

# THE WEEK:

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Of which was re-assured with other offices ..... 6,882,060 00  
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Being an increase during the year of ..... 888,470 73

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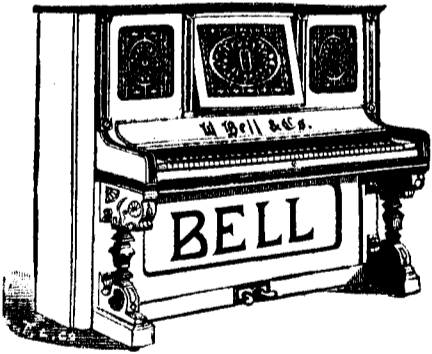
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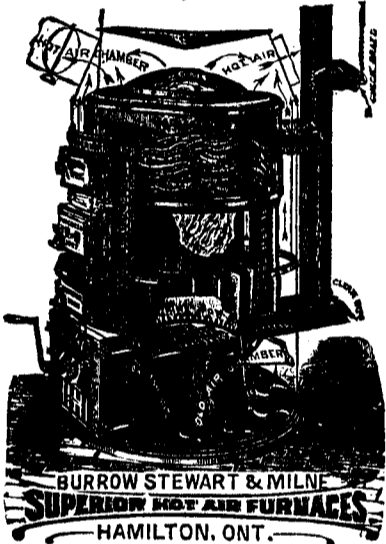
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

WE drew attention a few weeks since to an appeal made to the Dominion Government by Mr. S. J. Ritchie, of Akron, Ohio, in which the writer proposed, on condition of liberal aid being given by railway bonus and otherwise, to engage in the business of smelting iron and copper on a large scale in Ontario. Very large results were promised in the shape of employment for labour and other large disbursements. In a recent letter to the *World* Mr. W. H. Merritt, mining engineer and metallurgist of this city, follows up the subject, and adduces cogent arguments based on statistics, to show that the matter is well worth the serious consideration of both the Dominion and Provincial Governments. Some of the figures quoted by Mr. Merritt are striking and suggestive. He shows, for instance, that while the exact mineral production of the United States for the year 1888 was \$591,659,931, of which enormous sum more than one-half was composed of coal and pig iron, the mineral production of Canada the same year was \$16,500,000, or about one-third per capita the value of the total mineral production of the United States. It is clear, as Mr. Merritt intimates, that no corresponding disparity exists in the natural mineral resources of the two countries. He further points out that just what the process of converting the raw materials into finished goods is to the manufacturer, that the extraction of the metal from the ores is to the smelter, and that, consequently, the latter is as much entitled, in the interests of the country, to be adequately protected, as the former. In reply to the familiar assertion that the population of Canada is too small to admit of the successful carrying on of this industry, and that one blast furnace would glut the market, Mr. J. H. Bartlett is quoted to the effect that our present annual consumption is equivalent to 230,000 tons of pig iron per annum, which would necessitate at least sixteen blast furnaces of 100 tons in twenty-four hours, allowing for some being out of blast for repairs, etc.; and if some are reckoned as charcoal furnaces of a smaller size, the number would still be increased. The

subject is certainly worthy of being carefully investigated. Would not the Government be justified in appointing a commission of reliable experts to report upon the whole question?

AMONG the candidates for the Chair of Metaphysics and Logic now vacant in Toronto University, is, we perceive, Rev. E. J. Hamilton, D.D., S.T.D., now Professor of Intellectual Philosophy in Hamilton College, New York. From the imposing list of testimonials furnished it appears that Professor Hamilton has taught Mental Science with much success in several colleges in the United States, and is regarded by those who have had the best opportunities for judging as a sound and efficient instructor. Among the distinguished names appended to his testimonials we notice those of Hon. Theodore W. Dwight, D.D., LL.D., of Columbia College Law School, New York; James McCosh, D.D., LL.D., Ex-President of the College of New Jersey, at Princeton; W. D. Wilson, D.D., LL.D., Professor Emeritus of Mental Science in Cornell University, and other scholars of high standing in the United States and Canada. Dr. Hamilton is the author of a book entitled "The Human Mind," and other smaller works which have received favourable notice from many competent critics. Not having before us a full list of the names of applicants (probably numerous) for this important chair, we are not in a position to express any opinion in regard to the comparative merits of candidates. We are glad, however, to see that the chief difficulty of the Minister of Education in making the appointment is more likely to arise from the embarrassment of riches than from that of poverty. The chair is, both from the purely educational, and from the moral and religious point of view, one of the most important in the University, and the task of making a selection will be difficult and delicate. We have no means of knowing, though the public might claim the right to know, what general principles are to govern in the appointment, and especially whether it is deemed indispensable or desirable that the incoming professor should belong to the same metaphysical school as his lamented predecessor. Dr. Hamilton, though regarded as an independent thinker, is conservative in his views and may be classed with intuitionists like McCosh and Porter. Personally he is held in the highest esteem, and, in the opinion of Dr. Caven and others by whom he is recommended, "his doctrines and his personal influence would be equally favourable to all that is good."

MANY independent and thoughtful Canadians are hoping that the first fruits of the "Equal Rights" agitation will be its indirect effect in breaking up the old party organizations which have done so much to retard the progress and corrupt the politics of the country. But we are sorry to observe, on the other hand, that the new Association is in no small danger of itself being split upon the rock of partyism. There are, beyond question, among the leaders of the movement many single-minded and patriotic men, who are in downright earnest in seeking the proposed reforms, and who are quite ready to sacrifice old party preferences and affiliations for the sake of the higher objects in view. It is equally obvious, however, that many members of the Association still cling tenaciously to their respective parties, and are chiefly anxious that the new movement may be so manipulated as to further the interests of their own party leaders and defeat their opponents. By way of illustration, we may refer to the resignation of the Secretary of the Ottawa branch of the Association, on the ground that it is being made use of for political, that is partisan, purposes. It is not always safe to take too literally the expressions put into the mouths of those who are interviewed by the reporters, but, if we may give credence to a seemingly straightforward account of the reasons given by this gentleman for resigning, the case affords an amusing and suggestive example of the warping influence of partisanship. Mr. Bradbury is represented as rightly holding that both political parties should unite and sink mere party objects in the national welfare, and regretting that this is not being done by the Ottawa branch of the Association. The first object of this branch seems to be, he avers, to attack and destroy the Federal Government and place the Liberals in power; thence his

resignation. But the next minute he relapses into a violent denunciation of the Mowat Ministry, declaring that Mowat is a catspaw of the Jesuits and has been for years in the hands of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Toronto, and that he holds power by pandering to the Jesuits and encouraging the growth of French nationalism. Unless the party spirit can be more effectually exorcised, the outlook for the Equal Rights Association is far from hopeful.

IF it be true, as Rev. Principal Grant said in his address at Niagara the other day, and as is being constantly said on the platform and in the press, that the present state of things in Canada cannot continue, it follows that no subject is more worthy of thought and discussion by Canadians than that of the future of their country. Rightly or wrongly the conviction has taken hold of the minds of many of the most far-seeing amongst us, that the present Confederation is but a stage in the course of Canadian development, and that current events are bringing near the period of the next transition. The great majority of the more thoughtful will also agree with Dr. Grant's further proposition that the only means now left of escaping from the position of a dependency is to assume the responsibilities of national life, either alone, or in conjunction with the rest of the Empire. These are practically the alternatives. The conditions of the problem, as thus given, are brought within comparatively narrow limits. The great end to be kept in view is emancipation from the disabilities and dwarfing tendencies of dependency, and entrance upon a new era of growth and progress under the healthful and energizing stimulation of a sense of national responsibility. Dr. Grant's address, if we may rely upon the summaries given in the newspaper reports, consisted mainly of a *résumé*, first, of the chief objections to Independence, and secondly, of the advantages which would ensue from Imperial Federation. In view of the well-known ability of the speaker and the enthusiastic attention he has given to the subject, his views cannot fail to deserve careful scrutiny, and may be fairly taken to represent the most that is to be said, within so small a compass, in support of the scheme he advocates.

SOME of the considerations urged by Dr. Grant in favour of Imperial Federation, as opposed to Independence, are as follows: The days of small nations are over. Canada is a trading nation, and wants a share in the management of the British fleet, for the defence of her trade. She wants a voice in determining her foreign relations, that she may be in the best position to extend her commerce, and that it may no longer be possible that she might be plunged into war through no fault of her own. In regard to the first point, even if the general statement be accepted, it may be urged that the objection can lie only against a small nation which has no room or capacity for growth, and so must in the nature of things remain small. Otherwise the proposition is absurd. Every great nation was once small. No nation ever sprung suddenly into being, Athenalike, full grown and fully equipped. If as Dr. Grant himself points out, Canada's influence in the federation would grow with the increase of her population, would not the same argument hold good, *a fortiori*, with respect to Independence? Who shall deny the right of nationality to five millions of people with the best blood of both hemispheres in their veins, and with half the North-American Continent, rich in all the resources of the North Temperate Zone, as their patrimony? The remark concerning the need of a great fleet to defend her commerce is very familiar, but no one has yet told us what enemy is lying in wait to attack that commerce. Indeed it might not be difficult to construct a plausible argument to show that the commerce of Canada, independent, without a fleet, would be exposed to less risk than that of Canada federated, with the mighty army of ironclads which is now manœuvring off the coast of England to protect it, just as in case of the threatened European war, the commerce of the feeblest state of Europe or America will be safer than that of France or Germany, or even of Great Britain should the latter be drawn into the struggle. And as to treaty-making power, not much reflection is necessary to make it clear that the slight influence she could bring to bear amidst the weighty and complicated interests of a great Imperial Federation

would bear no comparison in point of value with the advantages that would result from absolute freedom to negotiate solely in her own interests. Canada certainly wants the full management of her own affairs, but it would be hard to give any good reason why she should want a fair share or any share in the management of the affairs of the Empire in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, and all over the world.

THE foregoing remarks relate mainly to material and selfish considerations. The advocates of Imperial Federation rightly attach great value to sentiment. But so do the friends of Independence, and they certainly are entitled to ask whether the vision of an independent Canada with unlimited possibilities of development before it, is not adapted to arouse a higher ambition and a more ardent patriotism than any dream of playing an insignificant part as a fractional appendage to a world-wide Empire could possibly beget. Principal Grant is, inadvertently we are sure, a little unfair when he speaks of Independence as "secession from the Empire." History has given to that word "secession" some disagreeable connotations which do not properly belong to the notion of Canadian Independence. If independent nationality involved any violent tearing away from the parent stock, any abrupt breaking off of old and cherished relationships, or even of friendly intercourse; if it must necessarily leave behind a heritage of bitter enmity, or a burning sense of injustice, ingratitude and wrong, then, indeed, the argument from sentiment would carry overpowering weight. But when it means nothing more than the severance by mutual consent of the very slack and slender apron-string by which the well-grown youth is now kept under the tutelage of the mother, instead of being thrown upon his own resources; when it is simply the last stage in the process of an evolution, the natural culmination of which is an energetic, self-reliant manhood, the painful images suggested by the word "secession" are surely out of place. When Principal Grant asks in reply to the fear that Canada would be without influence in the proposed federation, "Is Canada going to give way to the argument of timidity?" the friends of Independence may well thank him for giving them that word. Is not the argument of timidity the argument which he himself and others like-minded most strenuously urge against the advocates of Canadian nationality? Our aim being friendly and useful discussion, not controversy, we shall not dwell upon other points which suggest themselves, such as the difference of opinion between Dr. Grant, whose view is also that of Lord Salisbury, on the one hand, and Sir Charles Tupper on the other, as to whether England or Canada should take the initiative; or the fact that the idea of a discriminating tariff in favour of Colonial wheat, which was put forward by Colonel Denison, and which if attainable, would be the strongest and most tangible inducement that the project could offer to Canada, seems now to have been finally disposed of by the collapse of the Fair Trade movement in England.

THE resignation of Mr. Prendergast, Provincial Secretary, from the Manitoba Cabinet is accepted as showing that the abolition of Separate Schools and the discontinuance of the official use of the French language are a part of the fixed policy of the Administration. It is now stated that Mr. Prendergast's resignation was handed in in June last, which seems to show that the determination of the Government has not been come to suddenly or without due deliberation. Mr. Prendergast is said to have stated that he does not intend to withdraw his support from the Government, save in regard to these specific matters. This may perhaps indicate that the success of the Government measures is foreseen, and that the Opposition will content itself with a protest. Did Mr. Prendergast regard the proposed action as a terrible injustice, or a gross violation of good faith, it is inconceivable that he could think of continuing to give a friendly support to the Government and the party capable of committing themselves to it.

TWO distinct questions are involved in such a discussion as that which is likely to be raised by the action of the Manitoba Government—the one touching the abstract justice of the principles underlying the proposed reform, the other, its fairness or otherwise in view of existing constitutional obligations. The latter concerns more the Dominion Government and Legislature than those of the Province, inasmuch as the framing of the Constitution was the work of the former rather than of the latter. On this point it may be said generally that the right of a Province

to make such reforms in its institutions and modes of working as are dictated by experience, helpful to progress, and approved by a large majority of citizens seems to be a corollary of its autonomy. Denied such powers, a Province could no longer be considered self-governing or free. Apart from constitutional and historical limitations no sufficient reason could be now urged for the publication of the official documents of Manitoba in the French language. When that requirement was embodied in the Manitoba Act, it was in the expectation, no doubt, of a large migration from Quebec into the North-West. It seemed, in fact, not improbable that the French might be the preponderating element in the population of the new Province. That expectation has not been fulfilled. Were the Constitution now being drawn up, in view of the smallness of the French-speaking minority such a proposal would be regarded as an absurdity and would hardly be considered for a moment. Why then should the Province be handicapped for all time to come by an obligation involving great trouble and expense, which was imposed to meet a condition which is practically non-existent? In view of the fact that this clause of the Constitution has been already suffered to fall into partial disuse, apparently without protest, it may be hoped that no serious objection will be raised to the proposed change, so far as the language is concerned.

THERE is, undoubtedly, a certain amount of force in the main argument used on behalf of Catholic Separate Schools. The gist of that argument is, if we understand it, about as follows: Roman Catholics cannot conscientiously send their children to the public schools, therefore it is unjust that they should be taxed for the support of such schools, as they can derive no benefit from them. This sounds plausible. If these objections on conscientious grounds had a positive basis, if they were urged as against any system of faith or morals actually taught in public schools, they might be hard to answer. But when it appears, on closer scrutiny, that the exception is taken not to what is taught but to what is not taught in the public schools, the argument loses its force, or at least the reply is easy. The Province is willing and careful either to eliminate from the public school all teaching to which Catholics can reasonably object, or to so arrange the programme that no child of Catholic parentage shall be required to be present at any such exercise. Clearly, then, the grievance no longer exists. The contention at once assumes a different character. The demand for Separate Schools now implies that the Catholic clergy and laity demand that money derived from the taxation of Protestants and Catholics alike be appropriated to aid them in teaching tenets and observances which are distinctly Catholic in character. This is not the object of a public school system, and it involves injustice to the non-Catholic population. This answer is, so far as we can see, sufficient and conclusive. But may not the Government go much further and say that to give public money for the support of Separate Schools is not simply to use unfairly the public funds. It means much more than this. It is to give public money in aid of the propagation of doctrines which are distinctly subversive of the supremacy of the civil authority which governments represent. It will not be denied that it is a doctrine of the Catholic Church, taught by all her authorities and unequivocally enforced by more than one famous Papal syllabus, that the ecclesiastical is superior to the civil authority, that it has the right to limit and overrule the decrees of the latter, that the ideas of civil and religious liberty which are the basis of all our modern free institutions, are wrong and bring those holding them under the anathemas of the Church. To give public money in aid of distinctively Catholic schools is, therefore, not only wrong in principle and unjust to all non-Catholics, but is suicidal in policy, as tending to the subversion of civil authority and individual liberty. In saying this we are not blaming Catholics for holding or teaching what they may honestly believe. Our aim is merely to show how illogical and unreasonable they are in claiming that the State should aid them in disseminating such views.

THE meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which takes place in Toronto during the week beginning 28th instant, promises to be of unusual interest. On two previous occasions has the Association crossed the border—its meetings in 1857 and 1882 were held in Montreal. A great many eminent names are already mentioned as among the scientists who will honour the Toronto meeting with their presence. Major

Powell, Chief of the United States Geological Survey, is the retiring president this year; and Professor Mendenhall, the new Superintendent of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, is president-elect. Among the vice-presidents are Professor G. L. Goodale, for some years assistant to Professor Asa Gray and his successor in the chair of botany at Harvard; Professor C. A. White, of Washington, the eminent paleontologist; and General Garrick Mallery, of the United States Bureau of Ethnology, who has cast a flood of light on the origin of written speech by his studies of the pictography and sign-languages of the North American Indians. Forestry preservation is to be discussed by Professor B. E. Fernow, Chief of the United States Forestry Bureau; the silver question by Hon. Messrs. Dana S. Horton and W. L. Treholm; scientific cookery by Edward Atkinson, Esq., of Boston, the eminent statistician, and Dr. W. O. Atwater, a chemist, who has made food his specialty; trade channels, by Captain H. C. Taylor, Vice-president Nicaragua Canal Company; and indeed not make too long a list there is promise that in every one of its eight sections, masterly papers will be presented on all the lines on which science is to-day most rapidly advancing.

THE proposal that trial by jury in civil cases should be abolished in Manitoba has given rise to considerable discussion, both in the Province immediately concerned and elsewhere. The jury system as at present conducted undoubtedly proves in many cases a very defective instrument for securing justice. No one who is in the least degree familiar with the practice of the Courts can doubt that in many cases the verdict of the jury is more in the nature of a "toss-up" than of the result of a careful weighing of evidence; that the advocates on one side or the other often succeed in "packing" the jury box to the small extent necessary to defeat the ends of justice; that the jurors chosen are often of a class quite unfitted by education and mental habit for casting aside the prejudice of sect, party, caste, locality, and so forth, and giving a true verdict according to the evidence. There is undeniable truth in the statement of the *Winnipeg Sun* that "as a rule the suitor who is confident his case is a righteous one is anxious to bring it before a judge, but if it is rather 'off colour,' he seeks adjudication before a jury." It would not be easy to overestimate the significance of such a fact. But while it is not hard to find serious defects in the time-honoured system of "trial by jury," it is by no means so easy to find a substitute which may not lead to other and greater wrongs and abuses. Trial by judge without option is not, in our opinion, such a substitute. It may at once be admitted that, by virtue of his peculiar training and ingrained sense of responsibility, the average judge of to-day is far more likely to be free from bias, as well as far more capable of discerning between right and wrong in an intricate case, than the average jurymen. How much more likely is he then to judge righteously than the least informed, least intelligent, and least just of twelve average jurymen? And, so long as any one of the twelve may render a right verdict impossible, this is really the proper form of the comparison. But is it not pretty clear, on the other hand, that to abandon the jury system and return to one of judicial absolutism would really be to turn back, and a long way back, the hands on the dial of social progress? Trial by a jury of one's peers, even in a civil suit, is a palladium of popular liberty. It has been one of the emancipating agencies which have brought it about that a Gardiner or a Jeffrey on a modern bench of justice is an impossibility. Like other popular functions pertaining to the exercise of self-government, which might perhaps be better performed by proxy, it represents an educative force of great value to the common people, and one which, if they are wise, they will not vote themselves unfit to retain in their hands.

