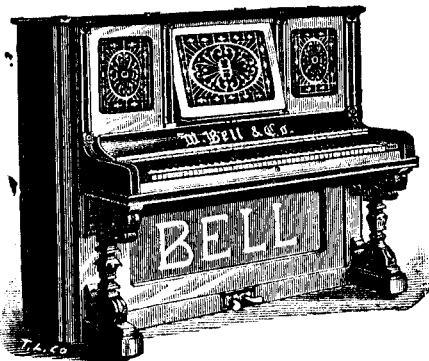




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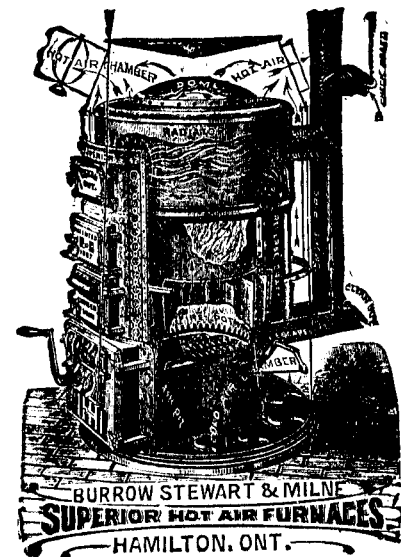
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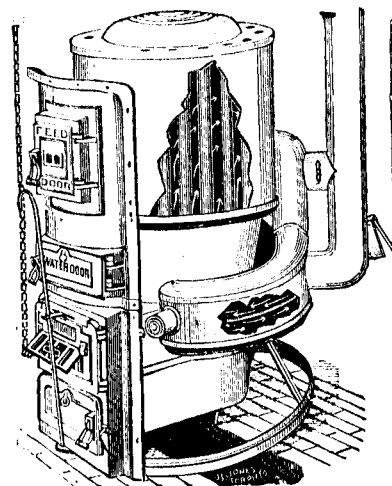
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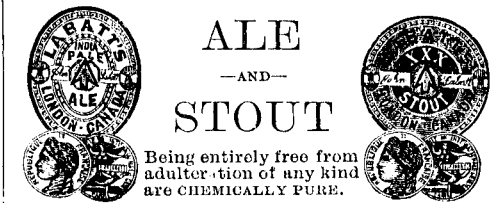
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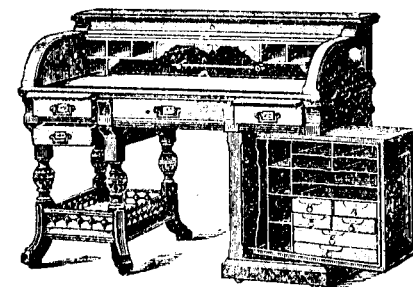
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TORONTO, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10th, 1890.

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WE have already expressed our gratification that a serious and well considered attempt has at length been made to outline a definite scheme of Imperial Federation, and our admiration of the marked ability with which that scheme has been wrought out and the clearness with which it is now presented. We do not, of course, take Mr. McGoun's pamphlet for more or other than what it really is, the outcome of the best thinking of an able and ardent advocate of Imperial Federation, put forth with the imprimatur of the Executive Committee of the Canadian League. While, however, it thus commits none but those directly responsible for its publication, and may not be accepted by the friends of the movement in Great Britain, or in other colonies, it is still to be remembered that the writer has had the great advantage of knowing the best that has been thought and said on the subject by other writers. Hence the scheme he has so well elaborated may fairly be regarded not simply as the product of a single constructive mind, but as the resultant of all the intellectual forces which have as yet been brought to bear on the subject in Great Britain and Australia, as well as in Canada. If, therefore, serious or insuperable objections are found to lie against the scheme, as now for the first time brought down from the clouds and crystallized into visibility and tangibility, it is scarcely too much to infer that these objections lie in the main against the thing itself, and not merely against the form in which it is here presented.

WHAT is the reason-for-being, the great end to be reached by the proposed federation? This is the crucial question which meets its advocates on the threshold. The regretted Mr. Forster, claimed by Mr. McGoun as "our founder," is quoted as declaring that to prevent disintegration "some form of federation is essential." Perceiving, no doubt, the insufficiency of this negative statement, Mr. McGoun proceeds to define the political idea of the movement as "the extension of the reign of individual and local liberty, together with the combination of as many peoples as are kindred in heart, in an unbroken, indissoluble union, for the preservation of political rights, and for resisting injustice and oppression whether of individuals, provinces, nations or races." He admits that "it almost argues temerity in a federationist to declare what he really means by Imperial Federation." The thoughtful and dispassionate reader who will subject the above statement of the idea to a close analysis will, we think, agree with us that the author's apprehension was not without cause. Imperial Federation in any conceivable form involves radical and in some respects almost revolutionary changes in the political status, institutions and relations of the federating countries. Especially is this true in regard to the colonies. Such changes are always serious matters. They involve dissatisfaction, expense and hazard which should not be incurred without strong necessity or obvious utility. The need should be real and deeply felt, the end clearly defined, the gain unmistakable and tangible. Can any one of these qualities be predicated of the above definition of the political idea of Imperial Federation? Whose individual liberty and what local liberty are to be extended, and how can this extension be brought about by the projected federation? Whose political rights are to be conserved? What are those political rights and in what way are they now menaced? Which of the individuals, provinces, nations or races is to be emancipated, or safeguarded? From what injustice and oppression are any of them now suffering? Does not the logical law hold good in politics that the greater the extension the less the comprehension? Is it not manifestly impossible for a number of practically self-governing states or provinces to enter into a political union of any kind without surrendering, to a greater or less extent, rights and liberties previously possessed? And what is true of the Province or State is necessarily true of every individual subject of it. It is quite conceivable that the advantages to be gained by such a union may more than compensate both the community and the individual for the surrender asked, but in a case like that under consideration the burden of proof must rest on the advocates of the change. Will it be seriously argued that entrance into Imperial Federation can of itself mean an extension of local and individual liberty? We are glad that it is not proposed to construct the union on either geographical or racial lines, but it is almost self-evident that every step taken towards such union by virtually independent states must cost, and one of the primary tasks of those who seek to bring about so great a change must be to show that there is ample compensation for every necessary sacrifice; that in a word the gains clearly outweigh the losses.

WAIVING the "previous question," the first great practical problem that confronts the constitution-builder in framing this unique political structure is that of Government. Mr. McGoun meets this boldly with his Imperial Parliament. The basis of membership for the new House of Commons for the whole federated Empire is to be population. This part of the problem is patiently and skilfully wrought out. We can but indicate the result. This is in brief an enlargement of the present British House of Commons of 670 members by an addition of 90 members for Canada, 56 for Australasia, 10 for Cape Colony, 10 for India, and 28 for all other dependencies, making an Imperial House of 865 members. Instead of taking the present representation in the British House, Mr. McGoun would prefer to reduce it to half the number. Could this be done and its reduced membership of 336 be made the unit of representation, the new Imperial Commons would be composed of 451 members. Shrewdly recognizing, however, the present impossibility of effecting such a reduction in

the representation of the people of the British Islands, our author assumes the larger membership as the basis of his argument, and we must, of course, accept that basis. Leaving all other colonies and dependencies to speak for themselves—and unless we greatly misread human nature, some of them would have a good deal to say—let us look at the question mainly in relation to the Mother Country and to Canada. Most other schemes that we have seen have assumed the necessity of depriving the present Imperial Parliament of its old-time supremacy, and reducing it to the rank of a mere local legislature, subordinate to some new and supreme Imperial House to be constructed out of material furnished by the whole empire. Mr. McGoun most prudently shrinks from the herculean task of persuading the British Parliament to surrender the major part of its power, prestige, prerogative and historic renown, and step down into a secondary place, and proposes to effect the desired change without so grievously wounding the *amour propre* of the most august legislative assembly in the world. And here it might be asked, in passing, whether the fact admitted or implied, that the existing British Parliament cannot be either superseded or subordinated does not settle the whole question of the proposed Federation, by making it possible only on the condition of accepting, in some form or other, the virtual supremacy of that Parliament in all concerns relegated to the domain of the proposed Federation? To withdraw certain of the more important matters which are either now under the control of our own Parliament, or which it is desirable should become so at an early day, and place these again under the authority of even an enlarged British Parliament would, it strikes us, be a singularly unpropitious beginning of the promised extension of the sphere of individual and local liberty. So startling a proposal must needs be looked at from two points of view, viz., that of the Mother Country and that of the colonies. Would the people of the British Islands be easily persuaded to accept an addition of 195—about twenty-nine per cent.—new members to their House of Commons, members in whose election they would have no voice, but who would come from all quarters of the globe to take equal part with their own chosen representatives in determining all questions, legislative and administrative? True, Mr. McGoun wisely postulates that the present decentralizing tendencies in Great Britain shall have brought about the establishment of a local legislature or its equivalent in each of the great divisions of Great Britain and Ireland. This would simplify the task of the federationists materially, no doubt, yet, granting that, can any one doubt that nine-tenths of all the measures and other business discussed in the Commons would still be matters concerning the people of the British Islands alone, and in respect to which Canadian intrusion, to say nothing of that of South Africa or the West Indies, would be deemed an impertinence? From the Canadian point of view the Imperial Parliament scheme is so full of objections that we scarcely know where to begin. The selection of the representatives from the Dominion House, involving the absence of ninety of its ablest members during many months of the year, the election of these by the Commons instead of directly by the people, the large powers of control and veto of Dominion and Provincial legislation transferred beyond the ocean, the fact that the Imperial Commons would be after all not the legislature of the Federation, but simply an extension of the British House of Commons, etc., suggest themselves to the mind as so many insuperable obstacles. And then the further facts that not one-tenth of the time of this enlarged British Parliament would be occupied with questions of more than local concern; that all its legislation would be subject to revision or rejection by an Upper House constructed on the basis of the House of Lords, and so with a large hereditary element in its membership, and that the people of the "tight little isles" are expected to accept an Imperial Government in which even the principle of proportionate representation is departed from, and "the Cabinet offices divided more evenly among the great divisions of the Empire," the United Kingdom not necessarily having even a majority, are facts of such a kind that the bare statement of them seems to us the best proof of the utter impracticability of the scheme.

WE have not now space to present adequately what is after all the test question for Canada in regard to such an arrangement as that proposed by Mr. McGoun. We must therefore, for the present at least, dismiss with a word a phase of the subject which would need for its adequate discussion a lengthy article. We refer to the commercial advantages offered. Mr. McGoun wisely recognizes the fact that a change involving consequences so costly and far reaching must be based upon considerations of mutual advantage. Patriotic sentiment alone is insufficient either to bring about the proposed Federation or to maintain it when effected. What is the compensation offered to the colonies, or, to be specific, let us say to Canada? It would be idle to suppose that any mere honour and prestige derived from having a feeble voice in the management of the British Empire would be deemed by the somewhat matter-of-fact Canadian a sufficient return for all the political expense involved in the inevitable surrender of a certain portion of his prized self-government, and the pecuniary expense involved not only in carrying out the Parliamentary and other arrangements referred to, but in contributing his share to the maintenance of the Imperial army and navy on the European scale. As Mr. McGoun himself admits, Canadians could not be made to feel that they need any particular military defence. The answer to the question, though wrought out with great skill and presented in its best form, may really be resolved into a sentence. It is the imposition by the Mother Country of a system of taxes upon certain imports in order to raise revenues for Imperial purposes and at the same time discriminate in favour of the productions of the colonies as against foreign nations. This trade policy, attractive as it may seem to the colonies, will prove, we venture to prophesy, not as it is intended to be, the pivotal structure upon which the whole scheme must turn, but the rock upon which it must split. In the absence of some reliable indication that the people of the British Islands, after their experience of the advantages of free trade and in view of their relations, present and prospective, to all the nations with which they do the lion's share of the world's commerce, can be persuaded by any inducements the colonies can offer to jeopardize this trade, and increase the cost of living to themselves, by the re-imposition of taxes upon food products, we must simply decline to regard this feature of the scheme as a matter for discussion. As we all know, the question is not a party one, nor is it regarded as in any sense an open one, in Great Britain. The leaders of both parties are equally emphatic in regarding any such trade policy as simply out of the question. On the other hand some such policy is obviously a *sine qua non* of the movement, so far as Canada is concerned. May we not, then, rest the discussion here, until the advocates of Imperial Federation can bring forward some tangible evidence of a willingness on the part of the leaders of political thought in the Mother Country to even consider this first and indispensable condition of the proposed Federation?

SIR DANIEL WILSON'S partial enumeration of the gifts which have been received from all quarters of the world in aid of the restoration of the library of the University over which he presides, illustrates in a most gratifying manner the breadth of sympathy pervading the commonwealth of letters. It seems, indeed, not unlikely that the calamity of the University may one day prove to have been a blessing in disguise by creating a wider and deeper interest in its work, and imparting new and stronger impulses, such as years of uniform prosperity would scarcely have begotten. The latter portion of Sir Daniel's address at the recent Annual Convocation of the University of Toronto was an eloquent and masterly defence of higher education. Of this plea it has been pertinently observed by one of the city dailies that it was "as remarkable for its force as it is that there should be any necessity for it." The question whether there is really any necessity for it in this day and in this country is one which must have suggested itself to many hearers and readers of this admirable address. It is true, as Sir Daniel observed, that an outcry against the mischievous diffusion of knowledge reaches us from Russia and finds a sympathetic echo in the breast of the ex-Chancellor of Germany. But is it true that there is "a tendency among our own intelligent working classes to regard with jealousy and disfavour anything beyond the Public School work, as though High Schools and colleges were designed solely for a privileged caste and not for the people?" We should be sorry to think so and shall be disappointed if the representatives and organs of the working

classes do not hasten to repudiate the inference. May it not be that Sir Daniel, listening to the utterances of the classes referred to from his elevated position as President of a State University, has failed to put himself at the point of view of the intelligent labourer? Is it not the case that the objection, of which we occasionally hear, is directed not against the higher institutions or the higher culture, in themselves, but against these institutions as supported and this culture as imparted at the expense of the many who cannot hope to share directly in their benefits? We do not pronounce an opinion here upon the soundness of the view suggested. We know, as indeed Sir Daniel Wilson's eloquent words sufficiently prove, that it is possible to construct a powerful argument to show that the money expended on High Schools and Colleges and Universities is indirectly profitable to the working classes even materially, to say nothing of a higher kind of benefit, to an extent far exceeding the cost to them in additional taxation. At the same time it must be admitted that there is force in the plea of the poor labourer who thinks it unjust that he should be compelled to contribute for the support of institutions whose advantages he cannot by any possibility secure for his own children. The question whether, in these days when millions upon millions are constantly being given for the extension of old universities and the foundation of new ones, the interests of higher education may not be safely trusted to the liberality of men of wealth and public spirit is certainly a debatable one. Still more is it worthy of consideration whether it has not been hitherto too much the tendency in both State and voluntary institutions of learning to regard quality rather than quantity as of the highest value in education, and whether a large proportion of the money given to both might not be made the means of doing a vastly greater amount of good if expended in such a way as to bring the best possible educational advantages within the reach of the greatest possible number. While in this way the chief objection to the expenditure of public funds for educational purposes would be removed, it would not, perhaps, be hard to demonstrate that the effect would be promotive rather than the reverse of the highest learning, by bringing a much larger number of the whole people within the sphere of the impulses and ambitions which prompt to lives of study and research, and tend to the development of talent.

IN nothing, perhaps, are our modern democratic institutions in greater danger of disastrous failure than in their attempts at municipal government. We need not go for illustration to the great city across the border, in which the corruption of the civic administration has reached such heights and depths that the clergymen have at last been impelled to come to the front and lead a great reform movement. While no such extremes either of inefficiency or of corruption are to be found in Canadian cities, it is none the less true that the administration even of Toronto reflects anything but credit upon the genius of its citizens for self-government. Passing by such well-worn and yet tempting themes as the Esplanade, the water-works, the Don improvements, etc., we have only to glance at the questions arising out of the prospective taking over of the street railways to find a striking instance of the incompetency to which we refer. It is admitted by all except an enthusiastic few that it would be folly for the city government, as at present constituted and organized, to attempt to manage for the citizens the railway which is shortly to become the property of the city. The consequence is that, after paying the very large sum that will no doubt be exacted as the price of purchase, our Civic Councillors will be obliged immediately to put the property again out of their hands, and into those of a private company. That is to say, not only will the citizens lose to the extent of the handsome profit which some enterprising company will expect to make as middlemen managing the concern, but in the future as in the past the interest of the management will be on the side of giving the citizens the smallest amount of accommodation practicable in return for the largest amount of money, whereas, the road being the property of the taxpayers, precisely the opposite principle should prevail. What a confession of incompetency is, then, implied in the admission that the authorities, to whom the business of the corporation has been entrusted by the suffrages of the rate-payers, cannot be trusted to select and appoint capable and honest men to manage the street railway for them! What stronger condemnation could be pronounced upon our present system. Surely the time cannot be far off when some one will arise with genius enough to devise a municipal system that can be trusted to oversee the business of the city and take care of the

property and rights of the citizens. Probably a much harder task would be to persuade the rate-payers to accept such a system, and to appoint, irrespective of party or ward, or personal feeling, the right men to administer it. Perhaps even this is not too much to hope for at some not distant day.

WHAT is to be the final outcome of the struggle between capital and labour, or is it a thing which can have, from its very nature, or rather from the human nature which begets it, no finality? Time was, not long since, when there seemed some reason to hope that a gradual approach was being made towards a better understanding between employer and employed. Now, on the contrary, the battle seems to gather strength and fierceness from day to day. In England, in particular, the hand of the labourer is against the employer and that of the employer against the labourer, and the day of peace seems farther off than ever. Combinations of capital are being formed to meet combinations of labour; strikes and lockouts are multiplying, and the whole nation is in a state of disquiet in consequence. As if still further to complicate the situation, a plane of cleavage has revealed itself in the trade unions themselves. The old unionism and the new have come into conflict, and at the recent Congress at Liverpool the new or socialistic unionism won the victory by getting the Congress to commit itself to an eight-hour labour-day. The significance of this result does not yet fully appear. William Clarke, writing in the *Christian Union*, points out that the difference between the two parties was not nearly so fundamental as has been supposed. Both parties, with a few exceptions, were in favour of the eight-hour day. They differed in opinion only as to the best method of securing it. But that is a question for the unions themselves. The question in which the public is specially interested is how to get rid of the perpetual strife and disorder, and bring about a permanent peace. Few will be persuaded to accept Mr. Andrew Carnegie's view that there is no labour problem. To adopt that theory would be to put ourselves in the position of the pedestrian who deliberately shuts his eyes and then declares that there is no obstacle before him—that the wall he is approaching does not exist, because he cannot see it. Such a philosophy may be comforting, but the illusion is liable to be rudely dispelled at any moment by a disagreeable experience. There remain, Mr. Clarke thinks, but two alternatives, Lord Derby's plan of keeping a ring fence around the combatants and leaving them to fight it out between themselves, and some mild form of State socialism. The former might do very well were it not that the wheels of industry are constantly being blocked, and social progress interrupted, while the contest lasts. As for the socialistic panacea, which has, we must in justice hasten to explain, nothing in common with the disorganized lawlessness sometimes advocated under that name, its meaning must be better defined and its practicability more clearly demonstrated, before it can make much headway in public estimation. As Mr. Clarke conceives it, it is simply regulation by the State. "Regulation of our huge industrial system," he argues, "there must be; and the question is whether it shall be regulated by capitalists in their interests; or by workers in their interests; or by the community in the interests of all." Having set out to state the problem, not to solve it, we may leave it to the reader to choose between these different solutions or to devise a better than either.

