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# THE WEEK.

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## THE WEEK:

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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 person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

THE City Council having decided, we think wisely, to fulfil its pledge, by referring the decision of the question of running the street cars on Sunday to the vote of the people, it now remains for every citizen who has a mind of his own to consider carefully what we have to gain and what to lose by the change proposed, and to govern himself accordingly. For our own part, while we were unwilling that the question should be settled on ecclesiastical or so-called religious grounds, believing that such interpretations of Divine law are beyond and above the sphere of any civil or political authority, we are very decidedly of opinion that the city has very much more to lose than to gain by the abolition of its present quiet, reposeful Day of Rest. It is quite unnecessary to dwell upon the necessity of stated and frequent intervals of rest for workers of all classes. That will be admitted by all. Nor will it be disputed, we think, that science and experience agree in determining that the proportion of one day's rest to six days' work is the best and wisest proportion. It remains only to be determined whether the greatest good of the greatest number can be secured better by having so far as possible the whole body of citizens observe the same day, or by distributing the Sabbaths throughout the whole week and leaving it to each individual to choose the day which suits him best. Here, again, the voices of experience and common sense will quickly decide in favour of the simultaneous rest. The advantages of thus working and resting in concert, as a rule, are so many and obvious that it would be a waste of time to argue the question. It is, in fact, the only way in which the right of the weaker classes, those to whom daily toil is a necessity and the loss of a situation a disaster, to a weekly rest, can be safeguarded. The stock arguments in favour of the Sunday car, such as the convenience of church-goers, and of those who wish to breathe the purer air of the distant parks and the suburbs, have been so fully discussed and on the whole so satisfactorily answered that we could not hope to say anything new or useful on the subject. It would be folly to attempt to deny that there are many ways in which the cars, if running on Sunday, could be legitimately used to the convenience of almost all classes of citizens. It is only as we strike a balance between the advantages that would

result on the one hand, and the hardships that would be involved for a large class of our fellow-citizens and the evils of various kinds that would inevitably follow—some of which were well suggested in one of *Grip's* cartoons the other day—on the other hand, that we are in a position to reach the right conclusion. And, having made our position clear in opposition to those who would have the sanctity of the Sabbath enforced on religious grounds by the civic authorities, we may add without danger of being misunderstood that the opportunities for quiet reading, meditation, or worship, which are afforded by the simultaneous cessation from everyday business and labour, are not the least among the many considerations which may be and should be taken into the account by all who believe in the existence of the higher nature, and who realize that the soul of man has relations to the unseen and the eternal of such a kind as to render it essential to his highest well-being that he should have frequent opportunities for serious thinking.

THERE is reason to fear lest in the multiplicity of questions to be decided by the citizens of Toronto on the fourth of January some important ones may fail to receive the consideration they merit. Among these important ones is that of free text-books in the Public Schools. We are glad to see that Inspector Hughes has called attention to some of the strong reasons in favour of the proposed innovation. Among these the pleas that the system will be found economical, will tend to increased attendance and greater regularity in attendance, will save time in the school and prevent friction between parents and teachers are, we believe, especially valid and forcible. But perhaps the strongest argument in favour of having text-books and all other descriptions of necessary school apparatus furnished free in the school rooms is that this is the logical corollary of the free school system, the principle of which is approved by all. To go to great expense in erecting school houses, providing trained teachers, etc., at the public cost, in order that no citizen need through poverty grow up in absolute illiteracy, and then to suffer hundreds of children either to be kept from the schools, or to be placed at a serious disadvantage in them, in consequence of inability to procure the necessary tools, is surely both undesirable and illogical. In fact, there is, so far as we are able to see, no argument that is valid in favour of free schools which is not equally valid in favour of free text-books, and no objection of any weight that can be urged against the latter which is not equally forcible as against the former. The position, too, of the Public School teacher is hard enough at the best, and there is no good reason why it should be made more difficult by the embarrassment and loss of time which so often result from the unwillingness or inability of parents or guardians to furnish promptly the proper text-books. The experience of those towns and cities which have tried the free system, as well as many *a priori* considerations, lead us to the conviction that if our fellow-citizens can but be induced to give the free system a fair trial, they will after a few years no more think of going back to the old method than they would now think of going back to the old plan of "hiring" teachers by subscription, at the rate of so much per pupil, and having them "board around" among their patrons.

THE situation in Quebec is peculiar and critical. The moral question and the constitutional question have become confusingly intermingled, and both are in danger of being lost sight of in the heat and fury of party strife. Lieut.-Governor Angers and his new advisers have certainly taken upon their shoulders very serious responsibilities. If they have not directly overridden the Constitution they have at least made such innovations in constitutional usage as nothing but the verdict of a great majority of the people can condone, and which even that can hardly justify save on the ground of an imperative necessity, such as has not as yet been made quite apparent. We cannot agree with those who cry out that nice constitutional usages are of comparatively little importance in the presence of great questions of public morality. The history of the growth and working of free institutions shows that the scrupulous observance of these usages is often a

matter of the first importance. In a Constitution like that of Great Britain, or that of Canada, which is its copy so far as a written constitution can be a copy of an unwritten one, there is scarcely a well-established precedent or rule which was not originally the outcome of a practical necessity, often of a long continued struggle. Such embodiments of the wisdom and experience of generations of men skilled in constitution-building and bent on perfecting a people's government and representative institutions, are not to be lightly set aside to suit the requirements, real or fancied, of a temporary exigency. We have before pointed out that the action of Lieut.-Governor Angers in dismissing his Advisers on the strength of an interim report, understood to have been prepared at his personal request, and especially his replacing them with a Cabinet chosen from the opposite party, was an act of very doubtful propriety. Munro, in his "Constitution of Canada," says: "In practice the Governor-General in appointing Privy Councillors is guided by several important constitutional rules. The members chosen are selected from that party which possesses the confidence of the Legislature, more especially of the House of Commons." Mr. Angers' subsequent act, in dissolving the Legislature without having given it an opportunity to express confidence or non-confidence in the new Administration, and under such circumstances as to involve a violation of that clause of the British North America Act which makes a session of the Legislature every year imperative, is of no less doubtful propriety and perhaps of still more doubtful legality. In view of the conflicting views of some of the best authorities on constitutional questions, it would be presumptuous in us to venture any very positive opinions on this aspect of the case. Still such questions have their common-sense as well as their legal phases. An important preliminary point, upon which we do not remember to have seen a clear opinion, touches the placing of responsibility for the dissolution. Mr. Bourinot, as quoted by the newspapers, justifies the act as an exercise of the prerogative, which, in his opinion, must override a clause of the Act which he regards as merely directory. But it is difficult to understand why such a clause should have been inserted if not expressly to guard against such use of the prerogative. Is it not the main object of constitutions to guard the rights of the people against abuses of the prerogative? Then, again, can the dissolution, if brought about in accordance with the advice of the new Cabinet, be regarded as an exercise of the prerogative? Was it not rather a violation by the Government, of the Constitution which is given them to be their guide, and which it is their first duty to observe and uphold? It can hardly be regarded as a satisfactory answer to say that the effect of the dissolution is to give the people an opportunity to express and enforce their will, seeing that that opportunity is placed at nearly three months' remove, and might, on the same principle, have been postponed for six or nine months, during which interval the country is to be ruled by a Ministry no member of which has a seat in the representative branch of the Legislature, or has received in any way the endorsement of the electors for whom he is supposed to act.

WAS this somewhat serious double wrenching of the Constitution demanded by a necessity, either political or moral, of the kind which is said to know no law? Was there no more constitutional way in which the same end could have been reached, in so far as that end is the exposure of wrong-doing and the purification of the Government? That is, we take it, one of the vital questions in the case. The method most in accordance with the precedents would have been, if we are not mistaken, for the Lieut.-Governor to have called together the House as soon as the report of the Royal Commission, which, having been formally appointed with the assent of the Government—it matters not at present under what pressure of a legitimate kind that assent was given—was regularly constituted, was ready, and to have laid that report before the Representatives of the people with the least possible delay. If that report contained a clear condemnation of the Government as dishonest and corrupt, and was supported by indubitable proofs, it is inconceivable that any body of representatives could have hesitated

to take prompt action to bring about a change of Government. If the Legislature had failed to do this, or if the discredited Cabinet had refused to resign, there would then have been opportunity and justification in the eyes of all upright citizens for the *coup d'état*. As the matter now stands the Governor's main hope of justification in the eyes of the people and of their formal declaration of approval in the forthcoming election must rest upon the expected results of the investigations of the new Royal Commission which has been, or is about to be, issued. Should that Commission succeed in finding clear proof of one-half of the iniquitous doings which it is predicted will be brought to light, it is not likely that the people, or their representatives in the new House, will care to split hairs over the methods by which the facts have been revealed, even though the results indicated could not justify the employment of wrong and arbitrary methods, so long the same end might have been reached by methods which all would have been compelled to recognize as right and constitutional. It is one of the revenges in the history of party politics that the Conservatives of Quebec and of the Dominion should now be called upon to approve in Lieut.-Governor Angers the very act which they condemned in Lieut.-Governor Letellier de St. Just, and to commend the refusal of the former to permit his late Ministers to follow the precedent set by no less an authority than the late Sir John A. Macdonald himself. On the other hand, though it is, we believe, denied on behalf of the Liberals that they approved of Mr. Letellier's act, it is at least certain that they fiercely condemned the Governor-General at the time of the Pacific Scandal, for refusing to adopt a course of procedure very similar to that which is now denounced in the case of Mr. Angers. But the jewel consistency is hardly to be looked for in the mire of party politics.

IF a good name is better than great riches for a people as well as for an individual, and if the converse of the proverb is true of the one as of the other, Canada is greatly to be commiserated. The events of the last session of the Dominion Parliament have given our politics and politicians an evil odour abroad, such as nothing but long years of upright administration could cause to pass away. Our badly soiled political reputation will not be at all improved, we may be sure, by the doings of the election courts during the last few weeks, and, we may but too safely add, by their doings in the weeks yet to come. Almost daily seats are being declared vacant in consequence of acts of bribery. We have already commented on the strange fact that the courts go on day after day to find these acts of bribery proven by satisfactory evidence, and yet there is no word of any steps being taken to punish the really guilty parties, the only sufferer being usually the representative, who in most cases had no knowledge of the crime and probably could not have prevented it by any precaution. Such glaring failure to put any judicial brand upon the real criminals is well calculated to bring our apparent zeal for purity of elections into contempt. There is manifestly nothing in such a law or such a mode of enforcing it to make it a terror to evildoers, or a means of educating the electoral conscience up to a right conception of the baseness of the traffic in votes. But this is aside from our present purpose. The question we set out to ask is, what may we suppose will be the condition of our national reputation after the next sessions of the Dominion Parliament and the Quebec Legislature? In regard to the former the Liberal orators assure us that the scandal investigations of last session are to be renewed and pushed forward with undiminished vigour. As if to add emphasis to these assertions, Mr. Tarte, the prosecutor-in-chief of last winter, now openly avows his ability and determination to convict one or more Cabinet Ministers, against whom no charge has hitherto been formulated, of misdeeds of a corrupt and scandalous kind. In Quebec, too, a second Royal Commission is to follow close on the heels of the first, and will probably be at work even before the first has formally reported, which is confidently expected, if the statements of those by whom it is being appointed may be relied on, to bring to light such criminal transactions on the part of the late Provincial Ministers as will cast into the shade anything that has hitherto shocked the British and Canadian public. Where will it all end? What will be left of Canada's already battered and shattered political reputation for the new or reconstructed Governments to trade upon in the world's markets? We do not ask these questions by way of deprecating these investigations. If the corruption exists, if the money of the people has been fraudulently

misappropriated by the stewards who have been entrusted with it, whether at Ottawa or Quebec, by all means let the truth be known and the guilty made examples of as a warning to all coming politicians. There is, we suppose, no other mode known in our political system whereby such charges can be properly dealt with than that of the open investigation. But none the less all these things are against us and terribly hard on our reputation in the eyes of the world. Let us devoutly hope that an end may be made and a thorough lustration effected within the next few weeks.

WE have often been obliged to confess, though it sometimes requires some courage to do so, that we are of the number of those who are sceptical in regard to the great benefits to result to society and to the State from the great modern revival, if it be really such, of athletics in the colleges and universities. That a liberal proportion of vigorous physical exercise is indispensable to the student of every degree goes, of course, without saying. No one who can recall the typical Canadian or American college of thirty or forty years ago, with its large percentage of sallow dyspeptics and cadaverous book-worms among both students and professors, or who remembers how frequently ambitious and talented young men graduated "with honours" and returned home to die within a year or two, can fail to rejoice that more sensible ideas and practices are in the ascendant in these days. For our own part, though we cannot as yet claim a place among the patriarchs we can very well remember when the sunken eye, the hollow cheek and the emaciated form were regarded with a kind of admiration by the friends of the student who brought them home from college, and were even exhibited by the student himself with something akin to satisfaction, as the credentials, so to speak, of his genius and diligence. Many a misguided young fellow got credit for having killed himself by hard study when, as a matter of fact, his slow suicide was effected simply by neglect or violation of the simplest physiological laws. It is, we suppose, quite in accordance with the tendency of mankind to be always in extremes, which philosophers have deplored, that we have now alighted upon a time when in many an university athletics have usurped the place of honour, and the highest ambition of the average student is to get a place in some team of players or rowers. Alas for the day which has seen the amusements of the playground raised to the dignity of a profession, and college "nines" or other numbers furnishing choice material for the trade of the gambler. But there is some reason to hope that the pendulum, having swung to the farthest limit of its arc, is now on the return. A slight indication of a change for the better is, we may hope, to be found in the fact that the two oldest universities in America, Harvard and Yale, which have hitherto found their only means of contact in their athletic contests, are now devising opportunities of comparing themselves with each other in the intellectual arena. Arrangements have been completed, we are told, for a series of inter-collegiate contests on the debating floor. It is characteristic of the time and nation that the subject of the first debate is not only political, but a question of party politics, pure and simple. The resolution over which the young contestants will first cross swords is the following: "*Resolved*—That a young man casting his first vote in 1892 should vote the Republican ticket." It may be that the peculiar field chosen for the first trial of intellectual strength is not that best suited for an academic contest, but we cannot but regard it as a distinct step towards elevating the character of inter-collegiate contests, when a meeting in the intellectual instead of the physical arena has been arranged for. There can be no doubt that it is highly desirable and beneficial that students from different institutions should be brought into frequent contact with each other. This will help them to avoid the lack of wisdom which marks those who measure themselves by themselves and compare themselves with themselves. This suggests the question whether the students of the somewhat numerous colleges and universities in this city are availing themselves to the full of all the advantages afforded them by their propinquity for profiting by mutual contact and comparison.

CONSERVATISM is dead. Let it be buried out of our sight. State-aided land purchase, a law breaking leases, free education, compulsory sale of land—what have measures like these to do with Conservatism?" So cries out in the bitterness of his soul, Mr. Jennings, a Member of the British Parliament, sitting on the so-called

Conservative or Tory side of the House. His exclamation is pertinent to the situation, and serves to emphasize the fact which every intelligent member of the party must have long since perceived—that the words "Conservative," and "Liberal," so far as they can any longer be regarded as significant terms in British politics, are purely relative. They serve simply to denote degrees of progressiveness in regard to the democratic measures and methods towards which the whole trend of legislation is carrying the country with a rapidity which is truly wonderful in a people whose instincts had always been, until they came in recent days within the sweep of the democratic current, so distinctly conservative. But it is useless for Tories of the old school like Mr. Jennings to cry out and upbraid the leaders of the party. These cannot help themselves. It is with them simply a question of relinquishing office finally, or at least for an indefinite period, or moving on with the tide. The die was cast on the day when the first step was taken in the direction of extension of the franchise. The germ of all subsequent innovations was wrapped up in the Reform Bill of 1867. It may be claimed as a merit or reproached as a fault of the British Conservatives, from the days of D'Israeli until now, that most of the advance movements which have carried the nation forward, or, as Mr. Jennings and doubtless many others of his way of thinking would say, downward, in its democratic career, have been made under Tory leadership. But the leadership has been like that of the captain who, at the head of his company, is borne forward by the rush of his troops, his only alternatives being those of suffering himself to be swept forward or to be crushed by the force of the movement which he is powerless to stay. The example of retaining office by donning the garments of the Opposition, which was set by Mr. D'Israeli on the occasion of the passing of the memorable Bill above referred to, has been pretty faithfully followed by the Conservative leaders since that time, and perhaps by none with more courage and astuteness than by the present Premier. During his term of office some of the most advanced measures that have ever been proposed in a British Parliament have been put on the statute book, with the assent, no doubt, of Mr. Jennings. It is rather late, therefore, for that gentleman or those who may think with him to begin to cry "Halt!" Halting on a down grade, with an irresistible force pressing on in the rear, is not an easy feat. Whether for weal or for woe, it is clear that the halting-place for the British Parliament in its course of popular legislation is yet far in the distance. Under what party name the successive advanced measures shall be passed is quite a secondary consideration, or is at most but a question of a little more or a little less speed. The people have the ballot. It cannot be taken from them, nor can they now be prevented from using it.

ONE would give something to know, if only as a matter of curiosity, whether and to what extent the Emperor of Germany is really responsible for the extraordinary utterances attributed to him. It seems from the rational point of view almost incredible that one endowed with so much good sense and right feeling as the Emperor has displayed on some occasions could, for instance, insult a body of citizen soldiers, recruited from the people of one of the most intelligent nations in Christendom, with such a harangue as the following:—

Recruits, you have, in the presence of the consecrated servants of God and before the altar, sworn fealty to me. You have, my children, sworn fealty to me, which mean you have given yourselves to me, body and soul. There exists for you only one enemy, and that is my enemy. With the present Socialist agitation it may possibly happen that I may have to order you, which God forbid, to shoot down your own relatives, your brothers, and even your parents, but if I do so you must obey without a murmur.

