, a preparation for the other. The law comes first, and lays bare the powerlessness of man in the full pride of his strength; and, when this is once recognized, faith becomes possible, though national hopes have faded away, and with it a deeper insight into spiritual truth.—From *Essays in the History of Religious Thought in the West*, by Brooke Foss Westcott, D. D., L. L. D., Lord Bishop of Durham.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF A FORTRESS.

IT was in the reign of Marjory's son, the grandson and namesake of the Bruce, and of his successors, that Edinburgh began to be of importance in the country, slowly becoming visible by means of charters and privileges, and soon by records of Parliaments, laws made, and public acts proceeding from the growing city. Robert Bruce, though he had destroyed the castle, granted certain liberties and aids to the burghers, both in repression and in favour pursuing the same idea, with an evident desire to substitute the peaceful progress of the town for the dangerous domination of the fortress. Between that period and the reign of the second Stewart, King Robert III., the castle had already been re-erected and re-destroyed more than once. Its occupation by the English seemed the chief thing dreaded by the Scots, and it was again and again by English hands that the fortifications were destroyed—such a stronghold and point of defence being evidently of the first importance to invaders, while much less valuable as a means of defence. In the year 1385 the walls must have encircled a large area upon the summit of the rock, the *enceinte* probably widening, as the arts of architecture and fortification progressed, from the strong and grim eyrie on the edge of the precipice to the wide and noble enclosure, with room for a palace as well as a fortress, into which the great castles of England were growing. The last erection of these often-cast-down walls was made by Edward III. on his raid into Scotland, and probably the royal founder of Windsor Castle had given to the enclosure an amplitude unknown before. The Scots king most likely had neither the money nor the habits which made a great royal residence desirable, especially in a spot so easily isolated and so open to attack; but he gave a charter to his burghers of Edinburgh authorizing them to build houses within the castle walls, and to pass in and out freely without toll or due—a curious privilege which must have made the castle a sort of *imperium in imperio*, a town within a town. The little closets of rooms which in a much later and more luxurious age must have sufficed for the royal personages whom fate drove into Edinburgh Castle as a residence are enough to show how limited were the requirements in point of space of the Royal Scots. The room in which James VI. of Scotland was born would scarcely be occupied, save under protest, by a housemaid in our days. But, indeed, the Castle of Edinburgh was neither adapted nor intended for a royal residence. The abbey in the valley, from which the king could retire on receipt of evil tidings, where the winds were hushed and the air less keen, and gardens and pleasant hill-sides accessible, and all the splendour of religious ceremonies within reach, afforded more fit and secure surroundings even for a primitive court. The Parliament met, however, within the fortress, and the courts of justice would seem to have been held within reach of its shelter. And thither the burghers carried their wealth, and built among the remains of the low huts of an earlier age their straight, steep houses, with high-pitched roofs tiled with slabs of stone, rising grey and strong within the *enceinte*, almost as strong and apt to resist whatever missiles were possible as the walls themselves, standing out with straight defiant gables against the northern blue.—*Royal Edinburgh: Her Saints, Kings, Prophets and Poets*. By Mrs. Oliphant.

AH, they are these bits of struggles in which we have learned to fight the great ones; perhaps these bits of struggles, more than the great ones, make up life.—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps*.

SEVENTEEN mummies in the Imperial Museum of Berlin were found by a committee of archaeologists to be recent fabrications of Alexandrian dealers in antiquities. The museum had paid 800,000 marks for these forgeries.

VISIONS.

I.
VISIONS come and go again,
Leaving in their airy train
Just a rhythm, soft and low,
Of their movement to and fro—
Something like an old refrain.

II.
'Tis the way with summer rain ;
'Tis the way with joy and pain ;
'Tis the way with all we ken
Of the lives of mortal men ;
Just to come, then go again.

—W. N. Roundy, in *Harper's Weekly*.

