

THE WEEK:

A Canadian Journal of Politics, Literature, Science and Arts.

Seventh Year.
Vol. VII., No. 51.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21st, 1890.

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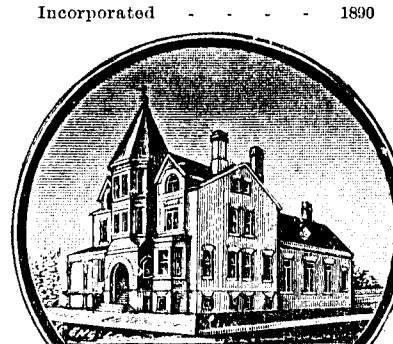
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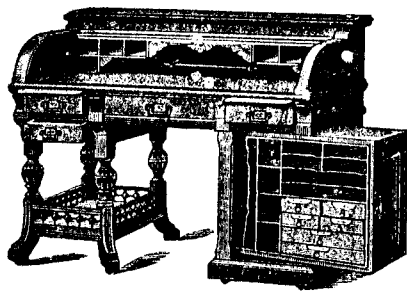
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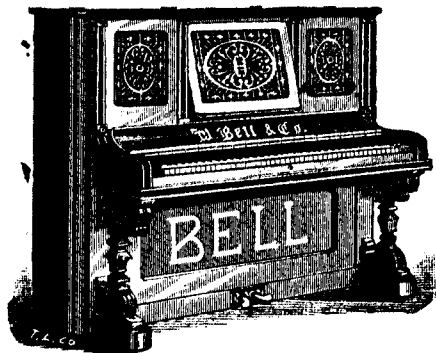
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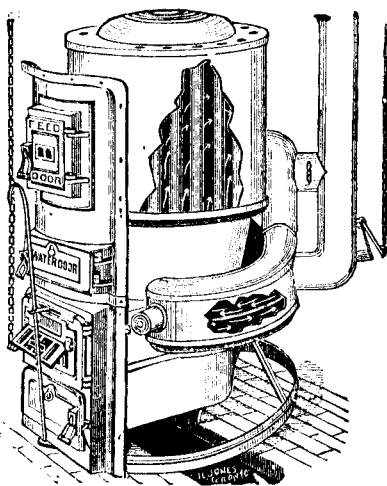
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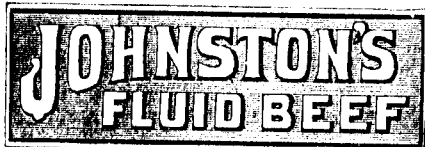
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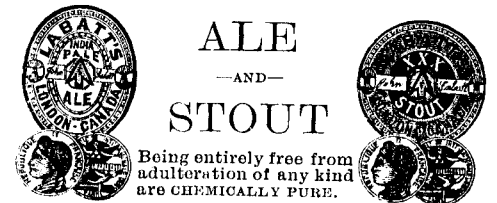
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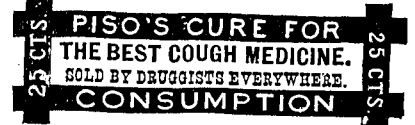
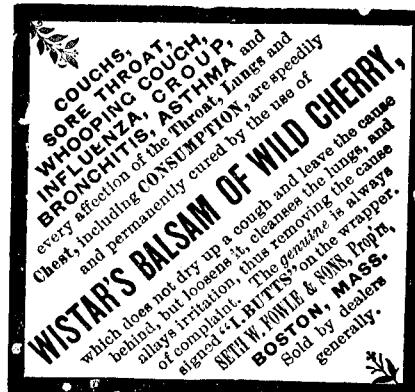
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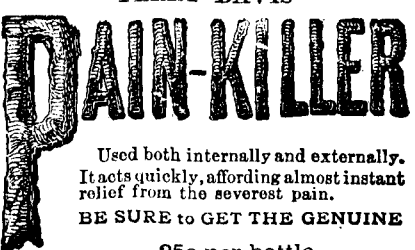
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

OVER one hundred MSS. have been received by THE WEEK for its Short Story Prize Competition. These are now in the hands of the judges; but some time must necessarily elapse before their labours can be completed. The awards will be announced in these columns at the earliest possible moment.

WHATEVER views may be held in regard to the soundness of their policy of protection and high taxation, few will be disposed to deny to the Ottawa Government their meed of praise for the activity and energy they are displaying in seeking to enlarge the area and volume of Canadian commerce. There is undeniably a good deal of force in the objection that it is somewhat illogical to build up barriers against importation with one hand while seeking to open up new channels for exportation with the other. The maxim that all trade must be in the very nature of things reciprocal is no less true than trite. In the abstract, at least, our English advisers who counsel free trade, or the nearest practicable approach to it, as the antidote to McKinleyism on the part of our neighbours, and the panacea for all commercial ills, may have the best of the argument. On the other hand, the proposition that the nation which manufactures, and that nation only, can ever become largely and permanently prosperous is equally demonstrable. The sum is that in so far as the advocates of the National Policy can demonstrate that protection is the *sine qua non* of extensive and successful manufacturing in Canada, to that extent can they meet the logic of their opponents. But waiving these debatable questions of political economy, and looking at things as they are now and here, it must be admitted by all that the strenuous efforts being made to find foreign markets for our surplus products are highly commendable. It is not easy to see why the visit of the Minister of Finance to the British West Indies and other Southern countries may not result in a very considerable enlargement of our traffic with those countries. We know not whether Mr. Foster is authorized to adopt Mr. Blaine's reciprocity policy, or, as rumour has it, to attempt to beat him at his own game by offering better terms, but as we have many products that are needed in those southern localities and they have some which are indispensable to us, there should be no great difficulty in making arrangements for a larger and more profitable interchange than heretofore. Then, again, thanks to the interested enterprise of the Canadian Pacific

Railway Company and the foresight of the Government, combined, the time is drawing near when an adequate maritime service will be established between the western terminus of the railway and the great world in the East and South Pacific. While we are not so sanguine as we could wish to be in regard to the ability of our protected manufacturers to compete on a large scale with those of free trade England, we yet cannot doubt that a very desirable increase of trade must ensue from the opening of these new routes. It will be no small gain if the enterprise is the means, as it almost surely will be, of turning a considerable stream of European travel and traffic across our part of the continent. Even those who regard all our best hopes and prospects as dependent upon freer intercourse with our American neighbours can hardly deny that it is desirable to have as many strings as possible to our commercial bow, and must watch with interest the development of these new lines of traffic. In this connection the suggestion of Hon. William Davies, a member of the Executive Council of the Leeward Islands, who proposes that Canada should take another leaf out of Mr. Blaine's book by calling together a trade congress representing the British American Colonies, is worthy of consideration. Possibly Mr. Foster's visit may either pave the way to such action or render it unnecessary.

ONE result of the great progress of medical science is suggested by the Prospectus of the Toronto Sanatorium Association, now on our table. That result is manifest in the tendency to apply treatment based on scientific principles to ailments which were formerly regarded as entirely moral in their character, and consequently beyond the reach of medical skill. Thus it has been found that scientific treatment under proper conditions may often be applied with the best results to inebriates and to those suffering from other forms of mania or enslavement to the alcoholic, opium, or other habits, resulting from the abuse of narcotics. The object of the Sanatorium is to provide for the care and treatment of the unhappy victims of narco-mania in any of its forms. The Prospectus assures us that the experience of institutions of this kind, both in England and the United States, where they are very numerous, fully justifies their establishment. The wonderful success which they have achieved is ample proof of the immense benefit patients have received from a temporary residence therein. Carefully prepared statistics, extending over a number of years, have proven beyond controversy that the number of permanent cures are in a like ratio to that of any other chronic disease. Notwithstanding its numerous institutions for the treatment of almost every other form of malady, Toronto is up to this time without any provision for the treatment and cure of this unfortunate class of sufferers. A joint stock company has been formed with a capital of \$50,000, and a strong Board of Directors, with Alderman Gillespie as President, has been duly elected for the founding and carrying on of such an institution. While the enterprise is to be conducted on business principles, it has none the less a philanthropic purpose and deserves success and the best wishes of the charitably disposed.

THE proposal recently made by Mr. S. J. Ritchie, President of the Central Ontario Railway, and a large proprietor in nickel and iron mines in the Sudbury district, to the Dominion Government, is one of great magnitude in regard both to the outlay involved and the results promised. There can no longer be any doubt that in the vast iron and nickel deposits which exist in the neighbourhood of Sudbury Canada possesses a property of immense value. It is equally certain that the value of this property to the Province and the Dominion would be greatly enhanced could these ores be smelted on the spot, and exported in the form of nickel steel, instead of in their crude state. Mr. Ritchie's proposal is, first, that the Government aid in the completion of the Central Ontario road from Coe Hill to Sudbury, the bonus to be of the usual amount, \$6,000 a mile; and, secondly, that a guarantee of three per cent. be given on the stock of the steel plant. Of the Central Ontario road 110 miles is already built. It will be necessary to add 210 miles, and to build

thirty miles additional to connect the various mines with the smelting plant. The subsidy asked approaches \$1,500,000. The capital necessary for the operation of the mines, and the purchase and setting up of the plant, which is to be of the capacity of ten furnaces, is \$5,000,000. The guarantee at three per cent. will therefore involve an outlay of \$150,000 a year. Mr. Ritchie's figures are intended to show that these subsidies will lead to the investment of \$16,000,000 in the country, beyond the two and a-half millions already spent in the building of the Central Ontario road so far as it has gone, and to the establishment of a great and permanent new industry.

TO our thinking Mr. Ritchie's proposal divides itself into two distinct parts, involving somewhat different principles. Were his application simply for the usual subsidy for the railway necessary to reach the mining district, and were it accompanied with a satisfactory guarantee that the mines would be worked to a sufficient extent to provide a reasonable amount of traffic for the road so constructed, there could hardly be two opinions about the matter. The principle of subsidizing railroads, whether sound or otherwise in the abstract, has long since been established in Canada, and few roads, completed or projected, could lay a stronger claim for the customary aid. The other part of the proposition involves, if not an entirely new principle, at least an entirely new application of that already conceded. So far as we are aware, no Canadian Government has ever guaranteed the stock of any private manufacturing company. We do not think it has ever before been asked to do so. Formidable objections to such a use of the public funds, or the public credit, start up at various points. Suppose the request granted, the guarantee given, and Mr. Ritchie's company grandly successful, as there seems every reason to believe it would be if well managed, the company would sooner or later become an immensely wealthy corporation. Unless precautionary measures were devised and taken, it would be very likely to become also a great monopoly. In the case of a railroad, the relations of the company to the Government and to the people are such that it can never divest itself of a semi-public character. It is subject to legislation as such, and may therefore be compelled at any time by legislation to consult the public interests as well as its own. No such conditions, so far as we are able to see, would limit the absolute right of the manufacturing company in question to conduct its business solely with a view to its own interests, whether those should chance at any time to agree or to clash with those of its employees or the public. Again, would the Government be prepared to follow up the precedent? Would it hold itself in readiness to guarantee the stock of any other company whose operations should bid fair to be of advantage to the country, in proportion to the magnitude of the prospective advantage? If not, why not? Would not the projectors of such enterprises, whether in the Sudbury region or elsewhere, have just reason to complain of the discrimination by which they were taxed for the benefit of this particular company, while themselves refused similar favours?

NOTWITHSTANDING the foregoing queries we are not prepared to take the ground absolutely and unreservedly that no such guarantee as that asked by Mr. Ritchie should be given. Exceptional cases sometimes warrant extraordinary measures. We have a very high conception of the greatness of the benefits such an enterprise would prove to the whole country, if successfully carried out on the scale indicated. But the consequences seemingly involved in such a new departure are so serious as to demand the most searching enquiry and the most careful consideration. Is it by any means certain that no company can be found or formed able and willing to undertake the work on its own capital and responsibility? Mr. Ritchie thinks not, though he admits that, were the mines in question located in some country better known, there would be no difficulty in the case. This argument appears to us, we must confess, rather weak. We had an impression that in these days many enterprising companies and capitalists were quite prepared to engage in large undertakings in new countries, if only the inducements

were sufficient. The facts brought to light by the recent financial commotion in England seem to show that they do not always enquire very closely into the character of the inducements before investing in countries no nearer and no better known than Canada. A small part of the money which the Dominion Government is asked to invest would enable it, or the Ontario Government, to obtain full and trustworthy examinations and reports by scientific experts, such as could hardly fail to induce capitalists in any part of the world looking for that kind of investment, at least to follow up the enquiry with a view to action. Certainly one condition precedent to giving the guarantee required should be such enquiry as would satisfy the Government that the proposed outlay of \$150,000 is really necessary to the success of the project. Further, it would seem but reasonable that, should the country assume the chief risk of the undertaking, it should, in some shape or other, secure to the public a fair share of the direct, as well as the indirect, rewards of success. The sum of the whole matter, we should be inclined to say—and on this conclusion we believe all who understand the situation will be pretty well agreed—is that no pains or expense should be spared to secure, if possible, not only the vigorous working of the Sudbury mines, but also the manufacture of the ores either on the spot or in the country, rather than the exportation of the crude material. If the giving of the guarantee in question is the only means, or the best means, by which this end can be reached, then let the guarantee be given by all means. But Mr. Ritchie can hardly expect his terms to be accepted until it is very clear that no better arrangement can be made.

THE Address in reply to Lieut.-Governor Royal's Speech in opening the North-West Assembly is a singular document. The majority of the members of the Assembly are evidently of opinion that the custom of making the Address in reply a mere echo of the sentiments of the Speech is in their case better honoured in the breach than in the observance. Two or three brief extracts will show the kind of reply which, in their view, the occasion demanded. Witness the following:—

"Additions to our library were much needed. We regret, however, to say that some few of the books recently procured do not commend themselves to the Assembly as usually found in a legislative library of the small proportions which ours must necessarily be."

"The well-boring operations of the year, while successful in many instances, show a regrettable lack of success, owing apparently to the management which has characterized their operation. Your Honour's Advisory Council seem to need some assistance in making the best use of the facilities at their disposal in this direction."

"The disregard for and violation of all constitutional rules, the infringement upon the rights and privileges of the House and usurpation of its prerogatives by its members composing the Advisory Council, in our opinion render those members unworthy of taking any part in the business of the Assembly. As the only means in our power of vindicating in our case the common rights of majorities in representative assemblies, it is our duty to refuse all legislation and motions offered by these members."

We shall probably have to wait until the opening of the Dominion Parliament to learn whether and to what extent the course of Lieut.-Governor Royal, in those matters which have brought him and his advisers into so pronounced a conflict with the representative Assembly, has been directed or approved by the Dominion Government. As we have before said, it is not improbable that Mr. Royal's claim of right to control, with the assistance of advisers chosen by himself, the appropriation of the subsidies voted by the Dominion Parliament may be in strict accordance with the Act. Whether it is in accordance with sound policy is another question. But whatever may be the tenor of the Lieut.-Governor's instructions it is hard to believe that anything less than a serious want of tact, or of due respect to the opinions of the majority, could have aroused so direct and seemingly bitter opposition from the great majority of the House. The struggle, which, in some of its features, will remind many of our elder readers of incidents in the Ontario Legislature of half-a-century ago, can hardly fail to injure the progress and prospects of the Territory. It is a serious question whether, in any event, the usefulness of the present Lieut.-Governor is not so far impaired that the best interests of all concerned would be promoted by a change. The action of the Dominion Government will be awaited with interest, not only in the Territory, but all over the Dominion.

THE revelations in the O'Shea case, which was concluded the other day in the London Divorce Court, came no doubt as a painful surprise to the trusting friends, whether

many or few, whose admiration of the great abilities of Mr. Parnell as a Party and Parliamentary leader may have led them to put the most charitable construction upon his former lapses from rectitude, and the suspicion-breeding mystery which enveloped his life. By all such, his confident assurances, or reported assurances, that he would come out of the ordeal with reputation unsullied, were accepted as sufficient. But there must have been many, even among his political friends, whose faith in the personal honour of the astute Irish leader was so seriously shaken by his own evidence before the High Commission, that this greater shock was scarcely needed to overthrow it. The man who was shown, by his own admission, to have solemnly affirmed a deliberate untruth, knowing it to be such, on the floor of Parliament, could scarcely fall to a lower level in the estimation of high-minded Englishmen and Irishmen. The wonder has been how such could continue, as they have done, to tolerate him as leader even of the Irish members in the Commons. Though he has now sent out the usual circular, summoning his followers to be prompt in attendance at the approaching session, as it was still his place as acknowledged leader to do, it can scarcely be doubted that he will make haste to relieve the strain of the situation, by tendering his resignation as soon as Parliament assembles. Nor can there be much hesitation in accepting it, great as the loss of his really remarkable talents will be to his party. To retain a convicted, and virtually a confessed, habitual adulterer, in the position he has hitherto occupied, would be to incur a degree of odium such as neither the Irish party nor their English allies could endure for a session—unless, indeed, the standard of Parliamentary morality has fallen much lower in the Mother Country than there is any reason to suspect.