When these words were going the rounds a few weeks ago we hesitated to comment on them, deeming it incredible that they could have been spoken by any European monarch of sound mind at this stage of the world's enlightenment. And yet it now seems that the official organ of the Government half admitted their accuracy as thus reported by the *Nesser Zeitung*. When the brutal Legree, as depicted in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," hissed out from between his clenched teeth, to his writhing victim, "Are you not mine, body and soul?" it was a stroke of true genius in the author to represent the half-dead slave as catching inspiration from the words and crying out in a tone of triumph, "Not my soul, that can never be yours." And yet, so far as appears, these free (?) men of Germany were compelled

to listen without murmur or remonstrance, to this monstrous declaration. The Emperor has of late been credited with various sayings and doings which, if the reports are true, would go far to indicate that the possession of authority so vast as really belongs to him by virtue of his hereditary position is proving too much for his mental balance. Some of these reports have been denied, but if all were really reliable, the most extraordinary of the things alleged in them is insignificant beside the words above quoted, which we seem compelled to believe were actually spoken, inconceivable though they are. If the words were really uttered as a warning to the Socialists, they were singularly ill chosen, for unless German human nature differs very materially from human nature elsewhere it is difficult to imagine anything better adapted to give an impetus to the socialistic movement than such an outrageous assumption of arbitrary power.

"WAR inevitable!" was the startling heading of the Washington despatch that first caught the eye of the reader on taking up the morning paper at the beginning of the current week. It was a decided relief to those who wish to retain their faith in human nature and in the reality of the boasted progress of the age, to find the statements thus introduced with all the emphasis of the largest capitals distinctly and authoritatively contradicted in sober small type before reaching the foot of the column. In the same paragraph it was reassuring to learn, on the authority of the American Secretary, that all the sensational reports which have been in circulation for weeks past concerning the chartering of vessels to be converted into war-ships and transports, and concerning the ordering of vessels of war to Chilian waters, are utterly without foundation. To say nothing of the heinousness of such a mode of settling international difficulties under any circumstances, there would be something peculiarly indefensible in the act of a great power like the United States in playing the part of the big bully towards a little sister Republic like Chili, or threatening her in any way, save under intolerable provocation. It is therefore peculiarly gratifying to be assured on the best authority that "not a single step of any description is being taken by the United States looking toward a conflict with the Chilian Government." This being so, there is the more reason to believe that the brave little Republic of the South will make all proper amends for the outrage committed upon American sailors, not under compulsion and menace, but from her own sense of justice and after due investigation.

#### CANADA'S INTERESTS WITHIN THE EMPIRE.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER has contributed to the current literature of the day, through the columns of the *Nineteenth Century*, an able article upon the political federation of the Empire from a colonial standpoint. It is a subject that of late years has occupied the thoughts of many not only in the heart of the British Empire, but in the broad domains that contribute to the circulation which keeps the heart and brain healthy and strong, and as it is only by an interchange of thought that a definite result can be attained, no apology on the part of the writer is needed for stepping into the arena of public discussion upon this important question.

No one is more capable of expressing an intelligent opinion from a Canadian standpoint upon the merits of this political problem which is seeking solution than Sir Charles Tupper by virtue of his political experience, and from the fact that he assisted to lay the foundations of the Canadian nationality, which stirs the patriotism of its people; and that which may fairly be termed the dying appeal of his fellow-worker, Sir John Macdonald, will long find an echo resounding from the rock-bound coast of Nova Scotia westward, till it is re-echoed back from British Columbia by the people of Canada. There is an old proverb, "the more haste the less speed," and this proverb is peculiarly applicable to the question Sir Charles Tupper discusses.

It may be assumed that from a Canadian standpoint his would be considered a dastard hand who would wilfully strike a blow at the foundations of the magnificent organization of which the British Empire is the structure founded upon the truest principles of liberty, of peace, and good will. Canada has grown to be a most efficient member of that great power which overshadows the world, not with arrogance or pride, but with the instincts of a work to be performed in the history of the world begotten of the Christian civilization which has been its motive power.

One noticeable feature in the principles of the Imperial organization and the breadth to which its influences extend among our English-speaking neighbours is the attempt of the Irish party in the United States to govern

the policy of the Imperial Parliament, and it may be anticipated that one of the corollaries of the problem of Imperial Federation is whether its future is to receive the impress of the republican institutions of our neighbours, or whether the principles of the British constitution shall be restored to the great and powerful nationality from which it originally received its inspiration. It naturally suggests itself that if the Irish offshoots of Imperial power in the heart of the American republic attempt to govern Imperial policy, why should not the principles of the British constitution impress themselves on our neighbours? A comparison of the liberty attainable under the respective constitutions is certainly worthy of separate discussion. This feature, however, which only presents itself *en passant* does not come into the discussion of the practical question before us and which the uncertainties of the future alone will unravel. To realize the principles that must govern our actions in attempting to promote or solidify the Imperial organization let us glance at the growth of Canada since her birth, and during her period of adolescence the growth of the Empire. The foundations of the Canada of to-day were laid by a handful of French Canadians, augmented by a handful of British Canadians, a century and a-half ago. These offshoots of different parent stems have gone hand in hand in rescuing from the dense forests of the past one of the fairest lands upon which the sun shines in our world to-day, and step by step the population as it grew has developed with the aid and counsel of British statesmen a political organization which moves five million people stretched for 4,000 miles between the Atlantic and the Pacific on the northern half of this continent under one patriotic impulse the maintenance of Canadian nationality and the good government of the immense territory intrusted to their care, and the fact, with an annual revenue ranging from ten million dollars twenty five years ago to forty million dollars the revenue of to-day, that the present results of our national development have been achieved, shows that great industry, perseverance and economy has underlain the governing power, and Canadians can take a just pride in their heritage, and the ability that has completed their national structure with the knowledge that the protection afforded by the power of Great Britain has ensured to them a free hand in working out their destinies.

During the period that has elapsed since Canada was christened, the people of Great Britain have kept pace with the progress of events, they laid the foundations of the great American civilization to the south of us, they have planted a sister population on the continent of Australia on the same lines that the growth of Canada has been fostered. South Africa has been brought under the influences of the British constitution, giving to the Dutch who form such a large portion of the population there the same beneficent principles of liberty that has been accorded to the French-Canadian population of Canada. Canada, Australia and South Africa are self-governing dominions, allied with a large number of smaller communities scattered throughout the world, who receive their inspiration of government more or less directly through the Imperial Parliament. In addition to these offshoots of the Imperial organization the people of Great Britain have planted in India the germs of our western civilization, giving to that dense mass of the world's population rapid means of inter-communication and cheap transit to the world's marts for their surplus products, and a similar effort is now being put forth in the heart of Africa. It will thus be seen that while Canada has been developing with giant strides the vast resources committed to her care, the Imperial Government has been casting its aegis of protection over the vast commerce that has been the outcome of two centuries of activity, and responsibilities have arisen in which Canada has a direct interest in common with all those who owe allegiance to the crown, not in proportion to the small population which at present administer her affairs, but in proportion to the importance of the territory they occupy. If Canadians, in looking into the future attempt to guard the channels of commerce and the industrial occupations incident to their country, create embarrassment to the Imperial Government, the remedy lies in one of Sir Charles Tupper's propositions to lay the foundations of the representation of Canada in Imperial councils, which *per contra* entails the collateral responsibility of drawing similar inspiration from the other self-governing dominions, the effect, however, would be to assist in bringing the policy of the self-governing dominions into line with the policy of the Imperial Government and avoid embarrassment.

In matters of defence Sir Charles Tupper has stated Canada's position with accuracy; no contribution she could spare from her revenue of to-day would be of importance in comparison to the measures already adopted to meet the growing requirements of the Imperial forces of which rapid means of communication form such an important feature. One little incident familiar to Lord Wolseley in his passage over the Sault Ste. Marie portage in 1870, when the use of the canal was forbidden, brings into forcible light the value of the channels of communication being established by Canada as Imperial highways, though since our neighbours have given us one of their ablest men to assist us in perfecting our means of communication recalling the incident may appear discourteous. The North-West passage, for the discovery of which so many lives have been sacrificed, has been established by the C.P.R., and may be made still shorter by the opening of the navigation of the Hudson Bay which will in time become an accomplished fact, when the hardy norseman will be reproduced in

Canada by their experience in ploughing the waves of this northern sea.

When Sir Charles Tupper touches upon the trade question and proposes that a preference shall be given to the Canadian agriculturist in British markets by introducing the thin edge of the principles of protection to Imperial commerce, he treads upon debatable ground. The policy of free trade is ingrained in the commercial principles of the people of the United Kingdom, and the inauguration of a protective policy would be the commencement of an industrial war on the part of the people of Great Britain. They evidently will not hastily adopt, and only in extreme self-defence are they likely to resort to, a change of base. In Canada the people appreciate the soundness of those principles, and in the United States a very large section of the people are engaged in examining them and advocating them more forcibly year by year, and the extension of free commercial intercourse among all the English-speaking people is frequently spoken of as tending to draw them more closely together in the bonds of peace, which will in turn help to establish more firmly the peace of the world. It is doubtful if Canada would, in the long run, benefit by disturbing the commercial principles that at present enable a large industrial population to give us good prices for all we can send them in the shape of food supplies, and the fact that the prices they are able to give us under their free trade policy are much higher than the people of the United States can give us under their high protective policy must tend to shake the faith of many in the maintenance of the latter principle. The plea we have always urged in defending the protective features of our national policy was that we were differently situated from the people of Great Britain. Our neighbours had erected a high Chinese wall against us; we had a country to develop, and a surplus of food products to dispose of. The opposite conditions in Great Britain would weaken our advocacy of applying the protective policy to Imperial commerce, of which the British Isles is the centre, and the pressure for a change of policy must be felt by the five and thirty millions of British tax-payers before they will consent to a tax on their food products as the price they would be called upon to pay for the development of Imperial resources. Of late our neighbours have made the Chinese wall higher, and more effectually barred the way for the extension of our commerce with them, and now the thoughts of many in Canada are turning to the method of defending their commercial welfare by applying the principles of free trade to our commerce to enable us more successfully to compete in the markets of the world. The fact that both the present political parties adopt the policy of reciprocity with the highly protected markets of the United States, differing only in degree, shows that a change of policy in some direction is felt to be necessary, and also shows that the commercial features of our National Policy are not, like "the laws of the Medes and Persians," which admit of no change, but that they appeal to the ability of Canadians to make a change of front in their fiscal policy for the coming decade, if necessary to their prosperity, as rapidly as they did in regulating their commercial life for the past decade, and in the transition stage a broad distinction must be drawn between the commercial policy of Great Britain and the United States. The growth of the British Empire will be watched with interest by foreign nations, and the growth of Canada as a member of the Imperial organization is also attracting notice, but its development must depend upon our own wisdom whatever the future may have in store in the strengthening of Imperial bonds.

The wheat fields and the rich pastures of our Canadian prairies are the nearest unoccupied tracts of virgin soil from which the English people can draw their future supply of food not overburdened with a dense population, to consume it as in Russia or India, but ready for the agricultural labourer to develop and to transport through the various outlets the inland navigation of Canada facilitates to Imperial markets, and is it not wiser to embrace the price by cheapening the cost of production through a liberal trade policy rather than by increasing the cost through a reciprocity of tariffs, either with the existing protective policy of the United States, or inaugurating a new war of tariffs, which Sir Charles Tupper proposes, would precipitate? The people of England can only buy if they sell in return, and any development of our food resources must be met by a corresponding desire on our part to purchase from our customers, and a drop in our revenue in favour of their free trade policy would, in all probability, be more effective than discrimination under a higher tariff. Would it, therefore, not be wiser for Canadians to endeavour to win concessions in British markets (if concessions are essential to our prosperity) by the unselfish policy of making a reduction in our tariff to cultivate British trade, rather than by asking a price for these concessions, which is manifestly a high one for the British consumer to pay, or, in other words, approach the subject upon a broad question of principle, rather than attempt to negotiate for a special advantage?

This would seem to indicate a sacrifice of the manufacturing power we have created under our National Policy, but now that we have shown our ability to manufacture under adverse circumstances, and now that we have emerged from a period of nursing strong and healthy, it would seem that the true policy for Canada to pursue is to aim for the trade of the world, and compete with our neighbours in the open markets, not by continuing to pay a high price for the milk after the child is weaned, but by giving it a different kind of food. Nothing would attract

British capital to develop the capabilities of Canada for engaging in the trade of the world more than by gradually framing her trade policy on the lines that has made British commerce supreme, and seek by means of new capital to bring her resources within easy access of the magnificent system of inland navigation which places any of her ports on the highway of ocean commerce, which is unrivalled for cheapness of transit, that, combined with the utmost facilities for cheapness of production in our fiscal policy, will administer a different diet, and give Canadians the best opportunity for testing their ability to increase their commerce with the outside world, enable them to place their exports wherever the price is highest, and display their colours on this continent as the promoters of free trade.

We are indebted to Sir Charles Tupper for bringing the question of the development of our Imperial interests within the range of practical discussion at a time when a new political régime is under consideration, necessitated by the death of Canada's lamented statesman. Nearly all are agreed that our trade relations are a vital point in our Imperial interests, and yielding to the trade policy of the United States by giving them exclusive trading privileges in any portion of the Queen's dominions, from which others are debarred, would be striking a blow at that Imperial organization of which we are all so justly proud, and countenancing it by Canadians would be the signal for a process of disintegration, the ultimate result of which in the history of the world no one can foretell.

Shellmouth.

C. A. BOULTON.

### CANADA'S DEAD HEROES.

(Lines written after reading Mrs. S. A. Curzon's paper on "Patriotism and Historical Societies," published in THE WEEK, Dec. 11, 1891.)

OUR country's dead unmarked, unhonoured lie,  
Their story and their resting-place forgot;  
They, who might teach a later age to die,  
Make mute appeal to us who know them not.  
That moss-grown grave, by yonder streamlet's side,  
Is seen of few, who, by tradition taught,  
Do cherish still his memory, who died  
When Canada for life and freedom fought.  
Within the shadow of that hill where Brock  
Looks out in glory o'er the field he won,  
By briars o'erspread, and guarded by the rock,  
Full many a hero sleeps, by death foredone.  
We, who in freedom walk, and keep our land  
Faithful to her who gave it happy birth,  
Should honour well that noble, silent band  
Who wrought for her and us such deeds of worth.  
Therefore let bard, historian, sculptor vie,  
With all the graces that to art belong,  
To tell their fame, and keep their memory  
Alive in marble, chronicle, and song.  
On with the work! Nor idly think of rest  
Until each hero fallen in the fight  
Is with a nation's recognition blest,  
No more to sink into oblivion's night.

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

Worcester, Mass., Dec. 18, 1891.

### THE APPROACHING GENERAL ELECTION IN GREAT BRITAIN.

THERE have been various forecasts as to the result of the next general election in the United Kingdom showing great differences of opinion, but the following facts will help our readers to arrive at an approximation to the probable verdict.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has pointed out that Mr. Gladstone, with all his great gifts, often fails to see the plain consequences of what he advocates, and one of the principal planks in Gladstone's political platform—one man, one vote—prohibiting a man with property in two electoral districts to vote in both, is a striking case in point. Common sense teaches that it is very bad generalship to play into the hand of your opponent. The Unionist leaders have stated that they will only consent to one man, one vote, on having equal electoral districts by which they would gain largely. The Government has sufficient strength to carry a Bill with that object, but it is very unlikely that they will attempt to do so.

By the recent census, with equal electoral districts, there would be one member for every 56,328 persons in the United Kingdom, but Ireland has one for every 45,689. On the former basis it would return only eighty-three instead of 103 members, and this on the same ratio as at present would give seventy instead of eighty-five Home Rulers, being a loss of fifteen, counting thirty on a division. We can, therefore, easily understand the force of Parnell's latest speech, giving as one reason why he refused to follow Gladstone as a leader that the latter had proposed a plan which would practically result in greatly reducing the strength of the Irish Home Rulers.

Take also the case of London, which returns sixty-two members. The population of registration-London and parliamentary-London differ, the sixty-two members being returned by a population of 4,421,000, or one member for every 71,306. On the population basis it would return seventy-eight, being a gain of sixteen. At the beginning of this year it was represented by forty-nine Unionists, and thirteen Gladstonians, and on this ratio the seventy-

eight would be sixty-one Unionists and seventeen Gladstonians, being a gain of twelve, counting twenty-four on a division. Therefore Mr. Gladstone's plank of one man, one vote, if logically carried out in Ireland and London, would mean a Unionist gain of fifty-four votes on a division, consequently it is no wonder that Parnell strongly objected to generalship which would lead to such a result.

In addition, the large towns in England, where the Unionists are strong, would gain at the expense of the smaller towns and rural districts, where Gladstone has more influence.

But, even on the present basis, both wings of the Nationalists concede that they will lose four or five seats in Ireland, and, as Mr. Gladstone has recently advocated Disestablishment in Scotland and Wales, he will lose many notes and several seats in those countries. At the last general election he had all the disestablishers on his side, as well as many who were opposed to disestablishment.