THE McKinley tariff, which is now a fixed fact, is naturally a prominent topic of discussion both in England and in Canada. There is great diversity of opinion in the Mother Country as to the probable effect of the tariff upon British commerce and manufactures. While some of the leading journals take a gloomy view and anticipate disastrous effects upon certain lines of British industry, others either make light of the matter or anticipate that any injury inflicted upon special trades will be amply compensated for by the stimulus given to ocean traffic. It is not to be wondered at that such differences of opinion prevail across the ocean, when even here in Canada, where it might be supposed possible to estimate effects with almost mathematical certainty, differences of opinion scarcely less marked are expressed. Here, however, these are largely the outcome of the party spirit which unhappily obtrudes itself on all occasions. The most notable utterances during the week past have been those of the Premier, and the Ministers of Justice and Marine in Halifax. The refrain of every speech was fearlessness in regard to the American tariff and a resolve to seek extension of trade with the Mother Country, and with the West Indies, the Australias.

China and Japan. Two points in connection with most of these speeches invite criticism. One is the undertone of assumption in most of them, that the American tariff is conceived in a spirit of hostility to Canada and Britain. The *London Times* even goes so far as to pronounce it a distinctly unfriendly measure, to be resented as such. But the speeches of the influential leaders of the high tariff movement contain no indication of any such purpose. There is, in fact, every reason to believe that the Bill is conceived in pure selfishness, the selfishness of the great monopolies which control the policy of the Republican party, and are able to move Congress almost at will. We admire the spirit of our Government and people, in determining to seek out new markets for Canadian goods. From the point of view of Sir John A. Macdonald and his supporters, who claim that every effort has been made consistent with Canadian dignity and self-respect to obtain reciprocity, there is nothing else to be done. But it seems little better than an electioneering device—and this is the second point to which we refer—to assume, as Sir John and his supporters constantly do, that reciprocity in its unrestricted form is synonymous with annexation. The simple fact is, as every intelligent Canadian knows well, that there is no sufficient reason for believing that there is any idea of annexation in the minds of those who would favour, more than of those who would oppose unrestricted reciprocity. There is no question of annexation at all in Canada, and if there were, the argument of those who say that free trade with the United States would be the most effectual means of killing any such movement, by taking away the only inducement to political union, is, so far as appears, just as valid as that of those who take the opposite view. The question of unrestricted reciprocity, if it should become a living one—and it is certain that reciprocity in no other form will become possible for long years to come—should be argued on its merits. It is a fairly debatable one. Why should it be thought necessary to prejudice the discussion by identifying unrestricted trade with political union, as if the one involved the other?

SOME of the leading capitalists of New York have been giving their opinions in regard to the effects of the McKinley tariff. Those opinions are in a certain way favourable to the new policy. Messrs. Jay Gould and Russell Sage are, it is very likely, right in predicting that the operation of the tariff will not seriously interrupt the prosperity of the country. They have great faith in the ability of the people to accommodate themselves to changed conditions. If their prognostications prove correct, as they no doubt may, the result will, we venture to say, be due much more to the vast extent and variety of the country's resources, than to the peculiar causes assigned by these capitalists. The fact is that the nation is so unique in the extent of its territory and the vastness and variety of its productions, that it is a world in itself. So long as South and North, East and West and Centre have the freest possible intercourse with each other, they can be fairly prosperous even if the rest of the world were utterly shut out. Hence the experience of such a country is no proper test of the effects of extreme protection, nor will the fact of its continued prosperity suffice to prove that it would not be much more healthfully and happily prosperous under a more liberal and far-sighted trade policy. Some of the reasonings of these wealthy monopolists are nevertheless worthy of study as curiosities in political economy, if for no other reason. Mr. Gould, for instance, says apparently in the most jaunty manner: "If it (the tariff) increases the cost of some articles people will simply use less of them. Take wool, for instance. If the tariff on wool makes clothing cost more, a person will get along with one suit, where he would otherwise have two." There's philosophy for you! "Job's comforter!" we can fancy the poor man exclaiming, conscious that he would vastly prefer two suits to one, and unable to understand why the men he helps elect to Congress should conspire to deprive him of the second. Mr. Gould says further: "The products of the country have to find a market, and if they cannot find it at high prices they must find it at lower prices," forgetting apparently that the tariff is imposed for the very purpose of bringing the high prices. Mr. Russell Sage is, perhaps, less frank, but no less unsatisfactory. Let us put two or three detached sentences side by side: "The new tariff will lessen importations, and thereby save outlays for duties;" "The tariff will give additional employment to labour, for the reason that under it home manufactures may be stimulated;" "The tendency

of all articles has been toward lower prices on account of competition and over-production;" "The tariff unmistakably improves the situation as far as labour is concerned, for it will decrease foreign competition;" "Home competition will reduce the prices of all products as low as they ought to be;" "In accomplishing the reduction (in price) which I have named, this country employed its own labour and kept its gold at home, instead of sending it away to pay the labour of other countries." Here are some of the links. Let the curious student of political economy weld them into a logical chain, showing, how, if the tendency has been to over-production and lowering of prices, the stimulation of that over-production can result in advantage to labour; why the country might not send its over-productions instead of its gold to pay for imports, and thus increase rather than diminish the stimulus to home manufacture by enlarging indefinitely the market for its products, and so forth. The fact seems to be that the United States in a decade of infatuation has fairly embarked on a trade policy very similar to that which prevailed in England during the first half of the present century. Though the discussion and experimentation will probably run their course much more quickly than was the case in the Mother Country, there can be little doubt that they will end in the one case as they did in the other.

THE recent census-taking in the United States affords a striking object-lesson on the wastefulness and folly of partyism in the civil service. The census, even the ultra-Republican *Tribune* being witness, has proved a monumental failure. This result can be attributed to but one root-cause, the appointment of incompetent officials on partisan grounds. It is admitted on all hands that the statistics gathered are utterly unreliable. New York is now making a re-count of its own inhabitants, and expects to prove that the figures set down by the census-takers are incorrect to the extent of at least 100,000 citizens. The increase of population made out for the whole Union, after deducting that part of it which can be shown by indisputable records to be due to immigration, leaves the natural increment so absurdly small that its correctness is out of the question. This complete and disgraceful break-down of the civil service system involves more than the mere waste of the millions of money expended. It introduces an element of uncertainty and confusion into every argument and induction and business calculation based upon these returns, or rather reduces them all to comparative worthlessness. It is not unlikely that the result is due, in part at least, to the error in judgment of the officer at the head of the department in trying to find out too much, and so asking questions to which large numbers of the people would not give a correct answer. Be that as it may, the spoils system of appointment has proved an egregious failure and the whole nation is disgusted. What can be done about it remains to be seen.

#### UNIVERSITY PROFESSORS AS TEACHERS.

THE active and intelligent interest that is taken in seeking out and adopting the highest ideal of public education, and the best methods of attaining to it, is perhaps one of the most satisfactory and hopeful signs of the times. The old-time conservatism and apathy in educational matters which bred a Dotheboy's Hall and Salem House has given place to a spirit of activity and radicalism at times nearly revolutionary. There is no curriculum in school or college, no matter how it has been honoured by the public instructors of the past, but is subjected to the most careful scrutiny, and applauded or condemned on its merits. Accordingly we find that a large measure of attention is being bestowed upon the important practical question of university reform, in this and other countries, by those who are in a position to observe the results of university training upon society, and capable of measuring its defects. It is felt that though economic considerations may put a course in arts beyond the reach of the masses, yet there are deeper and more serious reasons why the baccalaureate degree is not competed for by a larger percentage of those who pass through our high schools. The complaint that the arts courses in our universities do not fit men and women for the very serious tasks of life, or at least that the benefit obtainable from such courses is not adequate to the time and energy expended, is heard on all sides. Though murmurs of this kind may be, and indeed often are, out of all proportion to the actual defect, it will be found that the question is worthy of the most thoughtful consideration.

Without attempting a discussion of what ought to be the actual objects of study in the universities, it may not be without profit to direct attention to a matter of scarcely less importance, namely the need of more down-right teaching ability in our professorial chairs.

Canadian universities do not suffer so much from lack of scholarship in their professors as from those qualities which fit men to impart instruction in a clear and methodical manner. There is ground for the opinion that in the selection of a professor greater anxiety is often displayed in securing a "double first" or a senior wrangler, than one who though of less brilliant parts may from his habits of thought and general bent of mind far outstrip his more brilliant rival so far as a power to train the minds of students, or create a thirst for knowledge is concerned. Since all men have not the same gifts, it may be impossible to arrange any university course so that it would be impossible for a man to take the highest honours, and yet possess few of those qualities of mind which are requisite to teach with effect. Nothing however is more plain, from the teaching of experience, than that many profound scholars are lamentably helpless when they undertake to expound a principle or elaborate a theory before a class. Many a graduate, no doubt, will call to mind instances to illustrate this statement.

Some professors fail to employ their abilities to the best advantage by being too abstruse and in general talking above the heads of their students. Others waste time by dwelling upon unimportant points. A third class of men fail to reach the high standard of an excellent professor from their utter want of order, or method. The writer has in mind a man who may be taken as a type of those professors who unintentionally waste much of the valuable time of students. This gentleman is a "double first" of a European university and has since won for himself a name in science. He is of middle age, vigorous and enthusiastic. His reading does not end with the particular department of which he makes a specialty, and he may well be termed an "all round man." In the class-room, however, he cuts a sorry figure. Possessed of an exceedingly active brain, he appears to try to carry on two or three trains of thought at once, and having but one set of vocal organs his expression cannot keep pace with his mind. The result is that he succeeds in mystifying his students, to say nothing of himself. The pernicious effect of such an eccentric mind upon the minds of young men whose habits of thought are being formed cannot be estimated. The end-in-chief of an arts course is surely not so much to *know* as to develop the *power* to know, and the power of knowing depends in no small measure upon clearness and precision of thought. To cultivate an ear for music and an eye for art we must listen to the artistic efforts of the best musicians and contemplate the master pieces of the great painters. It is no less true that clearness and precision of thought is best developed by accustoming this young mind to the proceedings of those master intellects, whose every turn of thought counts for something.

This is an age of conferences, assemblies and convocations, where the great questions which stir the minds of mankind are freely discussed. Is it not just possible that there is room for a professorial convocation in this country where the question *how to teach* might not be an unworthy subject for the thoughtful consideration of the venerable occupants of our university chairs?

ANGLICANUS.

#### LONDON LETTER.

FANNY BURNEY'S *Earlier Diaries*, edited the other day by Mrs. Raine Ellis, sent me to the house in narrow St. Martin's Street, off Leicester Fields, to see for myself the little play-room up two pairs of stairs, where "Evelina" was written, to see if in the library or eating-parlour the ghosts of Garrick and of Johnson sometimes took the air. I found no ghosts. Though the clock struck twelve as I wandered in the cool old rooms I found no ghosts, for it was twelve at noon, with the sun scorching bright outside, and I think not even a member of the Physical Society has met a Spirit on a summer morning.

There was the decorated fireplace, by which lounged the Barney patron, Mr. Greville, at that dull assembly where everyone was bored, and there the long three-windowed library, scene of that family group (fit subject for one of Hogarth's conversation pieces) which Mme. D'Arblay has sketched in her "Father's Memoirs." The shallow wide staircase is as it was when Dr. Burney was wont to lead the way with pride, up, up, to the little wooden observatory in the roof from whence Newton used to watch the stars. But a hundred years have fled since the fine company came thronging in to the sound of Hester's harpsichord and Pacchierotti's charming voice, and the atmosphere of the place has altered, for there are lodgers in all the upper floors, and a club smokes its leisurely pipe in the reception rooms.

You would say, if by chance you turned into the street and looked up at the fine old house (which you have never done when I have been at the windows: there are no loiterers in the alley) that it had a history—it had known better days. Probably you would not care to turn the handle of the great door and come up to the panelled parlours. And yet I think you would be repaid, for here is the stage where many delightful comedies were played what time George III. was king.

One likes Fanny Burney infinitely better in consequence of the publication of these *Earlier Diaries*. You meet her at home and *en deshabille* and find her an honest little creature, devoted to her own people, well-bred, quiet and modest. In these books she is at her best and is excellent company. Occasionally, notably in the Rishton and Maria Allen escapade, the pages

read as if from an unpublished story by Miss Austen: can you desire anything better? There is no glimpse here of the snobishness bred by the court life in the Queen's waiting-maid (that fast-growing, ugly little shrub soon withered and died down when Miss Burney was again in the wholesome air from which she had been transplanted) but, instead, there is frank criticism, with no regard for the rank of the guests who had tickets for the entertainments in St. Martin's Street. It seems as if they must have been very happy girls, Fanny and her sisters, and their step-sisters, the Allens, who came into the Burney family in the same fashion as did the Claremont children among the Godwins. The young lives, laxly ordered by a kind, careless father, to whom Macaulay is unnecessarily harsh, were passed under delightful conditions, even though the mistress of the house (nicknamed "The Governor" by the harum-scarum Allens) was hardly worthy of her position. Charming society, charming days, when Garrick ran in before breakfast, three steps at a time, tumbling over the maid at her scrubbing; when Johnson and the Thrales and Edmund Burke came to dinner, and there was a long afternoon and a long evening over books, and music, and the talk of the day; a yellow chariot thundered down the little street and Orloff's diamonds flashed in the candlelight. The food was bad. Do you remember the dish of baked pears? But who cares for that except greedy people who ain't worth considering? Think of the dinners at Sir Joshua's. Would you have refused his invitations because of the quality of the meat in Leicester Fields and the scarcity of the china plates? Mrs. Burney was, no doubt, a more notable housewife than poor Frances Reynolds, dreaming over her easel, composing pictures which made her brother cry and other people laugh; or writing essays on taste, to be corrected by her staunch friend, Dr. Johnson—that kind friend, gentle to the poor and needy. But one can believe that the food in St. Martin's Street was not successful. One has never seen anything but a sort of silhouette of Charles Burney's second wife. Those who know and liked him, that gay accomplished butterfly of a music master, speak seldom of her. The children of the house had no very strong affection for her. It was always more or less a relief when she was called to the country. The girls seemed to breathe freer. I think she prided herself on her wit, her power of repartee, and left the domestic management pretty much to the maids.

We guests of to-day, invited by the little scribbling step-daughter, are at liberty to roam all over, from the dining-room on the ground-floor to the attics in the roof. And as I sat in the music-room and watched the September sunshine shining on the grey-flagged empty street outside it seemed as if Fanny Burney must have been somewhere near, though I could see nothing. Or perhaps the house was deserted by her and her people because they were with Daddy Crisp, at Chesington, or at Lynn, in Norfolk, where James learnt his lessons under the sombre eyes of Eugene Aram. Whatever may have been the cause, not so much as a mouse stirred. The club men had not arrived, so the rooms were lonely and deserted, the voice of the great Town a hundred yards off came musically round the narrow entry,—a clear strong voice, the finest sound in the world to a cockney, even a cockney imprisoned in London in September. Here in this sunshiny peace, with the dear familiar life close to my hand, I turned as I waited to some thin sheets of foreign paper. They speak of a holiday in Münster-am-Stein and pity me for a summer wasted in London. But after all I am not so sure that the traveller in Germany has the best of it.

"I was hurried through Cologne" (says my correspondent) "without being able to distinguish the two-and-seventy separate stanches immortalized by Coleridge, and at last, towards evening, arrived at this odd little place. Listen to me. I am afraid I shall become guide-booky, but I can't help that. At the elbow of the Rhine, where the Nahe pours in his yellow waters (this is not a bad beginning), and not far from the 'castled crag of Drachenfels' (it would be impossible to keep the castled crag out of a description of any of the Rhine towns about here), and nearer yet to the great stone face of the Lorelei, there lies a valley, a little higher than dear Hampstead Heath, containing the famous salt cures of Kreuznach and Münster-am-Stein. The valley is shaped like a strained bow: the cord of the arc lying west at the foot of mountain vineyards, while at the east the curve of the bow is formed by the river, under the naked precipitous shoulder of the Rheingrafenstein. The winding ranges close around on the north and south, though the valley, being longer than it is wide, appears less shut in at its ends than at its sides. Fitted into this space, each in its own garden, are quantities of hotels and villas. The dwellers therein are—not to put too fine a point upon it—of a scrofulous tendency; weak eyes and bandy legs abound, and too often they are afflicted with cancer. There is hope for these poor creatures, the doctors tell you, in the briny springs and salt air of the valley, which is practically without wind: it's a long, long recovery; slow, but sure. Running across the valley from east to west come the curiosities of Münster in the shape of four barricades, formed of bundles of thorn through which the salt-spring water is slowly driven by machinery, until it coats the bristles with brine. Hidden in unexpected corners, among groves of trees, large black water-wheels turn slowly and supply the motive power for the machinery. All the brooms of all the crossing sweepers in Town could scarcely suffice to form the barriers which are some thirty feet high, two feet thick, and a quarter of a mile long. They are held in place by a short

scaffolding, and stand above huge troughs of brine. Every now and then the machinery, with a gentle creak, almost like a sigh, bedews the bristling surface with healing waters. These barricades serve a twofold purpose, for by the action of the sun and wind water is given off, and the salt precipitated for trade purposes, while the patient is invited to sit, to walk, to live in the near neighbourhood of the thorny walls till it's a marvel how he escapes the fate of Lot's wife, and emerges from the pickle without turning into a pillar of salt. The water from the troughs is conducted into a charming house, standing in the Kur-garden, and sweet with heliotrope and roses. At its source, in the root of the porphyry cliffs which surround the little town, the spring contains two per cent. of salt only; but before it is fit for use in the factory it is enriched by evaporation to twenty-seven per cent. This brine passes into a huge metal receiver. Here it's boiled, and by the further process of evaporation it is made to yield a crystal softer, whiter, and more polished than sea salt. This, after dripping itself dry in baskets, is packed for exportation, the finest quality for medical purposes; the second for use in the fields, and for cooking. Mug in hand you go out at seven in the morning to drink three draughts from the well. The band plays under a kiosk in the pretty garden, a narrow space flanked by an arcade for wet weather, and overlooked by a medieval building containing the well. If you like, which I've never done but once, you can riot on indifferent coffees and cakes for sixpence under the trees. The mountains are scored with the gray and green lines which stand for vineyards. On the right is a castle, its rugged outline marked by a cluster of walls and towers. As I look up from this paper over to the west, I can see a village, the houses faced with white, their roofs turning from ruddy brown to a cold slate-blue. A white church finishes my picture, with its Rhenish belfry, shaped like a lily-bulb, and planted at an angle of the village, where the sentinel cypress points darkly on high, and paper flowers flutter their tale of sorrow and remembrance from the grave. You breakfast twenty-five minutes after you have drunk your last draught. I have my meal out of doors on a broad gravel plot studded with trees outside the hotel dining-room, and in view of the mountains. You ought to devote your morning to a bath (if you are a patient, which, thank goodness, I am not), and no sooner are you out of the water than you are ordered for an hour to bed, where you may neither speak, read, write, nor sleep. You are required to lie still, your mind a blank, that the beneficent forces of nature may do their work on a non-resistant body. Can you imagine anything more ghastly? Then you do as you like for the rest of the day, but the next morning at seven you must leave your cupboard-like couch with its easy spring, and the eider-down of forty-fold capacity to smother, and once more, mug in hand, betake yourself, through the shrewd morning air, to repeat for three weeks the monotonous details of the cure. And this is all I can tell you about this spot—for spot it is—and spots they have, good gracious!"