THE fact that no one would think of proposing the abolition of juries in criminal cases is very suggestive. Nor should it be forgotten that in regard to the question of fact, which is the only question upon which the jury has to pronounce in either civil or criminal trials, it is admitted by high judicial authorities that the jurymen is quite as likely to determine correctly as the judge, while in many matters pertaining to ordinary industrial pursuits he is even more likely to do so. In view of all these considerations would it not be wiser, admitting that the jury system is unsatisfactory in many respects, to seek some better alternative than its abolition. It will appear, we think, on careful consideration that it is not the jury system itself, but the condition which demands a unanim-

ous verdict which is oftenest at fault. A high authority has pronounced this requirement, in cases involving, perhaps, merely the ownership of a few dollars' worth of property, absurd. Why not make a three-fourths or five-sixths majority sufficient, thus putting it out of the power of a single interested or obstinately prejudiced jurymen to override the clear judgments of his eleven associates and defeat the ends of justice? The States of California and Louisiana, across the border, have already adopted the majority system with satisfactory results, and the Constitutional Convention of Idaho now propose to adopt it. Some of the greatest legal authorities commend it. Hallam regarded the requirement of unanimity as "a preposterous relic of barbarism." There is probably a valid distinction, in this regard, between civil and criminal cases. In the latter it is generally conceded to be better that many guilty persons should escape punishment than that one innocent one should suffer, especially when the penalty is death. But in the former it is better that the property should be given to him who is probably its rightful owner than that it should remain in the hands of one to whom it does not, probably, belong, and *vice versa*. We fancy that on mature deliberation the people of Manitoba will be more likely to adopt the majority plan than to voluntarily deprive themselves of the right and safeguard of trial by jury.

REPLYING to a question in the Commons, Sir James Ferguson said that the statement of the Berlin *National Zeitung* to the effect that the British policy is identical with that of the Triple Alliance was mere conjecture, and that England had entered into no engagements which would fetter her liberty of action. This must, of course, be accepted as true in the letter; but it will not be easy to convince those who have noted recent occurrences, such as the visit of the German Emperor—itsself we believe an unprecedented event—his reception in England, his evident desire to conciliate English opinion and feeling, and the changed tone of those German journals which are supposed to reflect most nearly the sentiments of the Imperial Court, that there is not a little more in all this than meets the eye. It is only a few days since the North German Gazette, which is regarded as Prince Bismark's organ, almost went out of its way to caution the members of the German Colonial Company against saying anything unfriendly to England at their approaching meeting, assuring them that England's friendship is of more value to Germany than all the expedition could obtain on the Upper Nile. These and other straws show pretty clearly how the wind is at present blowing, in Germany at least. Nor can it be denied that a good understanding between these two great nations, based on just principles and aims, would be a grand thing for Europe and the world. The two countries are natural allies. Their people are sprung from the same stock, they have many of the same characteristics, and apart from the blighting effects of Germany's strained relations with France, and her strong tendencies towards absolutism and militarism—things which bear to each other the relation of cause and effect—there seems to be no good reason why the two nations should not work together cordially and mightily for the peace of Europe and the spread of civilization.

WHAT manner of man is this Shah of Persia who has been visiting England? We confess that our curiosity has become somewhat piqued. When his visit was first foreshadowed, and even after his arrival was announced, we were conscious of none but the most languid interest in the matter. But since that time the accounts and descriptions have been so marvellously discrepant that we should really like to know how to picture him. Is he the filthy, ill-bred, self-absorbed and prodigiously boorish barbarian that has been pictured for us in so many newspaper paragraphs? Or is he the embodiment of Oriental dignity and grace, the paragon of kingly condescension and unfailing courtesy, so glowingly depicted by another set of writers? The historian of a future century who shall undertake to prepare from files of English and American newspapers of the year 1889 a description of the person, manners, and characteristics of this honoured guest of England, will have a sorry task, and should be excused if he gives it up in despair. One thing is, however, made clear with refreshing, we had almost said painful, frankness, by the English papers, since the Shah's departure, and that is the large part played by self-interest in the exceptional attentions showered upon him in England. Englishmen of every grade but the lowest were conscious that it was to their interest to cause him to think well of them and their

country. "We wish," said a leading journal, "to convince the Shah that it is to his interest to cultivate the friendship of this country, and that one of the modes in which such friendship may be shown is that Persia should enter upon the path of commercial development." The motive may not be a high one, but it is healthful in its operation, and will, there is little doubt, be productive of good results, for the Shah, during the last fortnight of his stay, was not backward in announcing his determination to extend Persian trade with Great Britain by every means in his power.

THE elections in France, which are now but a few weeks distant, will, it may be assumed, either finally dispose of Boulanger and his pretensions, and give to the Republic a new lease of life, or will make the case more complicated and dangerous than ever by practically inviting him to come home and attempt a *coup d'état*. The latter contingency seems now so improbable that it may almost be dismissed from the reckoning. The man who ignominiously fled from his country to escape trial for treason, even before a hostile tribunal, and who now stands convicted of embezzlement and conspiracy against the commonwealth, is hardly the man to fire the French imagination to the heat-mark of revolution. It is true that the court which tried him in his absence was rather a junto of personal enemies than a bench of impartial judges, nevertheless the evidence seems to have been pretty damaging, and the denial lacks in dignity and convincingness. It is very unlikely that any request for extradition will be made, and still more unlikely that such request would be granted. All British traditions, and all British precedents, with the single exception, if that can be called an exception, of Napoleon, are against it. In all probability little more will be heard of the matter until the elections, and these will, if we may judge from the results of his trial of strength in the late local contests, give the *coup de grace* to Boulanger's ambitious projects.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE, OF EDINBURGH.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE is one of the most picturesque sights in a city of picturesque sights. Few visitors from this side of the Atlantic care to leave Edinburgh without catching a glimpse of the celebrated Professor. It is not difficult to see him, for he is often to be found walking along Princes Street. His appearance singles him out even in a crowd. The little figure covered with a plaid artistically draped; the strikingly intellectual face, crowned with long, silver hair, which falls loosely on the shoulders; the buoyant youthfulness of manner, so seldom seen in an octogenarian, and the stout staff, carried easily if not jauntily in the right hand, go to make a picture which cannot fail to call attention. In spite of his eighty years, the Professor is in full enjoyment of physical and mental vigour. With all his eccentricities, Edinburgh loves and is proud of him. She has cause to be, for he is one of the few literary giants London has not been able to steal from her.

The story of eighty years of mental development and literary activity cannot be told in this article, but enough of it may be told to show why Professor Blackie is a prominent figure in Scottish life. He is first and foremost a Scotchman. His affection for and loyalty to "the land of heather and flood" has never faltered for one moment. Age seems to brighten instead of chill the fire of patriotism in his breast. Born in Glasgow in 1809, he received his education at the famous University of St. Andrews. While in his teens he gave proof of scholarship. Theology was his first love, and he went through part of the ordinary curriculum with the view of becoming a preacher. But the tendency to leave beaten paths which characterizes the man led the boy to adopt views considered heterodox then. He had to give up the pulpit and turn his thoughts to another sphere of activity. All the same he was born to be a preacher, and a preacher he has ever been, though he humorously calls himself a "stickit minister." His study of the Bible, which was so thorough that before he was fifteen years old he had made a complete digest of the New Testament in the original Greek, left an abiding impression on his mind, and shaped the current of his energies. He himself has declared, "I was not more than fifteen years old when I was moved to adopt the ideal ethics of the Gospel as my test of sentiment and my standard of conduct; and to this I adhered steadily thenceforward, just as a young seaman would stick to his compass and to his chart, and a young pedestrian to his map of an unknown country." The influence of the Bible was changed and coloured by residence in Germany, where the young student came under the spell of Goethe and Schiller. These writers led him into a new world of thought. "Faust" had a special charm for him. His first literary labour was a translation of that wonderful poem, in which much of the weird and fascinating power of the original is preserved. Devotion to poetry did not banish severer study. He rapidly made a name for himself in scholastic circles. At the early age of thirty-two he was appointed to the chair of Latin in Aberdeen. There he laboured with considerable success until 1852, when he was transferred to the more important and congenial work of Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh.

Blackie's aim as a teacher was to vivify the study of a dead language. To help him to accomplish this he travelled in Greece until he could talk fluently with the natives. On his return home he strove to change the pronunciation of Greek from the ancient to the modern form. But the conservative college dons of Oxford were stronger than the radical professor of Edinburgh. His methods were not adopted outside his own class-room. That did not, however, dampen his enthusiasm. He drew up conversational dialogues for his students, and so trained them to use tongue and ears as well as eyes in reading Greek; and he often read from the desk extracts from a newspaper published in Athens. The great argument he used in pleading the teaching of Greek as a living and not as a dead language was the saving of time it would effect. He offered to prove publicly before any assembly of scholars in Oxford or Cambridge that the change could be worked out on English ground "without the slightest prejudice to that minute accuracy and refined classical tone of which English Hellenism has always been proud to make her boast;" but so far as the writer knows, the challenge was never seriously taken up.

The teacher's enthusiasm laid hold of a small number of students annually, but the majority cared for little more than knowledge enough to carry them through the examinations. They loved the racy remarks and humorous asides with which the lectures were interspersed far more than ancient or modern Greek. Of jokes and quips there was abundance. Blackie fairly bubbled over with fun on some days. His class-room rang with laughter in a way that made grim-faced janitors tremble for the dignity of the institution under their care. It was hard to get the students back to order when they slipped the leash. Discipline was occasionally loose enough to justify the name of "Blackie's bear-garden," which was applied by severe-minded students to the Greek class-room. But even they acknowledged the merits of the man, though they might find fault with the methods, or rather lack of method, in the teacher. His sunny nature, healthy counsels, and sympathy with that which lifts up in life and nature won for him the love of his pupils. He had their respect, too, although that respect was not always shown. They said and did things in his presence they would not dare to say or do in the presence of any other professor. Few Edinburgh graduates of the last thirty years meet without having some story to tell of Blackie. One of the best of these brings into light the cleverness and good-humour of the Professor. A written notice on the door of the class-room informed all who came that "Professor Blackie regrets that he cannot meet his *classes* to-day." A wag rubbed out the "c" from "classes" and made it read that the Professor could not meet his "lasses" that day. Long and loud was the laughter caused by this feat. But the laugh was turned when the Professor read, in passing down the quadrangle, his emended notice, smiled roguishly, and daintily erased the letter "l" from the word which had already suffered the loss of one letter. The "asses" met with their master on that occasion, and showed their appreciation of his neat way of turning the tables on them by a hearty round of applause.

Professor Blackie has now given up teaching Greek, and taken to teaching things in general. He cannot be idle, and he cannot be silent. He has something to say on every civil, ecclesiastical, and religious question. The way in which he has his say is characteristic of the man. If he wishes to correct what he thinks is wrong, or to enlighten the darkness of popular ignorance, he writes a letter to one of the morning dailies; or, if the subject requires more comprehensive treatment, he pens an article for one of the monthly magazines. If he has a tribute of admiration to pay to a person or a cause, he does so in a glowing sonnet. Occasionally he puts the sonnet to a new use—he makes it the medium of an apology. For instance, some years ago he wrote a merciless attack on the communion customs of the Highland churches, and sent it to the *Saturday Review*. Later and fuller knowledge showed to him that he had caricatured and misrepresented Highland religion. Thereupon he wrote a eulogistic sonnet, praising what he had formerly condemned, and—still better sign of his repentance—he sent the six guineas he had received for the article to the wife of a Highland minister, to be used for charitable purposes.

Blackie has written many books—too many to have written what will last long. His enthusiasm for whatever subject seizes him seeks expression; so he has treatises on things classical, poetical, philosophical, and theological. He puts so much of himself into what he writes that he is always interesting to read. If none of his books will perpetuate his memory, the Gaelic chair in the University of Edinburgh will. It was founded by him. He collected \$60,000 for its endowment. The preservation of the Celtic language and literature is one of his special hobbies. Reforming the degenerate taste of those in Scotland who prefer English and German music to their own is another. He is never weary of extolling the merits of Scotch songs, and does not hesitate to sing them on the public platform. But it seems as hard work to bring cultured Edinburgh back to singing Scotch songs as it was to convince the Oxford dons that the modern way of pronouncing Greek is better than the old. Reformers are persecuted in various ways. The particular form Blackie's persecution takes is, being laughed at. There are people who think it is easier to go to the stake than to be laughed at, but the irrepressible Professor is far from being discouraged. He is busy sowing his seed, and, as he intends to live to be a hundred years old, he may yet reap a harvest.

D. SUTHERLAND.

## MONTREAL LETTER.

THE unusually cool summer seems to have given a fresh stimulus to holiday enjoyment. Not an alderman is in town. The clergy have all gone. Regattas and sport occupy the first place. A party of gentlemen, lacrosse men from Staten Island, came on for a friendly international match. The play was perfection—that is, it was play, with a leisure about it which was refreshing. There was no rank in the aristocracy of sport to gain or to lose, and from goal to home, the "attack" and "defence," the "centres," the "outside" and "inside homes" conducted themselves with a regard for the gentlemanliness which threatens to become a tradition in the game. We flatter ourselves, of course, that this was from courtesy to the strangers, who either did not, or would not, suffer themselves to be devoured by zeal. A match of prime importance to the Canadian athlete took place on the 17th between the Montreal and the Ottawa clubs, in which the gentlemen from Ottawa, by a very narrow margin, lost their present hope of the championship. By taking four games to one, the Montreal club not only prevented that catastrophe, but redeemed themselves to the identical standard of the Ottawa club. We shall look for the final contest soon.

The competition between what we now know as "the two railways" in the suburbs has given us such improved conveniences in travel that very many families who were wont to seek the Gulf and the Ocean breezes are now discovering the benefits and charms of their own vicinity, which abounds in lovely spots, hitherto "born to blush and bloom unseen, and waste their fragrance on the desert air." Wherever there is a sheet of water, regattas have been held. An itinerant barge does service for a large circuit of places in succession as a pavilion for the judges, and all the yachtsmen and canoeists turn out in full force. The yachts generally open the programme, and while their sheets are bowing and curtseying to the wind the small craft are called out. Single and double sculls; single, double and quadruple paddles; races for gentlemen, ladies and boys, with music and refreshments, and a few frolicsome and preconcerted accidents make up a pleasant afternoon. A "feature" or two is all which distinguishes the races:—A. having a "dug-out" canoe competition; B., a "hurry-scurry" with several upsets and a swim home, and C., raftsmen's scows with as large a crew as the picturesque vessels can well carry.

The twenty-first meeting of the Provincial Rifle Association took place last week at the new ranges at Cote St. Luc. The competitors were encamped on the field, and the arrangements ran as smoothly as may fairly have been expected in the new quarters. In addition to our own riflemen, regiments from Quebec, Ottawa, Huntingdon, Brockville, Halifax, Sherbrooke, and the Queen City were represented. In spite of uncertain weather, the shooting was good. On Wednesday, "Ladies' Day," Sir Adolphe and Lady Caron were present, and, with the officers, held a reception in the council tent, where the prizes were exhibited amid music, refreshments, and patriotic bunting. The ladies were initiated into the secrets of war by firing off a few nine-pounders.

The Society for the Protection of Women and Children have interested themselves in the case of the young lady who was so cruelly arrested by our police on a charge of resembling a supposed murderess, and intend exerting themselves in the direction of securing the payment of her legal expenses, either through the City Council or the Minister of Justice. According to dreadful things which are happening as well in the liberty of the East as in the license of the West, we should have a Society for the Protection of Husbands and Friends.

The Rev. Dr. Wolff has lectured to us on "People We can do Without." As "put upon the list," he referred to 500,000 vendors of spirituous poison, as well as whole brigades of boodlers, grumblers, faultfinders and malcontents. I should mildly protest in favour of giving the faultfinders the benefit of the doubt. As a nation we shall not be what we want to make ourselves until we have the courage to perform, and dread an amount of wholesome British grumbling. Herbert Spencer said of us after he visited us, "it did not pay." How ashamed we ought to have been!

The General Hospital has had under consideration a motion to elect properly qualified ladies as members of the Council. The qualification consists in the donation of certain sums of money, and the matter was brought up by the repeated election of mere lads and the neglect of the claims of many of our ladies, who not only have qualified themselves financially, but who have supplied many more intelligent expressions of their interest in the institution. An attempt was made to consider, and then reconsider the motion, which, nevertheless, was carried. By the statutes of the hospital these ladies have been all along entitled to be governors, and the Board owes them an apology for the oversight rather than an excuse for their admission. At the same time it was decided that it was advisable to elect a lady physician to the staff, whose peculiar province shall be the diseases of women and children. Such a step ought to simplify the operations of the Association for Procuring the Medical Education of Women. On the other hand these operations have received a substantial check by the decision of McGill University to grant such education only in a separate college, to be affiliated only when, in a satisfactory and flourishing condition—a rebuff tantamount to dismissing the claimants with costs. The hospital has agreed to share

with the city the expense of paving with wooden blocks the streets in the vicinity to secure as much quietness as possible.

We have waited patiently for the summer which cometh not. Archbishop Fabre has authorized an ecclesiastical procession on our behalf.

An anonymous lady has presented the Church of St. Matthias, Cote St. Antoine, with a chime of eight tubular bells.

Four of the most superb buffet parlour cars are lying in the Bonaventure Station to run on the Toronto and the Portland routes. They are indescribably luxurious, and were built in the shops of the company at Point St. Charles.

The Windsor Hotel is erecting a fine concert hall, which is expected to be finished in time for the musical season.

VILLE MARIE.

## THE SORCERER.

LOVE is a sorcerer; we see him first  
Rose-garlanded, upholding in one hand  
A cup of ruby wine; a golden wand  
Points from the other. Soon a feverish thirst  
Assails us and we take the cup accurs'd,  
Raise to our lips and lo! at his command  
The wine has vanished ere we understand  
And at our feet the fatal cup is burst.  
We crave the wreath—he crowns us; but the flower  
Fades as it meets the flesh and falls apart;  
We ask the wand—behold, a poison'd dart  
Strikes at our breast and gives with hellish power  
Deep thrusts of pain that make the soul to smart,  
And draw forth blood-tears from the living heart.

SAREPTA.