THE ALLOWABLE IN FICTION.

AT one time, they remind us, the Anglo-Saxon novelist did deal with such problems—De Foe in his spirit, Richardson in his, Goldsmith in his. At what moment did our fiction lose this privilege? In what fatal hour did the Young Girl arise and seal the lips of Fiction with a touch of her finger, to some of the most vital interests of life? Whether I wished to oppose them in their aspiration for greater freedom, or whether I wished to encourage them, I should begin to answer them by saying that the Young Girl had never done anything of the kind. The manners of the novel have been improving with those of its readers; that is all. Gentlemen no longer swear or fall drunk under the table, or abduct young ladies and shut them up in lonely country houses, or so habitually set about the ruin of their neighbours' wives, as they once did. Generally people now call a spade an agricultural implement; they have not grown decent without having also grown a little squeamish, but they have grown comparatively decent; there is no doubt about that. They require of a novelist whom they respect unquestionable proof of his seriousness, if he proposes to deal with certain phases of life; they require a sort of scientific decorum. He can no longer expect to be received on the ground of entertainment only; he assumes a higher function, something like that of a physician or a priest, and they expect him to be bound by laws as sacred as those of such professions; they hold him solemnly pledged not to betray them or abuse their confidence. If he will accept the conditions, they give him their confidence, and he may then treat to his greater honour, and not at all to his disadvantage, of such experiences, such relations of men and women as George Eliot treats in "Adam Bede," in "Daniel Deronda," in "Romola," in almost all her books; such as Hawthorne treats in the "Scarlet Letter"; such as Dickens treats in "David Copperfield"; such as Thackeray treats in "Pendennis," and glances at in every one of his fictions; such as most of the masters of English fiction have, at some time, treated more or less openly. It is quite false or quite mistaken to suppose that our novels have left untouched these most important realities of life. They have only not made them their stock in trade; they have kept a true perspective in regard to them; they have relegated them in their pictures of life to the space and place they occupy in life itself, as we know it in England and America. They have kept a correct proportion, knowing perfectly well that unless the novel is to be a map, with everything scrupulously laid down in it, a faithful record of life in far the greater extent could be made to the exclusion of guilty love, and all its circumstances and consequences.—*Criticism and Fiction*, by W. D. Howells.

A FIREMAN'S LIFE.

MUCH has been written about the lives of sailors at sea; so much that everybody, I should think, knows something about them, and the so-called jolly tars are great favourites with the public. But the firemen, an equally useful, and even more hard-worked, class of men, are nothing like so well known. The editor of *Seafaring* had a spell in the stokehole on the equator when the sun was crossing the line, and as his experience has, therefore, included more than sailorizing he can feel for us, as he "knows what it is to be there," but I don't know anybody else that ever tried to expose or enquire into the state of slavery that these men are placed in. The much vaunted "floating palaces" of luxury for the moneyed classes are nothing more than "floating hells" for the firemen. If the owners could see the state these men are in when coming off watch on one of the Atlantic liners in the month of July (no doubt some owners have seen them), I think the sight should touch their hearts—that is if they had a spark of human kindness within them. Black as the poor men are—in fact, as the coal itself—with perspiration teeming out of every pore of their body, they are hardly able to drag their legs after them along the deck, to what people are pleased to call the "firemen's room," a room that the shipowners would not allow their dogs to be kept in, yet they will tell you that the firemen have grand quarters laid out for them aboard these ships. Now the scene changes. Take a peep down into the stokehole and what do you see of the men that just went down there on duty? You see a ghastly sight, men half-naked standing in front of furnaces hauling out red-hot fire—what is called cleaning fires—trimmers standing by throwing water on the deck so as to keep the heat down as much as possible, others flying along the passages with barrows of coal ready to be thrown into the furnaces as soon as they are cleaned out, and engineers of the slave-driving type hurrying them on with their work, especially if the steam