To obtain a majority Mr. Gladstone will have to win a great number of seats in England. Compared with the general election of 1886—after allowing for Home Rule losses in Ireland, Scotland and Wales—if he only wins seventy seats in England, the two parties will be about equal, and although that would mean a weak Government whichever party was in power, it would be impossible to carry any Home Rule Bill through the House of Commons.

A special correspondent of the *Times* has recently thoroughly investigated the facts connected with the sixty-two metropolitan constituencies, and has come to the conclusion that at the next general election there will certainly be forty-one Unionists and twelve Gladstonians, leaving nine metropolitan seats uncertain. From his general enquiries relative to the English constituencies there is reason to believe that, owing to the magic of Mr. Gladstone's name, the next general election will reduce the Unionist majority of 116 obtained in 1886. But fifty-five years ago the Government, with a majority less than forty, held office for years. At the recent English bye-elections Home Rule has been kept in the back-ground, but at the general election it will be the leading question, and will operate in favour of the Unionist Government, which, by the confession of Radicals, has done more for the people in five years than any previous Government in the same time during the last fifty-nine years.

The Gladstonians are anxious that the dissolution should take place as early as possible next year, but the Unionists believe that next November will be better for them, and this, by a recent speech of a member of the Cabinet, appears to be the time chosen, but some unforeseen event may precipitate the election at any moment.

### CANADIAN ART STUDENTS IN PARIS.

THERE are ten thousand artists and art students in Paris. Of these, twenty-five, perhaps, are Canadians. Yet they are not lost there; they have their place; they are known at the schools—the Beaux Arts, Colarossi's, Deléclure's, Julian's; they are known at the Salon. No man, no earnest man, is entirely lost in Paris: if there is devotion, there is recognition; for art in Paris is a confraternity as well as a republic, a social scheme of its own, with self-constituted functions, requirements and laws. All the nations meet there—Spaniard, Pole, Japanese, Australian, Russian, Austrian, Englishman, American, Canadian—all! And the nations meeting there straightway become Parisian in all that concerns art. In the face of that pervasive, conquering spirit which makes beggar students heroic in their labours, which renders the great artist in the hour of his triumphs mindful of his kind, and loyal to his order, which levels all unequal births or worldly positions to one common degree of pride and aristocracy—an aristocracy that kneels to only one great social god, and he, the Olympian Jove of Mont Parnasse and Monténarte, the foreigner coming to Paris cannot remain "barbarian"; he yields to a tempest stronger than any predisposition or training; he cannot resist the atmosphere in which he breathes; he becomes like them who went before him into these Territories of Art in France. None can be other than French in art while in Paris; it is convincing, persuasive, eloquent; it is natural. Before all, it is worshipped. It begets ambition; it inspires love greater than the love of man for woman. But South Kensington: why not South Kensington?—does it not also inspire? Oh, we are a great people, we English, but we have no art life, which is a land unto itself; it is swallowed up in the great social scheme; there is no students' quarter in London; there is no spot made honourable or memorable by tradition in art; we are helplessly common-place in this regard. Art in England is an incident; in France it is an organism; in England it is diffused, melted and lost in the general life; in France it has laws and propaganda and regions of its own; a function here, a government there—a splendid universal brotherhood. There is cosmopolite spirit; the one common meeting ground of the nations, the Field of the Cloth of Gold, where all countries salute and treat for peace. Tradition is a powerful factor in the enthusiasm for French art. England has little tradition; she has no hallowed spots for the student. But every flagstone before the Panthéon, before Notre Dame, before the Sorbonne, before the Luxembourg, before the Hôtel des Invalides, has memories. It was an artist that called for and achieved the overturning of the Vendôme Column; students have

bent their shoulders to resolution, have marched in the van of progress—and death. They have made cafés notorious; they have rendered men popular; they have at one time or another been the focus of the eye of the nation; they have helped to make history as much as the Swiss Guards or Mirabeau. They are as cosmopolitan in thought as Parisian in sentiment. Conceive what it is for a man to be picked up from the raw sunshine of Ontario and dropped suddenly into the concentrated art life of Paris, with its conjunction of European elements, with its many-sided characteristics; with its superb and its occasional, startling, surprises. Men follow this up with another thought. How the youth's mind is expanded and set free from convention; the convention of his previous narrow surroundings, by the sudden attrition of many types of mind and character; by surroundings when life is *insouciant* and devoted to itself; by a persuasive, commanding spirit which bids him be up and doing without affectation, without swagger, without unnecessary brawn. Have *verve*, have *aplomb*, but do not be prodigious is the first unwritten social law; count yourself part of a powerful scheme; work to be worthy of the best of that scheme, is the corollary from that law. It is easy for Canadians, Americans and Australians to do this. They are adaptable by nature, they are keen to see, alive to understand; they are ambitious on the moment; they become emancipated.

The first word of instruction in the Parisian student world is, Be Naïve! That is the key-note of French art; it is the primal chord of naturalness; the final touch of individuality; the power behind achievement; the secret of genius. Men from countries like Canada, Australia, Russia, catch the temper of the command very soon. Behind the *verve* the vitality of French art is climate as well as predisposition. The climate of France is sparkling; the climate of America is fresh, vivid and sparkling; stirring at its worst, beautiful at its best. The skies are high-up, clear and inviting to aspiration. Cold quickens the blood, sunshine is the begetter of virility—that virility which means wholesomeness, manliness, blood free from fever. Where Parisian art sometimes fails is in seeing life not only naively but with *ennui*, and with a morbidness in the brain which comes from overfed imagination and lack of charity in the blood—whether we use the word in its physical or ornamental sense. But the original command, Be Naïve, is right, is true; is deep in its import. What command better suited to the Canadian temperament! If it has any quality which is conspicuously eminent it is *naïveté*; it is a habit of looking at things as if they were seen for the first time—looked at wholly with a perception of its inner and its outer possibilities; in other words, that which makes for humour, for feeling, for humanity. It is that quality, common to the whole continent, which enables Americans to be the best short-story writers in the world. They have *naïveté*, imagination, humour, directness. The Canadian sees things with no intervening mist of conventionality and tradition; he is bade to be independent and free from his youth up, in the ordinary colour of life when every day's work is nation-making; he is urged to think things out for himself; he is told, in effect, from his cradle, to Be Naïve. When, therefore, the injunction comes to him from the Olympus that broods o'er Mount Parnasse and sits where "rebel cannon bellowed down Monténarte," his spirit rises to the reasonableness and integrity of the order: and he obeys. Henceforth he is French in his art; that is he is free and seeking for expensive freedom within the limits of the convention of that art which swallows up the nations.

It is a fact singular to note that most of the Canadian art students in Paris are French-Canadians, though it is also worthy remembrance that the notable achievements at the Salon of late years have been by students from Ontario—Charles Alexander, W. E. Atkinson, Paul Peel, J. A. Reid. The French-Canadians who have done the most to merit praise are M. Philippe Hébert, of Quebec city, M. Hurst [and Md. le. Colombier, who, though not strictly French-Canadian, is of French-Canadian parentage. M. Hébert had two statues, one bronze, one plaster, in the Salon this year. One was called *Algonquin, pêcher à la Nigroque*; the other, Frontenac: Governor of Canada, 1690. It would seem that the spirit of art which is part of the French nature has not been destroyed by the frosts and isolation of Quebec. It is active and eager now, and one sees at Colarossi's or Deléclure's studios or the Beaux Arts, the Canadian Frenchman and the Parisian Frenchman shaking hands over the great but not impassable gaps that distance and separation have made. The same vivid soul is in both—for the French-Canadian of the better sort is vivid—the same temper of aspiration to be eloquent, to be original in the work of the hand and the eye. M. Hébert has been in Paris four years, having exhibited in the Salon three times. He is at present engaged on statues of distinguished men in Canadian history—Elgin Frontenac, Montcalm, Wolfe, Salaberry, Levis, etc.—for the House of Assembly, Quebec; an estimable labour, for which the authorities at Quebec, as M. Hébert, should be complimented. It is pleasing to find Canadian talent encouraged by Canadian legislators; pleasing and suggestive. Why should not Toronto follow the example of Quebec? Some say the authorities of Ontario might in deep penitence cast away and destroy the major part of the art exhibits in the Normal School building at Toronto, and find a more reasonable salvation in such men as Förster, O'Brien, Forbes, Peel, Alexander, Reid and Atkinson. What has Canada done for art

ministration? Nothing. Why? Because she is poor, perhaps. Again, because she does not see the need; again, because she does not trust her instincts, because she has no definite standard. This is more or less to be expected in a new country; but only more or less. Consider Australia. Three of the colonies there have national galleries, and the art treasures represent in value about £130,000; all belonging to the nation. Every year at least £12,000 is spent in the service of art in New South Wales, Victoria and South Australia. This is worth the thinking on.

It is more than probable that THE WEEK has referred to the late achievements of Canadians in Paris; but they are worth repetition. Mdlle. Colombier has been long before the public; her success is assured; she has her position. In this year's Salon there were five Canadians, of whom one, as we have said, was M. Hébert. Mr. Charles Alexander, who was a pupil of Lefebvre and Moreau, exhibited his admirable "Manifestations against the Canadian Government against the English, at Saint Charles, 1837." It is, one hears, decided that it shall be purchased by the Quebec Government—but why always Quebec? Must these French-Canadians always put the Anglo-Saxon to the blush in this matter? At any rate the Hon. Honoré Mercier has given a promise to provide this further occasion for the blush. W. E. Atkinson, of Toronto, a pupil of Bongereau and Ferrier, was represented by "Le Vieux Château; soir"; Mr. Paul Peel, a pupil of Constant, Doucet and Lefebvre, by the excellent "Jeunesse"; Mr. J. A. Read, a pupil of Constant and Lefebvre, by "La Cueillette des Fraises." This is an excellent record for one year; though the United States, with its population eleven times as large, sent about one hundred and twenty painters and sculptors to the Salon; of whom twenty-seven received the award (highest in gift) of *Hors Concours*. None of these Canadians have yet received this honour, though Mr. Atkinson has exhibited three times in the Champs Elysées. Other Canadian students in Paris are, Messrs. R. Masson, Ch. Gravel Lajoie, J. Frauchère, A. M. Côté, E. M. Lamarche, J. St. Charles, M. Z. Leblanc, L. Richer, La Rose, Ch. Gill, F. W. Ede, G. W. Hill, L. J. Dubé and Madame Dubé. Mr. St. Charles is a promising student, and is at present painting a picture for the Cathedral of the Notre Dame in Montreal, called "The First Mass on Canadian Soil," having Maisonneuve as the central historical figure. Mr. St. Charles, like others of his Canadian comrades, has caught the enthusiasm of his surroundings, and paints with the whole man at work. He, like all his tribe, obeys the ceaseless appeal of French masters, and master-painters—Gérome, Bongereau, Colin, Falguière, Courtois, Peynot, Constant, Robert, Keary, Lefebvre, Cormons, Mercier, Laurens, Ferrier—Be Naïve. "Go to London if you will," say they, for drawing; go to Rome and Florence and Munich for colour and character; go to Paris for the soul of art: we will make you believe in art, and art only as your aim in life; we will render you frank; we will cause you to see nothing askance; we will show you that the aristocracy of art is sufficient for you; you shall try to paint master-pieces; you shall think not, Is this purchasable stuff, but, Is this of the divine promptings of art? You shall learn that you are of a race whose sympathies are in phalanx, potent and fraternal; you shall find this land of art both an Empire and a Republic, where Beauty is Empress, and every man represents a sovereign state; you shall discover—which shall be to your salvation—an indestructible and omnipotent *esprit de corps*. This is what is heard at Julian's, Colarossi's, Deléclure's and the Beaux Arts, and in every great man's private atelier; this is the challenge flung down in the Avenue Victor Hugo, the Rue de la Grande Chaumière, the Rue du Faubourg St. Denis, the Rue Saint Honoré, the Passage des Panoramas, the Rue Pique, the Rue Duperré and the Champs Elysées, and is promulgated from every café—the Roumain, the Rouge, Mullers, the Prado, Robinet, the Chat Noir, the Merlton, the Des Arts, the Tyron.

The life in the art schools of Paris is close and studious, if not severe. Marie Baskirtseff's drew an over-coloured, dramatic picture of the scheme of work in Julian's studio; but the basis of her description was correct; as indeed it should have been, since she was a faithful if erratic student under Julian's professor. From nine till one o'clock, from two till five, from eight till eleven the schools are open, and very many indeed take two of these terms each day. Idleness is no characteristic of the art student in Paris; if anything he is too hard-working, too anxious while at the schools. Out of them he is, like all his race, light-hearted, genial, debonair. In one hour he is to be seen with his rapt face bent on a model or on his canvas or paper; the next he sits in a humble *crémère*, *bouillon* or restaurant, where he gets a good and hearty meal for a franc. What should be thought of that student in the Latin Quarter, who so far forgot himself as to dine at a café where five francs was charged for a meal! Some may have done it, but they achieved it stealthily; they did not blazen it abroad. To visit these restaurants, these places of *souagement interne* should be the business of every one who wishes to see the art life of Paris. One there finds the man of every nation, of every origin and former occupation, sworn to one divine ambition; ready at all times to talk of the theme nearest his heart. Tears of joy will spring to his eyes as he thinks of Velasquez; indignation as he (gorgeous insolence!) traduces Reubens; pride as he discourses on Meissonier and Van Dyck, as his humour

for the moment may be. There is but one thing in the world worth living for, and that is art. He drinks to the master-souls; the sweetest draught on his tongue is that from the Piereian springs, though his stomach at the moment may be empty, and though he live in a cold garret, which is studio, reception-room, kitchen, bedroom, all in one. He longs to paint a masterpiece, and that thought transfigures him, as all conquerors have been transfigured in their hour of aspiration and inspiration. The meanest of this tribe has something in him, something that distinguishes him from the mob of mechanical labourers of this world.

Every man, from café-keeper to gamin, respects art in Paris. The poorest arab of the street reverences it; the model (that is, the intelligent and better-class model—for indeed there are such!) adores it; the *ouvrier* looks on it with pignant wonder, the *Concierge* is its champion; the "Quarters" knows that the student is its aristocracy—an aristocracy that gives more than it gets, against whom the Carma gnob or the Ça Ira could not be sung; whose spirit is democratic and of the people. It is not only an aristocracy; it is a confraternity. Go to the Prado, the Des Arts, and many another café: you will see there, even in these latter days of snobbishness, such men as Colin, Falguière, Gervex and Bengereau. When the French artist is successful he does not instantly hunger to sit at rich men's tables. He does not straightway set up an establishment in the Champs Elysées; he stays among his own people. To him come his younger and less fortunate brethren—they are brothers to him—and he encourages, assists, counsels. He loves his art, therefore he loves those who are of the race of art-workers. So, Gérome; so, Cormous; so, Robert Fleury; so, the most and best of the great artists in Paris. They do not paint alone what sells; they paint what should be sold. It is possible that every one of the thousands of art students of Paris has, sometime or other, come into personal contact with a great French artist, who has been compassionated, praised, admonished. And Canadian students share this sympathy. Paris has its temptations to draw away the worker from his love of "the mighty craft," but they do not prevail. Bock and coffee and cognac and cancan, and grisette (that fading race) are not strong enough to make havoc of the eyer youth who have sworn fealty to art; for Art is mightier than they; it is its own salvation. Canadian artists have a noble part to play in the social economy of the Dominion, and though one regrets that their training and instruction does not come from South Kensington rather than from the Latin Quarter, one cannot but approve their choice. They have climate, tradition, *esprit*, devotion, artistic candour to aid them, bless them, in Paris: to flee it would be foolish. Theirs is a noble commonwealth, and on their flag, as on the star of their order, is written the one emblem: Be Naïve: See Beauty: Serve it!

GILBERT PARKER.

INSIGHT.

MISUSED, misunderstood and misconceived,  
The spirit tears itself in silent rage,  
Or bitterly accepts the proffered gage,  
And fights and sins for freedom unbelieved.  
Till wiser, more astonished than aggrieved  
By better fruit, praise due to first-fruit draws,  
Yet learns with wider scope to say, I was  
Well-used, although misjudged and misconceived.

But sweeter far the love that always knew,  
That saw the future in the trials that failed,  
Trusted and helped when all the world assailed,  
And never doubted that the heart was true,  
Such insight, deeper than an angel's ken,  
Sees God Himself within the souls of men.

Ottawa.

COLIN A. SCOTT.

THE SPANISH LANGUAGE.

"I FIND a use for all languages," said Charles V., when interrogated as to his deep study of foreign tongues. "In Spanish I worship the gods, in Italian I talk to women, in French I speak to men, in German to soldiers, in English to geese, in Hungarian to horses, and in Bavarian to the devil."

Few who have taken the trouble to acquire a knowledge of Spanish, but will acknowledge that the clever monarch was right, when from its grave and majestic style he selected the language of Spain as most fitting to express adoration at the throne of the gods; but yet the Spanish tongue is not only recommendable for its majesty and its use in commerce, but also for its own native elegance. This language, like the Italian and Portuguese, is derived from the Latin, but has an intermixture of Gothic and Arabic expressions, having borrowed something of both these nations during the time of the country's subjugation. It is more confined in its phraseology and admits of less variance in its grammar than does Italian, hence it may be inferred that the latter, though altogether Latin in its expressions, borders more on the genius and liberality of the Greek; and that the Spanish, though intermixed with Arabic, approaches more nearly to the exactness and gravity of the Latin.