## 'S GRAVEN HAGE.

IN THE HAGUE.

A BUSY stone-paved square, grassy plots intersecting, fine tall trees, in full summer bright green foliage, a sky transparent overhead. Busy figures, crossing and recrossing incessantly, soldiers with red tasselled caps, loose trousers, and flashing scabbards; children hurrying away schoolward; men drawing timber on wheel trucks. Long, narrow barrows of vegetables, arrayed artistically, as Teniers would group them, bunches of carrots, radishes, beet-root; baskets of spinach, lettuce, lemons—their owners in blue blouses, or in white caps, a dog or two often chained thereto. Trams passing lightly over the tracks, one-horsed, driven by jockey capped coachmen. Horses collarless, often high stepping; even cabs with a first rate black Flemish breed. Here and there barrows of itinerant fishmongers with bright copper scales, and red slices of salmon; women with stiff white muslin caps; barrows, drawn by dogs, with bright brass milk cans. Coloured flower barrows of purple cinerarias, scarlet tulips, fragrant lily of the valley.

In contradistinction, crape-veiled ladies, with veils, by-the-by, reaching to the ground. Dogs barking vociferously, with close wire muzzles, pursue one another among the trees. In the distance the sluggish lake of the Vyver, on one side old avenues, the other, brick buildings. White ducks and swans are floating here and there outside the walls of the priceless picture gallery, much as Gerrit Berck Heyde drew them as long ago as 1692. Close by is the Binnenhof, where in May, 1619, died the great Barneveld under the Rose window. In the Gevangenpoort close by, De Witt died also in 1672.

Through the north-east gate of the old pile of buildings, past the Inquisition and their torture chamber, the Mauritshuis comes into sight, with its small collection of priceless pictures. Here, under one roof, are gathered together the princely collections of the House of Orange—in all, but some 300 pictures; Rembrandts, Paul Potters, Jan Steens, Gerard Dows, Snyders, Holbeins, Hondeceters, Teniers' Dutch Interiors, Rubens' "Adam and Eve," the animals by Jan Brueghel, Seghers' Tulips, Fritillary, Roses and Carnations. Paul Potter's "Bull," once carried off to Paris, signals the whole collection. But what shall be said of Rembrandt's "School of Anatomy," the portrait of the celebrated Nicholas Tulp? What of Jan Steen in his "Guest Chamber," his "Poultry Yard," his portrait of himself? What of Hondeceter's "Game and Birds," his inimitable jays, owls, pigeons, plovers. Van Dyck's "Huygens Family," his little child in white cap, are typical, even in this day, of Flemish faces. Vermeer's "Canal Scene" is reproduced in exactitude at old Delft in 1889.

Life at the Hague seems to have rested just as it was in the 16th century. The canals flowing dark, past green-leaved avenues and red-tiled houses, reproduce the same figures. Hand labour of all kinds holds its own against machine; barges are but slowly ousted by steamers. Tramways are indeed omnipresent, but the *Huis ten Bosch* still knows them not.

Buried in green woods, flanked by canals, mid bowers of underwood full of ragged robin, the lovely summer palace still rests as it was in the time of Prince Frederick Henry's widow. Its lovely interior full of rich old porcelain, Chinese embroidery, Venetian glass, its orange saloon—which took nine painters four years to execute—derive additional interest from their sad connection. Here died the first wife of the present King, and ever since that time the palace is uninhabited. But the canals flow on, sluggish and silent, the shrubberies are redolent and gay with lilac;

apple and pear blossom are heavy on the branch, fresh and white, mid green foliage. Court yards lie alongside the canals, with curious arrow-headed interesting pavements; wide-mouthed Turks' heads mark chemists' shops.

Away over at Scheveningen are fishermen in wide straw hats and wooden shoes. Boats and figures have stepped out of frames dating from the 16th century. The old church is still here, which in 1564 stood in the centre of the parish, now it marks only one end of the village; the remainder was, at that date, swallowed in a spring tide. All around Scheveningen are lovely woods, all the way hence, three miles, to the Hague, in which sing nightingales and warblers, and cuckoos call incessantly.

Away full westward past the Vyver, is Baron Steen-gracht's collection of pictures, Kockkock's beautiful "In the Forest," Meissonier's "Soldiers playing cards," Hobbema's "Landscape," Rembrandt's "Bathsheba,"—a small collection of priceless pictures.

Near the Groote Kerke is the fish market, where several storks are maintained by the city. In the Lange Voorhou the shady trees are the resort of the gay world. Here but lately the Hague went mad over the fetes observed for that king. The trees, like Fairyland, were festooned by long lines of bright lamps and flags. Booths of *Poffertjes*, laughing soldiers, strings of men and boys paraded the streets; women in white caps with corkscrew ornaments—gala attire; Rembrandts, who had stepped out of their frames; Frans Hals—of a later generation; sky overhead transparent, the same shade now as in days of the old painters. Bands playing, one or two at a time, the girls and boys taking up the chorus. They take their pleasure gaily, these simple Dutch folk. Overhead the trees in brilliant leaf, the full moon sailing across the sky. At 11:30 p.m. a bugle sounds, and along comes, of a sudden, a torchlight procession—soldiers, bands, men and women; the noise grows louder and louder each minute; gens d'armes, present a minute before, have vanished like lightning through the throng. The crowd sweeps by, the throng disperses, night sinks down on a deserted place, the lamps go out, the only sound—the picket going the round of the city. In a few minutes this, too, is over; distant ringing, then all is still.

E. K. P.

## PARIS LETTER.

THERE is one man who has well earned a holiday—M. Eiffel. Since the laying of the foundation stone of the structure until now he has never allowed a day to pass without spending several hours at the tower. I have, on one occasion last winter, visited the Eiffel when it was wrapped in snow; the first person I encountered on the first platform was the constructor himself, clad like a mariner belonging to a North Pole expedition, and going over the plans with one of the head workmen. M. Eiffel's family now insist on his going to a thermal station in the Pyrenees, to be shut off from the world during three weeks. He may well enjoy his repose; not only has he accomplished a brilliant novelty, but has already paid off the moiety of its cost. The tower nets 35,000 francs a day, and may count upon that income till the close of the month, when the halcyon days of the show will terminate.

It is in September that the exhibitors expect the visit of manufacturers and their families, when the real commercial element of the fair will be witnessed. Contracts for the supply of raw materials will be entered into, and this explains why South and Central America are receiving fresh stocks. It is said that the Republic of Paraguay has "struck ile" by her display of vegetable silks. It is soft, silky, and cheap, and combined with real silk fibre is superior to cotton or rhea. Swiss and Lyonnese manufacturers have pronounced for the new fibre, which is inexpensive to work up, and produces a cheaper and more silky tissue. It is said the Germans have utilized the new fibre for some time. The Colchester firm that supplies the motive power in the Machinery Hall is reported to have accepted a contract for the whole term, nineteen years, to work the coloured fountains for the Eiffel Tower Co., whose lease expires in 1908. Though the Britishers grumble at their display, I do not think they are justified in their growls. The sore point with them is, that their show does not look big, like Uncle Sam's, being only a grand total of 28,000 square yards, or less than one-half of the space England occupied in 1878. *Per contra*, the Americans are not satisfied; they have plenty of space, but it is not filled to their liking.

Perhaps there is no country that has come out on the whole so well at the Exhibition as Norway. Sweden joined the boycotters, but the Norwegian Parliament being liberal voted subsidies for space-occupations at the Champ de Mars, and have received the value of their money. In point of shipping tonnage, the merchant marine of Norway is superior to that of France. Norway has offered to supply France with all the cod-fish she requires at the half of the cost she has to pay for it, due to bounties to their Newfoundland boats, and which represent a direct sum of a quarter of a million of francs annually, taken out of the pockets of the overtaxed inhabitants. But France says, the cod-fishing, with all its expenses, is a nursery for men for her navy. The Norway pavilion possesses the advantage of being taken down, and with its exhibits—those of an ephemeral nature excepted—can be packed like the *impedimenta* of a travelling showman. It is thus, that the pavilion in question has been on the road to exhibitions for years. The pavilion is a building independent of the alimentary section, the latter is all Billingsgate, even to the smell. Beside pyramids of sea-biscuits, with rather

the "remainder" look, are pyramids of horse-shoes. There is a washing-machine, where the linen is scrubbed by brushes inside a box, and that economizes soap. There is an infant prodigy, aged four years, that plays any piece of music she once hears. She cannot read music, so has to depend on ear. In stall-decoration, the Norwegians are very successful. Norway owed her support to France, since the latter purchases enormously timber and skins from that country.

The Italian section is especially remarkable for its rich, artistic fitting-up, where there is nothing loud in colour, nor heavy in arrangement. Being acquainted with one of the chief officials, I demanded if he felt any of the effects of the unhappy political relations between his country and France. "None at all; every article of a really valuable character exhibited has been sold, and plenty of orders booked. As for the abolition of the commercial treaty, any one studying the statistics in our section in the economical court, will find that it has not affected Italy seriously." In faience, ceramics, and corals, Italy has unrivalled displays. The show of carved woods is very superior, and the manner in which marble has been made, not only to speak, but to "laugh," is peculiarly excellent. The subjects in wood-carving and marble of a humorous nature are very various and hilarious. The collection of gloves and combs is superb, and the display of Venetian glass is among one of the popular delights to witness its being manufactured at another section, in "Habitation Street." There are boxes of roses, that if the Shah comes across them he will certainly purchase the collection. When you take up a box of the flowers the petals expand, emit delicious perfume, and play some voluptuous piece of melody.

Boulangism has been hit in the cantonal elections, but the blunder will not be repeated, by the General seeking to repair his ill-luck, in contesting the second ballot. He will now try his fortune at the legislative elections—the conclusive test. Perhaps the importance Boulangism has attained is chiefly due to the Government's attacking it with such a display of force. The country has not the slightest intention of throwing up the Republic—knowing well there is nothing to replace it—but has no objection to re-cast its administration. The two evils France suffers from are: in European prestige, she has been eclipsed by Germany, and to re-conquer that, she must stake her life as a nation—what the nation is not prepared to do. Independent of being worried by divided republicans, she is harassed by the monarchists, who have an omnipotent rôle when the republicans are mutual enemies. The moment the North and South, the East and West parties, consent to give way to a common form of government, then France will have internal peace. That moment will be co-eval with the millennium, and in the mean time, political warfare will be the order of the day, reined in at stated periods by universal suffrage.

The Cretan question is considered to be ugly. England does not contemplate occupying, and she is equally resolved not to allow any European Power to "protect" the island, till she quits Egypt. As at Tangiers, she will be among the first to land men to defend her residents. It might not be difficult to arrange with Turkey to allow Greece to protect the island for a certain sum paid to the Sultan, yearly.

The exhumation of the remains of the Grand Carnot, of Marieau, etc., for re-interment at the Pantheon, etc., does not create much attention. Mortuary politics never were popular in France. Besides, the "procession of the biers," is a *memento quid pulvis es*, when the motto of Exhibition year is, *Tout à la joie!*

A stall in the retrospective section of the Exhibition contains a tomb of a warrior: a card states that among the objects of "personal use" of the deceased are a skull and a jawbone.

#### HONORARY DEGREES.

ALTHOUGH it would be a subject for deep regret if our Canadian universities should become as free in conferring honorary degrees as Dr. Leonard Woolsey Bacon, in a recent number of the *Forum*, says that Harvard and Yale are, not to mention the universities of less note in the United States, yet is it not the case that degree-conferring powers have been needlessly extended and exercised even in Canada? We have numerous universities, some of them existing only on paper, and without any teaching faculties, yet these must needs meet in convocation once a year, or perhaps oftener, and confer degrees which really mean nothing. A great mistake was also made in granting degree-conferring powers to certain theological colleges, which have exercised them in making D.D.s *ad libitum*. The same remarks which Dr. Bacon, in the article referred to, applies to the weakness among clergymen in his country, to have the mystical letters appended to their names, and to use them both with reference to themselves and their fellows on all possible occasions, will apply in Canada, and the degree of D.D., which should be a mark of distinguished pre-eminence in theological attainments, has almost ceased to be such. It is to be feared that the degree has been too frequently conferred, not so much as a reward of merit as with the view of placing it where it will do the most good. Some of these degree conferring colleges are seeking to secure endowments. Is it not possible that the conferring of their honorary degrees is not always entirely disinterested, but that they hope, to use a hackneyed term, to become rich by degrees? I do not mean to say that the authori-

ties of these colleges deliberately dispose of their degrees for mercenary considerations, but I do say that appearances indicate that they sometimes confer a degree which they would hesitate to bestow did they not cherish the hope that the conferee, or some of his friends, would remember the institution in his will, or if not going so far as that, that substantial advantages would accrue to the institution as a result of the honour bestowed by it.

What is true of the degree of D.D. is perhaps still more true respecting the degree of LL.D. It is a very convenient toy to play with, perfectly harmless you know. It can be conferred without hesitation whether the recipient knows anything of law or not. It would be absurd to make a man a doctor of divinity who had never studied theology (though I believe it has been done in the case of Count Bismarck, on what pretext I am not aware), but to make a man a doctor of laws who knows nothing of law is apparently considered quite the proper thing. In one instance I believe (I am happy to say it was not in Canada), it was conferred upon a person who had invented an improved stove! That individual doubtless conferred a greater boon upon humanity (if his stove was a good one, and probably it was) than many who toil and moil with their brain, and discover some new theory or advance some new idea in the world of thought, but let some new degree be adopted if a distinction of that class is desirable, to meet such cases, and let not the degree and the individual be rendered ridiculous.

This is a utilitarian age and more attention is being paid to technical and industrial training and less to the dead languages and abstruse subjects fitted only for mental gymnastics than formerly. Why not affiliate our schools of practical science with the universities as has been already done in some instances, and have degrees which would cover the cases of those who had undergone a training or distinguished themselves in the field of manual work? Do not degrade those distinctions which ought to signify a training in the realm of mind.

In making these comments I do not wish to cast any reflection upon one of our leading universities which recently turned out a large batch of LL.D.s, the first in its history, for I believe that in every case they were worthily bestowed, but I wish to utter a note of warning and to urge the authorities of our universities and degree-conferring colleges to be sparing in the exercise of their powers. I should be sorry indeed to see a graduate of any Canadian institution feel constrained to write of his fellow graduates as Dr. Bacon has had to do. But if the brakes are not put on I fear it will not be long till there will be reason to do so. People wearing honorary degrees, it is only fair to say not all conferred by home institutions, are becoming very plentiful. By all means let everyone who can have a degree, but let it be an evidence of mental training, a proof that its possessor has learned how to study, rather than the result of so much knowledge obtained by means of cram, or what is worse, so much of a consideration paid for an equivalent. I trust, however, no Canadian college will ever sink so low as to sell its degrees.

J. J. BELL.

#### LONDON LETTER.

LOOK! About this spot Tom of Ten Thousand was killed by Konigsmark's gang," quoted my companion, as we stood by St. James's on Saturday morning to watch the gilt coaches bearing the marriage party on their way to the little chapel across the Mall. "In that great red house Gainsborough lived, and Oulodden Cumberland, George the Third's uncle. Yonder is Sarah Marlborough's palace, just as it stood when that termagant occupied it." As she spoke immense crowds, swaying forward towards the garden gates, broke into a roar, for through the glass front of a slow-moving carriage the bride's white skirts were visible. Poor pale-faced, nervous bride, bowing stiffly, looking gravely; what a contrast to the jovial smiling father by her side, who seemed as proud and contented as if the Scotch Earl waiting by the altar were a king or an emperor. Golden crowns decorated the golden chariot, magnificent as the one that took Cinderella to the ball; royal arms, crossed with the label of the eldest son, blazed from the panels; footmen in the dress of the last century guided the be-ribboned shining horses, while round about came the soldier escort. Gallop fast, shining horses; roll quickly, brilliant carriage. The fairy godmother may at a touch, and for some caprice, turn you back again into the pumpkin, lizards, rats, which once you were. How familiar the cortège looked as it passed. A thousand times one has stood by the roadside to watch a princess drive to be married, those lovely princesses whose histories Hans Andersen has told us, those beautiful ladies in jewelled coronets and embroidered robes who condescended to enliven many a quiet hour in one's childhood. Scenes, the *facsimile* of this, coloured in the same crude manner with reds, and yellows, and blues, are well-known to us all. But always the fairy-tale bride looks radiant, and smiles. It is only in real life that as you stare into the gilt coach you see the white quivering face and eyes misty with tears of the girl leaving home for the first time, a girl heedless of diamonds and laces and brocades, thinking only of her mother, and her sisters, and the boys. In real life princesses are the same as ordinary folk, and the dimmed blue eyes and unsteady lips spoke a language not of the Court but one we could all understand. "God bless her, poor dear; I hope she'll be happy," said someone near me, resting for a moment on the edge of the road. Princess Roseleaf in the story would think such a remark

impertinent, for in Fairyland brides and bridegrooms take the happiness for granted, but Princess Louise would have said Amen to the prayer of Her Majesty's affectionate subject, who had turned away from her every-day toil to look with sympathy and interest at the young girl in her orange blossoms and point lace.

That swell quarter of the town which the Royal wedding had put in a fever was soon left behind. It affected a square mile at most, just that spot where, with a park between, the palaces lie near together. In Pall Mall, and again in the Strand, there were tokens of it, for flags hung from many of the windows, and garish decorations of coloured glass were set up in readiness for the evening illuminations; but as we left the Griffin behind, and climbed the little hill on which St. Paul's is set, we saw nothing to remind us that it was the wedding day of the Queen's granddaughter. Indeed, after we had crossed London Bridge into "Poet and Player Land," as Besant calls Southwark, the fête on the other side of the water became not in the least of importance compared to the facts that down Lant Street we could see the house where Bob Sawyer entertained his friends at that memorable party, and that here, close at hand, stands the Marshalsea.

Do you ever read in "Little Dorrit," I wonder, or do the Meagles, Barnacles and Merdles, the mystery that surrounds Rigaud, combine to try your patience too much? For the sake of the Borough scenes and young John, for Plornish, the plasterer, and his delightful wife, the volume lying forgotten on the shelves will bear looking into, and if by good luck you possess the first edition, with the Phiz illustrations, you will not consider the time wasted which we spent in reviving old recollections of the story. And what a queer story! A great writer is reported to have said that "Little Dorrit" is "d—d dull," and the judgment cannot be called harsh. But, dull as much of it is, it has certain good qualities which Dickens' work is never without, certain priceless touches of genius, that redeem it from being either commonplace or tiresome. The dingy figures loitering up and down the stifling yard of the prison, can't we see them all? Not one is missing of the crowd who were in durance here when the elder Dickens lived in the little room overlooking the churchyard and Captain Porter marched with his military stride overhead. The lad who ran across so often from his lodgings the other side of the street has told what he remembers of the Marshalsea as it was in 1822, and thirty-five years later he described how he found much of the old building, all the centre block, indeed, still unchanged. And as he saw it, as you and I have often seen it in our mind's eye, so to-day it stands, one of the most pathetic relics in Londonland.