MR. BALFOUR, the Irish Secretary, deserves great credit, we were about to say, for having at last visited Ireland, and studied with some degree of patience and thoroughness the condition of the wretched peasantry over whom he rules, by virtue of his official position and the Crimes Act, with a good deal of despotic authority. But after all why should he be deemed worthy of special praise for doing what is so obviously his official duty? His journey appears meritorious mainly by reason of the contrast it presents not only with the custom of his predecessors but with his own previous methods. It matters little whether it was the sting of Mr. Morley's taunt, or the voice of his own conscience aroused by some other influence, that goaded him into this visit. As Cabinet Ministers go in these days he does pretty well who sacrifices pleasure and comfort to duty, even to escape the reproaches of an adversary. It is reassuring to know that Mr. Balfour, as he gazed upon the abounding destitution, was able to assure at the same time the famine-threatened Irish peasants and anxious onlookers the world over that steps will be taken to avert the danger and alleviate the wretchedness of the dwellers in the impoverished districts, and that this relief will be given in the safe and sensible shape of employment upon works of public utility. The political influence and results of Mr. Balfour's visit it is harder to estimate. It would probably be easy to overrate the significance of the apparent warmth of his welcome in some places and the absence of hostile demonstrations in others, both seemingly unexpected. To the warm-hearted Irish, hospitality to the stranger is a second nature. On the other hand it would be a singularly intense malignity that would insult or maltreat a Cabinet Minister come on an errand of mercy. What effect the scenes witnessed and the discoveries made by shrewd observation may have upon Mr. Balfour's own views and policy remains to be seen. The fact that his visit partook so largely of an administrative rather than a political character would, no doubt, detract largely from its value as a means of enabling him to decide in regard to what is now the crucial matter, namely, whether the Irish question is or is not synonymous with the land question. But he will certainly be in a better position to judge whether his own Land Bill is likely to solve even the land question by transferring the ownership of the soil to the people, or whether it will simply give the suffering peasantry, in the place of a few large absentee landlords, ten times their number of petty resident landlords not a whit less exacting and oppressive. But whatever else may come of it Mr. Balfour's example can hardly fail of one excellent result, that of making it impossible for future Irish Secretaries to abstain from personal investigation of the condition and needs of the Green Isle, and content themselves with taking all their information at second hand, through the media of prejudiced and often

exasperated officials, many of them alien in their views and sympathies.

WITHOUT attempting to base a homily upon the painful history of the young man who the other day paid the penalty of his last great crime, in the prison yard at Woodstock, we may advert to one phase of his career, for the sake of the lesson it suggests. Internal as well as external evidence makes it pretty certain that the first part of the unsavoury autobiography so strangely given to the public must be to a considerable extent true. We refer to his manner of life at Oxford. It is impossible to read the accounts of his College career, which come from various sources, without being struck with the obvious insufficiency of the moral safeguards provided by that ancient and renowned institution for the protection of its students from evil associations and influences. We do not, of course, imply or suppose that the discipline of the Oxford colleges is worse than that of those connected with other great universities in England or elsewhere. But what could be more unscientific, if we may use the term, not to say futile, than the methods of government thus incidentally revealed? How feeble, comparatively, appear to be the influences brought to bear for the formation or strengthening of right character and habits! Maugre head-masters and tutors within, and proctors without, the evil-disposed young men seem to have done about as they pleased, setting at defiance all authority and rule. What makes the matter worse from the character-forming point of view, this freedom from restraint is gained for the most part by systematic evasion and deception. A baneful ingenuity is constantly in exercise to aid the student in transgressing the laws and outwitting the authorities of the institutions. It would of course be very unsafe to deal with Birchall's as a normal case, or to draw any general conclusions from the history of one in whom the moral sensibilities seem to have been preternaturally dull, or almost wholly wanting. Ample allowance must be made, too, for the difficulty of dealing with the many thousands of young men, representing all varieties of disposition and training, who come up to such a university. The difficulties arising from numbers are lessened, but cannot be done away with by the multiplication of colleges. The fact remains, however, and it is one for the serious consideration of all university authorities, as well as of parents having sons to be educated, that for all except those whose characters are exceptionally mature and well-balanced, there are in the atmosphere of the great universities elements of temptation and of danger which cannot be too carefully studied and so far as possible guarded against, by those who are responsible for the results. To what degree these dangers might be minimized by a more stringent discipline, or by the substitution of better methods for those now in vogue we shall not attempt to determine. Certain it is that in so far as the present methods tend to the espionage which is so often complained of, and which seems to be in some measure inseparable from the English tutorial and proctorial system, and in so far as they tend to degrade university life, in its disciplinary aspects, into a battle of wits between the university authorities and mischievously disposed students, they cannot be too strongly deprecated. Certain it is, too, though many seem to assume the contrary, that no young man can give up even an occasional night to revelling and rowdiness, to say nothing of worse vices, during the years of College life, without contracting both habits and stains which no correctness of after-life can ever wholly efface. It surely ought to be possible for a parent to send up his son to a great university without incurring the grave moral risk which now attends such a step. Radical reform of methods is needed in some direction.

IMPORTANT and probably far-reaching issues are pending upon the decision of U. S. Secretary Windom, in the investigation which he is now conducting. The immediate question to be decided, that of the continuance or discontinuance of the practice in accordance with which Consuls of the United States at Canadian ports have hitherto sealed goods from foreign countries for transportation over Canadian territory to places in the United States, though of itself of great moment to Canadian railroads, is by no means the whole, or even the most serious part of what is involved. The legal and international question around which the main arguments seem to revolve is whether or not Article 29 of the Treaty of Washington is still in force. On the one side it is contended that this article was abrogated in connection with the fishery clauses of that Treaty. On the other it is

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maintained, and seemingly with a very strong array of arguments, that that article was not one of those specifically abrogated on due notice given by the U. S. Congress, the only power in the Republic that can constitutionally annul a treaty, and is therefore still in force. Should the former view prevail, the bonding privilege hitherto enjoyed by the Grand Trunk and other Canadian railways is held merely on sufferance, and may at any time be withdrawn by the U. S. authorities. In that case there is much reason to fear that Secretary Windom might yield to the strong pressure which is being brought to bear upon him by those interested in rival American roads. To what extent this pressure would be counterbalanced by that of the Chicago and other Western Chambers of Commerce, on behalf of the various business interests which would be threatened with serious damage, it is impossible to foresee. The representations of the Western Boards would probably be strongly reinforced from the States on the Atlantic seaboard, which might very naturally fear retaliation on the part of the Canadian Government, in the case of Canadian goods coming through their ports. In truth, the worst and most alarming feature of the business is that such action as that feared on the part of the Washington Government would almost surely lead to the discontinuance of the whole bonding system, between the two countries. Another very serious factor in the problem is the probability that the British Government, representing Canadian views and interests, might refuse to acquiesce in an *ex parte* decision that the 29th clause of the Treaty of Washington is no longer binding. It is to be hoped that the seemingly impregnable argument may prevail, and Secretary Windom and his colleagues become convinced that the Treaty is still alive, in so far as the clause in question is concerned.

ANOTHER severe blow at the whole theory of Trusts, from which so great results, whether for good or evil, were expected a year or two ago, has been given by the decision of Justice Pratt, of the New York Supreme Court, in Brooklyn, in the case of the Sugar Trust. The direct issue involved seems to have been that of the right of the Trustees to retain and control the property conveyed to them by the certificates of the original stockholders. Justice Pratt has virtually denied this contention by deciding that it is necessary to appoint receivers for the property, pending any re-organization which may be effected or attempted. His principal conclusion is, in fact, that the Trustees under the Trust deed can exercise no powers, under the very agreement by which they hold possession of the Trust property, and that it is therefore necessary, for the benefit and protection of all parties, that the court, through its receiver, shall take custody of the property. The court considers the Trustees as mere custodians. They are in possession of a property under an agreement void as to its main purpose, and which they cannot legally use for the purposes for which it was placed in their hands. They are utterly powerless to convey and give a good title, or to distribute it to its rightful owners. The object of the Trust having failed, each certificate-holder has a right to demand that the affairs of the Trust be wound up and that he receive his share of the property. That property could not be left in the hands of a board without legal authority. It must be taken by the court and held intact for the owners. It is well that there is, at least, one form of gigantic monopoly which is not permitted to flourish in the United States.

TIME was, and not very many years ago, when the announcement that any medical practitioner, however eminent, had discovered a cure for consumption would have been derided by the whole medical profession. Such an announcement is now received with attention and results are awaited with a hopeful expectancy by the faculty as well as by the public. It is needless to add that this change of attitude in reference to such alleged discoveries is the result, not of increasing credulity, but of scientific progress. From the day in which it was ascertained that the microscopic organisms found in diseased bodily organs are not there merely by accident, but are the exciting causes of the disease, a revolution in medical practice was inevitable. When it was further learned by patient investigation that these organisms possess life and that their habits and processes may be microscopically studied, the key to the new system of treatment was in the hands of the men of science. Since that time considerable progress has been made in finding out the causes and cures of various forms of disease, though it is but reasonable to expect that the successes hitherto gained will be

altogether eclipsed by those which will yet be achieved. Hence it is that, it being conceded that the destruction of the lungs in the consumptive is the work of parasitic micro-organisms, the next step in medical science is naturally to look about for a means of destroying these parasites, and setting the recuperative forces of nature free to rebuild the wasted tissue. The curative agent Professor Koch hopes he has discovered in a fluid, whose constituents he declines as yet to make known. This fluid is applied by sub-cutaneous injection. The latest accounts tells us of patients flocking in crowds to the hospitals which have been established, anxious to test in their own persons the curative powers of the new specific. Suffering thousands all over the world are inspired with new hope as they wait with eager expectancy the result of the thorough tests to which the new process is being subjected. Though it is very unlikely that, be the theory ever so correct, and the treatment ever so effective, cures can be wrought after the disease has made considerable progress, it will be a blessing to humanity if Dr. Koch's discovery proves efficacious even in the earlier stages of this terrible malady.

PARIS LETTER.

LOOK for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come; that must have been the inner faith of the 311,000 persons, who in decent mourning indulged in the annual pilgrimage to the seventeen metropolitan cemeteries. The occasion makes believers. The thousands attested that in outward observances the French are not an irreligious people. "Forgetfulness is a flower that grows upon the tomb" does not apply to them. On the contrary the crowd illustrated, in the case of many departed celebrities, that the good is not interred in the grave. The several churches on All Saint's Day were well attended. At Notre Dame Cathedral the Archbishop of Paris officiated in all the pomp and circumstance of canonicals and Gregorian music. He was dressed in the canonicals that Pius VII. wore when crowning Napoleon I., and that were worn by the Archbishop who celebrated the marriage of Napoleon III., and the baptism of the Prince Imperial.

Paris makes annually 50,000 coffins, and keeps 40,000 ready in stock; that means work for carpenters and steam engines. But Death not only enables these artisans to live, but also doctors, apothecaries, tomb-stone cutters, sepulchre constructors, florists, bead fabricants and stringers of the latter into wreaths; the latter, thieves rob from the graves, unstring, and re-sell. Any person who in Paris may have had to inter a relative or a friend will soon be initiated into the mortuary industries. You will be inundated with circulars inviting your patronage for mourning, guaranteed to be suitable, in the latest fashion, and promised to be executed within twenty-four hours, even in half that time, if absolutely necessary. The bill-heads are ornamented with an urn and a Rachel-like figure weeping. One firm in a footnote reminds the reader that its house is opposite to the "theatre." Often a copy of the latest edition of the Code of mourning will be forwarded.

There are invitations to print mourning cards within an hour; the sepulchrists send albums "with this style for" —so much, and they are ready to accept payment by instalments. The life insurance company touts draw a timely attention to the advantages of their offices. Nor must be overlooked the business cards of the upholsterers, to purify bed and bedding; and the old clo'men who await a rendezvous to purchase the apparel of the departed at the highest prices. The *Journal des Décès* naturally solicits patronage for its columns; a society offers, for a small sum, to collect all the necrological notices published about the deceased. The photographer wants his *camera obscura* patronized, and is ready to call with specimens of his work; he has for competitor the crayon artist and both have a rival in the photo-sculptor, who, in addition, will take a cast of the deceased's features.

Perhaps of all these mortuary *industriels* few equal, and none surpass, in business effectiveness, the solemn lady, dressed in deep and fashionable mourning; white hair and expression of face as expressionless as the tin cherubim and seraphim on a coffin lid, or the Day of Judgment angels blowing trumpets over a cenotaph. She will send in no card, only begs one second's conversation with the immediate representative of the dead, as she calls on an eminently private matter; granted, she draws from her pocket a large mourning card-case, and exhibits varied specimens of her skill in artistic hair-work; a lock of the loved one in a ring, a locket, a bracelet, or to frame a miniature of the dead. Then follows a book of testimonials from crowned heads and cosmopolitan celebrities as to her skill.

Said the curé Lestibudois in "Madame Bovary," to the grave-digger who cultivated potatoes in the cemetery: "I find these tubers excellent, but you nourish yourself by the dead." Even the clergyman supports himself by the dead, relatively, as well as the grave-digger, the legatee, or the registrar. There is also another class of society who lives by the dead. The merriest part of Paris 150 years ago was the Charnier des Innocents, now the site of the Central Market. It had its arcades of shops like the Palais Royal and the Rue de Rivoli, where the background was a wall of skulls and human bones. There were restaurants and café concerts there; it was the favourite place where

the illiterate went to engage the "public writer," to write family letters for them, or petitions to the authorities; it was also the trysting place for Romeos and Juliets. And at present, the neighbourhood of what is called a "live cemetery," is the most animated of Parisian environs—Pantin for example.

Till the new cemetery was opened at Pantin last year, the place was desolation itself; now it is as busy and as well peopled as an Oriental bazaar; dram shops everywhere; taverns and *cabinets de sociétés*, where funeral parties can take their ease in their inn, and which they do in Hibernian fashion. There are merry-go-rounds, wooden horses and swings for the young folks, and a little farther on low public ball-rooms. The trade is brisk in all kinds of grave decorations and mortuary souvenirs. On the other hand the Cemetery of St. Ouen-Cayenne, as it was nick-named from its distance from the city, has become a desert since it was declared closed. In former times mirth and the funereal baked meats were similarly fashionable; then an interment was preceded by "death criers," draped in long white cloaks, embroidered with black velvet death's head and cross-bones; they shouted out the name of the deceased, and cleared the way through quadrille parties near the cemetery, for the procession to advance.

I remember a scene in 1867, when the late Czar visited Napoleon III. The latter received the Emperor at the railway terminus, and they drove down the Boulevard Sébastopol to reach the Tuilleries; a very humble funeral crossed the Boulevard at the time; its official conductor simply raised his wand, the escort at once pulled up, and the two Emperors raised their hats in homage to the "Sovereigns' Sovereign."

It is a pity so few strangers visit the Parisian cemeteries; they would from these not only obtain the most beautiful views of the city, but would see the last dwelling-places of celebrities as familiar in their mouths as household words. Like Rome, each step taken would be on historical ground. I have a globe-trotter friend, who, on arriving at a renowned city, first visits the markets and the cemeteries. Père Lachaise is not alone a cemetery, but a public garden. At this All Saints epoch it is peculiarly instructive. A philosopher has stated that such visits rob Death of its terrors, by familiarizing us with the silent multitude, while sobering our pride down to a democratic humility and fraternity. With a carpet of dead leaves, awaiting their shroud of snow, and the tolling bells, the nature must be of adamant that cannot feel the influence of reflections that solemnize the mind.

Père Lachaise is the largest "bivouac of the dead." This *campo santo* was originally called the "Bishop's Field." In the fourteenth century, Regnault, a grocer retired from business, built a villa there, which the citizens called the "Folie-Regnault." The latter is to-day the name of a street wherein the guillotine is housed. It became a Jesuit property under Louis XIV., was purchased by Baron Desfontaines during the Revolution, who sold it for a cemetery. The first corpse interred, on 21st May, 1804, was a Madame "Boulanger." Baron Desfontaines was among the early dead buried there, and whose epitaph thus runs: "Here lies Baron Desfontaines, who owned all this estate, and where he passed the happiest years of his life, and now all that he occupies of it is the space where his body reposes."

The sepulchres of Molière and LaFontaine are not well cared for, neither is the tomb of Abelard and Heloise. Perhaps the decadence in the matrimonial market will explain this neglect of the true lover's shrine. The tombs of LaHarpe, Méhul, Bellini, and Delambre, display also forgetfulness. "See that my grave is kept green" was the last request of Alfred de Musset; the willow over it has ceased to weep. The sepulchres of Auber, Thiers, Edmond About, Corot, Ingres, Eugène Lacroix, Beaumarchais, Talma, Madlles, Mars and Rachel are in good condition.

Turning to Montmartre Cemetery, the tombs of de Greuze and Léon Gozlan seem as if abandoned. That of Emma Livray, the ballet-girl, burned alive while dancing in the opera of "Masaniello," is fresh and pretty. Dumas fils pays for the caring of Marguerite Gautier's (Dame aux Camélias) grave. Rochefort's son's resting-place is overlooked. The tombs of Berlioz, Mürger, Labiche, Méry and Madame de Récamier, are tended evidently by loving hands. I noticed M. Ernest Renan meditating before the sepulchre of his relative, Ary Scheffer. Theophile Gauthier's tomb attracts by its inscription:—

Little bird come back to my tomb,
And sing when the trees will be green.

At Montmartre the first mortuary has just been opened. The moment a person dies the relatives can have the deceased transported to this dead-house, there to be waked and kept a certain time as a precaution against premature burial. A family hires a kind of side chapel, having five seats, where they sit or kneel beside their lost one.

The Government has not yet taken up any labour legislation, nor is it likely to do so. Workmen's annuities and compensation for labour accidents are budget questions, and France has not yet found how to balance her annual expenditure by receipts. Not more than a good twelve months remain to debate and vote the new General Customs Bill, complicated as it is by the McKinley difficulty, and the unknown attitude Germany may assume respecting her commercial rights in France under the Frankfort treaty. As to the Labour movement, it has unquestionably received a check by the collapse of the Australian strike, and the resolve of employers to federate

before trade unionism devours them, leaf by leaf, like the artichoke. I do not think public opinion is friendly to the labour unionists opposing employers to engage non-union men if they please.

The re-entry of M. Jules Ferry into public life is an incident in French home and foreign politics not to be ignored. He will likely be elected a senator for his native Vosges, and he will head a formidable Opportunist party among the Conscript Fathers that the Chamber of Deputies must respect. M. Ferry is very unpopular, but he is a very able and fearless man. Besides, Tonkin, that has been linked to his name like a chain-ball, is commencing to look up. It was M. Ferry's party and the Senate that rescued the Republic from the Boulanger-Orleanist conspiracy.

The Rev. "Père" Hyacinthe Loyson has set out on a crusade through the provinces to denounce the Pope. The last subject, the gods be thanked, occupying Frenchmen is religious contumely. Z.

MY STAR.