Round about this old-fashioned nook the silence is occasionally oppressive. Perhaps a city is oppressive in September, and many of us find it so, though we keep a bold front, if by some stroke of ill-luck one is pent up among the streets. Still, in spite of the castled crags, and the vineyards, and the flowing Rhine, I envy my Münster correspondent not at all. There is no sight so fine to my eyes as the dome and cross of St. Paul's, no sound so sweet in my ears as the hum of the London hive.

WALTER POWELL.

#### BEYOND THIS SHORE.

A SKY is seen beyond the shore  
Of earth, if faith remove the screen;  
And they by whom, forevermore,  
A sky is seen,

Attract our wand'ring spirits, e'en  
Though clouds obstruct; for heav'n is more  
In might than clouds that intervene.

The rags of sin we wear and wore,  
And hearts that were are yet unclean,  
But Love will live, if, as before,  
A sky is seen.

Montreal.

HUGH COCHRANE.

#### PARIS LETTER.

UGHT the Government to convoke the High Court of Justice, to condemn the Boulangist conspirators, who stand convicted by their own confessions? That's the question. Galien says yes, and Hippocrates, no. The Government is now in full possession of documentary proofs against prominent Royalists and soured Republicans who have conspired against the constitution by corrupting a general—Boulangier—in command of a corps d'Armée of 33,000 men, in causing another high functionary to betray his trust; in planning a *coup d'état* to seize President Carnot and his ministers and subordinating minor servants in the public service to treasonable acts against the Government.

The conviction of the accused—opinion marks down fourteen to be placed at the bar of the Senate—involves imprisonment for life, confiscation of all property they possessed—though it may later have changed hands—at the period of their treasons and the loss of all civil and

political rights. The Comte de Paris would top the list of the accused; though banished, he has estates in France, and he would lose the succession to his uncle, the Duc d'Aumale, who owns much house property in Paris. The duke presented Chantilly to France in order to be allowed to return from exile and die there. Were the Comte de Paris to make over his chateau and grounds at Eu to the working classes, say, the French would spurn the gift, so incensed are they at his plotting with Boulangier on the sly. *Arcades ambo*. One journal suggests that the Comte ought to get his head shaved and retire from the pretender business into a trappist monastery. Ridicule kills.

The Duchesse d'Uzés, whose situation in the conspiracy is not to be envied, asserts she gave three million francs to Boulangier to demolish the republic, and place the Comte de Paris on the throne, and that she holds his letters to this effect. The ex-general, amidst a hue and cry of indignation, retorts that the duchess opened her cash box, not to restore the monarchy, about which she cared very little, but from personal admiration for the General, whom she, a widow, wished to see occupying the highest seat in the synagogue. The clubs whisper that as the Duc d'Uzés lacks a few months from his twenty-first year, he cannot avenge these insinuations against his mother, so her son-in-law, the Duc de Luynes, is bursting to shoot or run through the body, the calumniator. The duel Gama-liels remind the duke, that Boulangier, having been drummed out of the army and convicted of all the capital sins, the late General is not a foeman worthy of his steel, still less of a Floquet's.

The duchess is heart-broken, and fears that Boulangier—being down he need fear no fall—will publish what he calls her "humanitarian, rather than her monarchic" correspondence. She, like Déroulède, avows to be occupied writing a novel to extirpate her disgust at politics. There are six others, once burning and shining lights of Boulangism, who have also retired forever and ever from public life, and who find a salve for their political bruises in writing romances. The Grand Freemasons' Lodge of France is convoked to expel from its bosom all Black Princes and Worshipful Masters, with or without a G prefix, that are toned with Boulangism. French Free Masonry excludes God, but permits politics. Even the General's famous black charger has been discovered to be a fraud. It was ill-shaped; had splay hoofs, disproportionate legs, and waggon-horse loins; but a veterinary surgeon affirms that the peculiar lashing of its tail was due to an application of ginger underneath. All was *pacotille*, all Brummagem.

As for the number of duels, provoked by the Boulangist revelations, they would fill a twelve-page journal. None have been mortal. Mark Twain holds that until Frenchmen fight with battle-axes, he will not consider their duels as dangerous, and to be in the rear of an antagonist is more perilous than to be in front of one. Here is an incident connected with this outbreak of duels. There are several Federated Women Societies in France. One has for its aim to erect statues to forgotten worthies, such as Robespierre and Marat. Woman has proverbially a kind heart. The society now in question is the Woman's Rights Association—an outer—outer to be let alone. Madame Séverine is a member of this *fin de siècle* institution. She is a lady who handles dexterously a pen on behalf of the very humblest of the toiling masses. She is a pupil of the late Jules Vallés, the able communist editor, in whose paper she invested and lost her fortune. She has a *culte* for the memory of Vallés, and daily reverences the plaster masque of his death features, which she keeps in a kind of jewel case under lock and key. She is intellectual, handsome, and is in the thirties; in appearance she recalls Charlotte Corday; she may develop into a full-fledged angel, but certainly not one of assassination. She writes for three journals, under as many pseudonyms. In one of her articles, she pulled to pieces the gentleman who is exposing the Boulangist conspiracy. Knowing her *nom de plume*, he could not challenge a lady, so he called out, as her representative, the sub-editor, who inserted the prose. It is at this point the Woman's Rights Society steps in. Its secretary, Madame de Valsayne, who handles a rapier as deftly as a Duchesse de Bourgogne, and who once challenged Miss Booth, of the Salvation Army, to mortal combat, has communicated to Madame Séverine, an order of the day, blaming her for her cowardice in sheltering herself behind a "he critter," and so letting down the society whose motto is: "Equal Rights and Equal Responsibilities for the Two Sexes." Madame quotes instances, not of her cowardice, but of her heroism; only she does not think, after Boulangier's bolting out of France, that he is worth a crossing of swords; besides, he has turned every one against him by his duplicity. As Francis I. observed: "Often woman varies." Madame Séverine looks very charming when she wears her Phrygian cap and tri-colour cockade on her blonde hair; her rooms are full of Communist and advanced Socialist curios; she has bullets from the bodies of Rossel and Ferry, communist chiefs shot by court-martial. One large room is fitted up as an old Normandy kitchen; it is there wherein she lives, moves, and has her being. She cooks and house-keeps for herself, and the money she saves goes to the poor.

If Mont Blanc had toppled upon Chamounix, the sensation could not be greater than to hear of a revolution in Switzerland. It was, up to the present, believed that America did not export revolutions, but St. Salvador and Guatemala appear to have found a foot-hold in the cantons. The Swiss are very numerous in Paris, chiefly clerks and porters. Those natives of Tessin at once left for their canton. It does not take much to "arouse the brave

Swiss boy." Taking advantage of the mutual love between France and Russia, the journals have been started, to work the union of the friendly nations. Strange, they commence by avowing the difficulties and the dangers of an alliance. Portugal is again "posted"; she is making a heroic effort once more to tap the coins in French old stockings; but enormous bullock's blood coloured placards, with letters as long as the sea-serpent, draw attention to Portugal being 365,000,000 frs. smothered in floating debt, in addition to having repudiated the Dom Miguel loan. That's not encouraging for the union of the Latin races.

Who would have thought it; of all the drawbacks laid to the charge of the Irish, infecundity was never cast in their teeth! Yet M. Levasseur, a top sawyer among statisticians, asserts that France and Ireland are the two countries where the natal rate is lowest, as compared with other European peoples. He does not supply the elements of comparison, however. In Brittany, which, like Ireland, is largely Celtic, there is to be found the highest birth rate in France; the largest emigration, principally to South America, and the strongest attachment to religion. It is also the most backward in education.

Though princes are as plentiful as blackberries in Russia, several of them ornamenting the ranks of the cabmen, it is rarely that any of them stray to the scaffold. In the Caucasus, a princely brute has just been decapitated for theft and murder. He wanted to be executed inside the prison, as was usual in France, and so not be a *première* for the mudjiks. Capital offences in France have had always their sentences carried out in public, no matter what social exaltation the culprit has. An exception was made in the case of judges. Thus Parpaille, President of the Parliament of Orange, and a kind of Chief Justice, was condemned to death for stealing golden altar utensils, and selling them at Lyons. He was exposed for several days in a wooden cage, and in September, 1562, was beheaded inside the prison, as was his privilege. His body was then brought outside and exhibited during three days on a scaffold, before terrified crowds. No member of the French judicial bench has ever committed robbery since. No wonder they advocate deterrent principles.

A favourite amusement with the small boys at this time of the year is the knocking down of horse-chestnuts from the trees. It is dangerous work for passers-by when stones are employed. The Luxembourg gardens is the outing ground for babies: one two-year-old infant was lying asleep in its mother's lap, when a stone thrown by an unknown fell from a chestnut tree upon the baby's head, and instantly killed it. The poor father was coming from his office to accompany his wife and child home, as was his custom in the evening; he had several toys that he had purchased for the baby; perceiving an excited crowd, he went to see what was the matter; his wife was in a faint, and a policeman held the infant in his arms, stone dead.

Z.

### MARITIME UNION.

WHATEVER may have been the reasons for the division of Acadia into the three Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, the step from the present point of observation does not appear to have been either necessary or expedient. History does not lay its finger upon any particular case of neglect of the outlying portions of Acadia, or Nova Scotia, the name given the new territory acquired by the English, which called for its subdivision. The loyalists who settled in what is now New Brunswick, who founded St. John (originally Parrtown, after Governor Parr), were, no doubt, responsible for the erection of the new province. In the month of August, 1784, "information was received," says Mr. Murdock in his "History of Nova Scotia," "that the province was to be divided, and all the lands lying on the north side of the Bay of Fundy to be included in the new province." On the 1st of November of the above year the last session of the Fifth General Assembly was convened at Halifax, and on the 21st of the same month Col. Thomas Carleton arrived at Parrtown, and a proclamation was issued, in which the bounds of the new province were defined. About the same time, "St. John's Island," which, after its final capture from the French in 1758, had been placed under the administration of Nova Scotia, was erected into a separate province. In 1798 its name was changed to Prince Edward Island. Cape Breton also, in 1784, became a separate province, and had a Governor and Council of its own, but it did not remain long divorced from Nova Scotia, being re-annexed in 1819. Such are the facts in brief connected with the division of the Maritime Provinces into the several provinces which now are included in the term. Each of the provinces had a fiscal policy of its own, and imposed what duties it saw fit on the products of the other as well as on the products of the outside world. Before Confederation was accomplished it is well known that a Maritime Union with a uniform tariff was well on to settlement. The greater scheme prevailed, but without doubt the hearts of the people were more in favour of a union among themselves, than the alliance with Quebec and Ontario, which was largely the result of coaxing and coercion. The maritime people had no particular affection for the Frenchmen in Quebec, and Ontario was a country they did not then have intercourse with as frequently as they now have with British Columbia. Confederation being consummated, the original scheme of a Maritime Union fell to the ground. Each province continued its Local Government with the same paraphernalia and expense after Confederation as before. That a Mari-

time Union on a somewhat different basis than that at first proposed was possible has but recently dawned upon the minds of the men down by the sea. There is now a very general consensus of opinion among the young men that the cost of government in the three provinces is excessive, and that the local affairs of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island might be quite as easily managed by one legislative body as by six; that if Ontario with over 2,000,000 of people can get on with ninety members in her Legislature, the Maritime Provinces with a population of 900,000 do not require one hundred and sixty legislators. They see the absurdity and ruinous expense of having one legislator for every 5,500 inhabitants, while Ontario does with one for every 23,000 of her population. There is a heavy interest to pay on their respective debts, and their wise men are commencing to see that the interest on these debts might be paid, to say nothing of a reduction in the debts, by a more economical administration of government. Let us examine the legislative machinery of the Lower Provinces. Beginning with Prince Edward Island we find a province of which the greatest length is 150 miles, breadth thirty-four miles. Its population at the last official census was 108,891, though a later estimate makes it 200,000. It has three counties, Kings, Queens, and Princes. Now, the affairs of the province are administered by a Lieut.-Governor, an Executive Council of nine, three with and three without portfolios. Next comes the Legislative Council of thirteen members, and then the Assembly composed of thirty members. In Nova Scotia and New Brunswick the legislative councillors are appointed by the Governor, or really by the Executive for life. In the island province the Council as well as the Assembly is elective. This means that Prince Edward Island needs a representative in the Local Assembly for every 4,500 inhabitants.

New Brunswick, 230 miles in length, and 190 miles in breadth, in 1881, had a population of 321,233. To administer her Local Government are required a Lieut.-Governor, an Executive Council of six members, three with and three without portfolios, a Legislative Council of eighteen, and an Assembly of forty-one members. Nova Scotia has an extreme length from south-west to north-east of 360 miles, and its average breadth is 120 miles. Its population in 1881 was put at 440,572 souls. It has, of course, a Lieut.-Governor, also an Executive Council of eight members, four with and four without portfolios; a Legislative Council of twenty, and an Assembly of thirty-eight members. The above figures are taken from what should be an authentic source. If there is any change in the number of representatives it is so slight as not to interfere with the results to be deduced therefrom. It is, perhaps, not disrespectful to say that Confederation was somewhat rushed on the people of Canada, that it was not very carefully considered by the mass of the people. And it was, perhaps, with feelings of doubt as to its durability, that the various provinces insisted upon retaining the Local Parliaments in their pre-Confederation entirety. Otherwise the preservation of such a complicated system of governmental machinery seems unaccountable. It may be compared to a manufacturer continuing the use of a hundred horse-power engine, simply because it is in place, when a ten horse-power is all that his diminished business demands. This costly and wasteful expenditure of administrative talent has cost the Lower Provinces high. The total revenue for New Brunswick in the year 1887 was placed at \$694,000, inclusive, of course, of the Dominion subsidy. Of this sum almost \$51,000 was devoted to legislative expenses.

In the same year the revenue of Nova Scotia was \$712,000, and near \$60,000 of it was eaten up in the same way. Then there are countless other expenses which have to be borne by each province, whereas under a union there would be but one charge. Frequent attempts have been made in each province to reduce expenses. The trouble has been that the parties in opposition have continuously and repeatedly trifled with the people. To do away with the fifth wheels, in the shape of the Legislative Councils, was a promise which took well with the electors. To initiate a general system of pruning was also popular on the stump, and no doubt many a member owes his seat to having advocated such healthful measures. But once settled on the soft cushions of the Government benches, it has been found, again and again, that these promises were only given to be broken. There were mental reservations made on the stump, of which the public knew nothing. The advantages of a Maritime Union for local government appear to be many, and the disadvantages scarcely perceptible. The people of the three provinces are the same people. They have common occupations and industries. Their school systems are the same; their municipal institutions similar. Yet in some ways, under their present relations, they are as separate from one another as each is from British Columbia. A New Brunswick barrister may not plead a case in Halifax. A Prince Edward Island lawyer is debarred from the courts of either of the other provinces. The rule applies each way. And here are less than a million of people, and the age is one of federation. The judiciary of the Maritime Province is not a burden of which the people complain, but under Maritime Union a considerable saving might be effected in this department. Instead of three Governors, costing probably not less than \$25,000, there would be one. There is \$15,000 saved at once. Instead of three Assemblies, with a total of 109 members, there would be one Assembly, with say 50 members. Then following the good example set by

Ontario and Manitoba the criminal waste of the people's money in keeping up three Legislative Councils would be no longer a reproach for a wise and understanding people, and they would have no use for even one such Council. Think of the money saved by such a union. See the waste of official-machinery in each capital, and that it now takes three sets of clerks to accomplish what could be done by one set of clerks. Then there would be the prestige the Maritime Provinces would gain. Ontario, which has always been more or less afflicted with a spirit of boasting and is constantly thanking the Lord that she is not as other provinces are, could no longer point to three small disunited provinces by the sea, whose main object in existence was to draw milk from her overflowing teats. She would see one grand Maritime Province managing her local affairs economically, and holding the key of the gate to the Atlantic Ocean, capable perhaps of giving her other lessons than how to manage her public schools.

Should Ontario, increasing in population as she is, desire a proportionate increase in her provincial legislators, the Maritime Provinces could give her a Legislative Council cut and dried. If she would apply at once, she might have the pick of three.

Here is a real chance for reform; a practical way of saving money, and of winning esteem. There are no parties in local politics down by the sea. It is the old story of the "ins" and the "outs," nothing more. Let a Maritime Union party arise. For once give the people a rest from lying and slandering. Let them have the true state of affairs made known to them, and the reforms advocated here will be adopted. To be sure there would be difficult details arising. Where would be the seat of Government? What would be done with the holders of provincial sinecures? And, above all, what would become of the fifty provincial "lords"? Again, to what purpose would the unused buildings be devoted? Where would be the capital?

It is such questions as these which have hindered progress in every stage of the world's history. It is the little things that clog the wheels, and whoever takes up in good faith the question of Maritime Union, with a view of carrying it out, may have the best part of his life's work ahead of him, but he will be promoting a measure more sensible than many which the people are asked to indorse.

T. C. L. KETCHUM.

### A MODERN MYSTIC—XII.

THE next day we started early on a big journey, forty miles south of Regina, to Mowat's ranche. We drove on a clean trail through a sea of level prairie—the finest land in the world—here and there a farm house, with a couple of hundred acres tilled; here and there only, because the settlement for some reason has gone north. At the Moosejaw Creek we halted for lunch, fed and rested the horses, and then spun along to the ranche. While supper was prepared we sallied out to see the horses driven into the corral. Anything more interesting than to watch three or four hundred horses, young and old, galloping, curvetting, bounding down the hills, it would not be easy to conceive, and every man of us felt that the life of a rancher was no unenviable one. After supper we all sat in a large tent, which until fixed for the night might be used as a sort of drawing-room, and watched the sun sinking to his rest.