"Whosoever goes into Marshalsea Place, turning out of Angel Court, leading to Bermondsey, will find his feet on the very paving stones of the extinct Marshalsea Jail, will see its narrow yard to the right and to the left, very little altered, if at all, except that the walls were lowered when the place got free, will look upon the rooms in which the debtors lived, and will stand among the crowding ghosts of many miserable years." This direction, written in 1857, for finding the old prison, is the right direction in 1889, and the picture of the forgotten corner is as true and faithful a one as if Dickens had visited it only this morning. The shadow of the famous pump, run dry this many a year, falls on the grey, worn flags. Some one looked out from Mr. Dorrit's window, barred no longer, on the second floor. Someone else, taking in her washing-lines, turned her kind face and smiling asked, did we want anything? And then it turned out that those whom we had come all that way to see lived in her own house, mostly. Shadows, of whose existence she knew nothing, as she had no time for reading, she said, having to earn her living. So we went into what was once the Porter's Lodge, and in our guide's kitchen found John Chivery and his father, and we went up the ricketty narrow stairs to the garret for the sake of Little Dorrit, who was standing, as we expected, looking out on the spiked walls, while Maggie listened to the story of the Tiny Woman; and as we came down again we made way for Arthur Clennam climbing wearily up. All the while our friend spoke of many things, but she talked quietly, and did not scare the ghosts. She told us how fortunate she was to have such a green lookout. The churchyard trees made it seem like the country, didn't they? "It's always fresh and cool here," she said, throwing wider the staircase window, which let in a blast of hot air as from an oven; and, "being government property, it's cheap and kept in order," she continued, looking away from the stained walls and the peeling paper, begrimed as if nothing had been done since the last batch of debtors were here, over forty years ago. She told us how times were changing in Marshalsea Place, for formerly there were no poor here, and how they were coming in and making the houses not so respected in the Borough as they had been. The poor! She spoke as if they were many degrees below her, and yet her earnings are only four shillings a week, and she lives with her sons in three small, stuffy rooms. The neighbours were very pleasant, she said, and kind, and she knew "the lady," such a nice creature, who rented the room a door or two off where we told her old Mr. Dorrit once lived, and she would take us on to see her if we liked. But first we must notice where prisoners had cut their initials on the woodwork (we found a W. M., and thought of Wilkins Micawber until we recollected he was at King's Bench) and next we must look at the odd, narrow front doors which open in the centre, and are armed with such tremendously strong bolts and bars. Then we went out again into the yard

and found the linen flapping on the lines, and quantities of children playing in the gutter, and she showed us the old iron rings still against the walls in which the oil lamps used to hang, and the site of the smugglers' cells which were taken down last year, and where the kitchen and chapel used to stand, and the door, blocked up now, where the sheriff's officers would come in with the prisoners to "the Pump or Aristocratic Side." While one talked others came out and listened. The owner of Mr. Dorrit's apartment called from the window to tell us her place was tidy, and would we like to see it? and we visited the little room where Dickens sat by the fire and through his tears watched the two bricks in the rusted grate while his father talked of his troubles, which room, many years after, was taken for the use of the Dorrits. "People often came here to look about 'em," the owner said, "and sometimes I ask 'em up, and sometimes I don't. If you want to hear about the place when it was a prison you should go to the cheesemonger's; there is an old gentleman there who has known Southwark for sixty years."

The old gentleman had much to tell us, for his shop is built on the front courtyard of the Marshalsea, and he remembered and described the look of the place, and the great gates and the Marshal's house, and he knew where the Lock stood and the Snuggery. One impression had remained, being strong on his mind. There would come visitors in gigs on a Sunday afternoon to call on the debtors; and many a time had the old gentleman, who was then a very young gentleman indeed, stayed away from Sunday school to hold the horses' heads while the visitors were inside and so earned a penny; and the "leatherings" he received in consequence from his outraged parents were innumerable. He writhed when he spoke of them, as if he felt still the sting of the stick. By his advice we looked in at the church, where is the painted figure of Our Saviour still over the altar at which Amy and Arthur Clennam were married. I found the little shop in Horsemonger Lane where Mrs. Chivery sold cigars. Then, as we turned our faces homewards (passing the pitiful remains of that poor old "White Hart" where first we met Sam Weller), we wondered if the next generation will make pilgrimages to the scenes which the present-day novelist is now busy describing.

In the Old Bath Road leading to Sheen, trotting horses and trim grooms and the low pretty carriage in which sat the Bride and Bridegroom of this morning passed us on their way to the honeymoon. "That sensible event shows clearly which way royalty thinks matters are tending," said my republican companion, who has more than once hinted at "the scallid" when speaking of the Royal Grants, quoting Mr. Anstey's delightful Revolutionist in *Punch*: "But surely it is happiest to marry in one's own station of life, neither below nor above one." I ventured to say, "Pooh, there is no such thing as equality in marriage." I am answered, sharply, "On one side or the other there is inequality, always, and in things that matter far more than rank." As she spoke, the simple little procession disappeared on the horizon in clouds of dust, and the first drops of a thunder-shower began to fall.

WALTER POWELL.

### PROMINENT CANADIANS.—XXVIII.

SKETCHES of the following Prominent Canadians have already appeared in THE WEEK: Hon. Oliver Mowat, Sir Daniel Wilson, Principal Grant, Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., Louis Honoré Fréchet, LL.D., Sir J. William Dawson, Sir Alexander Campbell, K.C.M.G., Hon. William Stevens Fielding, Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley, C.B., K.C.M.G., Alexander McLachlan, Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Sir Richard Cartwright, K.C.M.G., Sandford Fleming, C.E., LL.D., C.M.G., Hon. H. G. Joly, Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, Sir William Buell Richards, Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, M.P., Hon. Honoré Mercier, Q.C., Hon. William Macdougall, C.B., Rev. Principal MacVicar, D.D., LL.D., Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, M.A., George Paxton Young, M.A., Hon. Auguste Real Angers, Principal Caven, D.D., William Ralph Meredith, LL.D., Q.C., M.P.P., Sir William Pearce Howland, C.B., K.C.M.G., and Senator the Hon. John Macdonald.

THE HON. JOHN HAWKINS HAGARTY, D.C.L., CHIEF JUSTICE OF ONTARIO.

WITH the exception of the present Chief Justice of Ontario, the subject of this brief sketch, there is no other figure left of that historic group of Canadian judges whose names are associated with what may be termed the medieval era of the Provincial history, and with the contemporary Bench of Upper Canada. Of the bright roll of those whose fame has shed a lustre on the profession of the law in the Province, and whose familiar names are a hallowing memory to the few contemporaries who still survive them, but one honoured name—that of the Hon. Chief Justice Hagarty—is left. Gone are the Robinsons, the Blakes, the Boultons, the Hagermans, the Vankoughnets, Sullivans, McLeans, Spragges, Estens, and all the goodly company of them! The halls which they trod, and the Courts in which they presided, resound now only with their spectral voice and tread. In the flesh they are not with us: a little plot of land in a picturesque corner of the outspreading city holds their sacred dust. Only out of the frames that rim their pictured faces do they now look upon us; and the historic memory is fain to be thankful that even this much is left as a memorial of their lives and work. Of what manner of men they were, the painter's art has preserved to us and to coming generations but the outer form and lineaments. These, however, are valuable mementoes in a young community, in the main careless of, or too much occupied with material things to treasure, the memory of those who have faithfully served the Province in the morning of its history. In the Berthon portraits that decorate the Library, Convocation Hall, the staircases and corridors of Osgoode Hall, not only the

profession but the public at large have a gallery of legal portraiture, of almost priceless value, representing the learning and dignity which happily adhere to the judicial office in Canada as well as to that in the Motherland. As the years roll by, these memorials of a past and passing age must become increasingly interesting; and to the physiognomist and student of character, who scans the series with a laudable pride in his country's annals, not the least striking or impressive of the group will be found the likeness of the distinguished and accomplished jurist who at present adorns the office, while he worthily wears the honours, of the Chief Justiceship of Ontario.

The Chief Justice of Ontario, like many of his eminent colleagues on the Canadian Bench, is an Irishman. He was born at Dublin on the 17th of December, 1816. From his father, a man of fine education, who held the post of Registrar in His Majesty's Court of Prerogative for Ireland, he inherited not only the legal instincts which led him to adopt the law as a profession, but those literary tastes which at one time drew him into authorship, and have continued to mark his career since as a man of fine culture and of broad and varied scholarship. The future Chief Justice, after receiving his early education at a private school in Dublin, entered Trinity College in his sixteenth year, and, we believe, specially devoted himself to the study of the Classics. Unfortunately—or shall we not rather say fortunately?—while yet an undergraduate, he suddenly abandoned his academic course and sailed for Canada, being bitten, like many of his young and ardent fellow-countrymen, with the emigration mania of the time. He settled first on a farm near Whitby, and in the following year (1835) removed to Toronto, which had just changed its name from York, and at once became a resident of that but lately incorporated city. Though not quite twenty, young Mr. Hagarty early gave promise of rising to eminence in the community among whom he had cast his lot. He brought with him from the land of his birth those personal qualities and dispositions which in any clime open the door to a cultivated Irish gentleman, while he had unusually good mental endowments and possessed a sturdy determination to make his way in his adopted home. His were the qualifications that in a new community, which even at that early period felt the honours, though it was soon for a time to lose them, of its metropolitan position, were sure to advance their owner; and his own aspirations were such as characterize most young men of education and spirit. Nor was there wanting in the society of the period the rough stimulus which ambition loves, and which paves the way to success in life. The era was a stormy one, and the political ferment of the time sharpened both the tongue and the wits of the actors on the scene. Among the latter were many who would prove formidable competitors with Mr. Hagarty in life's race, and not a few of those looked to rapid preferment through politics. The country was just passing through the throes of rebellion, and now sought relief from political distraction in the union of the two older Provinces. But Mr. Hagarty was not drawn to politics, though he was once lured, we believe, by the title and dignity, and tempted by the field for usefulness, of a civic father. It was to law he was drawn, and law he studied in the office of the late Recorder Duggan, who afterwards became judge of the County Court. In 1840, the future Chief Justice was called to the Bar. Among his contemporaries at the law were not a few who have since adorned the Canadian Bench. Of these, it is not a little curious now to recall, were Messieurs W. H. Blake, W. B. Richards, J. C. Esten, Adam Wilson, J. W. Gwynne, J. C. Morrison, and Lewis Wallbridge. The then occupants of the Upper Canada Bench were Sir J. B. Robinson, Chief Justice; the Hon. R. S. Jameson, Vice Chancellor; and Justices Sherwood, Macaulay, McLean, and Jones. Mr. Hagerman was at the period Attorney-General, and Mr. Draper Solicitor-General. Among other rival athletes at the Bar were Mr. Philip Vankoughnet, afterwards Chancellor, Hon. Robert Baldwin, Hon. R. B. Sullivan, afterwards Justice of the Common Pleas, and Mr. J. Hillyard Cameron. Of all these names we have mentioned who were the contemporaries of the subject of this sketch when he began to practice law, but two—Sir Adam Wilson and Mr. Justice Gwynne—are now the survivors.

The Toronto of the era which saw Mr. Hagarty embark on his professional career was very different from the proud Provincial capital of to-day. The town, in 1840, was only about to light its muddy streets for the first time with gas; and its population was not quite 15,000. But, as may be inferred from the names of the eminent jurists and brilliant professional men we have enumerated, the town was not in intellectual darkness. The Old Country Universities had worthy representatives in the city and Province, and Upper Canada College, which had been in existence for a decade, had already turned out some distinguished pupils. Among these and his contemporaries at the Bar, Mr. Hagarty took a high place, and the ease with which, even at that early age, he won distinction is an evidence of the gifts with which he was endowed. Besides a well-stored mind, he had attractive social qualities, a bright mother wit, and the bearing and manners of a gentleman. In his profession he was well read, as well as industrious and painstaking; and at the Bar was known as an acute reasoner, a persuasive pleader, and had, we are told, an ingratiating manner with juries. Early in his professional career he formed a partnership with the Hon. John Crawford, afterwards Lieut.-Governor of Ontario, and continued in that firm until, in 1856, when he was elevated to the Bench. In 1850 he was appointed a Queen's Counsel by the second Baldwin-Lafontaine Administration.

Though actively pursuing his professional career, Mr. Hagarty at this period found leisure to indulge his literary propensities and to write for the local Annuals and press of the time some excellent verse. Crude, in the main, as was the condition of the infant capital, there was no lack of refinement, and among the old families there was more or less evidence of culture. The large professional element gave a savour to society and kept mind as well as body healthily alert. Mrs. Jameson, in her visit to Canada, had stimulated the intellectual life of Toronto, and men like the Hon. Mr. Sullivan, the Rev. Dr. McCaul, the Rev. Dr. Scadding, and other local celebrities, endeavoured to extend the influence of the literary habit. In this movement Mr. Hagarty took a hearty and an enthusiastic, though unostentatious, part. To *The Maple Leaf*, an illustrated annual edited by the Rev. Dr. McCaul, he contributed a number of poems of much excellence, both as to matter and manner. They bespeak not only a cultivated taste but the possession of poetic gifts of a high order. Their mechanical construction also shows great literary facility; and one of them, "The Funeral of Napoleon," manifests considerable dramatic power. This fine poem, of twelve stanzas, appeared in the *Canadian Annual* for 1847. Of the contribution a writer has observed, that "the dramatic fire and enthusiasm of battle which mark the poem will surprise those whose knowledge of the Chief Justice does not go deeper than his demeanour in Court. A good poet," the writer adds, "was sacrificed to the lawyer and the judge." We shall doubtless be pardoned for reproducing the following extract:—

From his grave 'mid ocean's dirges, moaning surge and sparkling foam,  
Lo, the Imperial Dead returneth! lo, the Hero-dust comes home!  
He hath left the Atlantic island, lonely vale and willow tree,  
'Neath the Invalides to slumber, 'mid the Gallic chivalry.

Glorious tomb o'er glorious sleepers! gallant fellowship to share—  
Paladin and Peer and Marshal—France, thy noblest dust is there!  
Names that light thy battle annals—names that shook the heart of earth!  
Stars in crimson War's horizon—synonyms for martial worth!

Grey-haired soldiers gather round him, relics of an age of war,  
Followers of the Victor-Eagle, when his flight was wild and far:  
Men who panted in the death-strife on Rodrigo's bloody ridge,  
Hearts that sickened at the death-shriek from the Russian's shatter'd bridge:

Men who heard the immortal war-cries of the wild Egyptian fight—  
"Forty centuries o'erlook us from yon Pyramid's grey height!"  
They who heard the moans of Jaffa, and the breach of Acre knew—  
They who rushed their foaming war-steeds on the squares of Waterloo!

But the last high rite is paid him, and the last deep knell is rung—  
And the cannons' iron voices have their thunder-requiem sung—  
And, 'mid banners idly drooping, silent gloom and mouldering state,  
Shall the Trampler of the world upon the Judgment-trumpet wait.

These stirring verses appeared anonymously, but though the poem was written as a relaxation from other and graver duties, its authorship might well be claimed by, and would not detract from the reputation of, the best of the English poets. Moreover, it is but one of many similar effusions from the gifted pen of the present Chief Justice of the Province. Another fine poem, on the Battle of Marathon, is understood to owe its authorship to Mr. Hagarty, as well as an able professional brochure, in prose, entitled "Thoughts on Land Reform."

We now come to the period when Mr. Hagarty's important services at the Bar were to win the meed of honourable preferment in his profession. In 1856 he was appointed to a then vacant judgeship in the Court of Common Pleas. His elevation to the Bench while he was yet on the sunny side of his prime opened to him a field of great activity and usefulness. The judicial bent of his mind, his keen and penetrating intellect, his quickness of perception, together with his industrious habits and infectious nervous force, well fitted him for assuming the duties and responsibilities of his high office. From the Court of Common Pleas he was, in 1862, transferred to the Court of Queen's Bench, a step in the judicial ladder which was followed, six years later, by his appointment to the Chief Justiceship of the subordinate Court. The latter office was rendered vacant by the promotion of Sir W. B. Richards to the Chief Justiceship of Ontario. Upon the death, in 1878, of Chief Justice Harrison, Mr. Hagarty became Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, and in 1884, on the demise of Chief Justice Spragge, he passed to his present high and dignified office—that of the Chief Justiceship of Ontario. In connection with this office he fulfils the duties of the Presidency of the Court of Appeal.

For the space of a generation Chief Justice Hagarty has sat upon the Bench, and it is well nigh fifty years since he was called to the Bar. This long period has been more than enough to put to the severest test his qualities as a man and his character as a judge. In both aspects his reputation will bear the closest scrutiny. He is known as a man of sterling character, of high principle, and inflexible honour. On the Bench, while he is uniformly courteous and considerate, he is also eminently just, and unflinching in the discharge of his duty. Though now in the fulness of years, there is but little indication of the approach of old age. His step is still elastic, his eye bright, and his voice retains the high ring of youth. His tall, spare figure, and grave intellectual face harmonize well with the judicial dignity and quiet decorum of Court. Never a strong man, he has, however, seemed to possess unlimited nervous energy; and though sometimes hasty in manner, his disposition is usually placid and his spirits cheery. Innumerable are the stories told of his clever, scintillating wit. Many of his *bon mots* in Court have



obtained a wide and ready currency; and his judicial humour well reflects his character, as a man of great versatility and quickness of parts. In his professional capacity, he is deservedly held in the highest esteem. His expositions of law are learned as well as lucid, and his judgments are sound in principle and, as a rule, in close accord with facts. Not many of his innumerable decisions have been overruled or questioned; and perhaps there is no one on the Canadian Bench who, more than he, has enriched the literature of the Reports. Not only the glamour that surrounds his early literary achievements while a member of the Bar, but the reputation he has always borne as a man of varied learning and scholarly tastes, invest the person of the Chief Justice with a certain intellectual interest. "In all that he has penned or uttered," observes a writer, "there is a literary warmth and flavour unusual in the parlance of the Courts." In this respect Mr. Hagarty has been mindful of the high intellectual attributes of the occupants of the English Bench and, like a gentleman of the old school, has been faithful to its proud traditions.

Owing nothing to politics, the career of Chief Justice Hagarty has been unmarked by those titular honours which are nominally conferred by the head of the State. This, we believe, is not due to neglect or indifference on the part of the Canadian advisers of the Crown. It is the result of the inherent modesty of him who, had he been a consenting party, would ere this, as he well deserves, have been the object of Imperial honour. The one mark of distinction—an academic one—which he has suffered himself to accept was the honorary degree of D.C.L., conferred in 1855 by the Canadian University of Trinity College.