If Browning had a star, so, too, have I;
My other home it is
Whereto, when sorrow threatens me, I fly.
And in my flight towards the vaulted sky
The clinging sorrows roll
Down from my wingéd soul,
As from the swallow's circling form the spray
Drops to the ruffled bay
Its pinions late did kiss.

Well said King Solomon much study brought
"A weariness of the flesh":
And oft my brain, tired with its overthought,
Watcheth the night slip by yet sleepeth not.
Then doth my star arise
Slowly before mine eyes,
Steady, serene and cold, yet heavenly bright,
And, while my woes take flight,
Bind all my thoughts in leash.

No longer fear and discontent combine
To make my future drear,
For I arise and from that star of mine
Look down and see our small earth dimly shine,
Then all my joy and pain
Their proper worth obtain,
And I to laugh at all my fears begin,
For earth's discordant din
Is stilled and God I hear.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

ABOLITION OF THE GRAND JURY.

THE announcement is made in the columns of the daily press that Sir John Thompson, Minister of Justice, contemplates laying before Parliament a Bill codifying the criminal laws of Canada, both as regards substantive law and procedure. But before submitting the Bill to Parliament he has asked the Attorney-General of each Province and the judges of the Dominion to favour him with an expression of their opinion as to the wisdom of abolishing the Grand Jury system. As the subject is one of popular interest it may not be out of place to look at it from the point of view of the citizen.

Senator Gowan spoke with a judicial mind in the Senate two years ago when he said in opening, in an able address, a discussion of the subject of abolishing the Grand Jury system, that change merely for change sake is always objectionable, but cautious, gradual, permanent reform, based on experience and for the love of excellence, must commend itself to every thinking man. The modern test of the cunning work and devices of remote ages is the common sense test of utility and fitness, and to this test the Grand Jury system should be subjected. During his long career on the bench Judge Gowan had ample opportunities of weighing the utility of the Grand Jury system as a part of the machinery of criminal prosecution, and his conclusions, not hastily formed, were that its usefulness has been survived. Time was when the Grand Jury served a very useful purpose in standing between the Crown and the subject, preventing unjust prosecutions, but that time has long since passed away and no subject need now be apprehensive of being made an undeserving sacrifice to arbitrary power.

The institution of the Grand Jury dates back to the remotest period of English history, its purpose being to enquire into criminal charges and offences supposed to have been committed in the locality and of returning unto the court to which it was summoned its delivery thereon. But the feeling is growing that the Grand Jury is in several respects mischievous in its tendency and out of harmony with the genius and spirit of our system of criminal jurisprudence. It lacks the best guarantee of civil liberty—the open administration of justice—publicity, which is described as the very essence of confidence in judicial proceedings, as well as the greatest security for good conduct, being strictly guarded against, its proceedings being secret and its members responsible to no one but themselves. The Grand Jury is a constantly changing body, whose members are neither accustomed to the examination of witnesses nor the investigation of facts, while the continuance of the Grand Jury system makes a

draft upon material from which could otherwise be selected the petit jury, really the more important of the two, inasmuch as while the Grand Jury simply decides whether there is sufficient *prima facie* evidence against an accused person to send him forward for trial, the petit jury decides upon his innocence or guilt.

The tendency of recent legislation has been to cut down the functions of the Grand Jury. A large number of criminal cases do not now come before the Grand Jury at all, but are tried by a judge without a jury upon an act of accusation prepared by the local Crown Attorneys from the depositions taken by the committing magistrates. In addition to this, in a number of cases, Grand Juries are disabled from entertaining a charge unless there has been a preliminary proceeding, or an indictment for the offence by direction of the Attorney General, or by direction or consent of the court or judge having authority to try the same. In the cases in which Grand Juries still perform their functions, their duty is virtually to revise the work of the committing magistrate. As the Hon. Mr. Justice Gwynne once said in an assize address to a Grand Jury at Kingston: "Such, however, is our law that at the busiest portion of the year, you are called from your avocations and private pursuits to render to the country the invaluable service of determining whether the magistrates, who have already investigated the case, have or have not grossly perverted their duty, and whether there is, in fact, sufficient justification for the detention of persons whom who they have committed and for subjecting them to trial for the offence charged."

Instances are not wanting in which, through secret pressure, Grand Juries, instead of being the instruments of justice, have allowed themselves to be converted into machines for preventing justice being done. Nor is this remarkable when we bear in mind that Grand Juries are liable to influences of many kinds, social and political, and even the lodge and the church are sometimes made use of in the interest of an accused person. It may be said that even a Procurator-Fiscal, under the Scotch system, would be liable to similar influences. But there is this difference, that, in the case of a Procurator-Fiscal, the responsibility would be centred on one public official, not distributed over twenty-four private citizens, deliberating in secret.

We may all agree with the sentiments expressed some years ago by Chief Justice Hagarty, that "to dispense with the Grand Jury is quite impossible until some careful substitute is found." That careful substitute exists in the safer and more efficient system of Public Prosecutors in vogue in Scotland. It is not a new system, by any means, having been long tried and thoroughly tested, and if the wisdom of a scheme is to be measured by its successful working, then that of the Scotch Public Prosecutors, or Procurators-Fiscal, commends itself for imitation and adoption. These officers of the law would perform the functions now performed by the Grand Juries. They would have a certain tenure of office, and the same independence of local influence which the law accords to judges and police magistrates. Being members of the legal profession, they would be able to appreciate the value of evidence, bring out the facts from the witnesses, and shoulder a responsibility which it is now impossible to fix upon any one juror. They would be under the direction of the chief law officer of the Crown, and thus, without any serious disturbance in the machinery of the courts, criminal prosecutions would be placed on much the same footing as under the Scotch system, for which it is claimed that under it the investigation of criminal offences and the proceedings preparatory to criminal prosecutions are beyond the control of popular influence in the local sense, while subject to strict official supervision and to the control of public opinion acting in accordance with the constitution.

Among the functions of the Grand Jury, Senator Trudel once pointed out what seemed to him to be a most useful one, that it is a kind of commission of general enquiry into the workings of prisons, asylums, and other public institutions, in which its usefulness is specially seen. But to those who know anything of the practical working of the Grand Juries in such cases, it is known that the institutions which they inspect are always prepared and clean swept for the occasion, while the inspection consists of a run through the building at the heels of the warden or superintendent. The best proof of the inutility of such visits of inspection is to be found in the fact that the Government has inspectors of its own, who officially inspect the public institutions, and on their reports, not on the recommendations of Grand Juries, improvements are made, and changes carried into effect.

The subject of the Abolition of the Grand Jury is not a new one as far as the Dominion Government is concerned, its attention having been directed to it for some years past, and two years ago Senator Abbott went so far as to promise that as soon as the tendency of public opinion was such as to justify an attempt to remove this tribunal altogether from the administration of the law, the Government would be prepared with a measure to substitute for it "one which will be calculated to perform all the duties of the ancient Grand Jury in a more satisfactory, a more speedy and a more economical manner." This surely means the adoption of the Scotch system, and if Sir John Thompson has resolved to carry out the pledge of the leader of the Government in the Senate, much of the credit of the reform will belong to Senator Gowan, who has been the means of keeping the subject before the country these many years, bringing to bear

upon it his wide judicial knowledge and a life-long experience, coupled with that care and research which have characterized his work alike on the Bench and in the Senate.
ALEX. F. PIRIE.

LONDON LETTER.

I THINK I could have borne it better if it hadn't been in blank verse; as it is, it is "unbearful," as the nurses say. That our seats were bad, high up, near to the blazing chandelier, had something to do, no doubt, with our dissatisfaction. Still one had heard so much in praise of "Ravenswood," the acting and the scenery, that a little discomfort would have been cheerfully endured; and we settled ourselves down not far from the gods and listened to the dreamy music and waited for the curtain to lift, with a pleasant feeling of relief from the usual uncertainty as to the quality of a theatre entertainment.

Perhaps Mr. Terriss, with his vulgar Adelphi airs, his cheap swagger, was something of a shock when the play began, but one didn't complain, as it was felt the entrance of the Master would set everything in tune. Alas, what a disappointment! Throughout the long scenes, dreary and monotonous for the most part, Mr. Irving was astonishingly bad, as great a failure, in fact, as ever he was in Romeo.

Mr. Herman Merivale's drama is in part to blame, for to be sure it is a play of the feeblest; yet I have known Mr. Irving make something fine out of material as poor. Last night there was but one lucid interval, as we may say, and that was in the last act, when the marriage contract was about to be signed.

Such a beautiful scene, like one of Mr. Orchardson's delicate *tableaux vivants* that hang glittering, all blue, and primrose and white, year after year on the walls of the Academy. Such a beautiful scene, in the midst of which, with restless, shining eyes, wanders the poor Bride of Lammermoor, waiting bewildered for her fate, the while a great company throng in and out among the candle-lighted, pillared rooms. Then the clock strikes, and she must give up all hope. So she signs her name. And then, at last, at last, the laggard sweetheart comes with travel-stained cloak and jingle of spurs, comes when everything is at an end, and of all guests he is least to be desired. At that moment, and for perhaps ten minutes after, Mr. Irving was really Edgar Ravenswood; and it was something to hear how his voice lost all its harsh, unmusical tones; something to see how his movements became perfectly free and natural as he demanded the reason of Lucy's long silence and her broken vows. It is said that at the Mermaid's Well his love-making is so fine. I cannot see that. Irving is never convincing as a pleading lover; the character doesn't fit him somehow. Half the time he isn't thinking of what he is swearing, and the other half he is saying to himself "this love business is all stuff." In the contract scene last night, upbraiding, ruthless, pitiless, he was at his best and touched our hearts. It is impossible to compare him favourably with such admirable lovers as one finds in almost every London theatre. I am thinking of Mr. Charles Wyndham, Mr. George Alexander (I hear from an old gentleman that when he was young George Alexanders were twelve a shilling), Mr. Waller, Mr. Terry, Mr. Hawtrey, their names are legion. One has to accept this defect of Mr. Irving's with resignation, and as a rule it is amply atoned for.

"Ravenswood" dragging its slow length speedily ceased to interest me as it ceased to interest two lookers on who were behind me. During the first act they were in a mazed frame of mind. "I can't understand a word he says," declared one, with a jerk of her thumb towards Mr. Irving. "I wish we'd gone to the Lane instead," grumbled the other. Soon they gave up the play as a bad job and leaning back in their seats tuned their tongues to gossip, which they murmured sufficiently loud for me to hear. I could quote you word for word many a vastly entertaining fragment of their family history—a family history which absorbed me quite to the exclusion of the direful episodes in the life of the Ashton family. Perhaps eavesdropping is hardly an honourable employment; yet I can't, for the life of me, refrain from repeating a little bit of a sketch with which the most lively of the two dames delighted her friend—and me.

"You know old Brown (she said), of the firm of Brown, Jones and Robinson? They are linen drapers and live near the 'Angel' at Islington. He died worth thousands and thousands. He had only one 'obby—to ride the whole length of a twopenny bus, have three penn'oth of gin and a long clay pipe at the Green Man, and ride back for two-pence. When the fare was risen to three-pence he cursed for a week, Mary Anne told me, but couldn't give up the treat though it was so expensive. Jones and Robinson were the working partners. They quarrelled over a trifle and would not speak for twelve years. Jones told the carpenter to put a desk in a particular corner. Then Robinson came in. 'Oo told you to put that desk there?' 'Mr. Jones, sir.' 'Then I can't 'ave it put there; put it back be'ind there.' Then Jones he come in. 'Oo the devil told you to put the desk there,' he said to the carpenter. 'Mr. Robinson, sir.' 'Then I'm damned if I 'ave it there; put it up same as I said.' Then Robinson says, quite solemnly: 'Jones, if you 'ave the desk there I'll never speak to you again as long as I live.' But Jones would 'ave it there. They continued to 'ave breakfast together at the 'ouse all those years but never spoke. When a son of each of 'em was made a partner they used to take their meals with 'em,

MATAWANDA.

(Concluded.)

too. And Robinson would say: 'Arry, my boy, is your father ready for some more tea?' and Jones would say: 'John, will your father take some more bacon?' Once Robinson, who was a milder-mannered man, tried to make friends. Jones came into the office when Robinson was alone, but went out. 'Jones,' said Robinson, 'I shan't eat yer.' 'E was standing with 'is back to the fire at the time, but Jones never spoke.'

These homely revelations were interrupted now and again, and silenced at last by the people about, most of whom, to tell the truth, seemed to find pleasure in "Ravenswood." So I, too, had to turn my attention back to the stage. And as I watched the duel between the Master and Hayston of Bucklaw, I bethought me how only last Monday I had wasted more time at a theatre where, as to-night, I had expected the entertainment to be well-nigh perfect.

For last Monday I was at "Beau Austin," a play writ, if you please, by Mr. Stevenson and his poetic friend, Mr. Henley. Probably the latter gentleman is unknown to Canadian fame. Here in London he is esteemed immensely in a certain set, the set who read the *Scots Observer*, and who believe in Mr. Henley's rhymes and his "Views and Reviews," in which the ordinary person fails to discover anything. As for Mr. Stevenson, his is a name to conjure with, and for his sake most of us were at the Haymarket feeling sure our loyalty would be rewarded.

The piece had been privately printed and circulated among the Elect: and the Elect had pronounced it without hesitation a masterpiece. They assembled in their twenties and thirties, boldly to do battle for the sake of the Cause; and at the end—the lame, lame, impotent end—their applause, of the loudest, drowned for a moment the murmurs and hisses of the non-elect.

Now we found in our programmes a set of verses, very elegant, proving a prologue to the play. Would you like to hear a few lines?

"To all and singular," as Dryden says,
"We bring a fancy of those Georgian days,
Whose style still breathed a faint and fine perfume
Of old-world courtliness and old-world bloom:
When speech was elegant and talk was fit,
For slang had not been canonised as wit;
When manners reigned, when breeding had the wall,
And Women—yes! were Ladies first of all;
When Grace was conscious of its gracefulness,
And Man—though Man!—was not ashamed to dress.
A brave formality, a measured ease
Were his—and hers—whose effort was to please,
And to excel in pleasing was to reign,
And if you sighed, never to sigh in vain."

There are two more verses—one line: "For that great duel of sex, that ancient strife," is pretty unmusical, I take it—but one is enough. Most of us have rhymes after this fashion in our manuscript books, filled when we were rising sixteen.

I suppose Mr. Stevenson supplied the central idea for the play and that constitutes his share in it. For the author of "The Master of Ballantrae" cannot be responsible for a sentence. There is as much literary merit in "Beau Austin" and no more, as there is to be found in the pretentious, unmeaning Prologue. A peppering of *sure*, and *scarce*, and *dear child*—did Man address Man as Dear Child in 1820?—never succeeds in conjuring up the talk of that Past, "when slang had not been canonised as wit" (when was that Golden Age, for slang of some sort has always been in fashion?), and the actions and words of Mr. Henley's puppets are the actions and words of the dwellers in that stage-land who say and do exactly the contrary to what they would say and do in real life.

And the dress! You remember that Thackeray would not use for his "Vanity Fair" illustrations, the costume of the Waterloo period, he thought them so hideous? Grace was conspicuous by its absence in those years after the Peace, when blindly we took the French fashions and exaggerated even them. The figure Mr. Tree cuts in his blue satin coat was inconceivable in its tasteless vulgarity. He looked like a fifth-rate Lawrence or an early Pickersgill. Miss Rose Leclercq, in her way, was quite as bad, and Mr. Trees' wishy-washy compromise was out of the picture.

"A dream, an Idyll, call it what you will," cried the modest Mr. Henley. So we called it Stuff; and most of the papers corroborated our opinion the next day.

WALTER POWELL.

A WRITER in *Science* says that while as yet we have discovered no way of avoiding contagion which comes to us in the air, we are just beginning to find out the extremely important fact that the air does not become contaminated with bacteria unless they are allowed to dry. Recent investigations, he adds, have shown a smaller number of bacteria in the air of a well-kept sewer than in that of a poorly ventilated school-room.

THE sea serpent being dead, and the big gooseberry smashed, what are called forecasts of the phonograph are turning up. One even older than that of Cyrano de Bergerac has been found by Lieut.-Colonel A. de Rochas in the April number of the *Courrier Véritable*, a small monthly organ published in 1632. "Captain Vosterlich," it reads "has returned from a voyage in Australasia. He reports having passed by a strait below that of Magellan; he landed in a country where nature has furnished men with certain sponges which retain sounds as other sponges do liquors. So that when they wish to ask something or confer at a distance they speak into one of the sponges and send it to their friends, who, having received it, press it gently, and make the words come out."

WHEN Leon returned to consciousness he discovered that he was in a very strange place. He looked about him. He was lying upon a couch of furs, in what appeared to be a subterranean vault. A ray of sunlight shot in through an aperture overhead, leaving a jagged white line upon the floor near his couch. The walls were of rugged stone. At one side a partition had been made by a curtain of bear skins. As he looked at it wonderingly, it parted, and a young woman stood before him with an expression of anxious enquiry. He recognized her at once.

"Matawanda," said he, feebly.

At sound of her name she advanced hurriedly, and dropped upon her knees beside his couch. There was a look of pleasure in her face. She seemed excited, and her hands trembled as she clasped them before her.

"Monsieur—Monsieur is better?" she cried, joyously.

"Better? Why, have I been ill?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Long?"

"Yes, Monsieur, many days."

He looked at her a moment, then glanced about him slowly.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"In Matawanda's home," she answered.

"So I have been ill, and you—you attended me—you were my nurse?"

"Matawanda and her father have been with Monsieur through it all."

"Through it all? Have I been very ill?"

"Yes! very. Matawanda feared Monsieur would die."

"And you, with your father, have nursed me back to life?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"How shall I ever reward you?"

She drew herself up with dignity.

"Matawanda seeks no reward. Once she was in great peril. Monsieur was brave and saved her. That was much. She does not forget."

Leon looked at her with an expression of surprise, then smiled and for a moment eyed her musingly.

"Where is your father?" he asked finally.

"Without," was her brief reply.