Helpsam, as he knocked the ash from his cigar, said: "Mr. McKnom, there was an interesting episode in history, the rise of Neo-Platonism, beginning with Ammonius Saccas early in the third century and extending well into the sixth."

McKnom: "Beginning with Ammonius Saccas? The revival of Platonism dates from much earlier. In the second century after Christ whatever was good in the heathen world put forth all its energy to save society from the ruin threatened by its own corruption. After the blackness of darkness of the Domitian tyranny, there rose what seemed a beautiful dawn, the promise of many more. It was seen that a genuine devotion to the worship of the higher powers might yet bloom, and philosophy brought such solace as it might to disturbed consciences and taught men how to regulate their lives. There was a revival in the heathen world, and how high its moral teaching could go we see in Plutarch. It was from this revival Neo-Platonism sprang. Unless you ignore a Providence, it is manifest that the Greek nation was as much preordained to lead to the spread of Christianity as the Jewish to ushering it on the stage; and the influence Greece has exercised on the world and on the spread of Christianity is so great that Alexandria, where Greek thought played its last great part, is only inferior in interest to Jerusalem and Athens. Then Alexandrian Platonism is not exactly that of Plato; new conditions gave it a new aspect, and the new aspect imparted a new flavour."

Professor Glaucus: "Do you call Alexandria the last stage where Greek thought and Greek philosophy played to a world it was inspiring and regenerating? What about Florence in the fifteenth century?"

McKnom: "I am aware of what took place at Florence! After the sixth century there was no organic life—nothing of a movement in Platonic philosophy. In the fifteenth century at Florence a stimulus was given to the study of Alexandrian Platonism by the exiled Greeks, and it was in this form Platonism was made part of English thought by our own great theological thinkers. We have seen that Platonism had much that was sympathetic with, if not prophetic of, Christianity. But the Platonism of Alex-

andria was raised up as an antagonist to the Christian faith. If the young ladies have not read the history of philosophy or dipped into Plotinus, they have read Kingsley." *Gwendolen*: "'Hypatia' is one of my favourite novels."

*McKnom*: "It is, indeed, a powerful book. Well, in Alexandria, Christianity and Greek philosophy splendidly equipped met for a final struggle for the possession of the mind of man, and the contest spread to all the centres of refinement and learning in the Empire. It was a mighty battle. On both sides were many and great minds. Nor was it a contest between the purity, goodness, sobriety of Christianity and Heathen sensuality; it was a contest between two forms of truth—Revealed Truth—the truth preached by Paul and the truth in many parts identical with revealed truth found out by human reason. Each taught the unity of God; a unity in plurality; the immortality of the soul; the degradation of man's nature; the need of regeneration under a divine power; a high, self-denying morality; faith as a condition of divine knowledge. Each had its own sacred books and traditions, its typical and mystical interpretations; its ritual."

"They were like the brothers Dromio," said *Helpsam*, laughing.

*McKnom*: "Not a bad illustration. Rather it was like Jacob and Esau, and how could a half blind world say which was of right the eldest son; indeed the Platonists accused the Christians of stealing much of their teaching from them, and the Christians retorted with equal truth that some notes of a higher morality had been stolen from them. Jacob had Esau's raiment, and from the raiment of Esau came the voice of Jacob."

*Glaucus*: "Those waves of earnestness are striking. It seems as if races—whole nations—like individuals, get tired of pleasure and become serious even for a change."

*Helpsam*: "The rise of the Neo-Platonism seems to me to show what a tremendous influence high position has over the human mind. Man has a spiritual side—but he is also an animal, an imitative animal, and material power has an immense hold over him; his imagination, his spiritual aspirations, all that is most fine in the worm god—as he may be called. When Louis XIV. became religious, and Madame de Maintenon built churches; when the sensual Louis XV. followed; when in England Cromwell was at the height of power, and when Charles II. succeeded; when George IV. was King, and now when Queen Victoria rules; what have we seen? The power of the example, influence, rule of high position on apish and mammon-worshipping man. The men who ruled the empire after Domitian were, for the most part, men of high, noble character—worthy to rule mankind because they could rule themselves, and in addition were able men—the great Spaniard whose column still rises above his ashes in Rome, the wise, peace-loving Hadrian, Antoninus Aurelius. This was what led to the last great outburst of heathen philosophy, which, considered as a philosophy, is as good as Christian philosophy, but Neo-Platonism was rather a philosophical religion than a philosophy."

*McKnom*: "A very profound remark."

*Helpsam*: "The influence of such rulers projected itself into the third century, though the monster Commodus and the wealthy profligate trifier Julianus had meanwhile profaned the imperial seat."

*McKnom*: "With reference to what Professor Glaucus said—may it not be, let me ask, that the spirit of God strives with men?"

*Hale*: "Or may it not be that there are certain laws in human nature which say to vice, to genius, to love, to ambition—'hitherto shalt thou come and no farther.'"

*McKnom*: "But who made those laws?"

*Hale*: "To which I ask you who made their maker?"

*McKnom*: "There is clearly a sphere in the universe where our causal faculty is at fault. We can by reason get to a creator, and on his existence and nature even revelation sheds little light. 'Knowledge is of things we see,—a poor beam in darkness; we can but adore—whatever the cause at the beginning of the third century, the public mind was the subject of an earnest wave—a sense of the great power presiding over man—a feeling in marked contrast to the epicurism, scepticism, atheism of a worse age; the spiritual phyma had supplicated and passed away; the refuse and dung of an odious time had been destroyed in the pyromic march of God's dealings with this world; the air was clear; man was once more respectable; had his dogmas and was ready to fight and die for the faith that was in him."

*Glaucus* laughed. "Why sir," he said, "Gibbon tells us that the declining days of old Rome were marked by a complete disregard for all religion. Does he not say that the various modes of worship which prevailed in the Roman world were all considered by the people as equally true, by the philosopher as equally false, and by the magistrate as equally useful?"

*McKnom*: "So he does, but his own words convict him of inaccuracy, and in fact as you know he was not a profound man—the lord of irony—that is his most suitable title. Let me ask you, Glaucus, one question: In what way can a magistrate make use of a mode of worship—of a form of religious faith?"

*Glaucus*: "A superstition may control a man's actions as surely as the fear of a prison."

*Hale*: "I hold that beer is an instrument of government—it makes men contented."

*McKnom*: "You know what Pindar says—water is best. But suppose I grant it. Is it not because it exercises a real influence over men's blood and nerves?"

To say that people believed in all religions and forms of worship prevailing in the decline of the Roman Empire is to say that they were sceptics, and what use would scepticism be to the magistrate? And as to the philosophers—the Neo-Platonists differed from their great master in not attaching so much importance to established forms of religion as he, but many of them were truly religious men. That epigram of Gibbons is the most misleading in his whole work. Analyze it, uncover it, and you will find fallacies creeping into light like vermin on the corpse of an Italian beggar. The people had their predilections, and the philosophers, who believed in the Divine, thought that there is in all religions that bring the soul in touch with God's, a certain amount of truth. Are not the main postulates of all religions true? That there is a God; that He takes an interest in men; that He hears prayers; that He can be offended and appeased, nor, as a great German critic has shown, was Roman toleration wholly indifferent."

At this point *Helpsam* interrupted in a strange way. The night was falling in, the stars were coming out, and the fire at the end of the cigars shone brighter. The air was deliciously cool after the hot day. Up sprang *Helpsam* and, looking across the broad valley on which the corrals full of horses and cattle looked black and amorphous, said: "What a theme for a poet! Sonnet or Epic, for sometimes you can put a whole epic in a sonnet!"

*Glaucus*: "What? Do you mean those imprisoned horses?"

*Helpsam*: "Do you think me a donkey? No, the theme I speak of is worthy of a Milton—the meeting for the first time of the East and West—as they met at the period of which Mr. *McKnom* speaks under the Roman Empire. The swarthy, dark-eyed, raven-haired, dreamy, religious East with her abiding sense of an unseen power controlling all things; the pale, blue-eyed, fair-haired West full of individuality, strong, daring, sceptical, the visioned East, the practical West—the one adoring, the other speculating; the one hurried on into wild dreamland in the cyclone of its imagination, the other weighing the stars and bringing all the forces of nature within his control. To speak in keeping with time and place—the one hungering for Nigban, the other to make his pile!"

*Irene*: (who was rapt in the speaker) "Why not write it dear Mr. *Helpsam*?"

"Dear Mr. *Helpsam*!" If as is the fashion with modern writers the humblest of the train may lay bare his heart for the inspection of all and sundry—the way that "dear" was emphasized gave him an unpleasant thrill, nay a pang.

*McKnom*: "Indeed it would be a great theme. Greek thought had run the usual course, dogma, doubt, scepticism, schools had risen and passed away and left nothing in which the soul could rest and philosophy, like the individual in similar circumstances, was ready to accept authority, an authority which in a later age philosophy, was destined to assail. What we have seen within my memory on a more rapid scene in France had taken place in Rome at a period anterior to that of which we were speaking; the popular mind weary of democratic strife and convulsion had willingly fallen under a despotism. For wherever a despotism of any kind is tolerated you may predicate want of fibre in the subjects. Make them free indeed and your despotism disappears like smoke. The human mind runs in the several spheres wherein it can act, courses analogous the one to the other. The springs of action are subjective not objective; in their objective aspect they are seeming: Illusion makes the better part of life."

*Gwendolen*: "What, is there no reality?"

*McKnom*: "Is love, on which you ladies set such store, a reality or a dream? What is the song's phrase—'Love's young dream'? Who is the man a young woman loves? The hero she thinks him? or the fine fellow he thinks himself? or the commonplace person he probably is? I am told the late Professor Young used to say, in each individual there were three: the man himself; what he thinks himself to be; what others think he is. There are realities, the enduring forms of things and God who made these. All else is seeming. We pursue the shadow and we love the fire fumes of fancy, and we clasp a bramble. For some wise end we are enfolded in illusions and happy the man or woman whose illusions attend him to the brink of the grave."

*Gwendolen*: "Mr. *McKnom*, you make me shiver."

*McKnom*: "And indeed it is getting cold now. Look at those stars, how beautiful! how cold! how innumerable! They have looked down with the same passionless eyes on all the follies, hopes, dreams, ambitions of the past and they will look down with the same bright impassive gaze on the revels, shipwrecks, marriages, divorces, great and little deeds of the future. They make me feel so small that I could creep into yonder copse and shrink into nothingness."

He paused. A tear shone in the old man's clear blue eye—

"But that here," tapping his breast, "there is a voice which tells me I was not born to die. That is all we have. Man, as one of our old poets says, 'is his own best star'—good-night."

He got up and walked into the shadows. Laying robes and furs and blankets commenced, and in our tents, breathing the pure prairie air, we were soon wrapt in sleep.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

LOVE cries victory when the tests of a woman become the sole defence of her virtue.—*Voltaire*.

## IN CAMP.

He is coming to-night—my friend!  
I know how his kindly face will shine  
When his hands grasp mine,  
I know the greeting his eyes will send—  
How slow is the day to end!

I look from the door of my tent,  
Where boughs from the whispering spruce are spread  
For our fragrant bed,  
Bright-paved is the lake, as though Phoebus meant  
For my friend that his gold be spent.

The sound of the waves will be heard,  
As they trail along shore, in the quiet of night,  
Their skirts foam-white;  
But we shall sleep like the trees, unstirred,  
Till we wake at the song of a bird.

Then past where the song-sparrow sings,  
At dawn we shall dash through the foam and din  
Where the surf comes in,  
To plunge where the green wave sinks and swings,  
And swim in default of wings.

Then the meal in the beechen-shade—  
The lithe trout caught where the depths are cool  
In the surging pool,  
With the flesh that flake on flake is made  
Like roseleaf on roseleaf laid.

The plunge when the sun soars high—  
Delay on the sands ere we don the dress,  
For the wind's caress,  
For the sun's embrace when the cloud sails by  
And he warms from the deep far sky.

Better if winds shall rave,  
And the crested billows march and form;  
The joy of the storm  
Shall be ours as we cleave the curling wave,  
And its impotent fury brave.

At night, by our drift-wood fire,  
We shall talk of the world and its shadowy wrongs,  
We shall sing old songs  
And recount sad tales, till the brands expire,  
Of love and its deathless desire.

He is coming to-night, my friend!  
My soul grows strong at the thought of him,  
Yet my eyes are dim  
At thought of love's greeting my heart will send—  
How slow is the day to end!

WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE.

## THROUGH THE TRACKLESS FOREST.

THE two features of nature in which her might, her majesty, her mystery, find fullest expression, are the ocean and the forest. Regarding their vastness, and their unchanging character, in our weak endeavour to find terms for the infinite, we have made them symbols of eternity. Irresistible, perennial, is the fascination they possess for man, and all-satisfying the measure with which they respond to his demands. On ocean's bosom or in the forest's heart he finds free play for his noblest qualities. In making them subservient to his will he has achieved his grandest development.

Nowhere round the globe are the forests finer than on this continent of ours. Boundless in extent and endless in diversity, the eye never wearies of resting upon them, or seeking to penetrate their depths. Happily free as they are from the dense matted undergrowth that makes progress through the forests of the tropics a continuous penitential pilgrimage, they present glorious vistas of sylvan shade, shot through with golden shafts of sunlight, down which you may wander at your ease in unchecked communion with nature.

By way of comparison just place these two pictures side by side.

Seeking to give some conception of the interminable Congo forest, in which he spent so many months of misery, Stanley exclaims: "Take a thick Scottish copse dripping with rain; imagine this copse to be a mere undergrowth, nourished under the impenetrable shade of ancient trees, ranging from 100 ft. to 180 ft. high; briars and thorns abundant; lazy creeks meandering through the depths of the jungle, and sometimes a deep affluent of a great river. Imagine this forest and jungle in all stages of decay and growth—old trees falling, leaning perilously over, fallen prostrate; ants and insects of all kinds, sizes and colours murmuring around; monkeys and chimpanzees above, queer noises of birds and animals, crashes in the jungle as troops of elephants rush away; rain pattering down on you every other day in the year; an impure atmosphere, with its dread consequences, fever and dysentery, gloom throughout the day and darkness almost palpable throughout the night."

Turn now to Parkman, who knows and loves his forests as Miss Murfree her mountains, and who has once and for all time painted the picture of the great American forest. "Deep recesses, where, veiled in foliage, some wild, shy rivulet steals with timid music through



breathless caves of verdure; gulfs where feathered crags rise like castle walls, where the noonday sun pierces with keen rays athwart the torrent, and the mossed arms of fallen pines cast wandering shadows on the illumined foam; pools of liquid crystal turned emerald in the reflected green of impending woods; rocks on whose rugged front the gleam of sunlit waters dances in quivering light; ancient trees hurled headlong by the storm to dam the raging stream with their forlorn and savage ruin; or the stern depths of immemorial forests, dim and silent as a cavern, columned with innumerable trunks, each like an atlas upholding its world of leaves, and sweating perpetual moisture down its dark, and channelled rind; some strong in youth, some gouty with decrepid age, nightmares of strange distortion, gnarled and knotted with wens and goitres, roots intertwined beneath like serpents petrified in an agony of contorted strife; green and glistening mosses carpeting the rough ground, mantling the rocks, turning pulpy stumps to mounds of verdure, and swathing fallen trunks, as, bent in the impotence of rottenness, they lie outstretched over knoll and hollow like mouldering reptiles of the primeval world, while around, and on, and through them, springs the young growth that fattens on their decay—the forest devouring its own dead. Or, to turn from its funeral shade to the light and life to the open woodland, the sheen of sparkling lakes, and mountains basking in the glory of the summer noon, flecked by the shadows of passing clouds that sail on snowy wings across the transparent azure.”

No pestilent fever or insidious deadly miasma lurks in our forests. On the contrary, their pure, piney breath brings back health to many an ailing mortal, and beneath their feathery hemlocks, and aromatic spruces, one may lie down at night in sweet security from snakes, or centipedes, or other crawling horrors that make each night in a tropical forest a period of peril.

Is there one of us recalling the life of the *coureurs de bois*, the men who above all others made the trackless forest their own, does not feel a stirring of the pulses of admiration and envy, and a pathetic regret that those romantic days in which they flourished are over forever? They were the natural outcome of the beaver trade, which, in the earliest stage of Canadian history formed the struggling French colony's chief source of support. All that was most active and vigorous in the colony took to the woods, thereby escaping from the oppressive control of intendants, councils, and priests, to the savage freedom of the wilderness. Not only were the possible profits great; but in the pursuit of them there was a fascinating element of adventure and danger, which irresistibly appeals to the spirit of enterprise and daring that civilization has not yet quite extinguished within our breasts.

Though not a very valuable member of society and a thorn in the side of princes and rulers, the *coureur de bois* had his uses, at least from an artistic point of view; and his strange figure, sometimes brutally savage, but oftener marked with the lines of a dare-devil courage, and a reckless, thoughtless gaiety, will always be joined to the memories of that grand world of woods which the nineteenth century is fast civilizing out of existence.

Lost in the forest! What a thrill runs swift to the heart as we repeat the words! Ever since our young eyes overflowed at the immortal legend of the babes in the wood, sleeping the sleep that knew no awakening beneath the leafy winding-sheet brought them by their bird mourners, we seem to have had a clear conception of all the terrors the phrase implies, and we follow with throbbing pulses and bated breath the recital of such an experience as the foremost and noblest of all the pioneers of these North American forests had.

One eventful autumn, nearly three centuries ago, Champlain had caught sight of a strange looking bird, and left his party to go in pursuit. Flitting from tree to tree the bird lured him deeper and deeper into the forest, then took wing and vanished. On essaying to retrace his steps Champlain found himself at a loss. Whither should he turn? The day was clouded, and he had left his compass in camp. The forest closed around him, trees mingled with trees in limitless confusion. Bewildered and lost he wandered all day, and at night slept fasting at the foot of a great tree. Awaking chilled and faint, he walked until afternoon, then happily found a pond upon whose bosom were waterfowl, some of which he shot, and for the first time broke his fast. Kindling a fire he prepared his supper, and laid down to sleep in a drenching rain. Another day of blind and weary wandering succeeded, and another night of exhaustion. He found paths in the wilderness, but they had not been made by human feet. After a time the tinkling of a brook touched his ear, and he determined to follow its course in the hope that it would lead him to the river where his party was encamped. “With toil-some steps he traced the infant stream, now lost beneath the decaying masses of fallen trunks, or the impervious intricacies of matted windfalls, now stealing through swampy thickets or gurgling in the shade of rocks, till it entered at length, not into the river, but into a small lake. Circling around the brink, he found the point where, gliding among clammy roots of alders, the brook ran out and resumed its course.” Pressing persistently forward he at length forced his way out of the entanglement of underbrush into an open meadow, and there before him rolled the river, broad and turbulent, its bank marked with the portage-path by which the Indians passed the neighbouring rapids. The good God be praised! he had found the clue he sought. Inexpressibly relieved he hastened along the river side, and in a few hours more was being joyfully welcomed by his companions, who had been anxiously

searching for him. “From that day forth,” we are told, “his host, Durantal, would never suffer him to go into the forest alone.”