It has been argued by a learned German professor, that when Europe was first planted the Scythians and

Celts, that is, the Germans, Gauls, Spaniards and Britons, had but one and the same language; this he attempted to prove from the common analogy subsisting between the several languages of those nations in regard to some articles that cannot be derived either from the Greek or Latin, as in their having no cases to their nouns, nor passive terminations for their verbs, in their making use of auxiliaries and in several other points which could never bear so strong a resemblance unless they were derived from the same principle.

Of all languages the Spanish is the easiest of acquirement, and any one possessing a fair knowledge of French and Latin may master Spanish in a very short time. "Do you know Spanish, my Lord?" asked George III. of one of his impecunious courtiers. "No, your Majesty," was the reply. "Then I advise you to learn it," added the merry monarch. The flattered lord, foreseeing, as he hoped, some rich Spanish sinecure, worked day and night, and at the end of two months had thoroughly grasped the language. When an opportunity arrived he informed his Majesty of the fact, who then said: "What, so soon! You do indeed deserve reward, and great your reward shall be, for you must now read Don Quixote in the original as all translations are bad."

Yet despite the eloquence and sublimity of the Spanish tongue, and the general romance of the people, it is greatly to be wondered at that Spain has not produced more illustrious authors than she has; for, putting aside her books of piety and devotion—for which style of composition their language is so peculiarly adapted, since its natural gravity cannot but add an extraordinary weight to the solemnity of the subject—on other topics there are but few writers of note. Mariana, the historian, is often lauded for the purity of his style, and Lopez de Vega is not less worthy of commendation. But the inimitable Cervantes will ever be admired, not only for the brilliancy of his wit, but for the beauty of his language in that romantic work, "The Romance of Don Quixote," which is so fine a satire on his own nation. Critics are wont to compare the second part of that work unfavourably with the first, yet in explanation it may be urged that the author himself only meant to have written one volume, but, yielding to the solicitation of his friends, he produced a second, though he himself was known to have said that the whole would have been infinitely better but for the dread of the Inquisition. In the case of Cervantes we see another instance of the hard fate of those who pursue literature as a means of livelihood, for the illustrious author died miserably in the want of the bare necessaries of life. Camoens, the great and almost sole genius of the Portuguese, died in a house of refuge for the destitute, yet after his death his countrymen gave him the title of "Great." True, indeed, is the proverb, "That a prophet has but little honour in his own land." So, too, must have thought the great Lord Bacon, when in his will he bequeathed his memory and writings to foreign nations, and after a time to his own countrymen. Yet Lord Bacon laboured under advantages Cervantes and Camoens never possessed; he had the patronage of a king who studiously encouraged literature in all its branches, and who was himself no mean writer, but yet, after wading through the work of Bacon, he could but compare it to the peace of God, which passeth all understanding.

The period extending from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries is the most splendid and productive in the annals of Spanish literature. Under Charles V., Spain became the foremost state in Europe, and the conquest of Naples brought it into close relation with the literature of Italy. The great Italian masters, such as Dante and Petrarch, began to be studied, and Italian measures and poetic forms to be imitated, although the rich, strong, Spanish spirit is never lost.

The accession of the Bourbons long marked Spanish literature by a servile imitation of French models, and these by no means the best of their kind. The great Peninsular war and the subsequent political movements in Spain had a powerful effect in stirring up anew the elements of nationality, and the present century can show a lengthened list of names both in prose and poetry.

The Spanish tongue differs slightly in dialect in the various provinces, but, as the Castilians themselves are specially renowned for their courtier-like grace and affability, so, too, is the Castilian Spanish considered the purest and most eloquent. It blends a certain soft, lingering richness of cadence with an occasional sonorous majesty of expression, and may be considered one of the most beautiful of the European tongues; it is the language of the Cortes; and Castile, more than any other division of the Peninsula, produces more of those illustrious grandees or hidalgos, who trace their descent, in all its purity, from a thousand generations.

It is true that a knowledge of Spanish may not be of the same practical experience as a knowledge of French or German. Still, as every young man's education of the present day partakes of some acquaintance with Latin and French, he may well and profitably devote a little time to the acquirement of Spanish.

M.

At the Cincinnati Zoo there is a mother seal that delights to splash water upon the people who stand close to the tank for the purpose of viewing her baby. She waits till the crowd draws near and then, with seemingly pure deviltry, jumps up and splashes the water in such a way as to cover and wet every one within twenty feet.

## CELTIC STUDIES IN CANADA.\*

TIME was when the only external evidences of the study of Celtic in Canada were the Gaelic Sunday services of Presbyterian ministers in rural settlements, and the occasional appearance of poems in the same language in connection with the bagpipes, at what some of their votaries called "The Culdawian Gemms." The Presbyterian Theological Colleges, even, paid little or no attention to the language of the Gael, allowing Highland students to qualify themselves as best they might for preaching in the speech of Paradise. Of recent years, however, these studies have received a great impetus, arising, doubtless, from the prominence attained by them in the Old World, and to their advocacy by such scholars as Professor Blackie, Dr. Matthew Arnold, and M. Gaidoz, of *La Revue Celtique*. In some of our larger cities, occasional services in Welsh as well as in Gaelic are held; and several newspapers of note furnish their readers from time to time with a Gaelic column. Some time ago, a Celtic Society was formed in Kingston, in connection with the University of Queen's College, which did good work, and comprised among its members gentlemen who, though not to the manner born, had acquired much proficiency in the Gaelic tongue. Whether that Society flourishes or has departed this life I cannot say, but the first supposition has this in its favour, that the "New Queen's Yell" is:—

Queen's! Queen's! Queen's!  
Oil thigh na Banrighinn gu brath!  
Cha gheill! Cha gheill! Cha gheill!

In Toronto, the Gaelic Society of later birth maintains an honourable existence under the worthy presidency of Mr. W. I. Mackenzie; and some of its members, notably Mr. David Spence, have enriched the Transactions of the "Canadian Institute" and other journals with articles on the language and the literature of the Gael.

The Celtic Society of Montreal is, however, the most ambitious and prominent of such institutions. Organized in 1883, under the Rev. Dr. MacNish, of Cornwall, who bids fair to be its perpetual president, as he is the greatest master of the Celtic languages on the continent, this society published its first volume of transactions in 1887. This first volume of 230 pages has found many readers on both sides of the Atlantic, and is daily increasing in value. The Society thereafter quietly continued its work until about a week ago, when a second volume of eighty-eight pages made its appearance, comprising some of the papers read before the Society during Sessions 1884-85 to 1886-91. It contains ten articles, one of them being a poem on Niagara, a well-worn subject, by Mr. Archibald MacKillop, the blind bard of the Society. As in the former volume, valuable materials for the history of the Celt in the Lower Provinces, in the County of Glengarry, and in the North-West, were furnished by the Rev. Dr. Blair, John McLennan, Esq., ex-M.P., and the Rev. Dr. Bryce, so, in the present, Sheriff MacKellar and Mr. Archibald MacNab, ex-M.P., give accounts of the settlement of the townships of Aldborough and Lochiel, respectively. These reminiscences of honoured pioneers are simple, but graphic, and full of interest. Two writers, who have passed into the other world since their papers were placed in the Society's hands, Mr. Neil Brodie and the Rev. Neil MacKinnon, have learnedly and pleasantly discussed the question of the continuance of Gaelic speech in Canada; and another departed member, the Rev. D. W. Rowland, has exploded the myth about the Madoc or Welsh Indians. A thoughtful essay in comparative philology is the Rev. John MacKay's Gaelic Substantive Verbs. Mr. Hugh MacColl indicates the existence of Gaelic poets in Western Ontario, and furnishes a modern tale of witchcraft. A paper replete with classical lore and historical reasoning is that of the Rev. A. MacLean Sinclair, entitled "Are the Kelts of Kimmurian origin?" Mr. Sinclair is a scholar worthy of the highest respect, so that when I answer that "a positive konklusion cannot klearly be konfirmed," the cacography of the response has reference not to the writer, but to what seems to my mind a senseless schism in orthography, somewhat on a par with "fonetik spellin."

The gem in the Transactions of the Society is the president's paper on "A Gaelic Cuneiform Inscription." Some time ago, under the title, or, as our American cousins improperly say, *caption*, "Umbria Capta," Dr. MacNish furnished indisputable proof of the Celtic character of the Umbrian Eugubine Tables, engraved in Italy in 180 B.C. In that communication to the Canadian Institute the learned president characterized the language of the Umbrian Tables as the oldest Gaelic extant. He has since found reason to change this opinion, while still adhering to his reading of the Tables; for a cuneiform tablet from Tell el Amarna in Egypt, transliterated by Drs. Sayce and Winckler, yields sense and exhibits relationship in and to no known family of human speech but the Celtic. That its language is neither Semitic, sub-Semitic, Indo-Germanic, or cuneiform Turanian, the labours of specialists have abundantly proved. Drs. Sayce and Winckler think it is Hittite, but this, Professor Campbell, who has made Hittite his forte, confidently denies. Since, then, Dr. MacNish furnishes an accurate and close grammatical and lexical rendering of this ancient document by the Gaelic branch of the Celtic tongues, there is no valid reason for doubting his conclusion, that Gaelic was a literary language in the neighbourhood of Palestine before the time of Moses, or some 1600 years B.C. It is impossible to over-

estimate the gain to Comparative Philology, as well as to Historical and Ethnological Science, imparted by this important discovery, which solves the vexed problem of Sumerian speech.

## PESSIMISM.

THE city hums with an eternal din;  
Each corner seems a mart for busy trade,  
Where man, and child, and tender, soft-cheeked maid  
Rush to their tasks, and fiercely strive to win  
A crust from the mad whirl, where good and sin  
Are by each other's side twin-powers arrayed.  
Scarce can we tell to whom is homage paid,  
When good is worshipped, where sin's rites begin.

Sorrow and weeping hang about the good;  
Weeping and sorrow are in sin's drear track;  
Shadows seem hovering over all the earth.  
Here one would die, but sin supplies life's food;  
There one goes burdened and with toil-bent back,  
He follows good, and starves 'mid others' mirth.

Kingston, Ont.

T. G. MARQUIS.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

"ART SALES"; THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Into the three personal cases cited by your correspondent, "R. A. D.," in your paper of the 11th inst., I do not propose to enter. It would be, at best, but matter of opinion. As to the general question, however, nothing could have surprised me more than the charge against Canadian artists of "ridiculous prices affixed to their pictures." I should have said exactly the reverse. I may be an object of derision to every commercial mind—or let me rather say to some of them—but I have, at one time and another, bought some eight or ten Canadian pictures, in oil and water-colour, at the very moderate prices asked without proposing the reduction of a single dollar.

I can give you a very remarkable example of how prone artists are to under-estimate their productions. In an early number of the *Fine Arts Quarterly Review* there is a regular professional record of the sale by auction of the "celebrated collection of the late Mr. Elhanan Bicknell." It was his habit to purchase, almost exclusively, off the easels of living artists. In this way he laid out about £25,000, and his pictures realized about three times that sum. This fact I had from one of his daughters. In some instances the prices given originally are added "as a curious item for comparison." From this it is to be gathered that certain pictures of nine painters brought to Mr. Bicknell's family a clear gain of more than £27,000, a loss to the same extent falling on the artists, say \$130,000, and mark particularly that these were not men who could be supposed not to know the value of their works, but painters of the highest established reputation, already rich men, most of them, and well able to hold out for their full price, all of them members of the Royal Academy but two, and they water-colour painters of corresponding repute. Their pictures not only doubled and trebled their cost, but fetched eight, nine, fifteen, twenty, and even in one instance thirty times the amount received for them. This may well seem to be fabulous. I have purposely abstained from more figures than were absolutely necessary, because they are always confusing, but, in case of incredulity, every amount shall be verified to the letter from the printed record itself, wherein the whole sale is reported, picture by picture. It is in the number of the *Review* for October, 1863, pages 420-422.

It may be added—though not to the point—that a sketch by Stanfield, done, it is said, in three hours, fetched £141, say \$700. The time spent on a work of art may or may not be any criterion of its value. Sir Joshua Reynolds replied to an objector on the ground of so many hours only being given to his portrait, "Sir, it is the work of thirty years."

For the rest, Canadian art is struggling yet, and must until it can conquer its position; may that be soon! Then its present depreciators will be on their knees to it, as has been the good fortune of all art princes, ancient and modern.

R. C. A.

## HOW FREE TRADE WOULD NOT BENEFIT CANADA.

The most logical conclusions from the truest principle are practically false unless in drawing them allowance is made for the counterworking of other principles equally true in theory and equally dependent for practical truth on co-ordination with the first.—*Bishop Stubbs*.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Allow me to thank Mr. Sutherland for his kind letter in your issue of December 4, and to agree with him that it is nearly time our controversy were brought to a close. I suppose it were too much to expect that gentleman to confess that he is mistaken in his views of unrestricted free trade as practically applied to Canada, regardless of the action taken by other countries in the matter, for the folly of trying to convince a man against his will has become proverbial, and I suspect that Mr. Sutherland has already reached that age at which the opinions and ways of most men have become definitely crystallized whether for good or for evil. His ideas have

been cast in a free trade mould and are probably unalterable. I have no reason to doubt that Mr. Sutherland is sincerely devoted to the best interests of our country, and I never was conscious of having insinuated anything to the contrary, but, although I duly respect his opinions, I think the course he advocates is not the one best adapted to Canada's welfare and to the development of her institutions and to the ensuring of our freedom. That there are many wrongs to be redressed in connection with our internal government cannot be truthfully denied. It may be that the principle of protection has been carried to extremes in some respects, and the voice of the country is beginning to demand freer commercial intercourse in certain directions, and limited reciprocal free trade seems to be the recognized fashion of the more advanced nations, but it is as important to encourage the taste for manufacturing in a young country as it is to encourage independent government, for many of the wants of its people are peculiar to local conditions that cannot be satisfactorily supplied from without.

I think it is an answer to those who severely criticize the National Policy to say that they are "running down the country," for the construction of the C.P.R., as it now stands, was part of the programme of that policy, and the opponents to the construction of the road are charged with opposing it upon the assumption that our North-West was not worth the expense of opening it up for settlement, and the agents of competing American roads took advantage of that statement made by some of our "leading statesmen" and gave it the widest publicity throughout Europe, but their ultimate object having been attained, and the fallacy of their false statements regarding our North-West having been revealed, I think we may confidently look forward to more rapid progress in the future. The annexation cry, coincident with the course taken by the Opposition at the last general election, did us some damage, as it had a tendency to excite a distrust in the minds of foreigners as to the stability of our institutions. Of course it would be too much to say that these are the only or even the principal causes of our backwardness as compared to our neighbours, for the most important reasons are quite beyond our control such as climatic conditions which in certain respects are in favour of the United States, and that was a most important consideration with the early settlers. While "New France" was still little better than a howling wilderness many of the States had become tolerably well settled, and the tide of emigration once having set in that direction and capital invested in the country with everything favourable a more rapid growth was ensured to them. As for the unusually slow growth of Canada during the last decade it may be accounted for by the special efforts put forth by certain American railroad companies who are heartily jealous of the C.P.R. to induce settlers to the Western States. If our growth has been comparatively slow it has been steady and healthy, and, beyond a few skirmishes with the Indians, our country has never been rent asunder by conflicting interests. Moreover, we have no negro problem for our statesmen of the not very distant future to settle.

In training and developing a child it is the first duty of the trainer to try to ascertain what the natural gifts of the child are, and to encourage their early development by urging it to activity and removing obstructions to healthy progress, and that generally requires a little sacrifice at the start in order that the final result may be more satisfactory. Recent reports show that Britain's foreign trade is seriously on the decline, and this fact together with the statement that there is considerably over a billion of dollars of British capital invested in Canada and the United States alone, besides what is invested in the South American States, the West Indies, Africa, India, Polynesia and Japan, has a very important bearing on the conclusion of the present controversy, for is it not clear that the principal cause of the falling off of British trade is the protective policies adopted by her former customers?

It has occurred to me to ask Mr. Sutherland where he proposes to find a permanent and profitable market for all our natural products? This world is not Utopian in character; it is the old story of the struggle for the "survival of the fittest." Thanking THE WEEK for its courtesy and hoping I have cleared the subject up a little for Mr. Sutherland, I will now close.

C. H. CHURCH.

Merrickville, Ont., Dec. 11, 1891.

THERE is no sort of wrong deed of which a man can bear the punishment alone; you can't isolate yourself and say that evil that is in you shall not spread. Men's lives are as thoroughly blended with each other as the air they breathe; evil spreads as necessarily as disease.—*George Eliot*.

It is certainly curious and, perhaps, a little alarming to be told that the douce Ayrshire folk, panting to become adepts in cheese-making, but unable to find a capable scientific instructor in North Britain or among the Southern pock-puddings, had actually sent to Canada for a cheese-master. What had been the result? It was said that before the scientific system of Canadian cheese-making had been adopted, the Scotch dairy-farmers had got within a shilling of each other in the prices which their cheeses fetched at market; but, after sitting for a while at the feet of the magician from the Dominion of Canada, the Ayrshire cheeses realized fifteen shillings per hundred-weight more.—*London Daily Telegraph*.

\* Transactions of the Celtic Society of Montreal; comprising some of the papers read before the Society during Sessions 1884-85 to 1886-91. Montreal: W. Drysdale and Company. 1892.

ART NOTES.