is below the mark, which it nearly always is when cleaning fires, for what do they care for a fireman's "life" as long as they can make a quick passage with the ship, now that speed is all the go? Then comes the watch that's just gone off for ashes. During the time the ashes are being sent up, the lives of the men are in danger, either of a bag of ashes or an empty ash-bucket falling on them and killing them. Many a poor fellow has met his death in the past in the same way. Then when the ashes are up the engineer comes on the warpath with such well-known words to firemen as "shake her up," "put your rake through," "slice them fires," "why don't you prick her?" etc. After he has exhausted his stokehole vocabulary (which is of a very extensive nature), if a man has the courage to answer him in his defence the engineer reports him for using threatening language towards him, and the result is that the man who has been so unfortunate as to bring the engineer's wrath down upon him is taken before the "purser" (never before the captain, for these men would not allow a fireman to be brought within their majestic presence), and logged two days' pay, because he had the manliness to assert the freedom of speech! This is only an outline of what the work-sleep-and-eat-slaves of the sea have to put up with from the officers of their own department. If the firemen have half-an-hour to spare after they get washed—God knows how they wash, as there is little or no convenience for them to do so—and come on deck, they are sure to be in the wrong place. For a deck officer will come along and order them to the other side of the ship, or else tell them to get forward to their room. Even landsmen like the cooks and bakers are down on the firemen, for if some half-starved Italian or German emigrant makes a raid on the galley or baker's shop, it is put down at once to the firemen, so they are hardly ever out of trouble on board ship. To conclude, I believe the marine firemen receive more inhuman treatment than any other class of toilers afloat or ashore.—*By a Fireman, in Seafaring*.

THE sea-serpent story recently reported from the East coast of New Zealand has now been verified from more than one source. Mr. Alfred Ford Matthews, a well-known surveyor, of Gisborne, states that while on board the *Manapouri*, going from Auckland to Gisborne, on Friday, July 24, he and several others distinctly saw a sea serpent resembling the one seen from the *Rotomahana* off Portland Island. The serpent, when seen from the *Manapouri*, was a few miles north of the East Cape, so, evidently, it had been travelling south. The monster was also seen by the ship's officer in charge. It was watched for over ten minutes and was travelling slowly, raising itself twenty or thirty feet out of the water every two or three minutes. It would from time to time lift its head and part of its body to a great height perpendicularly, and when in that position turn its body round in a most peculiar manner, displaying a black back, white belly and two arm-like appendages of great length, which appeared to dangle about like a broken limb on a human being. It would then suddenly drop back into the water, scattering it in all directions. It had a flat head, and was about half a mile distant from the ship. The other passengers confirm the statement. The Maoris are greatly excited over the affair, as they, of course, put the monster down for a *taniwha*.—*The Colonies and India*.

THE Earl of Selborne has replied as follows to a correspondent who requested his opinion on the subject of the Greek question in the universities: "As you wish to know my opinion as to the study of Greek in the universities, I have no difficulty in saying that it ought, in my opinion, to be as much encouraged there now as at any former time; and that the universities are, of all places of education in the kingdom, those in which the duty of cultivating and promoting it is most incumbent. Apart from all other considerations, the fact that the New Testament is written in Greek would alone appear to me to be a sufficient reason for that opinion. It is, I consider, a great misfortune that the Hebrew language is known to so few persons as it is. I think some serious evils have resulted from it, which would be vastly increased if the Greek language also were understood only by a small number of qualified scholars. As to the cases in which the requirement of Greek may properly be dispensed with in favour of students whose special aptitude is for other subjects of study, and who may be trusted to pursue those other subjects in earnest, I am perfectly content to rely on the judgment of the university authorities."—*The Times*.