Although the *coureur de bois* has long since made his exit, there still remains in Canada a class of men who have somewhat in common with him. These are lumber-scouts or bush-rangers, whose business it is to seek for “limits” that will pay handsome profits. It is boards, not beavers, they have upon their minds. They are often Indians or half-breeds, and the skill of these self-taught surveyors is sometimes very remarkable. They will explore the length and breadth of the *terra incognita*, and report upon the kind and value of its timber, the situation, and capability of its streams for floating out the logs, and the facilities for hauling and transportation. They will even map out the surface of the country, showing the position of its streams and lakes, its groves of timber, and its mountainous or level appearance with a skill and accuracy bewildering to ordinary mortals in whose eyes the whole district would be one great confused wilderness.

No more interesting experience in woodcraft could be had than a scouting excursion in such company. The trackless forest has no terrors, no mysteries for them. To them Nature opens her heart, and tells all her secrets. In lightest marching order, each man's entire equipment being carried in a shoulder-pack upheld by a “lump-line” around the forehead, they plunge into the wilderness. With unerring instinct they pursue their way, now following the course of some winding stream; now circling a tiny lake lying gem-like in a verdurous setting, now scrambling amongst cliffs, where, to paraphrase Parkman, seeing, but unseen, the crouched wild-cat eyes them from the thicket; now threading a maze of water-girded rocks, which the white cedar, and the spruce clasps with serpent-like roots; then diving into leafy depths where the rock-maple rears its green masses, the beech its glistening leaves, and clear smooth stem, while behind, stiff and sombre, stands the balsam fir and the white pine towers proudly over all.

When night falls they make their simple bivouac, and their roaring camp-fire like a magician's wand strangely transforms the scene. As the flame casts its keen red light around, wild forms stand forth against the outer gloom—the oak, a giant in rusty mail; the mighty pyramid of the pine, the wan and ghastly birch, looking like a spectre in the darkness. The campers gather close around the ruddy flame made welcome by the cool breath of approaching autumn, and after the broiled trout or roast duck have disappeared, and an incense offering of fragrant smoke ascended from their pipes, they curl up in their blankets and sleep as only those who live such a life can sleep, serenely oblivious of the harsh shriek of the owl, the mournful howl of the wolf, or the soft footfall of some prowling beast—is it a lynx or bear?—that breaks in upon the breathless stillness.

Splendid as our forests are at midsummer when the delighted eye roams unweariedly over their billowy expanses of sumptuous verdure, it is in the autumn time that they reach their rarest beauty. Then for a brief space before they strip themselves of their foliage to stand bare and shivering through the long cold winter, they change their garb of green into a myriad of hues of gold and flame.

A keen, frosty night following upon the decline of summer heat, and lo! as though some mighty magician had been at work, a marvellous transformation awaits our admiration. Where yesterday a single colour in various tints prevailed, to-day we behold every possible shade of brilliant scarlet, tender violet, sombre brown, vivid crimson and glittering yellow. The beech, the birch, the oak, and above all the maple have burst forth into one harmonious and entrancing chorus of colour—the swan song of the dying foliage—the stern, straight fir alone maintaining its eternal green, as if it said: “Behold in me the symbol of steadfastness,”—verily, verily, the wide world round, a more splendid and enchanting sylvan panorama cannot be found.

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

### THE ENLARGED CONCEPTION OF WOMAN'S SPHERE.

PROFESSOR FITCH'S VIEWS ON THE SUBJECT.

THE most complete and thorough education and development of the faculties of woman and the consequently enlarged conception of her possibilities and her sphere have now been on their trial for a long enough period to afford some data for calm and well grounded conclusions. As we all know, there has existed, side by side with the progressive element, a reactionary and alarmist one—ready to make the most of any apparent resulting evil, and to predict unmeasured ills to future humanity as the result of initiating the feminine intellect in the mysteries of the classical languages or the exact sciences. It is unnecessary to refer in detail to all the injury, physical, intellectual and social, which, according to some very insistent force, might be expected to flow from encouraging in women any such audacious aspiration as that of sharing the work of man for the common weal of the race, at least in any department beyond that of the *ménage* or the nursery. The fact of the existence of differing and preëminent gifts among women as well as men, and also the fact that many women were not appointed by the “logic of events” to either the *ménage* or the nursery—were, in such pleadings, almost entirely ignored. Dangers existing

mainly in vivid imaginations, largely influenced by prejudice, have been held up before us, *ad infinitum*—we would almost say *ad nauseam*—by writers who, liberal in other matters, seemed to narrow their view of the good of our race to the mere perfection of the human animal and who, strange to say, for champions of evolution, seemed in this matter to consider physical and mental development as antagonistic. Undoubtedly there is at present a tendency to force mental progress at the expense of physical well-being in the education of both sexes—and this tendency cannot be too strongly condemned and opposed by all who have voice or influence in the matter. But that, apart from this general evil which may and must be remedied, there is any ground for the position of the alarmists—the best authorities on the point—those who have most carefully and candidly investigated the circumstances unanimously deny. The name of Professor Fitch is one that commands the respect of all interested in education, and his recent article in the *Contemporary Review* on “Women and the Universities” will be read with much interest. The present writer may be excused for pointing out that his very decided deliverance on the question fully bears out the position taken by her from an early period, as stated in articles in the *Canadian Monthly* and THE WEEK. The following quotation very clearly gives the result of the experience of the past years as opposed to the prognostications of the alarmists: “It was feared that the opening of new facilities for study and intellectual improvement would result in the creation of a new race of puny, sedentary, and unfeminine students, would destroy the grace and charm of social life, and would disqualify women for their true vocation, the nurture of the coming race and the government of well ordered, healthy, and happy homes. All these predictions have been emphatically falsified by experience. The really fatal enemy to health among young women is the aimless, idle, frivolous life into which, for want of better employment, they are so often tempted to drift. Intellectual pursuits, when duly co-ordinated with other forms of activity, are attested by all the best medical authorities to be eminently conducive to health. Such records as exist in regard to the strength and general capacity of the students, to their marriages and to the usefulness of their subsequent careers are contradictory of the dismal anticipations which were at first expressed on this subject.” He goes on to cite in support of this position the weighty testimony collected by the late Mrs. Emily Pfeffer from medical and educational authorities in her “Women and Work,” and also Mrs. Sedgwick's “Health Statistics of Women Students of Cambridge and Oxford and of their Sisters.” “It will be plain,” he says, “to all who study this evidence, that there is no antagonism between serious study and a healthy and joyous life; and that the widening of women's intellectual interests is more likely to add to the charm and grace and happiness of the home than to diminish it.”

This is just what might have been expected, *a priori*, and just what some of us did predict as the natural result. If woman as well as man is an intellectual being—which, outside of Turkey and India, is not usually disputed—it should follow that more thorough cultivation of all the faculties, combined with the greater breadth of view which such cultivation gives, should, by increasing the power of the individual, increase her capabilities of efficiency in any direction to which they may be directed. Furthermore, in regard to the removal of certain inequalities of opportunity still existing, Dr. Fitch wisely remarks:—

“The appeal must be made to the awakened conscience, the larger experience, and the higher sense of duty of the nineteenth century: That human beings, whether male or female, come into the world, not only to ‘get a living’ but to live, that the life they live depends largely on what they know and care about, upon the breadth of their intellectual sympathy, upon their love of truth, upon their power of influencing and inspiring other minds; and that for these reasons mental culture stands in just as close relations to the needs of a woman's career in the world as to that of a man. All these are propositions, which, if not self-evident, are at least seen in a clearer light by the people of our generation than by their predecessors; and it is on those who have arrived at such convictions that there lies the responsibility of giving effect to them.”

As we must content ourselves with a very few quotations from Professor Fitch's article, which should be carefully read by all interested in the subject, we must leave out some very forcible and pertinent comments on the “impertinence” which would attempt to dictate to either man or woman as to the particular kinds of knowledge which might or might not be of use to them. He thus winds up his argument by a plea which is perhaps the most cogent of all:—

“It cannot be doubted that, in the intelligence of many women, in their desire for truth, in their higher aims, and in their power to render service to the world in which they live, there is a great store of wealth which has never been adequately recognized or turned to profitable account. The world is made poorer by every restriction, whether imposed by authority or only conventionally prescribed by our social usages, which hampers the free choice of women in relation to their careers, their studies or their aims in life. It is probable that in many ways, yet undiscovered, in certain departments of art, of scientific research, of literature and of philanthropic work, the contributions of women to the resources of the world will prove to be of increasing value to mankind. And it may also be that experience will prove certain forms of mental activity to

be unsuitable. Nature, we may be sure, may be safely trusted to take care of her own laws. The special duties which she has assigned to one-half of the human race will always be paramount; but, of the duties which are common to the whole human race, we do not know and cannot yet know how large a share women may be able to undertake. It is probably larger than the wisest of our contemporaries anticipate. If there be natural disabilities, there is all the less reason for imposing artificial disabilities. Hitherto, every step which has been taken in opening out new forms of active work and increased influence to woman has been a clear gain to society, and has added much to the happiness of women themselves. It is, therefore, not merely the chivalry, nor even the sense of justice, but also the enlightened self-interest of man that are concerned in the solution of this problem. It is not his duty to urge women in the direction of employments they feel to be uncongenial to them. But it is his duty to remove, as far as possible, all impediments and disqualifications which yet remain in restraint of their own discretion, to leave the choice of a career as open to them as to himself, and to wait to see what comes of it. Nothing but good can come of it."

These propositions seem self-evident enough, yet there are still some alarmists who seem to have so little faith in the "discretion" of women—even thoroughly cultivated women—so little faith in nature being trusted to take care of her own laws—or rather, as many of us still believe in the divine ordering of the great forces of nature—that they still dread some serious subversion of society from this greater freedom of choice. They would almost seem to regard women as the *helots* of the race, and to apprehend infinite trouble from their emancipation. This comes from looking at life from the outside, without appreciating the strength of its great inner motive powers. We feel assured that, whatever changes, human nature in its essential characteristics does not change; and that the basis of our family life is laid too deep in the human heart for any such outward changes to impair its stability. So long as men are men and women are women will love and wifehood and motherhood continue to be the chosen lot of the great majority of women, but for those, to whom in the course of events this destiny does not naturally offer itself, is it not at least well that they should have other interests, other avenues of useful effort to fill up otherwise empty lives? Is not the world too the richer for this? For surely we may reasonably believe that the possession of certain powers and instincts implies some use for these in the general economy of things. To take the departments of possible work pointed out by Professor Fitch, of "scientific research," of "literature and philanthropic work"; who that has read, for instance, Maria Mitchell's singularly clear exposition of astronomical facts and methods in the "Orbs of Heaven" could regret that her education and range of thought have been larger and wider than that which used to be summed up in the old formula ending "and the use of the globes." Who could wish that Mrs. Somerville had always confined herself to the needlework she did so well, or that Rosa Bonheur had mixed only pudding instead of colours? As to philanthropic work, the examples are legion in which woman's warm and ready sympathy, conjoined with common sense, has made her aid invaluable in many departments, if not in all. Yet there was a time, not so long ago, when even philanthropic work was regarded as beyond her sphere, and her right to enter it denied by obstinate prejudice. Here and there we still find men whose belief in the general weak-mindedness of women—founded on traditions of a different order of things—has become such an *idée fixe* that they are jealous of allowing women much latitude or power even in a sphere of work for which of all others their nature seems best adapted—alike from their observation, their sympathy, their tact and their practical common sense. But success has already conquered much prejudice, and for the rest "the world moves still," though invisible chains, nevertheless, hold it firmly in its safe and venerable orbit.

FIDELIS.

## THE RAMBLER.

CONVOCATION, as understood and represented by a more or less disorderly meeting in the bare, white-washed, new paint-smelling Hall of the School of Practical Science, is scarcely the thing it used to be, nor the thing which, in the near future, we look for it to be again. The students and undergraduates feel this keenly. Without putting the thought into words, it is revealed to them that much of the dignity, the impressiveness, and the beauty of the scholarly life went when the building went. Yet we do not need Sir Daniel's prose paraphrase of the Cavalier's line: "stone walls do not a prison make," to remind us that all did not go on that ever memorable occasion. Indeed when we listened to that marvellously telling and eloquent address given us by the old man eloquent, the venerable and distinguished Head, himself in no apparent wise impaired by the sad and devastating accident of last year, we were stirred to a depth of feeling it was impossible to ignore. This address was doubtless read all over the world upon the following day, and for happy illustration, varied and equally felicitous quotation, and aptness of topic, can rarely have been surpassed as a speech, dedicated to the setting forth of an institution's claims. Sir Daniel's defence of the higher education, by which I am sure he means all education that is truly high whether of a scientific, literary, polemic, or practical nature, was elo-

quent and impassioned to a degree, and the vast audience literally hung upon his words. Even the otherwise noisy undergraduates maintained a respectful silence.

A word as to the musical selections upon that occasion. The public understands that, according to a general principle, nothing of any musical importance is expected on such a programme and therefore sits contentedly through that slightly vulgar and hackneyed college song known as the "Boots." This in common with "My Meerscham Pipe" formed the *pieces de resistance* at Convocation last week. Now, as impromptu flashes of song or as music "between the parts," these selections had not been out of place, but just where they came in, at the Alpha and Omega of the afternoon's proceedings they seemed sadly inadequate and inappropriate. Even the melodious chant of "Alouette, gentille Alouette," down on the programme, was omitted.

There is such a tendency on the part of Canadian youth to run riot, to make light of dignities and to look shy at conventionalities, that every aid should be called in to make them see the force and necessity of such. Such an aid is music, when properly applied.

I hope Sir Daniel Wilson will take measures to have his address printed in pamphlet form and that very many loyal and spirited Canadians will read it.

We may, as a young and fiery nation, produce gifted and popular men in the days to come, but we shall always, I trust, remember those ardent and self-forgetting souls who, leaving the Mother Country years ago and coming out to what must have seemed at first sight almost an unsightly wilderness, have done so much to make it fruitful and desirable, and to make us, ourselves, the present Canadian generation. The pioneers of thought among us, of culture, of spirituality, of progress, let them not ever be forgotten.

The Association for the Advancement of Women, Julia Ward Howe, President, contemplates meeting in this city next week, holding a convention in the Pavilion and otherwise making merry. In my rambling capacity, I have been asked to attend and I am sure I shall greatly benefit if I do, for the papers to be read are all upon interesting and practical subjects. It is notable how exceedingly practical these large-minded, large-souled women of the Union are. If they only could,—that is if human nature were not always human nature, and therefore beyond complete and radical change by legislation,—what miracles they would work in this work-a-day world! Every woman should be clever and good, think no more of delivering a Latin oration than of making a pudding or setting a fractured limb. Every child should have the most engaging disposition, the clearest sense of morality and the most enviable impulses to duty. Every servant should know his or her place, do work faithfully and accurately, and be animated and grateful machines. Every man—but who shall say what they prefigure as the perfect man! Let us hope, a being not too mild and good, for human nature's daily, and still very important and necessitous, food.

At all events, the members of this Association are all cultured and able women. Toronto will do well to extend a welcome to them and to see that their visit is a comfortable and pleasant one. I append the list of topics for discussion and would point out the importance of papers Three, Five and Ten:—

- "Woman in the State," Miss Mary F. Eastman, Mass.
- "Practical Value of Philosophy," Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, R. I.
- "Working Girls' Clubs," Mrs. Helen Campbell, N. Y.
- "More Pedagogy in Universities and Normal Schools," Mrs. Mary E. Bundy, Ill.
- "The Gain and Loss to America of Protracted Art Study Abroad," Miss Sarah Wool Moore, Neb.
- "The Scientific Work and Influence of Dr. Maria Mitchell," Prof. Mary W. Whitney, N. Y.
- "Woman and the Forum," Mrs. Martha Strickland, Mich.
- "Special Legislation, or Moral Energy," Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, Mass.
- "Woman in Ancient Egypt," Miss Georgia Louise Leonard, Washington, D. C.
- "Scientific Training for Mothers," Mrs. Frances Fisher Wood, N. Y.
- "Study of American History," Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods, Mass.
- "The Coloured Women of the South," Mrs. Elizabeth H. Botume, South Carolina.
- "A Paper on Ibsen's Plays," Mrs. Ellen M. Mitchell, Col.

## THE NEW CÆSAR.

LITERATURE never leaves herself without a witness among men, and in this rapid age she needs a new one often. The old ones soon wear out. In the last twenty years there has been quite a little squad of them. There was Bret Harte, to begin with. We heard that "The Luck of Roaring Camp" was a great story; we disbelieved the rumour, read the story—beginning it, so to speak, with our nose in the air, and ending it with our knees on the floor. Bret Harte was a real, rejoicing genius; and "Miggles," "Tennessee's Partner," "Brown of Calaveras," "How Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar," and, best of all—almost a perfect story—"The Outcasts of Poker Flat," made his calling and election sure. No novelist has done better work in the limit of fifty pages than Bret Harte did in those five tales; and, no matter what he did or may do afterwards, his country will never cease to be grateful to him for them. The vigour with which he conceived character, the vividness with which he portrayed it, the terseness and colour of his descriptions, and his humour and pathos give importance to our literature. The pace was too good to last, but it is a great record.

John Hay went up like a rocket. He has not come down in the proverbial fashion, but he has disappeared.

It is true, he is said to have written "The Bread-Winners;" but he is one of the few who have denied its authorship. Meanwhile, we must be content with "Jim Bludso" and "Little Breeches." Following Hay, there was an interval, disturbed only by a doubtful alarm with reference to Joaquin Miller. Miller wrote some real poetry, and at least one good book: "The Modocs;" but something stopped him just this side of becoming a classic. We are speaking here not of the steady good men, who can be relied upon to produce something respectable at regular intervals, and who worked up gradually from modest beginnings, but of those who leaped into the throne at the first jump and set out by achieving a feat that no one had achieved before. To the best of my recollection, Robert Louis Stevenson should be our next example. He was always a master of style, and decorated his subjects with a delicious romantic fancy. There is a touch of the Oriental—of the Arab—in him. His most brilliant *tour de force* was the Jekyll-Hyde story, but he has done nothing that is not praiseworthy; and "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," and "The Master of Ballantrae" can be described only with superlatives. Fortune was lavish in this decade; it saw the birth of "King Solomon's Mines" and "She." The first is one of the most captivating and satisfying tales of adventure ever written. The other is a large, rich, poetical conception, adequately worked out for the most part, but deficient in spots. "Cleopatra" is a noble and dignified story, excellent as to style, and most conscientiously studied; but "the first fine careless rapture" is missing. Meanwhile, poor Hugh Conway made one strong bid for fame in "Called Back," and then subsided forever in a heap of rubbish. Shall we include the author of "The Quick or the Dead?" in our enumeration? I prefer to let the reader decide the question: at all events, our chief dependence, during the last few years, has been on Haggard and Stevenson. And yet we must not forget Stockton, a real genius in his own charming, fairy way; we should be poor without the incomparable archness of "Pomona," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" and "Negative Gravity." Besides, Stockton is a true American, and that counts for much.