It is somewhat strange that M. Alfred Stevens should occupy a place midway between the cold, stern purity of the Holbeinesque art of Baron Leys and the soft, voluptuous realism of Gustavus Wappers; strange, because the late François Navez was his teacher, and Navez was the follower and friend of Louis David, the painter of classic themes in a moribund classic style. It was to Leys and Wappers, then, not to Navez and David, that Alfred Stevens really sent his talents to school. From both Stevens borrowed what he liked best, and the result of this borrowing was a new kind of *genre* painting, singularly rich and delicate in colour, singularly free, smooth and fluent in execution. As early as 1867 the Parisian artists began "to medal his little pictures," and from that day to the present he has never once really changed his style. He still possesses the technical skill, the knowledge of colour and the iconoclastic hatred of a pretty face, which he admired as a youth in the reproductive art of Leys; he still shows in the smooth and sensuous treatment of his draperies, dresses and stuffs the lasting influence of the too luscious realism of Wappers. In a word, Alfred Stevens' is an acquired art, rich in technique and exquisite in colour; but alas! it is lacking—with an exception here and there—in human tenderness and human passion. It skims too lingeringly and lovingly along the surface of things, and buries its best gifts too often in textures.—*Magazine of Art for January.*

THE *Art Amateur* tells how Mr. Spitzer, at the beginning of his career, made a brilliant stroke against the Baroness James de Rothschild, herself an expert in objects of art, who loved to hunt about the bric-a-brac shops. One day the Baroness found a marvellous cup which greatly pleased her. But she could never make up her mind to buy any object for the price asked; she liked to bargain. A few days afterward she returned to the shop, accompanied by the Baron James, and discussed the price with the dealer. No arrangement was arrived at and the Baroness went away. But she wanted the cup badly, and came back two or three times hoping that the dealer would yield. In the meantime Spitzer saw it and at once knew its value. "How much do you ask for that cup?" he said to the dealer. "I have refused to sell it to the Baroness de Rothschild for thirty thousand francs. She wants it very much, but she will not pay my price. I am tired of haggling with her, and will let you have it for thirty-five thousand, just to give her a lesson." "I'll take it," replied Spitzer, scarcely able to conceal his joy, and he carried the cup away with him. A few days afterward he sold it to Lord Beresford for three hundred thousand francs, or \$60,000. It is what has since been known as the Beresford Cup. When the Baroness again returned to the bric-a-brac shop, this time having decided to make the purchase, and found that the treasure had slipped through her hands, she was terribly disappointed; but her disappointment was still greater when she heard of the bargain that had been concluded at London. However, the lesson was not lost—neither for her nor for the Baron James. Struck with the cleverness of Mr. Spitzer, they made him their adviser in all their art purchases. "The Beresford Cup" thus became the source of his fortune.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

CHRISTMAS SERVICES.

NEARLY every church in this city of churches put forth its best effort to welcome the coming of the great festival of the Christian Church. More especially may this be said of the Catholic and Protestant Episcopal churches, whose ritual permits a greater display of musical ornamentation. The Church of the Redeemer choir rendered a beautiful anthem, and the service throughout was appropriate and well carried out. St. Peter's Church choir assayed a fairly effective rendering of Marsh's Festival, Te Deum, the anthem and remainder of the service befitting the occasion. At St. James' Cathedral the Psalms for the day and the Responses were, for some inexplicable reason, sung painfully below the pitch of the organ, especially in the softer passages. The "Hallelujah Chorus" from the "Messiah" showed off to better advantage, the choir of some sixty voices, a large number being ladies, singing it in a spirited manner. Not many of the congregations were up to their numerical standard.

THE GRUENFELDS.

ALFRED GRUENFELD was a boy of only twelve when he gave his first concert in his native city of Prague, playing Bach's prelude and fugue in C sharp minor, and works by Liszt and Mendelssohn, the immediate result being storms of applause, the boy earning the name of "Wunderkind." Since, he has studied and played himself into the proud positions of "Court Pianist both to the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia." Heinrich Gruenfeld is a cellist of the first rank, the late Count von Moltke having honoured him with his personal friendship. A paper-weight, bearing the following inscription, stands on this artist's desk: "In friendly remembrance of the late field-marshal, the Moltke family presents this paper-weight to the sincere friend of the deceased." These talented brothers are to give one of their artistically enjoyable evenings in the Pavilion on January 7. The plan is open at Gourlay, Winter and Leeming's piano rooms, Yonge Street, near Queen.

THE GARCIAS.

At the recent restoration and enlargement of the organ in the once famous chapel in the historical palace at Versailles, France, Alexander Guilmant, the renowned composer and organist, presided. Amongst other attractions Mr. Paul Viardot, son of Madame Viardot Garcia, the best known teacher of the voice in Paris, and nephew of the eminent singing master, Manuel Garcia, of London, played Gounod's "Visione de Jean D'Arc" on the violin. He is one of the foremost violinists in Paris, sustaining thereby the musical traditions of the Garcias.

ITALIAN OPERA.

THE artists who, during the last few weeks, have been ventilating their voices in the Windy City on Lake Michigan, have one and all made very successful appearances in New York, under managers Abbey and Grau. Miss Eames and the De Reske brothers were the chief novelties. Jean de Reske, the grand basso, seems to have more especially impressed the New Yorkers with his superb talent. The audiences are credited by the local press as listening with keener attention than the German operatic performances received last season, although prices were higher.

A NEW MUSICAL DEPARTURE.

THE Waterford and Limerick Railway Company have added a luxury, extending even into third-class carriages, in the shape of an orchestra to help while away the weary hours on board their trains. The musicians play *ensemble* and in small groups; when they board a train a violinist, a cornetist and a bassoonist will enter one compartment and proceed to work; other groups entering other compartments, emulating, no doubt, the music of the spheres below (the wheels), that of the elements above and quite recently also that of the lusty electioneering element surrounding them. A wonder as well as a hope might be indulged in, as to whether "God Save the Queen" would be admitted to a place on these curiously numerous programmes.

ATTENTION may well be called to a suggestive lecture on the "Glee" delivered by Mr. J. Edward Street, the president of the Caterham Choral Society, in connection with the performance by the association of some glees, madrigals and part-songs last week. Mr. Street laments the decay of glee-singing, and there is none better able to speak on this matter than the learned president, who is also honorary secretary of the famous old "Madrigal Society." There is no need to describe and dwell upon the features of this peculiar type of music; the glee is English in its origin and has never been imitated with success abroad. A long line of illustrious native musicians—not the least of whom was Sir John Goss—have written some of these gems of melody and rich pieces of delicious harmony, which, when well sung, cannot but be heard with delight. It does seem a thousand pities that glee-singing is decaying, but we are afraid it is so. Many causes go to account for this; perhaps the most important factor is the change that has taken place in our social habits, when it was a common custom for those loving music to repair in the evening to their various glee clubs, and enjoy the singing of a body of trained vocalists, who rendered to perfection these beautiful melodious glees; and at the same time they worshipped Bacchus and enjoyed the fragrant weed. The praises of Bacchus formed a very considerable item in the words of many of these old glees; the merry, merry god quite disputed the mastery with Cupid, and the tone of these pieces was mostly of an amorous and vinous character. However, the catalogues of words by Clark, Oliphant and Rimbault show that other subjects than the adoration of the fair, and the praise of the gods of wine and war, were often selected by the old composers for musical illustration. There are comparatively few glees written for female voices, and those with a soprano part were usually sung by boys. In cathedral towns the glee club was an important institution, and though these societies still exist (indeed there are many in London), the old zeal which inspired the members has to a great extent departed. And more's the pity, for anything more exquisite than a fine glee sung by those who understand how to render the music does not exist. Let those who still value the type reflect on this matter, and endeavour to give encouragement to glee writers, and to an art in which we English are supreme, and indeed stand alone.—*Musical News.*

It is said that a French soldier, stationed at a picture-gallery, had strict orders to allow no one to pass without first depositing his walking-stick. A gentleman came with his hands in his pockets. The soldier, taking him by the arm, said: "Citizen, where is your stick?" "I have no stick!" "Then you will have to go back and get one before I can allow you to pass."

THE late Archbishop Tait, of Canterbury, once made an effective use of a sermon. Driving down Holloway Hill he was confronted by a runaway horse, with a heavy dray, making straight for his carriage. He threw a sermon in his face. The horse was so bewildered by the fluttering of the leaves that it swerved and paused, the driver regained control, the sermon was picked up and the bishop proceeded on his way. "I don't know," he said to his companion, the present Archbishop of York, "whether my sermon did any good to the congregation, but it was of considerable service to me."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER: Her First and Last Ball. A novel. By J. Shinnick. Montreal: Gazette Printing Company. 1891.

The writer of this story has a good deal of ability of which something more may be made in time by diligent work. Some portions of the narrative are excellent, although every now and then we come upon awkward bits of English. Moreover, the jointing needs to be done a little more carefully. We mean these remarks to be encouraging; and we confidently expect still better work from the author in the future.

A HARD LESSON. By E. Lovett Cameron. New York: John A. Taylor and Company.

This is a novel much of the usual type, in which the heroine goes through the usual troubles, and comes into the usual harbour. The "hard lesson" seems to be that riches are not everything; very true, but it was promulgated some years ago by a man named Solomon. Perhaps the best thing in the book is the naturalness and femininity of the plots against the heroine's peace by the two cruel women of the story. It is a simple enough story with a common enough moral.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL LAYMAN'S HANDBOOK. By an Ex-churchwarden. Toronto: Hart and Company. 1891.

Writing not as theologians, but as critics, we should say—concerning the handsome volume before us, which the author has diligently read up his facts, especially those which make for his own side, and that he has a certain power of presenting them as an advocate. But his partisanship is too conspicuous; and the result will be that he will persuade no one who is not already on his own side. He professes to explain "the innovations of the last half century"; but, in point of fact, he attacks the contents of the Prayer Book itself. This, therefore, is a plea for prayer book revision, and not for loyalty.

THE RUDDER GRANGERS ABROAD: And other Stories. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The author of "Rudder Grange" has done well to give to the public this admirable selection from his shorter stories. The fine qualities possessed by Mr. Frank Stockton are apparent in all of them. They have the same flavour of genial and gentle humour which sheds its sunny brightness over the pages of this talented and popular writer of American fiction. The tales comprised in this neat and carefully-printed volume are "Euphemia among the Pelicans," "The Rudder Grangers in England," "Pomona's Daughter," "Derelict," "The Baker of Barnbury," and "The Water Devil." It would be a singularly constituted individual who would rise disappointed from the reading of "The Rudder Grangers Abroad."

THE BACHELOR OF SALAMANCA. By René Le Sage (Rose Library). Price 50 cents. New York: Worthington; Toronto: P. C. Allen. 1891.

Quite recently we noticed an edition of Le Sage's first work, "Asmodeus." We now have published in the same series one of his last works. His greatest, "Gil Blas," lies between. We confess that we prefer the "Bachelor of Salamanca" to "Asmodeus," if we cannot rank it nearly so high as "Gil Blas." When we remember that it was written in France early in the eighteenth century, we shall not expect its moral tone to be very high, and it is scarcely a book to be commended *virginibus puerisque*; but it is a clever book, as at this time of day need hardly be said; and students of literature must know something of the works of Le Sage.

THE HIGH TOP SWEETING, and other Poems. By Elizabeth Akers. Price \$1.25. New York: Scribners; Toronto: W. Briggs. 1891.

This is a very pretty volume, and its contents show that the writer has a fine vein of poetry in her composition. Not only is the language in which they are expressed melodious and expressive, but the thoughts embodied show a genuine love of nature and a sympathy with all its moods, as well as a real insight into humanity. The first part of the title, as our readers may know, is the name of an apple tree. From this poem we give one stanza:—

Lovely it was when its blossoms came  
To answer the blue-bird's greeting;  
They were dainty and white as a maiden's fame,  
And pink as the flush of tender shame  
That lights her cheek at her lover's name;  
And the place was bright with the rosy flame  
Of the beautiful high-top sweeting.

Here again are two sweet strains from a little poem on Rest:—

Why weep for those who happily forget  
Life's tedious wear and fret,  
Who lay aside, with joy, the loads of ill  
Which cramp us still?

Wash not, O tears, these white and quiet feet  
Which, clean from dust and heat,  
Shall climb through all the round of coming days  
No more rough ways.



**BAREROCK; OR, THE ISLAND OF PEARLS.** By Henry Nash. London: Edward Arnold.

The name sounds like Rider Haggard at his wildest. The adventures of Allen Quatermain, however, pale before those of the marvellous boys, Jack Gordon and his friend. It is, indeed, a book of adventures; wrecks, fights, sharks, savages all flit through one's brain as one reads it. Mr. Ballantyne is a discourser upon probabilities compared to Mr. Henry Nash. Another phase of the story is the enormous amount of what Mr. Spencer calls "intellectual muscle" that is stowed away in the hero's brain; in regard to physical science, at least, he is a walking encyclopædia. The fair Koorata brings in the element of love, while the magnificent Nahganzi is lionized in English society just like the Hon. Mr. Cody, a Chinese ambassador or any other person of ordinary or extraordinary merit. In short, it is a book for boys to dream on by day as well as by night.

**WATCH HO! WATCH! ON LIFE'S DEEP SEA.** By Elizabeth A. Little. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This is a charming volume, containing many beautiful illustrations, recalling sea scenes, incidents and objects of sea life.

A weary weed, tossed to and fro,  
Drearly drenched in the ocean brine,  
Soaring high and sinking low,  
Lashed along without will of mine.

It is the sea that Miss Little sings of, the deep sea which the Greek loved: now—wine-dark purple, now—hoary, white, now—barren and desolate, again "with innumerable laughter." It has appealed to poets of all times and of all nations, and yet its tales are ever fresh and beautiful; the sea that knows neither age nor youth. It is one of the most appropriately as well as beautifully illustrated works of its kind that we have seen, and its happy combination of the talent, skill and taste of artist and poetess makes it a very pleasing volume indeed, one that would not fail to be warmly welcomed and heartily appreciated by a fortunate recipient at this festive season.

**A PAIR OF ORIGINALS.** A Story. By E. Ward. Price \$1.25. New York: Macmillan and Company; Toronto: Williamson. 1891.

This is a very pretty story of two little boys of seven and five years old respectively. It reminds us, in some measure, of Little Lord Fauntleroy; although rather to the advantage of the latter. The little boys had lost their mother, and were rather unhappy with a number of half-sisters, daughters of their father's first wife; so, at the instigation of a half-brother, they set off for the house of their grandmother, an eccentric and delightful old lady. This part of the story is extremely well managed, cleverly and naturally; and there is a love episode, which the reader anticipates, but which is handled with such skill that it does not mar the impression of a child's book. Many of the incidents are effective and the narrative generally is good. We have only two qualifying remarks to offer. We think that these two infant prodigies indulge in a great deal more slang than children of their tender years and of their surroundings are likely to have picked up; and we also think that they are made, in some respects, improbably and incredibly precocious. But it is a very pretty story.

**ROMANS DISSECTED.** A new critical Analysis of the Epistle to the Romans. By E. D. McReisham. Price 75 cents. New York: A. D. F. Randolph and Company. 1891.

This is a very clever pamphlet and a very reasonable one. The author conceals his name under a designation which corresponds well with the purport of his volume. It is a burlesque upon the modern critical methods of dissecting ancient writings, more especially those of the Old and New Testaments. By a series of subjective tests these advocates of the higher criticism profess to be able to assign different portions of the same book to different authors and sometimes to different periods. The author of the essay before us applies these principles to the Epistle to the Romans, demonstrating, as he avers, quite as satisfactorily the composite character of that great Letter. We entirely agree with the writer of the prefatory note that the author has produced a powerful argument against the Higher Criticism as applied to the Pentateuch. It reminds us a good deal of Archbishop Whately's "Historic Doubts respecting Napoleon Bonaparte," or Mr. Henry Roger's "Myth of the two Newmans," representatives of the Romanizing and Rationalizing tendencies of the day. The arguments employed are the doctrinal, the linguistic and the historical.

**THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN AND THE SEXUAL RELATIONS.** An address to an unknown lady reader, by Karl Heinzen (translated by Mrs. Emma Heller Schumm). Boston: B. R. Tucker. 1891.

Of this little book one can only say *chaqu'un à son goût*. There may be some who will admire it and agree to its propositions and conclusions. But certainly there are others, and we think and hope many others, who certainly will not. However, we will leave our readers to take sides themselves by judging from a few quotations.

"We must not restrict the liberty of marriage by tedious formalities and impeding conditions."

"The liberty which prevails in the contracting of marriage must also prevail in the dissolution of marriage."

"To sanctify a marriage, or to attempt to fetter it by means of a contract, is to thoroughly misconceive its nature."

"What has been said above of marriage and divorce will be a plain hint to thinking women as to the importance of liberation from the bonds of religious belief."

"No sensible woman ought any longer to consent to the self-degradation of permitting the desecrating hand of a priest to 'bless' her love. Shame! These pestilent propagators of ignorance and disgust!"

Perhaps these are enough to reveal the scope and purport of the book. We need make no comment.

**WHAT'S BRED IN THE BONE.** By Grant Allen. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker.

Whether Mr. Grant Allen sets high store on it or not the fact cannot reasonably be disputed that he is one of the Canadians who has achieved distinction in the English world of literature. It is not only in one department that he has made his mark. His scientific acquirements are well known, and his versatility is fully recognized. As a novel writer, through the struggling crowd he has elbowed his way to the front rank. This, his latest work in fiction, has already commanded an extended circulation; its merits are sufficient to secure for it the interested attention of average readers, but it has the additional advantage of having obtained the approval of the competent experts who awarded it the prize for which its author competed. A London publication offered a prize of \$5,000 for the best novel, and "What's Bred in the Bone" carried it off. There is much stir and movement throughout, and the interest is easily maintained; a dull chapter will not be found in the book. It is essentially an English story and deals with average English human nature. The hero and heroine meet in a railway train, and go through a variety of vicissitudes, affording ample opportunities for the author to delineate character, and indulge his gift of mild sarcasm. The end sees a harmonious blending. The courting days terminate happily, and the two admirable personages disappear from view as they are about to enter on the married state, thus ending as orthodox novels usually do. The style is clear, condensed and terse, and no properly constituted reader of fiction will regret the time devoted to the perusal of Grant Allen's latest novel.