In 1849, Chief Justice Hagarty married a sister of the late and much-beloved Dean Grasett. By this estimable lady, who died last year, he has had two sons.

G. MERCER ADAM.

### THE SONNET.—III.

READERS of Charles Lamb will remember that while the names of Milton and Shakespeare were made stale by common use, that of Drummond, of Hawthornden, was one of the sweetest, and carried "a perfume in the mention." There is no doubt his sonnets carry also a perfume in the mention, and the title of the Scottish Petrarch has not been bestowed on the old northern singer without good warrant. Leigh Hunt correctly places him as "the next best sonnet-writer to Shakespeare in point of time."

William Drummond wrote nearly entirely in the Italian style, and Hazlitt commends his as "coming as near any others to the perfection of sonnets;" but other critics have valued his verses less highly. That he was a great reader of books, we know by his own confession, and there is little doubt that he appropriated many good thoughts of others to weave in with his own. The following is an exquisite parallel, being at once poetic and philosophical in the highest degree:

#### THE BOOK OF THE WORLD.

Of this fair volume which we World do name,  
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,  
Of him who it corrects and did it frame  
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare;  
Find out his power, which wildest powers do tame,  
His providence, extending everywhere,  
His justice, which proud rebels doth not spare,  
In every page—no, period of the same.  
But silly we, like foolish children, rest  
Well pleased with coloured vellum, leaves of gold,  
Fair dangling ribands, leaving what is best,  
On the great writer's sense ne'er taking hold;  
Or if by chance our minds do muse on ought,  
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

Some critic has remarked that Drummond did not write his sonnets "in the best form, but near enough to be disappointing." It seems very unfair, however, to judge the writers of three centuries ago by the critical standards of to-day; and to-day every smeller of rhymes and counter of syllables sets up his own perfect critical standard, a little higher than the last one. Criticism seems to be overdone, and articles are rather dressed in fine phrases than drowned in deep study. Drummond's sonnet given above can hardly be excelled for beauty of thought and imagery, but the charge of plagiarism from Sydney has been levelled against it. Thought is the common property of thinkers, and no man has a right to a miserly hoarding of his ideas. Milton defended the "new dressing" of thoughts. The appropriation of thought is only to be regretted when it is tarnished with the touch of a bad pen; but then it brings its own disgrace. Gold is made more precious by refining; it is only debased by mixture with poor metal. Southey has advised well—"Beware how you allow words to pass for more than they are worth, and bear in mind what alteration is sometimes produced in their current value by the course of time," and this is a double-edged remark that will cut both backward and forward.

A book valued by the antiquarian, but otherwise little known except by name, is the "Monasticon Anglicanum" of William Dugdale, who was knighted after the Restoration for his services to the Royalist cause. Such a book could not escape the loving attention of Thomas Warton, the English Poet-Laureate of some hundred years ago, and author of a valuable "History of English Poetry," a work never finished. The worth of such monuments of research and record as the "Monasticon" is apt to be unprized by those who rather love the upper sweets of literature, but

Warton was a thorough scholar as well as an elegant versifier, and he has defended the loving labour with which Dugdale pursued his antiquarian studies in the following sonnet. The leading idea has been imitated by later writers; but they have never surpassed the original, which Charles Lamb, that connoisseur of archaic verse, thought was "of first-rate excellence."

Deem not devoid of elegance the sage,  
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguiled,  
Of painful pedantry the poring child,  
Who turns of these proud domes the historic page,  
Now sunk by Time and Henry's fiercer rage.  
Think'st thou the warbling Muses never smiled  
On his lone hours? Ingenious views engage  
His thoughts, on themes, unclassical falsely styled,  
Intent. While cloistered Piety displays  
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores  
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,  
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictured stores.  
Nor rough nor barren are the winding ways  
Of hoar Antiquity, but strewn with flowers.

It has an unmistakable ring of eighteenth century verse-making. "Whence culls the pensive bard his pictured stores" reminds one as irresistibly of Gray as "Deem not devoid of elegance the sage" recalls the artificial manner of Pope. But Johnston hit off Warton's odd old pen and its products in the following lines:

Wheresoe'er I turn my view,  
All is strange, yet nothing new;  
Endless labour all along,  
Endless labour to be wrong;  
Phrase that time has flung away,  
Uncouth words in disarray,  
Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,  
Ode and elegy and sonnet.

Warton's sonnet at once reminds us of Wordsworth's "Plea for the Historian," which was the result of a similar train of thought. It forms one of the "Memorials of a Tour in Italy," which was taken in 1837 with Henry Crabb Robinson, to whom the poems were dedicated:

#### PLEA FOR THE HISTORIAN.

Forbear to deem the Chronicler unwise,  
Ungentle, or untouched by seemly ruth,  
Who, gathering up all that Time's envious tooth  
Has spared of sound and grave realities,  
Firmly rejects those dazzling flatteries,  
Dear as they are to unsuspecting Youth,  
That might have drawn down Clio from the skies  
To vindicate the majesty of truth.  
Such was her office when she walked with men,  
A Muse, who, not unmindful of her Sire,  
All-ruling Jove, whate'er the theme might be  
Revered her Mother, sage Mnemosyne,  
And taught her faithful servants how the lyre  
Should animate, but not mislead, the pen.

To lose an ordinary book is like losing a shilling; one looks about for it a little while and then is consoled with another, but the loss of a choice volume is like the lopping off of a limb—we know we can never get another, and can only console ourselves by memory. There are few lovers of sweet delights closed up in musty covers who have been generously simple enough to lend volumes from their shelves, but have had to mourn some that have never returned. This is sad enough, but the loss is not felt so acutely as when one is obliged by poverty to part with the "companions of his solitude." That is indeed a blow, and one can sympathise with the individual who, being forced to sell his books to pay his rent, hung his empty shelves with crape. William Roscoe, one of the literary links between this and the last century, felt the extreme anguish of such misfortune when, owing to business troubles in 1816, he sought to save from ruin the banking house with which he was connected by a sale of his personal effects, including his remarkably fine library. It was this event which occasioned the writing of the following well-known sonnet:

#### TO MY BOOKS, ON PARTING WITH THEM.

As one who destined from his friends to part  
Regrets his loss, yet hopes again erewhile  
To share their converse and enjoy their smile,  
And tempers as he may Affliction's dart—  
Thus, loved associates! chiefs of elder Art!  
Teachers of wisdom! who could once beguile  
My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,  
I now resign you: nor with fainting heart;  
For pass a few short years, or days, or hours,  
And happier seasons may their dawn unfold  
And all your sacred fellowship restore,  
When, freed from earth, unlimited its powers,  
Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,  
And kindred spirits meet to part no more.

It may be remarked that a large number of the books were bought back by his friends, and placed in the library of the Athenæum at Liverpool. Mr. Roscoe is said to have regretted his books far more than his large estates, and the very depth of his feeling seems to be sounded in the above sonnet, in spite of the heroic attitude assumed; while the consoling thought of meeting and communing with the mighty minds that gave the fellowship of books is truly sublime, and, coupled with the solemn dignity and easy grace throughout, entitles this sonnet to take its place among the noblest in the language.

Poor Roscoe had to lose his books while yet he was well able to use them, but Longfellow, by another turn of Fortune's wheel, kept his treasured volumes by him after he had reached the allotted span of life and was unable to command his failing energies as before. The knowledge of this gradual diminution of power brought sad reflective moments to the old poet, and among the very last verses he wrote was the following simple and fine sonnet, dated December, 1881:

Sadly as some old mediæval knight  
Gazed at the arms he could no longer wield,

The sword two-handed and the shining shield  
Suspended in the hall, and full in sight,  
While secret longings for the lost delight  
Of tourney or adventure in the field  
Came over him, and tears but half concealed  
Trembled and fell upon his beard of white—  
So I behold these books upon their shelf,  
My ornaments and arms of other days;  
Not wholly useless, though no longer used,  
For they remind me of my other self,  
Younger and stronger, and the pleasant ways  
In which I walk'd, now clouded and confused.

Let us turn to a more pleasant scene, and look in at the residence of Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke on that evening when he invited his young friend, John Keats, to read with him some of Chapman's translation of Homer. We shall see them sitting up all night, "till light was in the sky," reading the sturdy old English version of the mythic Greek. Keats, in his ardent admiration, falls into love at the first sight of the splendid work, and so far forgets himself as to rapturously shout aloud certain passages of especial energy. This literary dissipation, however, will not prevent the young poet from leaving at ten o'clock the next—or rather the same—morning on Mr. Clarke's breakfast table the following sonnet:

#### ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S "HOMER."

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,  
And many gootly states and kingdoms seen;  
Round many western islands have I been  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.  
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne:  
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold,  
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims before his ken,  
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

It has been pointed out that an historical inaccuracy has placed Cortez where Balboa should have stood; but the excellence of the sonnet is beyond cavil of any kind.

Mary Cowden Clarke addressed a sonnet to her husband which, although of a most inferior class, has a certain interest, both from the insight it affords into a home where intellectual sympathy reigned by the cheerful fireside, and from the great love of Shakespeare felt by this gifted couple. Mrs. Cowden Clarke was a daughter of Novello, the musician, and an intimate friend of Keats, Lamb, Leigh Hunt and other literary stars who shone in the first half of this century. Her poems are not numerous, nor will they live; but the sixteen years of patient toil which she spent in compiling her "Concordance to Shakespeare" were not spent in vain.

Sometimes when I sit quietly and muse  
On bygone times and long departed joys,  
I hear with startling clearness thy loved voice  
In sudden ringing laugh, that still renews  
An echo of my then delight to use  
Whatever will might win that pleasant noise  
Of heartfelt mirth from thee: the veriest toys  
Of fancy serv'd to please us and amuse.  
Our own old favourite books read o'er and o'er  
Ne'er failed to charm again and yet again:  
We freshly savoured all the pith and core  
Of jests from Sheridan's or Molière's brain,  
Jack Falstaff's racy wit ne'er lost its zest,  
And Shakespeare's fun we always found the best.

Few readers of books have not at some time or other chanced upon the crushed remains of an unlucky fly, which had settled perhaps decades before on a page and pardonably fallen asleep over the contents. The fly in amber has often been celebrated in verse, but it was reserved for Charles Tennyson Turner to immortalize the unfortunate fly in a book, and to draw from the fate of the small insect lessons for humanity to ponder over. It is said that Alfred Tennyson's brothers, Charles and Frederick, relinquished the poetic field, after barely winning their spurs, in favour of the now lordly Laureate of England. The sonnet in question is very delicate and beautiful, and charged with a pathos that must appeal to all who have pondered on the uncertainty of life and the insignificance of ambitious endeavour:

#### ON FINDING A SMALL FLY CRUSHED IN A BOOK.

Some hand, that never meant to do thee hurt,  
Has crush'd thee here between these pages pent;  
But thou hast left thine own fair monument,  
Thy wings gleam out and tell me what thou wert.  
O! that the memories which survive us here  
Were half as lovely as these wings of thine!  
Pure relics of a blameless life, that shine  
Now thou art gone; our doom is ever near,  
The peril is beside us day by day;  
The book will close upon us, it may be,  
Just as we lift ourselves to soar away  
Upon the summer airs. But, unlike thee,  
The closing book will stop our vital breath,  
Yet leave no lustre on our page of death.

Owing to his firm conviction that he was a dedicated servant of the Muses, Wordsworth produced poems on the business principles of Mr. Whiteley and provided sonnets to suit all occasions, facts not unremarked by the humorists of his day. The following "acrostic receipt for a poem" appeared in an English magazine of 1819, and was maliciously subscribed to by "Little Bess of the Mountain":

Weigh out three pounds of moonlight beams,  
Of twinkling stars and mountain streams,  
Rivers and lakes, and watery stuff,  
Don't spare, but give a quantum suff,  
Stir an old man's hoary head,  
With grey eyes turn'd by weeping red;  
One ounce of spirit of donkey's bray,  
Rectified, sans empyreuma.  
This mixture, sold with Wordsworth's name,  
Has given risen to all his fame.

But the Wordsworth war among the critics was a long and fierce one, nor has it been quite ended by Matthew

Arnold or Mr. Lowell. We shall see later on that the Master of the Lake School received other tributes from his readers. Sir Henry Taylor's opinion is valuable, for he was a thorough student of the Rydal poet, and he calls our attention to the thoroughly natural expression of language in the sonnets and to the total absence of studiously prepared effect. Even in the ends of his sonnets Wordsworth avoids the temptation to produce anything like a climax. It "never goes off, as it were, with a clap or repercussion at the close, but is thrown up like a rocket, breaks into light, and falls in a soft shower of brightness."

One of Wordsworth's favourite books was Walton's "Book of Lives," and he has left as a sonnet his opinion of the book and its author. It will be noticed that this sonnet is composed of a two-rhyme octave and a quatrain separated by a couplet, a form not much used by English but highly favoured by French writers.

WALTON'S "BOOK OF LIVES."

There are no colours in the fairest sky  
So fair as these. The feather, whence the pen  
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,  
Dropped from an Angel's wing. With moisten'd eye  
We read of faith and purest charity  
In Statesman, Priest and humble Citizen:  
O could we copy their mild virtues, then  
What joy to live, what blessedness to die!  
Methinks their very names shine still and bright,  
Apart—like glow-worms on a summer night;  
Or lonely tapers when from far they fling  
A guiding ray; or seen, like stars on high,  
Satellites burning in a lucid ring  
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.

There are not many women sonnet-writers outside of America, where they probably out-number the men. In English poetry there are about a dozen who have produced anything readable, but that dozen includes one of the finest manipulators of this kind of verse. The following production is by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, afterwards Lady Stirling-Maxwell, and though not brilliant is full of thoughtful simplicity. In it she expresses with fine spirit the fact so often forgotten, and more frequently ignored by writers of the middle classes of literature, that however well may be the expression of feeling or idea the same thought and emotion has in all likelihood been far better expressed before. It is a wholesome reflection—except to the smallest of minds. Mrs. Norton was always in trouble, and it is no doubt the sonnet came from her heart. The unfortunate first marriage of this one of the Sheridan "graces" was more productive of prosaic indignation than poetic fire, and Mrs. Norton was more successful as a champion of married women's grievances than as a writer of verse, though she was hailed as "leader of the female band" of her day, and was in high demand for the Annual Albums. As a relief from worldly trouble there is no medicine like books. They are the truest friends in the time of need, and many a weary and over-burdened soul has found a soothing consolation from impersonal thought that the sincerest words of living sympathisers have failed to afford.

TO MY BOOKS.

Silent companions of the lonely hour,  
Friends, who can never alter or forsake,  
Who for inconstant roving have no power,  
And all neglect, perforce, must calmly take—  
Let me return to You; this turmoil ending  
Which worldly cares have in my spirit wrought,  
And, o'er your old familiar pages bending,  
Refresh my mind with many a tranquil thought,  
Till, haply meeting there from time to time  
Fancies, the audible echo of my own,  
'Twill be like hearing in a foreign clime  
My native language spoke in friendly tone,  
And with a sort of welcome I shall dwell  
On these, my unripe musings, told so well.

Poor Hartley Coleridge, who inherited more of his father's physical weakness than of his mental strength, and was afflicted with the curses of masterly inactivity and intemperance, had an ever-present conscience, and was constantly bemoaning the want of this and the woe of that throughout his poetical career. In the following sonnet he eases his soul of a simply beautiful desire and at the same time commemorates two of the most touching of old English ballads:

Could I but harmonize one kindly thought,  
Fix one fair image in a snatch of song,  
Which maids might warble as they tripp'd along:  
Or could I ease the labouring heart, o'erfraught  
With passionate truths for which the mind untaught  
Lacks form and utterance, with a single line;  
Might rustic lovers woo in phrase of mine,  
I should not deem that I had lived for nought.  
The world were welcome to forget my name,  
Could I bequeath a few remembered words  
Like his, the bard who never dreamed of fame,  
Whose rhymes preserve from harm the pious birds,  
Or his, that dim full many a star-bright eye  
With woe for Barbara Allen's cruelty.

One of these tales that have perpetual youth—the Babes in the Wood—is also referred to by John Keats in one of his delicately-wrought sonnets, and it comes upon the ear with a sweet and childish sound, while the imagery is simple and alluring. In construction it is spoiled a little by the unfortunate rhyming of the final couplet, but the tender beauty of the lines making this pathetic close disarm the ear entirely of any too fine a critical quality. The line, "O! what a power hath white Simplicity," is powerful in its own simple truth, and far more forcible than more exalted language could make the thought. One can imagine how welcome this sonnet would be to Leigh Hunt, to whom it was sent for insertion in the *Examiner*. Keats, Leigh Hunt and Lamb, each had a great deal of the child in his beautiful nature, and loved the baby-ballads of English literature.

This pleasant tale is like a little copse:  
The honied lines do freshly interlace  
To keep the reader in so sweet a place,  
So that he here and there full-hearted stops,  
And often-times he feels the dewy drops  
Come cool and suddenly against his face,  
And by the wandering Melody may trace  
Which way the tender-legged Linnet hops—  
O what a Power hath white Simplicity!  
What mighty Power has this gentle Story!  
I that forever feel athirst for glory  
Could at this moment be content to lie  
Meekly upon the grass, as those whose sobbings  
Were heard of none except the mournful Robins.

The question "Which are the Hundred Best Books?" has lately been exercising many of the best critical minds, and has been answered by several excellent individual opinions. So stupendous a matter, of course, could not be settled in a sonnet; but Leigh Hunt published in the *London Examiner* of December 24, 1815, the names of the poets whose works were dearest to him, and he gives the characteristics of their styles that specially charmed him. As a sonnet the effort is not worth much, though curious for the di-syllabic rhyme that breaks the metre of the sestet, but as a pithy bit of poetical criticism it is deserving our notice.

Were I to name out of the times gone by  
The poets dearest to me, I should say:  
Pulei for spirits, and a fine, free way;  
Chaucer for manners, and close, silent eye;  
Milton for classic taste, and harp strung high;  
Spenser for luxury and sweet sylvan play;  
Horace for chatting with, from day to day;  
Shakespeare for all, but most, society.  
But which take with me, could I take but one?  
Shakespeare—as long as I was unoppressed  
With the world's weight, making sad thoughts intenser;  
But did I wish, out of the common sun,  
To lay a wounded heart in leafy rest,  
And dream of things far off and healing—Spenser.

Richard Le Gallienne, a young and talented writer, has favoured us with his thoughts on the subject of reading books at different hours of day, and there are many who will agree with him as to the suitable solemnity of the twilight hour, when the merging of day into night produces that sacred sense of universal peace which has stirred so many poets to sublime reflection.

AD LIBROS.