But it was beginning to be obscurely felt that something new was due about this time. We were not quite infatuated with Realism, and we had been inoculated with some conscientious scruples as to Idealism. What was to be done? Would nobody pull us out of the hole? We did not know exactly what we wanted; nevertheless, the want was felt. Persons of experience told us that we were merely suffering from our normal disease of fickleness and frivolity. They blamed our morbid hankering after novelty, and bade us be thankful for what we had got. Just as we were beginning to feel humiliated, the impossible happened, in the good old way; and the wise persons hastened to declare that it was just what they had expected.

It was reported that a story with a new kind of flavour had been printed in an English magazine. It was written by somebody with a queer name—no one could remember it exactly. It was an Indian story in Irish brogue—Krishna Mulvaney, or some such title. We heard the report with the same cynical smile that had greeted "The Luck of Roaring Camp." One never learns by experience in these matters. But presently the Sunday newspapers reprinted the story (there is no international copyright law) and credited it to *Blackwood's*. The author's name was outlandish enough—Rudyard Kipling. But *Blackwood's* has a reputation for good stories, and, under protest, we tackled this one. Yes, it was good, . . . it was very good, . . . really it was out of the common! Who was this Rudyard Kipling? Why had we never heard of him before? Had he written anything else? Could he write anything else as good? In a week or two out popped a yellow-paper-covered volume called "Plain Tales from the Hills," by the Rudyard Kipling aforesaid. It contained, in a space of less than three hundred pages, some twoscore stories, all of India. We sat down to them forthwith, read all day and took the book to bed with us, read till all hours, slept impatiently, and finished them next morning. It was impossible to read them fast: they had too much in them; they were all wool and a yard wide. Having finished the volume, we spent the rest of the day in going over it, attempting to taste again here and there some remembered sweetness, and generally being beguiled into re-reading to the end. The third day, after sleeping upon and analyzing our sensations, we came to the conclusion that Rudyard Kipling was the name of a man destined to be celebrated. And when we learned that he was only half-way through his twenties, we contemplated the future with security and satisfaction.

If Mr. Kipling recalls any one, it is Bret Harte: there is a similar self-possession and sagacity in the style; he is never crude; he has the literary touch; whatever he writes becomes literature through his manner of putting it. He is manly and masculine, and consequently has an intense appreciation of the feminine in nature; he never touches a woman but we feel the thrill of sex. Thomas Hardy has the same faculty in this regard; but Mr. Kipling here surpasses Bret Harte, who seems not to like women, or not to respect them, and has contributed no lovable or respectable woman to literature. Mr. Kipling has been brought up in the best society, which is better (for a writer) than to get into it after being brought up. He has also been brought up in, or born in, a literary atmosphere. I must return to this: he is a born writer; he knows just how a story must be told; just what not to say; just how to say what is said. He is as easy and conversational as a man lounging among friends in his own smoking-room; but he

never makes a mistake of tact, his voice never rings false, he has more self-control than his reader. He has a great imagination, of the least common sort; say, as different as possible from Mr. Haggard's. It is so quiet and true that its power is concealed; we think all the time that we are reading about real people. But the silent insight and human sympathies of the writer show us more of the people in question than we should ever have found out for ourselves; but he manages this insight and sympathy of his so skilfully that they seem to be our own, and we are pleased both with the story and with ourselves.

Humour, of course, Mr. Kipling has, the grave humour of a man of the world, a gentleman. It lurks for the most part in the background, giving a general feeling of security against nonsense of any sort; it is in the tone of the voice rather than in the turn of phrase. But he is a humorist only in his characters. Mr. Howells and Mr. James are funny in what they say about their characters; Mr. Kipling has altogether too much regard for the people of his imagination, and too little self-consciousness to be guilty of this bad taste. He gives you what they are, and the humour is in the veracity and relief of that presentment. Private Mulvaney prattles on, with his black cutty-pipe between his teeth. Does Mr. Kipling slip behind his back and make mouths at us and wink? Does a gentleman play such pranks? Mr. Kipling behaves precisely as he would in Private Mulvaney's presence. Mulvaney's native quality shines forth of itself, and tells us more, and tells it better, than any one could tell about it. One of Bret Harte's chief faults is a habit he has of talking about humble events and persons in a solemn-grandiloquent style, using long learned words and sedulously euphonious phrases, with a view to making us smile at the ludicrous contrast between the vulgar thing and its elegant garments. "Stumpy, in other climes, had been the putative head of two families; in fact, it was owing to some legal informality in these proceedings that Roaring Camp—a city of refuge—was indebted to his company." That sort of thing is easily manufactured, and therefore is as well dispensed with. Mr. Kipling always uses the simplest and shortest word that will hold his meaning. It seems as if he would a little rather not make a point than make it; the points he does make therefore arise from the foundation of things. And they generally come when we were not looking for them. He begins one of his tales thus: "No man will ever know the exact truth of this story; though women may sometimes whisper it to one another after a dance, when they are putting up their hair for the night, and comparing lists of victims. A man, of course, cannot assist at these functions. So the tale must be told from the outside—in the dark—all wrong." No writer would not be glad to have written that little overture.

Most of the tales in this volume are episodes in the life of English society in India. It is a peculiar society: traits of character come out there, somewhat as they used to in our own California days of '49; but the conditions, other than the attrition of incongruous elements, are as different as they well can be. But there are also stories of the Indian natives themselves, and they are written from an inside point of view; they are the first of their kind. Mr. Kipling is a remarkable observer, and there are no signs of juvenility about him, except the evident pleasure he takes in writing. He seems to love it as Balzac loved it. He lives in the world and is a part of it, and yet he sees and loves everything as a writer. His mind is full; there are a dozen unwritten stories in his head for every one that he writes. "But that is another story" is a frequent remark of his—rather too frequent. He gives the impression of unlimited resources and reserve material. Bret Harte never gave that impression, and, as a matter of fact, his scope was narrow and his material got used up. Nor could he write a novel. Now, one fancies that Kipling might write a novel; it will not be constructed like a French drama, but it will be moving and memorable, and anything but commonplace. The concluding tale in this volume is called "To be filed for reference," and is the story of an Englishman of education and ability who gave up civilization and lived with a native woman, drinking himself to death. But MacIntosh Jellahedin had penetrated into the secret recesses of the Indian nature and character, and he wrote a book. "This," says MacIntosh, on his death-bed, to the narrator, "is my work—the Book of MacIntosh Jellahedin, showing what he saw and how he lived, and what befell him and others; being also an account of the life and sins and death of Mother Maturin. . . . I bequeath to you now the monument more enduring than brass—my one book—rude and imperfect in parts, but, oh, how rare in others! . . . You will mutilate it horribly. You will knock out the gems you call 'Latin quotations,' you Philistine; you will butcher the style to carve into your own jerky jargon; but you cannot destroy the whole of it. I bequeath it to you. . . . It is yours unconditionally, the story of MacIntosh Jellahedin, which is not the story of MacIntosh Jellahedin, but of a greater man than he, and of a far greater woman. Listen, now! I am neither mad nor drunk! That book will make you famous."

Mr. Kipling adds: "If the thing is ever published, some one may perhaps remember this story, now printed as a safeguard to prove that MacIntosh Jellahedin and not I myself wrote the Book of Mother Maturin. I don't want the 'Giant's Robe' to come true in my case."

The tales in this volume were written before the public had got its eye on Mr. Kipling. For the last few months it has been glaring upon him most unmercifully. We shall see whether he emerges from that most trying

of ordeals as modest, simple, and strong as he was before. If he does, great things are to be expected of him. To be neither puffed up by fame nor frightened by it is given to but few.—*Julian Hawthorne, in Lippincott's.*

### TO A CHILD.

MAIDEN with the eyes so earnest,  
Gazing in delight  
At the world, from out the window  
Of your narrow night.  
Know you that my heart is heavy,  
And my eyes are blind—  
You have all your world before you,  
I have mine behind.

Maiden with the merry glances,  
And the soul so pure,  
Keep to every childhood's purpose  
Then your peace is sure.  
Come not near me, nor caress me  
For my lips have fed  
On a fiercer love—Go! leave me—  
My delight is dead.

So you will not heed my warning,  
Come the closer, lay  
Two pure lips upon mine, pulsing  
With the fire of clay.  
Stay! No touch of earth could sully  
Such unconscious mood  
Child, I kiss you, silent praying  
God to keep you good.

Montreal.

MAY AUSTIN.

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

#### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

THE last three days of this week "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is being presented at this house. The company is in every way equal to that which visited the city last year. Next week the Hanlon Brothers will present a new spectacular piece entitled "Superba." From all accounts this will be well worth a visit, both because of the scenic effects introduced and the performers taking part.

#### THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

ON Monday evening next a Grand Band Concert will be given by the Queen's Own Rifles in this theatre, and the affair shows every prospect of being a great success. On Tuesday evening, Roland Reed, the well-known comedian, will open an engagement at the Academy. He will present a dramatized version of "The Woman Hater," and those who saw him last year in his play "A Poor Relation" may look forward to a rare treat in his delineation of the well-known character portrayed in the novel from which the play is taken.

#### "THE SHATCHEN" AT THE ACADEMY.

A LARGE and enthusiastic audience greeted the re-appearance of Mr. M. B. Curtis, after an absence of three years, and the performance given by him was in every way worthy of the support. The company is well balanced, and all the characters receive a good interpretation at the hands of the artists, some of the acting being above the average, especially that of Mr. George Osborne as "Joseph Lewis," a rich clothier, and of Miss Laura Biggar, as "Fanny Morton," an adventuress. The comedy itself is a mixture of joy and sorrow, and the one comes as a relief to the other. Mr. Curtis, as "Meyer Petowsky," a young Jewish marriage broker, with a genius for making bargains in anything that comes along is clever from beginning to end, and his adventures in business and love prove a source of intense interest and amusement. The last scene of Act II. gives Mr. Osborne an opportunity of showing his ability as an emotional actor, and the curtain fell on what was a really first-class display of rage, sorrow and disappointment, caused by learning of the marriage of his Hebrew son with the daughter of a Gentile. It is so seldom nowadays that one is permitted to listen to a comedy which, when digested at leisure, does not prove utterly absurd—that one hails with delight such a play as this, which is not yet worn threadbare, and yet is of really sterling value and serves as a useful exponent of the weakness and strength of certain characters which one meets in everyday life, and as such it deserves the support and appreciation of the public.

#### "OLD JED PROUTY" AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

THIS play, written by Wm. Gill and Richard Golden, was for the first time presented in Toronto by Mr. Golden and a strong company. The play serves to give the public some insight into domestic life in a New England country village. The costumes, scenery, etc., are said to correctly represent the fashions and style of the village of Bucksport, Maine. The plot is as follows: "Old Jed Prouty" is the landlord of the only tavern the village boasts; his daughter, a buxom lass, falls in love with a commercial traveller, who eventually marries her and takes her to the home he has prepared for her in Boston. The old landlord has a little adopted daughter, the only child of the deserted wife of the village lawyer, a man named "Hemmingway," who deserted her some years previously; this child "Old Prouty" has brought up ever since the mother's death, which occurred soon after its birth. This lawyer returns to the

village and claims his daughter, but is refused possession of the child. He then interviews the village justice, "John Todd" by name, and they agree to be revenged upon the landlord. "Hemmingway" forges a mortgage, showing that the landlord's predecessor owed several thousand dollars to "Todd," the justice, in default of payment of which the inn was to become his. As a matter of fact this sum had been repaid long ago, but of this "Prouty" is not aware. To cut the story short, this mortgage is presented to the landlord, who discovers by the water mark on the paper on which it is written that the paper was manufactured several years after the mortgage is supposed to have been signed, and the fraud is consequently exposed and all ends happily. Richard Golden, as a character actor in this particular line, is deserving of the highest praise, his part in the old man with the school children, and in the court-house in the second act being especially well done. The other parts are well taken, Miss Dora Wiley's singing being very commendable. She has a sweet voice, well trained, and in good control, and has learnt the art so few singers seem to master, of singing so that every word can be heard distinctly by the audience without it being necessary for her to shout. The whole play reminds one very forcibly of Denman Thompson's "Old Homestead."

#### TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

THE annual prospectus of the above institution for the season 1890-91 has just come to hand. To judge from the exhaustive details and reports contained in it, the Toronto College of Music is progressing rapidly from year to year in public favour, and is in a flourishing condition, not only from a financial, but also from an artistic point of view. During the past year two very important matters in connection with the College have been completed: the incorporation of the institution and its affiliation with the Toronto University. The importance of this last step with respect to its wide-spreading influence upon musical education can not be exaggerated as, in effect, the Toronto College of Music will in the future occupy the position of the Faculties of Music in the Universities of the Old Country. The curriculum in Music is at present under the consideration of the managing body of the University, and, until finally decided upon, no very reliable information is forthcoming as to what it will comprise. This much, however, we are authorized to state, that in any case the degrees granted in music will be first and foremost for practical musicianship. An Arts test will certainly be imposed, which will, roughly speaking, consist of an examination in English, Latin, some modern language, elementary mathematics, etc. At the same time it is, we are informed, the intention of the Directors to attach more importance to music as an art, and less to cognate subjects more or less remotely connected with its theory, than has been customary in the older universities. In short, it is intended that the holders of these degrees shall be musicians first and Bachelors and Doctors of Music in recognition of that very talent. On this account we wish all success to this new departure on the part of a degree-granting power and hope that they will be enabled to steer clear of, or surmount the difficulties and obstacles, which may be found to exist in the realization of so commendable a scheme. The staff of teachers remains practically unchanged since last season, with a few additions which are calculated to add to its strength. A most excellent feature in connection with the College is the distinction made in the diplomas granted to ordinary amateurs and those granted to intending teachers: possession of the latter necessitating not only the thorough knowledge of the subject for which such diploma is granted, but also a knowledge of the best and most concise way of imparting instruction on that particular subject to others. To this end special instruction how to teach is given, and knowledge of this most important point has to be proved by examination before the teacher's diploma can be gained. Several free scholarships are included amongst the many advantages enjoyed by the students at the College. It is very gratifying to be able to announce an increase in the public favour and confidence in this institution; and with an ever widening experience of the needs of the students, and an unflinching regard for the noble Art, to whose interests it is devoted, the effect upon the public in general can but be beneficial.

THE anniversary of Franz Liszt's death was celebrated at the Vienna Opera House by a performance of "The Legend of St. Elizabeth."

LILLIAN NORDICA is to create the leading role in "Ivanhoe," which Sir Arthur Sullivan has completed for D'Oyley Carte's new theatre in London.

MISS SIBYL SANDERSON, the young American singer, appeared in the opera "Esclarmonde," in Brussels, recently, and scored a brilliant success.

It is again stated that Pauline Lucca is about to retire from the stage after a series of farewells throughout Germany. Mme. Lucca is by no means a veteran at fifty.

THE London edition of the *Herald* drolly says: "American country folk did not know that Mary Anderson was a great actress until some English critics told them."

EMMA ABBOT says of her coming grand opera: "The theme is from a very famous novel. The situations are so dramatic, the lines so romantic, tender, strong—oh, I wonder that no one has not seen the possibilities of this novel long ago! M. Audran is to deliver the manuscript to me in time for my European tour in '93. Until then—well, it is a profound secret."

W. J. SCANLAN has just closed an engagement at the California Theatre, San Francisco, where, it is said, he broke the record, playing to more than \$31,000 in four weeks.

HENRY M. STANLEY'S second lecture in America is to be given at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn, on the night of November 12. Mr. Stanley, it is said, is to receive \$3,500.

VICTOR CAPOUL, in collaboration with Mr. Duprato, of Paris, has written a lyrical drama, called "Le Prince Noir," and has read it to an audience of friends, who have pronounced it *magnifique*.

TOSTI, the composer of songs, says that when he first began to compose he offered his songs in vain to Italian publishers, but that subsequently he sold two for 50,000 francs to publishers who had originally refused them but had forgotten the fact.

MANAGER WILLOUGHBY, for Margaret Mather, has received from the American Minister at Paris the original manuscript of the music of the famous Bernhardt play "Jeanne d'Arc," in the original handwriting of Charles Gounod, accompanied by an autograph letter to Miss Mather.

"NIKITA" is the stage name of an American girl who is now singing in concert on the continent. Nobody seems to know who she is or where she comes from. But she is a prodigy. She is about twenty years of age—a tall, angular, raw-boned blonde; her voice is phenomenally sweet, velvety, and powerful and of surprising compass, and her method is all that could be desired.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

WE have received from William Bryce "Two Masters," by Mrs. Croker, author of "Diana Barrington." This is No. 78 of Bryce's Library.

Outing for October has its usual menu of breezy pleasant reading; Capt. Charles King is a contributor; Ed. Sandys writes of Canada's woodcock; muskallonge and wall-eyed pike are looked after by K. D. Peterson, and various other interesting papers are contributed by able writers.

*The Varsity*.—We have just received No. 1 of volume X. of this bright and breezy college paper. Such a journal is an emphatic denial to the statement that we sometimes hear: That a college training unfits a man for the practical duties of every day life. Clearly printed, on good paper, and well edited, *The Varsity* is a credit to its college.

"OVER-EDUCATION" is perhaps the most important article in the *Westminster* for September, though none of the papers are particularly noteworthy. "The Genius of France" by Bernard de Lisle is interesting, but contains nothing new, and of James Douglas Holms' article "Is there a new Liberalism?" the same may be said. Other papers are by Elizabeth Stanton, Alice Bodington, Ernest Vizeletty, F. W. Haine, and "Contemporary Literature," and "Home Affairs" close the number.

THE *New England Magazine* for October is a charming number. The local articles, "Pawtucket and the Slater Centennial," by Rev. Massena Goodrich; "The Cotton Industry in New England," by George Rich, and "The Massachusetts Agricultural College," by President Henry H. Goodell, are elaborate and instructive. "Where England Legistates," by Ashton R. Willard, is a graphic description of the British Houses of Parliament. "The Biographical Sketch of the late Cardinal Newman," by J. F. Genung, Ph. D., is an able estimate of that great Englishman. Canada's contribution in Professor Clark's article on "Stopford A. Brooke," is in the Professor's best style. The poetry is excellent, especially "A Perfect Day," by Clinton Scollard, and "Pelham Hills," by Alice Ward Bailey. The illustrations are praiseworthy.

THE *Andover Review* for October begins with a well-considered article on "Sunday School Bible Study," with especial reference to the International System, and suggesting and outlining a new scheme by Rev. Erastus Blakeslee. In the Congregational use of the Christian year Daniel Merriman argues strongly for a general observance of the seasons of the Christian year. Sociology is treated in an able article on "The Social Body," by E. Benj. Andrews, and "Practical Sociological Studies," by Charles M. Sheldon. Rollo Ogden has a bright, readable article on "Spanish-American Poetry." Annie E. Johnson considers the progress of education in "Some Aspects of Educational Development in New England during the Present Century," and "The Doctrine of Divine Immanence," is well and fully treated by John Tunis.