"Please call him."

She did so. The old man entered. His appearance had a strange effect upon Leon.

"Ah!" exclaimed the young fellow, excitedly. "I—I know you, you are—"

"Father Le Blanc," replied the old man suavely. "But pray, Monsieur, do not excite yourself. You have been very ill. You were exhausted from your adventure with the Indians. You have had a fever. Excitement may cause you serious injury. Pray be calm."

"Yes—yes," answered Leon. "I—I will be calm, but tell me! Tell me, I say! what have you done with Louise?"

It was now the old man's turn to become excited.

"Mon dieu!" he cried. "It is not possible! it cannot be that you are—"

"Leon Le Page!" the young man almost screamed, "Tell me, what have you done with Louise?"

In his excitement he had risen from his couch and staggered towards the old man, who, seeing his weakness, caught him in his arms. Then putting his lips close to his ear he whispered:

"Hush, Monsieur, she does not know. Louise and Matawanda are the same."

Either the revelation or the exertion was too much for Leon, and Father Le Blanc was forced to lay him back upon his couch unconscious. When he awoke the old man was seated beside him. They eyed one another a moment, the one suspiciously and resentfully, the other kindly and pityingly. The old man was the first to speak.

"Is Monsieur Leon strong enough to listen now? We are alone. The girl has gone."

"What have you done with her," asked Leon in alarm.

"Fear not, she will return anon."

"Then proceed. I am strong enough. Proceed, I am waiting?" After an interval of silence, the old man began.

"Shortly after the trouble occurred between you and your father, Monsieur Leon, I was ordered to Canada by my Superior. I called upon your father to bid him adieu. He was in a bad humour. He said he had quarrelled with you over Louise. He railed at himself for having reared her up to become a stumbling-block, as he termed it, in your way. He gave me to understand that it had been the dream of his declining years to have you marry Marguerite Boijier, but you refused to give up Louise. He asked what he should do. I was much attached to the little girl, and suggested the idea of taking her with me to Canada. He encouraged me to do so, and the day was appointed for our departure. I hoped to place her in the Hotel Dieu at Quebec, where she might eventually enter into the service of the Church. But fate deemed it otherwise. When our intentions were announced Louise fainted, and, in falling, her head received a severe injury, which resulted seriously, although we thought nothing of it at the time. There was not a moment to lose, and in a stupefied state we bore her to the ship landing. Just before going on board the vessel, however, she recovered consciousness, but upon reaching her cabin relapsed into a dazed condition, and finally sank into an illness which proved very

dangerous. She recovered finally, but strange to say she had forgotten everything, even her own identity. Her past life was entirely obliterated, and as she convalesced she began to live anew like an infant. After reaching Quebec I was placed among the Indians for a time to learn their language, and as it was necessary to teach Louise anew, I kept her with me. We were among the Indians a long time, and she learned very rapidly. They called her Matawanda, and the name has clung to her. She regarded me as her father, and I, loving her as though she were my own child, did not correct her mistake. After a time I was sent among the Huron Indians. I still managed to keep Louise with me. I taught her our own language, and she was quick enough to pick up the Indian dialect herself. She has been a ministering angel among them, and they worship her as though she were a saint."

The old man paused a moment, and bowed his head upon his hand. Presently he went on.

"Monsieur Leon, as Louise she loved you once, and if mine eyes do not deceive me, as Matawanda she loves you now, although she does not recognize you as the Leon of her childhood. I have done you both a great wrong, but I am thankful it is all coming right in the end. I am growing old. Soon my life's work here shall be ended, and in my dying hour it will be a comfort to know that the child I have loved as my own will be left to the keeping of her old time companion. Monsieur Leon, can you ever forgive me?"

"Oh! Father," murmured Leon softly, "It is so sweet to forgive since I have found Louise. Yes, with all my heart I forgive you. But why have I not recognized her?"

"She is much changed. Besides you did not expect to meet her here."

"True enough, I did not. I have not hoped to meet her this side of Heaven. But tell me, how did she manage to rescue me from the Iroquois?"

"It happened in this way. We have always lived apart from the Indian villages, in a cabin which I built with my own hands. It stood some distance from here in a beautiful grove of hardwood and pine, but it was exposed to the incursions of our enemies, and I took the precaution to furnish a retreat for Matawanda and myself, so that in case of attack we could leave our cabin unperceived and escape. One night, not long ago, we were attacked and our cabin was burned to the ground. In making our escape however, we discovered that the Iroquois had left a prisoner fastened to a tree. By the light of the fire Matawanda saw it was you, and bidding me hurry on to the cave, for we are in a cave here Monsieur Leon, she made haste to set you free. Upon meeting me however, you became unconscious. We brought you here. You were very ill. Matawanda has been your nurse."

"May Heaven bless her. But how did she happen to bring the news to the fort?"

"I sent her. I learned from a Huron of the proposed attack, and being too old myself to make the journey, and not caring to trust any of the Indians, I sent Matawanda."

"Did she tell you of her adventure?"

"Yes, and that you had saved her life. It was fortunate that you happened upon the scene just as you did, else I might now be lamenting her death."

Leon was silent for a time, then asked when Matawanda would return.

"Before sundown," was the answer.

"Will it be long?"

"No."

"Then, Father, let me sleep until she returns."

He closed his eyes, and in a few moments fell asleep with a happy smile upon his face. During his vigil, Father Le Blanc heard him murmur softly the name Louise, and a sense of great satisfaction stole into his heart, as he rose and left the apartment.

When Leon awoke, Matawanda was kneeling beside him with her hands clasped before her, and an expression of melancholy solicitude in her beautiful dark eyes; but upon discovering that he was awake, she rose quickly and left the apartment, returning almost immediately with a bowl of broth made of the grey squirrel, and a bark dish filled with raspberries. Placing these beside his couch she invited him to eat. As he discussed his meal, he watched her closely. She seemed delighted to see him eat, and yet she was somewhat abashed at his close scrutiny. As he talked to her, he recalled their past life, but it was like a new story to her. She remembered nothing of it. Her recollection was a blank.

"Matawanda," said he finally; "Do you not remember me?"

"Oh! Yes, indeed," Matawanda remembers that Monsieur one saved her life. How could she forget?"

"But do you not remember a time long ago, when you were a little girl, and I a boy—how we used to play together, and everyone called you Louise, away over there in sunny France?"

"No, Monsieur. That is not a part of Matawanda's life. Her life began here in this great forest. She has had no companions but her father, and her people have always called her Matawanda."

It was useless. He could not bring back the past. He finished his meal, and as she stooped to remove the remnants, he caught her hand. She made a slight effort to free herself, but, finding it useless, knelt beside him.

"Matawanda," said he, "do you know what it is to love?"

A moment she looked into his eyes with an expression he could never forget, then a deep blush suffused her cheeks and she bowed her head.

A thrill of joy quickened his pulses. He raised himself upon his elbow and pressed her hand passionately to his lips, then, releasing it, lay back with a happy smile upon his countenance. The next moment she had disappeared.

Days afterwards, when Leon was convalescent, he began to talk of returning to the fort, with his new found friends.

"It will be dangerous to make the attempt now," said Father Le Blanc. "The country is full of Iroquois, and we know not how soon our lives may be in jeopardy."

But by the time Leon had quite recovered, he had succeeded in persuading his friends, and together they set out for the fort.

Their course was through the trackless woods, southward. It was a beautiful morning. The air was redolent with decaying wood and balsam. The forest was lighted up by a warm September sun, and as they proceeded through beautiful groves of stately pines and hemlocks, through thickets of spruce and arbor vitae, and brambles of blackberry and raspberry bushes, over rocks and bogs, past many a pond where frogs with frightened guttural cries splashed into the water as they approached, and where water snakes lay basking in the sun upon the lily pods; they grew bolder at not finding signs of the enemy.

After a time they reached, what is now called the Humber River, and, securing a canoe from some Algonquins who had pitched their wigwams near the head of the stream, they proceeded with the hope of reaching the fort by sundown.

During the day Father Le Blanc had been watching the sky in the north-west with some interest, and as they paddled down the stream he cast several anxious glances behind him. Presently a muttering of thunder was heard. The occupants of the canoe immediately looked to the north-west. A great black cloud was rapidly obscuring the liquid azure of the sky.

"We are to have a storm," said the old man, "and it will be at hand before we can reach the lake."

He had hardly ceased speaking, when a vivid flash of lightning illumined the cloud, and a sound of thunder, this time more distinct, told how rapidly the storm was approaching.

Matawanda looked anxiously at the cloud.

"The Great Spirit is angry," she exclaimed. "He is hurling vengeance at His people."

"We must take shelter soon," said Leon, after contemplating the sky. "The storm is coming rapidly. We shall be drenched if we do not get under cover at once."

Another flash of lightning and a heavier peal of thunder proved him to be correct. The trees began to sway to and fro, and the waters became agitated. The flashes of lightning and peals of thunder became more frequent. The wind blew a gale. Twigs and leaves were whirled about promiscuously. The river rose in heavy swells, and here and there white caps were seen. There was a great roaring in the forest. Presently rain drops began to fall by fits and starts. The sky was quite overcast, and a darkness prevailed that was somewhat appalling.

"We must take shelter in that thicket to the right," said Father Le Blanc. "I dread those tall trees near to it, but it is our best shelter."

In a moment they had landed, and were drawing the canoe up the bank, when the storm burst in all its fury. Down came the rain in torrents, and the lightning was followed quickly by heavy peals of thunder. The trees swayed and tossed their lofty heads, and the whole forest roared in the gale. Presently on the opposite shore a tall pine was snapped off close to its base and hurled to the ground. Then came one awful, lurid, blinding flash which seemed to envelop Leon and his friends in a mighty blaze of fire. It was followed so closely by a terrific crash, that light and sound seemed to come together, and as the tall pine near them fell shattered in a thousand pieces, the course of the bolt was at once perceived. It was a tremendous stroke, and our voyagers were prostrated by the shock.

The storm had swept on and spent itself. The clouds had broken away like a curtain rent to reveal the blazing sun sinking behind the lugubrious pines and hemlocks, before any movement on the part of those prostrate forms occurred. Then Leon slowly raised himself and looked about. His senses were dazed, and it took him some time to realize what had happened. When he remembered, he sprang to his feet in alarm. He looked at the splintered tree, at the debris upon the ground, then started in horror. Beneath a heavy limb Father Le Blanc lay crushed and bleeding. He bent over him, but there was no sign of life. The old man was dead. Near the shore where the canoe had been overturned, he found Matawanda. With a terrible dread he raised her in his arms and bore her up the embankment. She lived, he knew she lived, for her heart throbbed feebly. He brought water from the river; he bathed her brow. He tried artificial respiration, as they do with people who have been in the water. He resorted to every means he had ever heard of to resuscitate her, but his efforts seemed vain. She breathed, she lived, and yet she was still unconscious. He raised her in his arms and pillowed her head upon his breast.

"Louise, Louise," he cried. "Oh! speak to me, speak to me. Live, live. I cannot give you up. Louise, Louise! will you never open your eyes again? Do you not hear me? It is I, Leon, your own Leon, who loves you better than life. Louise, Louise."

A gust of wind shook the rain-drops from an overhanging branch and they fell in a shower upon Matawanda's upturned face. There was a slight twitching of

the muscles, then with a start her eyes opened, and a look of intelligence shone from them.

"Leon," she cried, throwing her arms about his neck. "Leon, they are taking me from you. I shall never see you again; oh! Father Le Blanc, oh! Monsieur Le Page, have mercy, mercy; I cannot leave him, I cannot."

It was the second transformation. She had returned to her former self, and the career of Matawanda was forgotten. Leon understood her.

"Fear not Louise," he cried, pressing her still closer to him, "they shall never take you from me now. We shall live happily here in this New World, and nothing but death shall part us."

She raised her head and looked about.

"Why Leon," she cried, "what does it all mean? This strange place. Where are we? What has happened?"

"It means, Louise," said Leon fervently, "that I have found you, and that I love you better than my life. We are in Canada. There has been a terrible thunderstorm, and we have been stunned by lightning."

"It is all so strange, so very strange," she answered wearily. "I—I cannot understand it. They were going to separate us Leon, and yet you are here and they are gone. It seems like a dream, a strange mysterious dream."

"Think no more of it, darling; we are safe, and they shall never trouble us again. Father Le Blanc is dead, and my father is far away beyond the sea. But come, we must seek a place of shelter. Night is coming on and we have yet some distance to go."

He left her and launched the canoe, then went back to where the old man lay, and covered the lifeless form with bark and splinters of the shattered pine and with heavy stones, to keep the wolves from the body until the morrow, when he should give it proper burial. Then assisting Louise into the canoe he set out once more for the fort.

It was dark when they reached Rouillé, but there was glad rejoicing over Leon's return. The garrison had learned of the massacre from a few who had escaped, and they had mourned for the brave young officer as they would have mourned for a brother. It was not long before they knew the history of his fair companion, and a little later they were given the opportunity of expressing their appreciation of her efforts to save the fort, although the incident had passed forever out of her memory. That marriage banquet was the only thing of the kind ever witnessed at the old French fort, Rouillé, and, grotesque as were the surroundings, a happier gathering never assembled.

A few weeks later, Leon learned of his father's death, and, tendering his resignation from the army, he sailed for France in company with his beautiful bride, who for many years afterwards was remembered by her Huron friends as Matawanda.

MALCOLM W. SPARROW.

'MID LOFTY PEAKS.

DREAM on! prophetic soul, thy vision clear
Sweeps far beyond the ken of groundling eyes
Dimmed with the glitter of the tinsel prize
Luring the sordid soul to blindness drear.
By soaring pinions high up-borne, O Seer,
On flights of winging thought, we see thee rise
To dizzy heights of dream-land's distant skies,
Waiting, expectant, hidden truths to hear,
When thou in prescient spirit shall translate,
In song, the mysteries shown thee in the mount
To Neophytes who would their meaning con.
The jostling crowd may mock thy mean estate
And deem thee poor, unknowing of the fount
Of wealth thou hast in fee; heed not, dream on!

SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.

THE RAMBLER.

THE morning of the 14th of November dawned as brightly and as quietly as if it were not about to usher in a day memorable in the criminal annals of Canada. Enough has assuredly been said about the pitiful affair itself; suffice it that we now proceed to notice a few points in the career—not of an unfortunate young man in particular now absent in the body—but in the careers of the majority of young men and boys.

It has always seemed to me that, as in the case of young women, the education of the intellect has of late years advanced apace, so in the case of young men, the education of the moral sense might well have received as careful attention. In some respects, of course, it has. The whole trend of modern life, in school and out of school, has been to increase the sense of moral responsibility. The space of a column, or at most a column and a-quarter, will not suffer me to indicate the reformations in English schools and colleges since the days of Arnold and his successors. I would prefer to use the space allotted me in saying a word as to the methods employed in the home with regard to boys. My own individual conviction is that there is altogether too much freedom allowed in the coming and going, and general conduct of boys in our own country, and we will suppose in others as well. It is a common experience to know of little boys of eleven and twelve, and youths of fourteen and fifteen who go to school in the morning at nine and do not return to their homes until five or half-past five in the evening, getting their lunch in town at a baker's, or taking it with them. After school hours they are supposed to engage in games, and parents, especi-

ally fathers, will proudly say: "Oh, my boy's getting quite a man about town! I don't know where he picks it all up; but, sir, that boy knows as much as I do, and more than I did at his age, or at twice his age!" And the boy winks his little eye, and bobs his little head and thinks himself no end of a worldly-wise sage as he swaggers off to football or street-corner lounging. This is not intended as an argument in favour of that other great mistake of the "sheltered life" (*vide* Rudyard Kipling and others), but does depict an existing state of things surely dangerous and demoralizing in the extreme. There is no valid reason why the boys of a household should be encouraged in remaining away from their home in a way that would be thought very unnecessary for girls. It is in early life that the habits of laziness and unstraightforwardness first appear and soon become second nature. Too much freedom! That is the curse of male education. Wordsworth, in his unequalled poem, the noble "Ode to Duty," has these lines, which bear, I humbly think, upon this subject:—

I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust;
Full oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task imposed from day to day;
But Thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control,
But in the quietness of thought.
Me this unchartered freedom tires,
I feel the weight of chance desires;
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose which ever is the same.

The "Ode to Duty" is the most beautiful didactic poem in the language, and it has always been a matter for wonder to me why it is not included in all our school readers and similar compilations. It is not obscure, neither is it dry. Anyone can understand it and the following stanza is, perhaps, the finest concentrative effort that Wordsworth—a little inclined to avoid the charm of rhythmic form—ever penned:—

Stern Lawgiver! yet Thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon Thy face.
Flowers laugh before Thee on their beds,
And fragrance in Thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong
And the most ancient heavens through Thee
are fresh and strong.

Among the recent publications of Macmillan and Co. is that most interesting volume of reminiscences, by Montagu Williams, Q.C., for years the leading criminal counsel of London. The book is written in the most delightful vein and includes anecdotes of some of the most eminent Englishmen of the day, actors, authors, playwrights, managers, and prisoners pure and simple of all classes. The London Bar has never been so graphically depicted before, for Mr. Williams' reputation naturally brought him into contact with all that was eminent or notorious in the busy metropolis of the world. In the pages of this remarkable book we may laugh over the vagaries of Sothorn and Toole, or grow grave over the iniquitous murder of Mr. Gold; we journey to Windsor, to Worcester, to Brussels, or sit in Westminster Hall in company with Sir Charles Russell, Sir Hardinge Giffard, and the imperturbable Montagu himself. The Turf Frauds, the case of Madame Rachel, who claimed to have the power of making women "beautiful for ever," the case of the extraordinary house-breaker and murderer, Charles Peace, the case of Lefroy, and the peculiar suit of *Belt versus Lawes*, in which Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir John Millais, and many other noted artists figured as witnesses, receive full attention at the hands of Mr. Williams, who is, of course, competent to give the most minute details of knotty points and from the barrister's point of view. In 1886 the able Q.C. was attacked by a malignant growth in the larynx similar to that which ultimately carried off the late Emperor of Germany. With characteristic nerve and impulsiveness "Monty" took his own case, literally by the throat, and insisted upon an immediate operation. Doctors from Germany arrived and the once brilliant Q.C. submitted to that almost fatal excision of the larynx which, however, left him his life and a very small remnant of voice. "Now, Montagu Williams, let us see if you can speak," remarked one of the doctors some weeks after the operation had been performed and while the sufferer was still exceedingly weak. And the sufferer replied, not, let us hope, without some of his old humour, though in a monstrous little voice, "Gentlemen of the Jury!" The career of this remarkable counsel is replete with interesting matter and the book is in its sixteenth thousand.