**ESSAYS ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.** By Edmond Scherer. Translated by George Saintsbury. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: William Briggs. 1891. Price \$1.50.

Edmond Scherer has long been known to English readers by name, chiefly, perhaps, through the influence of Matthew Arnold—perhaps also by means of the fact that he was the introducer to the public of the *Journal Intime* of Amiel. Since this is the first time any of his essays have been Englished, and since the translator is no less a personage than Mr. Saintsbury—with little doubt the best read Englishman living in the realms of French literature—the book deserves exceptional notice. It is needless to say, too, that it deserves exceptional praise. Edmond Scherer ranks, of course, amongst the world's greatest critics, and his translator's praises need no singing. Criticism of such a critic is difficult if not superfluous, and indeed Mr. Saintsbury has supplied all that is necessary in an admirable introduction. Carlyle-olaters no doubt will find many grounds for attack, for Mr. Scherer certainly was very severe upon, not to say that he wholly misjudged, one with whom perhaps he could never really sympathize. Worshipers of George Eliot, on the other hand, will be more than satisfied. The other great names touched upon in these essays are Shakespeare, Taine, Milton, John Stuart Mill, Lawrence Sterne, and Wordsworth. To give any account of Mr. Scherer's handling of these in a single paragraph is out of the question. All we can say is, no serious reader or critic of English literature could afford to leave them unread, while the reading of them is one of the most stimulating exercises such reader or critic could undertake. The book is embellished with an admirable portrait.

**ZADIG AND OTHER TALES.** By Voltaire. A new translation, by R. B. Boswell. Price 3s. 6d. London: Geo. Bell and Sons; Toronto: all booksellers. 1891.

Whether it is still worth while to read Voltaire, except as a phenomenon in history and in literature, is a question for discussion. But however we may decide the question, it is desirable that he should be read in the language in which he spoke and wrote. Still there will always be a good many persons who will wish to know something of Voltaire's writings without having the trouble of reading them in French. Voltaire, if not exactly a great man, and perhaps we might say that he was a great Frenchman, was certainly a prodigiously clever man, and helped to make his age, a fact which renders him a subject of historical study. If, then, any persons wish for a translation of Voltaire's stories, they will find a collection of the best of them in the present volume, and they are very well translated. There are a good many quite short stories here; but there are three of some length: "Zadig," which is put on the title page, "Candide," which is the most characteristic, the longest and the best known, and "The Child of Nature." We confess that we greatly prefer "Zadig," as being the pleasantest of all. It is an eastern tale, and the author has

caught a good deal of the Oriental spirit of the supposed writer. We suppose that "Candide" would be chosen by most as more distinctly representative of its author. Mr. Morley, for example, has printed it in his Universal Library in the same volume with Johnson's "Rasselas." We must confess that to ourselves it is an offensive and disgusting story. It is true enough that Leibnitz was rather provoking with his "best of all possible worlds," but that does not excuse a story which is not only pessimistic, but which seems to flout the moral order of the world.

**MEN OF THE BIBLE: Gideon and the Judges.** By Rev. J. M. Lang, D.D. **EZRA AND NEHEMIAH.** By Canon Geo. Rawlinson, F.R.G.S. Price \$1 each. New York: Randolph and Company; Toronto: Upper Canada Tract Society. 1891.

These are two admirable volumes of a very excellent and useful series to which we have drawn attention on previous occasions. It is to be feared that a good many religious books are used as substitutes for the Bible. We feel sure that these volumes will rather lead people to the Bible. And books of this kind are necessary. The ordinary Bible reader is lost in the perusal of the Old Testament from his want of knowledge of geography, natural history, the contemporaneous history of nations living on the borders of the territories of Israel, and such like matters. Here he will find almost all that he can ask for. Dr. Lang is a well-known writer of ability, and places before us in a very living manner the stirring period of which he writes, the period of the Judges. Recognizing the difficulty of his task, he has sought for assistance from all quarters open to him, using the latest results of the Palestine Exploration Fund, on the one hand, and the latest critical investigations on the other. Conservative, on the whole, Dr. Lang does not cling to established opinions blindly, and he has given us here, on the whole, very safe guidance. Canon Rawlinson, as is well known, is a veteran student and writer on the subject and period of his present volume. No man alive, probably, knows more of the oriental monarchies than he does. We may sometimes disagree with him, or not wholly approve of his manner of putting things; but it will never be quite safe to ignore the results of so conscientious a labourer in this great field. Of the manifold interest of the life and times and work of Ezra and Nehemiah it is superfluous to speak. We may, however, remind our readers that recent publications have added to that interest.

**THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS GRAY.** English and Latin. Edited by John Bradshaw, M.A., LL.D. Aldine Edition. London and New York: George Bell and Sons.

As long as English literature lasts the name of Thomas Gray will be honoured and cherished. Although Gray wrote with the exactness and finish of an accomplished scholar, and his poetry bears ample evidence of the workmanship of a master of the metrical art, yet his exquisite rhythm conveys to the mind, as the voice of a rich-toned bell to the ear, sublime and pathetic impressions, which are as deep and lasting as life itself. Canadians need not wonder that their hero, Wolfe, on that fateful day when for the last time he was rowed on the St. Lawrence towards the Heights of Abraham, could repeat the immortal "Elegy," and say that he would rather be the author of it than take Quebec. How true those words of him.

The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of Power,  
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike th' inevitable hour:  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Shall the time ever come when, in some far-off land, away from home and friends, after a long and lonely walk, seeking rest from the troubled world by communion with nature, some pensive Englishman shall as he returns see the distant city spires dimly through the fading twilight, and as the evening breeze cools his fevered brow, forget to repeat these imperishable stanzas from the "Ode" to "Eton College"?

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,  
That crown the wat'ry glade,  
Where grateful Science still adores  
Her Henry's holy shade;  
And ye, that from the stately brow  
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below  
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,  
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among  
Wanders the hoary Thames along  
His silver-winding way.

Ah happy hills, ah pleasing shade,  
Ah fields beloved in vain,  
Where once my careless childhood strayed,  
A stranger yet to pain!  
I feel the gales that from ye blow,  
A momentary bliss bestow,  
As waving fresh their gladsome wing  
My weary soul they seem to soothe,  
And redolent of joy and youth,  
To breathe a second spring.

It is the delicate fancy, the profound knowledge of the yearnings of the human heart, of the pride and pathos of life, and the exquisite melody with which he has voiced it, that renders Gray's work imperishable, and imparts to it the spell of a song, or strain of music, that, heard again in later life, revives the sweet recollections of childhood.

We know of no more compact, complete and satisfactory edition of Gray within the same compass. The beautiful profile portrait, the scholarly introduction, life, notes and bibliography by Dr. Bradshaw, and the excellence of the publishers' work make this volume indispensable to every lover of good literature.

THE QUINTESENCE OF IBSENISM. By G. Bernard Shaw. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker, publisher. 1891.

As a vigorously expressed exposition of certain extremely modern views, this work is by no means devoid of interest. Mr. G. Bernard Shaw likes Ibsen apparently, not because Ibsen is Ibsen, but because, Mr. Shaw thinks, he agrees with G. Bernard Shaw. It is a curious gospel we find preached; curious alike to the Philistine, who is satisfied with the world as he finds it, and does not try to look into the meanings of things, and to him who is content with Matthew Arnold's creed, and thinks himself a cultured man. This last named individual is by no means acceptable to Mr. Shaw, who calls him an Idealist, who waxes scornful over him, and who glories in Ibsen because that author flouts these Idealists most mercilessly. Mr. Shaw has a new higher class—the "Realists." For him, the Philistine is content with things as they seem, the Idealist has some conception of the truth of things, but is frightened and shrinks back to conventionalities, while the Realist sees things as they are, and fearlessly accepts the logical deduction. Such men are, of course, very rare, and Mr. Shaw admits this—nay, he estimates the proportions as 700 Philistines, 299 Idealists and one Realist. History, in our author's conception, is the record of the gradual casting away of encumbrances to right thinking under the name of "duties." The set of duties that "Theology" teaches is, in Mr. Shaw's view of the cultivated world, by this time thoroughly obsolete. The set of "duties" that remains to be combatted by the pioneers of truth is that held by the Idealists, and includes the ideas that marriage is inviolable, and that women should be "womanly" and "self-sacrificing." This new creed is vigorous enough, and it loses none of its vigour from Mr. Shaw's expression of it. It is because Ibsen is a Realist—or at least satirizes Philistine and Idealist alike—that our author likes him. After his preliminary explanations, Mr. Shaw gives a careful, though we think somewhat *ex parte*, review and analysis of Ibsen's plays, and sees in them a completely Realistic point of view, or, to put the matter more plainly, Anarchistic. We may be pardoned for not fully agreeing with Mr. Shaw. He does not write as a disinterested literary critic, but as a partisan, and his book is to a great extent a special plea. Now, we do not think that Ibsen is a partisan of any sect or school. As a man of genius he preserves the full impartiality of genius, and strikes right and left remorselessly. At one time, according to Mr. Shaw, the Idealists fancied him in their camp and rejoiced thereat; but they were soon roughly undeceived. Now, may not Ibsen carry this impartiality a step further? We should not be surprised if his next play were an assault upon Anarchism itself, though we should be much surprised if Mr. Shaw were to acknowledge it as an attack. Certainly on the whole the book is readable. Mr. Shaw has the courage of his convictions, and expresses them with rare candour and plain speech. His position is by no means devoid of truth, but is a position that can be held by few indeed. The mass of those who hold his opinions will fall into the vulgar errors which have made the name of Anarchism ridiculous as well as hateful in our ears.

WHAT IS REALTY? An Inquiry as to the Reasonableness of Natural Religion, and the Naturalness of Revealed Religion. By Francis Howe Johnson. Price \$2. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company. 1891.

We do not know whether the author of this work is a Professor of Philosophy, a Clergyman or merely a Literary man; but he has produced a very able and interesting book on a subject of the highest importance. Our readers are, many of them, aware of the question brought out with the greatest clearness by Hume. Can we know anything, and are we sure that there is anything to know? Hume gave a negative, or at least a sceptical, answer to this question. There may be such a thing as Reality, he answered; but we can have no real knowledge of it. It is this position which is assailed by Kant, and which all the more spiritual philosophy of the last century has endeavoured to overthrow. The present writer has set himself the same task. "Reality," he says, "is the agreement of our thought with that which is external to our thought." In other words, Knowledge is real. Again, "A thing is real when it is capable of fulfilling the promises it makes to us," so that we have a secure basis for action and expectation. To be more explicit, the first and principal question which the author discusses is this: "Is our conception of spirit as spirit the counterpart of a reality, or is it an illusion?"

The writer does not lay claim to a knowledge, at first hand, of all the philosophical systems which he examines, and he makes full and generous recognition of the sources from which he has derived assistance. It is his object, he says, to show that the premises of religion are as real as any part of man's knowledge; and that the methods by which its vital truths are deduced from these premises are no less legitimate than those employed by science. This is quite true, bearing in mind, of course, the caution of Aristotle, that we must expect, in every department of study, that kind of certainty which is suitable to its nature.

The author first examines the answers given from the opposed schools of idealism and realism, and decides against both. In his partial refutation of Hegel, we think, he does not quite remember how much all recent spiritual philosophers owe to the profound and difficult German. His own answer he calls the Answer of Life, and declares that the realities of life are to be decided by an appeal to

life. He asserts his conclusions in the following terms: (1) The external world, known to us through our senses, is a world of real agencies that act and react upon us. (2) The human mind is a real originating cause, which to some extent modifies and directs itself and external agencies. If there is not absolute novelty, there is considerable freshness in the working out of these results. Here is a good point against the sceptical attitude of certain philosophers. "They," he says, "though deeply attached to their special scepticisms, are yet more fond of life, and therefore withdraw in time to demonstrate the necessity of *living* the affirmative of that which they theoretically deny."

In regard to the relativity of knowledge, he accepts the post-Kantian position, holding that knowledge of relations is knowledge of reality. Passing on, we come to an interesting chapter on Immanency and Transcendency, in which he adopts, in our judgment, the right conclusion, avoiding pantheism on the one hand and deism on the other. The remaining portions of the volume are given to the further discussion of religion, revelation, the church and the Bible. It is a book which few will read without profit.

SONGS OF THE HUMAN. By William P. McKenzie. Toronto: Hart and Company. 1892.

This is a volume whose attractive blue and white covers, fine paper and excellent workmanship does great credit to the publishers, Messrs. Hart and Company, who have won distinction as artistic and skilful publishers. It is a book whose workmanship entitles it to a place on the library shelf with any first edition; but its attractiveness does not stop with the cover, for there is much genuine poetic work in it. In his best moments Mr. McKenzie shows not only a command of melody, but an independent force of thought; witness such a stanza as the following:—

Though hither and thitherward blown,  
The petals on earth scatter white,  
The real that lay under the known  
Shall ripen at last into sight.

—A Friend Indeed.

Or as this:—

And yet I too beneath some mausoleum,  
Of great earth, hopes that cover o'er the soul,  
Might hear the ransomed chanting their *Te Deum*,  
A spirit lost that gained an earthly goal.

—An Influence.

The latter, with its noble spiritual strain, is suggestive of Browning's teaching; but it is yet Mr. McKenzie's own.

The volume has several headings: "Of Places and Men," "Of Loving," "Of Losing" and "Of Living." Of these, we have found most pleasure in "Of Losing." The third of the "Epistles Unto a Maid,"—"Reunion," with its solemn concluding quotation, *Dominus dedit, Dominus abstulit, sit nomen Domini benedictum* is very touching. It is too long for quotation, but we may excerpt a stanza from the Conclusion of this section; a stanza which breathes the high, almost mystic, faith which makes good all losses:—

I am only a child, who is lying  
On the bosom of Infinite Love;  
I speak not of living or dying,  
I know not of sorrow or crying;  
My thoughts are dwelling above.

—Conclusion.

But we by no means intend to confine our approbation to this portion of Mr. McKenzie's work. We have already given extracts from other sections,—“A Friend Indeed” is from “Of Places and Men,” and “An Influence” is from “Of Loving.” Probably the best complete poem in the latter part is “Covered Wings.” We may present the last stanzas of this to our readers:—

On a shining stem, mark, a beetle crawls;  
As he sways in the wind I shrink with a dread,  
Man venturing so at some cliff-foot sprawls,  
But its wing-case lifts and the gauze vans spread.

There is one I know who has clambered out  
On a daring hope to its utmost end,  
Over death he sways, and I hope,—yet I doubt,  
If wings be the gift that his God will send.

And the poem immediately following this, “A Twilight Flower,” is very good. Passing to “Of Living,” we may note “Misconceptions,” with its curious, yet all too true, idea. This section contains one piece however that we regret to see included, “The Yielding of Pilate.” It is, we should say, the weakest work in the volume. The treatment is slight, for one thing; and, dealing with the most awful and sternly realistic scene known to man, the movement is distinctly lyrical. For example, let us take the following passage:—

PILATE. What is truth?

[Rising abruptly, he goes out with Jesus to the Jews, muttering petulantly.]

I cannot bide these wranglers  
Who seek with words to daze,  
Trident—and—net entanglers  
Who spear with three-pronged phrase;  
For priests and women let them babble,  
For me the sword best suits the rabble;  
A man of action, I, a Roman,  
Your babbling Greek, I count him no man,  
Buzzing about for something “new,”—  
And better be a dog than be a Jew!

In the first place, this challenges comparison with Beacon's concise and weighty sentence, “What is truth? said jesting Pilate, and stayed not for an answer.” And in the second place the speech with its double rhyme of “Roman” and “no man” is not in keeping with the tragic issues at stake.

But it is ungrateful work seizing on the weak points of a work that contains so much good matter. Mr. McKenzie's ability and mastery of his art is on the increase; the book before us is we hope an earnest of

much to come. He possesses a true poetic insight, wedded to a pure and spiritual way of looking at life; and his command of melody is proved by more than one of the selections we have made, and by much more that is in a volume, which we trust will meet with the favourable reception it so well deserves.

THE *Dominion Illustrated*, December 19, 1891, is a very fair issue of this well known journal. H. Frederick Brande publishes a sonnet on “Ireland's Uncrowned King,” the force and beauty of which is, in our opinion at least, marred by the feebleness of the last two lines. “Old Gabriel” is a lively description of an ineffectual bear-hunt. The illustrations are good, some of them exceptionally so, and the whole issue is quite up to its usual form.

THE *University Monthly*, Fredericton, N. B., issues a very fair number for December. Miss Gertrude T. Gregory contributes a carefully-written paper entitled “Molière on the Education of Women.” Miss Gregory has quoted

De son étude, enfin, je, veux qu'elle se cache,  
Et qu'elle ait du savoir, sans vouloir qu'on le sache  
Sans citer les auteurs, sans dire de grands mots  
Et cloquer de l'esprit à ses moindres propos.

Would all University ladies have the same courage? And yet the grand old philosopher was right after all. The magazine is well got up, and, on the whole, does the University credit.