THE *New York Ledger* for October 4th is a mine of interesting fact and fiction regarding the South, both the New South and the Old. It leads off with a brilliant character sketch of Henry W. Grady, journalist, orator and patriot, written by Oliver Dyer, in which the effect on the New South of Grady's life-work is luminously explained. A crisp editorial on "The Marvellous Revival of Prosperity in the South" tells its own tale. The Old South is pictured in the opening instalment of a Kentucky war story entitled "Re-united," the pen-product of a distinguished Southern officer. In "For Isabel," Maurice Thompson gives a vignette of *ante bellum* life in Louisiana. James Parton tells the story of Cæsar Rodney of Delaware. An illustrated ballad by Thomas Dunn English and a story by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr are published in the same number.

SWIMMING. By Martin Cobbett; CYCLING. By H. H. Griffin. All England Series. London: George Bell and Sons.

This useful little series continues its way, treating its subjects in a scientific yet perfectly intelligible manner. These two text books are fully illustrated, and contain not only teaching on their respective subjects but much useful information.

CHESS. By R. F. Green. WHIST. By Dr. W. Pole. The Club Series. London: George Bell and Sons.

These manuals of Chess and Whist, two of the most difficult games known, are by acknowledged authorities, and fulfil the same mission in their spheres as the Athletic manuals of Messrs. Bell's "All England" series perform in the field of out-door sport. Both the Club and All England series should meet with great success.

WHOSE FAULT? By Jennie Harrison. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

In this story we have presented to us with unusual power the futility of "nagging" as a method of influencing others, even for their good, and the serious mistake and sad results which often arise from a young bride being taken by her husband to make her home with his mother and sisters. Elwood Everson, a noble young man, with his young wife, Gertrude, who was a Presbyterian, after marriage live with Everson's mother and sisters—who are strict Episcopalians, as is Everson. Soon trouble begins from the over anxiety of Everson's sisters to induce his wife to join their church. The trouble grows until at last Everson's wife, in despair, leaves her home and husband. However, after months have passed away, and through the gentle, kind, and wise influence of the Rev. Dr. Price, an Episcopalian clergyman and his good wife, and, after having been severely stricken with fever, Gertrude Everson is led to the bosom of her husband's church and is happily restored to him. The volume is well worth reading, though it is of especial interest to English Church people.

A HAPPY HOLIDAY. By Mrs. Grace E. Denison, Toronto.

"Write for the people, d—n the critics" was the sensible though somewhat unorthodox advice given by an old Anglo-Indian relative after reading the first literary effort of the writer's some years ago. In the book "A Happy Holiday" Mrs. Denison has unconsciously, but not the less happily, followed the advice, and, it must be confessed, with a not altogether unsatisfactory result. This is the age of the Globe-Trotter, and the published results of the Trotter's trotting. It is, therefore, not the least tribute to Mrs. Denison's genius to acknowledge her fitness to go over old ground in an entirely new and original manner. Her book is a thoroughly readable one from cover to cover. One's interest is insensibly aroused, for this is the written experience of one who has really enjoyed a well earned holiday. To those who have travelled over the ground she pictures, Mrs. Denison's reminiscences will bring back many a pleasant scene, and to those who still meditate a first continental trip there is much valuable information presented in a charmingly unaffected style entirely removed from the literature of the guide-book. There is a marked differentiation of character presented in these chapters which the reader will find refreshing in its entire absence of all striving after affect. The author's descriptive powers are of a high order, her humour is delicious, her narrative style bright and sparkling to a degree. Amidst the spicy dash of Anglo-Americanisms, the reader will find but little trace of that Saxon heaviness so common amongst writers making their first literary venture. A pleasant picture indeed is her Antwerp Katrina: "She was so pretty, with great round eyes and rosy cheeks, and a very sweet smile, her voice so soft and musical, and her round little figure buttoned so neatly into her trim print gown that I fell a victim to the charms of my little *femme de chambre*." And surely there is a dash of sweet pathos in the description of that Scandinavian sailor—the giant captain of the *Noordland*. "A little painting of a pretty child hangs over the big sea captain's berth, and I am told of how the roar of this old sea-lion sinks to a gentle tone when he speaks of that little maid, now singing her baby songs in paradise." There is genuine pathos here, and much of the same quality is to be found throughout the book. It is but the swing of the pendulum from tears to laughter, and worthy of Boccaccio is that little incident in the hospital of St. Elizabeth at Antwerp, which follows the big Belgian's query: "But where is Liza?" Genuinely true to the original we may be sure is that exquisite bit at the English restaurant in Paris: "'Twenty minnits Oive wyted for that styke,' said an irate cockney, as I timidly slid into a seat beside him, 'and ten maw for this bloomin' kawfy. I'd 'av ordered pyle eyle only you never know what you may be drinkin' in this bloomin' pyle.'" This is the pure quill—the genuine clang of Bow-Bells. It is, however, an altogether inadequate way of exhibiting the merits of a book by making random quotations from its pages. Such is as confessedly unsatisfactory as the habit of the pedant, mentioned by Heraclitus, who, wishing to sell his house, carried a specimen brick in his pocket to show off the architectural beauties of the building to possible purchasers. It is only necessary to say that judging by her previous efforts Mrs. Denison's readers have a right to expect good work, and in "A Happy Holiday" those readers will not be disappointed.

#### LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

"TOLD AFTER SUPPER" is Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's new book, printing in the Leadenhall Press.

MR. JEPHSON is busy correcting the proof-sheets of his book, which is to be published forthwith.

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S sole literary executor is the Rev. W. Payne Neville, of the Birmingham Oratory.

A NEW novel by Miss Braddon may be expected early next month through Messrs. Simpkin and Company.

NEARLY £700 out of £1,000 wanted to purchase and repair Dove Cottage, as a Wordsworth memorial, has been already subscribed.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN AND COMPANY announce "The Life of Cardinal Newman," by R. H. Hutton, Editor of *The Spectator*, London, England.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY have issued two capital stories of adventure—Grant Allen's "Wednesday the Tenth," and Willis Boyd Allen's "Lion City of Africa."

JOHN W. ROOR, who writes "The City House in the West" for the October *Scribner's*, is the architect of the great business block in Chicago known as "The Rookery."

MR. ARNOLD WHITE is to edit and preface S. G. O.'s letters to *The Times*. Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne was an able writer, and an interesting volume may be expected.

MRS. ULYSSES S. GRANT has been induced by a New York editor to tell the story of her courtship with General Grant, and the warrior's proposal to her, and the article will appear in the October number of *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

MONTREAL has in Archibald McGoun, M.A., B.C.L., the author of that very able pamphlet, "A Federal Parliament of the British People," a young advocate of unusual promise. Mr. McGoun is one of the Legal Faculty of McGill College.

"ENGLISH Sanitary Institutions, Reviewed in their Course of Development, and in some of their Political and Social Relations" is the title of an exhaustive volume by Sir John Simon, K.C.B., which the Cassell Publishing Company announce.

PROFESSOR JAMES BRYCE, M.P., who is now travelling in the States, has written an article for the *North American Review* on the powers of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and it will be published in the October number of the *Review*.

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY will publish immediately "Our Dictionaries and other English Language Topics," by R. O. Williams. The book contains a sketch of the growth of English and American Dictionaries, and discussions of the legitimate use of English words.

MRS. ALFRED DENISON, whose bright and clever book, "A Happy Holiday," is sharing the honours with Miss Duncan's "Social Departure," is an indefatigable supporter of Toronto charities, and the bright cheerfulness which gleams through her pages is continually gladdening the hearts of her little orphan friends.

"CIVILIZATION: an Historical Review of its Elements," in 2 vols., 12mo, will soon be issued by S. C. Griggs and Company, Chicago. The author is Charles Morris, of Philadelphia, who is already well and favourably known as a thoughtful and scholarly writer. This work promises to diverge widely from the course usually pursued by historians on this subject.

A POPULAR work on the literature of India, entitled "Hindu Literature, or the Ancient Books of India," by Mrs. Elizabeth A. Reed, will soon be issued by S. C. Griggs and Company, Chicago. This volume treats of Hindu literature, from the earliest songs of the Aryan race to the writings of mediæval days.

MR. T. WEMYSS REID, is the biographer of the late Richard Monckton-Milnes, Lord Houghton. "The Life, Letters and Friendships" of this graceful poet and delightful man will form the subject of two volumes which the Cassell Publishing Company have now in press. Portraits of Lord Houghton will adorn the book.

LIKE many other great preachers, Cardinal Newman was strong only when he used his pen. Says a careful critic in *The Expositor*: "All his printed sermons were read from manuscript, and when the pen was out of his hand his felicity of diction quite failed him. He told me himself that he never saw the congregation he was addressing—a fact which, I suppose, by itself, shows that he had no oratorical gift. But when he read, with slow and musical enunciation, the exquisite sentences he had penned in the privacy of his room, there was something almost magical in the effect."

THE death of Alexandre Chatrian recalls the wonderful literary partnership which proved, perhaps too well for the interests of many would-be successors, that an apparently solid unity of style may coexist with the advantage of the proverbial duality of heads. M. Chatrian, who was born in 1826, became acquainted with his partner in letters in 1847. From that date began their literary activity, but not till later (about eleven years) their financial success. It were needless to recapitulate their famous Alsatian tales. The playgoer is familiar with their drama of "The Bells." The fact that old and successful comrades should have finally disagreed merely proves, what needs no proof, the irritability of the genus; but so much of their fame as survives will be their joint possession.

## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

AD VIGILEM.

[Stedman's Sonnet to Whittier on his 80th Birthday.]

WHAT seest thou where the peaks about thee stand,  
Far up the ridge that severs from our view  
That realm unvisited? What prospect new  
Holds thy rapt eye? What glories of the land,  
Which from yon loftier cliff thou now hast scanned,  
Upon thy visage set their lustrous hue?  
Speak and interpret still, O, watchman true,  
The signals answering thy lifted hand!

And bide thou yet! still linger, ere thy feet  
To sainted bards that beckon bear thee down—  
Though lilies, asphodel and spikenard sweet  
Await thy tread to blossom; and the crown  
Long since is woven of heaven's palm-leaves, meet  
For him whom earth can lend no more renown.

## STORIES OF TWO FAMOUS SINGERS.

MARIO, Marquess of Candia, one of the greatest tenors of his own, or, indeed, of any age, married in 1856 Giulia Grisi, who was, perhaps, the greatest dramatic singer of this century. She died in 1869. He, after making and losing an enormous fortune, died in 1883, at the age of seventy-five. Both were remarkable people, not merely as artists; and the lives of both will, no doubt, some day be written. But it is already high time for the serious biographer to take up his pen. While he is delaying, writers who have but fragmentary facts at their disposal are investing the careers of the two singers with legends and myths which, unless soon contradicted, will eventually be accepted as historical. According to a sketch by one of these writers, recently published in Paris, and which contains statements that, although they are probably not all true, are sufficiently curious to deserve notice, Mario was the most extravagant individual that ever lived. Not satisfied with possessing houses in Paris, and in London, he had a villa at Brighton and a palace at Florence; and at each of these establishments he kept a large permanent staff of servants. Everywhere money ran like water. After his marriage with Grisi he never permitted her to spend a farthing of her own income, and she was thus enabled to save something for her daughters from the ultimate wreck of Mario's fortunes. When he was not singing, Mario dined in great state at nine o'clock. An invitation to his banquets, we are assured, was much sought after; but the host seems to have made little or no distinction between kings and peasants. His *maitre d'hotel* informed him when dinner was served, and it was not an uncommon thing for Mario to enter his dining-room with a princess on his arm. Grisi, nevertheless, always sat on his right; and, after the soup, her devoted husband invariably turned towards her, and, with a pretty speech, emptied his first glass in her honour. He usually slept by day, and seldom awoke until about five o'clock in the afternoon. Meantime the newspapers were placed by his bedside; but he never looked at them; and so great was his distaste for letters and papers of all kinds that one of his finest estates is said to have been seized and sold by his creditors, he learning nothing of the affair until several weeks had elapsed. Even then he only heard of the business by accident. Grisi, on the other hand, was most methodical. She rose early, and personally looked after the comfort of her children and household. Her weakness was an inordinate love of jewellery, and she would wear scores of rings on her fingers and two watches at a time. She was proud of her beauty, and tried to preserve it by causing herself to be rubbed with orris and violet powder, and by bathing her face, neck, and arms in crushed strawberries, of which she consumed fabulous quantities, both in and out of season. She also drank milk of almonds, a beverage which, in the belief of some, indirectly caused her death. She had three maids, whose sole employment was to dress her; but they were not enough for her needs; for she changed her costume at every hour of the day, although it was her custom never to wear anything but white before dinner. At dinner her favourite robe was of black velvet, over which she wore a necklace of twelve rows of pearls. Mario gave her presents almost daily, and at her death she left a large collection of valuable trinkets and curiosities. Although he was always a most devoted husband, Grisi was not above jealousy, and once, when he was singing at St. Petersburg, and a rumour reached her that a Russian princess was showing him attention, she left Florence with the intention of facing and confounding her supposed rival. It was her last journey. She fell ill at Vienna, whence she telegraphed to Mario, who came at once. But he came too late. Grisi was dead when he arrived. The French author's account of Grisi's funeral is almost incredible. Mario he says, ordered a coffin to be cut out of rock-crystal and to be mounted in silver. Within, visible to all, was laid the dead singer, dressed in her favourite white, and covered with gems. Soon after her death he withdrew from the stage, and retired to Rome, when he entirely changed his habits of life. "A year before his death," concludes the writer, "I had the pleasure of passing the evening with him. We sat together until far into the night, so completely did he enthral me with his reminiscences. The singer had become a philosopher. As far as I was able to judge, he accepted his modest position, and was even happy in it. His favourite occupation at that time was the re-seating of cane-bottomed chairs!" He was then poor, and, of course, too old to attempt to retrieve his fortunes. During one of his previous

residences in England he lived at Kingston-on-Thames, where many strange stories of his princely liberality, his kindness of heart, his curious nocturnal habits, and his commanding appearance are still current. A good and true account of his life should form one of the most enchanting books of biography; but this French sketch of him is too brief and too romantic to fill the void.—*Cassell's Saturday Journal*.

## DU MAURIER ON ILLUSTRATORS OF PRETTY WOMEN.

I DOUBT if Dickens visualized his pretty women accurately—Mrs. Dombey, Florence, Dora, Agnes, Ruth Pinch, Kate Nickleby, little Em'ly—we know them all through Hablot Browne alone—and none of them present any very marked physical characteristics. They are sweet and graceful, neither tall nor short; they have a pretty droop in their shoulders, and are very ladylike; sometimes they wear ringlets, sometimes not, and each would very easily do for the other. Cruikshank's pretty woman leaves no very delightful impression on the mind. F. Walker's pretty woman was very touching and sweet, innocent, and refined. Sir John Gilbert's was grand and regal, with ample gestures. Mr. Arthur Hopkins' pretty woman is also a very charming person—dignified, well-bred, and well-dressed, of a serious and thoughtful mind—to be depended upon in all the relations of life; and so is Mrs. Allingham's. John Leech's pretty woman was "just a daisy," as the Americans say. She was the love of my salad days; she wore a crinoline and a porkpie hat (or an "ugly"), and a chenille net for her hair, and above each ankle was sometimes displayed a little frill which has long ceased to be there! It was not a happy period for female costume. But, for all that, what a darling she was! She played croquet, and rode to hounds, and was a great archer, and screamed when crackers were let off, and did not make an unseemly fuss when her soldier cousin with the waxed moustachios kissed her under the mistletoe; and *didn't* she enjoy her holiday at the seaside! The bathing, the flirting, the galloping over the downs on well-seasoned screws; the walks on the pier in the high wind that crested the waves with foam and bent her broad-brimmed hat, and blew her hair and skirts about, displaying her pretty ankles—and a little more. But when she married she soon settled down and grew stout and matronly, a little before her time, perhaps. She had not learned the modern trick of looking younger than her own daughters. The crown, or "cake," must be given, I think, to Sir John Millais' pretty woman, who is alive at every point, and the most modern of all. She is also a most aristocratic person, even if she be but a dressmaker, or a poor widow with her mite. When she is a noble marchioness there is no mistake about her. When she is neither one nor the other, but just Lily Dale, then she is most adorable, and I own that I am very much in love with her. She is "not too good for human nature's daily food," but so utterly good enough. I confess that in book illustration I think the pretty woman a very important person, and since we are on the subject (although it is hardly for me to speak of her), it seems somewhat unfair to leave my pretty woman quite out in the cold. I do hope the reader does not dislike her—that is, if he knows her. I am so fond of her myself, or rather, so fond of what I *want* her to be. She is my *pièce de résistance*, and I have often heard her commended, and the praise of her has sounded sweet in mine ears, and gone straight to my heart, for she has become to me as a daughter. She is rather tall, I admit, and a trifle stiff; but Englishwomen are tall and stiff just now, and she is rather too serious; but that is only because I find it so difficult, with a mere stroke in black ink, to indicate the enchanting little curved lines that go from the nose to the mouth-corners, causing the cheeks to make a smile—and without them the smile is incomplete, merely a grin. So I have had to give up the smile when the author has not absolutely insisted upon it. And as for the height, I have often begun by drawing the dear creature *little*, and found that by one sweep of the pen (adding a few inches to the bottom of her skirt) I have improved her so much that it has been impossible to resist the temptation—the thing is so easy, and the result so satisfying and immediate. I beg the reader's forgiveness for this outburst of senile paternal egotism. It shall not occur again.—*Magazine of Art*.