When do I love you most, sweet books of mine?  
In strenuous morn, when o'er your leaves I pore,  
Austerly bent to win austere lore,  
Forgetting how the dewy meadows shine;  
On afternoons when honeysuckles twine  
About the seat, and to some dreamy shore  
Of old Romance, where lovers evermore  
Keep blissful hours, I follow at your sign?  
Yea! ye are precious then, but most to me  
Ere lamplight dawneth, when low croons the fire  
To whispering twilight in my little room,  
And eyes read not, but, sitting silently,  
I feel your great heart throbbing deep in quire,  
And hear your breathing round me in the gloom.

In the *Spectator* of January 16, 1886, appeared the following very fine sonnet, the sweetness of which is enhanced by the simple images used:

THE SOLACE OF BOOKS.

O finest essence of delicious rest!  
To bid for some short space the busy mill  
Of anxious, ever-grinding thought be still;  
And let the weary brain and throbbing breast  
Be by another's cooling hand caress'd,  
This volume in my hand, I hold a charm  
Which lifts me out of reach of wrong or harm.  
I sail away from trouble; and most bless'd  
Of every blessing, can myself forget;  
Can rise above the instance low and poor  
Into the mighty law that governs yet.  
This hinged cover, like a well-hung door,  
Shuts out the noises of the jangling day,  
These fair leaves fan unwelcome thoughts away.

As man by his dual nature can touch the skies and yet tamper with the fool, at the risk of offending the very serious reader we close this sketch of sonnets on books with a burlesque written by Robert J. Burdette, on that tramp of the book-world, facetiously named:

THE AUTHOR'S FRIEND.

I do not hate the stranger at my door,  
Who scrapes the mat with sly, incursive feet,  
And tunes his brazen voice my ears to greet  
With well conned recitation, babbled o'er  
In twice a hundred thousand ears before;  
Skinning the contents with long-winded bleat—  
The whole in fifty monthly parts complete,  
With an appendix of ten volumes more,  
What apt description of the pictured page,  
With learned terms of art that well appal  
The victim, quivering with unspoken rage;  
And list of patrons, writ in many a scrawl,  
The top space saved, your vanity to gauge—  
I only want to kill him—that is all.

SARAPTA.

A CIRCUMSTANCE which has an important bearing on the supply of alcohols in the animal economy has been pointed out by Draper in his book on physiology. He points out that digestive or fermentative changes of milk, as well as of starchy or of saccharine substances, when carried on at the temperature of the body, result in the formation of alcohol. It might be rather a shock to the feelings of a mother to recognize that the gambols of her babe, due to high spirits and health, are literally due to alcoholic spirits. But it is a fact, nevertheless. As, therefore, some form of alcohol is a necessary ingredient of the body, it is of the greatest importance for everyone to hold correct notions concerning its value.—*Court Journal*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SUNDAY STREET CARS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In the article on "The Sunday Question" in your issue of August 2nd the writer says "The principal reason urged by the Sabbatarians against the use of cars on Sunday is the fact that it imposes unnecessary and hurtful labour upon the drivers and conductors of the cars, and also upon the horses." With regard to the horses I agree with him that the Car Company would take care of their own property, and that the argument based by the opponents of the running of street cars on Sabbath on the overworking of the horses is rather weak, though not "utterly absurd," as he says, for companies before this time have injured their cattle by too long hours at work when they believed that was more profitable than an addition to the number would be. I believe, moreover, that the Toronto Street Car Company would add to their horses if they ran cars on Sabbath. The toleration of the hideous noises of the Salvation Army in your parks and the prohibition of the playing of military bands is certainly a flagrant inconsistency. It is strange that the monotonous noise of drums and the tinkling of tambourines should be so attractive to any civilized people in this nineteenth century. Children and savages are fond of such noise, and it seems that the Salvation Army, with those who attend their meetings, are something of the same. I wonder a good deal that the nuisance of their drumming and tinkling is permitted anywhere.

While agreeing with the writer so far, permit me to say that his views on the Sabbath are seriously defective. Has it never occurred to him at all that seeing the fourth commandment is one of the ten proclaimed by God from Mount Sinai, and engraved by Himself on two tables of stone, it binds men to obedience as much as any of the other nine? We have no more right to call it Jewish or ceremonial than we have to regard the other precepts of the moral law as merely Jewish or ceremonial. If we deny or disregard the binding authority of the fourth commandment we set aside the binding authority of the sixth, seventh, eighth, and all the rest. "For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." By disregarding the authority of the Lawgiver in one point a person disregards his authority in everything. Christ says that "Whosoever shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven." We may therefore see the danger of either violating any part of God's law ourselves or of encouraging others to do the same.

If it be said, as sometimes it is, that, as the Sabbath was merely a Jewish institution, the obligation of the observance of it, as well as that of the whole ceremonial law, ceased under the New Testament dispensation; but we reply that Christ tells us that the Sabbath was made for man, not for Jews only in one particular era, but for man universally in all eras. Some think that, seeing it was made for man, we are at liberty to do with it as we please. Surely such an inference is childish, for though a father make things for the comfort of his son, that son is not at liberty to do what he pleases with such proofs of parental affection; but is bound to use them according to his father's directions. The Sabbath was appointed for our benefit, but we are bound to "Turn away our foot . . . from doing our pleasure on the Lord's holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shall honour Him, not doing our own ways, nor finding our own pleasure, nor speaking our own words." Though the passage here cited is taken from the Old Testament, it clearly applies to men in all ages. I understand the writer to believe that we are not under the law, but I hardly know what he means by being, or not being, under the law. We are not under the ceremonial law, for its significance as a typical system was fulfilled in Christ, but the moral law, one of the precepts of which is that which enjoins Sabbath observance, is still in force, because it is a declaration of eternal moral principles. We are so much under the moral law that, unless justified believers, we are justly bound over to merited punishment for every violation of it; and even believers, though for ever free from condemnation, are by the highest considerations bound to obey its directions, including those concerning Sabbath observance, as a rule of life. I have in these sentences confined myself chiefly to the fundamental principle underlying the question in dispute, because if we have a sound apprehension of it, we will not much err in its practical application unless we are utter reprobates.

As for the benevolence of placing facilities of going on Sabbath to "High Park" for fresh air within the reach of poor women and children, it (not the benevolence, but the real benefit physically or morally of such excursions on the Lord's day) is very doubtful. Our knowledge of those who spend the Sabbath in search of fresh air, and those who devote themselves on that day to religious exercises in public and private does not by any means warrant us to say that the former are more healthy, physically, morally, or spiritually, but much the reverse. This argument from benevolence in favour of running street cars on Sabbath is really the only one which has any appearance of force, but it is very doubtful, to say the least of it. I believe that were some clear-headed Ithuriel to touch it sharply with his spear it would speedily vanish into its own native darkness.

"As regards the Sunday car service," he thinks it "a little absurd to imagine that every other city of the same size in Europe and America is quite wrong and Toronto alone is right!" The absurdity supposed is an imagination and no more. I suppose that King Nebuchadnezzar thought it "absurd to imagine" that he, his nobles, and the rest of the assembled multitude were "quite wrong" and that Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego "alone were right;" but he was forced to change his opinion. King Darius suspected that he and his nobles were wrong and Daniel alone right when, contrary to the royal edict, he prayed daily to God, and next morning proved that his suspicion was well-founded. People thought it very absurd in Mordecai to disobey the King's command to pay idolatrous respect to Haman the Agagite, but Mordecai proved to be right after all. No doubt it was thought to be very absurd in Paul when on Mars' hill to consider all the wise men of Athens "quite wrong and that he alone was right," but Paul was right notwithstanding. We are commanded somewhere in Scripture not to "follow a multitude to do evil." It is much to Toronto's credit in the estimation of good men that it does not follow the example of "every other city of the same size in Europe and America" in this matter of Sunday street cars. I hope the fear of God will long so prevail in Toronto that its rulers and people will not permit that particular form of Sabbath desecration.

D. B. CAMERON.

## CASTLES IN SPAIN.

SPANISH castles, fancy real,  
Lit by torches hymeneal,  
Many-coloured prisms falling  
Over cresset, sconce and tower,  
Blaze through court and corridor,  
Make enchantment more enthralling!

Held in spacious banquet hall,  
Fantasy's fair festival,  
Ruby wine in jewelled chalice,  
Scented like the violet,  
For our lips inviolate  
Sparkles in that dream-world palace.

From a wreathed bower emerges  
Harmony, which upward surges  
Over fields of dew-wet pansies.  
Music—sweet to desolation,  
Mad with every variation  
Possible to vagrant fancies.

Country of delightful neighbours,  
Land of unexpected favours!  
With no token of unfitness.  
Where the women all are young,  
Not as by the love-bard sung  
But as wit and beauty witness!

Spanish castles! Blissful places,  
Each a separate oasis—  
Not of greenery, but of gold,  
Where the blazoned heraldry  
Spread on brodered tapestry  
Plebeian eyes may see unrolled.

Could such dreams go on forever,—  
But the real and false dissever.  
Spanish castles all departed,  
I awaken to my fate,  
Left of all my real estate,  
Waken heavy and sad-hearted.

'Stead of tower—my attic high  
Close toward the autumnal sky,  
Under the rainy Hyades.  
Now the dismal day is waning  
'Mid the wind's continual plaining,  
And all grows darker by degrees.

EVA H. BRODLIQUE.

## THE PAPACY.

THE following is the concluding portion of a remarkable paper supposed to be from the pen of a prominent Roman Catholic, which appears in the current number of the *Contemporary Review*:

"The successor of the Fisherman will have learnt an invaluable lesson if in future he refuses, being in Italy, to interfere with the man at the helm in Ireland. St. Peter would never have lived to be an apostle and the first Bishop of Rome, if, when the storm arose on the Galilean lake, he had been compelled to steer his craft in obedience to orders shouted to him from men on the shore. At present Monsignor Persico has to bear the brunt of the blame, for the Church never hesitates to sacrifice its instruments in order to protect its head. But in the interests of truth, it is necessary to say quite clearly that it is the Pope and not Monsignor Persico who must bear the blame for the recent peril into which the Church has been plunged in Ireland. Monsignor Persico's lips are closed for the present, and he cannot make any reply to the hurricane of abuse with which he has been overwhelmed. Should the time come when he can be heard in his own defence, the world and the Church will be surprised indeed.

"It is therefore all the more incumbent upon those

who know the facts as they are known in Rome to do an act of tardy justice to Monsignor Persico, who so far from deserving the censure so freely heaped upon him, may fairly claim to have seen the rock upon which the Holy Father steered, and to have urged him, unfortunately in vain, to adopt an altogether different course to that which he persisted in pursuing.

"This is a very grave statement, which is not made without positive knowledge at first hand of the facts. In justice to Monsignor Persico, it should be known in Ireland—

"1. That so far from the Rescript having been drawn up in accordance with his recommendations, there were few men in all Ireland more astounded, and it may be added dismayed, than was Monsignor Persico on the receipt of that fateful document. He was not consulted about it while it was in process of elaboration, he did not recommend that it should be issued, and the first intimation which he received that such a momentous step was to be taken was his receipt in common with the Irish bishops of the text of the Rescript.

"2. That not only did Monsignor Persico not advise the publication of the Rescript, but in his reports, which he forwarded to the Vatican for the information of the Holy Father, he expressly and urgently deprecated any such precipitance, and implored the Pope to do nothing whatever in Ireland until he had summoned the Archbishops and one bishop from every province in Ireland to Rome, and had gone into all the questions of fact and of principle with those who were most competent to advise.

"3. That when the Pope, in his letter of June 24, 1888, defending his Rescript, told the Irish bishops that his sources of information were trustworthy, and that he could not be justly accused of having given judgment in a case with which he was insufficiently acquainted, because he had sent Monsignor Persico "with the commission to use the greatest diligence in ascertaining the truth and to make a faithful report to us," he seems to have implied that his Rescript was based upon the report of Monsignor Persico. Although the Pope may have read the earlier letters of his Envoy, the contrast between Monsignor Persico's final advice and the Pope's action seems to indicate that his *Relazione* had not even been perused by the Pope before he launched the Rescript which created so much heart-burning in Ireland.

"4. That Monsignor Persico, so far from desiring to make the Church the tool of the English Government, declared throughout that it was fatal to the influence of the Holy See in Ireland that the Pope's action should be in any way suspected to be prompted by England. He had considerable experience in negotiating with Catholic Governments, and his conviction was very strong that the expectations of the Pope of gain from diplomatic relations with England were mistaken. They would not strengthen, and they might easily weaken, the authority of the Church. The hierarchy of Ireland, he maintained, were the true and proper channels through whom all communications should take place between the Pope and the Irish people.

"These statements are not made without a full sense of the grave responsibility attaching to their publication. They are capable of conclusive demonstration. The Pope has only to ask Cardinal Rampolla to bring him Monsignor Persico's *Relazione*, to note the date on which that report was read by the Pope, to compare that date with the date of the Rescript, and then to compare the recommendations of Monsignor Persico with the statements made above. It is impossible, of course, for any one else to verify the accuracy of what will no doubt be regarded in Ireland as an astonishing and almost incredible revelation, but the appeal may be made without hesitation to Rome. The Pope, the Cardinal State Secretary, and the Archbishop of Damietta know the facts, and they know that they are substantially as herein stated. This being so, is it not about time that a more charitable judgment of Monsignor Persico began to prevail in Ireland?

"Much more important, however, than the rehabilitation of the Archbishop of Damietta, is the lesson which this story teaches as to the perils which encompass the Church when the Sovereign Pontiff, the successor of the Prince of the Apostles, and the Vicar upon earth of our Lord Himself, can thus set at defiance the ordinary rules of statesmanship. It is not enough to have your head in the clouds. You must have your feet firmly planted upon solid facts.

"The Pope's ideal of embodying the voice of the Christian conscience is an admirable one; but it requires omniscience for its realization. If he would essay to prescribe for the moral and spiritual ailments of mankind, the first condition is a careful diagnosis of the state of his patient. It does not do to send "a man of tried prudence and discretion" to report upon a case, and then to prescribe without waiting to read his report. No amount of respect due to the holiness of his office, or the excellence of his intentions, can prevent the Pope making grievous mistakes, prejudicial to his own authority, if he ventures to pronounce judgment upon subjects which he does not fully understand, without taking the advice of those who are on the spot, and whose authority he is always exhorting the faithful to obey.

"The root of the difficulty seems to lie in the extent to which the Catholic Church has been Italianized and centralized. If the Pope is to fulfil his greater ideal he will have to shake himself free from the influences of the Vatican. The atmosphere of the place, the traditions and associations which cling to its very walls, and the all-pervading presence of the Italian Cardinals and great officials, render it impossible for him to rise to the height

of his great conception of his rôle as the mouthpiece of the conscience of universal Christendom which speaks with the voice of God. Until he has definitely rid himself of the desire to re-establish a temporal authority in a second-rate European city, that minor and earthly ambition will continually obscure his higher and brighter ideal, and lead him into devious courses which will impair his influence even in the Catholic world. Nor is it only in the distraction afforded by the petty anxieties connected with the dream of reviving his sovereignty in the States of the Church that the Italianization of the Holy See works evil. The autocratic associations of the Caesars still haunt the Imperial city. The idea of centralization is one of the most inveterate of the moral miasmas of Rome. Of course if the Pope could claim special divine revelation affording him infallible guidance both as to the facts and as to the judgment to be pronounced on those facts, there could be no more to be said. But as not even the most extravagant infallibilist ventures to make such a claim, the Pope will find, like other great secular Governments, that decentralization is the condition of efficiency and even of existence. Home Rule is the key to the solution of other problems than those of the British Empire. The Pope, no doubt, will have his uses even when the affairs of each province of the Catholic world are left chiefly to the guidance of the local hierarchy. But the allowance of a larger liberty to the local churches in all matters social and political is the indispensable condition of any intelligent direction of the moral force of Catholicism to the solution of the difficulties and to the satisfaction of the wants of the human race.

"All these considerations point in one and the same direction, and they are powerfully reinforced by the most conspicuous political phenomenon of our day. We stand at the dawn of a new epoch which, from the point of view of universal history, is quite as momentous as that in which the Northern tribes broke in upon and destroyed the fabric of the moribund Empire of Rome. It was the supreme merit of the Catholic Church that, amid the crash of the earlier world, it recognized with a sure prevision that the past was gone irrevocably, and that the future lay with the fierce warriors from the fastnesses and forests of the North. It remains to be seen whether the Church will be as quick to discern the salient feature of the great transformation through which the world is passing to-day. It is a revolution vaster and more rapid than that which founded the modern European world on the wreck and ruin of the Roman Empire. The world is passing into the hands of the English-speaking races. Already the English tongue is becoming the *lingua franca* of the planet. Already the territories over which the laws are made and justice administered in the language of Shakespeare and of Bacon exceed in wealth, in extent, in the number of their populations, and in the limitless latent possibilities of their development, all other lands ruled by all other nations of the earth. In a hundred years, unless the progress of this marvellous transformation is suddenly checked in some manner as yet unconceivable, the English speakers will outnumber all the men of other tongues in the world. Italian, Spanish, and French will be but local dialects of as little importance, except for literature, as Erse and Welsh. English ideas, English laws, English civilization, are becoming as universal as the English speech. Alone among the races the English have escaped the curse of universal military service. Alone among the nations they have learnt to combine liberty and law, and to preserve an empire by the timely concession of local self-government. Whether we welcome or whether we deplore the prospect, the fact is unmistakable—the future of the world is English.

"What, then, is to be the attitude of the Holy See in face of this strange re-making of the world? Upon the answer to that question depends the future of the Church. If she still aspires to exorcise her beneficent dominion over the new and the coming world, she will follow the example of the great Popes who created Europe out of the chaos of barbarian invasion. She will no more seek to restore Papal sovereignty in the capital of Italy than a thousand years ago she sought to revive the proconsuls of the Empire or to restore the Caesars. Let the dead past bury its dead. Rome, once the world's centre, is now a mere provincial town, in an out-of-the-way corner of a small inland sea. The headquarters of the Church, in the days when she was a living reality, gravitated by a natural law to the centre of Empire. If she is still to be a living reality, presiding over the development of our civilization and mothering the children of men, then she will be true to the law of her being and establish the seat of her sovereign Pontiff in the centre where sovereignty resides. Rome is of the old world, archaic, moribund, and passing away. The centre, the capital, and the mother city of the new world which Catholicism must conquer or perish, is not to be found on the banks of the Tiber, but on the Thames.

"Nor is it only on political, geographical, and ethnological grounds that the Papacy must be Occidentalized—Anglicized or Americanized. The whole lesson of the Persico incident, and of many another incident like it, is that the more sedulously the Pope endeavours to fulfil his high mission, the more necessary is it that he should avail himself of those plain and simple principles of common sense applied to the art of government which are the pre-eminent endowment of the English-speaking world. These principles are those of liberty and local self-government. They will never get a fair chance of being worked into the bones and marrow of the Catholic Church until we have a Pope who thinks English.