Those who remember Oscar Wilde as a more or less perennial donkey abnormally fond of money and gifted with a graceful turn for verse, should make fresh acquaintance with him in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*—not in *Lippincott's*. His recent remarks upon the Art of Criticism have been singularly well expressed and show that he is no mean student of psychological problems. The last time I saw Wilde was in Tite St. Chelsea and he was wearing a high, stiff London tile, combined with a tweed suit and short hair. The shock was a great one and I leaned against the iron railing of a row—not Cheyne Row, but very like it and not far away—waiting for the once familiar accents and turbulent languor of

gesture to assert themselves. (*Turbulent languor* is good it took me some time to arrive at it.) Seriously there was never a more beautiful voice than Oscar Wilde's. It had the true Irish hollow ring, the enunciation was delicate yet strong and the clearness and point of his conversation struck everybody who met him. I think it a great pity that he did not keep on at verse. If he had controlled his desire for notoriety, compelled himself to produce and produce, working steadily on in the one direction, ignoring his *Woman's World* and his novels and his essays and his lectures, he might, by this time, have become something of a poet. As it is he has certainly grown to man's stature and to a modicum of man's earnestness—there he stops.

A GLANCE AT "THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

THERE seems to be in the heart of every man a lingering, broken recollection of earth's infant dream of Eden. The idea of this Paradise, "once ours, now lost," hovers over the border-land of the Past, and flits through the dim chambers of memory like the ghost of a half-forgotten joy.

There is, for all of us, away back in the distance of dimming years, a "good old time," in which we love to wander, better and fairer than anything the world holds for us now, in possession or in promise. In the centre of that far-off landscape stands "the old house at home." The woods that skirted our childish vision were full of fancied mysteries. We trod their borders half looking for any magic wonder or strange appearance. The narrow river in which we used to swim was to us as wide as a sea. The little brook that wound through the pasture at the foot of the hill had fishes wondrous large to repay our pin hook angling. Every stump and fence and lonely tree wore an air of mysterious importance that filled our little plays around them brimful of childish adventure. The skies that roofed our playground were not as far away as now. The shining stars were closer then. The rainbows that bridged those dripping clouds drooped down their brilliant stripes almost within reach of our childish grasp.

But to our feeling a change has passed upon things since then. The faces of those days have fled; and the world has none like them now. The plays of those unwearied hours held us with a fascination, and had for us a relish that we have not tasted now these many years.

Go back as far as you can find any trace of a literature, and you shall see men trying to whip up the laggard stupidity of their evil generation by glowing pictures of what the world once was. Even old Homer—of course his times were modern to him—recounting the deeds of the ancient heroes round Troy wall, soars on the wings of a lofty enthusiasm, and, from the summit of his poetic flight, his neighbours and fellow townsmen beneath him look wonderfully lilliputian. Telling how one of those old champions lifts and hurls a huge boulder at his adversary, as if it had only been a pitching quoit, he adds:—

Not ten strong men th' enormous weight could raise—
Such men as live in these degenerate days.

But the men of Homer's day were the giants and heroes of later Greece; and this later age was gigantic and heroic to one later and smaller still; until the inference forces itself upon us that the world has been, at some time, unspeakably large, or else that we are several times more diminutive than we like to confess. There is no great or good thing now: The giants are all "in those days."

Times and persons and things do grow wondrously larger after we've left them behind us a while. There's a sort of homesick principle that makes a scene or a thing take on attractions that we never thought of while it was ours. Just as the dull rock, common grass, and ragged trees of a mountain-top, as you leave them, become clothed upon with the blue mantle of mystery and beauty. And the farther off a thing becomes, the less the possibility of our having it back again, the more witching and irresistible its charms.

Thus of our childhood homes. We were foolish and did not rightly value it when it was ours, and we should doubtless be foolish and not value it were it ours once more; and yet the grown-up imagination is ever hovering over its hearthstone. That group of home faces, and those tender fireside scenes lie wrapped in the mellow light of sacredness that our older atmosphere seems incapable of retaining, and we often wish that we could go back to that time once more. But if you have a home you are in that very atmosphere of mystic wonder still; only no eyes but the children's see it. To them, around you and your home, gather all the glory and romance in which your childhood walked. You discover them not now, because they were in your hearts and imaginations, through which you looked out on the common things around you, though none the less real for that.

How often do you hear some one remark, while watching a group of children at their play: "It's well they do not know what's before them. They are seeing their best days. Let them enjoy themselves while they can."

These idealizers of childhood forget that it is not true that the child has no cares nor troubles. His sorrows are as big for him as yours are for you.

This belief in the "good old times" comes out in a thousand ways. If you have ever been engaged and have got married, you have doubtless been told, right in the golden glow of your engagement, by some kindly sympathetic aunt, that you had better make the most of the sunny days of courtship, and the soft light of the honey-

moon, before the hard facts of bread and butter were upon you. She hinted of coming cares, of seasons of storm, and darkness and tempest. She told you that differences of taste, and jarrings of opinion, and clashings of will, were liable to mar the peace of wedded life.

Such people seem to think that courtship is a paradise, from which innocent but deluded victims fall into the cold and dreary outer world of marriage. How well I remember these kindly premonitions of coming ill. And I suppose they thought the incredulous laughter with which they were received would be turned into mourning in due time.

But it strikes me marriage can be made very much what people please—worse or better than the former life. If they want a purgatory, they will find a large supply of convenient and combustible material with which to kindle a fire. But if they choose, they can with united shoulders bear the burdens of life, with united hearts accept its joys, with clasped hands pursue its changeable path, making it a constant progression and a constant rise, from joy to higher joy, from attainment to nobler attainment.

But, instead of shaping the present to wise, noble, and happy issues, men go back and sigh over the past—dropping the substance to clutch at a shadow. If a husband and wife, who think that the honeymoon was pleasanter than their present life, will only bite their lips, instead of letting the biting retort pass them; if they will only teach their tongues to talk love as they used to; if they will only try the experiment of being as polite and thoughtful as they were during courtship—perhaps they may discover the lost secret of the happiness of their early love. "Incompatibility" frequently means only a selfish desire to have one's own way, or an unwillingness to make the necessary effort to behave oneself.

There are several, wide-spread, romantic hallucinations concerning the past, a specimen of which I must give before touching on the more practical sides of my theme.

There was, in the olden time, a courtly age of chivalry. But, be it remembered, the high and beautiful and happy in that age were only the few. Where there was one lady or knight there were a thousand crushed, ignorant, hopeless serfs. These names and titles were but glittering will-o'-the-wisps, trailing their putrescent splendours above dark pools and marshes of degradation. The great mass of society was full of oppression, squalour, want, and crime. Crushed by one noble, robbed by all, in constant danger from friend and foe, the spirit of the common people was broken. With nothing to hope for, and nothing to lose, what could they do better than take their hour of revelry, and plunder and fight their way through with the rest?

And as we get a little nearer to them the nobility do not look quite so fine as at a distance. Strip off their armour, remove their coronets, and put them into nineteenth-century citizen's dress, and they present a very suggestive resemblance to Five Points roughs, or "gentlemen of the prize ring." And I confess I can hardly see why it was much nobler business for them to knock one another over the head with poetical maces and battle-axes, in their fine tournaments, than for Heenan and Sayers to blacken each other's eyes, or to knock one another's teeth down their throats.

And what were the common employments of these ruffians whom the glamour of ages has changed into "nobles?"

They built themselves strongholds on some height difficult of access, and from these robber-dens swooped down like plundering harpies on the hamlets and valleys below; and all for such noble purposes as laying harvests waste, burning houses, pillaging towns, stealing herds of cattle, seizing women to hold for ransom, or, worse still, to degrade and ruin.

Step into a castle hall where they are at dinner after a hunt. The windows that badly light it are narrow slits high up in the stone, to avoid the danger of outside attack. Of course there is no looking out of the window. The guests sit around a long board supported on cross-legged benches. They eat with their fingers, and throw the bones under the table into the straw that serves in place of a carpet. There the dogs growl and fight over the remnants of the meal. And when the profanity and obscenity and wine get so far advanced that the women can stand it no longer, they retire and leave the men to see who can drink the most before keeling under the table with the dogs.

I know this is not so romantic as fiction; but it has the merit of being a deal nearer the truth.

Let us look at the question in the light of a few contrasted pictures of the "good old times" and the present.

I wish to touch a moment on our material civilization; for it is so plainly before our eyes that we are in danger of forgetting how new it is.

It only needs that we call up the images of the street lamp, the telegraph, and the steam engine, to figure to ourselves such an advance on the old as almost constitutes the creation of a new world. For our fathers, Boston and New York were farther apart than Boston and Liverpool are to-day. Then a war might be fought out and ended in Europe before we heard of the commencement of hostilities. To-day we discuss over our coffee what Gladstone and Bismarck said yesterday. And the old saddle-bag journey, the ox-team train of emigrants, or the swing and jolt of a stage-coach over a country road, contrasted with the luxurious glide of a cushioned Pullman, mark the difference in comfort as well as time. Without these helps it would have taken the country five hundred years to have made the advances of the last fifty. Indeed, an united republic,

from ocean to ocean, would have been an impossibility. Glance at what our fathers thought about it.

When Boston was a small hamlet some of the more adventurous settlers wandered away off into the wilderness, as much as ten or twelve miles from the coast; and, having concluded to settle, petitioned the Colonial Fathers to build a road out to them. The wise councillors considered the matter, and rejected the request on the ground of the supposed *improbability of civilization ever extending so far west*. Only think of it! Civilization never extend so far as Brighton, now actually within the city limits. And to-day the Boston and Worcester R. R., which the wiseacres of a few years ago said could never be built, because the country was so hilly, has crept on, until, having crossed rivers and tracked pathless plains and climbed mountain summits, it mingles the scream of the engine with the roll of ocean at the feet of another city that is the metropolis of a civilization that forms the western link in a chain that belts the globe.

A man need not be very old to remember the time when there were "no railroads, no locomotives, no steamships, and no telegraph wires, no gas-lights, no petroleum, no California gold, no India-rubber shoes or coats, no percussion caps or revolvers, no friction matches, no city aqueduct, no steam printing presses, no sewing machines, no reaping machines, no postage stamps or envelopes; or pens of steel or gold: when there was no homeopathy or hydropathy; no chloroform or teeth extracted without pain; no temperance societies; no saxhorns or cornets or seven octave pianos; no photographs; no paint-tubes for artists; no complete stenography; no lithography or etching on stone; no illustrated newspapers, and hardly a decent wood engraving; when omnibuses and street cars were not dreamed of; when dull street lamps lit with whale oil were a luxury; when there were no public schools, no special departments of science in colleges, no gymnasiums, no art unions, no literary or political clubs, no lyceum lectures, no wisely-organized and widely-operating philanthropic societies, no prison discipline, no good lunatic asylums, no houses of employment and reformation for young scamps—and generally very little hope of reform in young or old scamps.

"In those days people drank green tea, and ate heavy suppers, and went to bed with warming-pans and night-caps, and slept on feather beds, with red curtains round them, and dreaded the fresh air in their rooms as much as sensible folks nowadays dread to be without it. If they heard a noise in the night, they got up and groped about in the dark, and procured a light with much difficulty with flint and steel and tinder-box, and unpleasant sulphur matches, and went to their medicine-chest and took calomel, and jalap pills, and Peruvian bark, and salts and senna, and jalap and rhubarb. In those days the fine gentlemen tipped old Jamaica and bitters in the morning, and lawyers took their clients to the side-board for a dram, while the fine ladies lounged on sofas, reading Byron, and Moore, and Scott's Novels."

And so far from wickedness keeping pace with and neutralizing our gladness in this material growth—as so many prophets would have us believe—all these forces have gone forth as God's evangels. Telegraph and steam are doing more to hasten such a mutual acquaintance and sense of brotherhood as shall enable the nations to say, "Our Father who art in Heaven," than all other things combined. Telegraph and steam have enabled our higher civilization to hunt to their death most of the forms of human slavery and oppression. Telegraph and steam are doing more to-day to solve the Indian problem and settle our Mormon troubles than all our preachers and diplomats together. And the discovery of gas has changed the municipal regulations, and lifted up the morals of whole cities. Crime calls for darkness, and so gas, in turning the dark alleys of the past into the glaring thoroughfares of the present, has almost incalculably lessened the amount of street villainy. So he who imagines that wickedness is increasing, because our modern civilization brings the whole world to his view, cheats himself as one might who should suppose that the gas or the electric light creates what it only reveals.—*The Rev. Minot Savage, in The Arena for November.*

A RE-DETERMINATION of the true weight of a cubic inch of distilled water has recently been made at the Standards Department of the Board of Trade. A platinized hollow bronze cylinder, whose volume was 572.803651 inches and whose weight in air was 183676.066 grains, was used together with a quartz cylinder and a brass sphere. After this magnificent parade of accuracy, the results differ in the fifth significant figure, and the conclusion is that the weight of the cubic inch of water at 62 deg. Fahr. appears to be 252.286 ± 0.002 grains.

CHARLES VII. of France wore long coats to hide his ill-made legs. Queen Elizabeth patronized immense ruffs because her neck was not handsome. It was to hide the short stature of Louis XIV. that high heels and towering perruques were introduced. Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, had his shoes made with long points to screen from observation an excrescence on one foot. Short hair became fashionable in France when an accident to the King's head during a snowball fight necessitated the removal of his flowing locks. Full-bottomed wigs were invented by a French barber named Du villier to conceal the fact that one shoulder of the dauphin was higher than the other.

AN AUTUMN WREATH.

THE lord and lover of the year is slain,
Fair Summer! Nature's joy and earth's sweet pride,
The wind moans sadly as a mournful bride
Loading the air with monodies of pain;
Down from the branches shower, light as rain,
The rarely coloured leaves; afar and wide
Blight-stricken blossoms strew the country-side
No more to deck it with delight again;
The bright winged choristers that carolled round
Sweet overflowings of supernal joy
No more their thrilling ecstasies employ
To glad man's soul with music's purest sound;
Summer lies dead upon the lap of earth
Pale melancholy weeps where late laughed mirth.

The loving mother, bending o'er her child,
Thinks of the dangers she has lately pass'd
And in her joy, love's true enthusiast,
Thanks Heaven for two lives saved; then, soon beguiled
By deep emotion, sings in accents mild
A song of sweetness through whose strains are cast
Sad warning sounds that come and go as fast
As rising surges ere the sea grows wild.
So when the labour of the year is o'er
And from the land the promised fruits have come,
When birds have flown and bees no longer hum,
Nature in memory of all before
Yields the thanksgiving of her grateful love
Through which sad premonitions faintly move.

Where are ye now, with all your summer sheen,
And pride of life, as strong ye hung
Upon the branches or soft sward among
Spreading abroad your beauties, bright and green?
Where are ye now, that gave a shelter kind
To Nature's minstrels from the mid-day sun
And nursed them nightly, when their songs were done,
Safe from the passions of the stormy wind?
Listless ye lie, the sport of each mad breeze,
Bereft of verdant strength, clad in dull grey,
Trodden by travellers upon the way,
Parted forever from thy parent trees,
Emblems of this world's pride and vanity
Fair for awhile; but doom'd to fall and die.

We saw her wither, like a late-grown leaf,
Struck with the blast of winter's earliest breath
And watch'd the sad premonitor of death
Veil o'er her face thin folds of silent grief
So deft and quickly, it seem'd passed belief,
And yet, as one who daily witnesseth
The change of leaves in autumn's fading wreath,
We saw it not, for Death came like a thief
At night and pass'd his hand across her brow,
Smooth'd out the pain-lines; closed her aching eyes;
Sealed with a smile her lips, lest there should rise
A sigh that might provoke his pity now;
And we, beholding, knew it not, but said
"To-morrow she will wake"—and she was dead.

When Autumn, like a prophet filled with fears,
Warns Summer's golden beauty of that death
Which soon the chilling blast of Winter's breath
Shall bring—fond nature by her falling tears
Attests her grief, unchang'd through all the years,
And from the blossoms that lie dead beneath
Seizing the unseen colours, weaves a wreath,
And lo! a garland on each tree appears.
When unto thee life's end is drawing near
And weeping kinsmen kneel about thy bed
May all the rays of goodness thou hast shed
From out the buried past shine bright and clear,
And golden deeds and thoughts of heavenly hues
Over thy fading mind soft light diffuse.

SAREPTA.

PROFESSOR BALDWIN'S PSYCHOLOGY.*

WHEN a book of some size and price, and devoted to a subject which can hardly, as yet, be called popular, attains to its second edition within twelve months of the date of its publication, it has, in that simple fact, a letter of commendation more effective than any criticism however favourable. But we can, at least, offer our sincere and hearty testimony to the value of the work before us.

The science of psychology, after being associated in a somewhat unscientific manner with other subjects more or less akin to it, sometimes also having been elevated to the position of metaphysics, or made a substitute for it, sometimes having been made little more than a department of physiology, is now beginning to take a recognized and conceded place of its own. There will still be, and probably for a considerable time to come, differences of opinion as to the value and extent of the empirical side, or the rational factor; but the general sphere of psychology is now sufficiently established.