THE following trait shows Mascagni's character in the way of modesty. For the time of his sojourn in Rome during the première week of "L'Amigo Fritz" arrangements had been made for his staying at the Quirinal Hotel, and everybody who is anybody left his card there for the celebrated composer. Mascagni, however, could not be found there, and it was only after considerable search that he was detected at a modest "albergo." When asked about his predilection for the small hostelry he said: "Oh, I didn't want to change. I stayed here when I was poor in hopes and needy, and now when I am doing well should I be ungrateful? No, no; I am going to remain where I am!" Isn't that a nice answer?—*Musical Courier*.

WHERE the sun does not come, the doctor does.—*Italian Proverb*.

QUARTERLY REVIEWS

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We will bring our weekly notes to an end to-day for the present. We have tried to make them helpful to you. We have tried to tell you of things you may not know of. We hope we have interested you.

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SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

WORK on the cable which is to connect Florida with the Bahamas will be begun in January. Its length will be about 225 miles.

The most powerful electric lighthouse in Europe is the one at Hanstholm, on the Scow. It has a strength of two million candles.

TORPEDO net-cutting devices are now esteemed so effective that the British Admiralty has ordered much heavier nets for its new war-ships.

A SMOKELESS fuel called "Massute" is being used on steam rollers in Vienna. The fuel is composed of the liquid residuum of petroleum refineries.

AN ocean pier at Puerto-Columbia, near Savanilla, will, when finished, be 4,000 feet long, built entirely of iron and steel, with a double line of rails.

THE cargo ship of the future will in some opinions be a five-masted vessel with auxiliary steam, such as is now building on the Clyde. She will carry 6,000 tons.

TELESCOPIC steel masts are to be used for the electric lamps lighting the public squares in Brussels, Belgium, in order to preserve the beauties of the parks in the daytime.

THE first portable electric light plant sent to Mashonaland, Africa, was hauled from Capetown to Mount Hampton, a distance of nearly 1300 miles, by twenty bullocks. It is to be used for search light purposes.

THE German navy has added another to its sixty seaworthy torpedo boats—the "D. 7." This craft has attained a speed of twenty-six knots. The engines indicate 400 horse-power, and the vessel has a capacity of 350 tons.

THE most approved substance for mounting photographs, and that of the most equal consistence, is the white of an egg. Before mounting dip the photograph in a basin of perfectly clean water, then lay it between a towel or piece of linen, which will absorb the superfluous moisture; place it face downward on a perfectly level and clean surface and work the white of egg with a small sponge on a piece of stick or brush, if the hairs are secured.

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels cranky, and is constantly experimenting, dieting himself, adopting strange notions, and changing the cooking, the dishes, the hours, and manner of his eating—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels at times a gnawing, voracious, insatiable appetite, wholly unaccountable, unnatural and unhealthy.—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels no desire to go to the table and a grumbling, fault-finding, over-nicety about what is set before him when he is there—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels after a spell of this abnormal appetite an utter abhorrence, loathing, and detestation of food; as if a mouthful would kill him—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He has irregular bowels and peculiar stools—August Flower the Remedy. ©

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Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use
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CONSUMPTION

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

A GREAT series of sewerage works for the entire city of Marseilles, France, has just been commenced. The cost will be about \$7,000,000.

It is proposed to connect Lake Venern, in Sweden, with the North Sea by a canal fifteen miles long in order to open up rich deposits of iron ore.

ACCORDING to the latest report of the British Board of Trade, thirty-nine sailing vessels in Great Britain are between 50 and 60 years old, eighteen are between 60 and 70 years, thirty are between 70 and 100, and six are actually above a century old.

DR. ELKIN, the astronomer of Yale University, and formerly of the Cape of Good Hope, has, by a long series of observations on the parallel of the star Arcturus, arrived at the conclusion that it moves with the inconceivable velocity of 381 miles a second. This is twenty-one times faster than the speed of the earth in its orbit round the sun.

To cut sheet brass chemically the following method meets with great success. Make a strong solution of bichloride of mercury in alcohol. With a quill pen draw a line across the brass where it is to be cut. Let it dry on, and, with the same pen, draw over this line with nitric acid. The brass may then be broken across like glass cut with a diamond.