"So clearly does this appear that after long and careful survey of the situation at Rome and throughout the world, it does not seem presumptuous to conclude this paper with a prophecy. It may be that the Church of Rome has played her part in the affairs of men and that in the new English-speaking era, on the threshold of which mankind is standing, there may be no more than a niche in a Roman museum for the successor of Hildebrand. In that case, whether the Pope stays in Rome or goes to Seville or Innsbruck or Minorca does not much matter. But if there be any real substance of truth in the Pope's belief that the Catholic Church is the chosen instrument whereby Infinite Wisdom inspired by Eternal Love works out the salvation of the world, then as certainly as it was necessary for a persecution to arise to scatter the first Christians from Jerusalem so that they might carry the seed of faith over the Roman world, not less certainly shall we see in a few years, or even it may be a few months, the breaking of a storm which will compel the Pope to fly from the Eternal City—never to return. And in that hour when those who hate the Church fill the air with insult and exultation, and when those who love her more in her accidents than in her essence are abased to the dust with humiliation and shame, then to the eye of faith the enforced hegira of the Pope from the Latin to the English world will be regarded as the supreme affirmation of the providential mission of the Church—a new divine commission for her to undertake on a wider basis the great task of rebuilding the City of God."

#### GOUNOD'S VIEWS ON ART AND ARTISTS.

A SUBJECT on which it is exceedingly interesting to make the author of "Faust" talk is the judgment that he pronounces on other masters of his art. This is easy enough so far as the dead are concerned; but about the living he is—and rightly so—exceedingly reserved. Neither his position nor his character would save him from the stupid charge of jealousy so lightly flung by persons who measure the minds of others by their own insignificance. He rightly dreads, while he despises, the traitorous inuendoes of men who, either from pettiness of soul or affectation of scepticism, find all their delight and renown in disparaging what is great. "What have I done to make you angry with me?" asked the glow-worm of the toad. "You glitter," replied the other. The fable is eternally true. But Gounod is by no means disinclined to express his opinions about the dead. How far his "adoration" of them goes is well known. The word is not too powerful to express the devotion with which he worships that master—"in whom profound knowledge of methods was combined with exquisite grace of form, who excelled in all the manifestations of human sensibility, to whom the comic was as familiar as the sublime, whose masterpiece is the brightest star that ever shone in the heaven of musical art"—in short, Mozart. In a lecture delivered on October 25, 1882, at the Academy of Fine Arts, he sang the praises of the master in language that seems rhapsodical and poetical, but was far too feeble in his opinion to express the warmth of his admiration:

"Who, like Mozart, has traversed the immense scale of human passions? Who has touched their far-distant limits with such unswerving accuracy, equally proof against the inaptitudes of false grace and the brutalities of lying violence? Who else could thrill with anguish and horror the purest and the most eternal forms? . . . Oh, divine Mozart, didst thou lie indeed on the bosom of infinite Beauty, even as once the beloved disciple lay on the Saviour's breast, and didst thou draw up thence the incomparable grace which denotes the true elect! Bounteous nature had given thee every gift; grace and strength, fullness and sobriety, bright spontaneity, and burning tenderness, all in that perfect balance which makes up the irresistible powers of thy charm, and which makes of thee the musician of musicians, greater than the greatest, the only one of all—Mozart."

The predilection of the author of the *Redemption and Mors et Vita* for sacred music is well known. He first caught the taste for it at Rome, while studying Palestrina, whose strict severity did not discourage him because he felt all the fervour and faith of a neophyte, in religion as in art. In the hard work at counterpoint to which he devoted himself while he lived under the shadow of the Sistine Chapel he obtained that skilfulness of manipulation, that thorough knowledge of method, and that ease in the arrangement of parts without which no one can be a great musician. Thus his gratitude to his old Roman master equals his admiration for him. The first work of importance which he wrote was a mass after the style of Palestrina, which was performed in 1842 at the Church St. Louis de Français in Rome. Almost half a century later the musician, then at the zenith of his fame, went back to the fancies of his youth by writing in the same "high-priestly" style the "Joan of Arc" Mass. When he develops his theory about religious music he expresses with fervour his admiration for this austere, impersonal and mystic form.

"When Christ entered Jerusalem," he says, "and the people cried out as He passed, 'Hosanna to the son of David!' His disciples said to him, 'Master, bid them be silent;' but He replied, 'I tell you, if these were silent the very stones would cry out.' Well, a choral mass ought to be symbolic of these words, it ought to be a building of hewn stones, massive, grand, imposing, stern and solemn. This is what Palestrina thoroughly understood, and it is this that makes him immortally a great artist."

The same train of thought leads Gounod to hold Jean Sebastian Bach to be a colossal musician. "The whole of music is in this man," is his saying, and his phrases of admiration for the author of the St. Matthew Passion music are interminable. I only know one French artist who understands Bach as well as Gounod does—I mean Charles M. Widar, one of the most graceful and most distinguished of the composers of the younger school. Both have already done much to make the French public familiar with the severe and imposing work of the old Cantor of Leipzig; and it is to be hoped that their efforts will bear good fruit.

It is commonly said, and has been repeated in everything that has been written about Gounod's early years, that during his journey in Germany in 1843 he was fascinated by the genius of Robert Schumann, at that time at the height of his fame in his native land, but as unknown in France as the favourite musicians of the Pekin Court are at the present day. Gounod not only denies this, and maintains that the author of another "Faust" had no influence whatever on his musical career, but also asserts plainly that he never felt for Schumann that intellectual sympathy that comes from mysterious kinship between two souls. He acknowledges and admires the power and originality of Schumann's talent; but this acknowledgment is the result of reasoning, not of that unreflecting self-abandonment which is the sure sign of artistic relationship. —*Fortnightly Review*.

#### ART NOTES.

THE well-known artist, John A. Frazer, so long a resident of Toronto, after a sojourn in England and Scotland, has taken a studio in New York, where his clever water colour drawings are much appreciated.

The artist members of the Ontario Society are preparing a number of sketches for the Art Union portfolio during their summer outings, the object being to raise the standard of this branch of the Society's work. Complaint has been made of late years that this branch has been neglected, and that a large number of the artists did no original sketches for the portfolio, whereas it was by means of the Art Union that the Society has become so well established, and it is with pleasure we learn that it is likely a new system will be introduced making it imperative on all artist members who participate in the benefits (*i.e.*, the prize drawing) to provide a certain number of sketches each year, this will ensure a wider field for subscribers to choose from, so that sketches by all the different artists can be obtained by those who are desirous of forming a collection.

It appears that after all the "Angelus" of Millet has been secured for the United States; as it was supposed to have been purchased at the Secretan sale for the French Government against the bidding of the Americans, the transaction is not altogether satisfactory, and one cannot help thinking that the price might have been lower, if there had been no bidding on behalf of the French gallery.

TEMPLAR.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

POEMS. (For Private Circulation). By Sophie M. Almon.

A volume, no matter how unpretentious, yet printed "for private circulation," does not very often carry its own commendation with it. The base philosopher, the practical reviewer, may consider that if printed at all, poems should be printed for the public. There is, as usual, something to be said on both sides. In the booklet before us there appears no reason why its contents should not have been boldly addressed to the Canadian literary public, all agog for budding genius, unless the slightness of the little publication has interfered with the chances of its acceptance by a publisher. Six Sonnets, the same number of Rondeaux, and nine short poems on miscellaneous subjects do not constitute a very big book. On the other hand, if the book is being put forth as a "feeler," so to speak, the authoress may have been wise indeed—beyond the wisdom of women. Meanwhile, Miss Almon gives us in these disjointed verses some very pretty work. Her model is evidently the Rossetti-Morris school, and some of her touches are very human, true to Nature, Life and Love. It must be admitted, however, that there is not in the collection a single poem strong enough to float a volume of verse, and several of the best, with reference to the thought, are unequal as to the execution. For instance, the sonnet entitled "Futurity," has a faulty rhyme at the fifth line which greatly mars the reading thereof. It is impossible to pronounce *bow* when the action of adoration at "Mammon's golden shrine," is implied, so as to rhyme with *know*, *low*, and *sow*. The construction, too, of this sonnet is anything but clear, and in a form of verse as rigid as the Sonnet ought to be, and with every word telling, it is a mistake to use so constantly such words as, "round," "neath," "o'er," "ne'er," and "e'er." The repetition of these phrases weakens the individual word effect which goes towards building a true Sonnet. The line,

The skies shewed blue against the dusky trees,

seems rather an inverted way of putting things, but doubtless Miss Almon saw what she has recorded. Other faulty rhymes are "arm" and "warm," "now" and "glow."

The Rondeaux, however, read much more smoothly, and there are isolated lines which testify to appreciation of natural phenomena, such as the following:

The dull woe of the woodland lily bud.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The ridge of mountains on the farther side,  
Shewing more black for many twinkling lights  
That come and go about the gathering heights.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Sinketh the bright suspicion of a wing,  
The slim curved moon.

Passages like these, as Miss Almon probably knows, are worth yards and yards of erotic verse that are prompted usually by youthful revelling in the emotions, and that are neither important at the time nor enduring for the future. The book is prettily printed and bound for the author by J. J. Anslow, Windsor, N. S.

POEMS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Selected and edited by Ernest Radford. The Canterbury Poets. London: Walter Scott; Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.

The mute, inglorious Miltons of literature are few. Great genius is, after all, so framed that it usually finds recognition, a local habitation much more commodious than Green Arbour Court, and a name that brings comfort and cheques in its train. But the number of mute, inglorious Southey's, Blakes, Cloughs, is an appalling one. The caprice of an editor, the tolerant pity of a publisher, the turn of a single line, the value of an isolated stanza, and the Blake, the Arthur Hugh Clough, the Walter Savage Landor, the Bryan Procter of literature—become recognized, largely through influence, manner or perseverance. The poems of Walter Savage Landor, then, are poems of the secondary order. They depend upon a considerable degree of insight in the reader to discover their actual charm. A sort of artificiality clothes them as with a shroud, and there is the feeling strong upon one that, as his editor says: "Often he would find recreation in careless verse upon a trivial theme." Poetry was not to him the all-absorbing, soul-enthraling thing it is to great poets. He remained a writer of prose, and it is as the latter that the world chiefly knows and judges him. Yet much of his verse was sympathetic, cultured and graceful in the extreme. The well-known passage,

I never pluck the rose; the violet's head  
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank  
And not reproached me, the ever sacred cup  
Of the pure lily hath between my hands  
Felt safe, unsoiled, nor lost one grain of gold.

is perhaps the loveliest in all these selections from his poetic writings. His longest effort, "Gebir," was published in 1798, the year of the "Lyrical Ballads," when Landor himself was twenty-three, Southey twenty-four, Coleridge twenty-six, and Wordsworth twenty eight. All these friends, pioneers of the New Thought, gathered around him and received his work with proud delight. Byron was only a boy, Keats and Shelley still younger, while Tennyson was yet unborn. It is in face of these facts that Landor's work reads the best and its full strength is appreciated.

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS. The Camelot Series. London: Walter Scott; Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.

These justly celebrated epistles, so full of learning and unmistakable sincerity, plain-dealing and liberality, follow the other eighteenth-century idyl, "The Vicar of Wakefield," in this delightful series. Lord Chesterfield has always been abused. Certainly his "Letters" alone do not present enough for the education of the average man. But up to a certain point how sound the advice, how clear the common sense, how absolutely true the epigrammatic sentences! Johnson's opinion of them, that they taught the "morals of a courtesan and the manners of a dancing-master," may very likely have been suggested by the famous "Dedication" wrangle. Besides Johnson, who was not over-clean, and certainly anything but refined and polite, may have felt the cap fitting his own touzled, be-wigged head as he read on and on and still on of "Manner," the "Graces," "Polish," "Petits soins," and all the rest of it. The son to whom the letters were written was illegitimate, the result of a Continental amour, and instead of hiding the boy, or in any way disguising his parentage, he undertook to educate him with all the vigour and intellectual acumen of which he was capable. Destined for diplomatic and parliamentary life, Philip Stanhope did not come up to his father's hopes, but proved an amiable failure. Upon his death, discovering not till then that the latter was the father of two boys by a secret marriage, the old earl treated them and their mother with a kindness and compassion which proved he was not altogether selfish and mercenary, nor ignoble. As regards the purely literary value of the "Letters," it can scarcely be overestimated. The diction is smooth and polished to a degree, while the glimpses of Continental and London society make the book almost as entertaining as Pepys or Boswell.

CLEOPATRA. By H. Rider Haggard. Toronto: William Bryce.

Mr. Haggard's books are characterized usually by imagination, sometimes by humour, rarely by a union of both. The strength of "King Solomon's Mines" lay in just that union. The audacity was great which could give us the spectacle of Good in his ridiculous costume among the weird inhabitants of South Africa. But the audacity was so great that it succeeded. Incongruity, when powerful, is a capital ingredient in a modern novel, and as a master

of the incongruous, although he is not the equal of Stevenson or Austen, Mr. Haggard is still easily among the first.

In "Cleopatra," however, there is not a single glimpse of humour. Imagination reigns supreme, with a good deal of Egyptian lore scattered broadcast. We read the quite serious dedication and the still more serious preface with a feeling of having been deceived—taken in, so to speak. The author's mother, who is evidently an Egyptologist, and to whom the work is dedicated, is probably more than half responsible for her son's choice of a subject which is of necessity a theme calling for those splendours of expression that are met with so frequently in Mr. Haggard's best work. Indeed the style of "Cleopatra" is so erotic, so overlaid, weighed down with the florid hyperbole of the Orient that a glance at its pages suggests a mixture of Ouida and George Ebers. Yet when it comes to the dramatic, and situations are needed, the author rises to the occasion. The affair of the huge bat, "white with unrecorded ages, and whose measure was the measure of a hawk," and the whole scene in which the mighty treasure of emeralds was found inside the mummy, are alike characterized by a boldness of conception in the best vein of the writer. There are thirty striking illustrations in the Canadian edition, originally supplied by R. Caton Woodville and M. Greiffenhausen.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

POPE'S "Essay on Man," with corrections in the poet's own handwriting, was lately sold in London for \$160.

LONGMANS, GREEN AND Co. have now ready "Natural Religion," the Gifford lectures delivered at Glasgow, 1888, by F. Max Müller, M.A.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE is said to have undertaken the biography of James Freeman Clarke; the book is not to be expected for two years.

"ROUND the World with the Poets," selected and arranged by Mary Cate Smith and Sarah C. Winn, is announced by C. H. Kilborn of Boston.

AT Paris Russia exhibits little, and of this the case of P. Jurgenson is the best. Russian literature is a possibility of the distant future, of which we have but a dim promise.

ITALY has only eleven exhibits at Paris, of which those of Ferdinand Ongania, of Venice, Jules Ricordi et Cie., of Milan, and Edouard Sonzogno, of Milan, are the more important.

A VOLUME of the poems of Mr. Frederic Tennyson, eldest brother of the poet laureate, is among the reprints in contemplation in London. They have become difficult to procure.

MACMILLAN & Co. will publish in September a revised edition of Bryce's "American Commonwealth." It is said that ten thousand copies of this work have been sold in the United States.

GREECE is represented at the Paris Exposition by thirty-six exhibits, of which Anesti Constantinides, of Athens, who has done much for modern Greek literature, stands foremost.

A NEW volume of poems by Victor Hugo, soon to make its appearance in Paris, contains two dramas, "Amy Robsart," which was acted at the Odéon, and "Les Jum-eaux," which was left unfinished.

IN the Swiss department of the Paris Exhibition there are twenty-one exhibitors, of whom D. Lebet, of Lausanne, and Orell Fussli et Cie., of Zurich, are the chief. Nothing specially attractive presents itself in this department.

THE Rev. Samuel Longfellow is re-casting his biography of the poet. The volume of reminiscences and anecdotes which appeared as a sequel to the two volumes of the biography will probably be incorporated in these, the "Life" then appearing in three volumes.

LITTLE, BROWN AND Co. have in preparation "A Book About Florida," by Margaret Deland, author of "John Ward, Preacher," to be issued in an octavo volume, illustrated with numerous coloured plates, etchings, and vignettes in text, from designs by Louis K. Harlow, bound in decorated cloth.

It seems that the day for fleshly novels has already gone by. The demand for the work of the Dainties and the Gertrude Athletons and other disciples of the fleshly school has practically ceased in leading bookstores, and people are asking for healthier literature. The reaction was bound to come, but it has come somewhat sooner than was expected.

GEORGE H. ELLIS, of Boston, will publish ere long "Problems in American Society," by Joseph Henry Crooker, author of "Jesus Brought Back." Its six chapters are "The Student in American Life," "Scientific Charity," "The Root of the Temperance Problem," "The Political Conscience," "Moral and Religious Instruction in the Public Schools," and "The Religious Destitution of Villages."

M. TERQUEM, who has charge of the interests of the American publishers at the Paris Exposition, writes that *The Century* has taken a Diploma of Honour in the department of publications. This is more than an ordinary compliment, for the reason that only seven of these diplomas were awarded; four stayed in France, one went to Belgium, one to England and one to America. The *Century* Co. received also a gold medal; so too did J. B. Lippincott Co. of Philadelphia.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS will publish shortly "Great Words from Great Americans," a neatly gotten up little book giving the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, Washington's and Lincoln's Inaugural and Farewell Addresses, etc.; "Seven Thousand Words Often Mispronounced," by William H. P. Phyfe; and a new "Knickerbocker Nugget" devoted to "Tales by Heinrich Zschöкке," translated by Parke Godwin and William P. Prentiss.

SIR CHARLES DILKE is engaged upon a work entitled "Problems of Greater Britain," covering in some respects the same ground of "Greater Britain." It will not be, however, a record of travel, but a study of comparative politics and a complete survey of the Empire. Special attention will be paid to the question of Indian frontier defence, the situation in Canada and South Africa, and the important problems which concern Australia. The book will be published by Macmillan and Co. in January.

It is announced now that John Albert Bright will not take any action for some time to come with regard to the publication of his father's papers, including the voluminous and necessarily most interesting diary. As in the case of Lord Beaconsfield's papers, it is felt that inconveniences might arise if publication were to take place during the lifetime of the Queen or of Mr. Gladstone. Even the life of the late Lord Aberdeen, long since written and printed, will be withheld, it is stated, so long as the Queen is alive.

"CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK," says the *St. James' Gazette*, "was a well-invented pseudonym, and deceived authors and critics on both sides of the Atlantic as to the sex of the author." The writer continues: "To be taken for a man is still apparently regarded as a compliment by the lady writer. That is a mark of subjection which should be outlived in these days of ladies' literary dinners and other demonstrations of fair ladies in revolt. It is what some people are fond of calling a significant fact, that, whereas half the ladies who write assume masculine pseudonyms, we can recall no instance of a man writing under a female name."