We consider this work of Professor Baldwin's one of the best text-books yet provided for our students, and a treatise of very considerable value. If we were asked to say, in a word, what are its distinctive merits, we should

* "Hand-book of Psychology: Senses and Intellect." By James Mark Baldwin, M.A., Ph.D. Second Edition Revised. Henry Holt and Company. 1890.

reply: lucidity and balance. Whatever may be the case with the problems of ontology, which it seems impossible to discuss without the use of language not easily understood, there is no reason in the world why the facts and principles of psychology should not be stated in language perfectly easy of understanding. This Professor Baldwin has accomplished with greater success than most of his predecessors.

The other quality of balance is no less conspicuous. Dr. Baldwin says that he writes from a neutral point of view, and every page verifies his claim. There is, indeed, throughout the whole volume, a singular "freedom from pre-supposition," as the Germans would say. Of course the author has his own point of view; but we are never made conscious of an effort to project one aspect of the subject into excessive prominence, or to throw another into the shade. When one studies the works of Professor Bain, for example, one cannot help feeling that there is a constant effort to ignore or to depreciate the importance of the spiritual principle. On the other hand, in the excellent hand-book of Professor Dewey, there is a somewhat scant recognition of the principle of association. We are never conscious of this onesidedness in Professor Baldwin. He at once and fully recognizes the spiritual principle in man; but he is so clear on this point that he feels no necessity for entertaining the slightest jealousy of the claims of the material organism through which it acts.

The author's view of his work may be best stated in his own words at the close of the second chapter of his introduction. After a very careful and detailed examination into the nature and method of psychological enquiry, he announces as his conclusion that "there is, first of all, in consciousness a free intelligent activity which affords at once the necessity and justification of a higher science, which is inductive, internal, descriptive, and analytic; that its method is that of direct observation, and that, inasmuch as the phenomena of which it is cognizant are purely mental, it must precede and embrace those branches of the science which deal with the phenomena of body. Second, these mental phenomena sustain a universal and uniform connection with the bodily organism through which physiological experiment becomes possible, carrying with it a twofold utility: the causal analysis of phenomena, and the confirmation of their empirical generalizations. And third, the science can never reach completion or its laws reach their widest generality until all mental facts are interpreted in the light of this connection with body or shown to be independent of it."

This is a good specimen of the author's power of lucid expression as well as of his comprehensive conception of the work which he has undertaken. There is, however, another quality of the book, perhaps we should rather say, qualification of the writer, which should not pass unnoticed. We refer to Professor Baldwin's thorough acquaintance with the extensive literature of his subject. Anyone who may desire to have other presentations of the topics here discussed will find ample guidance in the copious lists of authorities furnished at the end of the several sections.

With regard to the second edition, as is natural, the alterations made are not numerous, and they are not of great importance. But they are more extensive than a superficial examination of the book would reveal. For commercial reasons, and for convenience of reference, the paging of the first edition has been preserved, and here and there the author may have been hampered by the restriction; but there are a good many passages in which the exposition of the matter in hand has been enlarged, and, in some cases, there has been a slight change of philosophical position; but this occurs in quite subordinate matters. There is also an addition of several diagrams, which help to make clearer the exposition in the text.

We had marked several passages for quotation and comment, but we must here exercise self-repression. In a book of such compass we naturally come upon statements which we might prefer to put in a slightly different form; but we have not noted anything of importance which we should wish to change. In defending the now accepted threefold division of the functions of mind, the author might have made rather a shorter cut in dealing with the question of conscience. As well might it be said that faith is a separate "faculty" instead of embracing, as it does, all the three, inasmuch as it presupposes knowledge, is realized in feeling, and manifested in action.

We are sensible of the inadequacy of this notice, and it has no pretension to give anything like a complete account of the volume before us; but we hope we have sufficiently indicated its general characteristics, and conveyed our high sense of its value and importance.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON.*

THE great actor whose name appears in the above title of a late publication by the Century Company has made good his claim, many years ago now, to the friendship and admiration of the English-speaking world. This cannot be said of every equally good American or equally brilliant English actor. But of Jefferson it can honestly be said that such acting as his is for all countries, not one country; and for all ages, not one age. It is easy, therefore, to predict for his autobiography an interested, grateful public on both sides of the Atlantic. His reminiscences

* "The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson." The Century Company, New York.

include anecdotes of Kean, Macready, Dickens and Brown, as well as of Laura Keane, the Wallacks, Edwin Adams and John Howard Payne. Four years in Australia have rendered him conversant with the half-sordid, half-picturesque details of bush life and life in the pushing, feverish, rapidly extending cities of that southern zone. Protracted residences in Edinburgh, London, Paris, combined with lively recollections of travelling in waggons across the American prairie, or upon small screw steamers up American rivers, have made of him a finished cosmopolite, a shrewd and appreciative observer, and an impartial, though generous, critic. His estimates of other actors seem always exceedingly just. By no means deficient himself in spirit, the art of clever, perhaps cutting rejoinder, and in what may be best described as professional self-assertion, he appears to have inherited from his father the very essence of good temper, allied to tact, and a simplicity of manner not often associated with what is truly great in the histrionic nature. When to these unusual attributes we add modesty, the name of Joseph Jefferson may certainly be said to stand most prominently forward in the ranks of distinguished men now living.

His youth was a chequered one, uncertain as to funds, romantic, interesting, and marked by rare domestic happiness, as well as occasional domestic troubles. His success was slow, but sure. One of his aphorisms is: "Genius is seldom confident." But long before he made a world-wide name as "Rip Van Winkle" he was recognized for a first-class comedian, and the choice of that character appears to have brought him at once to that point which he would assuredly have gained in time, though not, perhaps, so quickly. As a description of the young American drama, both before and after the war, the book is unrivalled. Despite the author's modest assertions that he is not a literary man, the style is admirable and the humour flawless. His occasional remarks upon various theories of acting and schools of expression denote a sound and experienced critical attitude towards his profession that makes the book one of positive use to beginners and would-be critics. He neither exalts the stage unduly, nor depicts it as an occasion for stumbling. He urges, however, two things; it is better to make sure of a gift before entering the theatrical profession, but, if you must enter, begin "before the mast," and refuse to crawl "through the cabin windows." Readers of these pages as they appeared in the *Century* will no doubt prize for its beauty this noble volume, bound in white and gold, and embellished with portraits of Buckstone, Burton, Macready, John Brougham, Sir William Don, Sothorn, Paul Bedford, Charles Kean, Charles Mathews, Fechter—in fact, nearly every prominent actor of the century, besides a dozen well-contrasted pictures of the great "Rip" himself.

It will be unpardonable to conclude a very imperfect and fragmentary notice of this recent publication without laying stress upon the fact that the actor's profession is under deep obligations to Mr. Jefferson for setting forth in such well-considered and well-expressed terms the conditions upon which a successful stage career depends. In this, as in all professions, industry, patience, perseverance, sobriety, dignity and integrity win the day.

ART NOTES.

THE excavations of the Greek Archaeological Society on the Acropolis at Mycenæ have been rewarded by the discovery of some sixty different objects of antiquity, amongst which are some bronze swords and knives, several hatchets, a razor, a round mirror and some gold ornaments.

We understand that our well-known artist, Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, intends offering a collection of his paintings for sale at the rooms of Mr. Roberts on King Street at an early date. We hope that all lovers of Canadian art will aid in every way to make the sale completely successful. Mr. Smith is no common artist, and his pictures are a credit to the genius of his country.

MR. JUSTICE KAY late on Wednesday gave judgment in an action brought by Lady Howard de Walden against the Marquis of Bristol to recover possession of a painting by Gainsborough of John Augustus, Lord Hervey. The plaintiff asserted that in 1847 her husband, Lord Howard de Walden, lent the picture to the first Marquis of Bristol; the defendant, on the other hand, claiming it as a gift. His Lordship dismissed the plaintiff's action with costs.

It is refreshing to note the fact that there is to be erected in Washington a monument to Charles Dickens. The Capital abounds in statuary—some of it exceedingly good and some exceedingly bad. The great number of statues, however, is, naturally enough, of military men. The present group represents the great novelist sitting in a chair with his arms around a little girl, who symbolizes little Nell or some one of the other heroines of Dickens' delightful tales.

MILLET's "Angelus," which the painter sold for \$360, which Mr. Secretan bought for \$32,000, and for which the American Art Association paid \$110,000 in July, 1889, has just been sold in Paris for \$150,000. The price given by the Association was regarded as extravagant. What shall be said, then, of this enormous appreciation in the commercial value of the painting? It is understood that there will be further exhibitions of the work in this country before it goes abroad, presumably to stay. "The Angelus," is a masterpiece, no matter what one may think of the way in which its purchase-price has been harped upon.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

"THE MILLIONNAIRE" AT THE GRAND.

DANIEL SULLY, well known here as an Irish comedian, has, during the week, been presenting at this theatre an Irish-American comedy entitled "The Millionaire," and has scored a marked success so far as he himself is concerned, but, unfortunately, as is too often the case in starring companies, the support is very feeble. "The Millionaire" gives Mr. Sully an opportunity for displaying an inexhaustible fund of dry humour, which is the main stay of a play that would be otherwise weak. The scenery is good, that in the second act being especially realistic and representing on the stage the construction of a railway, a locomotive and various other accessories.

THE ACADEMY.

On Monday evening Miss Pixley appeared at the Academy in her play entitled "The Deacon's Daughter." Owing to unfavourable weather the attendance was not so large as was expected, but this in no way affected the enjoyment of those who witnessed this play. Miss Pixley is well known here and the play has several times been produced in Toronto, but, notwithstanding this, one can afford to see it again. Messrs. Daly, Grinnell and Lawton form a very fair support and are capable in their parts. Miss Pixley's dancing and singing serve to give variety to the performance, and her acting throughout has lost none of that vim and go for which she has always been noted. The photographic scene where she appears in male costume is by far the best in the play. The play itself is a well-written comedy of a light nature and contains some very ludicrous situations.

ONE of the greatest attractions that has ever been booked here will occupy the Academy of Music next week. The famous French Pantomime Company, direct from the Eden Theatre, Paris, will appear in a grand scenic production of "The Prodigal Father." The entertainment consists of an entire four-act play produced in pantomime, not a word being spoken. This will be the company's second week in America. Considering the magnitude of this engagement there can be but little doubt that the Academy will be well filled. There will positively be no advance in prices.

THE triumphant success of Mascagni's new opera "Cavalleria Rusticana" in Italy has attracted much attention to the composer, a poor teacher in a little Tuscan village.

THE coming opera season in Russia, both at St. Petersburg and at Moscow, promises to be unusually active, especially in the production of native works. In the former capital it is intended to bring out "Prince Igor," a posthumous work of the late Alex. Borodin, portions of which have been performed in the concert-room; also Tchaikowsky's new opera, "La Dame de Pique." At Moscow, an unpublished opera, entitled "A Dream on the Volga," by Anton Arensky, a young composer, some of whose works have gained much notice, is to be the principal novelty. Besides these native works, Melba and the brothers De Reszké may be counted upon as certain attractions to the public of St. Petersburg.

It is said that a new invention in musical instruments has been brought out in Austria by a manufacturer living at Pressburg, which is causing a good deal of interest. This is called a bowed piano, but is really a case resembling a pianoforte frame and containing six violins, two violas, and two violincellos, the strings of which are tuned to different notes. The instruments are connected by circular bands, which are brought into contact with the strings by means of the keyboard, the hammers of which bear upon the bands with varying pressure. The instrument is said to produce a fine tone, soft or powerful; but the principal difficulty in bringing it into practical use would be the tuning of the gut strings required, as wire strings could not be universally employed.

In the picturesque old Horseshoe Cloisters at Windsor, England, there is living a most interesting old man, who has sung in St. George's choir during portion of the reigns of two sovereigns and the entire reigns of two more. Mr. John Mitchell is the oldest of the lay clerks of the royal chapels. Tall, white-bearded, with fine features and a still rich and resonant bass voice he is a charming person, who links to a remarkable degree the first and last decades of this century. Born in Eton in 1809, he first sang when only six years old in the choir of St. George's when George III. was king, and he can distinctly remember seeing that unhappy monarch driving post-haste up the long walk. Mr. Mitchell sang at the coronations of William IV. and Queen Victoria, and at the wedding and jubilee of the Queen in Westminster Abbey.

In criticizing the proposal to establish a "British Artist's Room" at the new National Portrait Gallery, the *Saturday Review* puts forward as an objection: "Would not all Academicians think themselves entitled to contribute? Yet no one would like to deny that, though our Academy has always contained a certain number of great artists, it has also always contained at least an equal number who could only be called artists by courtesy; and also, that some of our greatest and most representative artists have never been even Associates." But that, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is exactly what is claimed as one of the great advantages of the proposal! Membership of the Academy will no longer be the only certificate of ability, which, as the *Saturday Review* imputes, is not an infallible standard. If on that ground alone, the scheme should find favour.

Is the piano waning in popularity and giving place to the violin? One would not think so to see the activity among the dealers in these instruments on Tremont Street. And yet it would appear that the violin, especially as an instrument for young girls, is rapidly increasing in popularity. The classes in the violin at the music schools are growing larger, and a "popular" concert to-day can hardly be regarded as popular unless a young lady violinist is included among the "talent." In England it is said to have fairly taken its place as an instrument for girls. After all, the piano is really a very modern instrument when compared with the violin. It is only a harp set in a box and twanged with leather covered hammers. It is really a mechanical sort of an affair, while the violin has never within the memory of living man or woman been improved and never will be. Who cares for an old piano and how much will it bring in the market? But a violin! What divine melody will pour forth, under skilful fingers, from an old Stradivarius or Amati! The wizard of Cremona possessed a secret which no imitator, however keen, has ever been able to fathom. Princes and dukes, men of high renown and modern money kings have scrambled for the possession of the few rare products of his cunning. Stradivarius died more than one hundred and fifty years ago, but the few violins and 'cellos which still exist to enchant the ear of the world are worth their weight in gold. The master of the piano is a skilful mechanic, with agile, supple fingers and an acute musical instinct. The master or mistress of the violin is imbued with divine fire, unquenchable with age, the gift of the gods.—*Boston Advertiser*.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

AMONG THE MOTHS AND BUTTERFLIES. By Julia P. Ballard. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

"How shall we interest young people? How shall we most interest them? How shall we best interest them?" are the pertinent questions which Miss Ballard asks in one of her charming prefaces, and how clearly, cleverly and attractively she provides an answer the beautifully illustrated and fascinating pages of this volume testify. It is sufficient to say that this book is one of those successful simplifications of scientific teaching of which this age is so prolific. Though it is adapted to the mind of a child, it can be read with pleasure and profit by the adult.

FOLLOWING THE GUIDON. By Elizabeth B. Custer. New York: Harper Brothers.

The readers of "Boots and Saddles" have, since the announcement of the present volume, eagerly anticipated its appearance. And we may safely say that not one of them has risen from the perusal of its pages dissatisfied. For the same sparkling style, bright cheeriness of treatment and graphic clearness of narrative are as conspicuous in the present as in the previous volume. Mrs. Custer's literary talent and thorough appreciation of her subject enable her to invest the views of army life at wild United States' outposts, and her sketches of scenes and persons and incidents with a winning and instructive charm. The extracts from letters of her late husband, that dashing cavalry leader, General Custer, are very interesting.

THE SQUATTER'S DREAM. A story of Australian Life. By Rolf Boldrewood. London and New York: Macmillan and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

In tracing the fortunes of Jack Redgrave, a typical Australian gentleman farmer, from his charming home and happy and successful life at Marshmead, to his new adventure at Gondaree, on the Lower Warrow, Mr. Boldrewood proves himself the possessor of the fertile brain and facile pen of a cultivated and clever novelist; and that he has by extensive observation, painstaking care and actual experience provided himself with the requisite knowledge and ample material to enable him to do justice to his subject matter goes without the saying. How well he delineates Australian character, and describes the varied phases of life and labour and scenery in the rural parts of that vast Island Continent, the reader of the bright, attractive pages of this very interesting tale can testify. We may say that to the Canadian reader it has an added charm in that it so well portrays the points of similarity and difference between the great British Dominion of the Southern Ocean and that of the American Continent.

THE CANADIANS OF OLD. By Philipps Aubert de Gaspé. Translated by Charles G. D. Roberts. New York: D. Appleton and Company; Toronto: Hart and Company.

If Parkman, in his fascinating history of "Montcalm and Wolfe," has created a desire for more intimate acquaintance with the French-Canadians of that period, or if anyone desires to know something of the hospitality, customs, and superstitions of these sturdy pioneers of "New France," here, under the title of "Canadians of Old," is a book that will do much to satisfy and interest them. Not only has the author produced a story of considerable interest in itself, but he has pictured in a quaint yet graphic manner many incidents in the every-day life of Quebec's early settlers, from the noble seigneur, exercis-

ing fatherly sway over his little parish, down to the humble *habitant*, content in loyalty to his Church and King. This volume can have none other than a good effect upon English readers, winning from them a more sympathetic recognition of their French brother's faith and nationality. The work of translation has been well done by Prof. Chas. G. D. Roberts, who deserves credit for bringing before English readers so much that is historically interesting to all Canadians.

THE twenty-fourth volume of "Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia" has been issued. In this volume, five States are treated: Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, and Montana. Among the cities described are Memphis, Tenn., and the historic Memphis of Egypt; Mexico, Milan, and Milwaukee. There are biographies of Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Michelangelo, John Stuart Mill, Hugh Miller, Milman, and Milton. Among the important topics in other lines are Meteorology, Miasma, Microscope, and Mind. The matter is well brought down to date, and the illustrations are numerous and helpful.

THE *Queries Magazine* for this month comes to us with an interesting article on "Early Caricaturists," dealing principally with those of the restoration and onward to the time of the Georges. "Some Notable Dreams" will enchant believers in the supernatural. Other articles are one on "Gottfried Wilhelm Leibnitz," on "The Influence of the Bible on the Poetry of Heinrich Heine," "The Beautiful Snow," "Mr. Swinburne on the Brontes," several short poems, and the usual notes on current literature and queries end the number. The frontispiece, entitled "A Type of Beauty," is good.