THE *Ladies' Home Journal* issues a charming New Year number. Amongst a great deal that is pretty and much that is interesting may be mentioned the continuation of “The Staircase of Fairlawn Manor” (part II.), by Mamie Dickens. Miss Ethel Ingalls, one of the series of “Clever Daughters of Clever Men,” is aptly described by Jean Mallory as “not a short haired reformer,” but—

A perfect woman, nobly planned.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox contributes a poem entitled “Duty's Path.” The “Greetings 'Cross the Sea,” coming as they do at the Christmas season, add to the attractiveness of a most agreeable issue.

THE *Quiver*, January, 1892, contains much interesting matter. “Common Lodging Houses and Their Patrons” is a vigorously drawn picture of London misery, illustrated by J. H. Bacon. “Below the Sea-Level” represents Holland with all its physical disadvantages, disadvantages which have at once modified and strengthened the characteristics of its people. “The First Work for God,” by the author of “How to be Happy, though Married,” is well and earnestly written. The serial stories, “The Heiress of Aberstone” and “Through Devious Ways,” are continued. Our space will not permit mention of all that is valuable in this number, and our advice to all is to read it for themselves.

THE *Westminster Review* for December, 1891, opens with a carefully-written paper entitled “Effects of the Doctrines of Evolution on Religious Ideas,” from the pen of R. C. Crosbie. Mr. Crosbie points out the effects which the doctrine of evolution produces upon the thinker, the religious (in the ordinary sense of the word) and the superficial mind. “Outcasts of Paris,” by E. R. Spearman, gives a terrible description of the misery in the heart of that pleasure-loving capital. Captain J. A. Skene Thomson contributes an article entitled “Military Enthusiasm as a Means of Recruiting.” The Captain ends his interesting paper with this remark which we heartily echo: “For the regular army we are apt to forget that here also we are dealing with volunteers, and that honest enthusiasm and love of soldiering, and not recruiting-traps are our best and natural agencies.” Mr. Edwin Johnson, M.A., writes on “Gothic and Saracen Architecture.” The number is a decidedly good one.

*Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, January, 1892, opens with “De Litt' Modder,” a story by Mr. William McLennan. “Canada's El Dorado” should be perused by all Canadian readers. “The Sorrow of Rohab,” by Arlo Bates, contains some very fine passages.

Rohab the king  
Delights to honour thee. Rohab the man  
Avenge Leutra's death, and SMILES!

This is really dramatic and in its force of expression contrasts strangely with that soft sensuous lay of Leutra commencing with—

Sweetheart, thy lips are touched with flame.

Wilhelm Singer in his brightly written paper, “Popular Life in the Austro-Hungarian Capitals,” describes himself as belonging to the class of “harmless loafers” who only write about “things that you can touch and see” as the old Latin Grammar puts it, and who are not anxious about legends or anything which has been already “beautifully described by others.” Can anything be more encouraging to start with? Read this article and you will see that he is true to his principles. “London of Charles the Second,” by Walter Besant, should be read by all who feel either interest or curiosity for old London. “Two events—two disasters—give special importance to this period. I mean the Plague and the Fire.” Mr. Besant alludes to both of these at some length. “A Letter of Introduction,” by W. T. Smedly, is very amusing and we regret that we have not space to comment upon much more that is pleasant reading in this issue.

THE *Nineteenth Century* for December is a number which requires some careful reading. Mr. Charles Lowe contributes an article on “The German Newspaper Press,” in which he contrasts the German under the step-motherly influence of his Government, and the English πολιτικόν ζῶον.

The Right Hon. Viscount de Vesce has a paper with the suggestive title of "Hibernia Pacata"—concerning "the Silent Sister" it is well for us on this side of the Atlantic to be discreetly silent. "Gardens," by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P., is a very readable paper, containing some valuable "pointers" not only upon botany, but upon literature. He calls attention to the meaning of the word "canker" in—

So put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,  
And plant this thorn, this canker Bolingbroke,

which we confess to realizing for the first time. "Milton's Macbeth," by Professor Hales, is, as the author remarks, one of the most curious facts in literary history. Professor Hales draws a curious parallel between Shakespeare's play and "Paradise Lost." "No other of Shakespeare's plays," he says, "comes so near dealing with the very subject of 'Paradise Lost.'" Professor Hales points out how Milton's lofty mind would not have deemed "the wilfulness of Macbeth's ruin" sufficiently emphasized. A volume might be written on this subject, and we would wish the volume from the pen of Professor Hales. The Rev. Professor Cheyne replies to Mr. Gladstone in an article entitled "Beliefs in Immortality." "Shakespeare and Modern Greek," by Professor Blackie, gives us a modern Greek's conception of Hamlet. "A Cereyean scholar, named Polyas, grapples boldly with one of the most difficult problems that could tax the capacity of any language—a metrical version of Shakespeare's 'Hamlet.'" Professor Blackie gives us a short account of this bold attempt, and then passes on to the comparison of ancient and modern Greek; he ends with a powerful appeal against our barbarous pronunciation of Greek in Britain, which is, in his opinion, as much "under the ban of intelligent scholarship" as the world-famous Anglified Latin! Archibald Forbes contributes a paper entitled "Moltke and Moltkeism," and H. H. Cameron ends a most interesting number with "The Labour 'Platform' at the Next Election."

THE *Fortnightly Review*, December, 1891. "Our Army and its Detractors" professes to be a criticism of the critics. The article deals both with the material of the troops and the expenditure for their maintenance. In regard to both these particulars the author defends our present régime in comparison with the results of the continental system. In speaking of the oft harped on "reforms" he says very truly: "Every Englishman thinks he understands the army, but not one in 1,000,000 cares a button about army reform, while nine out of ten would vote against a Government which caused them to miss a train by an attempt at mobilization." Again: "What we want to attain is a determination on the part of England to have a sufficient army and a readiness to make sacrifices for it." This is, as the author states, the main point which the critics should endeavour to get at. "A Rejoinder," by Sir Charles Dilke, follows, in which he vigorously attacks some of the statements made by the author of "Our Army and its Detractors," with what degree of justice our readers must see for themselves by reading both these papers on this most important subject. "Compulsory Greek," written in the *de haut en bas* tone by Mr. J. B. Bury, is the best reason (we were nearly saying apology) for compulsory Greek that we have ever heard. Greek does not aid to "complete living" in Mr. Herbert Spencer's sense, but for all that it has a value of its own. It seems a strange paradox to say that Greek should be taught at a university because of its uselessness, but it is a paradox that contains the germs of a very wide-reaching truth. "An Eighteenth Century Singer," by Vernon Lee, is well worth reading. "Phases of Crime in Paris," by Hugues Le Roux, is a ghastly picture of physical and mental decadence. And yet it is not with the pen, still less with the pessimism of a Zola, that M. Le Roux presents these fearful glimpses of Parisian life: "In the very worst of men," he quotes at the end, "there still remains something that does honour to humanity." W. H. Mallock brings a very good number to a conclusion with "A Human Document" (chaps. IX.-XI.).

#### LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

W. E. HENLEY has edited a volume of "Byron's Letters," which is announced for early publication.

MR. R. L. STEVENSON will write an introduction to his grandfather's reminiscences of his journey with Scott, which *Scribner's* will soon print.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD calls Edgar Allen Poe "the Catullus of American literature," and thinks he should be better appreciated by the reading public than he is.

MRS. WIGGINS' delightful story, "The Birds' Christmas Carol," is said to be in as great demand now as when first published. The secret of this popularity is a very open one, for its humour and pathos are delicious, and of the kind which never loses its flavour.

LORD DUFFERIN'S great ability, popularity and exceptional qualifications as one of the greatest living diplomats, are again *en évidence* in connection with his rapid transfer from the honourable position of Warden of the Cinque Ports to the still more distinguished position of English Ambassador at Paris.

A BEAUTIFUL little edition of Herrick is forthcoming in England—an edition for which Mr. Swinburne has written a preface. The spelling of the poems is modernized—otherwise the text is that of the original edition. This is the first volume of a new series to be called "The Muse's Library."

PROFESSOR GILDERSLEEVE, of Johns Hopkins University, was in the Confederate Army, and a firm believer in the cause for which it contended. In the *Atlantic Monthly* for January he will state with frankness and force the reasons for his course, in an article entitled "The Creed of the Old South."

"AN American Claimant" is the name of Mark Twain's serial, which seems to be the *pièce de résistance* of Jerome K. Jerome's new magazine, the *Idler*. Robert Barr, who is to be Mr. Jerome's assistant editor, was formerly connected with the *Detroit Free Press*, for which he wrote over the name of Luke Sharp.

THE Browning Cyclopaedia, which has been in preparation by Dr. Edward Berdoe, author of "Browning's Message to His Time," will be published very shortly by Macmillan and Company. It is the most thorough and probably the most generally useful of all the aids to the study of Browning as yet attempted.

PROF. C. M. WOODWARD, of Washington University, contributes to the *New England Magazine* a vivid account of St. Louis, its early beginnings, its development and present day progress. The article is illustrated by Ross Turner, the famous Boston impressionist, and will interest a large number of readers North, West and South.

THERE are no Tom Hoods now in the magazines; only a number of metaphysical, botanical poets, who write things which might have been shaken out of a dice box. But, for a change, there is a poem with a strong human interest in the January *New England Magazine*. It tells the story of a babe dying in the streets of cold and starvation on Christmas Eve, and is by Agnes Maule Machar.

THE personality of no man in America to-day possesses greater interest for English-speaking peoples all the world over than that of Phillips Brooks, the newly-elected Bishop of Massachusetts. One of the most interesting articles in the New Year's magazines will be "Phillips Brooks," by Julius H. Ward, in the *New England Magazine*. It gives an account of the great preacher's early manhood, his homes, his haunts and his work.

ANNIE PAYSON CALL, in a paper on the "Greatest Need of College Girls" in the January *Atlantic*, says: "English women are showing a marked superiority over American women in the college career. They are taking prizes and attaining marked intellectual distinction, not because their scholastic advantages are greater, nor because of superior intellectual gifts, but because of better physique, more normal nervous systems, and consequently greater power of endurance."

AMONG some photographs sold recently in London was a letter from Thackeray, dated in 1849, and reading thus: "Well, what can a man more desire than a good wife, a fair living, a pretty country, and health to enjoy all these good things? A parson's life I should take to be the best and happiest in [the] world—lucky they whose vocation it is. I wish mine was as tranquil. You, I know, are such a young fellow; I am grown quite an old one with a white head and a—what do you call that curve which the male figure and a—frequently (about the waistcoat) throws out at forty or so?"

In the interesting collection of letters entitled "Joseph Severn and his Correspondents," in the December *Atlantic*, there is a letter from John Ruskin, which gives an account of his first introduction to the paintings of Tintoret. He writes: "I see what the world is coming to. We shall put it into a chain armour of railroad, and then everybody will go everywhere every day, until every place is like every other place; and then, when they are tired of changing stations and police, they will congregate in knots in great cities, which will consist of club-houses, coffee-houses and newspaper offices; the churches will be turned into assembly rooms, and people will eat, sleep and gamble to their graves."

It is ten years since Mr. Joseph Henry Shorthouse, a native of Birmingham, who had then reached the mature age of 46, astonished the world by presenting it, in "John Inglesant," with a romance of the Stuart times which, for charm of style and depth of historical learning, was in some quarters regarded as almost unrivalled. In the same year (1881) Mr. Shorthouse published "The Platonism of Wordsworth," which was followed by prefaces to George Herbert's "Temple" (1882) and "The Spiritual Guide of Miguel Molinos" (1883). In the year last named, "The Little Schoolmaster Mark," described as "a spiritual romance," appeared, and was succeeded in 1886 by "Sir Percival." In 1888 two more works saw the light—"The Countess Eve" and "A Teacher of the Violin, and other Tales." More than two years had elapsed without a fresh story from Mr. Shorthouse's pen, when "Blanche, Lady Falaise," was published. Admirers of this writer cannot complain, as some authors' admirers do, that sufficient interval does not take place between the publication of his works to enable them to keep up with the author. But it may be doubted if Mr. Shorthouse has done anything to equal his first work.

FROM some reminiscences of Hawthorne in the Boston *Transcript*: "Pike saw him occasionally after his return from Europe, and found him reconciled to life. But from the first he regarded life as a burden to be borne. He saw so much evil in the world—not all the consequences of sin, as theologians asserted, and which no human wisdom could overcome—that he often doubted whether the world was governed by a Benevolent Power. He felt that if he had the power ascribed to God he would not permit the strong

to oppress the weak, would not permit the wicked to bear rule. For himself, he was involved in the general ruin of the race, and often sighed to be at rest. Pike said that Frank Pierce made him, for he would not make himself; he was too timid and distrustful to take a step in advance for fear he should stumble: that he required to be pushed forward and kept on the move from behind. Pike says that he was so fastidious in his writings that he probably destroyed more than he published, and that he often polished the life out of some of his best publications. Mr. Pike wrote out a sketch of his intercourse with him, and it was so well put together that his friends advised him to publish it after his death. The writer of this article informed James T. Fields of the fact, and he visited Pike and Hawthorne's family, and the result was that the sketch was never published.—*New York Critic*.

A BORE interviewed Lord Tennyson recently, and, as if that crime were not enough, he has added stupidity to bad taste by publishing an account of his reception. The following are some selections from his narrative: "He laid down the book he was reading and eyed me through his glasses with a searching, scrutinizing glance, as he is extremely short-sighted. Then he nodded. 'Pray sit down,' while his frail, white fingers toyed absent-mindedly with the paper-cutter. 'Have you also taken the trouble to come out here, simply to tell me that I am a great author? Pardon me; but be assured that the honorary visits of a grateful public can reach incredible dimensions.' The beginning of our interview was not very encouraging. . . . I thought it time to leave, and rose. 'I hope I have not disturbed you.' 'Not in the least, but you will oblige me by leaving now,' he replied. 'Would you allow me to call again?' 'You will be welcome if you have anything particular to communicate to me, but otherwise it would, most likely, be unprofitable to both of us. Do you think you can find your way? Oblige me by ringing the bell.' . . . Then another servant with a set smile and faultlessly brushed hair noiselessly made his appearance. 'Show the gentleman the nearest way to the railroad station.' Perhaps after all the report of his interview will be some compensation to Lord Tennyson, for he certainly showed himself possessed of patience of a very high order. Only, let us hope it may not encourage other bores to attack him!

#### READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

##### ARTISANS AND HIGHER EDUCATION.

MANY of the leaders of the artisans in the north are men of great ability and earnestness and well-read to an amazing degree. During one of the visits, in a conversation with a number of pitmen after a public meeting, some reference was made to "Whewell's History of the Inductive Sciences," when one of the men said: "Ah! that is a book I have long been wanting to see. Mill criticizes a point in it, and, as far as I can see, Mill was wrong." John Stuart Mill is held in great respect among the miners, and in most of the scanty libraries of the more thoughtful working men some of Mill's books are to be found. The same pitman who made the remark about "Whewell's Inductive Sciences" dwelt, with feeling that was evidently rooted in personal experience, upon the fact that one of the hardest and most pathetic things in the lot of a young working man endeavouring to educate himself was the waste of time and money occasioned by the purchase of antiquated or worthless books, owing to lack of guidance in their selection. A miner who attended a course of lectures on Physical Geography at Middlesboro' in 1881 is an illustration of this point. He had wished when a young man to know something of Natural History, and out of his modest earnings had spent a couple of pounds in the purchase of "Goldsmith's Animated Nature," only to discover later that Natural History was making rapid advances, and that the kind of book he wanted was of an entirely different character. A most important indirect benefit conferred by the University Extension scheme has been the help and guidance which lecturers residing in the district have been able to give in this way. Many instances are recorded of the enthusiasm of the miners for knowledge and their sacrifices to obtain the opportunities of higher education. In a letter to a local paper in 1883 one of them wrote: "I know several persons who go a distance of six miles in order to hear the University Lectures. Nay! I know some who have travelled ten miles in order to hear the present course." The following is an instance of this: Two pitmen, brothers, living in a village five miles from one of the centres, were able to get in to the lectures by train, but the return service was inconvenient and they were compelled to walk home. This they did weekly for three months, on dark nights, over wretchedly bad roads and in all kinds of weather. On one occasion they returned in a severe storm, when the roads were so flooded that they lost their way and got up to their waists in water. It is not surprising to find that they distinguished themselves in the examination and eventually succeeded in making their own village a lecture-centre.—*From Eighteen Years of University Extension. By R. D. Roberts, M.A., D.Sc.*

THE longest ocean cable in the world is that of the Eastern Telegraph Company, whose system extends from England to India, and measures 21,000 miles. Africa is now completely encircled by submarine cables, which make up altogether a length of 17,000 miles.

THE SINGING SHEPHERD.

THE shepherd climbed the hill through dark and light,  
And on and on he went,  
Higher and higher still,  
Seeking a pasture hidden in the height,  
He followed by the rill,  
He followed past the rocks,  
And as he went, singing, he shepherded his flocks.

How wide those upland pastures none e'er knew ;  
But over the wild hills  
A stretch of watered grass,  
Outspreading, though half hidden from the view,  
Invites that all may pass.  
He sees the weary way,  
Yet while the shepherd sings, how brief the toilsome day !

Stand thou with me and watch his eager feet.  
He stays not for the drought,  
Nor lingers in the shade,  
Save where the clover and the streamlet meet ;  
There, quiet, unafraid,  
The tender lambs may feed  
While the calm noon gives rest to those who are in need.