THE American artist, Mr. Theodore Wores, whose studies of Japanese life and landscape have recently attracted wide attention in New York and London, has written for the September *Century* a paper on "An American Artist in Japan," for which a number of his oil paintings have been engraved. Mr. Wores describes many Japanese traits of character which might be copied to advantage by nations which are generally considered more highly civilized. "An utter absence of sham," he says, "a perfect freedom from all affectation, constitutes one of their most admirable qualities. They show no false or venerated front to the world, the beauty of their homes lies more in their interior finish than in a showy outside, and the lining of their gowns is often of a more expensive and finer material than the outer stuff."

THE *Dominion Illustrated*, itself occupying a deservedly honourable place in Canadian periodical literature, says: The regret has often been expressed that Canada has hitherto failed to give continued and paying support to the higher class of periodical. This is certainly to be deplored. It is, however, some compensation that the daily press (both French and English) devotes a good deal of space to literary subjects. For some time past this phase of Canadian journalism has been becoming more marked. Nearly all the best city papers and several of the country journals have on their staff of writers literary men who keep the public fairly informed as to what is going on in the world of letters. We have, moreover, at least one good literary journal. If *THE WEEK* were published in the United States or in England, we would probably learn more (in Canada) of its merits. Abroad, it takes deserved rank among the leading expositors of the thought, taste and tendencies of our time, and at home it is prized by those whose favourable judgment is worth having. But it is not rash to say that, were it published in New York, or Boston or London, its circulation would be ten times as great as it is. Meanwhile, it has, we rejoice to know, made good its hold on the affections of a sufficient number of Canadian readers to assure it against premature demise.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

WHAT IS A DRAMA?

I TAKE it for granted, notwithstanding Mr. Howells' recent suggestions, that Shakespeare has given us some very fair models in dramatic fiction, nor do I hesitate to refer to Molière as a playwright of some authority. Take from any play of Shakespeare or Molière the plot and there is left no continuity of interest binding together the brilliant fragments of wit, wisdom, life, and art. Nowhere does mere diletanteism, or sheer photographic tameness, show more absurdly than behind the footlights. The masculation of art, by giving precedence to the commonplace over the heroic, is not so observable in a novel as in a play. The reader who has infinite leisure and very low appreciation of the function of art may please himself for a day or two with some so-called novel of commonplace existence, made doubly commonplace by dreary analysis, but the theatre-lover demands vigorous imagination lighting up a strong plot, and he will not be content with mere garden-party stuff. In this the theatre-lover is altogether right. The best art in the novel or the drama is a combination of invention and presentation. First a plot, next its projection, then the breath of human life blown from the lips of genius. The two great novelists of all time, Scott and

Hugo, like the two great dramatists, Shakespeare and Molière, did not view fiction as mere photography. They understood that the frame-work, the bony skeleton of a story, must be the plot, that its organs must be the active characters whose functions were to develop the interest, and that its vitality must lie in the presentation of some form of reasonable heroism, or some form of extraordinary human experience. This experience might be that of a past age, or it might be a reflex of contemporary civilization; but the creation must not fail to have a stamp above the commonplace. Nor must this stamp be merely in the style; it must sink into the plot and identify the very fibre of the story; it must mark the characters evolved; it must give force and authority to the life presented, and by its own heat weld itself to the lives of the theatre audience, from the orchestra seats to the bootblack gallery. Art is nothing worth having if it is not an appeal of life to life, and the drama is nothing valuable if it is not the simplest and directest of all vehicles for this appeal. But what is life without the stimulus of a plot, without the intrigue of ambition, devoid of the sweet and the bitter trials of true love, shorn of the badges of heroism and denied the precious glamour of romance? What a dry, tasteless, material thing the drama would be, built on the analytico-commonplace plan! Perhaps it is the most natural thing in the world that the realists cannot see how modern, or rather recent, realism has degraded the drama to its present condition. When the hero and the heroine were abolished, or were degraded to mere kettle-drum and picnic characters, it was the death-knell of all high dramatic fascination in plays, but it satisfied the little realists—nay, it delighted them—and now they demand that the plot, so dear to all the great dramatists, from Æschylus to Bulwer, shall be abandoned. If the ambitious young playwright would know what a genuine drama is, and upon what rules success in his profession must depend, let him turn from the realists and consult his Shakespeare and his Molière, not for imitation, but for sympathy, direction and encouragement.—*Maurice Thompson in America.*

AUSTRALIAN POLITICS.

It has been said that Australian politics are the politics of great questions and little men. Like most generalisations this is hardly accurate. Sir Henry Parkes, of New South Wales, and Sir John Macdonald, of Canada, are men of equal calibre to many who have made for themselves names in English history. Mr. Gillies, Premier of Victoria, has a parliamentary skill and experience which would fit him to lead in any deliberative assembly; while Sir Samuel Griffith, of Queensland, has a genius for practical legislation which has made the statute-book of his colony a model. Among many younger men, the names of Mr. Deakin of Victoria, Mr. Barton of New South Wales, Mr. Sabre Mackenzie of New Zealand, and Mr. Inglis Clark of Tasmania, would all, if there were any unity of sentiment between Australia and England, be known to every one who takes an interest in public affairs. Nor is the standard of Australian Legislatures generally low. It is a mistake to suppose that the majority of members are either disorderly or corrupt. Personal corruption is, I believe, entirely unknown. Such improper influencing of votes as does occur takes the form (not altogether unknown in the case of dockyard-towns in England) of pleasing the member by spending public money in his constituency. Members may also occasionally use their position to obtain early information of projected public works; but those who act in this way are much fewer than the too suspicious public is ready to believe, while their conduct has rarely, if ever, any reference to their votes. Upon the whole, our Parliaments are a fair reflex of Australian life; and if they are not better, the fault does not lie with the constituencies. These, in the absence of some disturbing local feeling, will as a rule choose the best man that offers himself; and they prefer an educated man to one who is uneducated. . . . The appearance of the Nationalist party in Australian politics will not be without benefit to England, if it serves as a wholesome warning against injudicious and fantastic schemes of union. Organic questions ought not to be raised except in cases of necessity; and the doctrinaires and busybodies who force them before the prosaic and peace-loving voter in Australia are doing more harm to the cause of union than they can be aware of. No doubt the motive of such persons is good, and it is therefore perhaps ungenerous to criticize their conduct harshly. Let them confine their efforts to making Australia and other Colonies known to Englishmen and they will be rendering a real public service. The way to consolidate the scattered dominions of the Queen is to diffuse information, so that the importance of every part may be universally appreciated. It cannot be expected that Englishmen should follow Colonial affairs with close interest, but they might know more about them than they do. They ought to recognize that Australian politics are worthy of attention, not only because of their bearing upon English interests, but because of their intrinsic political importance.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

A MAMMOTH GLOBE.

THE terrestrial globe of the Paris Exposition is a mammoth affair. Though its size is only a millionth part of that of the earth, it is forty-two feet in diameter, and over one hundred and thirty feet in circumference. On it the configuration of the different continents, oceans, coun-

tries, etc., and even partial plans of the largest cities are shown. The building which encloses the globe is a twelve-sided iron and glass structure surmounted by a dome. To examine it one must ascend to the top of the building and pass down and around upon a platform which winds and descends to the ground floor. The impression given as to the relative distances and extents of surfaces, while of course quite accurate, is an astonishing experience to all whose studies of geography have been carried on in the ordinary way.—Washington Post.

A PIRATE BETRAYED.

A PROMINENT pirate of the seventeenth century was Captain Charles Vane, the details of whose career would, however, read much like some already given in the lives of earlier freebooters. One incident at the end of his life is presented, to show how much distrust often existed among the pirates themselves. Vane was at last wrecked on a small uninhabited island near the Bay of Honduras; his vessel was completely lost and most of his men drowned. He resided there some weeks, being reduced to great straits. While Vane was upon this Island a ship put in there from Jamaica for water, the captain of which, one Holford, an old pirate, happened to be an acquaintance of Vane's. He thought this a good opportunity to get off, and accordingly applied to his friend; but Holford absolutely refused him, saying to him, "Charles, I can't trust you on board my ship unless I carry you as a prisoner, for I shall have you caballing with my men, knocking me on the head, and running away with my ship pirating." Vane made all the protestations of honour in the world to him; but it seems Captain Holford was too intimately acquainted with him to place any confidence in his words or oaths. He told him he might easily get off if he had a mind to. "I am going down the bay," said he, "and shall return hither in about a month; and if I find you upon the island when I come back, I will carry you to Jamaica and there hang you!" "How can I get away?" answered Vane. "Are there not fishermen's dories upon the beach? Can't you take one of them?" replied Holford. "What!" replied Vane; "would you have me steal a dory, then?" "Do you make it a matter of conscience," replied Holford, "to steal a dory, when you have been a common robber and pirate, stealing ships and cargoes, and plundering all mankind that fell in your way? Stay here if you are so squeamish;" and he left him to consider the matter. After Captain Holford's departure another ship put into the small island, on her way home, for some water. None of the company knowing Vane, he easily passed his examination, and so was shipped for the voyage. One would be apt to think that Vane was now pretty safe, and likely to escape the fate which his crimes had merited; but here a cross accident happened which ruined all. Holford, returning from the bay, was met by this ship, and the captains being very well acquainted with each other, Holford was invited to dine aboard, which he did. As he passed along to the cabin he chanced to cast his eye down in the hold, and there he saw Charles Vane at work. He immediately spoke to the captain, saying, "Do you know whom you have aboard there?" "Why," said he, "I shipped the man the other day at an island where he had been cast away, and he seems to be a brisk hand." "I tell you," replied Captain Holford, "it is Vane, the notorious pirate." "If it be he," replied the other, "I won't keep him." "Why, then," said Holford, "I'll send and take him aboard, and surrender him at Jamaica." This being settled, Captain Holford, as soon as he returned to his ship, sent his mate armed, to Vane, who had his pistol ready cocked, and told him he was his prisoner. No man daring to make opposition, he was brought aboard and put into irons; and when Captain Holford arrived at Jamaica he delivered up his old acquaintance to justice, at which place he was tried, convicted, and executed, as was some time before Vane's companion, Robert Deal, who was brought thither by one of the men-of-war. "It is clear," says the original narrator, "from this how little ancient friendship will avail a great villain when he is deprived of the power that had before supported and rendered him formidable."—The Sea, its Stirring Story of Adventure, Peril, and Heroism (Cassell & Co.).

THE EXTINCTION OF LEISURE.

SOME day there will come to this time-begrudging, routine-ridden, alwas living-in-the-future nation of ours a revival of leisure; but it will not be during the lifetime of the present generation. Until our wonderful estate is sufficiently impoverished to work a diminishment of credit—that "spring-board from whence so much of our civilization vaults and turns its somersaults"—the fever for sudden riches, for artificial diversions, for luxurious living, and for lavish display will distemper our blood as it has for the last thirty years. When all our prairies have been exhausted, all our forests felled, and all our cattle ranches inhabited; when all our railways have been built and all our mines discovered; when there is nothing left for us to rob—then we must needs begin to recuperate our patrimony, unless we seek a new continent to strip. The nourishing and restoring of an estate begets a different character from that which is begotten by the consuming of it. It develops fortitude in men, throws them perpetually upon their own resources, and forces them to think whether they will or no. It drives them back to the earth, for simplicity and economy, and—leisure, for it is in the nature of man, as of certain of the lower animals, to be impelled by contraries. As long as the bounty of nature

invites us to leisure, we despise it; when the poverty of nature appears to deny us leisure, we appreciate it and possess more of it. The perpetual accretion among us of enormous private fortunes is the greatest discourager of leisure. Such magical success, with its accompanying ostentation and extravagance, fires the imaginations of men, and raises the ideal of fortune and of expenditure continually higher, so that we wear ourselves out in getting ready to live. A generation or two will distribute most of these phenomenal fortunes, as well as introduce the leaven of refinement among those to whom they descend. Nothing so effectually destroys the desire to obtain wealth as the inherited possession of wealth. When a well-to-do family becomes impoverished, its members are less likely to expend themselves wholly in money-getting than are those reared in parsimony or indigence. Education and refinement distract a man's powers from the getting of gain, so often to the ignorant and the refined the only resource. They teach men how much there is in the world which cannot be bought, and that too little causes no more unhappiness than too much. Choose whichever you will—the struggle to have, or the struggle to do without—there is escape from neither, and both are pain. They are but acute and chronic forms of the same disease. But the man who strives to do without has this inestimable advantage over the man who strives to have—the gods fight upon his side. If he is defeated, it is always his own fault; and if he wins, nothing can deprive him of his winnings. "He that lives according to reason shall never be poor, and he that governs his life by opinion shall never be rich; nature is limited, but fancy is boundless."—Alfred H. Peters, in The Forum.

HOW HISTORY IS MADE.

A STORY is told of one who on a steamer one night was singing to a group upon the deck, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul." A stranger in the company was attracted by some peculiar intonation of the singer, and suddenly springing up, said to him: "Sir, were you in the army during the late war?" "Yes," replied he. "Do you remember singing that hymn one night on the Potomac?" "Yes, one night I was sadly depressed as I was out alone on picket duty, and to cheer myself I sang this sweet, old hymn." "I," said the stranger, "was then in the Confederate army. The night was dark, and I came very near the Union lines, within easy range of a Union soldier. I lifted my gun to fire, when I heard him sing, 'Cover my defenceless head with the shadow of Thy wing.' I dropped my gun, and your life was saved."—The Church Papers, passim.

Some journalistic Jeremiah was lately bewailing, upon the housetops of San Francisco, the degeneracy of a century which was nearing its end without producing any truly great and original poem, play, picture, sculpture, or other work of the intellect, but was content to occupy itself with repeated threshings of a few ears of wheat, filched from the garner of preceding ages. Filled with indignation at what seemed to me a case of gross carelessness or blindness, I was about to echo in these columns the names of a few of the men of this century who have lit tapers that are destined to burn as long as any light of intelligence illumines the earth, when I became interested in an article in the Church Guardian, describing the peculiar and powerful inspiration under which Charles Wesley composed that famous hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," the more so because the account supplied an excellent illustration of something that I had intended to advance on the question of strength and originality in intellectual work. The article went on to give examples of the influence of the hymn under various circumstances connected with the singing of it, and one example described the emotion that took possession of an ex-Confederate soldier on a Potomac river excursion steamer in recognizing in the person of another excursionist, who was singing the hymn to the accompaniment of the saloon piano, a Federal soldier whom he had been about to shoot on the picket line many years before, when his murderous purpose was arrested by the circumstance of his intended victim's starting up the same hymn, in a peculiarly tender and touching manner, while walking his lonely beat. Mutual explanations followed (on the steamer, not the picket line), and the curtain was lowered on an effective tableau. My own emotions, however, outrivalled those of either of the pair of veterans on the Potomac excursion, for I recognized in the yarn a modernization and elaboration of a fanciful production of my own published in the Washington Chronicle a few years after the close of the rebellion, under the title, "A Little Story of the Great War," and which by reason of the pathos of its subject, gained a wide circulation at the time in the clippings of the press. I have no reason to believe that the Confederate and Federal soldier told of in the Church Guardian ever had an existence outside of my own brain, and I am about ready to join the Jeremiah of San Francisco, who weeps at the flat, stale, and hashed-up character of nineteenth century literature.—Auditus, in Printers' Ink.

[The above extracts from our exchanges indicate the mode in which much that eventually passes for history is made. The author of the little romance that shows such vitality is the Washington correspondent of THE WEEK.]

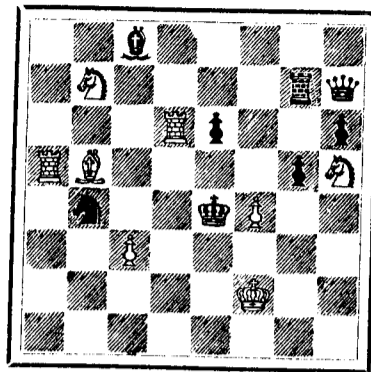
THE following statement of averages represents fairly what it costs to run a locomotive under ordinary conditions: Averages—Number of miles run to pint of oil, 15.32; number of miles run to a ton of coal, 46.17; number of pounds of coal per mile run, 48.62; number of pints of oil per mile run, 0.06.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 385.

By DR. GOLD, Vienna.

BLACK.



WHITE.

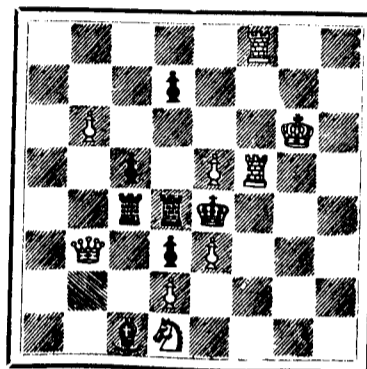
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 386.

By G. C. HEYWOOD.

From Sporting News.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 379.

White.

- 1. Kt-B5
2. Q-KB4
3. Q x B P mate

Black.

- K x Kt
K x Kt

No. 380.

R-Kt7

GAME PLAYED IN THE SIXTH AMERICAN CHESS CONGRESS BETWEEN MESSRS. JUDD AND BLACKBURNE.

From Columbia Chess Chronicle.

Table with 4 columns: MR. JUDD (White), MR. BLACKBURNE (Black), MR. JUDD (White), MR. BLACKBURNE (Black). Moves 1-33 are listed for each player.

NOTES.

- (a) A well-played game on both sides up to this move; Mr. Blackburne admits it cost him the game.
(b) An astonishing blunder for a player of Mr. Blackburne's experience.

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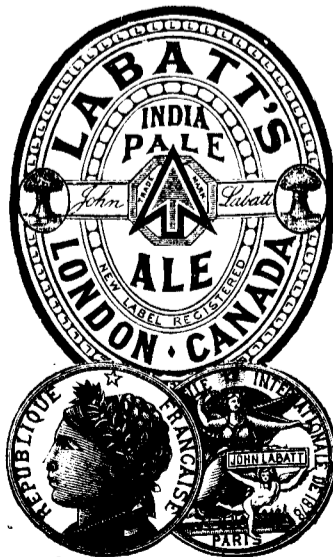
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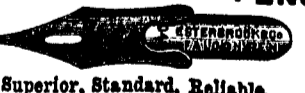
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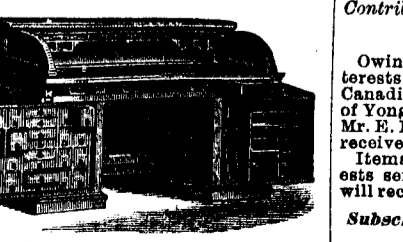
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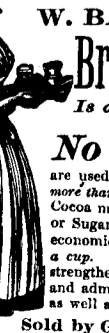
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