THE quarterly number of the *Magazine of Poetry* contains a brief account of about thirty poets, principally of the United States, and also furnishes several short poems and extracts as examples of their various styles. The illustrations of the several writers are well executed. It is difficult to mention any writer individually where there are so many, but for those interested in the less-renowned writers of the present day this work should prove invaluable. There is also a collection of current poems, which includes one entitled "The Gift of the Sea," by Rudyard Kipling, which is in every way worthy of this rising young poet. The number is well gotten up and excellently printed.

FIRST among the articles of the *English Illustrated Magazine* for November stands one by Frederick Gale, illustrated by W. Harold Oakley, and having an introduction written by the Rt. Hon. Earl of Selborne. It is entitled "Winchester College," and is a full and interesting account of the progress of this fine old school up to the present day. Mrs. Jeune, well known as the benefactress of the children of the poor, gives a description of her work under the title of "Children's Happy Evenings." Other articles are "A Holiday in South Africa," by M. Kelly; "A Royal Surgical Nurse," by E. Sellers; and in addition to the serial tale, one entitled "Sonia," by Sidney Pickering. The illustrations are well up to the mark, the frontispiece, "Portrait of Two Gentlemen," from a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the National Gallery, being especially well executed.

Temple Bar for November contains several interesting articles, prominent among these an anonymous one, entitled "Reminiscences of my Time at Oxford," is especially interesting to university men of twenty-five years ago, and recalls several well-known names which have since become famous. "Miss Mitford" is the subject of a well written and comprehensive sketch, which gives one an insight into the life of one of whom too little is known. "Wolves and Were Wolves," by C. F. Gordon Cumming, and "Stanley Rippenger's Recital," are well worth perusal. The serial tale, "Alas," is continued, and this number also contains an exciting episode of the Indian mutiny, entitled "The Siege of Sunga Gunge." Other contents are "Letters of a Worldly Woman," and some verses by Arthur L. Salmon, called "Seafoam and Driftwood," and "Springs Immortality," a short poem by Mackenzie Bell.

THE *Overland Monthly* for November has a number of interesting articles, prominent among which are "Fremont's Place in California's History," by Willard B. Farwell, a concise description of this explorer's influence upon that country; and "Love to Canada," by John S. Hittell, evidently written from a United States' standpoint, in which the writer advocates union between the two countries. Other contributions consist of "The Bears and the Historians," by M. W. Shinn; "In the Mahratta Country," by T. F. B.; and numerous tales, entitled severally, "How Cornish Jack Showed a Pious Bringing Up," "A Night Lesson," "A Romance of the Platte," and "The Animated Chimney." A sonnet, by Edward Cummings, entitled "The Killdeer," and a short poem by J. Herbert Phillips, complete a very interesting number. There are besides several short biographical fragments of various well-known men and women.

Blackwood's Magazine for November opens with a well-written and unbiased article on the late "Sir Stafford Northcote," which, starting from his early days, gives a brief but concise sketch of his career up to the time of his death. J. Theodore Bent furnishes an interesting account of the East, called "Tarsus, Past and Present," showing how small are the changes in these eastern countries when compared with the fast moving west. "Customs," by Sir H. E. Maxwell, M.P., is a light and interesting notice of

the way in which customs, whether good and bad, seem to cling to us. Other contributions to this number consist of "Sea Fishing at the Cape," by William Greswell; A tale from the Chinese by Robert K. Douglas, entitled "A Twice-Married Couple;" "The New Liturgies of the Scottish Church," by A. K. H. B.; "The Two Blights in Ireland;" and a well-written poem, "Mendelssohn's Duetto," by Moonlight, by Samuel Reid. This, with the serial story, "A Secret Mission," make up a very interesting and useful number of this well-known magazine.

In the *Fortnightly Review* for November the new story by Count Leo Tolstoi is brought to a conclusion. An article by Moreton Frewen, on "The National Policy of the United States," treats of the recent tariff legislation in that country from the writer's standpoint. Sir Lepel Griffin writes on "The Burman and his Creed." Frederick Greenwood, the former editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, contributes an article entitled "The Coming Session; Breakers Ahead." There is an address, which was delivered by H. H. Johnston, on the "Development of Tropical Africa under British Auspices." Madame James Darmsteter has a paper on "Rural Life in France in the Fourteenth Century." A very remarkable paper by Felix Volkhowsky on his life in Russian prisons presents a life-like picture of existence in Russian prisons by one who spent seven years in solitary confinement and eleven years as an exile in Siberia. W. H. Mallock continues his duel with Father Sebastian Bowden in a paper entitled "Reason Alone." Algernon Charles Swinburne notices the life and works of the old English poet, Robert Davenport; and the number closes with the second instalment of George Meredith's new novel, "One of our Conquerors."

THE *Contemporary Review* for November contains an important note on the personal relations of Stanley and Emin Pasha, by Dr. Carl Peters. Josephine Butler writes a graceful tribute to Mrs. Booth, the mother of the Salvation Army. Arnold White tells the story of some recent experiments in colonization in South Africa. George Bartrick Baker contributes a valuable paper on "The Late Crisis on the Stock Exchange." Justin McCarthy reviews Mr. Lecky's last volume, the concluding portion of his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," which is chiefly devoted to the study of the Irish Union. Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett details the actual life of a Hindu woman from her cradle. Rev. Dr. Edwin A. Abbott has a thoughtful essay on "Illusion in Religion." Sir Thomas H. Farrer continues to examine the methods of Imperial Finance. Vernon Lee's story, "A Worldly Woman," comes to a conclusion. And there is a paper on the "Irish Land Purchase Bill," by William O'Connor Morris, and a review of the proposed remedies for Irish distress by Michael Davitt.

THE *Nineteenth Century* for November opens with an important paper by Mr. Gladstone, entitled "Mr. Carnegie's Gospel of Wealth," a review and a recommendation. In this article Mr. Gladstone reviews Mr. Carnegie's theories on the use of wealth, and urges the re-establishment of Lord Carlisle's Universal Beneficent Society, a remarkable organization started some twenty-five years ago. Prof. Huxley examines the question of the antiquity of man from a biological standpoint, and finds traces of human existence at a very early time. Prince Krepotkin continues his studies in "Mutual Aid among Animals." Henry Wallis writes on the "Destruction of Egyptian Monuments." The Hon. Emily Lawless begins a series of papers on "Old Irish Chronicles." Dr. J. Paul Richter writes on the "Guilds of the Early Italian Painters." Prof. F. T. Palgrave, of Oxford, contributes an essay on the "Oxford Literary Movements of the Fifteenth Century." Three writers briefly discuss the question of "The Private Soldier's Wrongs." Rt. Rev. Bishop Barry presents a plea for the loyal feeling in the English Colonies. R. E. Prothero writes on "French Boycotting and its Cure;" and the Rt. Hon. Earl Grey begins a series of articles, entitled "In Peril from Parliament."

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Leonard Scott Publication Company, New York, announce that beginning with the November number they will in the future furnish their subscribers with the original Edinburgh edition of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

AN exhaustive review of Gen. Booth's "In Darkest London" appears in the October number of *The Review of Reviews*, just issued by The Critic Co., New York. The book has made a great sensation in England, every copy having been sold within three hours of publication.

WE have nothing but words and wishes of the warmest kind for the Society of Canadian Literature, of Montreal, which has begun its winter sessions. The objects of the Society are patriotic, intellectual and elevating, and it deserves every success and encouragement.

"VOCES POPULI," by the author of "Veiled Venus," is an interesting announcement of Longmans, Green and Co. Mr. T. D. Ledyard has written a very poetical and instructive monograph on some Ontario magnetities. Appleton and Co. have issued a clever and unique Pamphlet, "My Class in Geometry," by Mr. George Iles, one time of Montreal. A paper by Mr. Harry Piers "Notes on Nova Scotian Geology," is well worth the reading. We have observed a thoughtful contribution to the subject of "Right and Left-handedness," by Professor Mark Baldwin, to pages of *Science* of October 31st.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY have just published "Life of Richard H. Dana, Jr.," by Charles Francis Adams; "Strangers and Wayfarers," by Sarah O. Jewett; "Dr. LeBaron and his Daughters," by Jane G. Austin; "A Sketch of Chester Harding;" "Representative American Sonnets;" "American Sonnets," Vol. V. and VI., Lowell's Works; "The Story Hour," by Kate D. Wiggin; "Zury," by Jos. Kirkland; "Walford," by Ellen O. Kirk; "Timothy's Quest," by Kate D. Wiggin; and "Queen Money," by Ellen O. Kirk.

"SEDFEGOLD" is to be the name of Mr. J. Stanley Little's new novel—a tale of the last general election, dealing with life in an English village. Mr. Little, who is well known to many South Africans, has been carefully studying the Weald Country, and the customs and dialect of its people for many years. The story, we learned from the *Artist*, is overshadowed by a mysterious personality, is full of incident and dramatic situation, and is altogether unlike Mr. Little's earlier novels in that there is not one word in it of what young ladies call indifferently "moralizing" and "reflecting." Mr. Leon Little will illustrate the text, and we are told that the illustrations will be of a novel character. "Sedfgold" will be published serially in the first instance.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH, the gentleman who is frequently spoken of as being the greatest English novelist, is a widower; he has, however, been twice married. His home is at Boxhill, where he lives with his two children. He is a great pedestrian, and, though a man of more than sixty, still possesses a good head of hair. Besides novel-writing, Mr. Meredith is "reader" for a firm of well-known London publishers. When he commenced his literary career he encountered much disappointment and privation, which is, perhaps, the reason that he is to-day one of the most indulgent "readers," for it is not an unusual thing for him to enter into correspondence with the aspirants for literary fame whose works have been submitted to him, giving them his generous counsel and various practical hints.

SIR HENRY PARKES, sometimes styled the Grand Old Man of Australia, was a poet before he became a politician. A couple of days after his recent accident, when he fractured his leg, he indited some verses filty entitled "In Suffering and Sorrow." The following stanzas are a sample of the whole:—

How near eternity our lightest tread—
A snap of iron or a pebble's fall,
And we are dropp'd among the crowded dead,
One of the countless myriads past recall!

One and no more—what more the conqueror?
A fleeting day of blare and waste and flame,
And Hannibal's or Alexander's host
Is scattered, leaving but a doubtful name.

One and no more—one monumental grain
Of all the pyramidal piles of sand;
O, vanity of vanities! what gain
Of wealth or honour in the Shadow Land?

Is M. Jules Simon right (the *Daily News* asks) in saying that the boys and girls of this generation are bored to death when they try to read "Robinson Crusoe"? The assertion arises out of some general observations on the great difference in the taste for fiction between one people and another, and even between one and another generation of the same people. M. Simon confesses himself unable to account for a fact which he nevertheless declares to be "incontestable." There is Richardson's "Sir Charles Grandison," a book which, under a romantic guise, is classed by him as "a work of education and philosophy which has for its aim to teach us 'the art of giving.'" "Have you read it?" asked the venerable ex-Minister of Education, and he adds, "If you have not, don't. As it charmed me in my youth I conclude it would seem to you insufferably dull."

MR. ELLIOT STOCK, whose specialty is the reproduction in antique form of old standard books, has just published a novelty in literature. It is a *fac-simile* reproduction of Charles Dickens' original manuscript of the "Christmas Carol," with the corrections and emendations of the author before being placed in the printer's hands. It has peculiar interest as showing the care with which Dickens revised his manuscript, and the verbal alterations and constructive amendments to which he subjected his original manuscript; but the text as a whole is given with little variation from the first draft of the work. Mr. Kitton supplies a short preface, which gives a succinct history of the publication of this, the first of Dickens' Christmas books, which obtained so great success, and which has even been esteemed the best of the series. The book is printed on thick paper and on one side only. The number of copies is limited to 550.

WE have been favoured with the title page, introduction and table of contents of Mrs. J. D. Edgar's forthcoming book "Ten Years of Upper Canada, 1805-1815," being a compilation from the letters of her father, the late Thomas Ridout. At the outset we are charmed by the ease and grace with which Mrs. Edgar introduces her work, and interest and expectancy are at once aroused. We feel it to be a foregone conclusion that from the faded letters of one hundred years ago a story will be told from real life which will both instruct and delight its readers. The prominent part which Mr. Ridout took as a Canadian in those early and eventful days of our history brought him upon many a stirring scene, and made him the companion of men whose lives were interwoven with its early pages. We bespeak for Mrs. Edgar's book a warm reception, and anticipate for her the gratitude of all true Cana-

dians for what promises to be a valuable addition to the biographical and historical literature of our country.

WHILE mousing among the foreign books in a large Broadway bookstore the other evening, on my way home, I noticed a tall, nervous-looking man talking with one of the clerks. I had often seen tall men talking with clerks in bookstores before, but I had never seen one who in so short a time impressed me as strongly as did this particular one. He was between thirty-five and forty years old, I should say, a blonde, with moustache and small side-whiskers, a thin, straight nose, and most remarkable eyes. They were set well back in his head, were near together, and so keen and so earnest in expression, that I knew without being told that they belonged to no ordinary man. "I never write unless I have something to say," remarked the owner of the eyes, in answer to an enquiry of the man with whom he was talking. The voice was not an American voice, nor was the sentiment thoroughly American; it was, however, thoroughly in keeping with the face. I knew at once that the speaker meant what he said; and I was confirmed in my belief when I learned, a few minutes later, that he was Prof. Henry Drummond, author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" and "The Greatest Thing in the World," who was passing through New York on his way home to Scotland.—*Lounger, in the Critic.*

D. LOTHROP COMPANY announce Margaret Sidney's "An Adirondack Cabin," and Grace Denio Litchfield's "Little He and She," with new editions of MacDonald's "Golden Key," Arthur Gilman's "Kingdom of Home," Tennyson's "Holy Grail," Wordsworth's "Melodies from Nature" and the Shakespeare and Poets' "Birthday" books. They will issue, on December first, a new illustrated magazine entitled *Best Things*. The December *Wide Awake* will be a special Christmas number, with new type and many beautiful sketches and stories. James Anthony Froude's biography of Lord Beaconsfield will be published soon. It will be the first of a series of volumes now in preparation on the lives of the Queen's Prime Ministers. It is matter worthy of congratulation that the "Letters from London," of "G. W. S." to the *New York Tribune*, have been collected in book form, and will soon be published in two handsome volumes by the same firm, who also announce "Sir Walter Scott's Journal," reproduced from the original copy preserved at Abbotsford, and edited by David Douglas. It will be enriched with numerous explanatory notes by the editor, and accompanied by illustrative extracts from unpublished sources, together with the reminiscences of James Skene, one of Scott's oldest and most intimate friends.

AN interesting unpublished autograph letter of the late Cardinal Newman (the text of which we print below) was exhibited at the Roman Catholic bazaar held in Manchester recently, and attracted considerable attention. This letter, together with other interesting autographs, including a verse of the hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," in the Cardinal's autograph, was lent by Mr. Waithman Caddell from his collection of autograph letters: "The Oratory, Birmingham, Dec. 27, 1863. My dear Miss Holmes,—My best Christmas greetings to you, and to Mr. and Mrs. Legh. But I do not write to say what you will believe I feel, though I do not say it, but to express the piercing sorrow that I feel at Thackeray's death. You know I never saw him, but you have interested me in him—and one saw in his book the workings of his mind—and he has died with such awful suddenness. A new work of his had been advertised, and I had looked forward with pleasure to reading it, and now the drama of his life is closed, and he himself is the greatest instance of the text of which he was so full—*Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas*. I wonder whether he has known his own decay—for a decay I think there has been. I thought his last novel betrayed lassitude and exhaustion of mind, and he has lain by apparently for a year. His last (fugitive) pieces in the *Cornhill* have been almost sermons. One should be very glad to know that he has had presentiments of what was to come. What a world this is; how wretched they are who take it for their portion. Poor Thackeray—it seems but the other day since we became Catholics—now all his renown has been since that, he has made his name, has been made much of, has been *fêted*, and has gone out, all since 1846 or 1847, all since I went to Propaganda and came back a Philippian. Ever yours affectionately, JOHN H. NEWMAN, of the Oratory."

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia. New York: Garretson, Cox and Co.
Ashe, T., B.A. The Poetical works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Vol. 1, 2. London: Geo. Bell and Sons.
Baker, Sir Samuel W. Wild Beasts and Their Ways. \$3.50. London: Macmillan and Co.; Toronto: Williamson and Co.
Crowest, Frederick J. Musical Groundwork. \$1. London: Frederick Warne.
Deland, Margaret. Sidney. \$1.25. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Co.
Doyle, Richard. The Doyle Fairy Book. London: Dean and Son.
Hague, Rev. Dyson, M.A. The Protestantism of the Prayer Book. Toronto: The J. E. Bryant Co. (Ld'd).
Haggard, H. Rider, and Lang, Andrew. The World's Desire. Toronto: Wm. Bryce.
Lectures before the Brooklyn Ethical Association. Sociology. Boston: James H. West.
Long, Geo. The Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. London: Geo. Bell and Sons.
McDonald, Geo. The Golden Key. Boston: D. Lothrop and Co.
Nelson, Mrs. R. E. Destiny. New York: John B. Alden.
Stephen, Leslie, Lee, Sidney. Dictionary of National Biography. \$3.75. London: Macmillan and Co.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

MY LADY WAITS.

BENEATH the splendour of the Southern Sun
A woman waits; dark chestnut is her hair,
And like a clean-cut cameo her face,
By some pale artist wrought and dwelt upon
Till life breathed in the stone; and she is fair,
Like some slim lily in the garden-place.

That in her heart my life should find a place,
That she should wait for me at set of sun,
That she should name me "Love!" a boon more fair
Life cannot give, than I should press the hair
Back from her low white brow, and gaze upon
The love-lit frankness of her pure young face.

If this may be, then I must turn my face
Away from her, and win the right to place
My life at her command, strike heel upon
All that is false, nor must to-day's spent sun
Know me untrue. I may not touch her hair
Unless I be as true as she is fair.

She hath not spoken aught, or cold or fair,
Nor have I asked. I have but read her face,
And watched the sunlight glinting on her hair,
And loved her. If for me there be a place
In her pure heart, I know not. Now the sun
May kiss what I would lay my hand upon.