## AN ENGLISH CRITICISM.

THE schemers of the game of obstruction which ripened into the Congressional crisis of January last evidently knew that the law was a sham. They foresaw that a vote could not be extracted from between their teeth. Of that unpleasant operation they had no dread; that their jaws would not be subjected to any kind of Congressional forceps they obviously felt certain. If the compulsory vote rule had been enforced, and had they resisted, they might have been severely punished. If they answered to the roll-call, their nays would have swelled the tale of those present in the hall above the requisite number, and the game would have ended in a trice. Yet they took their course and they enjoyed throughout the transaction the impunity on which they had reckoned. And the Speaker by his conduct attested the accuracy of that forecast. The compulsory-vote rule lay handy at his elbow; it afforded a ready cure for the crisis; yet there that rule lay, all through the contest, absolutely untouched; whilst to unparalyze Congress he invented a new, and therefore a disputable, proceeding. No prudent shepherd seeks for

strange methods of avoiding a pitfall if he can use an accustomed door of escape. The old way is the better every way, both for him and his flock. The fact that the Speaker was driven to invent a novel engine of repression is a conclusive proof that no other resource was in his grasp. And as if to show how persistent error spreads and roots itself, the Speaker has actually placed on the journal of Congress a proof even more signal than his ruling of January last, that, despite both precept and penalty, a member, if he chooses, may shirk giving his vote. The Speaker has, by a regulation of his own drafting, sanctioned the existence of the non-voter. Quitting the sweet security of a general principle, based upon the common law and common sense, which forbids a member of Congress, sitting in session, from trying at once and the same time to be in and out of the hall, the Speaker has prescribed by rule, that, when the call of yeas and nays occurs, the names of members in the hall who do not vote shall be recorded, and shall be reckoned up into the needful number for the transaction of business. Thus he has done his best to nullify the compulsory vote rule, and has exposed his policy to severe comment from that very able critic, "X. M. C." The Speaker to that review makes energetic reply; but he is compelled to defend his position by falling down and making this pitiful confession. "Spare me," the Speaker cries out; "I am weak; Congress is weaker; and our sixty-five million Nation is weaker still." Gathering strength from his very weakness, the Speaker stoutly protests that to compel an unwilling member of Congress to give his vote exceeds the powers of law, nature, art, conscience, custom—of any and every influence human or spiritual. And he backs up this assertion by confident appeals to the practice and example of the most distinguished among his predecessors in the chair, men of vast ability, "unrivalled resources," "wonderful genius"! These be mighty protestations, but they are mighty only in show. That they are unsubstantial is proved by a glance at that room in Westminster. An evasion of the vote by a member of the House of Commons who hears the question put has never been tolerated for a moment. And why? Because the national force which creates the House of Commons would not for a moment tolerate such conduct. Indignant constituencies would call to quick and sharp account any weak-kneed politician who refused to back his opinion by his vote. Neutrality in political warfare may be permissible among our vestries, but not in Parliament. The United Kingdom would, in the punishment of such mean conduct, be united as one man. The root and nature of the error which created the Congressional crisis of January last are now exposed. Had the error been "The Speaker's Error," or an error of the House of Representatives, I should not have ventured to intervene. But the error has such wide proportions and rests on so many shoulders that from it all personality, all partisanship is eliminated. It is the error of the United States. By their tacit, and by their active sanction, they have, during the course of many years, supported their House of Representatives in the low regard they pay to the highest duty of a citizen.—*Reginald F. D. Palgrave, C. B., Clerk of the House of Commons, in the North American Review for September*.

## ABOUT GETTING MARRIED.

IN no country in the world is the marriage relation in such a legal tangle as in the United States, where each State makes laws of its own on the subject. Some of the States are very severe upon the old custom of bride-stealing—others are not. The various States have various ages of consent, when the bride can not be supposed to be stolen. In Florida, Massachusetts, and Michigan, the age of consent is sixteen years. In Florida the bridegroom who elopes with the bride under that age is fined not exceeding \$1,000, and imprisoned not exceeding a year. In Massachusetts the same. Michigan puts the rash wooer in the penitentiary for a term not exceeding three years. South Carolina is still severer. The minimum for striped jacket wearing is five years. In New Jersey—especially in the neighbourhood of Princeton—a girl cannot be legally stolen who is over fifteen. The legislature of New Jersey seems to have wisely concluded that a young girl who is brought up on the Shorter Catechism comes to years of discretion and judgment one year earlier than the girl who has no intellectual pabulum stronger than the Boston Congregationalist and the Saybrook Platform. Presbyterian girls never elope, anyway. The qualifications of the celebrant vary in various States. In Vermont, Massachusetts, Ohio, Indiana, Minnesota, Mississippi, and Nevada an "ordained" minister may perform the rite. The Romanists and Episcopalians deny that any minister is ordained, except by the imposition of the hands of their bishops—so their girls usually insist upon the offices of a priest. In Colorado any licensed minister has the authority. So also in Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Missouri, Texas, and Wyoming. The New Jersey Legislature, we are grieved to say, gets its ecclesiastical nomenclature a little mixed—"a stated and ordained minister." The Indiana Legislature has a protective tariff for the home industry of marrying off Hoosier girls. The right is limited to ministers residing within the State. The Illinois law is that the celebrant must be a "minister in regular standing." Rhode Island is a little State, but it is sensible. There a ruling elder may officiate; but as there are not many ruling elders in that State, the rivalry between them and the teaching elders for marriage fees cannot be said to be very keen. But the dignity of the right to administer the rite is impaired by the fact that in some localities a notary public will do in a pinch.

The notaries in Florida and in the Feliciana parish in Louisiana have the authority. Possibly that is the reason why that particular parish is named Feliciana. In Virginia, West Virginia, and Maryland, none but ordained ministers are authorized. The noses of Their Honours, even that of the governor, are out of joint at weddings in those favoured States. But the preachers have to file bonds in the penal sum of \$1,500 each that they will do it in good style and according to law. In all the States marriage in the limits of lineal consanguinity, ascending or descending, is forbidden, and also within the limits of collateral consanguinity nearer than first cousins. First cousins are forbidden to marry within the boundaries of Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Dakota, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Montana, Nevada, New Hampshire, Ohio, Oregon, Washington, and Wyoming. The question of the legality of marriages within the limit of relationship by affinity has long provoked debate—the cause of which trouble has come from the neglect of the consideration of very plain and obvious principles. Marriage between two institutes conventional, not real, relationships between others, and between themselves and others. These relationships come into existence by the marriage, and depend upon it for existence. The obvious principle is that when the marriage ceases they cease. A man is his wife's sister's brother-in-law so long as his wife lives—no longer. The marriage dissolved by death, all the collateral chains fastened upon that broken link fall with it. The confusion of the laws of the various States on this subject is because there are no straight paths through the thicket and tangle of marriage—and will not be so long as human nature is what it is. Society goes bumping and thumping along the way, knocking its head first against one post of the old matrimonial coach, and then against the other. Parental dictation, if allowed, runs to mercenariness. Youthful freedom runs to all sorts of senselessness. But it is wonderful that so little harm comes of matrimonial blundering. The sum total is one of fitness and happiness—more blessing than cursing. Mankind testifies that the married life is worth living.—*The Interior.*

THE MANIA AGAINST LATIN.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY has recently re-aroused the mania of imperfectly educated persons against Latin either as a study or as an element in the English language. He says that Keats and Spenser stand to him for the best English, and that neither was a Latinist. It is not clear in what sense Professor Huxley means this to be taken. Neither, so far as is known, published any Latin prose or verse. But that Spenser studied and appreciated Latin is reasonably certain from the fact that it was he, more than any other English writer of his epoch, who availed himself of the Norman French, which was so largely Latin, in creating a vocabulary of Elizabethan English, to which he materially contributed. He was diligently studied himself for his Latin-English by such Latinistic English writers as Cowley, Milton, Pope, and Dryden and by Shakespeare himself. Much of the English in the "Faerie Queen" must have been unintelligible to those who did not know either Norman French or Latin. Was it in the limited and base dictionary of the Anglo-Saxon churls he found also what words of Greek he employed—Epithalamion, for instance? Was it in only the English of his time he learned of Aurora, Gloriana, the Titans, Phœbus, Pluto, Proserpina, Lucifera, Argus, Phœdra, Cymochles, Jason, Medea, and "Ye learned sisters which have oftentimes beene to me ayding, others to adorne"? Still less is certain about the youthful scholastic opportunities of Keats than of Spenser; but in his verse there is complete refutation of the presumption that he was not a Latinist in the essential sense, that he fully realized the superior delicacy and emotion of the Latin element in the English language and employed it as the proper vehicle of his passionate thought. It is undeniable that Spenser was Keats favourite author. But Keats was more Italian or Greek than Latin or Teuton; his strength and his weakness were altogether antique, and his spiritual wealth and his spiritual deficiencies were as purely pagan as those of Sappho or Horace. His conduct stamped a certain character upon the criticism of his time in condemnation of him; but we who have a right to judge only by what remains of him, the imperishable and immortal part, can forget the misdemeanours of the invalid while we cherish the achievements of the poet. The whole of Endymion is a monument of pure Latinistic English, for, dealing with such material, Saxon or even Norman Saxon English would have been at once inadequate and inappropriate; and, as the instinct of propriety is as despotic in the true poet as the demand for adequacy is irresistible, it was necessary for Keats to avoid the earlier vocabulary of Chaucer and take the latter, which Spenser amplified. In this eclectic vocabulary there was, of course, a considerable deposit of pure English which has come down even to us undefiled, and Keats uses it with unusual limpidity and force. A stanza from the "Eve of St. Agnes" will serve as a fair sample of his verbal composition:—

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,  
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,  
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;  
Rose-bloom fell on her hands together prest,  
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,  
And on her hair a glory like a saint.  
She seemed a splendid angel newly drest  
Save wings, for heaven. Porphyro grew faint;  
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Of the important idea words twenty-five are Latin almost directly, and sixteen of them are words with one syllable. In the Miltonic Latin-English the preponderance

of huge compounds and derivatives more German in principle of construction than Latin has led superficial critics to assume that Latin-English is ponderous. Keats writes a vivid and unpolluted style, in which all the healthful ingredients of English have spontaneous and harmonious proportion. It is assuredly possible to spend too much time on Latin as a study by itself. But that a knowledge of it is conducive to a better appreciation of English is not open to debate.—*The Chicago Herald.*

HISTORY OF ENGLISH WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

THE jewellers of the middle ages used in their delicate scales the hard brown seeds of the Moorish Carob-tree (*Ceratonia siliqua*), and the weight of diamonds is still reckoned by carats, each carat being equal to 3 1-6 troy. The earliest attempt to regulate British weights and measures appears to have been suggested by this example. In 1266 it was declared by statute that "an English penny, called a sterling, round and without any clipping, shall weigh 32 wheat corns in the midst of the ear; and 20 pence do make an ounce, and 12 ounces one pound; and 8 pounds do make a gallon of wine, and 8 gallons of wine do make a London bushel, which is an eighth part of a quarter." We have here the basis of the British system of reckoning as it survives to-day—the grain, pennyweight, ounce, pound, gallon, bushel and ton, and 240 silver pence equal to a pound sterling. The British gallon is still used for both dry and liquid measure; and the traditional relation between the pound and the gallon is set forth in the old rhyme, which declares that

A pint's a pound  
The world around.

In 1324 the measures of length were defined by a similar statute providing that "three barleycorns, round and dry, laid end to end," shall make one inch, 12 inches a foot, and 3 feet a yard. The 32 wheat corns, adopted as the basis of the British system, appear to have weighed 22½ grains troy, so that the pound of 1266 was equal to 5,400 grains troy. This is the old Saxon pound. The pound troy (pound *du roy*) is the Roman pound, and was doubtless in use simultaneously with the Saxon pound for hundreds of years, but is first mentioned in the statutes in 1414, and was ordained as the standard weight for gold and silver in 1527. As 24 grains make a pennyweight troy, the new pound contained 5,760 grains, exceeding the old weight by 360 grains, or three-quarters of an ounce. The strict pound of 12 ounces was used only in weighing the precious metals, and, with different subdivisions, for the costly drugs and medicines dealt out by apothecaries. For heavy goods (*avoirs du poids*) a more liberal measure was given, like the baker's dozen, and 15 ounces were called a pound. In the same way 28 pounds were called a quarter, and 112 pounds a hundredweight, allowance being made for waste or wrappings. The increase of the pennyweight to 24 grains in 1527 raised the value of the ounce to 480 grains; and accordingly the pound of commerce, containing 15 ounces, was raised to 7,200 grains. As 250 grains of wine were reckoned equal to a cubic inch, the gallon, containing 8 of these pounds, or 57,600 grains, had a capacity of 230.4, or in even numbers 231 cubic inches. This is the wine gallon now in use in the United States. The ale or beer gallon of 282 cubic inches was originally a measure containing 8 pounds of wheat at 204 grains to the cubic inch. The name *avoirdupois* was transferred at a very early date from the heavy goods, which it indicated, to the system by which they were weighed. It occurs first in the statutes of 1335 and 1353. The early pound of 15 ounces of 450 grains each—6,750 grains—was raised by law, as has been shown, to 7,200 grains, making 16 of the old ounces. In practice, however, the pound seems to have fallen below this standard to about 7,000.

KILLING A LARGE FISH.

THE Doctor was filling his pipe and quoting Virgil in the same breath, when I felt a tug that electrified every nerve in my body and almost jerked me out of the boat. I can imagine nothing resembling it, unless it were within the possibilities of modern surgery to have an arm or leg extracted in the same instantaneous fashion with which dentists jerk out a tooth. "Great Jehosaphat!" roared the Doctor, as he felt the boat thrill, "what was that?" That very instant a splash was heard behind the boat, and looking back we saw a magnificent muskallonge, as long as a ten-year-old child, leap his full length above the water, and then turning in mid-air, while every scale of his sinuous form glittered resplendently for a glorious second, he made a fierce plunge and dove out of sight. Suddenly the strain on my line relaxed and for a moment I felt my heart crawling up my windpipe. My fish was off! But I was quickly recalled to consciousness by John's impatient "Wind up, quick! He's coming," and began to take in the slack in a style that made my reel fairly spin. Just then I caught a glimpse of a dark shape coming up toward the boat. John quietly drew out a revolver and bent over the side. Nearer and nearer grew the shadowy mass; it reached the top. "Crack!" and with a few convulsive shudders my big fish lay motionless upon the water with a bullet hole through his head. My! but he was a monster! Forty-nine inches long, and registered full forty pounds.—*From "After Muskallonge and Wall-Eyed Pike," by K. D. Peterson, in Outing for October.*

THE opportunity to do mischief is met with a hundred times a day; that to do good once a year.—*Voltaire.*

THE SPEED OF A HORSE.

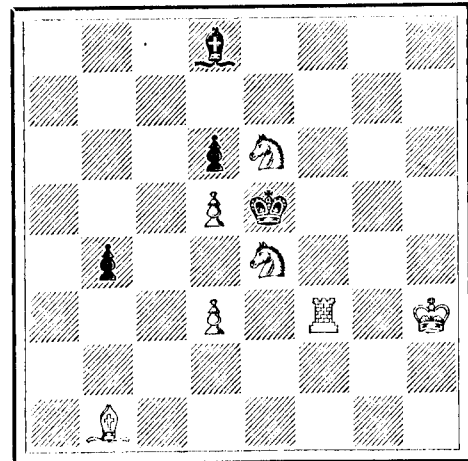
WHILE the public is still marvelling over Salvator's wonderful performance in running a mile in 1.35½, there are few who have, through comparison and analysis, sought to realize what a terrific burst of speed this is. It is nearly forty miles an hour—a rate averaged by very few of our fastest railway trains. There are 5,280 feet in a mile, so that for every one of these ninety-five seconds—for every beat of a man's pulse—this wonderful horse covered fifty-five and three-tenths feet of ground. The shortest space of time noted by the turfman's watch is a quarter of a second—an interval so brief that the eye can hardly observe, the mind can hardly appreciate it. Yet in every one of those 382 quarters of a second that magnificent creature leaped sixteen and three-tenths feet. Such are the amazing results of careful breeding as exhibited in the American race horse. Is the human race improving in the same ratio? Scarcely.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 503.

By EDITOR *Glasgow Herald.*

BLACK.



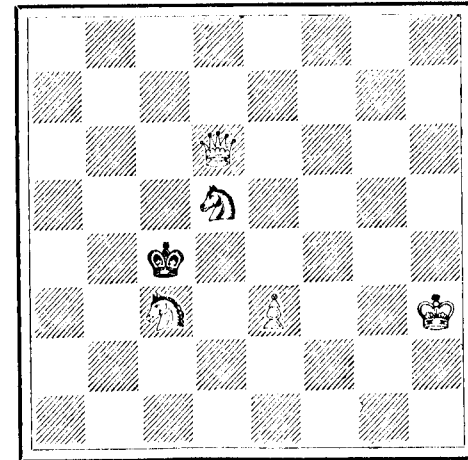
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 504.

J. P. TAYLOR.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 497.		No. 498.	
White.	Black.		
1. R-B 7	1. K x R		R-B 5
2. Q-R 5 +	2. K-B 3		
3. P-K 5 mate			
2. P-R 7	if 1. B x R		
3. P-R 8 becoming a Kt mate.	2. moves		
	3. P-R 8 becoming a Kt mate.		
	With other variations.		

PLAYED AT PHILADELPHIA DURING DECEMBER, 1882.

RUY LOPEZ.

O. E. MICHAELIS.	W. STEINITZ.	O. E. MICHAELIS.	W. STEINITZ.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	14. P-B 5	B-B 1
2. Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	15. B-B 4	Kt-K 4
3. B-Kt 5	P-Q R 3	16. Kt-Q 2	R-K 1
4. B-R 4	K Kt-K 2 (a)	17. Kt-B 3	B-B 3
5. P-Q 4	P x P.	18. Kt x Kt	B x Kt
6. Kt x P	Kt x Kt	19. Q-R 5	B x B
7. Q x Kt	P-Q Kt 4	20. R x B	Q-B 3
8. B-Kt 3	P-Q 3	21. R-Q 1	B-Kt 2
9. P-Q B 3	P-Q B 4	22. Q-K 2	Q-K 4
10. Q-Q 1	B-K 3	23. Q-Q 2	Q-R-Q 1
11. B-B 2	Kt-B 3	24. P-B 6 (c)	P-Kt 3
12. Castles	B-K 2	25. R-B 5	
13. P-K B 4	Castles (b)		And Black resigns (d)

NOTES.

- (a) This, as is well known, constitutes a modification of the old Carrera defence, much favoured by Steinitz.
- (b) All "book" so far, we believe; but this seems perhaps a little premature, in view of the discomfort arising from White's reply.
- (c) A fine and powerful coup, to which Black has apparently no satisfactory response, White menacing R-B 5 in almost any event.
- (d) There is nothing better than to sacrifice his Q for the R, and that would only prolong matters.—*Boston Post.*

# RADWAY'S ALWAYS RELIABLE PILLS PURELY VEGETABLE.

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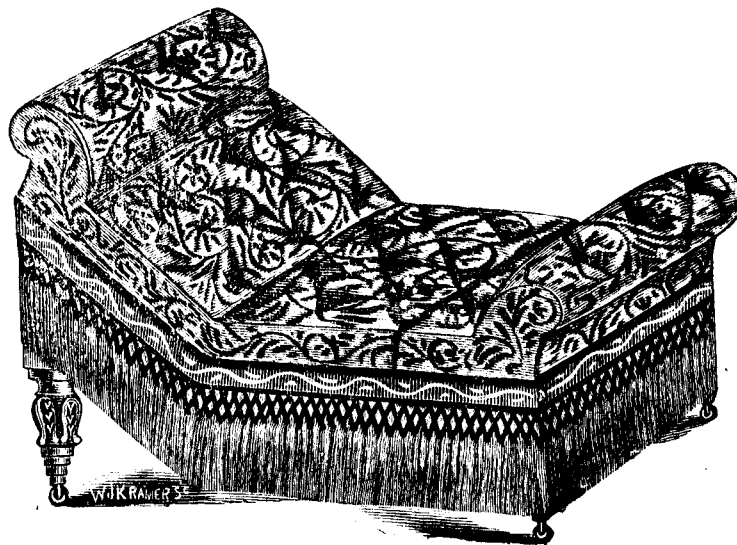
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