Again I see his figure cut the sky,  
Then sink, and reappear  
Upon a loftier plain,  
Where far beneath his feet the eagles cry.  
I cannot hear his strain,  
But in a moving drift.  
I see the snow-white sheep follow the music's lift.

The climbing shepherd long ago has passed,  
Yet in the morning air,  
For those who listen well,  
His song still lingers where his feet made haste ;  
And where his music fell  
The happy shepherds know  
His song allures them yet beyond the fields of snow.

O climbing shepherd, I would follow thee.  
Over the dizzy heights,  
Beyond the lonely pass,  
Thy piping leads ; the path I always see !  
I see not, alas !  
Because of death's rude shock,  
Yet thou, dear shepherd, still art shepherding thy flock.  
—*Annie Fields, in Harper's Magazine for December.*

REALISM IN LITERATURE AND ART.

AN argument made recently in this city in extenuation of the weaknesses, the lack of moral balance and the want of literary and ethical propriety of many plays upon the modern stage, that certain portions of the public demanded this sort of drama, was an argument often applied to the worst in literature and art in charitable excuse. It may be granted that some natures find their chief pleasure in the lowest forms of realism ; others have a morbid satisfaction in viewing life from the standpoint of the physician and prefer to study the diseases of the social body, but it is a question whether this taste in the drama, literature and art should be satisfied, if indeed an unwholesome craving ever can receive satisfaction, but is not rendered more voracious by the food upon which it is fed. Mr. Tuiller-Couch, who has added a few more vigorous and truthful words to his former attack on realism, says frankly : "The taste for brutality and ugliness will always appeal to the average man. They are the cheapest means of producing an effect, and the effect they produce will be, for the moment, more startling than that produced by beauty. But, for all that, they are despicable ; and the call for them is a call to be delivered from the divine difficulties of good work." The present generation of theatre-goers, of readers of new literature and of patrons of art is called upon to give its opinion whether the cheap and startling shall be encouraged or whether a high and uplifting beauty shall be the standard of the play-writer, the novelist and the artist. The present tendency of effort in this country is toward the levels of satisfying the average man. The dramatist introduces horse play and unreal situations in order to please the average man ; the writer, in a hearty contempt of the average man, and the artist, in discouraged appeal to the average man, both misuse their talents and bring art and literature into merely commercial relations with the world. More courage for leadership is needed among the dramatists, writers and artists, for the soul of man is not yet dead to the beautiful and the true, even if his taste has been perverted by their sordidness in modern existence.—*Boston Journal.*

CURIOUS TREES.

THERE are many vegetable wonders in this world of ours. Certain tropical trees furnish clothes as well as food, and the inner bark of others is smooth and flexible enough to serve as writing paper. The bread tree has a solid fruit, a little larger than a cocoanut, which, when cut in slices and cooked, can scarcely be distinguished from excellent bread. The weeping tree of the Canary Islands is wet, even in a drought, constantly distilling water from its leaves, and the wine tree of Mauritius

Island furnishes good wine instead of water. A kind of ash in Sicily has a sap which hardens into crude sugar, and is used as such by the natives, without any refining. The product of the wax tree of the Andes resembles bees' wax very closely. Then there is the butter tree of Africa, which produces as much as a hundred pounds at once, only to be renewed in a few months. This secretion, when hardened and salted, is difficult to distinguish from fresh, sweet butter. Closely rivalling this is the milk tree of South America, the sap of which resembles rich cow's milk, and is used as such by the natives. China can boast of a sap tree, the seeds of which, when used as soap, produce a strong suds and remove dirt and grease readily. In direct opposition to these useful trees is the man-eating plant of the tropics, which resembles Venus' fly-trap in its nature. It has a short, thick trunk, armed with narrow, flexible barbed spines.—*Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine for November.*

GOLDSMITH'S VERSE.

"GOLDSMITH has been strangely underrated, but his time will come. The verse of the 'Deserted Village' and of the 'Traveller' is not quite like that of any other master in that great metre. It is not the rhythm of Pope, nor Dryden, nor Crabbe, nor Cowper. It sounds unique, and haunts the ear :—

The slow canal, the yellow blossomed vale,  
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail.

There is a couplet of which the curious felicity in balanced words, harmonious vowels, and alliterative consonants, can hardly be beaten. Or take a stronger passage :—

Those blazing suns, that dart a downward ray,  
And fiercely shed intolerable day ;  
Those matted woods, where birds forget to sing,  
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ;  
Those poisonous fields, with rank luxuriance crowned,  
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around.

Is not that full of a rare and romantic power? 'Where birds forget to sing' reminds us of that line in Keats' 'La belle Dame sans Merci,' so often praised for its tragic, romantic beauty :—

The sedge is withered from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

Perhaps there is an accent of conventional diction in the 'forget,' if so, it shows once more, what is so often ignored, that the conventional diction was not always unreal and formal. Were one to write an essay upon the romantic elements in eighteenth-century poetry, he might begin with Thomson's wonderful lines :—

As when a fisher of the Hebrid Isles,  
Placed far amid the melancholy main.

And Goldsmith's verse is not merely gentle, simple, musical ; it abounds in rich and artistic beauty."—*Anti-Jacobin.*

WHAT INCENSE IS MADE OF.

THE incense ordered for the service of the tabernacle, to be burned in a censer and on the altar, consisted of stacte, onycha, galbanum and frankincense in equal parts. Stacte, which is the Greek translation of the Hebrew word nataph, signifies a liquid exudation, or something fluid. Pliny describes it as the natural exudation of the myrrh tree, flowing without the tree being punctured, and more esteemed than the myrrh itself. Theophrastus also mentions two sorts of myrrh, one liquid and one solid. Onycha is the Hebrew Schecheleth, "odiferous shell." It is the operculum of a species of strombus, formerly well known in Europe under the name of blatta byzantina, found in the Mediterranean and in the Red Sea, from which latter the Israelites no doubt procured it. It is occasionally to be seen at the Custom House of Bombay, where it is imported to burn with incense in the temples, not so much on account of any pleasing odour of its own as to bring out the odour of other perfumes. It is a white, transparent shell, resembling in shape the human finger-nail ; hence its Greek name onyx, a finger-nail. It is generally believed that the fish inhabiting this shell acquires its peculiar odour by feeding on a species of Indian hard. The word Galbanum signifies something unctuous, and evidently applies to a balsam. According to some authorities it is a fine sort of galbanum found on Mount Amanus in Syria, differing entirely from the ordinary galbanum now used in medicine, of which the odour is anything but sweet. But the fashions of this world change, and if we, in our day, find no sweetness in galbanum, saffron and spikenard, it is no reason why the ancients did not, and no reason why Orientals should not even now. At the present day the Persians call asafetida "the food of the gods," the Russians delight in caviare, and the Esquimaux in train oil.

GO AS YOU PLEASE.

THE Canadian Pacific Railway, having met with so much success last winter in their "Around the World" excursions, have just completed arrangements with the Peninsular and Oriental S. N. Company, and the fast steamship lines on the Trans-Atlantic route, to run these "Around the World" excursions at rate of \$610.00. This rate will apply in either direction, and for slight additional cost variation can be made in the route to travel over India, Egypt, and Continental Europe. For further particulars apply to W. R. CALLAWAY, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

MONTHLY \* \* \*  
\* \* \* REVIEWS

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## THE TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

The periodical concerts of the Conservatory are now looked for not only with pleasant anticipations by the pupils, but raise the expectations of the public, and it is rare not to find the seats filled at the first number.

These concerts, which might be termed classical, deserve more than a passing notice, for they are not merely opportunities to mark the progress of the students, but they are making their impress upon the public, and tend to the diffusion of musical knowledge, changing—insensibly thought it may be—the popular taste to a correct view of what constitutes that which is worthy in musical art. The faculty of imitation is strong in us all, and none are insensible to surroundings, the mind surely becoming imbued with what it receives through the eye and ear. It is important, therefore, that what we often see and hear should tend to elevate, especially so in youth, that most receptive time. That the curriculum of the Conservatory of Music must exercise such salutary influence, no one attending the concerts can fail to see, for the performances of the students are but results from long and arduous practice in a school where praise is dealt with sparingly, and strict discipline exacts faithful and hard work.

Founded some years ago—its President, the Hon. G. W. Allan, and numbering among its Directors some of the leading men of Toronto, the Conservatory has grown steadily, increasing in importance every year, and no pains have been spared to make it what it is; an institution endowed with everything necessary to a complete musical education.

Referring to the Conservatory calendar we find among the incentives to ambition and laudable emulation, the scholarships, open to any student, and assisting them to defray the expenses of their education.

The free classes in the Theory of Music and Violin, open for a term to any beginner, in addition to his ordinary course.

The Conservatory organ, one of the largest and finest in this country, is in constant use by students fitting themselves as professional players or teachers, and added to these advantages, an excellent library is provided for the students, containing rare and valuable works, and augmented constantly by new books on music by recognized authorities.

## "German Syrup"

G. Gloger, Druggist, Watertown, Wis. This is the opinion of a man who keeps a drug store, sells all medicines, comes in direct contact with the patients and their families, and knows better than anyone else how remedies sell, and what true merit they have. He hears of all the failures and successes, and can therefore judge: "I know of no medicine for Coughs, Sore Throat, or Hoarseness that had done such effective work in my family as Boschee's German Syrup. Last winter a lady called at my store, who was suffering from a very severe cold. She could hardly talk, and I told her about German Syrup and that a few doses would give relief; but she had no confidence in patent medicines. I told her to take a bottle, and if the results were not satisfactory I would make no charge for it. A few days after she called and paid for it, saying that she would never be without it in future as a few doses had given her relief."

**Coughs,** family as Boschee's German Syrup. Last winter a lady called at my store, who was suffering from a very severe cold. She could hardly talk, and I told her about German Syrup and that a few doses would give relief; but she had no confidence in patent medicines. I told her to take a bottle, and if the results were not satisfactory I would make no charge for it. A few days after she called and paid for it, saying that she would never be without it in future as a few doses had given her relief."

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.  
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Special normal courses are arranged for those desiring to take a Teachers Diploma, which ranks in merit the same as the artists course, and opportunity is given these students for imparting practical instruction to classes of children.

The Musical Director, Mr. Edward Fisher, is well known as one whose natural gifts perfected in continental schools place him in the first rank among musicians. Enthusiastic in his profession, exacting in the standard of excellence he sets up, he brings to his work a steady purpose which has made him eminently successful as an educator and an ardour his pupils seldom fail to catch, the result being that many of them occupy to-day prominent and lucrative positions.

On the large teaching staff are found such men as Sig. d' Auria and Sig. Dinelli, well-known musicians and eminent in their profession. The former, distinguished for his success as an instructor in vocal music and the author of more than one standard work, is about to bring out his new cantata "Gulnare," which will be presented to the public through the Toronto Choral Society on January 21. The latter, a gifted artist, whether as solo cellist, solo pianist or violinist, is an associate of the London Academy of Music, and has had large experience in concerts directly under the patronage of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.

Summing up briefly this sketch of the Conservatory of Music, the conviction may be expressed that its establishment has proved a boon, and we predict for it even greater success than it has had in the past five years.

### SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

THE Clyde Trustees have determined to deepen the Clyde still further at various points, and have resolved to contract for the construction of another dredger. The object of the Trust is to equalize the depth of the river. The Trustees have also decided to employ barges of 1200 to 1500 tons, instead of those of 400 tons now in use, for the transport of the dredgings from the river to the Firth.

THE latest application of the well-known distance recorder is to cabs, the apparatus faithfully registering the actual distance travelled, and the proper amount the cabman should charge. The mechanism consists of two small boxes, one of which contains the transmitting apparatus and the other the recording device, the two being connected by a flexible shaft. The transmitter is fixed on one of the axles of the cab, and a spindle, actuated by a cam, operates a ratchet wheel which causes the flexible shaft to revolve. This records the distance on the dial in the interior of the cab in plain view of the passenger. The recorder, besides indicating the exact amount of fare due, also keeps a record on a cardboard disc at the back of the machine of the work done and the money taken in during the day. A cord attached to the disc of the recorder enables the cabman to place the fixed pointer at zero before commencing a journey.

THE cultural aspects of civilization are due to geologic structure, but in how many of our institutions are students taught to appreciate the topography or configuration of the earth's surface and its relation to structure, or to observe with enquiring eye the forms and contours of the landscape? The student usually learns the chemistry of certain nicely-arranged hand specimens of hard rocks, and memorizes the names of leading fossils or the crystallography of minerals under the guise of economic geology. As a result, the study is supposed to be merely the study of hard rocks and curious fossils. Although the student knows these by sight, he can not trace a rock-sheet above the ground or below it, or see the great soft terrenes void of fossils and rocks which make up the larger area of our country, and can not appreciate the broader relations of structure to agriculture, hygiene, climate, and civilization. Hence the great unfossiliferous terrenes are unknown; for example, the non mountainous regions of the West and South, over which in places one may travel from the Rocky Mountains to the Gulf of Mexico without finding a fossil, a crystal, or a building-stone.—Robert T. Hill, in *The Popular Science Monthly* for November.

THE bindings may be preserved from mildew by brushing them over with spirits of wine. A few drops of any perfumed oil will secure libraries from the consuming effects of mould and damp. Russia leather, which is perfumed with the tar of the birch tree, never moulds or sustains injury from damp. The Romans used oil of cedar to preserve valuable manuscripts. Russia-leather covered books, placed in a stationer's window, will destroy flies and other insects.

ONE of the most singular-looking creatures that ever walked the earth or "swam the waters under the earth" is the world-famous man-faced crab of Japan. Its body is hardly an inch in length, yet the head is fitted with a face which is the perfect counterpart of that of a Chinese Coolie; a veritable missing link, with eyes, nose and mouth all clearly defined. The curious and uncanny creature, besides the great likeness it bears to a human being in the matter of facial features, is provided with two legs which seem to grow from the top of its head and hang down over the sides of its face. Besides these legs two "feelers," each about an inch in length, grow from the "chin" of the animal, looking for all the world like a colonel's forked beard. These man-faced crabs fairly swarm in the inland seas of Japan.—*St. Louis Republic*.

SOME time ago the Field Naturalists' Club of Victoria organized an excursion to the Kent group of islands, the object being to collect specimens, and to determine whether the group is most nearly related with Victoria, to which it is closest geographically, or with Tasmania. At the annual *conversazione* of the club, held recently, as we learn from *Nature*, Mr. C. A. Topp, the retiring president, referred to the results of the expedition. The bulk of the fauna and flora were found to be common to Victoria and Tasmania, but there were six or seven varieties of birds peculiar to Tasmania to two peculiar to Victoria. The conclusion was that the islands had been separated from Tasmania after that island was disjoined from the mainland. Among the plants, several forms were found varying somewhat from the typical forms of the same species on the mainland; while it was interesting to find that the arboreal short-eared opossum had changed his habits so far as to feed on the leaves of the eucalypt, and to keep to the ground.—*Science*.

POPULARLY called the king of medicines—Hood's Sarsaparilla. It conquers scrofula, salt rheum and all other blood diseases.

THE Electrical Exhibition, to be opened at the Crystal Palace, London, on January 1, promises to be of great interest and importance. The requests for space—which already exceed a total of 200—include electric lighting plants for country and town houses, for mines, for steamships, for railway trains, and even for private carriages. Several of the more important exhibits at the Frankfort Exhibition will be transferred to the Crystal Palace.

YOU'VE NO IDEA how nicely Hood's Sarsaparilla hits the needs of people who feel "all tired out" or "run down," from any cause. It seems to oil up the whole mechanism of the body so that all moves smoothly and work becomes a positive delight. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills act especially upon the liver, rousing it from torpidity to its natural duties, cure constipation and assist digestion.

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

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French Village, Jan., 1883.

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OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. They who use it - - Live. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

THE gifted pen—a gift of a box of Esterbrook's Falcon or other popular pens. The stationers have them.

IN the current issue of the *Deutsche Medicinische Wochenschrift* Prof. Koch makes a "further communication" upon tuberculin. Koch's main object has been to determine the possibility of obtaining a purified form of tuberculin, which should be free from producing the deleterious effects sometimes observed with the substance as originally prepared. Such a preparation he claims to have obtained by means of the admixture of alcohol with tuberculin; but it is noteworthy, says the London *Lancet*, that his experiments upon healthy subjects and on those affected with tuberculosis showed no essential difference in the reactions obtained between the two varieties. The article also deals in great detail with the nature, methods of preparation and the prescription of the remedy.

## Out of Sorts

Describes a feeling peculiar to persons of dyspeptic tendency, or caused by change of climate, season or life. The stomach is out of order, the head aches or does not feel right,

### The Nerves

seem strained to their utmost, the mind is confused and irritable. This condition finds an excellent corrective in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by its regulating and toning powers, soon cures

### Indigestion,

restores harmony to the system, gives strength to mind, nerves, and body, while it also purifies the blood and removes all trace of Scrofula, Salt Rheum etc.

### Fast Eating

And irregular meals are causes of Dyspepsia, which will soon become incurable except by careful attention to diet and taking a reliable stomach medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read this:

"Owing partly to irregularity in eating, I suffered greatly from dyspepsia, accompanied by

### Severe Pain After Meals

I took two or three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and entirely recovered, much to my gratification. I frequently have opportunity to praise

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am glad to, for I consider it a great medicine." C. I. TROWBRIDGE, Travelling salesman for Schlotterbeck & Foss, Portland, Me.

N.B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents.



If with your friends you've been dining, And get home so late in the night, "DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE" in the morning Will make you forget you were

**DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE**

**DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE**

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

BY ALL CHEMISTS

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.