It is reported from Augsburg that Dr. Lehner, a chemist, has invented an artificial silk, which will now be manufactured on a large scale. The cost of production of this material, which cannot be distinguished as regards texture from genuine silk, is about a quarter of the cost of natural silk, but the tenacity of the material is only two-thirds of that of the natural product.

AN English railway engineer has invented a useful adjunct to the ordinary semaphore signal, consisting of a whistle operated by compressed air. When the blade is at danger, a spring lever is made to rise so as to lie along the inner side of the rail. This lever projects slightly above the rail, and when depressed by the wheels of a passing engine a piercing screech is omitted by the whistle at the side of the track. This combination of visible and audible signals affords additional assurance of safety.

ONE of the most powerful shears that has ever been built was recently put in place in a steel mill at Newburn, England. This machine will shear an ingot of steel thirty inches wide and twelve inches thick, and do it as easily as a child can cut a stick of candy. The block of steel is carried by rollers to the jaws of the machine, a mighty foot steps on the ingot and holds it firmly in place, and the knife descends and snips off a piece. Hydraulic power does all the work, and it requires only about three seconds to make a cut.

A NEW electrical cell, called the "Gloria" element, that is likely, for certain purposes, to become a substitute for the heavy and inconvenient accumulators, has been invented by a German engineer. The inventor states that a single charge will be sufficient to produce, during sixty hours, a current of comparatively great power, which can be used either for motive power or for electric lighting purposes. According to the maker, Mr. Hubner, of Kolln, near Meissen, four of these elements would supply one or two incandescent lamps of 16 c. p., or would furnish sufficient power for driving a sewing-machine.

SOME Belgian manufacturers of glass and porcelain have recently introduced from Germany a new colouring matter, which can be fixed without the use of fire. In this process a mixture of two solutions, of which one consists of 100 parts of strong potash and 10 parts of acetate of soda, and the other of 15 parts of acetate of lead in 100 parts of water. The second solution consists of 50 parts of borax dissolved in 100 parts of hot water and 20 parts of glycerine. Sixty parts of the first mixture are mixed with 40 parts of the second. When the composition has been applied the objects are placed in a bath, which is composed of 1 part of borax dissolved in 12 parts of water, mixed with 50 parts of hydrofluoric acid and 10 parts of sulphuric acid. After being allowed to remain in the bath for 10 minutes, the objects are washed in clean water, when the colour appears as clearly as when the objects are fired.

THE name of the newest anaesthetic is pental. Its inventor is Professor Von Mering, Director of the Medical Policlinic in Halle. He observed four years ago that tertiary amyl-alcohol produces a soporific effect, and since then it has been in use as a hypnotic. It occurred to him that the amyl corresponding to amyl-alcohol might be fitted for anaesthetic purposes, and this substance has now, after several vain attempts, been obtained. Its chemical composition is (CH₃)₂CCHCH₃, and Mering calls it Pental, owing to the circumstance that it contains five carbon atoms. It is very volatile and easily combustible. It can be administered exactly like chloroform, and the quantity required each time costs about sixpence. Anesthesia sets in after three or four minutes, rarely later. It is not deep, but suffices to render small operations, such as the extraction of teeth painless. It is neither accompanied nor followed by any unpleasant effects.

FOR scrofula in every form Hood's Sarsaparilla is a radical, reliable remedy. It has an unequalled record of cures.

THE new Swiss railway—the Brenzer Rothhornbahn—is the highest in the Alps. It is 7,586 feet at the summit level.

IN THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.—Jack is still alive, although given up by two doctors years ago. Hovering in misery on the grave's brink, constipated and clogged with poisons till yellow as saffron, thus miserable I bought St. Leon Water, drank freely and it saved my life. Jack is now hale and hearty and still using St. Leon, the best drink in the world. Jack Gilroy, Smith's Falls, Ont.