I know not what may be, but thus upon
My heart is put a pledge for purpose fair,
Whatever else may chance. Beneath the sun
Men are but human; so this woman's face
Would keep me strong and pure; then I may place,
As doth the sun, my kiss upon her hair.

And this I know—my lady waits, her hair
Back from her low white brow, a blessing on
Her lips. Against my heart my hand I place
And pray that I be true as she is fair,
So that at last I may look in her face,
Beneath the splendour of the Southern sun.

O heart, all doubts displace—the prize is fair!
That I may kiss her hair, as doth the sun,
Strive bravely on, thy shield her pure young face.
—Charles Washington Coleman, in *November Lippincott's*.

HIGHER EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.

SAID a brilliant woman of our day: "To be a wife and mother is not the end of my existence; the end is to be a woman. I am only a wife and mother in passing." But even if wifehood and motherhood were the end and aim, the higher the development of the woman the better the wife and mother. Conjugal affection, maternal instinct, are none the less powerful when under the control of enlightened intelligence. Indeed the highest ideal of devotion is consistent with the highest conditions of culture, and she who knows most of what man knows is certainly better fitted to be his companion than is she who meets his nature only on the side of his physical comfort. For a woman to know how to look pretty, to dress tastefully, to preside graciously, to make her house charming, and her home delightful to all who feel its social atmosphere, for her to be interested in her church and her charities, to like good books, to appreciate good music—all this is involved in the highest, if not in the so-called "higher" education. We mean that all this keeps in exercise and consequent development the highest part of her nature. But to know how to look pretty does not demand that a woman should know nothing else, and many a woman graduate has discovered and is ready to testify that in all things that enter into the glory of the true home life she is able to do better and to be more because of that widening of judgment and development of mental powers that came as the result of college work.—Mary Lowe Dickinson, in *Harper's Bazar*.

MOZART'S MUSIC IS DIVINE.

HERE is an interesting story, which does not occur in Louis Engel's most charming book of anecdotes and reminiscences of musicians, but which in points of interest and of prettiness is of a piece with the narratives contained therein. When Ludwig von Beethoven first visited the Austrian court he was sixteen years of age. Well provided with letters of introduction to the Emperor Joseph, he proceeded alone to the palace, determined to play his way into the affections of the monarch. Admitted to the palace he was met in an antechamber by a very civil gentleman, who told him that the Emperor could not well receive him then, but would be glad to have him present himself that evening for an audience in the Augarten. Attracted by the quiet and friendly demeanour of this person, young Beethoven engaged in conversation with him, and presently discovered that he was the Emperor's barber, a discovery arising from the stranger's casual admission that he "shaved the Emperor every morning."

"Tell me," demanded the youth, "is he indulgent or severe?"

"That depends," answered the barber: "when it comes to music matters he is strict enough."

"Yes, I know what that means," said Beethoven, sneeringly: "he plays the piano a little, and strums away on the violoncello, and composes sonatas; but, between

you and me, these big people don't carry their music studies very far, after all."

This honest expression of opinion seemed to amuse the barber mightily; he simply roared with laughter.

That evening, at the appointed hour, Beethoven came to the Augarten and was shown into the music-room, where the Emperor and a friend were seated in conversation. Intense was the young musician's horror to learn that the supposed barber and the Emperor were one. But the Emperor took the joke with such amazing good humour that Beethoven, for his part, was willing to forgive and forget. He seated himself at the piano and at the Emperor's request improvised on the theme from Mozart's "Zarastro." This he did so remarkably that his auditors were delighted. The Emperor's companion could not restrain his joy; running across the room he threw his arms about the youth, crying: "Such taste! Such skill! The youth who can so interpret the thought of another composer will one day be a great master in the art himself!"

"Ah, but the air itself is so beautiful," said Beethoven, and then he added: "Mozart's music is divine!"

"My lad," cried the Emperor, beaming with delight, "do you know whom you are talking to? It is Mozart himself to whom you have been playing and whose lips have just predicted the great future that lies before you!"—*Musical Courier*.

CLAY AND JACKSON.

ON one occasion he (Henry Clay) said to me: "Mr. Healy, you are a capital portrait-painter, and you are the first that has ever done justice to my mouth, and it is well pleased to express its gratitude." Clay's mouth was a very peculiar one—thin-lipped and extending almost from ear to ear. "But," he added, "you are an indifferent courtier; though you come to us from the French King's presence, you have not once spoken to me of my livestock. Don't you know that I am prouder of my cows and sheep than of my best speeches?"

I confessed my want of knowledge on the subject, but I willingly accompanied him around the grounds and admired the superb creatures, saying they would do very well in a picture. I fear that that was not the sort of appreciation he expected, and that I sank very low in his esteem from that moment.

But on another occasion I proved a worse courtier still. His jealousy of Jackson is well known, and the two men formed a very striking contrast. During a long sitting he spoke of his old rival, and, knowing that I had just painted the dying man's portrait, he said:—

"You, who have lived so long abroad, far from our political contests and quarrels, ought to be an impartial judge. Jackson, during his lifetime, was held up as a sort of hero; now that he is dead his admirers want to make him out a saint. Do you think he was sincere?"

"I have just come from his death-bed," I answered, "and if General Jackson was not sincere, then I do not know the meaning of the word."

I shall never forget the keen look shot at me from under Mr. Clay's eyebrows; but he merely observed:—

"I see that you, like all who approach that man, were fascinated by him."—G. P. A. Healy, in *North American Review for November*.

A BLOOD-TINGLING AMBUSCADE.

THE rocky walls of the cañon resounded with the crash of a score of firearms. The driver, with a convulsive gasp, toppled forward out of his seat, his hand still clinching the reins. One of the troopers clapped his hand to his forehead, his reins falling useless upon his horse's neck, and reeled in the saddle as his charger whirled about and rushed, snorting with fright, down the narrow road. At the instant of the firing the sound of a dozen "spats" told where the leaden missiles had torn through the stiff canvas cover of the ambulance; and Sherrick, with blanched face, leaped from the riddled vehicle and plunged heavily forward upon his hands and knees. Two of the troopers sprang from their saddles, and, crouching behind a boulder across the road, opened fire up the opposite hillside. The sergeant and his comrade, bending low over their horses' necks, came thundering back down the cañon, just in time to see the mules whirl about so suddenly as to throw the ambulance on its side. The iron safe was hurled into the shallow ditch; the waggon bed dragged across the prostrate form of the paymaster, rolling him over and over half a dozen times, and then, with a wreck of canvas, splinters, chains and traces clattering at their heels, the four mules went rattling away down the gorge.—Captain Charles King, in *Outing for November*.

MEDICAL TRAINING AND THE LANGUAGES.

IN a recent address before one of the largest medical associations in the United States, the speaker argued that the medical student's work should begin with his academic life; that the selection of a career in medicine being determined upon, attention should be given to the cultivation of the mind in the study of Latin, Greek, German, French, physics, etc., to the exclusion of the higher mathematics. Every one admits that a knowledge of Latin is essential to intelligent medical training, and when one is reminded that practically one-half the words in Dunglison's "Medical Dictionary" are of Greek origin, it is not difficult to become convinced that this *dead* language is equally essential. As

far as medicine is concerned, nothing can be more deplorable than the decline of Greek in the classical curriculum. In Hungary, according to a recent letter in the *New York Times*, it has been abolished, while in Italy it is treated as an optional aid to philology. The importance of German and French may be appreciated when it is estimated that about one-half of current medical literature appears in these languages.—*Harper's Weekly*.

CARLYLE IN CONVERSATION.

CARLYLE was wonderful in conversation, fascinating beyond any other person I have ever known. I think I may safely say that I spent more time with him than any other American. I saw him very frequently during each of my first three visits to England and he talked volumes to me. A close friendship grew up between us, which I have no doubt was as sincere on his part as on mine. I last saw him in 1877. He was drawing near the end of a long life, and was old and feeble. His right hand was crippled by pen paralysis, and he had learned to write with his left, but that, too, was failing. He read with his book supported on an iron frame, turning the leaves with a paper-knife. But his mental vigour was unimpaired and his faculties seemed all the brighter in his feeble body. I well remember during one of our conversations at that time mention was made of Toussaint l'Ouverture. I told him I was not familiar with the history of that man and asked him to give me an account of him. I used to get him started in that way. For an hour and a-half he talked telling me the story of l'Ouverture's strange and eventful life in the purest diction and a style as brilliant as any essay he ever wrote. It was a complete biographical sketch and analysis of character, with dates and citations from authorities—a recital from the lips of a man nearly eighty years of age, which to me was amazing. If a stenographer had taken down his words they might have gone to the press almost without correction and made as striking a piece of literary work as ever emanated from pen. His great power of memory was shown when I asked him how long since he had read l'Ouverture. "I do not think I have read anything on that subject in forty years," he said.—Dr. W. H. Milburn, *Chaplain of Congress*.

THE POACHER, OLD AND NEW.

THE modern poacher is a game stealer and nothing more. The old poacher was a forester in the truest sense of the word. The habits of birds and animals were his study, and the capture of these birds and animals he made almost a science. Indeed so valuable a man was he often from his possession of such knowledge that he was sought after and bribed into peace by landowners and farmers, whom he could help in a variety of ways unknown to the ordinary gamekeeper. The modern poacher, whose days are passed at the loom or in the machine-room, is a mere bungling game catcher, knowing nothing about the habits of birds or animals, bringing no science to bear upon his *modus operandi*, killing anything he can get, and, therefore, a most exasperating person, simply from the wantonness and ignorance of his proceedings. But the genuine poacher has the true love of a sportsman for his craft, and the hours of his days are either actually spent in the service of the very men he will rob after nightfall, unless matters have been "arranged," or in the study of his calling. For instance, he gets the feathers of the shy and wary dotterel for gentlemen who use them in the manufacture of angling flies. He traps hedgehogs in his steel traps baited with eggs, for the hedgehog is the arch-enemy of the game-preserver, as its weakness is for pheasant's eggs. He catches moles, not only for the sake of their skins, but because their teeth play havoc with the farmer's young larches, and their burrows undermine the banks of his streams. He catches rats for the young squires to try their terriers on, and at the same time saves the farmer many a hayrick.

SOME HIGHWAYS AND BYE-WAYS.

OUR ancestors of one or two thousand years ago were a pastoral people; they were in a measure nomadic, for almost anywhere they choose they could set up their household gods and make for themselves an abiding-place. From them has descended to us that love of nature which all of us entertain in a greater or less degree, that leads us to the woods and fields whenever we grant ourselves a holiday, and which makes us feel that though by the stress of circumstances we are compelled to live in cities, cities can never be our home. Even in death it is our dream to be laid away where the trees will whisper over us, the grass spring green about us and the birds sing their songs. And as the dying strain their eyes to catch a last glimpse, not of brick and stone or anything that man has made, but of the eternal sky, the clouds, and the woods and fields, if happily they are within the scope of their vision, so in these late autumn days we feel an unwonted longing to leave the city behind us, to plunge into the solitude of the woods, to walk among the crisp leaves, to listen to the smothered murmur of the brooks or the yet more plaintive murmur of the sea.—*St. John Gazette*.

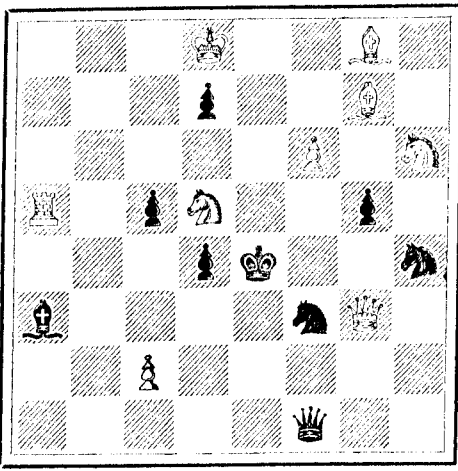
LAUGH not too much; the witty man laughs least, for it is news only to ignorance.—George Herbert.

THE beings who appear cold, but are only timid, adore when they dare to love.—*Mme. Swetchine*.

A NIGHT candle with medicinal properties is now made which purifies the bed-room air as the candle is consumed.

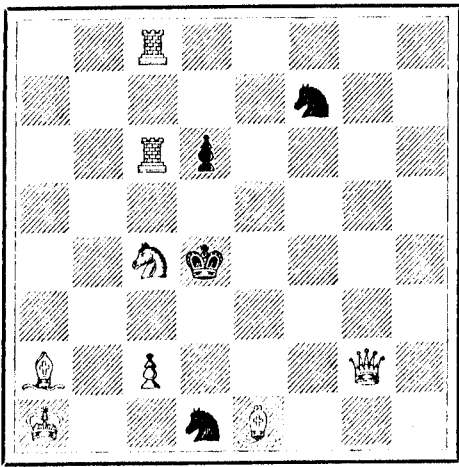
CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 515. By J. RAYNER. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 516. By M. FRIGL. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- No. 509. White. 1. Q-Kt 1. Black. 1. K x Kt 2. Q x P + 2. K-Q 4 3. P-B 4 mate if 1. P moves 2. P-K B 3 2. moves 3. Kt-B 6 mate With other variations. No. 510. White. 1. K x Kt 2. K-Q 4 This problem should have a Black Bishop on Black's Kings Bishops eighth instead of a White Bishop. GAME PLAYED BETWEEN MR. J. H. BLACKBURNE AND MR. J. P. COOKE. ALLGAIER-KIESERITZKY GAMBIT. Mr. BLACKBURNE. Mr. COOKE. Mr. BLACKBURNE. Mr. COOKE. 1. P-K 4 P-K 4 20. R x Kt P B-Q B 2. P-K B 4 P x P 21. R-Kt 5 Q-B 2 3. K Kt-B 3 P-K Kt 4 22. Kt-K 4 Kt-Q 2 4. P-K R 4 P-K Kt 5 23. P-K 6 Q Kt-K B 3 5. Kt-K 5 P-K B 6(a) 24. P x P + K x P 6. P x P P-Kt 6 25. Kt x Kt P Kt-R 3 7. P-Q 4 P-Q 3 26. Kt-R 4 R-K Kt 8. Kt-Q 3 B-K 2 27. R-K Kt Kt-K 5 (c) 9. Kt-B 4 B x P 28. B x Kt (d) B x Kt 10. Kt-Kt 2 B-K Kt 4 29. Q-R 2 Q-K 2 11. P-K B 4 B-R 3 30. K-Q 2 Kt-Kt 5 12. Kt-Q B 3 P-B 3 31. Q-R Kt x B 13. B-K 3 Q-Kt 3 32. K x Kt B x Kt 14. Q-Q 2 P-Kt 6 33. Q x P + K-B 15. P-K 5 B-K 2 34. Q-R 6 + K-R 16. P-Q 5 P-Q B 4 35. R-Q Kt 3 B x P + 17. B-Q 3 (b) P-K R 4 36. K x B R x R 18. P-Kt 4 Q x P 37. B-Kt 6 + R x B 19. R-Q Kt 1 Q-R 4 38. Q x R + Q-B 2 + and Black wins.

NOTES. (a) Something new. Opinions differ between Kt to K B 3, or B to Kt 2 for Black's best move at this point. (b) Mr. Blackburne afterwards remarked that he should have played this Bishop to K 2. (c) A very good stroke on general principles, as besides being difficult to parry, it develops Black's game. (d) Bad, we believe White could have taken Kt with Kt and remained with a safe game.

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Of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for Catarrh is daily becoming better known, as people recognize in its use the common-sense method of treating this disease. Local applications can do but little good. Catarrh is constitutional in character and therefore requires a constitutional remedy. Hood's Sarsaparilla attacks the disease at its foundation by eliminating the impurities in the blood which cause and feed it, and by restoring the affected membrane to healthy condition. A book containing full information will be sent free to all who wish it.

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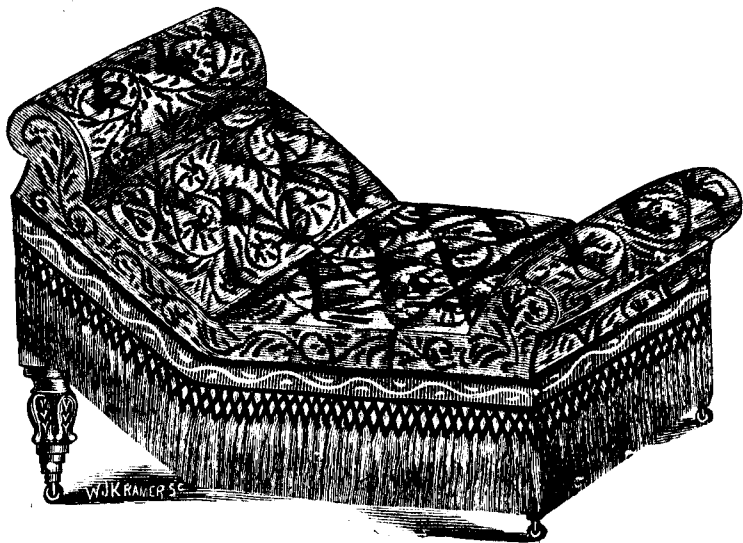
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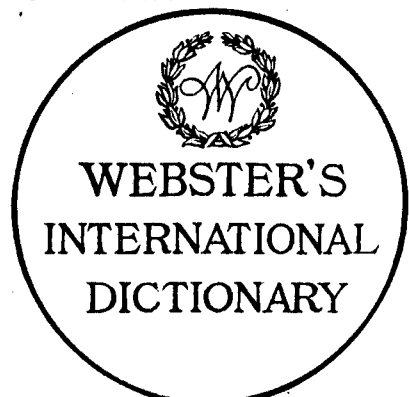
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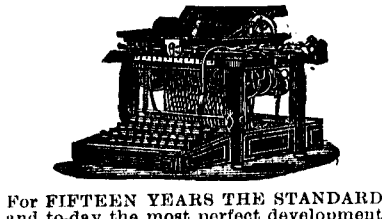
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