THE project of draining the city and the valley of Mexico has been temporarily abandoned.

"MY DAUGHTER'S LIFE was saved by Hood's Sarsaparilla," says Mr. B. B. Jones of Alna, Maine. "She had seven running sores in different places on her body, but on giving her Hood's Sarsaparilla there was marked improvement and now she is well, strong and healthy."

HOOD'S PILLS cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal. They are the best family cathartic.

THE EVIL OF SUBSTITUTION.—Do you ever think when buying a patent medicine that you take chances of being imposed upon by mercenary and unscrupulous dealers? If you demand time-tried and stood-the-test medicines you take no chances; if you take a substitute you may be putting poison into your system, that will result in temporary relief and the subsequent wrecking of your health forever. Think it over. Did you ever hear a complaint about Dr. Pierce's Medicines—Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, for the liver, the blood and the lungs, or Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for weakly women, failing to do just what they are advertised to do? Men who spend millions of dollars in advertising a remedy that is a benefaction to humanity, do not take these chances when there is not a sterling force, a great remedy back of their advertisements. Dr. Pierce's remedies are guaranteed to give "value received or no pay," and the *Journal* is doing you a kindness, and not seeking to advertise Dr. Pierce, when it calls your attention to the reliability of such standard medicines.—La Salle and Peru (Ill.) *Twin City Journal*.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have any Throat Trouble—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents.—I certify that MINARD'S LINIMENT cured my daughter of a severe and what appeared to be a fatal attack of diphtheria after all other remedies had failed, and recommend it to all who may be afflicted with that terrible disease.

JOHN D. BOCTILLIER.
French Village, Jan., 1883.

A HERB is said to have been discovered in Yucatan which is a specific for insanity.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Dyspepsia

Intense Suffering for 8 years—Restored to Perfect Health

Few people have suffered more severely from dyspepsia than Mr. E. A. McMahon, a well-known grocer of Staunton, Va. He says: "Before 1878 I was in excellent health, weighing over 200 pounds. In that year an ailment developed into acute dyspepsia, and soon I was reduced to 162 pounds, suffering burning sensations in the stomach, palpitation of the heart,

Nausea and Indigestion

I could not sleep, lost all heart in my work, had fits of melancholia and for days at a time I would have welcomed death. I became morose, sullen and irritable, and for eight years life was a burden. I tried many physicians and many remedies. One day a workman employed by me suggested that I take Hood's Sarsaparilla, as it had cured his wife of dyspepsia. I did so, and before taking the whole of a bottle I began to

Feel Like a New Man.

The terrible pains to which I had been subjected, ceased, the palpitation of the heart subsided, my stomach became easier, nausea disappeared, and my entire system began to tone up. With returning strength came activity of mind and body. Before the fifth bottle was taken I had regained my former weight and condition. I am to-day well and I ascribe it to taking Hood's Sarsaparilla."

I Congratulate

"Myself that I used Hood's Sarsaparilla. Six months ago I had almost a chronic case of dyspepsia. I was also broken down by overwork, so that I could not sleep nights. My stomach is now perfect, my nerves in excellent shape and I gained 10 pounds in six months. For all this my gratitude is due

Hood's Sarsaparilla

the best medicine in the land." B. H. Rose, of Rose & Eddy, Hardware Dealers, Rochester, N.Y.
Hood's Pills cure liver ills. Price 25c.

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The Tutti Frutti A. V. Co., 60 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., for Box of assorted samples, which will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of 25 Cents.



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And get home so late in the night,
"DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE" in the morning
Will make you forget you were

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DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE makes a delicious Cooling Beverage, especially Cleanses the throat, preventing disease. It imparts Freshness and Vigour, and is a quick relief for Bilioousness, Sea-Sickness, etc.

BY ALL CHEMISTS.